

A BOOK WITHOUT A TITLE:

OR

THRILLING EVENTS

IN THE

LIFE OF MIRA DANA.

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BY MRS. M. W. TYLER,  
OF WORCESTER.

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“Though  
The law sleeps, justice wakes, and injured souls  
Oft do a public right with private wrong,  
And justify their deeds unto themselves.”

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

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## TO THE READER.

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As the first edition of "Mira Dana" was composed of hasty sketches of her changeful life, penned in the note-book as the events were flitting by, and the closing chapter entitled "Dreams Realized" merely imaginative, to give a finish or denouement to the book, the whole work was of course very imperfect. Yet, in the face of all these faults, the public have liberally patronized the author's effort, and the large number of volumes first issued are now disposed of, while a good demand continues for the same. In view of these facts, the grateful author feels justified in issuing a second edition, to which she has added and prefixed many deeply interesting events of recent occurrence.

The question has often been asked, why has Mira Dana permitted the history of her private family affairs to come before the public? — and some have even averred that the whole is a sheer fabrication, got up to solicit sympathy and make money.

To those who seek after the motives which have driven a woman from the privacy of domestic life — from the arms of one who has profaned the sacred name of husband into the public arena for protection and redress from her manifold grievances, the author would say that Mira Dana is conscious that her history is only one among thousands where women are dragging out lives of indescribable misery chained by the laws of our land to men who have ceased to be worthy of their love, and forfeited every



claim to their respect by their selfish cruelty and their wilful neglect. The law, in its present state, sanctions the fiendish inhumanity of these monsters, if the public expense be not incurred thereby. It allows a tyrannical husband to wrest from a mother's arms the children of her love, making her heart a waste of unspeakable bitterness, her life a scene of utter desolation; yet the world moves on unconscious of the breaking hearts and blighted lives of separated mothers and children. Mira Dana would draw public attention to these acts of oppression, earnestly imploring those wise legislators who make our laws, to devise some means by which she and her sex may be liberated from a bondage so painful, that a mother is denied the blessed privilege of protecting and training her beloved children whom she could die to save.

In reply to the unfeeling accusations of falsity, duplicity and speculation, the author would state, that the incidents related in this work, save the chapter mentioned, are strictly true and can be proved — that she had no need of soliciting sympathy, as that soothing balm has never been withheld where her case was known. That a pecuniary remuneration was anticipated is not denied; and who is there to say aught against it? Mira Dana feels that she has a right to maintain herself in any honorable way; and if by employing the barbed arrows which have been hurled at her defenceless head to destroy her spotless reputation and rob her of all her earthly treasures, she has converted them into weapons of defence and means of a livelihood, who shall forbid her? If the rehearsal of her sad history should weigh "one mite" only in the scales of justice to woman, she feels that her labors will not be in vain,

THE AUTHOR.

## CHAPTER I.

M I R A D A N A .

A quaint old farm-house was that of farmer Dana, situated a few miles from Worcester, in the town of L——. It was a home of the olden time truly, with its low creeper-shaded windows, nicely polished floors, and broad open fire-places. To be sure, its outside walls were a little brown, and its ancient roof covered with the softest moss instead of costly slate. Yet none the less lovely was the blue sky that bent smilingly over it, nor less bright the warm sunlight that crept in through the old-fashioned windows, and lay in great golden waves on the sanded floor.

There were cheerful faces daily gathered about farmer Dana's hearthstone, and clear happy voices ringing through the neat apartments from early dawn to dusky nightfall. What if he was not rich in worldly goods, was he not doubly blessed with contentment and cheerfulness around him?

Mira Dana, the heroine of my story, was the wildest, merriest being, that ever rambled over clover meadows, or danced gypsy-like through "deep tangled wildwoods."

The whole town could not boast a wilder romp, yet what cared she? Did she not love the free air, and out-door sunshine? And whose business was it whether she perched on the highest branches of the old pear-tree that shaded the cottage-door, to take a peep at the golden robin in his downy nest, or sat on the rustic seat beneath, where the shadows came and went like waves upon the sea-shore?

What cared she if people *did* smile as she sat on the topmost rail of the old pasture fence? They *might* call her "Dick," if they wished to, she would act her own pleasure, not theirs. She was very sure she was a romp, and so prided herself on playing wild, roguish games; and, boy-like, working amongst the new made hay, and golden waving grain.

She did not know what would become of her, whether she should play away a life-time, or at last become sober and gentle like sister Maria.

Wouldn't she like to be a Shaker, and live in one of the large nice houses in the midst of the Shaker-village near by. She knew but little of the world, and yet a vague yearning had stolen into her heart, and strange visions of after years came floating through her mind, ere she could herself interpret them.

And so she worked on, with a great deep working in her soul of which none know, or knowing, could have appreciated.

Her education was neglected, and the very knowledge of her ignorance increased her awkwardness and embarrassment, while mingling among strangers.

Ignorant? nay, not so. Not a flower that blossomed on the green hill-side, in the forest aisles, or on the banks of the silver crested Nashua, but that she knew and loved.

Others might pass them idly by, but she could trace upon their velvet cheeks, smiles imprinted by God's hand. Others might sleep quietly while the silver-footed moonbeams danced over dew-bathed fields, and glided into the heart of the dim old woods. But her soul was then alive, striving it seemed to speak from the earnestly flashing eyes, what the lips could not utter. But morning would come, and Mira's old rounds and duties came also.

"I wont always be Dick," she would exclaim, with a toss of her head, and a determined smile playing about her rosy lips.

## CHAPTER II.

## LEAVING HOME.

"Good news, good news, mother," exclaimed Mira Dana, as she danced into the old kitchen with an open letter in her hand.

"Only think!" she continued, "brother Warner has obtained a situation for me in one of the mills at Lowell, and wishes me to go there immediately."

Dear Mrs. Dana, there was a great weight of anxiety resting upon her heart at the thought of having her unsophisticated and unlearned child out alone upon the ocean of life.

Was her hand sufficiently firm to steer her youthful bark safely past the sharpened rocks of temptation? Without a mother's counsel, could she breast the great waves of sorrow that ever come to an untried soul?

Very low and trembling was her voice that evening, when she laid her hand upon the head of Mira, and said, "You may go, my child."

That was a great epoch in the young girl's life, the morning when the little trunk and band-box was placed on the

top of the old stage-coach, and she was seated inside upon the broad cushioned-seat, gazing at the little group that stood by the cottage door. She had wept upon her mother's bosom—laid her hand reverentially in the proffered one of her father; and imprinted many a warm kiss upon the pale cheek of sister Maria, and the upturned rosy lips of little Hattie, who clung about her neck, striving to alter her determination of leaving home.

"Who'll go after the cows, Mira, when you are gone, and who'll rake hay for father when he is hurrying before a shower?"

A triumphant smile played over Mira's ruddy cheek at the idea of some one else being obliged to take the part so long assigned to her.

Slowly moved the old stage-coach at last, by each dear object she had known from childhood. The broad meadow field—the laughing brooklet, "fringed with the violets colored by the skies;" the old gnarled oak that so long had stood by the quaint old school-house.

There were queer undefined thoughts creeping through Mira's mind, during that long day's ride. Strongly made resolutions that she would go out into the world, not as a passive being, but as an actor, a real worker upon life's great stage.

Then came that wild, vague yearning for education and fame, which ever sweeps over the soul of the young and hopeful.

At night-fall the coach neared the city of Lowell. With

an eager heart Mira had watched, till the tall brick buildings, and neatly arranged corporations appeared in sight. Every thing was so different from the quiet country town, so many new and queer objects came before her wondering vision, that overpowered by seeing, hearing and thinking, she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"For shame!" she at last exclaimed, wiping away her tears and smoothing back her ringlety hair, "I am a woman, what have I to do with tears!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### FACTORY LIFE.

"Well, Mira, what think you of Lowell?" asked Warner Dana of his sister, the following morning, as they walked toward a large brick mill on the Middlesex corporation.

"Think of Lowell, Warner, why I think it is a perfect heap of houses, and people too, if they pile them all away, eight in a room, as they did where I stayed last night.

Warner smiled at his sister's reply, and in a lively tone, said,

"Well, do you not think you'll like it—plenty of company all the time?"

"Plenty of company," she repeated mockingly. "I do not fancy being packed away among a parcel of girls, for all the world as father packs away bundles of straw, and all for the sake of *having company*."

"You'll soon get used to that Mira, and in the mean time you must strive and tame down that high, wild spirit of yours, and not be quite as much of a romp as you have ever been at home."

"I do not see any place to romp," was the reply in a low

sad tone; for visions of one-storied farm houses and green fields, and dim woods, came between her and the close streets and high brick walls.

How strange that old mill seemed to her with its broad white staircase, large creaking doors, and brightly shining machinery.

She wondered if she should ever be able to tie the smooth thread so quickly into firm knots, as did the girls whom the overseer designated as "old hands;" or slip the long painted spools easily upon the shining spindles.

A few days and her position seemed pleasanter; very true, she could not move but that twenty pairs of eyes were following after her, anticipating her every thought and motion.

But the old diffidence at last began to wear away, and she was as much at home among her companions as when rambling over the green fields of her country home.

She was alone as it were, for although her brother Warner was in the same place, he could not care for her, save by counsellings; yet her keen perception of right and wrong, kept her from going astray.

What others might have regarded as irresistible temptation, she passed by without a thought, a desire. What to her were the low, idle words that she daily heard? was *she* not living for something nobler, purer and better? would she bind her soul to grovelling pleasures and pursuits, when it wrestled and beat against them as a mountain-bird would beat against its prison-bars?

No! *she* was a *life-worker*, not an idle toy, to be tossed about by every hand that cared to grasp hers.

"What a fool Mira Dana is!" exclaimed a bright looking girl one morning, as she stood by her work before the machinery had started.

"Why so, Fanny?"

"Because every time any one is sick, she must leave her work to go and take care of them; I'll bet she will not gain much by it, for the overseer don't like these girls that work one day and play the next."

"Well, Fanny, you know he likes Mira Dana better than any girl in the room; don't you remember how kindly he spoke to her a few mornings since, when she looked lonely and home-sick."

"Oh yes, I remember how fatherly he laid his hand upon her shining hair, and what an awful air she put on when he looked at her; I suppose she thinks she is wonderfully handsome, because every one is saying so."

And such a toss as Fanny Ray gave her little head, as she started her work, was not seen every day. Reader, did you ever see a pert little Miss just a mite jealous?

Very true, Mira had often left her work to care for the, suffering, when other girls passed them by without a word, or a thought.

It seemed heathenish to her, and so through many a long day and weary night, she watched patiently, striving to make the dim, cheerless rooms pleasant and happy.

What was life to her if passed in selfishness and ease?

Nought but a low, sordid thing, not worth preserving. She had seen but little of the world, yet that little told her of the great remainder. She knew that suffering and want was spread like a heavy pall over it; should not *her* hand help lift that pall? However little the good she might accomplish, the thought of its littleness should not discourage her.

Time passed on, and amid the daily rumblings of the dim old factory, Mira laid plans for the future.

She would not always be tying knots, and threading shuttles; the very thought was as disagreeable as was once the name of "Dick." She thought to lay aside a sum of money for the purpose of attending school, when she should grow weary of working.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SCHOOL DAYS.

At the end of the year Mira left the old boarding-house, and merry mad-cap companions. Once more she saw her trunk placed on the top of the L—— stage coach; once more was she seated on the broad cushion, gazing out at the blue sky, that grew fairer and brighter, it seemed, as she neared home. Again the old town appeared before her longing vision; the valleys, the meadows, the dimpled shining Nashua; and lastly, the old pear-tree bending over the brown cottage.

There were warm hearts to welcome, and kind hands eagerly extended to clasp those of the wanderer.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed little Hattie, as she twined her arms about Mira's neck. Mira started—the little prattler was very dear to her, yet she could not bear to be called *that* name, even by *her*; and so in a half injured tone she said,

"I am no longer "Dick," Hattie, so if you please, remember to call me *Mira*!"

"I am glad of it," laughed Maria, as she listened to Mira's low spoken words.

"Perhaps you are," retorted Mira, "but remember if I am not Dick, I shall not do Dick's work."

"Oh yes you would darling, for it is natural for you to romp and play out of doors, as it is for the sun to shine, or the birds to sing."

"We shall see," replied Mira.

"And we shall see," echoed back the lips of Maria.

A few days more, and Mira was very pleasantly situated at home, attending school. She placed her whole mind, aye, her whole soul, ever upon her studies; she cared but little now for climbing trees, or driving cattle, but when school-hours were over, she wandered out into the woods, and fields searching for her own floral favorites.

"Did God place flowers here, to please the sight alone?" she would often ask herself. There must be some *use* for them, and it should be her aim to study out what that use might be.

"Why cannot *I* be educated, and become a physician, like old Dr. Cutting? I would use roots and herbs, instead of calomel and blisters, and perhaps should do much more good, and be more noted.

Then came to Mira the thought that she was *a woman!* *Women!* an unfortunate race of articles; without rights, save such as prudish society sees fit to give them. What a trial to Mira, she was a woman!

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TURN OUT.

"Seventeen years old to-day," murmured Mira Dana in a low tone, as she sat alone in her own little chamber, one autumn afternoon. "Seventeen years old! and what am I? They say that I have greatly changed since I was 'chore-boy Dick,'" and the young girl rose and paused before the mirror that hung over the dressing-table. A pair of large hazel eyes looked earnestly out from under a broad white brow, and a heavy mass of wavy, golden-brown hair was brought plainly back from the round temples and folded in rich braids around the finely-shaped head. There was a bewitching curl to the rose-bud lips, parted just enough, to show a beautiful set of milk-white teeth, but there was a half-sad expression lingering about them as she turned away.

Recruited in health and spirits by her few weeks emancipation from toil, she was preparing to return to Lowell, but without that old eager feeling that rested in her heart when she first left home. She had learned the lesson once — now it seemed but an easy review.

She had been working only a short time, when a rumor came floating through the mills that the owners had called a meeting and decided to reduce the already meagre pay of the operatives. The report created a great sensation. Groups of girls were seen assembled on every corporation discussing the all important question—"what is to be done?" Should they work on, seventeen hours out of twenty-four for less remuneration than they now received? Like cringing *slaves* should they meekly submit to wear this galling chain of oppression? The answer came from every heart alike—*No!*"

There was something in the firm appearance of Mira, a light in her flashing eyes and a queenliness in her proud step that led hundreds of her companions to look upon her as a leader. All attempts to come to a decision were useless.

Mira watched them with an eager eye and anxious heart, fearing lest the great waves of indignation that had swept over their impetuous hearts would grow calm and still, and when the crisis came they would tamely yield. The very thought urged her to speedy action.

"Are you going to work, Mira, for less pay than you are now obtaining?" enquired Caroline May, one morning as they stood together in the little dining-room of their boarding-house.

"Work! Carrie, no, I'd *starve* first."

"That is what they all *say*, Mira, but I am fearful."

"Caroline, listen! if *I* can have any influence over

them, they will *never* work for the low paltry pay that these little-souled men deal out to them."

"Good! good!" laughed Carrie, "I *do* believe you are in earnest; why, how brightly your eyes flash, and what a pretty flush is on your cheeks!"

Yes, in earnest; and ought we not be so, when they are striving to crush our very souls for cursed gold? They'll find there is *one* girl in Lowell who *dares* to speak of liberty and act like a true woman."

"A capital speech! you would make a grand stump orator. But aside from jesting, I am your 'right hand man' in this affair. True, I am fatherless and motherless, but I am not a slave." And Caroline May's soft brown eyes filled with tears.

Mira laid her hand in Caroline's, and in a low, determined voice replied, "We will work together."

That evening an "*indignation* meeting" was held on John street, and a committee chosen to *act*, when their rights should be invaded. Not long were they obliged to wait, for in a few days notices were posted in every mill, of the precise time when they would commence work on reduced pay. No rebellious word or whisper was heard among the girls. The overseers were puzzled, but dared not hope that all would pass on peaceably. They consulted the agents and owners, who shook their heads and remarked sagely, "only a calm before a storm."

It was a golden morning in autumn that the notice was first carried into effect. The sunlight crept over the dis-



tant hill-tops, tinging the brocaded trees with a softened light, gilding the silver water of the Merrimac, and resting playfully upon the broad webs of cotton, shining machinery and white floors of nice-looking mills. A clever little man was Mira's overseer, and a faithful workman too, seeking ever to promote the good of his employers. Not much matter about the *girls pay*, however, if the company did not suffer. But this morning he sat pale and trembling before his desk, watching Mira as she stepped lightly about her work. He thought he could detect a wicked, dare-devil light in her eyes as she glanced from one part of the room to another. His suspense was not long-continued, for Mira Dana soon stopped her lively-going work and took from a nail close by, her bonnet and shawl. She twirled her saucy-looking bonnet around her head a few times and started for the door followed by all in the room, save a few cowardly objects who cared more for a few paltry coins, than their own independence and liberty. At the door stood their overseer with quivering lips and trembling frame. How he expostulated with them to go quietly back to their employment. Mira's lip curled at his entreaties, and in a scornful tone she said,

"Mr. Washburn, we will never work, while we have our health and senses, unless we can work on our old pay."

"But, Mira, there is not much difference."

The girls grew desperate and rushed by the little man with such force, as to puzzle him for a moment whether he *was*, or *was not*. Hundreds were gazing from the long

factory windows, as the girls rushed from No. —. How quickly they followed and continued to follow, until but few were left to keep the heavy machinery in motion. It was a curious sight, that procession of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girls. Blue eyes, black eyes, grey eyes, yes, all eyes, were gleaming with triumphant merriment.

"Who is the leader?" was the question that echoed from lip to lip.

"The one with the dark eyes and slender, graceful form, whom they call Mira Dana."

"Spunky girl, that!"

That evening a meeting was held, and Mira elected President. She advised that after the necessary measures had been adopted to secure their rights from infringement, all should return quietly to their homes, that the citizens might not be disturbed by any indecorum. Many, friendly to their cause, were present, approving of their course, and so regarding not the idle reports of others, the brave girls worked on with a happy consciousness in their hearts that they did not merit reproach. Twelve professional gentlemen attended this and subsequent meetings, ready to consult and be consulted, though Mira afterwards laughingly said, without wishing to cast any reflections on the gentlemanly Esq.'s and Rev.'s, that if they had followed *their* suggestions less, and their own inclinations more, they would have succeeded better.

The companies were notified that the operatives would wait a certain length of time for negotiations from them,

and if at the termination of the allotted period none were made, they should leave the city. But if the girls were firm and resolute for the right, not less so were the capitalists in their selfish tyranny, and the affair remained unsettled.

It would be a volume of itself, to relate all the queer incidents attendant upon the excitement that followed, and so the reader must be contented with a few.

At one of the meetings, the president proposed taking up a collection to defray the expenses of the hall. A pious old Methodist preacher by the name of Lummus, arose, and desirous of showing his zeal in their cause by *deeds*, not words, contributed five dollars, urging other citizens to follow his example. The appeal had a good effect, and that afternoon about two hundred dollars were thrown into the treasury. After the audience had retired, the committee of arrangements were surprised to see that the good clergyman still lingered, much to their chagrin, for they had private business to transact. At length he approached the secretary, a shrewd looking girl, and enquired, "How much money have you received?"

"There has been no report made," was the reply, while she added hintingly, "we are now waiting to investigate our affairs." Still he lingered. The young lady thinking it was for extra thanks that were really due him, expressed her gratitude in behalf of herself and friends.

"Ahem," exclaimed the *Rev.* gentleman, "but you would not have received half so much, had it not been for

me; therefore it is no more than justice for me to have a share of the profits. I am in want of a little sum, and if you pay me about fifty dollars, I think *only* justice will be done me."

The girls were amazed at this method of transacting business, and retired a moment to deliberate upon the matter. Renewed thanks were offered him; the five dollars he so generously bestowed was returned to him, and the old gentleman bowed out of the hall politely as possible by the laughing girls.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SEQUEL TO THE TURN OUT.

A meeting was held by the officers that night in a private house, and resolutions formed and adopted. On the next morning they issued a notice, advising every operative to leave the town without delay, promising if they would present a bill of their time, to settle all demands against the companies, who still remained unflinching in their former determination. The advice was immediately complied with, and such a stampede as took place immediately, is seldom witnessed in our own New England. Mira officiated as cashier on this occasion. She paid out over two hundred dollars of private funds, and about five hundred of the money which had been gratuitously proffered them, by the friends of their cause. At the end of that week, they had the gratification of seeing over four thousand of their companions leave the city. The few who remained, were either homeless, or of that order who value the smiles of avaricious capitalists above that of their own, or others interest. They returned to the mills, and all was again quiet in Lowell. "Pay-day"

came, however, and with it came Mira to the many counting-rooms with the bill of each girl that she had paid.

"Who are you?" demanded the savage pay-master of the H—— Corporation, and how came you to settle our accounts, and where did you obtain the means? Who authorized you, hey?"

"Sir, I thought it my duty to pay the girls, as the companies refused to do so, and I obtained the money honestly," replied Mira in a dignified, decisive manner.

"But *who* are you?" he again inquired, as he gazed scrutinizingly upon those bright flashing eyes.

"I am President of the 'Turn Out,' and my name is Mira Dana; will you please to settle those accounts, sir?"

"Ah! ha!" exclaimed he, his countenance lighting up with this sudden intelligence; "so you are the d—— who has been making all this disturbance, are you? Did you know that the authorities were looking after you, to indite you for disturbing the public peace?"

"I did not know it, sir; but if you feel interested, or there is any reward offered for my apprehension, I will remain here while you give them notice of my whereabouts."

"You are a very impudent girl, and I advise you to leave town as quick as possible."

"I thank you for your compliment, but the advice I must decline to take, at least, until you have settled these bills," replied Mira with quiet firmness.

"We are under no obligation to settle them," he said, with a sullen air.

"Very well," replied Mira; "these, you will understand, are direct orders from the girls, comprising the amount of their wages. If you choose to pay me without farther words, all will be right; but if not, I have a legal friend at the door, who will relieve me of all unnecessary trouble."

Finding that there was no retreat, the insolent man opened his books, cashed the accounts, and bade her leave the counting-room immediately.

Mira was not daunted, but slowly gathered up her bills, and politely bade him "good morning."

The brave girl did not meet with so much insult and derision at the other counting-rooms, but all had something to say, or some advice to proffer, to which she replied in as polite a manner as it was given.

One more meeting was held by the spirited officers. They met for the last time at the Gorham Hotel. After disposing of their business satisfactorily, they clasped each others hands, solemnly pledging themselves to meet at the same place yearly, until they exchanged the freedom of girlhood for the sacred duties of wives. Then they bound themselves by another vow — a vow that they would *never* labor in a factory in Lowell again. That pledge has remained inviolate. The officers went to their respective homes in the country, with the exception of their fearless leader, who chose to remain in Lowell.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CAPTAIN GREY.

Leaving Mira pleasantly situated in Lowell, we will, for awhile, rest beneath the sunny skies of "vine-clad" France. 'Twas a noble vessel that lay in the harbor at Bordeaux, with an American flag streaming from the mast-head, and mutely telling a tale of liberty, as it waved in the morning breeze. Bright sunbeams stole over the blue waters, until they seemed veiled in silver; then they nestled softly in the folds of the snowy sails as they hung idly over the vessel's side.

"A regular Italian morning, I declare," and the speaker's soul seemed to go forth in the long earnest gaze he sent over the sunlit sea.

A fine looking man was Merrill Grey, the commander of the fairy-footed Sea Witch. Smiling black eyes looked winningly out from beneath a broad high brow, and waves of black hair shaded his sun-browned temples. An army of smiles seemed ever hovering about his finely-shaped lips, which were then parted as it were to drink in the morning's splendor and freshness.

"What see you, Captain Grey?" asked a clear voice in his ear.

"What do I see? — home!"

"Worth looking for — supposing I take a peep; but I see a vessel in the distance under full sail, with a flag wonderfully like our own. Good! we'll hear from the States."

A satisfied expression rested on Captain Grey's countenance as, in a rich mellow voice he replied, "I thought I should hear from home this morning, and if I mistake not, something which will strangely connect my future life."

"Good, Captain Grey; did I not know you were above superstition, I should say that you had been dreaming, or had been favored with one of my good Aunt Debby's wonderful signs. Why, the old lady knows if she is to lose one of her chickens, and the exact time it will vacate her domains."

"Ned Harvey, you are a wag!" and drawing the arm of his friend within his own, he walked to another part of the vessel.

In less than an hour, the strange American lay alongside the Sea Witch. Captain Grey's keen eyes wandered over the new comer's graceful form, till he recognized in its gallant commander an old friend. In a few moments he stood on the deck of the Ocean Bird, warmly grasping the hand of Captain Thurston.

"What's the news from the States?" asked Captain Grey, after the first few eager salutations had been exchanged.

"Plenty of news, I can tell you, every one is alive in our parts. Why, the factory girls are raising the very duce in old Lowell city."

"All right, Captain Thurston; but tell a fellow what they are about."

"Why, they have been raising a great rebellion, just because the owners took a fancy to reduce their pay fifty cents on a dollar."

"But they did not submit to such meanness?"

"No, but rallied their forces and flocked out of the old prison-mills by thousands. Ah, Grey, a trim little craft they had for a leader, who managed affairs with a deal of shrewdness."

"Did you see her?"

"Only caught sight of her just as she was taking in sail, on entering Merrimac Hall. Her name is Mira Dana."

"She's spunky, then?"

"Just a bit; they say she'd face the old Nick, and not run; and is only seventeen years old."

"A true woman, Captain Thurston. And now, between you and I, and your old wooly-headed steward, I'll see this piece of ingenuity ere many months."

"Bound for home, then?"

"Yes; shall start this afternoon — have been waiting this long while for favorable winds."

Ere the night-time had come, Captain Grey's vessel was skimming lightly over the waters toward home.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LOVED AND LOST.

"Captain Grey, I want you to answer me one question truthfully," exclaimed Ned Harvey, a few mornings before they landed in Boston. Are you in love with the little factory girl that Thurston told you about?"

"In love? why, Ned, I never saw her."

"Never saw her, and you have been raving about her for the last three weeks like a mad man; what ails you, boy?"

"Oh nothing, only I am thinking of paying her pretty self a visit, and if we agree, why, I'll cast anchor and remain by her side for a life-time."

"Ha! ha! well said; but I am thinking she'll prove too much of a tiger for you, if she could face those money-hungry capitalists with such a dare-devil air; for nothing is more to be feared than a man who feasts his soul on gold."

"Don't you fear a bit, Ned; I'll manage her, if I ever get within hailing distance. I am not afraid of the spunk, for I need a *smart* woman to learn me something. Why, I am as awkward on land as a big dolphin fish."

"I admire your comparison, Captain, because it is so poetical—for all the world like my little black-eyed sweet-heart at home, who always compared me to a whale, as I floundered about with so much vengeance while on shore."

"*You* got a sweet-heart, Ned? the deuce, I must hear about her!"

"Not a sweet-heart, Captain; only a *cousin*."

"Ah, these *cousins* are dangerous affairs, Ned; but really, I am inclined to be serious. Now tell me honestly my good fellow, were you ever in love?"

The mirth-light faded from Ned Harvey's blue eyes, and a strange quiver broke over his lips. "Do not ask *me* that question, Captain Grey, it is too bitter, BITTER," and he turned away and looked gloomily over the vessel's side.

"Do not look so sad, Ned, I asked the question lightly; but you'll answer me?"

Ned looked into the brown eyes of Captain Grey, as he answered, "I *did* love once with my *whole soul*, and while I came over the shining waters to obtain wealth for my fair land-flower, she sickened and died. No word came to tell me of the heart-rending news; but when I sought her in her home, with tearful eyes they pointed me to a slender grave in the tree-shaded church-yard. Yes, I *have loved*, Captain Grey, and *love now*. Remember, then, when I am so wild and merry, I am not *heartless*."

A sympathetic heart had Merrill Grey, which throbbed with pity for his bereaved friend. *He*, too, loved, and yet he knew not what.

## CHAPTER IX.

## TRIALS.

"Draw your chair closer up to mine, Mira, and tell me your adventures through the two weary years which you passed in the factory, said Mrs. Barton to Mira, as they sat together in her nicely warmed parlor one stormy afternoon.

"Oh, it *has* been a perplexing time to me, yet I have ever tried to do right and hope for the best."

"A noble motto, and worthy of being followed by every one," replied the warm-hearted old lady as she looked on the youthful countenance before her.

"Well, I had some trials which amazed me at the time. You have heard me speak of Sarah Adams, with whom I roomed so long, and loved as well as I would or could a sister."

"Often, Mira. She came here several times with you, and I was greatly impressed in her favor."

"Well, she served Susan P—— and myself a fine caper before leaving us, I can assure you. After I left my boarding-place with her and went to another corpora-

tion to work, she called on me, saying she was about to leave for home, as her friends were sick and had sent for her. I felt sad to have her go, for I had known her long and confided in her implicitly. She imprinted a warm kiss on my lips, which was as warmly returned, as we bade each other good bye. One bright morning, about three weeks from that time, Susan called on me, and in a laughing tone asked me if I could pay her the ten dollars which I owed her.

"'Ten dollars! I don't owe you any ten dollars,' was my reply. You should have seen the surprised look on her face."

"Don't be joking me — I am in a hurry, Mira."

"Don't be joking *me*, either, but tell me what you mean."

"Why, didn't you borrow ten dollars from Sarah Adams, before she went away, and tell her to come to me for the pay?"

"Never!"

Susan was thunderstruck. "She told me you did, and I gave her the money."

"Do you doubt me, Susan," I asked.

"I don't know who to doubt. I always trusted you *both* before."

"We cried heartily over it, and at last concluded to learn the whereabouts of Sarah. On applying to a gentleman who knew her, we discovered that our little pet had been playing a false part, even to wearing an assumed name. We wrote her a letter, threatening an exposal if

she did not refund the money. She answered it immediately, saying she had spent it all but would soon return it. I have never heard from her since, and suppose she is now earning the sum to repay poor Susie. It wasn't a great deal, to be sure; but Mrs. Barton, it troubled me exceedingly."

"Ah, this life is full of such deceptions, Mira, and one has to possess strong innate principles to ride safely its perilous wave."

But deeply as I suffered then, it was nothing in comparison with my feelings during the late 'turn out.' I can endure to see strangers play the parts of traitors, but when an own brother or sister wrongs me, my very soul is touched. During the 'turn out,' brother Martin came to me, and in a hasty, angry tone asked me what I was trying to do, and why I did not go quietly back to my work. I told him I was doing only what was right, and I would *die* rather than yield.

"Then never darken my doors again. You will ruin me, for my boarders are all leaving, and how *then* am I to live? Go back to your work, or worse will befall you," was his reply.

"How my blood boiled. He was very angry—so was I."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath, Mira."

"I know it, Mrs. Barton, but brother *knew* I was right—his own heart must have told him so; yet love of money conquered brotherly affection and admiration for the truth, and so because he feared losing a few paltry dollars, he

sacrificed his principles and turned his sister out of doors. I scorn such things as I scorn *everything* that is low and cringing."

"Well, never mind it, Mira dear," said Mrs. Barton in a soothing voice. "I know it was wrong and hard to bear, but virtue will triumph at last; never fear! There, there don't cry, darling," and the kind old lady smoothed Mira's brown hair caressingly. "Remember I've a vast deal to do to-morrow, and you'll not be fit to assist me at this rate."



## CHAPTER X.

## THE SURPRISE.

The morrow found Mira bright and smiling as itself, going about the house with a light step assisting Mrs. Barton. How gaily she laughed as the door-bell kept up an incessant ringing, and she was compelled to throw off the little black handkerchief from her head and smooth back her shining hair.

"I know I shall make my fortune this morning, tending door," exclaimed she, as she returned to the sitting-room, after one of her peregrinations, and donned again the little handkerchief and pinned up the skirt of her neat dress. "Now I'll not make any alteration in my appearance if the king comes," and Mira went to work, looking very bewitchingly.

"I suppose you think you look exceedingly homely, but that coquettish head-dress is singularly becoming, and as for your plaid petticoat——" Ding-a-ding-ding, went the door-bell, preventing the completion of Mrs. Barton's sentence.

"I am going," and Mira danced out of the room war-

bling a light merry song. Quickly she opened the door, and as quickly started back, for a noble-looking man stood before her.

"Is Mrs. Barton in?"

"I believe so," stammered Mira, as she led the way to the parlor.

"Who is it, Mira?"

"Oh, *such* a handsome man; and how he looked at me or at my petticoat—I don't know which, but he is in the parlor waiting for you now."

Mrs. Barton laughed heartily at the joke Mira had played upon herself, and with a roguish smile asked her if she hadn't a bit of word to send to the parlor.

"Only my *fainting* regards," and Mira sank back upon a sofa near by, fanning herself with the corner of her nicely-starched apron.

"Why, Merrill Grey, is this you?" and with a warm grasp of his hand and a motherly kiss on his brown cheek, Mrs. Barton seated herself beside the handsome stranger.

"What's the news, Auntie," enquired Captain Grey, (for it was he,) after returning her salutations.

"No matter about news, until I have heard a little about the old folks at home, so content yourself, Merrill, with being entertainer a short time."

"But, Aunt Barton, I have been hearing a queer report, indeed—one that reached me clear across the blue waters. Now like a dear aunt that you are, tell me all about these spunky factory girls."

"Never mind, Merrill, *I* will hear first," said Aunt Barton, as she closed her lips resolutely.

It was a comical story he told her,—all about home, the fine "crop of taters," the new dress that mother had bought, and just a bit about a black-eyed cousin, who in childhood had been his playmate, and now in later years remained his firm, true friend.

"But, Auntie Barton," persisted he, as he finished his recital, "just tell me about the little Yankee girl that raised such a whirlwind in your midst. Say, did you ever see her?"

"I believe so," was the indifferent reply.

"But I wish very much to see her. I have been sailing over dry land at the rate of ten knots an hour to reach Lowell to-day."

A mischievous smile played around Mrs. Barton's mouth as she answered, "Oh, then you came to see the little factory girl, not *me*."

"Not so, Aunt, not so, I came to see both."

"Well now Merrill Grey, if you will be as sober and dignified for an hour as you are on the deck of your own vessel, the gallant Sea Witch, I'll promise to show you the wonder of Lowell."

"Oh, Aunt, I am anything but dignified in my own 'dear floating home.' The very ocean air, the white-winged songsters that skim over the blue waters, teach us a lesson far above dignity. I am a free son of the waters."

"You don't mean it *all*, Merrill," and so saying Mrs. Barton left the room.

"Now, Mira," she exclaimed, "fold back that shining hair from your bonny face, and don your sweetest smile, for I wish to introduce you to the handsome gentleman you fancied so desperately."

"Impossible! why what would tempt me to see him again after meeting him in such a plight."

"But, Mira, he will remain, perhaps two weeks, and you must see him of course. Why not now as well as ever?"

"Do excuse me, Mrs. Barton."

"I shall not excuse you. Why, a girl who has bravely faced what *you* have, shouldn't be afraid to enter a room where a gentleman is quietly seated."

"I *will* go, thought Mira, as she ran up stairs to arrange her dress. She could not tell what made her so particular, about looking her prettiest—why she combed her wavy hair as if her very life depended on its smoothness. "It is all nonsense," exclaimed she, as she tied her velvet-trimmed apron and answered Mrs. Barton's soft call from the parlor, "Come!"

Captain Grey stood by the window, looking out upon the mass of people hurrying to and fro. His thoughts weaving themselves into sunny fancies, and as they glided before his mind's eye, he was lost to all around him.

"Miss Dana, the President of the turn out, Captain Grey," said Aunt Barton, as Mira entered.

"He started, forgetting for the moment that politeness required some return for the easy salutation of Mira,

whose cheeks grew as rosy as the sunlight that played upon the carpet. Mrs. Barton drew Mira to a seat near her on the sofa, as her keen eye saw the embarrassment of her nephew, caused by so unexpectedly meeting the object of his night and day dreams.

"What a simpleton I am to blush so," thought Mira, as her face reddened at every remark of Captain Grey, however slight; while he gazed upon her, satisfied and happy to think the fair reality was all his lively imagination had painted her, and half angry with himself for his diffidence. If he attempted to speak, his words got misplaced and sounded queerly, and he thought he could detect a roguish light in Mira's eyes at his awkwardness. As soon as possible she glided from the room in spite of the admonishing glances of Aunt Barton.

Time sped on, and still Captain Grey lingered in Aunt Barton's cottage. Yet making love to Mira he found not a very easy matter. If he attempted to speak with her alone, she had always some ingenious excuse for leaving the room.

"Deuce take that old door-bell," exclaimed he one morning, after she had left him to go to the door. "It always rings at the wrong time—just as I manage to get some where near the laughing gipsy."

"What is the matter, Merrill?" asked Mrs. Barton, entering the room at the conclusion of his speech.

"Matter enough; I am getting out of patience."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I am desperately in love with Mira Dana, and for the life of me, can't get a chance to speak with her about it. Wont you help me?" and a woe-begone expression flitted over Merrill's features.

Mrs. Barton seated herself beside him, and laying her hand in his, asked in a low tone, "Merrill, *do* you love her? answer me as you mean."

"With my whole heart," and there was something so earnestly truthful in the young man's manner, that even his keen-eyed Aunt could no longer doubt him.

At last she replied, "Mira is not ignorant of the fact that you admire her looks, but she is not aware that you love her deeply and truly. If she was, she would never treat you with such light indifference. She has too much soul for that."

"I am heartily glad of it, Aunt; but I must have the privilege of conversing with her before I leave."

"I will arrange the matter—trust me for that." So saying she left the apartment.

"For a long time after her departure, Captain Grey sat with his head resting on his hands, silent and abstracted. He had thought it a fine affair to love, and that nothing but happiness could arise from it. But now he was unhappy, and the consciousness of loving brought with it the fear of being unloved.

And Mira, was she in reality so indifferent to him? Ah,

no! there was something in his noble manners that won her respect, while his mellow voice and pleasant eyes had a vast deal to do with the unusual fluttering of her heart when she gazed or listened.

## CHAPTER XI.

### UNCERTAINTY.

"I *do* believe she is trying to fool me, Aunt Barton," remarked Captain Grey one morning, as he finished reading a delicately written note.

"Why so?"

"Because she neither says yes or no, but keeps me in the most uncomfortable position possible. Oh, I could manage twenty ships easier than one woman!"

"Do not be discouraged, Merrill; you don't understand the business," replied Mrs. Barton, laughing.

"No; and a wiser head than mine it must take to understand it sufficiently well to insure success. If I could only get the chance, I would be as eloquent before her, as was King Richard before Queen Anne."

"Just let me manage for you Merrill, and within twenty minutes you shall have the privilege you so much desire."

"Thank you, thank you, Aunt Barton."

"Go up stairs to my sitting-room, and take a seat behind the door on the lounge. Go, be confident; I'll manage shrewdly."

Captain Grey did as he was told. He had not been in the room long, ere he heard the light step of Mira upon the stairs. She had been commissioned to go for Mrs. Barton's work-basket, and humming a lively tune she tripped into the room. Not seeing the object of her search in its accustomed place upon the table, she turned around to look for it, when she saw Captain Grey. He looked a bit roguish, as he laid his hand upon the door-knob, and closed the door, to prevent Mira from leaving.

"Excuse me; I was not aware you were here," stammered out Mira.

"No; had you known it, you would not have ventured here," replied Merrill in a low sad tone.

"Will you let me go?" quickly asked Mira.

"I wish very much for you to stay; yet if you do not wish to, I'll not detain you," and he stepped aside to let her pass. He was looking very sad—so sad that the heart of Mira Dana was touched; and in a gentle winning tone she said,

"I will stay, Captain Grey, long enough to hear what you wish to say."

"I thank you," came from his lips so earnestly, that Mira could but think the soul had spoken.

A long while Mrs. Barton waited for her work-basket, and at last was obliged to go for it herself. She never told why she laughed so heartily as she came out of the room, or why she sat her basket away quietly in the parlor without disturbing its contents, when but a few moments before she was heard to say, "I cannot get along without it."

I never knew how eloquent Captain Grey plead his case, but the evidence was conclusive; for a few weeks after, when he went to "ride o'er the main," he left an affianced bride with good Aunt Barton.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE BETROTHAL.

"He has gone," and Mira turned away from the deep bay window, where she had stood for the last half hour gazing absently down the street.

"Yes, he *has* gone, Mira, and taken your heart captive, in the bargain ; so much for tending door that morning."

"I shall not forget that very soon, for the jokes I have been obliged to bear from Captain Grey about my fancy garb, have been almost unendurable."

"After all, Mira, there is a wish fluttering about my heart, not very favorable to him, for you must know I do not remarkably admire the idea of losing you," and Aunt Barton rocked her chair violently.

A few weeks later, Mira bade Mrs. Barton adieu, and with a happy heart went "home again." That was a bright spot in her life-path, lit by love's own smile. Whate'er might be her lot, 'twas sweet to know that it would be shared by Merrill Grey,— "through night to light" *he* was to be her companion—her own twin soul in the midnight of grief and soft star-shine of joy. How

eagerly Mira watched every cloud that floated across the blue sky, fearing lest it might prophecy a coming storm. And when the rains fell heavily on the old cottage roof, and the wind roared through the tall old shade-trees, Mira would gaze out into the darkness, as if she was striving to look beyond all, to the dear one away in his floating home.

"What a change there is in Mira," Mr. Dana would remark, as she went about the house quiet and still, a silent smile resting on her face. "We no longer hear the wild gay laughter, that once rang out so clearly and freely."

"And yet she is improved, husband ; she is gentle and lady-like, forgetting the wild old pranks that she once so well enjoyed."

"I suppose she is in love," demurely spoke up little Hattie from the corner, where she was sitting quietly, with folded hands.

But after Captain Grey came to L——, they learned that Mira's old games were *not* forgotten, nor the clear silvery laugh hushed forever into the silent smile.

Captain Grey remained but a few weeks with Mira and her friends, but long enough to gain their warmest love and esteem. Even good old grandmother Dana, who always had disliked the sound of a sea-captain, grew strangely prepossessed in *his* favor, and was heard to say,

"These ere sea-capuns are not so bad arter all—I raly like Mira's beau.

No matter if he did drive "like witches," over the rough roads, when he took the old lady out to ride, regardless

of her screams, she would not complain, but seemed the more attached to him. It was a great source of anxiety to her, the "last voyage" he was about to make.

"Now Capun, you'd much better stay at home, than go bouncing about over the water, the Lord only knows where. If you was lost, I know Mira would e'namost die with cryin' from grief."

"Oh, I shall not be gone long, grandmother—only while I make my little fortune a mite larger," he would reply, good naturedly.

"Never mind gittin any more property; stay at home and marry Mira, you'll have homes enough," and the old lady pointed towards her own front room, with a look which seemed to say, "I'll see to you if none else will."

"The last voyage!" and Mira laid her hand caressingly on Captain Grey's shoulder.

"Yes, Mira, and not a long one either. Oh, I'll be wishing that mine was a fairy ship, that it could dance faster over the water. But eight weeks is not a long time."

"No, not a long time, if I could know you were safe; but I'll hope for the best."

With a heart beating high with hope, Captain Grey left his friends and his affianced, thinking less of the sad parting, and still more of the meeting beyond, where nought but death should separate him from those he loved.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE WRECK.

"How do you feel, Captain Grey?" enquired Ned Harvey, after they were a few days sail from land.

"You know how I feel, Ned; just as though I was putting to sea without a heart," and Captain Grey continued walking backward and forward across the deck, while Ned Harvey quietly seated himself to dream away a few hours. Poor fellow! as he sat there thinking of his friend's happiness, from the great ocean of the past came these sunny crested waves, making the present more dark and gloomy. "Why am *I* doomed to suffer—to live on at such a *miserable* rate," he murmured to himself.

"God forbid that *you* should be miserable, Ned; you have too big a heart to merit suffering. Come, cheer up my boy, better days are coming."

"Yes, for *you*, Captain Grey."

"And for you too, if you'll only let that dark memory float out of your mind. You'll stop on land with me perhaps, and have a different craft to manage than you now anticipate; do you understand me?"

Shaking his head mournfully, Ned replied in a low tone, "I anticipate a more glorious future than you speak of. I may be fanciful, but I *hope* for heaven, ere many moons' waning."

Captain Grey did not answer, but only pressed the hand of his friend still closer in his own.

"This is a beautiful world," at last remarked Ned, as he looked up to the clear sky, and down where the rosy-cheeked sunbeams lay, on the snowy-breasted waves. "I have been an odd wild boy," he continued, "but I *do* hope for happiness in another world; and although I may be a mite Aunt Debbyish, I have a strong impression that that happiness will not be withheld long."

"Pooh, pooh, Ned, don't mind *impressions*, you are getting me desperately blue," and Captain Grey danced over the deck as though striving to shake off the mournful feelings, that in spite of himself were getting strong hold of his heart.

When they had been nine days at sea, a storm came to take the place of pleasant breezes and smiling sunshine. For several days it continued, before it broke forth in all its wild raging fury.

"'Tis a dreadful night, Ned," said Captain Grey, as he stood striving to glance through the dense mist and foam that enwreathed the vessel.

"Yes, and I fear not a little for the safety of our ship," replied Ned as a wild wave dashed over the spot where they were standing.

Nobly worked that little crew through the long raging night, but in spite of their efforts, the morning light looked upon the gallant Sea Witch — a wreck.

"Where is Harvey?" enquired one of the sailors, after a huge wave had dashed over the wreck, drenching through and through the little party that clung firmly to it.

Captain Grey started, when the question fell upon his ear, and a strange nameless thrill of terror crept through and through his soul. "Where is Ned Harvey?" again sounded in his ear, ere he had power to move from the spot where he was standing.

Ned Harvey was not to be found! All search was vain, for the storm was raging wildly and a dense mist veiled the wreck.

"Ned, *dear* Ned Harvey sleeps beneath the mad waters!" exclaimed Captain Grey as he bowed his head upon his breast. What cared he if his property *was* gone? The gallant warm-hearted friend who so long had shared his fate, slept far from friends and kindred. Prophetic indeed had proved his words — the long wished for happiness was not withheld from him.

For three days the little crew remained upon the remnant of the once noble ship. For three days Captain Grey remained at his post, with pale face, yet firm and unshrinking heart. He was not *afraid* to die, yet he could not keep his soul from skimming over the ocean like a bird, to the little cottage where his heart's own treasure lay.

Hope was fast fading from out the hearts of the brave



men. All the long forenoon the dismal signal-flag had been hoisted, but none came to their rescue. Not a word was spoken. The vessel was slowly sinking! No cry for mercy came from the pale lips, but instead, every head was bowed in silent solemn prayer. Suddenly in the distance a sail was seen, and in a few moments a signal gun sounded joyfully over the waters—they were discovered at last. Like a cloud before the wind sailing over the smooth sky, came the brig "Amelia" over the sea to the sinking wreck. In a short time the crew were safe on board the friendly ship, where everything was done to make them contented and comfortable.

In spite of every effort of the good Captain of the brig Amelia, Captain Grey's spirits seemed greatly depressed. The loss of his noble friend, and lastly of his ship and property, caused too much mental anxiety for his wearied frame. Before they arrived on shore he was too ill to go safely about. In spite of every effort of his friends to the contrary, he started immediately for the home of Mira. A long weary journey it proved, during which he had to strive with all his power to keep from sinking under mental and physical illness. At last the old brown farm-house appeared to his aching sight. He could already feel a sweet gentle influence around him, and starting up from the seat in the old stage-coach, something like an olden light played upon his fine features. Reader, he was nearing home, for "'tis home where the heart lies."

Mira stood at the window, when the old lumbering vehi-

cle paused before the door. She caught a glimpse of his pale face and sprang to the door, exclaiming, "Merrill, Merrill! what means this, are you ill?"

"So ill, Mira; but thank God I am with you."

For long weeks he lay delirious upon the verge of the grave, calling in loud tones for Ned Harvey, then speaking in low soft whispers to Mira, who remained by his bed-side caring only for him.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## UNCHANGED.

It was a beautiful day in soft, hazy August, that Captain Grey was pronounced convalescent. Mira drew a large arm chair in front of the open window, and passing her arm within that of her invalid lover assisted him to it. The cool summer breeze fanned his wan cheek and brow, and playfully toyed with his black silken hair. For a long while they sat side by side watching silently the broad waving green fields that lay in the distance, dotted here and there by stately trees. The old robin who so long had built her nest in the old pear-tree, warbled forth a clear gushing song, as it were to congratulate him on his returning health. A faint tinge crept into his pale cheeks and a new light to his loving eyes, as he surveyed the tranquil scene before him.

"Mira, darling," said he at last, "I have been wishing to have a little earnest conversation with you."

"Well, Merrill, I am all attention."

"Mira," and his voice grew low and tremulous, "when I left you a few weeks since I was a wealthy man. For-

tune has dealt hardly with me since then, and now instead of holding you to your promise, I release you from it, for I love you too well to wish you to link your destiny with any one who is penniless, even though it be myself."

"Merrill, I loved you for your true soul and manly heart, and these are left you still. Talk not of releasing me, unless you desire our separation for other reasons than this."

"God bless you, Mira! I am not poor while you, so noble and true, are mine," and Captain Grey bent his lips to the white upturned brow of Mira.

"What, are you going to be married?" chimed in little Hattie, creeping from behind her sister's chair where she had been listening to their conversation. "Wont it be so nice? Wont we have *such* a wedding, with nice pies and cakes, and everything — *O-oh!*" and she clapped her dimpled hands joyfully.

"Wedding! why what do you mean?" asked Mira, as the little gipsy danced before her.

"Why didn't Captain Grey say he was rich with you? and he wont have you unless you are married, will he?"

"What logic!" laughed both.

"But, my pretty one, you have been playing the part of a listener; what shall I do with you?"

"Oh! Captain Grey, nothing! I didn't mean to hear—I couldn't *help* listening."

The afternoon ripened into sunset ere the young couple

left the parlor window, and then they were looking very smiling and happy.

"Wedding! wedding!" rang in Mira's ears as they entered the sitting room where Hattie had been communicating the knowledge she had gained as an eaves-dropper.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FIRST MARRIAGE.

That was a golden autumn to Mira in her old home, with those she loved about her. The good people of L—— had it that Mira was going to be married to a sea captain, whom no one knew about, and wondered at her indiscretion. For once they were right, and for once they were wrong. Mira was going to be married to Captain Grey; but many there were that knew about him, ay, and loved him too.

That November found the inmates of farmer Dana's cottage making preparation for a wedding. Those were just the nicest cakes taken from the old brick oven, which set little roguish Hattie half-crazy with delight. A very neat bridal dress made its appearance in the cottage that just fitted Mira Dana's pretty form, and on a bright clear afternoon, Captain Grey, with his nice little craft, as he called her, stood before the man of God, and promised to "love, honor and obey till death did them part."

"Death! how that word sounded in the young wife's ear and crept coldly adown into her warm, trusting heart.

There are times when the soul is wild with joy that a word will so chill its gushing fount of mirth as to leave it cold and silent. So with Mira, as she stood beside her husband looking into his love-glancing eyes, the evening after their bridal, when the thought of their speedy separation crossed her mind.

"Oh, it is dreadful, Merrill!"

"Why, my little puss, how you do take on; just as though I was going to sea for the express purpose of drowning myself. I never did such a thing yet, even when there was not half the attraction on shore that there is now."

"But, Merrill, you are just as liable to be washed overboard as any one. Only think of poor Ned Harvey!"

"I *do* think of him often, Mira," and the Captain's voice grew low and tremulous.

"Well, Merrill, promise me that you will never go to sea again."

"Nay, my sweet pet, not so fast. I'll promise to go only *once* more."

"*Once* more! I fear you'll follow that dangerous motto till you are lost."

"Well, don't mind about it more, darling. It is no time to borrow trouble. We should feel glad and happy, my bird, just as I do when riding on the mad, foaming waters. We should look out upon our life as on yon tree-decked hill-side bathed in moonlight, or the o'er arching sky with its myriads of smiling stars and floating cloud-boats."

"We will be — oh so happy," said Mira, a soft light beaming from her eyes.

"We *must* be happy, for we so love."

They sat there long, with the moonlight drifting in upon them, talking of the future, of happiness and of love. Captain Grey finally persuaded Mira that it was better for him to go to sea once again, to repair in part his shattered fortune.

"There is a dread of your going this time, Merrill, that I never knew before."

"But this new fear arises from the dangers I have so lately passed through, and perhaps I am a bit dearer now — is it not so?"

"I may be nervous about the matter, Merrill, but I cannot conquer my forebodings," and the young wife turned moanfully away, with a silent prayer upon her lip that all might yet be well.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE PARTING.

It was a clear morning in winter, that a sad tearful group gathered about Merrill Grey ere he took his departure for the watery world.

"Only one voyage more, Captain Grey," exclaimed little Hattie, and "only one voyage more," echoed from lip to lip.

"But Merrill, if you ever should return, you would not be contented without again floating away."

"Nonsense, my bird, I'll never go again unless you go with me. How would you like that?"

"I'd like it so well, Merrill, for if you died, *I* could die with you."

"Don't talk of dying, Mira, when we have but just begun to live; many a happy year we'll know 'in that cottage by the river,'" and Captain Grey sang the last few words, as he looked into the tearful eyes of his bride.

"God grant that it may be so, Merrill, but I have sad misgivings about your leaving us this time," and Mira shook her head ominously.

"Now, my fairy craft don't prophesy another whit, but

wipe away your tears and laugh heartily, a real olden sunshiny laugh," and Captain Grey attempted to set her an example.

"I shall not imitate *you*, Merrill, for you remind me too strongly of the boy who always whistled in the dark to keep up his courage."

"Never mind, Mira, I'll hear you laugh when I return; but I am tarrying too long," and he glanced quickly at his watch. "One more kiss, little one," and he pressed his lips to Hattie's soft cheek. One more pressure of father's and mother's hand, and he turned to Mira. A simple "good-bye" was all he could utter, as he pressed her to his throbbing heart. "Adieu," and Captain Grey walked quickly from the room, never pausing for a moment to glance at those he was leaving. In a moment he was seated in his light sleigh, bounding over the smooth hard road. But the last sad glance of Mira beamed upon him from all he saw,—from the clear sky, the downy clouds, and the rosy sunlight that mantled the silver snow. That glance came to him as he "rode o'er the waters wild," sending a sad happy thrill through his noble heart. Long hours through he would sit on the open deck, looking down into the drifting foam. Gleamed there up a bright fire-side and pleasant home; smiled therefrom bright glances and sweet hopes. Would they ever be realized? He could only *hope* the answer.

In a few weeks after his departure, Mira received a long cheering letter, and from that time the smile came oftener

to her lip, and the olden hope to her soul. How busy she was, making ready for his coming; how many little surprises she had prepared for him. There was the broad-cloth slippers covered with embroidery; the nice linen shirts with their finely plaited bosoms and richly-stitched wristbands, and such a love of a smoking cap, made of soft downy velvet. She almost saw the smile that would hover about his lips on seeing them, and heard the earnestly spoken "I thank you, darling."

While she was dreaming of the love-woven future, she received another letter from Captain Grey, telling of his success and speedy return home.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CAPTAIN GREY LOST OVERBOARD.

A wild storm swept over land and sea a few nights before the anticipated return of Captain Grey.

"My God, spare my husband!" broke over the pale lips of Mira again and again, as she pressed her pale face against the window-pane, and looked out upon the wild raging tempest. Then she knelt by her bed-side and prayed earnestly, wildly for his safety.

Morning at last floated over the earth, silent, calm and tranquil; but it brought no light to Mira's darkened heart. A seal of sorrow had been set upon her soul, during the shadowy night-time, which nought could remove save the knowledge of *his* safety. Two long weary days, and sleepless nights, and no word came from the absent one. Mira began to hope.

"A letter for Mr. Dana," and the man who handed it to Mrs. Dana, looked suspiciously at the black-sealed missive.

With trembling fingers Mrs. Dana broke the seal. "God save my child!" she exclaimed, as she let the letter fall from her hands.

Not a word passed Mira's snowy lips; not a tear welled up from her heart's deep fountain; only came there to her soul *one* sound, — death, death.

"When the land and his much-loved home was nigh," Merrill Grey's eyes closed in the dreamless death-sleep. Came there not mournful visions, when the wild storm raged madly, and the death-angel folded its snowy wings around his throbbing heart? Sighed he not for one more word from his sweet girl-bride — one more pressure of the fair hand upon his paling cheek and brow? But it could not be; he must tread the "dark valley" without one smile to lighten the gloom, that like a mist enshrouded it. Yet, beyond the darkness he saw a flood of light, where parted friends were again united after long, long separations. Wilder swept the storm, and wilder beat the heart of Merrill Grey, not with fear, (although his feet already pressed the threshold of death,) for God's smiles and love he well knew and *felt*, were everywhere. One more rush of the mad waves, one more wild gushing prayer, and Merrill slept the long sleep that "knows no waking."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A STRANGE UNACCOUNTABLE SIGHT.

Mira had had forebodings, and we will tell the reader why. She had had a vision, a strange one, and it fell like a shadow upon her every thought of happiness. We shall copy it from her journal.

"I had just retired that night. I had not been asleep, when my attention was directed to something that appeared to be vapor, rising at the foot of my bed. As I gazed, an object beautiful beyond description parted the vapor and hovered over the bed. It drew nearer and nearer. I could distinctly see the outlines of all its features, but can describe it only by saying it appeared to be the most beautiful female that ever eyes beheld. It gracefully waved its lily hand over my husband, who lay upon the pillow beside me; but fastening its love-lit eyes upon me, and parting its lips, it uttered these words in a voice that fell upon my ear softer than a wind harp, or the voice of the turtle: 'He is mine, enjoy him while thou mayest.'

"During the whole time, I did not speak — I could not. I felt perfectly powerless; but as it receded from my view,

I began to tremble violently, and shook in every limb. My husband was frightened at my agitation and begged to know if I was subject to such fits of shaking. As soon as I could speak, I told him I had seen a strange sight which had affected me. I did not tell him what I heard, fearing, I know not why, to do so. I also told him I believed it must have been an angel,—nothing else could have been so beautiful. After my agitation subsided, which did, in a short time, my husband told me with mocked gravity, not to alarm myself or give myself the least uneasiness about the appearance, for it was often the case that fairies visited such pets as I was; that he had no doubt but it was one of their tribe.”

Reader, Mira never heard of “spiritualism” in those days.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### VISIT TO MAINE.

While Mira's grief rested heavily on her heart, and every attempt to lessen her great sorrow was made by warm sympathizing friends, seemed to her like cruel mockery, a brother of Merrill Grey came to visit her. He offered her his care and sympathy, and urged her to accompany him home to Maine to visit the friends of her deceased husband.

With gentle firmness, Mira declined going. Still the brother urged her to do so, saying that he had promised Captain Grey to care for her, in case of any emergency. He seemed greatly pleased with Mira, and prolonged his anticipated visit of a few hours, to days.

She soon saw that something more than brotherly interest or kindness chained him to her side. Nor was she long left in doubt about the matter, for a few days before he left her home, he offered her his heart, hand and fortune. Mira could but know that a short-sighted love had prompted him to make the proposal, which to her was wicked and cruel. She firmly refused him, while, in oppo-



sition to her wishes, a dread dislike of him crept into her heart.

After he took his leave, Mira received several invitations from Captain Grey's friends to visit them at their home in Maine. Thinking a change would benefit her health and spirits she consented to do so, knowing that the brother of Captain Grey was then absent.

One bright sunny morning, Mira started on her journey. There was a vast tide of emotions creeping over her heart, as she neared the *once* home of Merrill Grey. She almost saw him when a roguish rosy-cheeked boy, bounding over the broad old fields, and through the green woods that she was fast nearing. She saw him too, as she last saw him, with the flush of manhood upon his brow and cheek—and then with a hopeless prayer she bowed her head and wept; for the light of her life had faded away.

Very warmly was the widowed bride welcomed. Kind hands grasped her cordially, and kind voices greeted her with loving words.

"You shall not go from us again, Mira," said Jane Grey, after Mira had been an inmate of their happy home a few weeks.

"I'd be very happy to remain with you for *his* sake," replied Mira, as the tear-drops rolled down her cheek.

"And darling, for our Merrill's sake we wish you to remain; yet not for his sake alone. We love you, and would try to drive from your pathway every dark shadow. Say, could you not be happy with us?"

"So happy; for I know that I am with Merrill's friends. If your hand rests caressingly on my brow, I pause and think the same hand smoothed lovingly his shining hair. If your lips press mine, comes the thought to me, they often pressed *his*, who now smiles upon us from his heaven-home," earnestly replied Mira.

"God bless you, God bless you. I wish sometimes that Merrill was with us; but still I know that he lingers near in sorrow-time and in joy."

"I feel that it is so," and Mira turned away with a new light gleaming from her eyes and a softened expression playing about her lips.

She was contented in her new home, and tarried much longer than she at first anticipated.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A RECITAL OF DREAMS AND VISIONS.

Jane, Captain Grey's sister, and Mira spent much of their time together. Jane would often spend a whole afternoon in telling Mira about her brother's roguish pranks when a boy, and his noble, generous deeds when a man. Mira would listen silently to the recital of all with interest, and when the tale was ended she would murmur to herself, "Would I had loved him more."

One afternoon, as they were seated on a large old rock beneath a wide elm-tree, viewing the waves that dashed madly against the sharp-pointed rocks, and sending their misty foam high above them, Mira related to her companion the strange sight she saw soon after she was married.

"That was strange indeed," said Jane; but no stranger than what my mother saw just before she died. I did not tell you of it before, because I was afraid you would think us superstitious down here; but since you have told me that strange vision of *yours*, I think you can't laugh at us much."

"I shall not laugh Jane, at all; so do tell me all about it," said Mira.

"Well, just at the time we heard of Merrill's death, our mother was very sick, and had been for several weeks. We were looking every day when she would leave us. We did not dare tell her that Merrill had gone to join a brother and sister in the other world, lest it would overcome her so, she would die right away. We all had to hide our grief in her presence. Not one word or look betrayed the fatal secret; yet she called us to her bed-side, her eyes were fixed in vacancy, (so to speak,) and she was pointing upwards. 'What means this?' said she; 'three children in heaven! Merrill there?' 'You are dreaming,' said my father, who was bending over her. 'No I am not,' she replied; 'my eyes do not deceive me. Merrill is in heaven. I see a crown of light resting upon his brow, and another crown, a garland of roses, is in his hand. His brother and sister are with him bearing garments of pure whiteness. They are coming nearer; I hear their voices; I ——' She said no more, but closed her eyes, never to open them again upon us in this world."

"What think you of these things, Jane?"

"I know not, Mira, but it does seem as though God would not so deceive his children and show to them anything false, when so soon they must stand before Him. What think *you*, Mira?"

"Oh, Jane, I do not know what to think; I would give the world to know, but never expect to in *this* world."

After dismissing *that* subject, Jane commenced another one, which perplexed and worried Mira for *that* time, more than the dreams had. She told her she had something of importance to communicate, and said she must first ask her a very important question.

"How sober you are about it, Jane; are you going to ask me if I intend to commit suicide?" said Mira, laughing heartily.

"No, it is not that, but it is next door to it. I wanted to ask you if you thought you should ever marry again?"

Mira felt a pang of sorrow at this question, but concealing it she gaily replied, "Why, Jane, I would not live in this cold world so long as you have, without a bosom friend on any account." I never expect to love any one just as I did Merrill, but perhaps I may, better; they say love in mature years *is best*. Perhaps I shall captivate some of these 'down east' boys, and bear them home as a trophy of one of my exploits."

"You are joking, Mira, but I am in earnest; be serious, and I will tell you all."

"Oh, well, I am serious, and my expectation is on tip-toe," she replied, with assumed gravity.

"I have to tell you that there is a young gentleman whom you have seen since you have been here, who is deeply in love with you; he is a fine young man, of excellent family and good habits—he is indeed a jewel."

"Why do you not try and get him yourself, Jane, if you know and prize him so high?" replied Mira.

"Me! I never *thought* of being married; and he is one of my babies, too—that is, I have tended him for hours when he was a baby,—so you see I know all about him. He is a fine fellow, and I favor his cause; not that I wish you to marry him *now*, but at some future time I should like to see you his wife. Will you see him to-night when he calls?"

"As your friend, I shall be happy to do so," replied Mira.

Not long afterwards, George Leighton entered the neat sitting-room where the whole family had gathered, and for the first time Mira noticed in particular his looks and appearance. That he was deeply interested in her, she could but know; and perhaps her knowledge of the fact made the color rush to her cheek, when he bent his fine eyes upon her face.

A very pleasant evening was spent, and Mira retired to her chamber, well satisfied with the few hours conversation which she had help sustain. A queer dream came to her during the darkened night-time. It seemed she stood in a very beautiful place where the air was heavy with floral fragrance and rich music. "Why am I here?" she asked of herself, as she gazed about her. While in her own mind she strove to answer the question, she saw in the distance a vapor rising, which while she gazed upon it, parted like a morning cloud, disclosing to view three men that were shrouded in its folds. She recognized but two of them—the other was still shrouded in the vapor-cloud. She

uttered an exclamation of joy, when the one she knew as her husband gazed upon her; then of surprise when he turned towards the gentleman she had met the previous evening, and in a low solemn voice, pointing his finger towards him, said, "Beware!" Then smiling sweetly on the one concealed he beckoned her to follow him, and disappeared.

Mira was free from superstition, and laughed heartily at the idea of heeding dreams, as though they were the shadows of the coming future, or warning of coming ills—more than she would have cared to acknowledge. She reflected upon her vision, and at last, for fear of acting upon her impressions, she resolved to act oppositely. Not because she was greatly interested in George Leighton, did she allow him to linger by her side and accompany her in her hitherto solitary walks and rambles. Yet there was something in his voice that almost lulled to sleep the wild grief of her heart while she listened—something in the blue eyes that, while gazing into them, sent the warm blood dashing over her delicate cheeks.

"I cannot analyze my own feelings," said Mira in a low tone, one evening after George had told her of his deep, ardent love.

"But, Mira, will you not bid me hope that you will sometime love me? I do not expect you to *ever* lavish upon me the same affection that you did upon Captain Grey—I only ask a second love."

"Shall I refuse this to him?" asked Mira, mentally.

"Will it be wronging Merrill, if I try to be happy? No!" and Mira silently laid her hand in that of the young man, who pressed it fondly to his lips.

"Thank you, thank you, Mira; you have made me a happy man," and a loving smile beamed from George Leighton's eyes.

"May we *both* be happy," said Mira, as she sadly turned away.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A SECOND BETROTHAL.

A few weeks after Mira had consented to bestow upon George Leighton a second love, another dream, so strange and portentous that she could but notice it, came to her while she was more awake than asleep.

Again it seemed that Merrill Grey stood before her, wearing a solemn prophetic look; that he again pointed to George Leighton, and in a low voice murmured, "Beware." Then he seemed to press an ardent kiss upon her brow. It seemed so real, that on fully waking, Mira placed her hand upon her forehead, as if to trace the outline of its resting-place.

Still she changed not her course, but encouraged the attentions of him who so warmly professed to love her.

After remaining more than a year with her friends, Mira prepared to return home. Before going, she consented to the earnest wishes of her friends and betrothed herself to George Leighton. Together they knelt before his parents, and received their blessing, and renewed their newly-made vows. Thus they parted.

After returning home, an affectionate, kind letter from George, almost dispelled the doubts that shadow-like hovered about her mind. He promised to visit her during the following summer, and Mira hushed the inward voice that bade her turn her "thoughts and aspirations in another direction," and anxiously awaited the time of his coming.

During that glad summer-time, she first met Herbert Tyrrell, a quiet exemplary young man, to all appearances. Although seemingly indifferent to the generality of women, he became greatly interested in Mira, and after a few meetings, at different places, he proposed marriage to her. Mira could reply only by telling him of her engagement and anticipated marriage.

A sad look rested upon his countenance at the intelligence, and he informed Mira that he had received an offer to go South, which he *now* should accept. "Will you write to me Mira, as a friend?" he asked, hesitatingly. "I have no friends to write to me," he added, as she waited a moment before replying.

"I *will* write to you and be your friend," she replied, touched by his words. "But it will be useless to again mention the subject of marriage to me."

"Who knows of the future, Mira?"

"How strange," she murmured to herself as he left her. "It seems that in some way that man is connected with my future destiny."

Reader, who knows of the future?

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FICKLENESS.

"Three weeks more and I shall see George," exclaimed Mira one evening as she sat alone in her chamber. "I wish I could forget the strange voices that whisper audibly to me, 'he is false, false; he will never come to thee.' They are so plain that at times I am half resolved to notice them." After reflecting awhile upon the matter, Mira concluded to write to him telling him her fears. She accordingly wrote the following:—

L——, June 22d, 184—.

*Dear George,*—It is with a disturbed mind that I seat myself to address a few lines to you—not that I am ill, or that friends are false, or that you have given me cause to doubt you by word or deed;—but oh! I have had such *dreams*; yet too real they were, to so call them. They have troubled me much; yet for fear you would think me foolishly superstitious, I have refrained from speaking to you about them. But *now* I am lead to believe, by their frequent occurrence, that some great ill is about to befall

me. A frank avowal from you would remove my heartfelt sadness—an avowal that you are not changed—that you still love me. If you are, do not hesitate to inform me, nor let any fear of my grief deter you from doing so. Whate'er there may be, I'll promise not to be offended. Let me tell you I have dreamed several times, (I will call it dreaming) that you were false hearted—that you would never fulfil your part of our engagement. But I have striven hard to think them but natural, arising from our long separation. Last night I had a dream,, "which was not *all* a dream." The same voice which I have ever heard, repeated to me again that you were false. If you can remove the impression from my mind *honorably*, I beg you to do so. Remember, then, if you are changed, I shall blame you not.

Your truly devoted friend,

MIRA.

In a short time she received the following reply:—

N——, July 8th, 184—.

*Dear Mira,*—I hasten to answer your letter which came duly to hand. But before dealing much in serious matters, let me laugh at you heartily, at the same time pitying you for your foolishness. Dreams indeed!—dreams without any connection with your future or present life. Let me assure you that I love you as fondly and devotedly now, as when we first parted betrothed! True, I anticipated coming to you long ere this, but I have ever assigned good

reasons for not doing so. I am *very* anxious to see you, and if *alive*, shall be with you the first of August next. I *know*, in spite of all your suspicions and dreams, I shall be as pleased to see you, as you *can* be me. I would not tarry so long from you, but my business compels me to stay here until the time just stated. Now, dear Mira, for *my* sake drive from your mind these unjust thoughts.

Believe me,

Yours devotedly,

GEORGE.

After receiving the above letter from George Leighton, Mira blamed herself for writing to him as she had done, although something told her she had not acted without a reason. "But he will be here himself soon, and *then* every fear will be banished," Mira would repeat to herself, while anxiously waiting his coming. But another letter came in his stead, which read as follows :—

N—, July 29th, 184—.

*Dear Mira*,—I cannot offer any apology for this letter. I shall not attempt to make an excuse for the course I have taken, or try in any way to explain my conduct. All I can say is, that we can never meet again. *This* must be the last time I write you. God alone knows *why*. You are not to blame; no one but myself. I speak truly when I again repeat that I love you now fondly as ever; but destiny has marked for us separate courses.

Farewell, forever,

GEORGE.

Mira did not grieve over the above letter—she had too long expected, aye, waited its coming. She never more heard from George Leighton, save a passing word from uninterested lips.

Her dreams were but shadows of her sorrow.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## HERBERT TYRRELL.

His were very beautiful blue eyes—Herbert Tyrrell's—shaded by long brown lashes. A high white brow he could boast of, around which clustered rich waves of chestnut brown hair. There was always a smile resting on his features. A *smile*, did I say? and *such* a smile. A malicious affair which would strike down into the heart of the gazer, as something impure and unholy; as though it were but a thin covering to a sinful, darkened heart. Had he a mind superior to those around him, it was never employed save about his own world of affairs; beyond, he knew nothing, cared nothing. He had a heart, (all men have hearts,) but not one easily touched. One might as well try to soften a granite block by weeping over it, as his heart. Yet it was not *his* fault that he could so easily turn away when a tale of suffering or woe fell upon his ear. He was so constituted, so organized by that Great Being who doeth nothing amiss.

He possessed a great mechanical genius. No piece of machinery ever so peculiarly fitted or formed, but what he

could readily understand. His very soul seemed the cast of his powers, for it never shone through the dim mist that enveloped it. "If he ever married," he would say, "it would be to have a wife to wait upon him." What wanted he of a companion to love? All he asked was a wife, as a necessary piece of furniture—a passive being who would never murmur or complain.

Yet Herbert Tyrrell loved to look into a pair of bright bewitching eyes, or gaze on a fair cheek and rosy lip: and sometimes he would say, "I'll marry a handsome woman."

This, reader, was the man who, on learning that Mira was again free, earnestly sought her hand. There was a vast deal of pride in her heart, and after she was deserted by George Leighton, 'twas no idle affair to conquer it.

"I *will* marry Herbert Tyrrell," she exclaimed to herself one morning. "I'll show George Leighton that my whole life is not bound up in *his* love. And yet," she continued, "I would not wrong him, for I have no love to offer; and have I not told him so? and still he urges me to-marry him. If he is kind, I can learn to love, as I now respect him. Yes, I'll marry Herbert Tyrrell," and Mira resolutely closed her lips.

That he *imagined* he loved Mira Grey, we will not pretend to deny. *Love!* he knew nothing of that great, holy, pure principle. The feeling that filled his heart was low and sordid.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SECOND MARRIAGE.

Mira was Herbert Tyrrell's wife at last. She was very hopeful, and so hoped that life might be a sunny spot once more.

They had not been married long, ere Mira saw that her future was dark and uncertain: her path, at best, a rough one.

Herbert Tyrrell, before marriage, with his smiles and promises, changed greatly afterwards. Mira complained not, but tried to think she was wrong in expecting that sympathy and love from him, which before had been so freely lavished upon her.

Time passed on and she yearned still more for sympathy and kindness; yet she yearned in vain. Every advancement was met and repulsed with coldness.

"I don't want to hear so many complaints," Mr. Tyrrell would say, after Mira had confided to him some little trial, that would have been greatly lightened by his sympathy.

"I *know* he has *some* feeling," she would murmur to herself, as some unkindness wounded anew her heart.

Yes, he had feelings; for Mira had watched him as he told her of his dissolute abandoned sister. She had marked even tears in his large dark eyes, when he mourned over her fate, and warned Mira to shun her, should she ever attempt to cross her path. And he must care for *her*, or why the warning?

But let what would come, Mira was determined to be very brave. Her friends should never know of her troubles, they were so averse to her marriage; and strange comparisons fell often upon her ear of Merrill Grey and Herbert Tyrrell. They were useless, for in her heart's most sacred temple, the memory of Merrill Grey was enshrined, and now in her sorrow his smiles gleamed upon her from the darkness.

At last, Mira folded to her heart a sweet stranger babe. Oh, how earnestly she prayed that it might, like a golden link, bind her husband's heart more closely to her own. Useless prayer!

"I do not wish to hear any more complaints," exclaimed Mr. Tyrrell, one morning, after Mira had complained of having a severe headache. "I have heard enough of your foolery, and believe nothing of it. Sick! you are always sick, just like your old mother;" and with a frown resting upon his brow, he left the room, slamming the door violently after him.

Such scenes now comprised Mira's everyday life. She would turn to her babe with a bitter sigh, and clasp its form more closely to her aching heart, and press its velvet

cheek closely to her own, and with closed eyes would view the great panorama of the past. Could any hand like hers, keep pure the fresh young bud till it should expand into the open flower? Her own soul answered, "none, none!" Then she did not live in vain.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### LOCATING AT WORCESTER.

"How old is this baby," asked Aunt Abby, coming in one morning, and taking the little golden-haired Miny from its mother's arms.

"Only six weeks, Aunty," replied Mrs. Tyrrell.

"Six weeks," repeated she; "the massy me! it looks more like six months instead. Who ever saw such curls on a six-week baby? They tell me you are going to move to Worcester, soon; is that true?" interrogated she.

"It is; we go to-morrow."

"Well, I never did see; you and your husband both must be crazy, to start and go twenty miles in such cold weather as this, with a baby only six weeks old. It does seem to me young folks don't know nothing;" and Aunt Abby trotted the baby violently.

"I am afraid I am not strong enough to take such a journey yet; but my husband thinks me very notional about such things. But he is young yet, Aunty; he will learn, after awhile."

"Learn; he'll never learn till after you are dead, if he's

no more careful than *that* now. You'll see my words true, sometime; now you mind."

After chatting awhile in the same manner, Aunt Abby took her leave.

Mrs. Tyrrell made preparation to leave town next day. The travelling was so bad they were obliged to leave their goods behind for a while.

"Herbert, do you not think I had better stay a while longer?" said Mrs. Tyrrell, as an uncovered sleigh drove up to the door, and stood waiting for them.

"What are your objections to going now?" was his reply.

"I am afraid I and the babe both will take a cold, facing this March wind. You know I am not very strong, yet."

"I'll venture your freezing. What will you ever be good for, if you are always so fussy?"

Mrs. Tyrrell made no reply, but with her babe folded to her bosom, took a seat in the sleigh. Her husband, seating himself beside her, bid the driver "go on."

The wind blew furiously; the snow lay in giant piles on either side of the road, rendering it in some places almost impassable. For a long time, no words were spoken by either of them. At last Mrs. Tyrrell told her husband she believed she and her babe would both freeze, and begged him to leave her at the next public house till the weather should moderate.

"I will not be to that expense, I know," was his reply. "You'll feel well enough after you get there."

Mrs. Tyrrell said no more, but folding her babe closer to her bosom, resolved to be silent.

It was nightfall ere they reached Worcester. Little Minnie had set upon it she would cry, and in defiance to all mama's efforts, carried her point. Poor Mira, that was a sad night to her. After arriving at their place of destination, she was so benumbed with the cold, and wearied with the cries of her child, she could eat no supper; and the careless boarding woman where they stopped, put them in a cold room where neither the bed or the room had been occupied for a long time.

"Do ask the landlady for some wood to build a little fire here, Herbert," said Mrs. Tyrrell, on seeing an open fire-place in the room. You know we have not slept out of a warm room all winter. I do believe I shall never get warm again." Mrs. Tyrrell was then shaking violently with the cold.

"I wonder what next you won't want me to do? Get along into bed and you'll be warm enough," said Tyrrell.

Mrs. Tyrrell did get into bed, but sleep had been banished from her eyes by her husband's ungrateful treatment.

Little Minnie had fallen asleep on her mother's bosom. "Thank God," murmured she, "my babe is happy."

For a while we must leave Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell in W——, keeping house again, — Mr. Tyrrell following the pursuits of his genius, and Mrs. Tyrrell trying to please him, and endeavoring to be happy and make the best of what she greatly feared was a bad bargain.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### TROUBLE AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mrs. Dana's health was fast declining. Mr. Dana was taken suddenly ill; none thought he would recover. All the children were married and away. The crops were not all harvested, and winter's chill breath already began to be felt through the crevices of the old house that was fast crumbling to decay. What would be done with Mira's father now? Her grandfather, old Mr. Dana, was rich; but none would be benefitted by his broad acres until the treasures of earth were no more to him.

Mr. Dana's children heard of the home-trouble, and hastened to gather about the dear old hearth-stone and administer all possible consolation. Warner Dana was naturally kind and generous, but on this occasion his benevolence seemed to know no bounds. Mira loved him with a sister's true affection, for she believed his heart was free from selfishness and cupidity.

"Father," said he one day, "father, I think you and mother had better come and live with me this winter. This house is getting too old to inhabit longer, and you

will not be able to work and take care of things. Don't *you* think it is a good plan?"

"The plan is good enough," replied his father; "but, Warner, this is my home. I have lived here from a child. 'Tis good enough for me — every shingle upon its ancient roof is dear to me. No, Warner, no; I cannot leave my home."

Farmer Dana sank back upon his pillow and shaded his eyes with his rough hand.

"But mother is willing to go," resumed Warner, "and thinks it is for the best. You will see it so after you have weighed the subject a little. I have enough and to spare, and you shall want for nothing. You shall be well cared for beneath *my roof* — *here*, you must suffer."

After much persuasion, Mr. Dana consented to go; and as soon as able to undergo the excitement and fatigue of a removal, found a more comfortable abode in Warner's cheerful dwelling.

Mrs. Dana was herself again, and he slowly recovered.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### WARNER'S SCHEME.

I have said Warner Dana was naturally kind and generous. He was so; but who will not sacrifice principle to an over-weaning love of gold? Echo answers, "who?" He pitied his parents and meant not that they should suffer. He meant not to wrong them—he only determined to possess himself of all this world's goods that he could, honestly. He always *had been* honest, and without knowing how much circumstances had favored him, or dreaming, that if tempted, *he could* fall.

He was very kind to his parents, gratifying their wishes as far as possible. Indeed, he had so succeeded in ingratiating himself into their favor, that they thought he could not err.

"Father," said he, seating himself in his cosy little sitting-room one day, "I have been thinking that grandfather will live but a short time. I hear he is very feeble; and in case he should die, you will probably share largely in the estate, unless he should cut you off in his will."

"Cut me off in his will! What do you mean, Warner?"

Have I not always been his *slave*, so to speak, and is not that the reason why I am poor and in debt?"

"Just so, father; and because you are poor and in debt, and he may leave you something handsome, is why I wished to speak with you. I say we cannot tell but what he has cut you off entirely. But don't worry about that, I intend to see you well provided for through life, if I never get a cent for it, as I told you before."

Generous man! God saw thy heart; *He* will reward thee according to thy merits.

"Grandfather may leave you a share with the rest of the heirs; but unless it is taken care of previously, your old creditors will filch it from you mighty quick, after it comes into your possession."

"And I am willing my creditors *should* be paid every dollar I owe them, for have I not always dealt honestly with all men?"

"Yes, there is no one to say my father is not an honest man, and I am proud to have it so; but, you are feeble now, and unable to control this business yourself. You need all that rightly belongs to you, and I will relieve you of all anxiety and responsibility about the matter, if you will legally authorize me to do so. I would be glad to resign the business to either of the other children, but hardly think they would willingly incur so much trouble without expecting remuneration. *I wish for none.*"

"Noble son!" exclaimed both his parents. "May God reward you!"

"Well, then, if you wish it, I will attend to it to-day, as I am at leisure; seeing that justice is done to all, and ridding you of all further uneasiness. It is only necessary for you and mother to sign a document giving me power to act in your stead."

"We will do so," they replied, and Warner left the room, well satisfied with his artful manœuvrings.

I will not attempt to say what was passing in his mind. I only know he went over immediately to Lawyer Whitman's office and entered with "A top of the morning to you, 'squire. How's business?"

"Ah, good morning Mr. Dana," said the person addressed, with one of his blandest smiles, at the same time handing him a chair and adding, "business is dull — not much stirring."

"Can you attend to a little affair of mine?"

"I shall be most happy to wait on you;" and drawing his chair close to Warner's, and puffing away vigorously the smoke that issued from his "short six," the 'squire listened attentively while his client unfolded his plan.

"What I wish, is this: you know that grandfather has a large estate, and father may come in possession of a good share of it soon, as grandsire is failing fast. My father, sir, will need all he can get, and in order to secure it to him so that old creditors may not filch it from him, I have thought it best to have it made over to some one that will do right by him, for he has been a hard-working man always, and strictly honest, as everybody knows."

"Just so, just so; I understand, I understand. I can arrange the matter for you. Who does your father think of having it made over to?"

"The fact is, there is no one to transact this business properly but myself. I should be glad to have brother Martin do the business, but between you and me, he is not a fit person to be entrusted with other people's property. I feel sorry to say it, but it is true nevertheless."

"Yes, yes, I know, I understand," replied his auditor, affirmatively.

"My oldest sister's husband is one of the 'Crusoe's,' you know. He of course would not attend to such small matters, always having *very important* business of his own to attend to. Mira and Hattie's husbands are *hardly* capable of taking care of themselves. So you see *stern necessity compels me* to take the business into my own hands. I never expect to get a cent for it; but still I shall not see my parents suffer while I live."

"You are a generous man, Mr. Dana, and will sometime be rewarded for your disinterestedness without doubt."

"I desire papers, putting me in possession of all father now, or ever may possess; then, when grandfather's estate is settled, whatever falls to him must be secured to me."

"I understand it," said Esquire W——; and the papers were drawn up accordingly, and duly signed by Mr. and Mrs. Dana without the knowledge of either of the other children.

Had old Mr. Dana and his wife, no confidence in their

other children; had they neglected them, that they were not informed of the steps Warner was taking? No, it was not that; each one had been equally kind—each would have willingly shared a part in providing for their wants. But Warner had told them it was not necessary for them to be informed at all, about the matter, therefore, the business was all done without their knowledge, advice, or consent—entirely to the satisfaction of Warner—with none to hinder, alter, or amend.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### FILIAL LOVE.

Not many months after the transaction described in the previous chapter, old Mr. Dana died; and by his will, Warner's father was left a goodly estate. After it became generally known among his creditors, they asked for their just dues; but Warner informed them that his father, in reality, owned nothing, assuring them that he had been to great expense in supporting his parents, and for that reason had received deeds of all their property. Thus silenced, each creditor left, drawing conclusions accordingly.

"I am glad father has a little something left him," said Martin Dana to Warner, one day after the estate was settled. "Glad for his own sake, glad for the sake of the creditors. I suppose there will be enough to pay all debts and support the old folks handsomely, will there not? You of course know, as you have taken the business into your hands."

"Know!" replied Warner; "I know if I had not looked to the matter before grandfather died, there would not

have been a cent left. But I was soon enough for them, and now the creditors may whistle," and he put on a very satisfied air.

"I suppose you have given father bonds for a maintenance," continued Martin.

"Bonds! Is not my word bond enough? Think you I would meaningly wrong any one, above all, a parent?" said Warner, with an aggrieved air and tone.

"No, brother, no, I did not think you would intentionally deal unjustly; but you may die, and the law knows nothing about your honest intentions, unless they are in black and white."

"True, very true; I did intend to give bonds, and will do so immediately."

Singular fits of abstraction had Warner for a long time, after he possessed the deeds of his father's inheritance. There were times when his brow would knit itself into a scowl, and his whole manners be nervous and irritable, as though he was weighing carefully some important subject.

"I have it at last," he exclaimed, after one of his musing fits. A gleam of sunshine lit up his otherwise dull features, as he spoke. "I'll show folks I *am* somebody, now. I see no reason why I may not be a capitalist, yet. I know I have talent to be a manufacturer, if I have the means. I could do a big business — perhaps become a 'Boott,' at last; who knows? I have now sufficient property to establish my credit; I can raise money on these deeds, and borrow some on my reputation. Yes; I'll buy

machinery and begin operation at once. The money I borrowed of Hatty will help me amazingly, just now, and I shall put her off about paying it, for the present, though she told me she wanted it. When I become rich, and make some of my poor relatives independent, they will then acknowledge my superiority."

Warren *did* commence operations at once; but it was not long afterward that he found he was a *little* mistaken in the amount of business talent he possessed, in manufacturing cotton goods, at least.

For a while he buffeted the waves of adverse fortune, manfully; but cotton would "rise" and cloth would "fall," and soon his bark of speculation was drifting a wreck upon the same waters where many a larger one had foundered. His dream of future opulence was suddenly annihilated.

How he survived the wreck, or in what way he gathered the fragments of his ruined fortune, I know not. He shortly after removed to the State of Maine, where he entered into the manufacture of the *real* article of which he had previously made extensive and successful use — "soft soap."



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SUNNY SOUTH.

"How would you like to go South, Mira?" enquired Mr. Tyrrell of his wife, one evening, as he sat at the tea-table leisurely supping his tea.

"Like to go South, Herbert; what do you mean?" exclaimed Mira.

"Why, it means that I have received another offer from Mr. Goodrich to take an extensive lot of machinery to Augusta, Georgia, and that it promises to pay very well. *Now*, what do you say?" and Mr. Tyrrell smiled graciously, as the thought of making money ran through his head.

"Of course, Herbert, if you can do any better than you are now doing, it will be advisable for us to go;" and Mira turned away to conceal the tears that bathed her pale cheek.

Long that night, after her husband and babe were sleeping peacefully, the young wife thought of leaving those she loved, to follow one who had proved himself unworthy her regard or esteem. Had he treated her with the common kindness due even a stranger, she would not have complained; but that was denied her.

On a cold, stormy day in October, Mr. Tyrrell started with his family for Georgia. A long, dreary journey it was, for Mira, with her helpless babe. The moment they stepped on board the boat, Mr. Tyrrell left her alone, to endure the fatigue of the journey, and care for her babe as best she could. Mira had hoped to leave all the dark storm-clouds behind, but they followed her as did the October storm.

Mira could but be delighted with the warm, delightful climate of Georgia; it seemed like stepping into another world, so beautiful and fair it was. Her eyes rested on broad fields, carpeted with velvety grass; rich plantations embroidered with foliage and sun-lit flowers.

For a while Mira's old feelings returned, as she breathed the warm delightful air, and dreamed olden dreams as she gazed on the clear sky, which was as soft and pure as a Northern June. Hour after hour would she sit by the window, watching the rippling, eddying surface of the proud river, whose light gleamed through the heavily laden persimmon trees like silver-tipped arrows.

There was a cluster of trees in front of Mira's home, where, through the long sunny days, warbled and sung the Southern woodland songsters. She tried to be happy, and did indeed enjoy much; yet she pined for something more than these—for sympathy and love.

One great trouble weighed heavily on Mira's mind. Her husband had an insatiable love of riches, and engaged extensively in lotteries, hoping thereby to enrich himself

in a moment. A large amount of money was paid for tickets, and in the mean time Mr. Tyrrell grew more unkind, if possible, than ever.

"Herbert," said Mira, one morning after he had purchased a large package of tickets, "I can say no more to you than I have said, about the purchasing of tickets; but if you are determined to spend *all* you possess, in this manner, do, I beseech you, provide me with money to go home with now."

"I suppose you wish to expose me to your friends, or rather try to make them think I am doing something dreadful, when in reality I am only trying to get wealth for your benefit and pleasure."

"But, Herbert, you are diminishing your property, instead of increasing it; say, will you not be content without spending more?"

Herbert was silent. He was convinced of his wrong, but it seemed a little *too* tame, to promise to do better; yet, after some hesitation, the promise was made, and Mira was relieved of a world of anxiety.

For a while all went smoothly, and Mrs. Tyrrell's spirits revived like flowers beneath the summer's rain.

"What shall I do with the servants, Herbert?" asked Mrs. Tyrrell of her husband one morning.

"Do with them, why?"

"They are impudent, and do not mind anything I say to them."

Mr. Tyrrell smiled. "You must whip them, Mira."

"*Me* whip a *human being*, whom God has endowed with every faculty that he has *you* or *I*? No, never!" exclaimed Mira, her old Northern education coming vividly before her.

"Do as you like, do as you like; but *one* thing is *sure*, if you don't whip *them*, they will whip *you*. Why, whippings are just as necessary to them as their food."

Mira held up both hands in mute astonishment. "Well, let them do what they will, I'll not whip them."

"Perhaps not," and smiling doubtfully, Mr. Tyrrell left the room.

Bravely she managed for a while, bearing quietly every little rudeness; but at last their impudence conquered her good nature.

"What shall I do with you, Pauline?" she asked of a saucy negro girl, who went about the spacious kitchen with a wicked smile resting on her face, and displaying in the meantime a nice set of ivory.

"Dunno missus," was the laughing reply.

"Well, I think a whipping would do you a vast deal of good; at any rate, I shall try it," said Mira, expecting to see the girl tremble with fright; but she stood calm and unmoved as a block of marble.

With a woe-begone expression upon her face, Mira took a green hide from a shelf near by, preparatory to commencing her dreadful task. Still Pauline grinned on.

"Heaven forgive me," she said to herself, as she gave the girl a smart quick blow, which stung her own heart.

Again she raised the green hide, frightened lest Pauline should faint beneath the severe lashing.

"Yah yah!" broke over the thick lips of the culprit. "Guess missus arnt ust to lickin' niggers; don't hurt a mite."

Mira was nonplussed. She had supposed she was nearly taking the life of the slave; but instead, she "*didn't hurt a mite.*" She dropped the green hide, and never attempted to whip a negro again.

Mrs. Tyrrell mourned over the low degraded state of the blacks, and wondered not that people call them stupid and witless, bending as they did over their toil, from early dawn to dusky night-fall, without cessation, from one year's end to another. Let what might be passing in their minds, they were not allowed to express it; knowing no other aim in life, save that of laboring, eating and sleeping. They were taught to look upon liberty as something they had no right to know — an institution to be enjoyed only by white people.

"But thank God," Mira would exclaim, "that glorious principle *does* at times creep into their darkened hearts, and then are the sellers of human souls taught that they have a faint glimmering of what belongs to them as God's children."

"Be careful, Mira, be careful and not express your sentiments too freely; remember in these parts you can be a free *thinker*, but not a free *speaker*," Mr. Tyrrell would remark smilingly, as a burst of thoughts came from his wife's lips.

"But Herbert, I blush that any spot in *free (?)* America should be so cursed."

"Never mind; you are a little bit northernish *now*, but it will soon wear off."

"Yes, when I no longer have regard for *right*, honor, or *religion*, this Northern principle will die away; but when *that* time comes, *I* shall be as low and debased as the veriest wretch upon the earth."

Mr. Tyrrell had spoken truly; if not in Mira's case, in many others, for that *Northern principles do wear off*, has been lamented by thousands, when they saw a *giant leader* favor a law which will ever remain a *dark spot* in America's history. Yes — *Northern principles do wear off*."

Ere many weeks had passed away, another babe was welcomed to Mira's Southern home. How she had suffered during her illness, from her husband's unkindness. He had gone so far as to refuse her a physician at the time of her confinement.

She wept in vain for the loved ones at home. A mother's hand could not rest on her aching head, or sisters' words of kindness fall upon her ear.

"Oh Father, take me home," burst from her lips as she lay upon her bed, the low insulting words of her husband falling upon her ear.

"Oh, Herbert, do you not care for my life?" asked Mira, as he refused to let one of the servants go for Dr. Ford.

"Care, you will jog along well enough without my care, I'm thinking," was the low cutting reply.

"But Herbert, do you not realize that if I die *now*, you will have my life to answer for? Know you not that God reads your heart this moment as I might read an open book?"

"Nonsense, Mira; don't try to get up any scenes, you know well that *I* do not mind them, and all is, if you tell one of the servants to go for a physician, I'll counteract your orders. So try it if you'd like;" and smiling wickedly, Herbert Tyrrell left the room, muttering as he went, "all a whim; other women get along without a physician, and she can."

For a while, Mira lay upon the bed, her cheek pale as the pillow to which it was pressed. "What care *I* for life; why should I battle for it?" she murmured to herself.

At that moment, a pair of dimpled hands was laid upon her pale forehead, and a warm, rosy cheek laid upon her cold hand; while a soft voice asked, "What can Minny do for mamma?"

Tears gushed from Mira's eyes, as she laid her hand upon the golden curls of little Minny. In a low voice she called the negro attendant to her bed-side, and bade her go for a physician.

Nancy hesitated. "I'm afraid of massa."

"Nancy, hear me. If you do not go, I shall die, and you'll have to suffer for it. Do you undersand me?"

The poor frightened girl did not wait to reply, but bounded away as fast as possible, heedless of Mr. Tyrrell, who called loudly from the piazza for her to stop.

It was very strange how Herbert Tyrrell could suddenly change the angry frown upon his face, into a pleasant smile; but when Dr. Ford entered the house, he met him kindly and smilingly.

Mira gained rapidly, and in a few weeks was able to be about the house, and occasionally to extend her walks in into the rich flower-laid and foliage-guarded gardens.

She tried to be happy, while gazing on the beauty that surrounded her, but it was impossible. Mira Tyrrell was happy only in loving and being loved. She would rather have lived in the meanest hovel upon the earth, and been blessed with sympathy and love, than to reign a queen over a princely dwelling, with nothing to satisfy her yearning heart, save the sight of wealth and splendor.

Months wore away, and there was no change for the better in Mira's fortune. Her husband treated her with the same cool indifference and carelessness that he ever had done since they made their home in the sunny South.

"Herbert," said Mira one evening, as they sat together in the parlor, "I have a question to ask you."

"Ah," was the brief reply.

"I have been thinking that the warm Southern climate of Georgia does not agree with me, and that if you are willing, it would be better for me to go home."

"I am willing," coolly replied Mr. Tyrrell.

"I shall not feel right to go, Herbert, if you are not *perfectly* willing," continued Mrs. Tyrrell.

Mr. Tyrrell looked his wife steadily in the face, replying,

"What do you want me to say more? *I* think the least said, the better," and he commenced whistling a lively tune.

"Does it make any difference *when* I go?" and Mira's voice grew soft and tremulous, as she turned to her husband, anxiously awaiting his reply.

"Any time that pleases *you* best, Mira," was the answer, his feelings a might softened by her kindness.

"Thank you, Herbert; then I'll go in the next boat.

"Well, any time you wish to go, you can have plenty of money," was the reply.

Plenty of money! How Mira's heart would have bounded, could she have known that his love would have been bestowed upon her so freely. She did not tell him this; it would have been too much like casting her heart's treasures upon the earth, to be mocked at and trampled upon.

A few mornings after Mira had broached the subject of returning home, to her husband, she was taken quite ill, and so was obliged to defer her anticipated journey to some indefinite period.

After a few weeks of worried illness, health came again to the tried one; and then she folded the babes to her breast and started for the old Bay State.

With her husband's freezing adieu resting upon her heart, she stepped on board the steamboat, wretched, yet happy. Wretched that her life was thrown away upon one who could not love or appreciate her—one who re-

pulsed her, if she tried to soften his heart with kindness, or make life to him a bright sunny spell. Happy that she would ere long be in the dear old home, with those she loved around her. Again would mother's hand rest caressingly on her aching head, and mother's soft voice soothe her wearied heart. Oh that the large lumbering boat would fly swifter over the white-crested waters; swifter by the waving fields and rich dim groves; faster away from the balmy air and downy skies, to dear old New England.

What cared she, if the passengers did look wonderingly at her, as she looked out upon the waters, with singularly bright beaming eyes, as if she was striving to catch a glimpse of her home beyond.

"Who is she?" was asked by one and another, as she walked across the deck. "She is very lovely," they would whisper, as they looked upon her flushed cheek and high white brow.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## HOME AGAIN.

After Warner Dana was well established in his manufacturing business, he grew weary of the old folks, and so provided them with a few acres of land and a house, not far from their old home.

They too were weary, and with joyful hearts entered the *new* home, where they were to be *the* master and *the* mistress.

"I wish Mira was at home," remarked Mrs. Dana one morning, as she and her husband sat together at the breakfast-table. That was a pleasant kitchen, with the June morning's light creeping in through the windows, and weaving itself in with the white steam that rolled up from the shining coffee-urn. The little round table was covered with a snowy cloth, on which was set plates of soft creamy biscuit and golden butter.

"And *I* wish Mira was with us," echoed Mr Dana, as he laid from the white earthen dish a spoonful of crimson strawberries.

"I think that she will be here before long, for she writes

that the climate of Georgia does not agree with her. Poor child, how happy we should be to have her with us again," and a tear crept out of Mrs. Dana's mild blue eye.

"Mira was always a good daughter to us, wife; and her light dancing step and clear merry laugh always done my heart good. Oh yes, wife, I wish she was with us," musingly spoke the old man.

The following afternoon, when the shadows lay heavy upon the grass, and the sunlight went slowly creeping over the hills, Mira and her babes reached home. She had walked from the village, forgetting her fatigue—forgetting all, save the one overpowering hope of reaching home.

"How you have changed, Mira," was the first exclamation of Mrs. Dana, after she had clasped the form of her child to her heart. "What means this? tell me, Mira."

"Oh, mother," was the low reply, "the warm sultry climate of Georgia came near destroying my life, as it has my health."

"But Mira, why did you stay so long?"

"Mother, I disliked to leave my husband," and Mira turned away, a faint smile playing upon her face, at the thought of so successfully hiding the *real* cause of her leaving the South. "Shall I expose my husband's unkind treatment, to my friends?" she would murmur to herself. "No!" the answer crept softly from the depths of her heart.

Under the kind care of her mother, Mira's health improved rapidly; and in a few weeks a great change was

visible at the home of the old folks. A nice new porch was added to the cottage, with every convenience and comfort, and things began to look lively and happy.

Nine months speedily passed away, and still Mr. Tyrrell tarried at the South. Mira received but few letters from him, and these so cold, they chilled her heart.

"Did ever wife receive more flattering letter from loved husband?" said Mira to herself, as she held one of her husband's freezing messages in her hand, one morning. An olden smile lit up her eye as she again glanced over it musingly; then she bent her head upon her hand, undecided whether to welcome the fast-coming tears, or drive them back upon her heart. "I'll be a *woman*!" she at last exclaimed, rising from her seat. "I'll live through it *all* — the same Mira, yes, the same Dick."

The April following, Herbert Tyrrell returned to his wife and children.

He was kindly welcomed by Mira, who vainly hoped that absence had driven from his heart old feelings, and that they should yet be happy.

He was not unmindful of his family when he was away; oh no, for on his return he brought rich gifts to his wife and little ones. There was the richly chased gold watch, with a heavy chain of the same metal, for Mira, and an embroidered frock and waxen baby for little Minny, with many a pleasing toy for the miniature Herbert.

In a few weeks Mr. Tyrrell moved his family to the city of Worcester, again, and was soon engaged in his olden

business of inventing and fitting machinery. Heavy orders continued to come from the South, and Mira, like a true woman, left all to assist him. Her delicate fingers filled out the many orders, and her busy brain calculated sagely and shrewdly for him.

He saw of how much value her services were to him, and adroitly managed to secure them with her whole interest, by a softened manner — a new and strange way of proceeding.

Yet Mira was contented, if in any way, or under any circumstances, he should be led to show her that attention which every woman has a right to expect, aye, even *demand* from her husband.

That was not the only field in which she labored. People saw with what skill she administered to the sick, and many came to her for relief. Through her instrumentality she was grateful to know that many a life was saved — many a heart made glad.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## FAMILY AFFAIRS.

Time wore away, and another little blue-eyed babe was added to Mr. Tyrrell's little household.

For three months, Mira was very ill, and during that time, her husband treated her with the utmost unkindness. The sicker she grew, the more cutting and cruel were the insults heaped upon her; but when she began slowly to recover, he treated her a little more as a wife should be treated; not daring to do otherwise, for fear of exposure.

One day, while lying upon her bed, unable to move, she asked her husband who was standing near by, to assist her in moving.

"Nonsense, Mira, 'tis all a whim for you to want some one to move you; people *do* get along without assistance, after they have had a palsy shock, and *you* can."

Poor Mira! how the cruel words of her husband nerved her to action. Every energy was tasked to the utmost, as she strove to rise from her bed. Her strength failed her, and she sank senseless against the foot-board.

When she recovered from the swoon, her husband was

looking at her with a nonchalant expression upon his face. After standing a while silent, he laid her roughly back upon the pillow.

"I'll cure her of these spasms," Mr. Tyrrell would remark, when he saw her cheek paling, and the white lids closing over her dark eyes. "I don't believe in fainting fits myself; *I never fainted*," and then he would order every attendant from the room, leaving her to recover as best she might. She prayed daily, hourly for death, yet she was spared, she knew not why.

One day, after Mira's health was much improved, Mr. Tyrrell entered her room in a very plausible mood.

"Would you not like to take a boarder, Mira? I have a friend whom I highly esteem, who wishes to make his home with us."

Mira knew that she was not strong enough to care for her own family even, yet she thought the presence of any one might be a restraint upon Mr. Tyrrell's conduct, as he set a high value on the opinion of the world. "Yes, Herbert, any friend of yours shall be made welcome," was the pleasant reply.

Mr. Tyrrell left the room looking very well satisfied.

In a few weeks, Mr. Jerald Woodbury was domesticated in Mr. Tyrrell's family as one of its members. He was a very pleasant and agreeable man, having a kind word for every one.

Something like harmony reigned in the little circle, and Mira was almost herself again, as the olden hope of being happy sprung up in her heart anew.



After Mr. Woodbury had been an inmate of Mr. Tyrrell's house six months, an order came from Mr. Goodrich in Georgia, for Mr. Tyrrell to again go South to superintend the setting up of a large lot of machinery.

He thought best this time to leave his family in W——, in the care of his friend, Mr. Woodbury, who promised to stay with them during his absence.

"Herbert," said Mrs. Tyrrell to her husband, a few mornings previous to his departure, "do you not think it will give people a chance to talk, if you leave Mr. Woodbury here with us?"

"Give people a chance to talk; why, Mira, are you insane? *Talk* because I leave Mr. Woodbury here while I go South. Ha, ha, ha! excellent."

"But you know there is enough to make stories, Herbert, and he is a stran——."

"Mira," and Mr. Tyrrell's voice was low and stern "Jerald Woodbury is my *friend*. I would trust him as I would trust a brother, and you can do the same; so throw aside your suspicions, and never breathe them again in my hearing."

"I do not distrust *him*, I was only thinking of what people might say," was the reply.

"An idle, nervous suspicion of yours, Mira, which you would do well to banish from your mind."

A few days after, Mr. Tyrrell started for the South. In the meantime, Mira fearing what she had told her husband, sent for one of his neices, a bright laughing girl, to come and remain with her during his absence.

Another boarder was taken, and everything went on smoothly and well—Mr. Woodbury proving himself a true friend and brother. He could but notice that Mrs. Tyrrell had some great grief resting upon her heart, which was slowly wearing her life away. With gentle kindness and politeness, he strove to make everything pleasant. All through the long winter evenings he read aloud from interesting books, by the best authors; and would converse, in his quiet easy way, of the world, and in fact of everything calculated to divert the mind from sorrow. And when the babe Flora lay for weeks, with the "wave of life heaving to and fro" upon her breast, and Mrs. Tyrrell and Carrie grew weary and faint from watching, a brother could not have been more attentive and kind.

"Oh how kind Mr. Woodbury is," Carrie Jameson would exclaim.

"Yes, he has been very kind; all that Herbert said of him has proved true," was the reply of Mrs. Tyrrell.

The pet of the whole household was Carrie, from the little Flora up to the grave Mr. Williams, who always set silent in the corner. She had a very sweet way of "walking into people's affections," no matter whether they were young or old, rich or poor.

After everything had regained its wonted composure, Mr. Woodbury was taken suddenly ill, and Mira had an opportunity of returning a few of his many kindnesses. With Carrie's assistance, she acted as both doctress and nurse, through many long weary weeks.

Mira wrote often to her husband, long loving letters, which ever contained warm entreaties for him to return home; for though cold and indifferent, he was her husband still.

After waiting a long while for an acknowledgment to one of her letters, Mira received a missive, which, on reading, she burst into tears.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Tyrrell?"

Mira started, on seeing Mr. Woodbury standing at her side, for she was not aware that any one was in the room.

"Ah, a letter," he exclaimed. "Does it contain bad news?"

Unable to reply, Mira pointed to the letter that lay beside her on the sofa.

Mr. Woodbury took it up, and read as follows:—

AUGUSTA, Georgia, March 15th.

*Mrs. Tyrrell*,—Your letter is before me. I am sorry that the babe has been sick; but why tell me of it, did you expect any good would result from so doing? You had better not write so often, as sending letters is attended by considerable expense. You need not expect me home till I get through with my business.

Love to the children.

Yours, respectfully,

HERBERT TYRRELL.

P. S. I am well and doing well.

"It is a cold letter," said Mr. Woodbury, as he finished reading. "Indeed, Mrs. Tyrrell, I do not wonder that you weep; but there is much to be thought of, and afterwards excused. Mr. Tyrrell's mind is wholly engrossed by his business, and it is hard for him to forget it sufficiently long to write a lengthy letter. And then, he is just a bit odd; but beneath the cold exterior, there beats a warm loving heart.

"God grant that it may be so," replied Mira.

"And believe that it is so, and all will be right;" and with these words, accompanied by a polite bow, Mr. Woodbury left the room.

After an absence of eight months, Mr. Tyrrell returned unchanged.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### MR. WOODBURY'S MARRIAGE.

"Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Woodbury," called Carrie Jameson from the foot of the stairs, where she was standing with one round arm thrown over the polished bannister.

"What is wanting, Carrie?"

"Why, Mr. Woodbury, I want to see you a few moments this evening, before you are launched into the dark sea of matrimony. Say, will you come down?"

"That I will, my pet," and with a light quick step he descended to the sitting-room. "Any thing of importance to say?" enquired Mr. Woodbury, with mock gravity, as he seated himself beside the madcap, who was striving to appear very dignified.

"Nothing, only that I am puzzled to know what I shall do without you."

"But will you not go with me, Carrie?"

"Go with you? what! and you turn Turk and have any number of wives? Shouldn't I be a *turkey* to do that, or a *goose*."

Mr. Woodbury laughed heartily at this lively sally, and

was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, who sat near by listening to their conversation.

"But seriously, now," continued Carrie, "I did have earnest intentions of making you my husband, until I learned you were *netted* for life. I'd make a capital wife, Mr. Woodbury, so handy I'd be about every kind of work, from darning stockings to making plum puddings; to say nothing of the little saucy whippings I'd give my husband."

"All very fine, very fine, Carrie, this telling what you *would* do, so long as you cannot get the chance," and Mr. Woodbury glanced laughingly at Mr. Tyrrell.

"But I consider myself *competent* to give you a bit of advice, having seen considerable of the world. In the first place, I want you to treat your wife as women should be treated. Confide in her, just as *I* intend to confide in *my* husband, (ahem;) or, more plainly speaking, give her your *whole* confidence. If she gets angry a bit, and her hands play queer tunes on the side of your head, why, all is, *bear* it patiently, she'll soon get tired of it." Carrie paused for want of breath.

"Go on, go on," cried each member of the little circle.

"If you should miss a button from your shirt-bosom, do not weary your wife by asking her to sew it on for you, but go quietly and do it yourself. If you are unsuccessful in finding a button, why, just take a pin in its stead, it will do as well. Give your wife just as much spending money as she wants to use; no matter how many rich silks she

can boast of owning, so long as you have plenty of cigars to smoke, and as many pet dickies as you care to sport; and above *all* things, Mr. Woodbury, learn to dodge broomsticks and fire-shovels. Carrie hath spoken."

"Good, good, my pet; don't I envy the man who has you for a *guide* and *guardian* through life," exclaimed Mr. Woodbury.

"One thing in Carrie's favor is, she is not much of a talker; and a *silent* woman is a prize," remarked Mr. Tyrrell.

"Well then, Herbert, *you* have got a prize," laughed Mrs. Tyrrell.

"That I have," was the good natured reply.

"If Carrie was my wife, I should do as they did in England, more than a century ago, with women whose tongues were unruly, viz: provide her with a bridle."

"Would you? But, Mr. Woodbury, if a tongue was bridled would it not be more inclined to *run*?"

A merry laugh ran through the circle at Carrie's witty pun.

Having some business down town, Mr. Woodbury bade them "good night," and left the house.

"But I *am* really sorry, Uncle Tyrrell, that Mr. Woodbury is so soon to leave us," remarked Carrie, after he left the room.

"And *I* am sorry, too, for he is a noble man — not an apology for one; but a man with a *heart* and *soul*, responded Mr. Tyrrell, warmly.

The following evening, Jerald Woodbury was married. All felt sad to have him leave the home, which he had so enlivened during his stay.

In a few weeks Carrie bade adieu to her friends, leaving them the sole inmates of their comfortable home.

Old feelings were revived, and the same bitter words fell from the husband's lips — the same rush of angry thoughts came to his heart. No change came to relieve Mira; it was the same monotonous routine from one day's end to another — the same unchanged cruelty, which stung like an adder the heart of the sensitive wife.

In less than one year from the time Mr. Woodbury left the home of Mr. Tyrrell, his wife sickened and died. His own health was very poor, and gladly he accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Tyrrell to again make his home with them.

While he was still feeble, he accompanied his host and hostess on a visit to Warner Dana. After remaining with Warner a short time, they returned home, Mr. Woodbury leaving them to reside with a sister in a town not far distant.

Let us look in upon Mira again. She is seated in the parlor, with one foot upon the cradle-rocker, while her fingers are busily plying the needle, fashioning a frock for the little baby sleeper beside her. Golden-haired Minnie and little Herbert are at school, leaving mamma and Flora to spend the long day alone. Warm sunbeams creep through the half-closed shutters, and send golden glim-

mering shadows o'er the brow of Mira, and dance adown into her dark eyes, as if to betray the tears which lie folded beneath the downcast lids. What! tears in Mira's eyes? Even so, reader; yet she is frightened, lest she should be seen weeping, and so has driven them back until alone.

"Foolish, thus to weep," she at last exclaimed aloud. "Better to be building air-castles, even to see them fall, than give away to sorrow," and she commenced warbling a merry tune.

At that moment the door opened, and Hattie entered the room.

"Why Hattie, how you do look!" exclaimed Mira, starting back, after kissing her sister's cheek. "You have been weeping; what has happened? Say, sister, tell me all about it, for you know I am successful in healing others wounds if not my own."

"Yes, Mira, I know that you are, and that is the reason why I came to you, replied Hattie. But I dislike to tell you after all, although I do not in the least doubt you, or your willingness to assist me," continued she.

"Say no more, Hattie, I know what it is. Your husband is in trouble about money; his land bill is due," said Mira.

"Yes, that is it, and unless he pays before to-morrow at ten o'clock, he will lose all that he has before advanced. He has tried everywhere, but cannot obtain the money. Oh, if Warner would but pay what he owes me, how much

good it would do us;" and Hattie fell upon her sister's neck and wept bitterly.

"Do not worry about it, sister; all will be right. I think I can get the money for you, of my husband; he never refuses me money," said Mira, in a cheerful tone.

Hattie returned home with a light step and lighter heart, and told her husband that the money was coming the next morning at eight o'clock, for *Mira* had promised it, "and you know that *her* promises are never idly made," she added.

"You are right, Hattie, Mira always keeps her word, for she is a *whole*-hearted woman; and allow me to say, that *you* much resemble her. You were very kind to try and obtain the money for me," said the husband.

The next morning Mira wended her way joyfully to the home of Hattie, with a face beaming with pleasure. She did not look as though she had ever known sorrow. She had obtained the desired sum of her husband, and now hastened to relieve their anxiety.

Herbert Tyrrell never refused his wife money, and was often heard to remark that "she could make twenty-five cents go farther than he could one dollar." All the trading of the family was entrusted to her to do.

Tyrrell often alluded to his having to maintain his wife's poor relatives, saying that Warner was not contented with spending all the old folk's property, but wished to get a part of his. "And that is not all," said he to his wife.

"You would like to have help me maintain Hattie and her husband."

"Why did you not refuse me the money for them, when I asked for it," said his wife, "and not speak so unkindly about it now?"

"Because I did not want a fuss," he replied.

"You will probably be repaid every cent you have loaned them."

"His answer was a cutting one — so cutting that Mira left the room immediately, resolving never to apply to him for money again.

Not many days after this affair, she said to him, "Herbert, I have thought of a plan which I am sure will meet your approval, besides greatly relieve the feelings of two or three others, to say nothing of my own."

"No doubt your benevolence has suggested some new way to appropriate my money for the benefit of your poor relatives," answered he insultingly; "but," continued he, "you need not think to 'come it' this time, for I have made up my mind not to let you have another cent, for any purpose whatever; so don't tell me your plan."

"But that is not it, this time, Herbert," said Mrs. Tyrrell, seating herself upon his knee. "You say that you are afraid Hattie's husband will never pay you, but consider Warner perfectly honest, notwithstanding he has spent nearly all of father's property."

"Well, he says there is enough to pay all his debts with, left, and I think he'll pay."

"But Hattie does not think he will ever pay *her*; now why not change notes? That which you have let Hattie's husband have, is just the amount Warner owes Hattie. Why not take Hattie's note and look to him for the pay? Warner would be glad to change it so, I am sure; then all will be satisfied."

"I should be glad to arrange it so," was his reply, "if all parties consent; but you must do the business."

A short time after this, the necessary transfer of notes was made, and Mrs. Tyrrell felt that for once she had pleased Herbert.

Not long after, Hattie's husband became prospered in business, paid up all his creditors, and bought him a handsome house. Warner had grown poorer, and could not pay the note when Tyrrell called for it. Then he told his wife it was through her means he should lose the debt; and if it had not been for her, Hattie's husband would not have thought of changing papers.

Poor Mira! she thought she never would attempt to do good again.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### MIRA'S CONFESSION.

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Mira one evening after tea, "I have had a letter from mother to-day, stating that she is very ill, and wishing me to come to her immediately, if I can. You know how much she thinks of having me with her in sickness. She says I can take two of the children with me, and Hattie has just been here and offered to take care of the other one. What think you, Herbert? Are you willing I should go?"

Herbert did not answer for some time, but sat apparently buried in deep thought. At last he replied, "I don't like the idea of your going, unless you can stay long enough to have it amount to something in my favor. You are continually running home, and I am sick of it, if you cannot remain when you *get* there."

Mira's countenance grew animated in its expression, at the thought of being released for a little season from unkindness. The respite had been long needed, for the rose-hue was fast fading from her cheek and the joy-light from her eye.

"But what will you do in my absence, Herbert!" said she doubtfully.

"Oh," replied he carelessly, "I can get along well enough, either by procuring a housekeeper or boarding out."

"But, husband, you could not get a housekeeper for any length of time, if I was gone."

"There you are mistaken! That little 'French woman' would come, if I could find her; and I think she would suit me to a T."

"Why, Herbert Tyrrell!" replied his wife in surprise; "and yet you know her to be a dissolute character."

"I *might* get my sister," suggested he, in an ironical tone.

"And make a bad matter worse, so far as respectability is concerned. Get either or both of them, if you choose," said Mrs. Tyrrell firmly, for she thought her husband was talking rather to tantalize her, than from any idea of doing as he said.

Next morning she left her family in care of Grandma'am Crane, a worthy old lady of her acquaintance, and hastened to her mother, to learn the extent of her illness, before making any permanent arrangements. On reaching home, she found her mother much more feeble than she expected, looking forward eagerly to her coming, and shedding grateful tears when Mira told her she would not leave her again, excepting to arrange matters at home.

"What *will* become of your father, after I am gone?"

Warner, poor boy, has been so unfortunate that he can hardly support himself. Had it not been for you and your kind husband, we should most certainly have suffered."

Mira burst into a flood of tears, for the word kind grated harshly on her ear, when applied to him.

"What ails you, child? I have long noticed that something worried you; but when I questioned you, you always said it was ill health. Now I know your heart has some secret sorrow. Tell me, darling; tell your old mother all, before she dies."

"Mother," replied Mira, after she had choked down her tears, "I was in hopes you would go hence without knowing my troubles. True, I have longed to tell you, but wished not to send another pang to a heart already nearly broken. But to refuse you now, would be impossible. Listen and I will tell you."

"Poor, poor child!" exclaimed her mother as Mira finished her recital; "you have been wrong in bearing such treatment silently. And yet, had you told us this before, I don't see what we could have done," added she mournfully. "If Warner only knew what you had suffered on his account, he would die to aid you."

"I am glad he does not know," answered Mira, "for the knowledge would only pain him. He thinks my husband just what he appears to the world—may he never be undeceived."

You remember, do you not, mother, the time when we went to visit Warner a year ago? It was just after Mr.

Woodbury's sickness, when he went with us to recruit his health. For a long time I had been nearly distracted by Herbert's taunts. Warner noticed my pale, haggard looks, and questioned me as to the cause. I told him I had overtasked myself in sick rooms and should soon be better. He said no more, but a few days after, I accidentally overheard a conversation with Mr. Woodbury, concerning spiritualism, in which he asked him if he did not think it apt to derange people connected with it.

"I have not investigated the subject," was the reply. "To be sure, I have heard of one or two being crazed, but that does not argue the reality of there being no good in it."

"I notice my sister is quite interested in it," said Warner, "and she appears strangely to me. I am afraid it will have a serious effect upon her, if it has not already. You, Mr. Woodbury, have great reasoning faculties, and I wish you would have a little eye to her on that subject. It would be of no use for me to speak with her, for I cannot argue against her 'facts,' as she calls them."

Mr. W—— knew very well that spiritualism was no part of the cause of my sorrow, but he answered, "I will talk with her about it, although I think your fears are groundless."

Shortly after, he went to live with his sister and there was no one to shield me from the myriad abuses heaped upon me by Herbert. I wrote to Warner, although pride forbade my telling him, or ask his advice or sym-



pathy. I simply told him that spiritualism was not the reason of my appearing to him partially insane; that I would rather he should think any thing he chose, than reveal the real cause then; but at some future time, perhaps he might know all. If he should ever hear what I have revealed to you, he will remember that letter, and know that I spoke truly."

Mrs. Dana was well nigh overpowered by her mingled emotions of indignation and grief; but she controlled herself by an effort, and said, "Mira, I will tell you what is best to be done. You cannot and shall not live thus, longer. You must come and stay with us always. Go back to your husband, arrange matters with him, and then come to us again with your children."

"Mother, it does not seem right to forsake my husband forever. Would to God I knew what was right!"

Poor Mira! 'tis well you know not the workings of your husband's heart!

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING.

"Well, Herbert," said Mira, after her return home, "mother does indeed need my assistance, and I am anxious to go to her, provided you are willing."

"I have made up my mind to let you go, if you will promise to stay a year."

"I promise," said she, eagerly.

"Then," remarked her husband, "we will sell our old furniture, except such articles as we feel particular about retaining, and when we commence housekeeping again, we will purchase new. In the meantime I will board out, and visit you occasionally — say once a month."

Little dreaming that a dark plot was already matured in Herbert's mind against her future happiness, Mira was perfectly delighted at his willingness to part with her, and made speedy preparations for her journey. She was soon again under her parents' humble roof, and with her patient and skilful nursing, her mother's health began slowly to improve, so that when another spring had kissed the young buds into bloom, she could look out upon the fresh, green

earth, with a delight scarcely equalling the joy of returning health.

Warner paid them a visit, and expressed his gratitude to Mira for her kindness in relieving him of so much anxiety. She received his thanks, feeling that they were hardly deserved, knowing, as she did, that self-interest shared largely in prompting her to her benevolence. When Warner returned home he took with him little Herbert, in order to lessen his sister's cares.

How swiftly the weeks and months flew by to Mira. The olden smile began to play about her rosy lips, the olden light to beam from her dark eyes. Again she wandered through the same old woods and flower-strewn fields that tempted her girlish feet. Again the wild freedom-loving spirit of "Dick" flowed over her, and sometimes, forgetful of the strange changes that had swept across her path, she would listen, half-expecting to be called by her old familiar nickname, till the prattle of childish voices, or the tripping of tiny feet, would call her back to real life.

Autumn drew near. In one of Mr. Tyrrell's visits to his family, Mira remarked playfully, "Well, husband, don't you begin to wish the year was nearer gone? Are you not tired of boarding out?"

"Not particularly so, though I don't fancy my boarding-place much."

"Why, I thought you were well pleased; you told me so when I was there to visit you."

"Well, my landlady has changed her treatment of me

lately, for what reasons I cannot say. By the way, Mira, I expect my sister to board with me there soon."

"Herbert Tyrrell, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

"Impossible! you will bring disgrace upon yourself by such a course."

"But, Mira, she has repented, and is now a virtuous and respected woman — a pattern for *you*."

Mira's blood boiled at the base insinuation conveyed in the last part of the sentence. She essayed to speak, but her husband interrupted her by saying, "I have been lectured sufficiently by my relatives for neglecting her, and for the future will not lay myself liable to such accusations."

"Herbert," said his wife, "God knows I am willing you should assist her, but you have often forbidden my associating with her, fearing her influence over me might be bad, till you have so prejudiced me against her, that I cannot endure the thought of your taking her under the same roof with you."

"It will do no good to talk upon the subject; my purpose is unalterable. Last summer when I was at Boston, my uncle, the baker on Warren street gave me a sound rating, such an one as I hope never to receive again. Besides, I have done much to benefit *your* folks, now I intend to help *mine*."

"Don't talk of helping *my* folks. Every dollar you have expended for them will probably be repaid, principal

and interest. But if you see fit to give your friends half you possess, I care not, so that you bring no injury to your own family by so doing."

"Care!" echoed Mr. Tyrrell, sarcastically. "You need give yourself no uneasiness; I shall do as I please," and he angrily left the room.

For the remainder of his stay among the little group, he seemed less kind than formerly, and when a few hours after the above conversation, he commenced journeying homeward, it was with a malicious smile, curling his lip, as he muttered to himself, "Yes, yes, I thought that would work; she will yet repent the day she dared expose my conduct to her sister. I'll break her to the 'traces' yet, and teach her *my* purposes are not to be thwarted by such as *she*."

It will be necessary to inform the reader, that previous to Mrs. Tyrrell's return home, during one of her severe illnesses, her husband had treated her with shameful cruelty, which she had borne with exemplary patience and meekness, breathing no word of complaint to any one, although to unburden her mind to some trusty friend, she felt would be a relief. Herbert knew her pride and sensitiveness, and felt secure from exposure.

One morning after some of his cutting sarcasms, she pushed him rudely from her, exclaiming at the same time, "Herbert, you are a brute to treat me thus; I cannot and will not endure it longer; my friends shall hear of your unmanly conduct."

"Tell them as quickly as you wish," he replied, in an

insulting tone of incredulity, for she had been so long submissive to his tyranny, he dreamed not she *could* be otherwise.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Mrs. Tyrrell sent immediately for her sister Hattie, and told her in his presence of all his unkindness.

"Oh, Mira, why have you so deceived us all?" was Hattie's interrogatory, as the abused wife closed her narration.

"I thought it was enough for *me* to suffer, without destroying the good opinion of people in regard to my husband. Even now I would not have the world know it, and you must never repeat what I have told you."

"But, sister, if this is true, you ought not to live with him another day."

"I have uttered nothing but truth; yet as God is my judge, the half is not told."

This conversation all took place in the presence of Mr. Tyrrell, who, to Hattie's indignant enquiries, made some trivial but sullen excuse for his actions. Shortly after that scene, he asked her if she had not repented exposing him.

"No," was Mira's firm answer; "I am only sorry that I waited so long."

"But you shall repent it yet," and Mr. Tyrrell shut his teeth together in spiteful chagrin. Not long after, Mira returned home, as before stated. We will now go back to the time of her departure, and see what her husband has been doing meanwhile.

"I will get rid of her entirely," muttered he to himself, after she had gone. "I will leave no means untried till I am free from a woman who dares speak of my faults, or attempt to hinder my will."

With this determination, he sat about making enquiries for a certain French girl, Victoria Lawless by name, but could learn nothing, though she had formerly been known by many of the "lawless" boys of the place. Foiled in this attempt he started for his sister, a reckless woman, with whom he had held no intercourse for nearly twelve years. A very satisfied smile his countenance wore as he entered the cars, soliloquising something in this wise, "Well, after all, perhaps my project will work better than as if I had engaged the French girl. Public opinion will certainly favor me more, for if my sister is abandoned, it will speak creditably for me to pick her up and reform her; and with either of them as housekeepers, Mira will keep a safe distance, and probably when the year expires, refuse to live with me again — a capital idea that!"

"Sister," said he, on arriving at his place of destination, "I have heard that you are very poor and destitute, and need sympathy; that your husband is in the house of correction, and you have to maintain yourself and child by stitching boots. I have come to see what I can do to help you. Would you be willing to go home with me and take boarders, or try some other employment besides this, which one might know by your pale haggard face, was wearing your life away. If so, I will assist you all in my power."

"I should be glad to leave this place, brother; God only knows what I have suffered here. My husband is a worthless wretch, and I would be glad to leave him, but suppose it is impossible. He has just served out his term and returned home. He has no other place to go, and if I remain with him now, perhaps he may reform. As much as I appreciate your kindness, I think I cannot go with you."

"But don't you believe he'll go back to his old course, on the first temptation?"

"I have little hope to the contrary, but am determined to try him once more."

"Well, if he *does* go to drinking again, I advise you to leave him and come to me, where you shall never want for anything. I should have assisted you long ago, but my wife is so prejudiced against you, that I have submitted to her whims, rather than displease her. She is now at her father's where I mean she shall stay. She shall never come back to me if I can help it. If she does, she will come well humbled, that is certain."

Much more was said by both, but no definite plan formed for the future; and then, after placing a well-filled purse in his sister's hand, and bidding her send him word of her fortunes, he left her overjoyed with her "good luck," as she termed it, and wondering what change had come over her brother.

"I always thought," said she after he was gone, "that it was his wife that made him shun me. I know I have

not been what I should, but God alone sees my temptations. Had not my father so heartlessly abandoned his family to poverty and wretchedness—and I so young—I might never have sinned, nor he have now been a disgraced inmate of the alms-house.”

The poor woman dropped her head upon her hands and wept bitter tears—*such* tears as only those can shed who have sinned and suffered.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### SIN TRIUMPHANT.

After the debased husband of Mr. Tyrrell's sister had again tasted freedom, he appeared for a while truly penitent; but an unfortunate affair soon after took place which aroused his old appetite for the demon, rum, and hindered the fulfilment of his good resolutions.

He had worked hard all one day and returned home at night sick and weary, feeling as though his weight of care was growing heavier every hour. There were many debts uncanceled, old friends turned the cold shoulder to him in his distress, everything looked dark and gloomy to his mind, as he pondered his sad situation.

“What shall I do with myself,” he muttered despondingly. “I wish I had a drink! I *do* feel cursed bad! but aint it that which has made me a poor miserable devil? Yes, d—n the drink! I'll never touch it again!”

“His wife noticed his looks and said, “Are you sick, William?”

“Yes,” was the answer, accompanied by a deep-drawn sigh.

"Let me get you some medicine, you certainly need it," and she soon brought him a tumbler of brandy, saying, as she presented it to him, "you will feel better after drinking it." Thoughtless woman!

"Wife, I don't want to take it; the d—d stuff has done me a sorry deed already."

"But if taken for a medicine it will not harm you," insisted she, still holding the tempting beverage to his lips.

At last appetite prevailed over reason and resolution, and he drank it. The consequence was, a renewal of old habits; and in a short time Mr. Tyrrell was informed by his sister that her husband was back in the house of correction. He hastened to her immediately, and asked her if she would return to W—— with him. "I can't get a tenement for you just yet," said he to her; "but as soon as there is one empty, I will procure and furnish it. You can board me and others, if you would like. The articles of furniture that belonged to Mira, I have not sold, and you can take them and use them as your own. I will settle your grocer's, butcher's and landlord's bill, and see that yourself and child are well boarded and clothed for the present, until you have the means of procuring a livelihood independent of me."

"You are very kind, brother; but won't it make trouble with your wife?"

"No, oh no, she is perfectly willing it should be so, and told me when we broke up housekeeping, that I might get you or any one else I pleased."

"Well, then I will gladly go."

"Mr. Tyrrell, you and your sister must procure you another boarding-place immediately," said his landlady to him one morning, a few weeks after his sister came to board where he did.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing particular, only some of my boarders who knew your sister when she was a resident of L——g, say that her reputation is none of the best, and they shall leave the house, unless she does — that's *all*," she replied with an ironical emphasis on the last word.

Mr. Tyrrell was greatly annoyed at the turn affairs had taken, but he choked down his anger and hired a few rooms in a distant part of the city, and with his sister and her child set up housekeeping, using the household goods which Mrs. Tyrrell had stored away at her sister's.

All this time, Mira had been kept in entire ignorance of Herbert's proceedings, with only the knowledge gleaned from the determination he had expressed in his last visit to her. Great was her surprise, therefore, when on visiting W—— to procure some articles which she thought she might need the coming winter, Hattie informed her of all that had transpired.

"Hattie, is it possible? where does he live?" frantically enquired Mira.

"He did not tell me," was the reply.

"No matter," said Mira more calmly. "I never wish to see him again, if he has so far forgot his manhood and integrity as to harbor in his home a woman whom he has taught *me* to despise and shun. He has often told me I

was a burden to him, but he shall see that for the future I can provide for myself and children too."

"Well, Mira, don't fret so about it. He will soon be ashamed, when he sees what he has done," and Hattie wound her arms lovingly about her sister's neck.

"But I will write to him," said Mira decisively; and soon she had written, sealed, and sent, the following note:

*Mr. Tyrrell*,—I cannot find words to express my indignation and contempt at your ungenerous conduct. On coming here to sister's I find my property (I say *mine*, because I earned it when a factory girl,) in possession of your sister. Your previous treatment of me has been base enough—*this* surpasses it all. By the remembrance of your unmerited taunts and hateful tyranny, I command you never to enter my presence again. I will trouble you no farther, for I scorn to be maintained by such a villain longer. Your cruelty would have broken a *weak* heart, *I* shall never die for such as *you*.

M. TYRRELL.

Mira returned to her mother with an aching heart. By outward smiles and light words upon her lip, she prevented her most intimate friends from discerning the inward sorrow. Much she wondered at her husband's conduct, but at last a light began to dawn upon the subject, as she recalled his half-forgotten threat, "You *shall* repent exposing me to your sister." After reflecting on what had happened, she wrote him a second letter.

L—, Oct. 10th, 185—.

*Dear Husband*,—My duty to you as a wife, compels me to take my pen and revoke what I wrote a few days since. I was so agitated I scarcely know what I *did* write, but I am calm now. Then I said, "never enter my presence again," *now* I wish you to come to me immediately and explain your mysterious behavior. If you have any love for me or respect for yourself, stop where you are. But if you are determined to continue a course so detrimental to my happiness—if you see fit to retain that abandoned woman in your house, whom you have frequently assured me was undeserving the slightest confidence or the least esteem, why, the consequence will be our eternal separation.

Come to me, Herbert, explain your motives, and make me happy again by your affection.

I remain, still,

Your loving wife,

MIRA.

In a few days Mr. Tyrrell answered this last letter in person. For the amusement of the reader, I wish I could delineate him truthfully as he stood before Mira at the door of her father's cottage. With a consciousness of guilt painted upon his face, he quailed before the searching glance of her clear eye; and when a few hours later she seated herself beside him in the little sitting-room, and told him she waited to hear his defence, if he had any to offer, he only answered sulkily, "I have none, nor do I

think one necessary. You left me, and I soon grew tired of boarding out. I discovered my boarding-place to be disreputable, and was more than ever dissatisfied with my situation — so much so that I would not stay."

"But you have always spoken in the highest terms of your landlady, before."

"True; but after my sister came there she acted strangely, and I mistrust you told her some of your slanderous trash, as she never treated us decently afterward. But that makes no difference; I am my own master and will carry out my designs at whatever risk. You need not try to hinder me."

"Of course you will act your own pleasure; but remember that 'might is not always right.' How can you, who have so long mourned the disgrace which a worthless father brought upon his family, follow consciously in his footsteps?"

Mr. Tyrrell looked black — the appeal was unanswerable. The next morning he took an early leave, without one conciliatory word to poor Mira, who struggled on alone with her sorrow, for her mother was too feeble to be acquainted with her new trouble, and none else would she entrust it with—not even her brother Martin or his gentle wife.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### SICKNESS.

Sickness began to be prevalent in L——. It was decided to send little Flora to Aunt Lucy, a distant relative of the Danas, not only that she might not disturb grandma' by her childish prattle, but be safe from the prevailing disease. A great favorite with all the children was this same Aunt Lucy. No one else could fashion doll-baby-dresses so beautifully, or make such nice, light rolls of gingerbread, or carry so capacious a pocket running over with sugar-plums and raisins. And so Flora clapped her chubby hands delightedly, and thought it a fine thing to go.

Golden-haired Minnie was the only one of Mira's three darlings left her, for little Herbert was with Uncle Warner. Separation from her children was the bitterest cup of all; but she drank it unrepiningly, with all a true woman's courage and hopefulness. Ah! it is well that the dark mysteries of the future are hidden from our view; that none but an Omnipotent hand may lift the veil that hides its joys and woes!

One morning, not many weeks after Flora went away,



Minnie came home from school with a flushed cheek and aching head, and her mother saw that she was attacked by that terrible scourge to children, the canker rash. For eight weary days and nights she bent over her child, without a thought for self. All this time her father and mother required the same care and attention as usual, and Mira's task was indeed a wearisome one.

At the close of the eighth day she had the gratification of seeing her child, as she supposed, out of danger, and sought her couch to enjoy a little long-needed repose.

When she awoke, after a short, uneasy slumber, she was weak and dizzy and with every attempt to rise, sank back faint and exhausted. She tried vainly to shake off the disagreeable sensation, and at last yielded despairingly to the conviction that she was a victim to the same disease that had stolen Minnie's roses from her cheeks.

The neighbors were very, very kind, if one might be allowed to judge by the number of warm baths, hot teas and steaming poultices that Mrs. Tyrrell was the recipient of for a few weeks following, from their hands.

Good old Dr. Cutting's mysterious little black trunk gave out its treasures of pills, and powders, and delectable compounds, to facilitate her recovery, and Mira had no occasion to complain of neglect from those around her.

Minnie, in the meantime, with all a child's eagerness to taste the happiness of new-found health, had exposed herself carelessly, and taken a severe cold.

"What do you think of them, doctor?" said Martin to

the physician one morning when Mrs. Tyrrell seemed more than usually weak.

"To speak plainly," replied he with a wise shake of the head, "the disease has made such rapid progress and taken such strong hold of her, that her recovery is very doubtful. Her child's condition is equally dangerous."

Martin waited to hear no more, but started in the next train of cars for Mr. Tyrrell. He told him candidly the danger of his wife and child; but the heartless man heard him without betraying the slightest emotion. A mocking smile stole over his face in spite of his efforts to restrain it, showing a heart incapable of any higher feeling than revenge.

"Of course, you will go to them immediately," said Martin.

"No, I think not," was the cool reply. "My business will prevent my leaving at present, and I am afraid I might catch the disorder and bring it back and give it to my sister's child. But here," continued he, taking some bank bill's from his pocket-book and handing them to Martin, "take these and see that they are properly cared for."

Martin was too much alarmed about Mira to waste any time arguing with him or spend many thoughts on his unnatural conduct, but left him to inform Hattie of the sad state of affairs at home. She immediately made arrangements to return with him, and was almost glad to find Mira insensible to all that passed around her, that she

might be spared an additional pang to her already wounded heart by learning her husband's indifference.

One week of pain and delirium, and thanks to good medicine and skilful nursing, she again opened her languid eyes beaming with intelligence.

"Oh! what a dream!" she murmured, restlessly turning on her couch, and for the first time becoming aware of Hattie's presence.

"You have been sleeping a long while, Mira. Rest a few moments before you speak, and then you shall tell me about it," and Hattie bent over and kissed her sister's pale lips coaxingly.

Mira lay silent and motionless, a short time, and then rousing herself, asked for a glass of water to allay her thirst ere she commenced a recital of her dream. "I can hardly think it was all imaginary, it seemed so real," she commenced. "But where is my husband and Minnie? Oh, have I not slept very long?"

"Your husband has not arrived yet, and Minnie is near by you much better. Would you like to see her?"

Mira *looked* an affirmative, and Hattie soon placed her darling beside her. Very closely Minnie nestled to her mother's side, too happy at being with her again to notice her wan features, or to appreciate the anguish that the sight of her own thin little face, shadowed by its wealth of golden curls sent to her heart.

Hattie saw her agitation and immediately removed Minnie, saying to Mira as she did so, "You are too feeble for

exertion now. Remember the dream you are so anxious to tell me, and try to compose yourself for a short sleep at present. By and by, I will listen."

Mira lay quiet, smiling assent to Hattie's command, and was soon in an uneasy slumber, from which she would now and then start, exclaiming wildly, "Oh, my poor husband! save him! save him!"

The next morning, Minnie was worse. Her throat had become badly swollen, and none could foretell the result.

Toward nightfall there was a light tap at the cottage-door, and in a few minutes Mr. Tyrrell stood by his child's sick bed.

"Why have you not come before, father," said she reaching out her pale, tiny hands to him as he entered the room, and speaking in a choked voice.

"Couldn't spare time. I'm sorry you're sick, Minnie. Here is some candy I brought for you to eat when you are well," said Mr. Tyrrell, placing a package of assorted confections on the child's pillow.

"Mother is dreadful sick too," murmured Minnie, faintly.

"I know it; but don't try to talk, Minnie."

"Mira," said Hattie, gliding to her sister's bedside, "your husband has come at last, and appears strangely. But don't mind it, sister, you know he can't harm you, while you are under *this* roof."

She had but just ceased speaking when Mr. Tyrrell stepped to the bedside.

"How d'ye do?" said he carelessly, placing his hand on her fevered forehead.

Mira prisoned it in one of her own, and drawing it down to her lips pressed a kiss upon it; but he hastily withdrew it, as though a viper had stung him.

"I have been very sick, Herbert," she replied, her heart sinking within her as she spoke, "but I am getting better now, and think I should feel finely to-day, were it not for a hateful vision that I had last night, which has haunted me ever since."

"You'll have something besides disagreeable visions to attend to, by and by; so you'd better not let them worry you," answered her husband sulkily.

"Well, Herbert, it was about you; sit down and hear it—please do, and then I will stop talking."

Mr. Tyrrell seated himself, and Mira commenced.

"I was standing, as I thought, in a wide old field, alone. Along the southern portion of it toward which I was gazing, wound a long, dark road, and in the dim distance I saw a strange vehicle drawn by sable horses. As it drew nearer, I knew by the slowness with which it progressed, that it was retarded by some mighty weight—I knew not what. Nearer yet it came, and I discovered a man pinioned and uniting his strength with the beasts to hasten its progress. At last his face took a familiar look; there was a well known light in the dark eyes, and the sickening reality of his danger came over me more forcibly than before, when I knew that it was you, husband. I reached out my hand to you; I explained your situation; I called to you; I threw myself in your path and begged the privi-

lege of freeing you from that fearful load: but you looked coldly upon me, saying, 'Hush! 'tis of no avail!'

"A giant hill uprose before you, but you scarcely heeded it, and began ascending, exerting all your strength to reach the summit. Your horse began to falter; his limbs trembled, and you too looked weary and death-stricken. Again I called, again I prayed unheeded that you would turn back to me even then; the echo of my own voice alone returned to me. Despairingly I watched your progress, till you had gained the highest elevation. Then the look you gave me sent my blood curdling back to my heart with terror. Your face was thin, and white, and haggard; your garments filthy and torn, and your eyes gleamed like balls of fire. One step farther you advanced—an awful chasm yawned beneath your feet. Your lips moved in momentary prayer—there was one glance of mingled penitence and love cast back to me, and then the fiendish vehicle moved on, on, and oh God! all was over! My shrieks and wailings wakened me to thank heaven it was only a frightful delusion."

Mr. Tyrrell laughed scornfully. "I suppose by telling me *that*, you hope to frighten me from my purpose. But you need tell me no more such tales as that. I shall not be deterred by your made-up stories."

Mrs. Tyrrell imagined she caught a look of thoughtfulness upon his face, as he turned away, that belied his words.

"Go to him, Hattie, and ask him to watch with me to-

night. You need rest, and I should be so very glad to have him stay."

Hattie soon returned with a message from Mr. Tyrrell, that he should spend the night with Martin, and then go to Aunt Lucy's to see Flora; that he was unused to sick rooms, and thought it sufficient to have sent money to procure their nurses without acting in that capacity himself.

"My father has been here, sir," said little Minnie to the doctor, during his morning visit.

"And why did he not come before," enquired he, turning to Hattie. "Has he not been informed of his family's critical situation?"

"Yes; but he was prevented by business," answered Hattie.

"Business!" muttered the old doctor. "He must be a d—d c—s, not to visit his family when death is so near, and he not more than an hour's ride distant from them! the heathen! How cussedly some men do treat their wives," continued he, as other similar cases flitted before his mind's eye.

Old Dr. Cutting was rather uncouth in his speeches, sometimes, but nevertheless, many were his friends. To be sure, the "Cruso's" did not like him much,—he disputed their claim of being "monarchs of all they surveyed," too frequently for that. But they were unable to pluck the laurels from his time worn brow, richly earned as they were by unremitting attention to the sick and suffering.

But to return to Mira. It was the morning after Herbert's return from visiting Aunt Lucy. He was going away directly, and she had been listening for the sound of his footsteps expecting him to come and exchange parting greetings. At last he came, stepped to Minnie's bed, whispered a few words in her ear, and then with a formal "I bid you good morning," passed from the room. Thus the strange icy-hearted man parted with his sick wife, with no word of consolation and pity.

Just before Minnie had been taken sick, Mrs. Tyrrell had written a letter to her husband, the contents of which we give below, together with the answer received on the first day of her illness.

L—, Feb. 16th, 1854.

*Dear Husband,*—Prompted by the intelligence that brother Martin gave me, I write you, desiring an explanation of what you communicated to him, and asking you to provide a home for myself and the children. Martin says you are going to take the children yourself, and care for them, and that I must live with your sister, or, as you expressed it, "shirk for myself."

I forgive you for the cruel speech; but brother Warner writes he is coming home, the first of April next, to take care of father and mother—so you see I shall be no longer essential to their comfort. I long to have the time arrive when I may gather my children about me again and give them my immediate attention. We have been long sepa-

rated, although, under existing circumstances, that seemed the best, if not the only course to pursue.

From your indifference to me, since you and your sister went to housekeeping, and the exalted terms in which you speak of her, I presume you prefer to continue your present mode of living. If so, act your own pleasure, for if you do not, we shall be quite as happy without as with you. Nevertheless, if you prefer to reside in your own family, I have no objection to offer, but will try to perform my duty to you as a wife, so far as I am capable.

As ever, yours truly,

MIRA.

The following is the reply:—

W——, Feb. 26th, 1854.

*Dear Wife*,—I received your letter of the 26th, asking me for a home. In answer, I will say, you can come and live with my sister. She will furnish you rooms and board. That is all I can or will do for you—times are hard.

HERBERT TYRRELL.

As well acquainted with her husband's heartlessness as Mira was, yet she was quite unprepared for another so sudden and spiteful a revelation of it. He had made no enquiries as to her welfare, although he had left her dangerously ill—had he not sent *money*? was that not all, necessary to the fulfilment of his duty?

The neighbors all wondered at his odd behavior, and

many knowing winks and queer surmises passed between them.

"Martin," said Mira, one day after the reception of the above letter, "if you will believe it, Herbert has provided a home for me with that terrible sister of his. What he intends doing with the children I cannot say, but he will not be so cruel as to rob me of them, will he?"

"I don't know, Mira; if he is base enough for the first meanness, I don't know what he might not be guilty of. Why, he told me himself, that truth was no part of her nature; that she had always kept the vilest of company, and that he had rather suffer almost any penalty than to have any one mention her name to him. For some reason or other, Mira, I think he must have some bad design on you; is he not jealous?"

"Jealous! impossible!" replied Mira.

"He is a strange man, anyhow," said Martin. He told me that as soon as you was able, he wished me to take you and little Minnie home and retain you till he called for you. How soon do you think you will be able to go?"

"Oh, I am almost able now; my nurse is going away Monday. But I must remain until Warner and his wife comes, *then* I will accompany you. I will write to my husband, declining his offer, immediately."

"Right, sister! no one will blame you in the least, or justify him. But keep quiet, sis, you are too weak to have such trouble now. It will deter you from gaining strength. Good bye," and with a sympathetic pressure of the hand he left her.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## LETTERS.

Disease had worn down Mrs. Tyrrell's physical frame, and now mind and heart were well nigh crushed by their weight of sorrow, and hardly capable was she of banishing the black visions of the past, as they swept torrent-like across her soul. Another letter was written and forwarded to her husband.

L——, March 10th, 185—.

*Dear Husband*,—I was too sick to talk with you when you was here, but am better now. I do not wish to upbraid you with your seeming coldness and neglect while here, but let me say, now that you are so far away that if your lip curls in scorn, *I* shall not see it, that one kind word or sympathetic look from you, would have benefitted me more than all the cordials I have taken. May *you* never suffer what you have inflicted on *me*. May *you* in sickness and trouble, never desire a friend without finding *many*.

In answer to my letter, you tell me I can have a home

with your sister—a woman you have ever, until lately, shunned as you would a pestilence. Why this sudden and mysterious change of opinions? You told me yourself that she was conscious of the animosity I entertain toward her. Would she, knowing that such a course would cause trouble between us, consent to occupy her present position, if she were a just and true-hearted woman?

I have only one request to make, which I hope you will think reasonable enough to be civilly replied to, if not willingly granted. Will you let me provide a home for myself and little ones *together*, and then forward me the sum that you would be willing to pay a *stranger* for our board. If you have ceased to love me yourself, do not rob me of my children, that they may do the same.

Oh! Herbert, perplex me no longer by your inconsistencies. Explain yourself if possible,

And believe me,

Sincerely yours,

M. T.

That the reader may know the effect of the preceding letter on Mr. Tyrrell's mind, I will record his conversation with his sister, after perusing it.

"I have received a letter from Mira, sister."

"Is she coming?" was the eager enquiry.

"No! she has written a heap of trash, thinking to persuade me to alter my plans, and refusing to accept the provision already made for her—I've her handwriting to prove it. 'Tis just what I, above all things else, most desired—she'll be obliged to budge now."

"Oh! brother, don't talk so. I can't endure the idea of having her children come without her. I do not wish to injure her feelings by taking them without her consent, and she is so prejudiced against me, that it can never be obtained. I wish I had never consented to come. I have suffered enough with my own family trials, without having other people's quarrels to trouble me," and the wretched woman sobbed aloud. She now felt what she had never dreamed before, that her brother had drawn her into his affairs, not from the pure, disinterested motives which apparently actuated him, but simply that he might use her as a tool in abusing his wife. Her suspicions were more than ever confirmed when he said to her,

"Sister, you are owing me a large amount of money, and you are ungrateful to make any remonstrance to my wishes. To-morrow I will arrange matters so that she can't run me in debt, then I shall go and get my children, and you must take care of them, till I am paid the utmost farthing that you owe me."

"I always expected to pay you, but am not so bad as to wish your wife to suffer, all the while thinking me guilty of doing her an injury."

"Say no more," said Tyrrell; "I myself will tell her you are blameless—that I alone am concerned in the matter;" and he left the room, shutting the door violently behind him.

He entered a little dirty lane and pursued his way till it led him to a miserable building, before which swung a

creaking sign bearing the inscription, "S. W. Cheetman, Attorney and Counsellor."

Tyrrell was not a man to attempt any polishing or smoothing over of the subject before him, so he commenced abruptly his attack on the worthy lawyer who occupied the dingy looking office. "I wish to get something drawn up for publication in the 'Spy,' to prevent my wife from running me in debt."

"Oh, yes!" answered the esquire, "your wife has left your bed and board, has she?"

"Not exactly," said Tyrrell, feeling a little ashamed of his errand; "but she refuses to accept the provision I have made for her, and she is so provoked about it, I expect she will attempt to injure me in that way."

"Is she in the habit of doing you such injustice?" quizzed the limb of the law.

"Oh, no! but just now she has got the d—l in her. I can't tell what she may do, and I wish to be prepared for any emergency."

"All right. Let me see, you want a notice forbidding any person harboring or trusting your wife, after date, I suppose," said Cheety, looking wise.

"Yes; but I guess I won't have her name in, if you can make it read well without."

"Certainly, that can be done. Do you wish to signify reasons?"

"No, only that they are good and sufficient ones."



Cheetman took his pen and dashed off the following:—

NOTICE!—This is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting any one on my account, as I shall pay no debts of their contracting after this date, for good and sufficient reasons best known to myself.

HERBERT TYRRELL.

W—, *March, 25th, 185—.*

“Just what I wanted!” said Tyrrell, as he affixed his signature to the document.

As he left the office, Cheetman laughed heartily to himself. “Oh, ho, ho,” chuckled he, “what a fool that chap must be to put such a notice as *that* in the ‘Spy.’ But then his simplicity helps fill my purse; so no matter, for funds are getting desperate low.”

Let us leave him for a while, and speak of Mira and her friends.

That was a pretty but sad party grouped about the humble breakfast-table in grandfather Dana’s cottage, one bright sunshiny morning in March. Silver-haired Mr. and Mrs. Dana; Mira, pale and thin from her recent illness, yet wearing on her face an expression of lofty endurance and gentle firmness; and little Minnie with her lily forehead half shadowed by sunny curls, and eyes in whose clear depths were mirrored nothing but childish purity and glee, made up the picture.

“See how the sunlight creeps through the window from

the old porch, mother;” and the child’s rosy finger pointed admiringly to the golden lines that danced upon the floor.

“Yes, darling,” was the mother’s only response, and she prayed silently that even so, joy and hope might steal into her Minnie’s guiltless heart and nestle there forever.

“Halloo, mother! halloo, Minnie!” exclaimed a happy, boyish voice as the door was flung open, and little Herbert sprang to his mother’s arms.

“Why, bub, where *did* you come from,” said Minnie, dropping her half-eaten biscuit; “and who brought you, and where are they?”

Before Herbert could answer the three-fold interrogatory, Warner entered the room, and explained the subject by saying that he arrived in town the night previous; that he had stopped with Martin, who was soon coming for Mira, Minnie and Herbert, and they were to remain with him till Mr. Tyrrell made some permanent arrangements.

Minnie drew Herbert to one corner of the room and told him in a highly confidential tone, how very sick she had been, and how much she wished he had been there to see all the horrid doses the doctor gave her.

Mira commenced making hasty preparations for her departure, and in a short time had taken a tearful leave of her aged parents, and with her children, were soon at Martin’s.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE MANUFACTURER, *alias* COBBLER.

"Wife," said Warner Dana, "I must make a change some way. Here I have been toiling beyond my strength in a business no way suited to my taste; and if it was not for the money which you have earned, binding shoes, I should be in debt now, and shall be as it is, if I continue on thus much longer, especially as your brother is senior partner, and is so reckless and extravagant with the company's money. If I could have the management of affairs, I'd succeed better, I know."

"Well," said his quiet wife, "I am glad you have concluded to dissolve partnership with him, for I think five years quite long enough to toil without profit beyond a bare living."

"So do I; but I don't know what's to be done — something must."

"Will you allow me to suggest a plan?"

"Certainly, wife, you know I always had great respect for your plans."

"Well, Warner, you know your father and mother must

be provided for in some way, and as Mira writes she wishes to gather her little family together again, and Herbert refuses to let you have any more funds without security, I think it will be best to move in with the old folks. It will, at least, gain us a shelter."

"I like the proposition much, and will adopt it; and as I have made considerable progress in learning the shoe trade, I think I can do well as a cobbler, for the neighborhood has been destitute of one since the death of old Mr. Lapstone. I dislike to go abominably, wife, for there's not a soul in the whole village that has any information beyond their barn-yard, excepting a few tales of gossip, peddled out by the 'Crankeous,' but I don't see any other way to do." So saying, Warner left his wife, to arrange matters for their departure.

In a short time, Warner's family was crowded into the small apartments of his father's house. Old Mrs. Dana sighed as one piece of furniture after another was removed to make room for Warner's, till almost every article that she held dear was disposed of. Mr. Dana had become so feeble in mind that he looked upon everything as a child would, wonderingly but not understandingly.

"Mother," said Warner one day, "I understand how grateful you must be for the sacrifice I have so willingly made. I left a good business where I was prospering finely, for I could not endure the thought of having you and father suffer. Now I have come to stay with you as long as you both live, although it has been a great sacrifice, as I said before."

"You are a generous son!" exclaimed Mrs. Dana, as she turned away with a silent prayer that she might not live long — that sacrifices for her might soon be ended.

As there was but little land to cultivate, Warner could hardly maintain them all from its produce, and right glad was he, one morning, when a curly-headed urchin stood before him with a large pair of boots dangling on either side of his neck.

"My father sent me here," said the boy, "to see if you would jest mend these ere boots. He sez you've larnt how to mend boots and kill hogs, and lots of setch chores."

This was Warner's first job, but not long after others came; and thus we will leave him for a while. Reader, do you suppose he realized his ideal "Boott" then?

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### MIRA ACCUSED.

The next day after Mr. Tyrrell's "Notice" appeared in public print, he went to L——, accompanied by Warner. The meeting between husband and wife was cold and awkward, the conversation being carried on for the most part in monosyllables. At last Mrs. Tyrrell said,

"Have you found a home for us, Herbert?"

"You can reside with my sister, as I have often told you," was the cool reply.

"But I wrote you, giving my reasons for not wishing to do so. Did you not receive the letter?"

"I did."

"Well then, any more talking about it is unnecessary. If you have any satisfactory explanations to offer, I shall be most happy to receive them now, that I may know why I am thus harassed."

"That is what you ought to do, surely, chimed in Martin and Warner, who had entered the room in season to hear the last remark. "If she has done wrong, she is doubtless anxious to make amends."

"Yes, God knows I am only waiting to hear where my error lies, that I may ask your forgiveness, and endeavor to improve."

"Mr. Tyrrell, are you jealous of your wife," said Warner, making a desperate effort to hit the mark.

"No, indeed I am not," he answered spiritedly, not a little piqued at the question.

"Then why all this contention? I imagined that the fact of Mr. Woodbury remaining with her while you went South five years ago, had something to do with the affair."

"To be sure," said Tyrrell, with the air of a man who has thoughtlessly yielded a valuable point, "I have overlooked a great many improprieties which a less generous husband would not have done, but my——"

"Mr. Tyrrell," interrupted Martin, "you have just stated before these witnesses that you are *not* jealous of her. Will you please tell us plainly, why you refuse her a home excepting with a woman whom you acknowledge to be a prostitute?"

"My sister is as respectable as any woman need be," blustered Tyrrell, feigning indignation.

"Will you answer my question without evasion?" persisted Martin. "What is my sister's greatest fault?"

"Why, if I must tell," was the dogged answer, "she is a perfect shrew, and torments my life out of me by her sharp tongue."

"But that palliates your error not in the least. You might certainly let her keep her children with her."

Much more was urged to change the obstinate man's resolution, but he remained inexorable.

"Do you know, Martin, that I imagine Tyrrell has much more cause for jealousy than he cares to own," said Warner to his brother, as they were standing together alone not long after.

"What do you mean?" said Martin.

"Just what I say. I believe Mira behaved in an unbecoming manner with that Woodbury, and troubled herself much more for his welfare than for her husband's. I tell you I've seen too much of human nature to be easily deceived; you can't "pull wool" over my eyes, now I tell you. I believe that woman has wronged her husband much, since knowing the whole case, and if she was *my* wife, she would not get off so well as he will probably let her off."

"How sudden your opinion is changed," replied Martin, surprised at Warner's words. "If *that* is *really* what you believe," added he, doubtingly, "'twill be no use to say one more word to you about it."

"I do believe every word of it," was the reply.

Martin turned and left him, amazed, and with wonder at his words. Unsophisticated man! you forget that Warner's debts had left him so irretrievably in the clutches of his unprincipled brother-in-law that truth, love, and justice must be sacrificed to retain his favor.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

"Mira, I wish you to see that the children are in readiness to accompany me to-morrow," said Tyrrell to his wife, the evening after the preceding conversation.

"God forbid," answered she resolutely, "that I should ever assist you in tearing my children from me. If you take them, it must be by compulsion."

"But they *must* go, compulsion or no compulsion."

Minnie and Herbert, hearing their father's threat, sprang to their mother's side and clinging to her neck, besought her tearfully to protect them.

There was a fierce scowl on Tyrrell's face, and a fiercer imprecation on his lip, as he tried alternately to coax and frighten them from their loving shelter, but the clasp of their little arms was tightened by fear, and their cries of affright mingled with Mira's sobbings, almost deafened him. Foiled in his revengeful purpose, he turned to leave the house. Martin who had been at work in the field, drawn home by the children's shrieks, met him at the door.

"What does all this uproar mean? Why, Mr. Tyrrell,

if you lay any claim to the name or attributes of a man, don't you come to some decent terms with your wife?"

"That I have already done;" and he thrust the latest number of the "Spy" into his hands. "Please inform my wife that I have prevented her from injuring me further."

"I shall do no such thing, sir," replied Martin, running his eye over the "notice." "My advice to you is, to settle with her in some honorable way, and if you wish to rid yourself of her, I will promise you she shall trouble you no longer. If you continue this unmanly, inhuman persecution towards a defenceless woman, you *may* have a warm atmosphere to live *in here*, if not *hereafter*."

"Well, see that my family is cared for till I return again, that's all I ask of you, and I will pay you for that and your advice too," said Tyrrell sneeringly, and with a defiant look he took his leave at the top of his speed, placing his hands over his ears to shut out the deafening screams of his children who were still clinging tightly to their mother.

Again sickness drooped its heavy wings o'er poor Mira's treasures. This time, its hot breath rested on little Herbert's brow.

"Heavenly Father spare my child, daily pleaded Mira, as she bent low beside his couch; and though she spake no other words, the look of agony upon her features told that death was not the worst enemy she dreaded.

Eight weary days and nights had the mother watched

over her darling boy without relief or rest, save that which Martin rendered her, which was indeed trifling, as his own beautiful boy, a babe of fifteen months, lay at the point of death at the same time. Hannah, Martin's wife, could sympathize only with Mira, and she turned from her own sick child to gaze on the pale cheeks of little Herbert.

Not one word had been heard from the father since he left them so rudely. Mira Tyrrell's anxiety for her child, prevented her from thinking much about her husband's strange conduct. 'Twas well she did not see the future, for dark deeds were brooding in his heart.

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"Oh! wretch, without a tear — without a thought,  
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought —  
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou  
 Shall feel far more than thou inflictest now;  
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,  
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.  
 May the strong curse of crush'd affection light  
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight;  
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!  
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,  
 Black — as thy will for others would create:  
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,  
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
 Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed —  
 The widow'd couch of fire that thou hast spread!  
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,  
 Look on thy earthly victims — and despair!"

'Twas a bright morning in early April, Hannah and Mira's faces again beamed with hope, for both children were pronounced by the physician as convalescent. A ray of light spread over Mira's features as she gazed into the loving eyes of little Herbert as he twined his arms about her neck affectionately; but the light quickly faded again, and she turned pale as a snow flake.

"What ails you, Mira?" exclaimed Hannah, frightened at her wild look, as she clasped her child frantically to her bosom.

Mira could only point with trembling fingers to the window. Hannah went to the window, and soon saw the cause of Mira's agitation. Mr. Tyrrell and a dark-looking man were fast approaching the house, and soon entered the room below.

"What is the matter, mother?" said the sick boy, noticing the strange expression of her face. Has father come for us?"

"Yes!" came from Mira's white lips, "but he shall not have you," and a look of determined firmness took the place of fear, on her features.

"Don't be afraid, mother! I'll do something to him when I'm a man; and if he does get me *now*, when I'm a big boy I'll run away from him and come to you again!"

Mira scarcely heeded what the child said, for just then Martin entered the room, and apparently unconscious of the presence of Mr. Tyrrell, walked directly to her side.

"Your husband," said he, "has come to remove the chil-

dren, and tells me to keep you no longer on his account. I told him that as long as I had a home you should share it if you wished, and that the dangerous condition of little Herbert would forbid his claiming him till the physician granted liberty to do so."

"But who has he brought with him?" queried she, pointing to the dark-looking man who stood in a remote part of the room, carrying on a low, muttered conversation with Tyrrell.

"Probably an assistant to act in case he is obliged to resort to forcible measures."

"Where is Minnie?" at this moment demanded Tyrrell, advancing toward his trembling wife.

"Hidden from the sight of her unnatural father, I suppose," replied she indignantly. "Oh, husband! spare me my children," she added, her cutting tone of voice changing to one of despairing entreaty.

"You needn't make *such* a fuss—I shall take them this time in spite of you. I've found a man to help me," said he, casting a sidelong glance toward the stranger who doggedly followed at his heels.

Mira noticed the direction of his eyes, and turned instinctively to her husband's comrade. "Are you a man or a monster?" demanded she. "Surely you must be the latter, for if there was a remnant of manliness or generosity in your heart, you never would be accessory to so vile a scheme."

The dark man looked darker, and shrunk away to one

corner of the room, remaining a silent spectator of the rest of the tragical scene.

Minnie had been brought from her place of concealment, and borne screaming to the wagon, and a costly seraphine, the gift of Herbert to Mira in their happier days, stowed away behind her. Then without making any provision for his wife or remaining child, Tyrrell sprang in after them, telling his wife, as he turned his horse's head toward Aunt Lucy's, that he was going for Flora.

As the last glimpse of the receding carriage faded from her sight, Mira threw her arms wildly above her head and fell senseless to the ground.

Martin lifted her tenderly, and after seeing her properly cared for, started for kind old Dr. Cutting, who was soon bending over the heart-stricken woman, administering quieting draughts and soothing cordials, for she had partially recovered from her swoon before his arrival, and her wild incoherent ravings showed that she was delirious, if not a maniac.

"Well, Mira, let us wait patiently; wrong must yield its terrible grasp at last, and resign its tear-stained laurels to wreath the brow of Right."

## CHAPTER XLI.

### LEGAL COUNSEL.

As soon as Mira was capable of exertion, anxiety for her boy's safety urged and stimulated her to immediate action. She felt that so long as one child was left her, she had something to live for if she could by right keep it. Taking Herbert with her, she started for W—— to obtain advice of 'Squire Foolsome, a lawyer who had been recommended to her, and the blandest nabob on Main street. She told him her story as well as the excited state of her nerves would let her.

Foolsome told her in the blandest possible manner, that it was highly commendable in her to come to him, and that she had a right to furnish her child a home where she pleased; that he had a great interest in the "rights of woman," and his services were at her command. He advised her to seek out her husband, and if she chose, to remain with him in spite of all opposition, and if she was treated amiss, to acquaint him of the fact and he would see justice done her.

But the fatigue of her journey and the excitement at-

tendant on the recital of her wrongs, brought on another attack of mental derangement, and a number of long, weary days of sickness at sister Hattie's intervened, before she could carry out her plan.

"Where are you going, Mira," said Hattie, as she saw her all shawled and hooded for a walk, the first morning that she had risen from her couch.

"To my husband and children," was the reply. I cannot wait longer."

"But we have had quite a furious snow-storm since you were ill, and you are yet trembling all over with weakness. You must not go. Wait until noon, at least, and perhaps husband will go with you."

"Oh, that is only April snow," replied Mira, forcing a smile and pointing out into the white robed street; "and as for your other objections, are you a *mother* and throw obstacles in the way of my seeing my children? I will not stop to hear you;" and she dashed out of the house, heedless of Hattie's continued entreaties.

Hattie had an infant in her arms or she would have followed her; but, you and I are not so encumbered, so let us go with her and note what transpired.

She went directly to the house where her husband and sister formerly lived. A brandy-faced, corpulent old gent answered her summons at the door-bell.

"Does Mr. Tyrrell live here?" was her first enquiry.

He did not answer for a moment, but stood eyeing his visitor with a curious leer. At last he took from his



mouth a short, black pipe and answered concisely, "No, he don't. But wont you come in and warm you?" he continued, noticing that Mira trembled with cold. "My old woman has gone out a minute, but she'll soon be here and then perhaps *she* can tell you something about where those folks be. Some relation of yours I'm thinking."

"Yes sir," answered Mira, drawing the chair that he handed her nearer to the stove; "Mr. Tyrrell is my husband, and I have come to see him and my children. Oh, sir, if you could but tell me where they are—I feel that you know."

She looked imploringly in his face as she spoke, but he only answered, "Your husband expected you here before long ——"

"And so bribed you not to tell me where he was," interrupted Mira.

"No he didn't, but ——." Here the entrance of a woman prevented the completion of the sentence. "This is Mrs. Tyrrell, wife."

"So you've come to find your husband, I s'pose," said she abruptly. "Wal, I guess you aint no better nor you ought to be, for your sister and husband have done nothing but talk about you ever since they came into this house, and such stories I never hearn tell of any decent woman. Now *I* am a respectable woman and belong to the church, and if I do say it, and am his second wife, my husband never had occasion to say such things of me."

She would have gone on, but Mira interrupted her.

"Madam, my husband has wronged me many times. I doubt not, he has filled your ears with bad reports. I consider him but little better than a brute, and his conduct confirms my belief. But my children are innocent, and even if I am guilty of all he accuses me, I have still a mother's affection, and by the love you bear a mother or a child, if you have either, I conjure you to tell me where they are, that I may see them once again."

"I am a Christian woman as I said before," replied she, "and belong to the church. I've not an enemy in the world and hate to make disturbance; but I do pity your sister-in-law awfully. Many's the time she has told me that she'd rather die than make any trouble between you and your husband. But she is in debt to him and obliged to do as he says. I'm no mischief-maker, but I'll go and show you where your children are; but you must promise not to tell what I have said, and also to treat your sister handsomely."

"*My* sister!" said Mira scornfully; but checking herself, she added, "I will promise anything."

"Well, then, I'm at your service," and preparing herself for a walk, she led the way for Mira.

"Don't you think my husband's sister has acted wrongly and wickedly in the affair?" said Mira, as they walked along.

"No! circumstances are agin her," answered the woman.

"Then God forgive her!" was the fervently uttered response.



"Well, here is where they live," said the woman, mounting three or four rickety wooden steps in front of a dirty looking cottage on S—— street.

Tyrrell's sister met them at the door and turned deadly pale at sight of them. At that moment little Flora ran to the door and was clasped to her mother's bosom.

"Where is Minnie?" demanded Mira. "I have come to see my children, and though you have assisted to rob me of them and my husband, I beg of you not to thwart me."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish to see them you can do so, but don't accuse me of robbing you of them or your husband either. You went off and left them, you wretch! and I'll not bear such treatment—you are a liar!" and the excited woman burst into tears.

They had entered the house while talking, and Mira had embraced Minnie who came into the room where they were, but as quickly left it, at a wink from her aunt.

Mrs. Tyrrell essayed to speak, but the woman who had acted as her guide, stopped her.

"You said you would behave yourself if I would let you come. Now just see what a fuss you've made, and how this poor thing is grieved!"

Just then Minnie came bounding in, followed by her father.

"What means all this disturbance in my house?" demanded he, walking boldly up to Mira.

"Oh, brother, she has come here and abused me shame-

fully," sobbed his sister. "She accuses me of getting you and the children away from her, and it is a——"

"Lie!" fiercely interrupted Tyrrell. He opened the door, and pointing to it haughtily, said, "be off with yourself. We won't have you here."

"I shall not go," said Mira firmly. "I shall stay with my children."

"We will see, madam," said Tyrrell, advancing toward her, his face crimson with rage.

Mira saw his intention, and clung instinctively to her chair. But Herbert Tyrrell was not to be foiled by so small an obstacle, and seizing her, chair and all, he dragged them toward the door, despite her struggles and the loud remonstrances of both women. At last he twisted the chair from her hands, and gaining the threshold of the door, threw her from him down the same steps she had a few moments before ascended, buoyant with the hope of meeting her little ones. In the affray her shawl had fallen from her shoulders, and she lay almost senseless upon the ground, unprotected from the damp snow. Mr. Tyrrell stepped back and locked the door, but seeing some one coming to her assistance, quickly opened it, and forbid him to interfere with her, saying that she had thrown herself down in a rage purposely.

Mira rose to her feet as quickly as her feebleness would permit, and staggered toward the next house, begging the woman who met her at the door to obtain her shawl. She

consented to go for it, but soon returned unsuccessful from her expedition, saying it had been peremptorily refused.

Again she sallied into the street. A kind market-man passing by, seeing her exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and taking her for an insane person, considerably asked her to ride, and at her request, carried her immediately to Lawyer Foolsome's office, for she thought he would understand what she could not tell. In this she was disappointed; but knowing she had a sister not far off, he sent her there in care of a hackman, waiting an explanation of her strange appearance.

Once more was unfortunate Mira prostrated upon a bed of sickness.

Hattie's husband made all possible enquiries into the matter, while Hattie and Dr. Killem did their best to restore the poor woman to health.

"I don't know," said the doctor, "what may have caused this sad condition, but I never saw a person more completely prostrated. She could never stand another such a shock."

For a long time she hovered between life and death, but a naturally strong constitution and energetic will, were again triumphant.

"Hattie, will you hand me the mirror from the dressing-table," said she one morning after the physician had pronounced her convalescent.

"You wish to see how handsome you have grown lately, eh?" queried Hattie, playfully.

"No, sis! It is a long time since I saw my face, and I wish to know if my feelings are expressed there."

"Even your most flattering friends would tell you your beauty has somewhat faded of late."

Mira smiled sadly. "Not only is beauty gone, but youth too. Rather a sad reflection truly, but yet I have a conviction that I am yet to be happy. Since I have lain here, new strength of purpose has been given me to act, and I feel almost as happy and hopeful to-day, as before I fell into the hands of that merciless wretch, my husband." She spoke shudderingly.

"He has no power to kill, sis, though he may crush," replied Hattie. "May all your bright expectations be realized, but ——."

The entrance of her husband prevented further conversation on that subject.

"I have been to see your husband," said he, "but I can't get him to do any thing for you. He says he has finished with you forever."

"Well, I have not finished with him yet. To-morrow I shall commence a suit against him for a separate maintenance, on account of cruel treatment and neglect. Esquire Foolsome said I could procure one without any trouble if I could prove my charges," said Mira.

"Easily enough done," said Hattie, and thus the conversation ended.

## CHAPTER XLII.

### A DIVORCE ATTEMPTED.

In due time Mr. Tyrrell was notified according to law, that his wife had instituted a bill against him for divorce. Having had some disagreement with his partner, he had just sold out, and placed his money and notes in the care of a friend. So he chuckled over Mira's new attempt to obtain redress.

He expected a suit for assault and battery, but that he should be willing to pay for — it would not cost him much. He had been obliged to pay for beating a woman in Augusta, Georgia, with a club — that was nothing. "Have I not engaged the smartest lawyer round about?" was his mental query. "Has he not once taken care of the whole city, and can he not tell me what to do with my wife?" With these reflections he started off to narrate his grievances to his friend, Lawyer Renown.

"Oh, I can manage your case easily enough," said he; "but you must assist me by providing me the 'essential,' before I can see clearly into the case."

Tyrrell immediately acted on this broad hint, and furnished his lawyer with the needful.

"It is an easy matter to throw dirt," he went on to say, "and Foolsome, your wife's counsel, is just the man to have it stick to. I think I have heard you say something about a man being too familiar with your wife, Mr. Tyrrell."

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Have you any one to prove your statements?" pursued he.

"Yes, her own brother says he will take oath as to her improper conduct."

"Will he state what she did?"

"Yes, I s'pose so. I know what she did very well."

"Will you state it to me?"

"Why, the man was a friend of mine who had been sick at my house. Wife had the sole care of him, dosing him with hot teas, and forever worrying lest he should take cold, insisting on his wearing an overcoat or muffler everywhere he went, while she seemed perfectly indifferent to *my* fate."

"Plenty of cause for jealousy, Mr. Tyrrell. I think you had better institute a suit against her for a divorce."

"I'll do it," eagerly replied Tyrrell.

"Then I'll attend to your case immediately. I am confident I can make her remove her prosecution. Leave all with me, sir; be very quiet; take no notice of any message she may send you, and leave the result with me. Good day!"

In a short time Foolsome was informed by Renown that Tyrrell was going to institute a suit against his wife for

*improprieties*; that he had got her own brother as evidence against her. "I also learn," said he, "that she has been engaged in that miserable humbug, 'Spiritualism,' and no doubt that is the cause of half her trouble. You had better give up the field to me now."

"If that be the case, I think so too," said Foolsome. Spiritualism! dirty stuff! I'll never have anything more to do with her, I shall lose *caste*, if I do. "But, never mind," continued he, talking to himself, "I'll charge her a nice fee for what I advise her;" and 'Squire Foolsome looked quite resigned at the idea of losing a client.

But a few days after Renown had so effectually applied the "dirt" to Foolsome, Mrs. Tyrrell called on that worthy functionary, informing him that she had heard her husband's property was placed beyond her reach, and consequently could not collect anything, even if her suit was gained; and instructing him to put the case "over."

He told her she had better withdraw it entirely, as her husband had instituted a suit against her of a criminal nature.

"Mrs. Tyrrell was amazed. "What is the charge," said she.

"I'd like to know more about the case," said Foolsome to himself. "She's about half a fool—I'll have some fun now. Madam," he spoke very gravely, "Lawyer Renown has been here to see me, and informs me that there have been some improprieties with a gentleman who was sick at your house a few years ago. He says your brother is

the principal witness against you, and really, I fear your prospect is rather dark."

Mrs. Tyrrell had no time to reflect, but was determined he should have nothing farther to do with her affairs. "You may withdraw my suit, sir," she said, and would have left immediately, but he detained her by saying,

"Mrs. Tyrrell, I feel much interested for you. I think it will be for your interest to tell me just how far those improprieties were carried. I may be able to assist you more by knowing the whole truth about the matter."

"Squire Foolsome," said Mrs. Tyrrell, choking with indignation, "if any one accuses me of improper conduct, let them *prove* their charge. I scorn to deny it."

"One thing more," said he; "when I took your case, I thought it was at least *respectable*, or I should not have soiled my reputation by meddling with it. You are aware that we must look to the respectability of our profession, and shield it from calumny. I understand you have had something to do with spiritualism and clairvoyance, and such things are not popular; it is a great pity you should stoop to them. I would advise you to go to your friends, if you have any, and remain till you are a little over your present excitement."

"Will you make out my bill, sir? I have no farther need of your services," said Mira with a scornful smile as he ceased speaking.

He took his pen, and after scratching his head with his lily fingers, and his paper with his pen, read as follows:—

Fee for serving writ on the husband of Mrs. Tyrrell,	\$3.00
Advice, - - - - -	10.00
Extra charge, for trouble, &c., - - - - -	4.00

"Pay me seventeen dollars, if you please," said he, handing her the bill.

She glanced over it and returned it, saying, "I think you told me that my husband was responsible for all debts I might contract, before the bill of divorce was obtained. Please collect this of him."

"Oh, no, madam, you would not ask me to take him as paymaster for such a bill as that. *You* must pay it," said Foolsome, very much agitated at the idea of getting fooled himself.

"You can collect no pay of me, sir, unless you take the body," replied Mrs. Tyrrell as she swept from the office with the air of an insulted queen.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### TREACHERY PROVED.

Mrs. Tyrrell was nearly overcome by this last misfortune. The information that Foolsome had given her of Warner's willingness to testify against her, struck an icy pang to her heart. That he, whose former treachery she had always forgiven, whose wrong doings she had ever striven to excuse, when others condemned, who knew so well how much she had suffered for his sake, should act so base a part, seemed to her unaccountable. "I will not believe it," she said, "till he himself tells me so." With this determination she wrote to him asking him if he were friend or foe, telling him of Foolsome's statement, and desiring him to acquaint her at once of its truth or falsity.

Warner answered her letter without delay, but was quite careful to read his reply to a number of his friends, thinking from the statements therein contained, to justify his conduct in their view. Here it is.

L—, April 30th, 185—.

*Sister Mira*,—I received your line yesterday, and the first question you ask is, am I your friend or not? Why

do you ask that? Have I not always shown myself so? Do you think because I don't take *sides* I must necessarily be an enemy to you? Were I hostile to *him*, I should be no TRUE friend of yours, for he has always treated you well and kindly. Why do you go about trying to injure him? Why go to his boarding-place and treat the inmates so badly that he is obliged to turn you out of doors, and then tell your story in a different light. If he *has* wronged you, (a thing I very much doubt,) take a legal course with him, and if I am called upon to testify, I must tell what I know, and that would be what would make your case look rather black, Mira. Let me ask, what was your behavior when you came to my home? Do you think it gave me pleasure to see you neglect your husband, and be so anxious about the man that came with you. Mira, I have been satisfied ever since then that you were not what you should be; that you are tired of your husband and like a certain Mr. W—— better. Now don't ask me again if I am your friend, for if I was not, I should never have told you so plainly that your conduct shows you to blame. Take my advice, and if you have instituted a suit against your husband, withdraw it immediately and do not disgrace *us* by your shameful actions. If you come to town, I advise you to keep away from the neighbors, as they only talk and laugh about you.

One other thing more—don't come here to worry poor mother with your stuff. She is too feeble to be troubled by you.

Please take this letter in good part and never doubt my friendliness again.

Very affectionately,

Your brother,

WARNER.

If Mira had tried to persuade herself of her brother's truth before, she could no longer. She knew he was not honest in his statements, for if he had so long suspected, as he said, that she was not "what she ought to be," would he not ere this have striven for her reformation. She remembered the conversation he had held with Mr. Woodbury, and seemed again to hear him say, "Mr. Woodbury, you are a man of reason, and I wish you would see that my sister does not get too deeply interested in spiritualism." She remembered well the invitation that Warner and his wife had given the invalid, to again pay them a visit. Letters written by Warner, commencing "Worthy sister," and many other things, came vividly before her, proving his dishonesty.

"Oh," exclaimed Mira, with a burst of indignation, "had my cruel brother but expressed the honest sentiments of his heart, I could forgive him the injustice he has done me. Had he but stated *facts* instead of base insinuating falsehoods, he would have shown himself a man; but no, with the cowardice of his nature he dares not make an open accusation against me." With flashing eye she continued: "Warner Dana has tried to calumniate his brother Martin, and fling about his good name the base character of swindler and villain. He has robbed his own father of

his birthright and left him without a dollar, while, thank God, I have had the means and the *will* to relieve and help him. But these deeds, heinous though they be, do not satisfy his insatiate wickedness, and now he is striving to crush a sister to the earth by base insinuations against her purity and virtue! May God forgive him, as I pray I may be yet able to do!" and a flood of bitter, burning tears fell from Mira's eyes as she clasped her hands and sank into a chair beside her. The fearful past lay out-rolled before her: the fierce injustice and treachery of those who were bound to her by the sacred ties of consanguinity; the cruelty of her husband in rending her beloved children from her embrace; and now, alas, to cap the climax of her woe, they had entered into a conspiracy to wrest from her that which was dearer than life — her fair fame. It was more than her over-tasked nature could endure, and partial insanity swept over her brain, holding her in its dreadful grasp during the weary watches of that gloomy night.

Her sister Hattie was at this time lying dangerously sick, and the incoherent ravings and burst of agony that fell from poor Mira's lips affected her so fearfully, that for many long hours she hovered tremblingly upon the verge of life.

The attending physician will probably never forget the scenes of that night! Oh! could Warner Dana have looked upon that group in their wild agony, he would have shrunk back abashed — ashamed of the cowardly letter he had written to a *sister*.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### NEW FRIENDS.

"Variable passions through constant woe,  
As striving which should best become her grief  
All intertwined each passion labors so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief.  
But none is best; then join them altogether,  
Like many clouds consulting for bad weather."

With every new trial, Mrs. Tyrrell gained strength. After calm deliberation upon the matter, she resolved not to attempt farther to make her husband maintain her. She had written him several letters, but they were still unanswered. He had been notified by his wife's brother-in-law to provide Mrs. Tyrrell with a boarding-place, but he had refused to do so repeatedly. She thought it best to remain away from him, contented if she could but retain little Herbert in her keeping. She knew that God would give her strength to labor for herself and child. She paused not to note the changes that sickness and trouble had wrought on her once fair face, or to heed the trembling of her attenuated hand, and faltering of her

once elastic step. Her *heart* was strong, and she could endure all that was in store for her.

While visiting at the H—— Community, a neighborhood of kind and charitable people, Mrs. Tyrrell was offered any assistance that she needed, or might need. Father Burland, the leading man of the "Community," sympathized with her in her sorrows, and bade her put her trust in God, who careth ever for his children. Mrs. Tyrrell was a stranger to them all, yet they had heard of her sufferings, and like "Good Samaritans," came to her relief.

Having business at Worcester, Father Burland took pains to enquire into Mrs. Tyrrell's circumstances. He found they were as unfavorable as represented. On returning, he besought his people to do all they could to alleviate her situation. A plan was laid to relieve her from the expense of paying the board of little Herbert for the present, by placing him at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter. She was warmly invited to remain among the good people until her health was recruited.

Mrs. Tyrrell could not express to them in words, her deep gratitude, but she earnestly besought the blessing of God upon them, and in the most sacred temple of her heart will be treasured the remembrance of their kindness.

Believing her child would be well cared for, Mrs. Tyrrell left him for a while, to labor for his and her support. She was quite happy when she kissed his upturned lips, the morning she left him, with a promise to return soon.

"When I'm a *man* mother, I'll take care of you, and you wont have to go out to work," and he twined his arms lovingly about her neck.

Little did Mira Tyrrell dream, when she left her darling that morning, that a long, long time must elapse ere they again should meet.

She proceeded to a neighborhood, not far distant, and engaged a situation to labor for Herbert's support. The thought was joy to her, so dearly did she love the sole remaining one of her precious flock. She then turned her steps toward her sister Hattie's to obtain her clothing, preparatory to entering upon her duties. Hope had once more dawned in her heart, and when she laid her head upon her pillow in her sister's quiet home, an unwonted calm stole over her worn spirit.

She was awakened the following morning by hearing her name spoken by a well-known voice.

"Hattie, has Mrs. Tyrrell been here lately?" enquired Tyrrell, in an exulting tone, for it was his voice.

"She was here yesterday, but I have not seen her to-day," hesitatingly replied Hattie.

"Well, I guess she'll show a little temper when she finds out how I have worked her, and be surprised in the bargain. To tell the truth, I found out where little Herbert was, and took him home with me last night; but the queerest of it all is, how I happened to find him." Mr. Tyrrell laughed maliciously while repeating the last words in a sneering tone.



Hattie grew pale with surprise at the bitter information, and at the thought of Mira's distress on learning it. After a few moments silence, Hattie asked as calmly as she could, how he found the child.

"Never mind," said he exultingly, "it is enough for you to know that a gentleman from the 'Community' suspected all was not right, as he knew that I was a good honest man. He said as much to them, and old Burland came down here and discovered that she had deceived them. She had told that I bribed her lawyer to work against her, and a deal of such trash. They made her believe that they were going to assist her, and coaxed her to let the child remain with them, and then sent for me to come directly and take it."

Hattie was confounded, but not more so than Mira, who, unseen, had been listening to their conversation. Tyrrell had no errand with Hattie, only to boast of his success in finding the child. After he had gone, Mira rushed to her sister's side, as she sat brooding over this new calamity, and trying to devise means to break the news softly to her sister.

"I know all, Hattie," said she. "Tell me nothing." Only write immediately for me to the friends at the "Community," and ask them to explain the words my husband has just uttered. Oh, I cannot believe them so base, as that statement would make them. If that be true, I have lost all confidence in humanity forever. I shall not return to my place of engagement—I have nothing to stimulate

me to exertion longer. But no! am I a *woman*, tamely thus to yield? That man shall not crush me; I will yet triumph."

"I am glad to see you so courageous, sister," said Hattie. "I don't think you need fear what the future holds; you have already borne so much."

Hattie, according to Mira's request, soon despatched a letter to the "Community," and another to the people who were to employ her sister, telling them that unforeseen circumstances had prevented her from fulfilling her engagement.

Great anxiety was felt, till return mail brought answers. The letter from the "Community" informed her that Mrs. Tyrrell had their heartfelt sympathy; that the statement respecting any one there betraying her confidence, was false; that no one had informed Mr. T—— where the child was; but that a Mr. Whopple of W—— came with him and took the boy away much against their wishes and remonstrances.

"So much for his story, sister," said Hattie. "'Twill all come right at last."

"Well, I have found out the mystery of Tyrrell's finding Herbert," said Mira a few mornings after, on returning from a walk. "He went to Readum, the penny-post, and asked him if he had brought me any letters lately, and if so, where they were mailed. Not thinking of any harm resulting from it, he told him he had brought me one mailed from the "Community," a short time since. He

forbid him bringing me another one till he had first delivered it to him to read, to see that I carried on no improper correspondence. But you see Mr. Readum did not mind him," continued she, holding up a letter with the seal unbroken. "He told me about it himself, and said my letters were all safe to me; that he always delivered missives to their proper owners."

"But that does not explain how he found little Herbert."

"Well, he mentioned the state of his affairs to Mr. Whopple, and enlisted his sympathies by telling him a woful tale about me, and also stated I had lately received a letter from the 'Community.' 'Ah! I know all about it. I can find your child in an hour, if you wish it,' said Whopple. You know, Hattie, walls have ears sometimes, and a tongue too. Ears heard and tongue told me. 'It is my duty to help persecute that woman,' continued Whopple, 'for I am a practical spiritualist and she is not of my order.' He spoke so loud that the ears in the wall heard it. On the strength of his declaration, they started off, and enquired until they found him. That is all Tyrrell had for the origin of his story."

"Well, sis, he will be repaid for all his dark deeds yet. Now tell me what your next step will be."

"I know not, Hattie. I wish I could compel him to provide for me. I am not yet able to labor."

"Mira, I will compel him to provide for you in two hours if you say so," said Hattie's husband, entering just then, overhearing her last remark.

"I do say it," said Mira.

"Well, after dinner, then, get ready to take a ride."

"But how?" asked Hattie and Mira in the same breath.

"Do as I say," he replied; trust it all to me, and rest assured it will end right."

## CHAPTER XLV.

## PROCEEDINGS AT THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

At two o'clock Mrs. Tyrrell and her brother-in-law, stepped into a coach and proceeded directly to the American House. The brother-in-law engaged the best accomodation that the house afforded, for Mrs. Tyrrell, informing the landlord that her husband was a resident of the city, and refused his wife a home and maintainance. That he was able to provide for her, and during her stay at the hotel, the landlord must look to him for pay.

Mrs. Tyrrell was told to remain there, until she had farther instructions, and in the mean time to try and be happy as she could.

She was quite ill, and had it not been for her resolution and courage, she would have yielded to despair. Still she could hardly realize her position; and at times when she looked back upon the past, it seemed like a strange dream. She tried to be calm and self-possessed, and in readiness for whatever fate might be awaiting her. She could not find anything to amuse, or lure her mind from its great sorrow. Book after book was taken from the large library, and re-

turned, without perusing. She tried to write—to sew—but in vain; at last she threw herself upon her bed, exhausted, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly. Mrs. Tyrrell dreamed she was standing alone upon a vast plain, with nothing to shelter her from the rays of the scorching sun. That while gazing wonderingly about her, the sky was darkened by clouds, from which the lightning flashed vividly, followed by loud peals of thunder. A mingled shower of rain and hail fell upon her, it seemed if she remained longer unprotected, death would be inevitable. The storm swept wilder around her, yet contrary to her expectations, she stood firm and unmoved before it. She became reconciled to her situation, knowing that God had given her strength to bear all. At last the storm ceased its wild fury. The sun's bright rays rested caressingly on her pale brow and cheek.

She was about to fall upon her knees, to offer a pray of thankfulness to Him who had kept her safe from harm, when there fell before her, brilliant gems, and garlands of fair sweet flowers. She looked about her, to learn from whence they came, when a snow-white dove sailed from the clear blue beyond, and paused not till it nestled noiselessly among the flowers at her feet.

"What means this?" she asked musingly of herself.

"It means," replied a low silvery voice, "that the days of your sorrow will soon be ended; that wealth will fall before you, as have the brilliant gems that now lie at your feet."

"And the garlanded flowers?"

"Are but fitting emblems of your future fame, which like wreaths and garlands will crown your brow; while softly in your bosom will the dove of peace, fold its snowy wings."

"And the voice?"

"Is that of the angel who has shielded you from danger?"

Mrs. Tyrrell was awakened from her sleep by a loud rapping upon her door, and the voice of her brother-in-law saying,

"Open the door quickly, Mira, 'tis no one but me."

"Take courage," he exclaimed, on entering the room. "Your husband has been informed by the landlord, of your whereabouts, and has been ordered to pay your board, which, although he knows he should do, he obstinately refuses until after he has consulted Renown."

In the mean time Mr. Tyrrell sought Renown, who informed him that he "must give in this time; that it would be policy for him to do so."

"But what *shall* I do with her?" asked Mr. Tyrrell. "I am plagued to death; I cannot get any one to take care of the children properly — my sister is not fit to take care of her own child, and I dare not trust *her* out of my sight. Minnie is unruly, yes, down right ugly; nothing strange in that though, her mother taught her ugliness. I have been to the "Orphan's Asylum, and every other place that I can think of, to get her taken care of, but all to no purpose. If I attempt to get a boarding-place for my wife, people tell me to provide a home for her as I ought; and that I *wont* do. No I'll do only just what the law *compels* me to."

"I do not blame you Mr. Tyrrell, I think you are justified in the course you are now pursuing," replied Renown.

"But," continued he, "the law is very hard with us husbands sometimes; it *compels* us to provide food and clothing for our wives, if they are ever so undeserving. But *I* intend to have *that law* brought *before the legislature*, and altered; until that time we must try and be contented."

"Will not your brother-in-law board your wife Mr Tyrrell?"

"Lucky thought, Renown, I'll go and see immediately."

Mr. Tyrrell sought his brother-in-law, and broached the subject of his boarding Mira, offering him at the same time a good price to do so.

"No I'll not board her, you refused to pay her board what time she did stop with me. But if your wife wants a *home*, she is welcome to mine; you, I do not wish to have concerned about the matter," was the reply. Mr. Tyrrell thus foiled, turned silently away. "What shall I do," he exclaimed, as he walked down the street, with eyes bent upon the sidewalk, as if he was striving to read an answer therefrom.

"I know what I can do," he at last exclaimed.

"Aunt Lucy felt sadly to let Flora go from her, and I guess for the sake of getting *her* back, she will take my wife to board. It will be a capital place for her, it is so far from every body, that she'll have some little trouble in finding out all I do, I'm thinking. It beats everything, her learning about me and the "California widder." But

Aunt Lucy lives a quarter of a mile from neighbors, and three miles from a meeting house or post office ; she'll soon get tired of staying there, and leave ; *then* I'll report her "as leaving my bed and board without reasons." "Yes," continued Mr. Tyrrell, "I'll go this very day and see about it." Well pleased with his plan, he proceeded to put it in execution immediately. Aunt Lucy *was* pleased to have Flora with her again, for she loved the child devotedly ; and even when Mr. Tyrrell suggested the idea of her taking his wife to board, she gladly consented to it, believing it to be her duty to assist Mrs. Tyrrell all that lay in her power. She had known and loved her from earliest childhood, and did not credit the many rumors that came floating to her.

The only room that Mrs. Ruggles and Aunt Lucy had for Mrs. Tyrrell, was an old unfinished chamber, which had been used for years, for the storage of old rickety chairs and tables, dried herbs and corn. The rats had been its only tenants, learning to play queer antics with the loose rubbish scattered about the floor. Before taking his leave, Mr. Tyrrell told them that he did not wish his wife to interfere with the management of Flora ; but he was informed that if Mrs. Tyrrell came there she must manage her own child.

Mr. Tyrrell made no further remarks about the matter, but quietly left for Worcester, leaving little Flora once more in good quarters.

"How glad I am to come back," she exclaimed, twining her arms about Aunt Lucy's neck.

"We shall be very happy again Flora, besides your mother is coming to live with us, wont you be glad to see her birdie?"

"No I *shant*, Aunt Lucy, for papa says she is very naughty, and will try to steal me ; what is steal auntie?"

A long while the good woman labored before she could impress upon the mind of Flora, that her mother loved her, and would do her no harm. Then the little one begged to see her repeatedly, exclaiming, "It will be so nice to have a mamma to love!"

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## REMOVAL FROM THE AMERICAN HOUSE.

On returning to W——, Mr. Tyrrell went directly to his brother-in-law, and tried to persuade him to remove Mrs. Tyrrell from the American House, offering him a sum of money to do so.

He refused, at the same time advising him to go for her himself.

"I cannot go myself, she will blow me too hard about being *obliged* to take care of her, and I can't stand that any way;" so the brave man again started for Renown.

The obliging lawyer went himself to the American House, and ordered the landlord to give Mrs. Tyrrell to the charge of a coach-driver, to remove immediately to her brother-in-law's house, for the time being. The landlord's clerk very politely informed Mrs. Tyrrell, that a "carriage had been sent there to convey her to some place he knew not where, but the coachman without doubt could inform her." Mrs. Tyrrell asked to see him. She was conducted to where he was, surrounded by a gaping crowd, anxiously waiting to learn something which did not concern them. "Who sent you here for me?" asked Mrs. Tyrrell of the man.

"No other person than Lawyer Renown, madam, and I suppose he has authority to send; so if you please, put on your bonnet and shawl quickly, I dislike to wait," was the reply.

"By what authority does Esq. Renown send *you* here? Who has authorized *him* to put me in the care of such a *low piece* as you are."

"I know nothing about it," replied the man a little more respectfully.

"My husband is the only person who has a *right* to remove me I believe, and unless orders come directly from *him*, I shall not heed them," said Mrs. Tyrrell, and she immediately retraced her steps back to her room.

The coachman forced his way through the crowd to the carriage, with a chagrined dogged look upon his face; while a chorus of voices exclaimed, "spunky woman that. Can't get much ahead of her."

Coachy rode back to Renown, and reported his success, expressing a wish that he might be properly authorized before he again went after a *married woman*.

After being *properly authorized*, he had no difficulty in conveying Mrs. Tyrrell to her brother-in-law's house. After Mr. Tyrrell had provided a boarding place for his wife, Renown informed him that he would be obliged to pay her expenses thereto. Mr. Tyrrell counted out what he supposed to be the exact amount, and requested Renown to carry it to her; but the lawyer sagely concluded that it was rather small business for *him*, and so refused.

Mr. Tyrrell then proceeded to his brother-in-law on the same errand, but his question was met with such sternness and indignation, that he knew it would be useless to repeat it.

"Well I will go myself, if you will go with me and keep that woman from flaming up; I have not seen her since I sent her out of doors, and I'm afraid she'll be for reminding me of it," said Mr. Tyrrell to his brother-in-law.

"Not any trouble but what you'll be treated well, Mr. Tyrrell, unless you are the first offender," was the reply.

After mustering up a vast amount of courage, Mr. Tyrrell sought his wife. Contrary to his expectations she met him kindly.

"I have come," said Mr. Tyrrell, addressing his wife, "to inform you that I have succeeded in finding a boarding place for you and Flora, at Aunt Lucy's. I have gained Mrs Ruggles' consent to take the whole charge of the child, so it will not be necessary for you to have any thing to do with her;" so saying he handed her the amount of her fare, and *one and a half cent over*.

"I thank you for your kindness Herbert; you could not have selected a place to suit me better, it is so quiet and home-like." Mr. Tyrrell looked vexed at the quiet reply of his wife, spoken in a pleasant, satisfied tone, and so, angrily retorted,

"I think you had better be earning your own living, instead of remaining inactive in any place, while your husband is laboring hard to maintain you,"

"My husband may as well provide *me* with a home, as other women," was the meaning reply.

"I would support *no indolent* woman," said Mr. Tyrrell.

"You would be willing then Herbert, to have me go out to work?"

"Yes, I do not see why I should'nt be," and the thought flashed through Mrs. Tyrrell's mind that if she should do so he would have a good opportunity to publish another notice.

"Well, as you have given your consent for me to go, before witnesses, I *can do so* I suppose, without forfeiting my maintainance."

"I did not think of *that*," muttered Tyrrell to himself.

"Well," continued Mrs. Tyrrell, "since you have been so very kind to me *this* time, I'll venture a little farther, and ask your forgiveness, for all *real* or *imaginary* wrongs that I have done you."

"I did forgive you once."

"Not so, I asked you once, but you did not reply; again I ask you." Tyrrell did not reply, but stood sullenly silent.

"Herbert, if you have *once* forgiven Mira, why do you refuse to now?" inquired Hattie.

"Because I wish to see how she behaves first, if she stays a while with Aunt Lucy and Mrs. Ruggles, and gets well humbled, *then* I'll talk about forgiveness."

"Herbert," said Mrs. Tyrrell, "*I* can tell you how to humble *me*: treat me as a wife should be treated; treat

me as you would treat a stranger; give me my children; cease your connection with that sister, who is now boarding a woman of doubtful reputation; yes, cease your persecutions, and *I* shall be a humble woman."

Tyrrell remained silent.

"I am destitute of decent clothing," continued his wife, "will you not provide me with money to obtain me even a *comfortable* supply?"

Mr. Tyrrell did not heed the last remark of his wife, but left the room, saying, "He hoped she'd go immediately to Aunt Lucy's."

Mrs. Tyrrell remained with Hattie a few days, hoping to hear something more favorable from her husband; but she hoped and waited in vain. She learned, however, that he was preparing as fast as possible to leave town with Minnie. "Where can I find him?" she eagerly asked of her sister, as the thought of being parted from her child flashed through her mind.

"I don't know, Mira," was all Hattie could reply.

"But I *will* know, I must know," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell, as she donned her bonnet and shawl. Luckily she proceeded immediately to the depot, where Mr. Tyrrell with Minnie was waiting to take the cars.

"Where are you going, Herbert?" was the first eager enquiry of Mrs. Tyrrell, after she had pressed the form of her child to her wildly beating heart.

"I have concluded not to let you know any more of my business," was the cool reply.

"But, Herbert, my child—you *cannot* refuse to let me know about *her*. You *must* know that *her* life is my life—that *I am her mother*."

"What do you want, why are you not at your boarding-place?" demanded Tyrrell in a rough voice.

"Because I have nothing to wear—not a decent pair of shoes or passable dress."

Mr. Tyrrell did not wait to hear more. The cars were ready, and dragging Minnie after him he proceeded to a seat within.

The first thought of Mrs. Tyrrell was to throw herself under the car in which her inhuman husband was seated. She started forward for that purpose. A large number had listened to the conversation of Mr. Tyrrell and his wife, and marked her look of wild despair as she saw him enter the cars. Her design was anticipated; as she rushed frantically to the edge of the platform, an old gentleman kindly laid his hand upon her arm and said, "Excuse me, madam, but we fear you are getting too near the cars." Mrs. Tyrrell looked into the mild blue eyes of the old man when he ceased speaking, and burst into tears. What was life to *her*? Deserted by him who should have been her protector and friend; her children torn from her—at best it could be but a dark stormy passage, unlit by smile or sun-ray.

Mrs. Tyrrell went back to her brother-in-law. He told her that her husband had been compelled to provide her a boarding-place, and he could be compelled to pur-



chase her clothing also. He advised her to get what she needed, and if Tyrrell refused to pay the bill, *he* would pay it. She accordingly purchased a few dollars' worth of Mr. Stow's, a dry goods merchant—the first she ever obtained without the free consent of her husband.

In a few days she went to her new boarding-home, where, with little Flora and kind friends, she strove once more to be happy.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### LITTLE STORIES.

Mr. Tyrrell proceeded on his journey. It will not be necessary to follow him in all his wanderings; suffice it by saying, that he sought out some of his relatives whom he had not seen for years, and related to them his story in a very mournful tone. He wished them to take Minnie, but they obstinately refused, and he returned home dissatisfied and spiritless.

His sister's interest in the children's welfare diminished as rapidly as the debt she owed him; and now she declared her intention of providing only their food for them, making but little difference to her whether it was properly prepared or not.

For want of care and from neglect, Minnie grew very ill. Of course Mr. Tyrrell provided a nurse, but who was she? Perhaps a tall, whiskerado that visited her occasionally, might have been able to say; or even Mr. Tyrrell himself, who seemed much pleased with her, and monopolized much of her time that should have been appropriated to Minnie.

Think you, Herbert Tyrrell was happy? Did he feel at ease and sleep soundly, with the knowledge that his child was cared only for by *such* a woman as he must have known her to be? If he was happy, he suffered pain; for, but a few weeks after he had raised his arm against his wife, and so rudely thrust her into the street, a sad accident befell him. He was one morning adjusting some machinery; by accident his chisel slipped, and he received a severe wound in his hand. For want of proper care and attention, he came near losing his arm. For a number of months it was a severe affliction to him.

'Twas not till after Minnie had regained her health that Herbert Tyrrell became sensible that the eyes of the world were upon his conduct. When he became *aware* of the fact, he immediately dismissed that woman and employed another; for his children must have schooling, and it would not *do* to let them *go to school*, or join in the sports of the little ones that gathered around the door. "Oh, no," said Mr. Tyrrell to himself, "they must not mingle with other children—their little tongues must be kept bridled. Besides, will it not tell *well* on my part to keep a private teacher for my children—a governess?"

It was a great source of annoyance to him, that "the divorce" talked about by Renown, was not obtained. And why was it not? There was a good and sufficient reason: there was *not one* witness to be found to testify *against her*—none dared to "cast the first stone." Again we ask, was Herbert Tyrrell happy? The pangs of a guilty conscience *can* be endured with a smile, is the only answer.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### MIRA IN BOSTON.

Bright leafy June once more decked the earth with its foliage; rosy sunlight danced over the hill side with a soft light step.

Let us for a moment look in upon Mrs. Tyrrell in her quiet country home. She is seated at a beautiful seraphine, which had been supplied her by a friend, in lieu of the one that Mr. Tyrrell had so ruthlessly taken from her. She looks resigned, yes even happy, as her delicate fingers press the finely polished keys—and she mingled her voice sweetly with the melody. Laughing Flora is seated at her feet, her dimpled hands nimbly weaving a wreath of buttercups and daisies with which to deck mamma's head. Mrs. Tyrrell has made up her mind to bear with patience all that her husband or others may maliciously impose upon her, and be as happy as possible. She has striven to conform her life to the immutable principles of justice, ever contending for the right—resisting the wrong; but she is human, and therefore liable to err, yes, she has failed in many points when hotly pursued by her *unnatural kindred*. She

believes it to be her duty to lend a helping hand whenever it is in her power. She is determined yet to triumph over her enemies, by showing to the world that she is *not* what she has been *represented*.

Mrs. Tyrrell had just received a letter from a friend in Boston, requesting her to come there immediately, as one of the family was lying dangerously ill; she was not long making ready to obey the summons, and after taking leave of little Flora for the twentieth time, and promising to return again soon, she started on her journey.

She arrived in Boston only in time to look upon the inanimate form of her friend. Cholera had made its appearance, and it was the all-pervading dread among the people. Mrs. Tyrrell's sympathies were all in requisition and freely bestowed, also her skill in prescribing for, and assisting the stricken ones. She feared not disease or death. For ten weeks by night and day, she watched in sick rooms, endeavoring in other's sorrows, to forget her own.

Did she forget? No, it was impossible, messages often reached her ears of the neglect and privation of her children, and also of the low company that surrounded her husband, and of his plottings against her.

At last her strength to bear more, failed, and she was prostrated again with sickness. Mrs. Tyrrell was this time among strangers, but they were kind, and showed her every attention, even as they would a sister, for they knew she had been kind to others.

"I think Mrs. Tyrrell, a short sea voyage would greatly

benefit you, and strengthen up your nerves," said her physician, after she began to recover.

"Some friends of mine are going East, and if you will consent, I will put you in charge of them, they will show you every attention, and you shall be as welcome to the passage, as if the boat was your own; my wife is to accompany them, and she would be very glad to nurse you, in return for your previous care over her and our babe. Say will you go?"

In a few days afterwards, Mrs. Tyrrell with the above-mentioned company, were on board the eastern steamer Lilly Bell, gliding swiftly over the blue waters.

For a while the "sea was calm and the sky was blue." Mrs. Tyrrell was much revived by the cool breezes that swept over the waters, and fanned her pale cheek and brow. All was joy, all appeared happy; but how soon was their joy to be turned to sorrow, their strains of happiness to shrieks of mourning and despair!

A dense fog had begun to settle over the waters, which was hardly noticed by the passengers, or properly regarded by the managers of the boat, as they still kept up the same speed, without any extra look out for danger, but they were suddenly reminded of their reckless neglect, when they saw a British steamer, twice their own bulk, nearly upon them. A terrible exertion was made by the British steamer, to avoid the Lilly Bell, but it was a vain effort. She dashed on in spite of all efforts to the contrary; in a moment more the Lilly Bell was a wreck, and passengers and seamen all

alike, were struggling in the waters, each to save his own life. It was an awful sight! my pen falters in attempting to portray that scene; but it was only a scene after all, such as too often is permitted to madden and shock the beholder, by not imposing laws sufficiently strong to guard against such needless outrages. Many ended the voyage there; yes, the great voyage of life was over,—they had reached the shores of eternity.

“Where was Mrs. Tyrrell? Had she finally ended her career in life there?” No, reader. Mrs. Tyrrell had yet a mission that *must* be fulfilled ere she left the great theatre of life, on which she had ever been so active a member. The physician’s wife, and the family in company, were all lost. Mrs. Tyrrell was found floating on a piece of the wreck, to which she clung with one hand, and bouyed up a little child with the other. “Why am I saved, when so many more valuable lives are lost? Why live longer to endure? is there *no* way that death will receive *me*?” broke from her lips when she found she was safe, and realized that so many of her companions were gone forever.

Had she forgotten her children then? Only for a moment. Visions of their happy faces, and the sound of their merry voices rang in her ear, bringing with them resignation to the will of “Him who doeth all things well.” Tears stole into her eyes—she bowed her head and prayed for strength to bear whatever her lot might yet be.

Mrs. Tyrrell returned to Boston, but remained only a short time before she went to visit Hattie; she had not

been there since she left to make her home with Aunt Lucy and Mrs. Ruggles.

She learned by Hattie that Mr. Tyrrell had refused to pay the debt which she had contracted at Mr. Stow’s, and to end that trouble she sold her silver spoons which she had earned when a factory girl, and retained on breaking up housekeeping. After that was settled she returned to L. again and once more clasped Flora to her bosom.

Her wardrobe by this time much needed replenishing; knowing her husband’s obstinacy about providing for her, she thought she would refrain from asking it of him if possible; she wrote a note to Warner, and reminded him of a promise he had made her at a time when she told him she had furnished the old folks with money, clothes, and provisions, earned by her own hands in attending upon the sick, that he would refund every dollar she had expended for them. She did not ask for it all, she only asked him to refund any part of the amount he thought proper.

This note Warner only noticed by informing Martin that Mira had presented him a false account, that he owed her nothing, but that he *did* owe her husband for a few articles furnished the old folks; that Mira held the account, and would not give it up—that to prevent anything further on her part he had jumped at the amount, and given Tyrrell a note for the same.

Reader, what think you of such a brother? Martin informed Mira of Warner’s decision. She then wrote to her husband requesting him to furnish her with clothing. He

made no answer. Again she wrote, this time *demanding* it as her *right*, and assuring him that she would apply to proper authority to obtain what was needed, if he still refused her request.

"She wont get me to do anything for her till she begs in a little more humble way than that," said Tyrrell on receipt of the last letter.

"If she had written me a *good* letter, showing her submission and willingness to obey my commands, to come and live with my sister, I would send her some clothing, but the haughty creature has got too much spunk; but I'll bring it out of her yet—I have said that she shall live with my sister and she *shall*—I'll break her, I remember what she dared to tell me—that so long as I maintained *other* women I *should* maintain her, whether I was willing or not. We'll see," and Tyrrell tore the letter in pieces, and *tried* to whistle.

After waiting a long time for an answer and receiving none, Mrs. Tyrrell put her threat into execution.

She consulted a lawyer and was informed that she had a right to purchase any amount of clothing, or any thing else she saw fit to—that the law is this: (a fact all men should know) that when a man turns his wife out of his home, he turns her out *with credit*. Mrs. Tyrrell was advised by many to contract a heavy debt, but she wished not to injure her husband or invade her right, therefore she only procured articles that were absolutely necessary.

In due time the merchant sent Mr. Tyrrell the bill, po-

lately informing him, that if he would write an acknowledgment of the account, he could take his own time to pay it in.

"I'll never pay that bill," said he, on receipt of the merchant's letter. "I got rid of paying Stow's bill, and I'll pay no bills that I don't agree to."

Luckless man! After waiting a reasonable length of time for an answer, and receiving none, the merchant gave his bill into the hands of lawyer Getsum for collection. Our hero obstinately refused to pay up himself, and so turned the affair over to Renown, who like a gentleman, walked up and settled the affair, but poor Tyrrell's purse had to be invaded, and the contents of a good part of it conveyed to Renown, to continue the interest which he felt for him in having *such a wife*.

## CHAPTER XLIX

## MR. TYRRELL IN MORE TROUBLE.

"I can't stand this any how," murmured Tyrrell to himself, after he found he must provide clothes as well as board for his wife. "I must and will get rid of that woman, and I *will*. I won't give up beat. Renown ought to know how I can do it. He told me he did not like the appearance of the woman at all; he said he gave her a real talking to one day when she came into his office, because she did not help me reform my sister. I have paid him a good round sum already, and I'll pay him every cent I've got but what I'll fetch her yet." Thus murmuring to himself, he again wended his way to Renown's office, and again besought his aid.

"I think," said Renown, after Mr. Tyrrell had asked him to devise some new plan, "I think I have heard you say that your youngest child boards at the same place with your wife."

"She does," was the reply.

"Well, I would advise you to remove the child from her, as that probably is all that keeps her there. If *that*

does not work, you must try and make her commit herself some way; write to her and see what you can make of the answer. You must use wit about this matter, sir; there is no other way for you to manage, unless you take 'leg bail,' and that you will not do while *I* remain your friend."

"No, no, Renown, *that* will be my last resort."

Tyrrell left Renown with a lighter heart, and resolved to immediately visit his wife. Brave man! He did not *dare* to go alone, so he prevailed on a niece to accompany him.

Mrs. Tyrrell saw him as he drove up to the door, and smiling, quietly, she stepped into an adjoining room.

"Where is Mira," was Mr. Tyrrell's first enquiry.

"She has just stepped out," was the reply.

"Glad of it. I'll not have any fuss now. I have come to take Flora home with me," continued Tyrrell, "as I wish her to profit by the instructions of a lady whom I have employed for the other children."

"But you would not take Flora from her mother?" said Mrs. Ruggles.

"Certainly; she need not care for it, the child will be well taken care of."

"But it is not right!" chimed in Aunt Lucy, "for you to rob her of *all* her children; I don't know but what she'll be crazy, if you carry Flora away."

"Do not fear about that; she'll only try to frighten you a little. But crazy or not, I must take Flora."

Mrs. Tyrrell on finding that in spite of Aunt Lucy and Mrs. Ruggles, her husband would take the child, stepped resolutely into the room and confronted him. "Mr. Tyrrell, if Flora goes *I* shall go with her."

"You *cannot* go," replied Tyrrell, sufficiently recovering from his surprise to be able to answer. "My sister will never allow you to enter her doors again, and *I* advise you not to *try* it."

"I do not fear *you* or your sister; but one thing is sure, I shall go with my child," coolly replied Mrs. Tyrrell.

Mr. Tyrrell did not care to vent his anger in words, and so satisfied himself by looking desperately fierce.

"Herbert, *I* do not wish *my* children to be in low company, even if you choose it," continued Mrs. Tyrrell.

"You accuse me falsely. I am not so guilty as you report me," replied the husband. "But the abandoned woman, what of her?" was the enquiry in the same cutting tone. "Since you know so much about it, I might as well tell you all—I never meant to, though. You know my sister keeps boarders. Well, she came across that woman some how, and finding she was destitute and deserted by her husband, who had gone to California, she took her in to board; and one of the gentlemen who boarded with my sister, (and he is a likely man,) paid for one half of her board, and I——"

"You paid the other half," chimed in Mrs. Tyrrell.

"No, I didn't," said he, "but I did help her some. I let her take care of the children and do sewing for the family, and paid her for it, handsomely too. I pitied her, I

did. I did not know but what she was a respectable woman, and don't know it now, only one of the boarders saw something one day that did not look right, and we would not have her there another day. We turned her right off; and if she ever comes there again, I'll put her out doors quick."

"Just as you did me," said Mrs. Tyrrell.

"I've told you all about it now," continued Tyrrell, "and you can make what you are a mind to out of it. We keep a respectable house now."

"It will not be necessary for me to try to make much of it, as other people have been very busy about it."

"I'm an innocent man," stammered out Mr. Tyrrell.

"I know nothing of your innocence, Mr. Tyrrell—I only know that you have treated *me* cruelly. I have asked your forgiveness, you have refused it. I have asked you for my children; told you if I could have them with me, I would make *any* sacrifice—do *any thing* for you. You do not accuse me of ill-treating you—only say that I have told harsh stories about you. I have only told the truth, Herbert, and why should *you* fear that more than *I*. *I* do not fear it or hesitate to acknowledge all I have done."

"I'll forgive you, Mira, seeing you make such a fuss," said Mr. Tyrrell in a changed tone, as Mira ceased speaking. "But by all means show that you merit my forgiveness," he continued.

"What would you have me do?"

"Go to work and earn your own living, not oblige *me* to pay your board."

"I am not able to labor, Herbert; and if I was, I should have no disposition to do so, while you are employing other women to take care of my children, when I am both able and willing to do it myself."

"That shows you are just as obstinate *now* as you ever was," said Mr. Tyrrell, growing red in the face.

"Herbert, I would like to ask you *one* question: did you ever state to any person that you were jealous of me?"

"I have said you were very imprudent."

"That is not a direct answer to my question."

"No, I never was; *but ought to have been.*" The company present burst into a loud laugh at this answer, and Mr. Tyrrell adroitly changed the subject, and in a few moments announced his intention of leaving. "Will you write to me, Mira?" he asked, turning to his wife.

"Why, Herbert, I have written you repeatedly, and you have never answered me."

"You never wrote me anything that pleased me. Try once and write me a *good letter*, and I will answer it."

Mrs. Tyrrell could not imagine what motive prompted him to make the request, but she gave the required promise.

"If you will try and conduct yourself as I wish you to, perhaps I shall consent to live with you again—I only want proof that you have changed."

"The fool! does he for a moment imagine that I would humble myself, sufficiently to live with him again?" said Mira to herself, as Tyrrell closed the door after him and drove away without the child.

## CHAPTER L.

### CHRISTMAS DAY.

"'Tis Christmas morn! the earth seems flooded with golden sunlight. Oh, could love divine glide over the hearts of men as does this pure light over the snow-draped earth!" exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell as she donned her bonnet and shawl, and started to wish "mother," a "merry Christmas."

Mrs. Tyrrell was prevented from visiting her mother often, for since Warner had written her so cruelly, she did not care to come in contact with him. The last time she saw him he would have avoided her, had she not first ventured to address him.

"Are you *afraid* or *ashamed* to speak to me, Warner?" was Mrs. Tyrrell's enquiry.

"I am afraid," and so saying, he suited action to words and immediately left the room.

But to return. With a light, buoyant step Mrs. Tyrrell walked to her father's cottage. "Why cannot we all be happy?" asked Mira of herself, as she gazed on the clear sky, which cradled so lovingly the white downy



clouds that lay on its surface. "This is such a beautiful world, where all save man and what his sin defiles, is pure. And yet I know," she continued, musingly, "why we are not happier, is because we have perverted all our blessings. How much more *I* could enjoy to-day, if others felt as I do. Gladly would I say to those who have wronged me, I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven. What would I give if Warner would only treat me differently? And yet I'll not blame him; he is afraid of my husband because he owes him a paltry sum of money." Mira wiped the tears from her eyes, and smiled pleasantly before she entered her mother's presence. "A merry Christmas to you, mother," she exclaimed, as she placed her hand in that of her mother.

"But where are you going? all cloaked and hooded for a start! I did not think you were able to go out."

"We are all going to Martin's to spend the day; he came down this morning and gave us the invitation, saying that we might never have another opportunity to spend Christmas together. I wished to gratify him if possible, and so am resolved to go in spite of my ill health. I am so glad," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell; "we will try and bury old feelings, on this glorious sunny Christmas; try and be forgiving — yes, mother, try and be *happy*."

"God grant that we may be, my child!" was the earnest reply of old Mrs. Dana.

In a few moments Martin drove up to the door. They waited a while for Warner's wife; but as she did not come, Mrs. Dana sought her in her own room.

"Are you most ready, Clara?" she enquired.

"I am not going," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will not be seen in the company of that detestable creature, who has so disgraced us by her disgraceful conduct."

"Clara ——."

"Don't talk to me mother, I mean all I say — yes, every word of it. If Mira goes there to-day, *I* shall not. She has disgraced me and my friends enough, without my being seen in her company. No, I'll have nothing to do with her," said Clara angrily.

"If I had strength to talk, you would not *dare* to so abuse my child. Mira has ever treated you kindly. If she has not, the best course you could pursue would be to go to her and frankly tell her where she has erred;" and old Mrs. Dana turned away from the heartless woman and left the room. Meeting Mira, she informed her that she had concluded to stay at home, desiring her to remain with her.

But Mira Tyrrell had heard the loud words of Clara, and with a flushed cheek and quivering lip she presented herself before her. "Clara," said she, "never let me hear that again to my mother. If you have ought against me, come to me, not go to her."

"Mira," replied Clara, "you are a disgraceful creature, and a great mortification to me and *my* family. Now shut up your mouth and be a little more calm."

Mira said no more, but returned to the room of her mother, where Martin was seated, waiting for them. "I will immediately return home," said Mira. "I will mar no one's happiness by my presence."

Mrs. Dana, Clara and the other members of her family spent the day at Martin's; but it was a sorrowful day to old Mrs. Dana. Her heart was sadly pained to see Mira so rudely treated.

Mira returned to her lonely home. No bitterness toward her cruel kindred mingled with the deep peace that pervaded her heart. She regarded the deep and undeserved insult she had received, as but another trial for the perfecting of her spiritual nature, and a sublime joy filled her soul as she exclaimed, "I forgive them, Father in Heaven, do Thou the same."

## CHAPTER LI.

### MORE TROUBLE FOR MR. TYRRELL.

With considerable anxiety, Mr. Tyrrell waited to receive a letter from his wife. He had been foiled in his attempts to take the child away, but he had accomplished something. He had gained his wife's promise to write him a letter.

"She is unsuspecting — she thinks I meant all I said to her. Ah, she'll commit some big blunder in my favor, I am sure," said Mr. Tyrrell to himself.

At last the letter made its appearance, and read as follows:—

L—, Jan. 1st, 185—.

*Mr. Tyrrell,* — According to your request and my promise, I will now attempt to write you a "good letter." What *you* call such, or how I shall succeed, is more than I can tell; but I shall *try* to please you.

In the first place, let me suggest the idea of our beginning with the new year to live differently. The past must remain unaltered; but the future can be made bright and happy if we wish. I have long been willing and ready to

extend the "olive branch" to you, but you have refused to take it. You will never do so while a third person stands between us. *You* know where the trouble all lies; it is in your power to remove it, will you do so? Will you return my children—provide us with a home where I can bestow upon them my love and care? Herbert, you have long been led by *law*—long enough to know that it is a *hard master*. I ask you *now* to be governed by *love* a while. *Law makes* trouble—*love* removes it. Love weeps over your sorrow and smiles at your joy. Which shall lead you hereafter, law, or love? Be assured, if love reigns triumphant in your heart, *I* shall be a ready follower, and will return all your affection. You have but to command me in *love*, and I am still your dutiful wife

Affectionately yours,

MIRA TYRRELL.

P. S.—Please answer soon.

"Pshaw! that is not what I wished her to write," said Mr. Tyrrell after he had perused the letter. "I wanted she should commit herself in some way. Renown said she would. But I'll fetch her yet. I'll write a saucy letter that will make her very angry," and Mr. Tyrrell drew a chair before his writing-desk, and wrote as follows:—

W——, Jan. 9th, 185—.

*My ONCE dear Wife*,—Your letter is before me. I seat myself to answer it. I find you manifest the same disposition as ever, toward my sister. Why so? She is now a

respectable woman, and all who make her acquaintance love and esteem her. She is very skilful in practicing medicine. She has cured a great many who have applied to her. If you do not treat *her* well, I shall not be willing to do much to assist you hereafter. Treat her as you treat those with whom you now associate, and you will have no reason to complain of my treatment to your folks. Unless you do as I wish, I shall have no encouragement to live with you again.

From your once dear husband,

HERBERT TYRRELL.

"There!" said Mr. Tyrrell, after he had signed his name to the above missive, "if *that* does not bring her to her senses, I don't know what will." The letter was soon sealed and on its way to L——.

For the last six months, Mrs. Tyrrell had ceased to hope that a reconciliation would ever be effected between Herbert and herself. Still she was more favorably impressed in his favor after he had consented to let Flora remain with her, or she would never have even written to him. Little could she read the dark plots that were curtained by his seeming kindness. But when she received the letter written in reply to her's, her keen mind readily traced out his meaning.

"I never would answer that letter," indignantly exclaimed Aunt Lucy; "it is too much like casting pearls before swine."

"I know it; but since I understand him perfectly well, I

think I'll reply merely for the novelty of it, and inform him that he misunderstood my last letter," replied Mrs. Tyrrell.

She accordingly sent him the following epistle:—

*Dear Husband,*—On perusing your letter, I find that it is not a reply to my last, but a queer lecture, of which your sister is the subject. I will inform you at once, that my business is not with *her*, but with *you*. But if she has so many friends who love and respect her, certainly she cannot care much for my sympathy.

You request me to treat *your* friends as well as I do my own, and you will do the same by mine. All that my friends wish or ask of you, is to treat *me* well, and leave me unmolested. You say farther, "unless I do as you request, you shall have no encouragement to again live with me." Indeed! I do not ask you to do so. It will be a long while before I shall be willing to again trust myself in such merciless hands, as *yours* have ever proved.

For my children, I have made propositions which I would *scorn* to make for myself; yet let me assure you I shall not make any more, even for *them*. If you return them to me, it must be of your own *free will*—I shall not urge you to do so. If you see fit to place them with low, contemptible characters, I shall not attempt to prevent it. I defy your power, let you do what you may,

Hoping you will yet be humble,

As you wish *me* to be,

I remain,

MIRA TYRRELL.

The only reply Mrs. Tyrrell received to the above letter, was a valentine directed in her husband's hand-writing. It represented a gaily dressed woman, and was entitled —  
"The Widow."

## CHAPTER LII.

## PUBLISHING A BOOK.

"What are you writing about, mamma?" enquired little Flora of her mother, as she twined her soft arms about her neck. "It seems to me you are writing a long letter; who are you going to send it to?—say, mamma, what are you going to do with it?"

"Make my fortune, my darling, I expect," replied Mrs. Tyrrell, imprinting a kiss on the white brow of Flora. "God grant that I may, and make *your* future bright and sunny."

The child did not comprehend her mother's meaning: she only looked wonderingly into her face, and begged her to join the play for a while.

"What *are* you writing about?" asked good Aunt Lucy of Mrs. Tyrrell, a few mornings after Flora had vainly asked an explanation of affairs. "For all the world! what a pile," continued she, as Mrs. Tyrrell handed her a pile of manuscript. "I don't see what good it will do for her to write so much, if it is never to be seen," said Aunt Lucy to herself as she closed the door.

"Nor I either," said Mrs. Tyrrell, as the words fell upon her ear. "But *I* think this manuscript *will* be seen," said Mrs. Tyrrell to herself. "Those who have seen what I have written, (and I think they are judges,) tell me this manuscript is worth printing, though I only wrote it because I had nothing else to do. Could I even have been privileged to do the sewing for my children, I should not have found time, and if I had had any kind of employment, I should not have thus spent my time. I have almost lived the scenes over again, in writing this, and now I shall make an effort to turn it to some good account. To-morrow, I'll know if all my labor is to be lost;" and Mrs. Tyrrell wrapped the manuscript up neatly and laid it away.

The following morning found Mrs. Tyrrell in the city of Boston, wending her way to a publishing house. She paused before several large establishments on Washington street, lacking courage to enter.

"I wish to know something of your terms of publishing books," at last she stammered, at the same time laying her package upon the counter before a gentlemanly-looking clerk, in the publishing house of Rush & Co.

"That depends much upon the size of the book and style of printing," was the reply.

"I have a manuscript that I wish published. There is nothing great or wonderful about it—indeed I have myself doubted whether a publisher would pronounce it publishable or not."

"Have you the manuscript with you?" enquired the clerk, glancing at the package upon the counter.

"Yes sir; would you like to look at it?"

"For a moment ma'am; please be seated," and the clerk retired with the manuscript, leaving Mrs. Tyrrell in anxious state of mind. "Excuse me for detaining you so long," said the clerk, on returning; but I thought I would like to show this to one of our firm, who is an excellent judge of such matter. I have done so; and on hastily glancing it over he tells me you will have no trouble in finding a publisher."

Mrs. Tyrrell returned to her hotel much encouraged, and fell asleep that night with sweet hopes of success filling her heart.

"Will you allow me to look at your manuscript, Mrs. Tyrrell, asked a gentleman on the following morning, who knew something of her past history.

"Certainly, certainly, sir; and in return, would be pleased to hear you express your opinion of it," she replied.

"I cannot give you my opinion better than by making you an offer," said the gentleman on returning it.

"An offer! and pray what?" asked Mrs. Tyrrell, wondering.

"I will give you a check for one thousand dollars on the Merchant's Bank, for that manuscript, and in so doing should feel that my money was well invested," was the reply.

"A very generous offer, truly," said Mrs. Tyrrell, musingly. "But if it is *worth* publishing, I think *I* had best be the publisher, unless I can obtain a more liberal compensation than even that."

"You are right, Mrs. Tyrrell; I do not blame you," replied the gentleman.

On again seeing Mr. Rush, Mrs. Tyrrell made a very satisfactory arrangement with him about the publishing of her book.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## CLARA AND WARNER.

"Clara, I think your treatment to Mira is wrong. Why do you not go to her and frankly tell her of her faults? The course you are now pursuing will drive her to distraction: I am often afraid that she will commit suicide," said old Mrs. Dana, one morning addressing Clara.

"And I hope she will commit suicide; she has been a disgrace to us sufficiently long," replied the affectionate daughter-in-law.

"And I wish so too. I don't care in what way or how quick," chimed in Warner.

"Warner, it is strange how you can speak so of a *sister*, and one that has more than once saved you from ruin," said old Mrs. Dana.

"I will not hear any thing more about her, any way; so if you please, change the subject," was Warner's reply.

Thus silenced, Mrs. Dana returned to her room feeling, as none but a *mother* could, the injustice done her child.

"Warner, I would like to say a word about this matter myself," said Martin Dana who, entering unperceived, had

listened to their conversation. "*I* think your treatment to Mira is unjust and cruel, and to *me* unaccountable, although *she* thinks you side with her husband because you are his debtor. She feels the injustice done her, and I too, often fear she will destroy herself."

"Well, Martin, I can only tell you as I told mother, I hope she'll do it—I don't care how soon. But do not say another word about her," and Warner unceremoniously left the room, and proceeded to his most intimate friend, young Crankum, to talk over the prospect of obtaining the bounty land awarded his father.

"Do you think the other children will make a fuss about it?" he asked Crankum, after conversing a while.

"None but Martin, and you can easily silence him by offering him one-half," replied the news-carrier of L——.

"Lucky thought, lucky thought; and more than that, I can get him to go and locate the land on that promise. But if he *gets* half, he'll have to pay for it well. I'll work him."

These words were uttered by Warner Dana, in a low tone of voice; but there were ears beside those of the swine, in whose habitation he was shovelling, to hear them and the rest of his musing words, which were as follows:

"I don't see what I am going to do, unless I can raise some money some way. How I shall manage with Tyrrell, I know not. I not only owe him for that note of Hattie's, but that account of the estate, and not a cent of interest is paid yet, besides other obligations which I must meet soon.

Clara thinks her brother owes me enough to settle up every thing. I must try and not have her undeceived about that, some way. I wish Martin would sell his place. The mortgage I had on that place was eight hundred dollars—I had to let it go for six hundred. Now, if Martin would sell and pay up that mortgage, it would help me two hundred dollars; but I can't depend upon any thing there. I wish old Hixon would die, I could then make some calculation of what might be done; for without doubt he would leave my wife a cool thousand. The old fool! he might know Clara does not care for him, only as she hopes to get a share of his money. It is a confounded shame that a man of my business talent should have to submit to such menial labor as this"—and he cast a woe begone look upon his labor—"and such company too, as I have to associate with here in order to obtain a few favors—it is too bad! I'll get out of it, though, just as quick as either of the old folks die. I'll then show 'em my heels."

Warner threw down his shovel and proceeded to the house. On entering, he found his wife weeping bitterly, and an open letter lay on the floor beside her. Thinking the letter had something to do with Clara's grief, Warner hastily perused it. It contained an account of the death of Clara's *dear* friend, Mr. Hixon, by suicide. Warner tried to comfort his wife, by telling her that "he was better off in another world."

"But he was such a kind friend, and so highly esteemed by us all. Oh, Warner, it is hard!" replied Clara.

"But wife, *God* is just; we must not doubt *him*," said Warner, again glancing over the letter.

For a number of weeks Clara continued to mourn for her friend; but after she learned that he had left the whole of his property to an only sister, her grief was not in the least violent, and she has not been heard to mention his name since.

Not long after this affair, Martin came in and informed Warner that he had sold his place, but that he should not receive the pay under two years, and that he should start for Kansas with the next party. "What think you about it?"

"I think," replied Warner, "it is the best thing you can do. I am glad you are going. I think you'll do well. I hope we shall part in peace. We have had hard feelings towards each other, and bitter words have passed; but we will forget all old animosities. And now I want to tell you what I'll do. I have father's land warrant for a hundred and sixty acres; if you are a mind to locate it, you shall have half of it." There is no witness to the bargain thought Warner.

"I'll do it," said Martin. After being supplied with the necessary documents for obtaining the land, and every preparation was made for Martin's departure, he informed Warner that he had one thing more to communicate. "You asked me some time ago what I thought Mira was



up to, driving to Boston and about. Then, I could not tell, but now, I am able to inform you."

"Well, I should be glad to know; she is only making herself more ridiculous than ever by training round so."

"You mistake, Warner; she is in a laudable business, and one the public will justify her in — she is publishing a book, stating her wrongs. From what I learn of it, I conclude it is a work containing more 'truth than poetry.'"

Warner turned deadly pale. "I don't believe one word of it," said he, agitated. "She write a book! She is not capable of it. She would not *dare* to. She had better keep still," continued he with emphasis.

"She has dared to; and I for one justify her course."

"If she has — well, we shall see, we shall;" and Warner dropped the subject, but a scowl rested on his pale brow, as he turned away.

A few weeks more, and Martin Dana was traversing the wild territory of Kansas, seeking a desirable spot to locate the bounty land of his father. In common with as noble a party of men and women as ever left the Old Bay State, he roamed o'er those rich romantic prairies, from the Kansas river to the Necho; but owing to the unsettled state of affairs, that scourge, the cholera, and sickness so common to new lands, he with the rest of his companions became disheartened. He never fixed upon any spot to locate, but returned to his parent State.

In a few months subsequent to this, while returning

from a second tour to the Mississippi, he had the regret to meet the last of his former comrades returning in destitution; and thus ended one of the visionary schemes of leaving a good home to find a *better* — a scheme of which too many have had cause to regret.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### TYRRELL'S TRIUMPH.

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted,  
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,  
And naked he, though locked up in steel  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

SHAKESPEARE.

The bright skies of June were again bending lovingly o'er the green earth — its beaming sunshine fell in cheering radiance upon the worn brow of Mira, as she took her seat in the cars at Boston for L——. She had consigned to the hand of the Publisher, the manuscript upon which she had so patiently labored, looking forward with a "true heart of hope" to the dawn of that auspicious day when, clasping her children to her breast, she could say, "I have a home for you, precious darlings — we will be separated no more on earth." Well did Mira know that her life-trials were not ended, and that she was now proceeding to the very scene of suffering and danger; but a brave nature like hers must not shrink from the path of duty. She knew that Mrs. Ruggles had requested Mr. Tyrrell to provide her a home elsewhere, as she had informed her kind

landlady that she did not wish to remain longer. Her cruel husband had replied by letter, saying, that as soon as a vacancy occurred in his sister's boarding-house he would take her there.

"Yes," said Tyrrell to his sister, chuckling with triumphant delight, "I always said that I would humble that proud woman, and I cannot do it more effectually than by compelling her to live with you. She shall be a boarder in the house where she has the right to be mistress, and behold my sister in her place, making use of her household appliances and governing her children. If she rebels at any thing, however annoying or insulting, just report to me, and I will bring you, and Warner and his wife, to testify that she is insane. Then I will immure her within the walls of a lunatic asylum, which act, I am thinking, will put a stop to the publishing of a book which it is reported she has begun. Sister, you know that there are things which she may tell, if not prevented, that I should rather die than have revealed. I will make it my business to place a wholesome check upon her career."

"So you are going to bring her here. I wish you would n't; I have had trouble enough with you and the children. I wish I never had come here. I have had too much to bear in taking part with you. Do get her a home in some other quarter."

"I have *said* she shall reside beneath this roof, and my purpose is unalterable."

Had the woman been really repentant for the part she had acted, she would have refused to lend her brother further aid in persecuting his wife; but the remaining scenes will show that revenge and malice, long cherished, had hardened her heart, and though a mother herself, she was callous to a mother's feelings.

In a few days a room was vacated for Mrs. Tyrrell, and her husband started for the purpose of bringing her to his home.

But reader, as we are not dependent upon carriages or cars for a conveyance, let us precede him and gaze upon the scene now passing in Warner's cottage. Old Mrs. Dana is lying upon the couch of death; Mira is bending gently over her, wiping the fearful dew from her wrinkled brow; her aged father is seated by an open window watching the setting sun, thinking how soon his life's sun will sink behind earth's horizon; that ere morning, with its golden dawn rests upon yonder "heaven-kissing hill," that the loved companion of his youth—the mother of his children, will be speeding onward alone, in the shadowy path that leads to the bright spirit's home. Clara may be seen frequently passing in and out of the hushed room, speaking very blandly to Mira now, while Warner's brow is heavy with the clouds of anger and revenge, and when his sister's low loving tones fall upon his ear, he starts as if stung by some unspoken maddening remembrance.

Mira's heart craved the mournful privilege of receiving

her mother's last sigh—listening to her parting spirit's last adieu; but those angry glances from a brother's eye—those heartless, cruel words falling from a sister's lips, drove her in frenzy from the sublime contemplation of that loving soul longing to be clothed with the robes of immortality. So, hurriedly pressing that cheek, so soon to be cold in death, and taking one fond look, she departed with the intention of going immediately to Boston where business with the publisher awaited her.

On arriving at the depot, a sickening death-like feeling stole over her—her brain seemed scorched and burning. Not daring to proceed, she repaired with her baggage to the house of a friend in a neighboring town, and requested permission to remain until able to prosecute her journey. She was welcomed with kindness and found rest for her weary head in that home of peace.

That night, at the solemn hour of midnight, the gentle spirit of old Mrs. Dana was released. She fell asleep in death, with the name of her suffering child, Mira, upon her lips.

But let us return to Mr. Tyrrell, whom we left plodding on in search of his wife. He arrived at Warner Dana's home just after Mira's departure, and upon learning that she was going to Boston and had left word for him to forward his wishes and commands, in reference to her, to her boarding-place in that city, he was almost beside himself with rage. But upon making more particular enquiries

he obtained the information of Mira's detention — a description of her baggage; &c., which quickly changed his anger into delight.

"I shall triumph over her now," he exclaimed. "Victory awaits me. I'll show that woman that though the 'church can incorporate two in one,' that the husband is her lord and master still, and her rights and wishes must yield to his. Woman's rights indeed! what are they? To bake a johnny cake and nurse a baby!"

Flying to Renown — his refuge in trouble — he got a writ of replevin for the purpose of obtaining the trunks containing his wife's wearing apparel which she had taken away. Leaving Renown with the assurance that "all was right," in company with Deputy Shunem, who was authorized to take the specified property wherever found, he proceeded to the home of Mira's friend.

Herbert Tyrrell was so wonderfully elated at the thought of outwitting a *woman*, that he scarcely knew what he was saying or doing, though a slight damper was cast upon him by a piece of information related to him by Deputy Shunem, namely: that the California widow who had so largely shared his sympathy and purse, in days that were past, turned out to be no other than the veritable Mrs. Patterson who figured so conspicuously as one of the Nunnery Committee not long since.

On reaching the place, Deputy Shunem walked boldly into the house, took out his documents, greatly to the surprise of the good lady, informing her that he was author-

ized to seize two trunks and a bundle — property belonging to Herbert Tyrrell, unlawfully detained by her.

Mrs. Tyrrell came forward, comprehending the whole at a glance, and informed the gentlemanly deputy that she was the sole offender, if wrong had been done. "I came," said she, "to my friend's house without her previous knowledge, soliciting the privilege of spending the night in her home, bringing my wearing apparel with me, supposing they were mine. But, sir, if these articles belong to my husband I am willing to give them up, even to the last garment; but let not my friend suffer for my error."

The trunks were lawfully seized by the deputy, but the bundle could not be found. Tyrrell remained waiting in the yard — having been informed that he could not enter the house — and received the baggage with looks of triumph, but his countenance fell upon discovering the surprising lightness of the weight.

"I expected that these trunks contained many valuable things; but they appear very light," he remarked to the deputy.

"You will not find much in them," was the reply, "as the whole contents have been appraised at twenty dollars."

"I'll bet she has taken out more than half the things," said Tyrrell in a doleful tone. "It would be just like her: she is an artful creature, Mr. Shunem."

"So I should think," he replied, with a twinkling of his eyes peculiar to the knowing ones.

Previous to going after his wife's clothes, to make all things secure, Tyrrell had cried her down in the "Spy," and stated also that he had provided a suitable home for her with everything necessary to her comfort.

"I don't think that she'll trouble me any more after seeing the notice in the 'Spy,'" said Tyrrell; "but you must tell her that I have secured a home for her with my sister on Southbridge street, and she must come to it or shirk for herself hereafter, as I have often told her."

Shunem delivered the message, and Mrs. Tyrrell enquired how she was to go — at present with him, or at some other time in the stage. "If the latter, I must have the means to pay my fare."

The honorable deputy stepped back and consulted Tyrrell, then returned, bringing just the change to pay her passage, adding, "your husband says you may come at any time when it suits your convenience best."

As they started to leave with their booty, a "ghost of a grin" flitted over Tyrrell's face, as he caught sight of his wife at the window. She could not resist the fun-loving wish to ask him what he intended to do with her clothes — make a present of them to his sister, or send them to Mrs. Patterson, in care of Joseph Hiss, Esq.?

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE CONSPIRACY.

"I see a man's life is a tedious one."

SHAKESPEARE.

In order to ascertain what Tyrrell did intend to do with his wife's clothes, we must follow him. On his arrival at Worcester, he drove to the shop where he worked, called a witness and commenced an examination of the coveted baggage. Every article save a single change of wearing apparel was carefully selected, and delivered to his sister, who remarked with a triumphant air, as she placed them within her own apartment, and locked the door,

"Your fine lady-wife will have good luck to obtain her treasures as long as I have the keeping of the key."

While scrutinizing closely the contents of a small box of roots and herbs, Tyrrell suddenly clutched something which made his cold eye glitter with eagerness.

"Look here sister," said he, holding it up, "I've got something now that will *tell*. This must be poison, and she undoubtedly meant to poison us all. It *must be* some poisonous drug — but of what nature I can't tell," he continued, musingly turning it over in his hand.

"Let me tell you, brother," suddenly exclaimed his sister, "jest you take that up to Mr. Brush's, the 'pothecary man, and see what he says it is; and if it is pizen, we shall have something to help ourselves, if all other plans fail."

"Our plans cannot fail—we have them too well matured. She little dreams how we will entrap her," replied Tyrrell with a malicious laugh. "If we can only get her into the county-house, there will be an end to her book enterprise; but *then*, if it should be published nobody will believe a *word* there is in it. I'll get her in there yet; trust me for that," said Tyrrell, as he strode off to see if the mysterious article was poison.

"I came in to see if you can tell me what this is," and he handed a small parcel to the apothecary.

"That," said the worthy man addressed, "is what is called *nux-vomica*—ox vomit, or dog poison, whichever you please to call it."

The consummate deceiver seemed to be overwhelmed with astonishment; but at last replied—"Well, I might have expected as much. My wife has often threatened to take my life, and this will prove her base intention, will it not?"

"No," said Mr. Brush, "I should hardly think that would be sufficient proof; yet I do not see what a woman could want of such an article."

"Nor I either. What else could she want of poison,

but to take my life, I should like to know?" asked he with the air of a man who is sure of his case.

Thinking man or woman, who reads this work, believe *you* that Herbert Tyrrell was ignorant of the name of this article, or for what purpose it was obtained? Ah! no! he well knew that it was purchased two years before to destroy the dogs who seriously annoyed him and his family. The marks even of his knife, made by his own hand, were upon it. He could not have forgotten it; but he had determined in his wicked heart to resort to any measures which would advance his scheme of persecution and defamation of her whom he had vowed in his heart to destroy. 'Tis truly said, that "drowning men will catch at straws." Had Herbert Tyrrell been in possession of any *good* evidence, he would never have resorted to this mean artifice. Oh man! to what depths of degradation must thou have fallen, to employ so cowardly a measure to persecute a poor defenceless woman, and that woman *your wife—the mother of your children!*

Tyrrell returned to his sister; and the two conspirators held a long conference.

"If she comes here, and don't find Minnie, and nobody will tell her where she is, she'll rave like mad," said Tyrrell after a few minutes silence. "Then when she finds that you have locked every door in the house against her, and she can't get her best clothes, wont she flare up?"

"Yes," replied the amiable sister, "we shall see some

rare sport, especially when she sees me using her things, and managing her children, while she is not permitted to interfere. Oh! how it will torment her," and a fiend-like smile lighted up a face of repulsive ugliness.

"Never fear but we'll come off with flying colors," exclaimed Tyrrell. "Lattin's folks have agreed to enter the complaint if there is a row; so no one can lay it to us." And they both broke out in a boisterous fit of laughter, as they looked forward to the anticipated triumph of guilt over innocence — vice over virtue.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## THE STRATAGEM.

"O thou eternal Mover of the heaven,  
Look with gentle eye upon this wretch!  
O, beat away the burning, meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege unto this wretches soul,  
And from his bosom purge this black revenge!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Oh hope! forsake not this child of trial —  
Lend anew thy magic power,  
And save her from this monster's grasp!

But let us return to our heroine — the innocent and unconscious victim of these dark plots — these villainous schemes.

After arranging her business matters in Boston, she returned to Worcester; but as it was late, she remained at the house of a friend, until morning, when she dressed herself and went forth to meet her fate. It was a glorious Sabbath day — the congregation of worshippers had entered their respective churches — the solemn bells had ceased to vibrate upon the ear: here and there a stray lamb from some flock might have been seen strolling leis-



urely down the rail-track, or on the banks of the old canal. All was still, dreamy and listless, save a few merry birds that twittered in the branches of the shade trees, and the busy bees that sent up a musical hum from the sweet flowers that adorned the wayside.

Little Herbert Tyrrell was playing ball in the back yard, while his sister Flora was leaning out at a front window, as the sad mother drew near the scene of her trials. She paused and gazed fondly upon the little one looking so quiet and thoughtful for one of her tender years. Listening, she caught the soft childish accents, as the sweet one "talked to herself," all unconscious that the heart that loved her best was beating close by her side. "There, I guess they've all gone in now; I wish I could go, and have a pretty pink bonnet and white frock like Jeannie Leighton. If mother was here I should. Oh yes, she'd let her little Flora have pretty things and be happy; but Flora don't know where mamma is, or Minnie either. I don't see what makes father so cross, and work so hard Sundays when every body else dresses up so fine and goes to meeting or somewhere."

Here her little chat was broken off suddenly by the clasping of two soft arms, and a shower of kisses upon lips and brow.

"Darling, sweet mamma," exclaimed the child as soon as she discovered who had drawn her from the window. "I'm so glad you've come. I did want you dear mamma,

but father said he didn't believe you'd come; and he said too, you'd be cross if you did, and nobody should tell you where Minnie had gone, and that would make you mad, and then they would put you in the county house." And bright tears came into the little prattler's eyes as she rattled on, proving the old adage true — "Little pitchers have large ears."

Mrs. Tyrrell was met at the door by her amiable sister-in-law looking pale as a withered poppy, while her grey eyes rolled most furiously in their sockets. After exchanging the usual salutations, the mother begged to see the rest of her precious children, and also her husband.

"Little Herbert will be in soon, and my brother is in the shop at work. He is not in the habit of working Sundays," added she, in a pious tone; "but he was obliged to do so to-day that the owners of the machine might not be obliged to lose time on a week day."

"But where is Minnie," pursued Mrs. Tyrrell eagerly, while she pressed Flora to her loving heart.

"Gone to visit a relative of ours," was the reply of the woman who often stood up among Christian people and boasted of the love of Christ in her soul.

Just at this moment as she lifted her eyes, she met the gaze of her darling boy whom she had not seen for many weary months. He was peeping through the half-open door as if afraid to approach. His beautiful locks were tangled and discolored with dirt — his clothes soiled and



torn; while those pretty features, little hands and feet, bore no trace of the pure white complexion with its ruddy glow, which once so delighted that fond, proud mother's eye. She flew to meet him, and folded him in her arms.

A coarse voice broke in upon the mother's pure joy — "I would not go near her. Your father says she is ugly, and so does my mother."

It was Billy Weed, the child of Tyrrell's sister. Herbert shrank from the heart that would have spilt its best blood for his safety and happiness.

Mrs. Tyrrell sank into a chair and wept bitterly, but silently. What a tide of thought and feeling swept over her soul. She had listened with a beating heart to the artless prattle of her pet Flora — stood in the presence of her bitterest enemy, exchanging words of courtesy — taken her beloved boy to her breast; and now to have him driven from her by words of scandal and bitterness. "Oh God!" she cried, "what more am I called upon to suffer."

Ere she recovered from the shock given her most sensitive feelings, her husband entered, all unprepared for the meeting; but —

"They met. She sprang to his embrace,  
Her heart sought out a resting place;  
Her love, her grief, her truth forget,  
His heart was hard, he loved her not!"

On beholding her husband, affection in Mrs. Tyrrell's heart triumphed over all else — she only remembered

that he was the father of her children — the partner of her life — she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him fondly, exclaiming, "How long, dear husband, have we been estranged — let us forget the wrongs of the past, and for the sake of these precious children let us live henceforth in peace — let us forgive each other truly, and we may yet be happy."

The sister stood by gazing in silence upon the scene before her. She was awed for a moment by the beauty of that love which could survive through years of neglect, and even abuse. She trembled less the sway she had so long held over her brother was receding from her grasp, it was but a moment, and the wily woman recovered herself and arrayed her face in a hypocritical smile, "I do hope, dear brother and sister, that your troubles are over; I will do all in my power to make you both happy again."

"Leave us to ourselves madam, if you please, and we will arrange our own affairs," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell in an indignant tone, for she could not but feel that the woman before her had built up an almost insurmountable barrier between her and her lawful husband.

With a burning face and curses in her heart, she left the long separated couple to themselves.

Tyrrell struggled till he forced himself from his wife's embrace, then pushed her rudely from him saying,

"I don't want any of your kisses — if you are only humble and repentant for the past, I am heartily glad of

it. I have provided you with a good *respectable home*, and if you behave well you can stay, if otherwise, we have got everything arranged so that we can rid ourselves of your presence. Ah, you little dream of the extent of our plans, I tell you we've got you now."

Mrs. Tyrrell smiled, she could not help it. He saw the smile and continued,

"You needn't laugh and think to triumph over us here, for I tell you *you've got to be humbled*."

"My husband," said the afflicted woman in a low gentle tone, "I did not come here to triumph, I came because you commanded me; I never should have entered a house which contained such wretches, as I have reason to believe this does, of my own accord, but as I was forced here, and am your lawful wife, I shall obey you humbly."

Tyrrell ground his teeth with rage, he could not find words to express his indignation — his face grew pale, and his eyes darted fire. With perfect coolness his wife enquired after her child Minnie, taking no notice of the tornado which seemed about bursting above her head.

"She is safe," he replied in a suppressed tone, "but it's no concern of your's *where* she is, and now I will tell you one thing more. You are not to interfere with Herbert or Flora, I have provided a woman to do all that is necessary for them, and don't you meddle or make any fuss with them."

"It is very kind of you, Herbert, to have me so free

from care, there are but few husbands who are able to be so kind to their wives," said Mrs. Tyrrell sarcastically, "but remember I shall do just as you bid me, obey you to the letter."

"Then go to your room," thundered he in a towering passion, "I have heard enough of you for once," and handing her the key he pointed out the way.

"You, of course, are going to occupy it with me," remarked the lady in an arch tone, smiling very blandly.

"No madam, I am not, I should be afraid you would kill me; how do I know but you have a dagger concealed in your clothes to take my life; I have the proof in my possession that you mean to destroy us — but remember we are prepared for you," and the deluded man descended to the kitchen to talk over the meeting with his accomplice, and devise some new means to "bend that woman's unconquerable pride and make her humble to them," for in spite of all the words of obedience, and acts of compliance, he could not fail to see and feel the fearless spirit which looked out from those eyes, bidding him defiance, and laughing to scorn his low born projects.

Herbert Tyrrell with all your base plots, combined with the intrigues of that wicked woman — with all your cunning you will fail to accomplish your grand object. There is but one way that you can humble the proud spirit of her whom you persecute, it is an easy way, treat her as a husband should treat a wife — leave that temptress, your sister

— in short deport yourself as a man of humanity, who has a heart to feel for other's woes, and you will have the love and obedience of a faithful wife. But go on in your course of cruelty and oppression — your insulting taunts — your baser lies, and you change the woman in heart to the fierceness of a lioness bereft of her young; Mira Tyrrell can die; but she cannot bow her free soul to the galling yoke of slavery.

In the meanly furnished apartment appropriated to her use, she was upon her knees before her Maker, praying that strength might be granted her to brave the storm which had gathered so darkly about her. Rising calm and collected she lifted her eyes to heaven exclaiming, "Thank Him! To-day is not always."

For nearly three weeks Mrs. Tyrrell remained in that home of bitterness and contention, suffering the most heartless insults without complaint — she knew that they intended to force her by their cruelty to leave her husband's protection and thus forfeit her maintenance, or drive her to madness and despair, so that they could set the police dogs on her track, but failing in all these *harsh* schemes they resolved to change their tactics, and "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

Tyrrell's amiable sister affected great politeness in her manners towards her — she told her that she pitied her from the bottom of her heart; would assist her in any way that lay in her power, even had the audacity to say that

she had borne no part in trying to injure her sister-in-law. "In fact," said the artful creature, "I have always blamed my brother for his severity towards you, and if he had heeded my advice he would have been much happier; and now do let me be of some slight service to you. God knows I wish you no harm."

She seemed so honest that Mrs. Tyrrell could not but believe her sincere, and replied, "Then use your influence in restoring my children to my lone heart."

"Well, I will," said the wicked woman, "on one condition; I have got a good run of clairvoyant business, and if you will come into partnership with me, and help me do the work you shall have your children again."

Her ugly countenance brightened with hope. She was quite sure that through that strongest instinct of a mother's nature, that she should bring her hated sister-in-law down to a level with her own degraded position. But in this, she was mistaken; Mrs. Tyrrell saw her art at once, and answered firmly, that nothing would induce her to enter into any connection, or even associate (were she not forced to) with one who had so wronged her, whose heart was so full of dark deceit.

She retired from the presence of one who had read her base soul to appear before her brother in sin, as well as by the ties of consanguinity, with the word FAIL written upon her countenance.

"Never mind sister, let me try my stratagem. We must bring her some way; she must not outwit us."

For a number of days following Tyrrell seemed like a different man; he answered his wife's remarks pleasantly; occasionally spent an hour in her room chatting socially and agreeably. Mrs. Tyrrell always received him kindly; she had strictly obeyed his wishes in regard to Minnie, Herbert and Flora, the two last, in spite of Billy Weed's representation, often stealing into their mother's quiet room, nestling by her side, and lifting their innocent faces for a tender kiss. One evening Tyrrell came to his wife's door soliciting an interview, it was granted, and he proceeded cautiously to unfold his hellish plot.

"I have come," said he, "to see if we cannot come to a reconciliation."

"I am perfectly reconciled my husband, and I see no reason why *you* should not be. You have got your will; you bade me come here and behave well, I have done so. You have taken from me my clothing and valuables, confining me in this miserable room, while every other door in the house is locked against me. You have put my own dear children into the hands of a woman, I believe capable of any wickedness. In short you have obliged me to live in the house with *her*, and if that is not enough to humble the pride of a woman nothing will."

"I believe you," replied Tyrrell, and what is worse than all, you *will* stay. "I did not think that you would come. I did not think that you *could* stay."

"I shall always stay with my husband and children

hereafter," she said in a cheerful tone, "unless prevented by others," and she looked him full in the eye.

"Well," said Tyrrell, after a few moments deliberation, "There is one thing certain, we can't keep you here, your presence is not agreeable — my sister can't bear to have you in her house — she took pity on you, and let you come because she knew you to be so mean a woman that no body would board you. But we cannot bear it any longer. I want to be free and so to do you. I have been advised by a friend (he was ashamed to father his own fiendish plan) to make you an offer."

"I am ready to hear it," replied his wife calmly, though her face was pale as death.

"There is a way that we may both regain our freedom," continued he, his eyes fixed upon the floor, he dared not face *her* with those foul words upon his lips. "If you will let me file in a bill of divorce before the grand jury, and will not appear against it, I can obtain it. I will give you a handsome sum of money, then you can go *when* and *where* you please."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet, or the earth yawned beneath her, Mrs. Tyrrell could not have been more astonished; but after a time she recovered her self-possession, and answered him while her eyes blazed with the indignation of insulted virtue.

"Herbert Tyrrell! you know me too well to believe that I would barter my reputation for gold, and let me now

assure you for the first and last time, that if you ever obtain a divorce from me it must be by lying and perverted witnesses, for I would brave all the ills of life, and fly to the embrace of death, ere I would part with my honor or good name."

Tyrrell hastily rose and left the room, covered with shame and disgrace—he could not remain in his pure wife's presence after making her so base a proposal.

The base conspirators against the peace of Mira were nearly discouraged—their plans thus far had failed, but one more grand scheme, the last, must be put into execution.

Tyrrell suffered a few days to pass ere he entered his wife's room, or even addressed her. In the meantime he seemed very low spirited and unhappy. At last, one night, when the evening hour came stealing on the world in its quiet beauty, he sought her in her loneliness—he approached her with tears in his eyes, his hand extended to clasp hers—Mira come sit by me and let us talk over and try to reconcile the unhappy past, I cannot endure this life any longer, I have suffered more than words can express. Oh, God, have I not suffered? And you, my wife, have been so unkindly treated, *can you—will you* forgive your repentant husband, and he leaned his head upon her breast and wept; it is a solemn thing to see tears coursing down the cheeks of a strong man, and Mira's heart grew tender as she gazed upon him.

"I shall never ill-treat you more Mira, and I have been wanting to tell you so before, but I could not, after all my cruelty, and then my sister would be so enraged, and she is so revengeful that I almost fear her. Oh, my wife, what shall I do."

"Come to your wife's true heart Herbert, and she will freely, gladly forgive you all the wrongs you have done—this hour of joy, if you are truly penitent and sincere, pays me for all I have suffered, but Oh, Herbert do not mock me, if you are playing a false part for God's dear sake abandon it—hold not this cup of happiness to my lips to be dashed in pieces before my despairing eyes!"

"I am honest and sincere as I live," exclaimed Tyrrell, "I want to get away from this hated place; to tell you the truth I have been trying to for some time, but things have not worked right. I meant to have taken the children and gone out on the Mississippi River and left you to get along the best way you could; but you have been so much trouble to me, and I had to pay Renown so much money to manage my case that I could not save enough to get away, but if you will go with me and help me as *you* only can, we'll go together far away from these scenes, and commence another and better life."

Though Mira's heart was so glad when she saw this picture spread out before her, she felt some wavering doubts of his truth and honesty of purpose. "Prove to me," said she, "that you are sincere, by restoring my chil-

dren to me, giving back my clothes and granting me liberty of speech and action."

"I will do it Mira, but everything must be kept from my sister, or she will ruin our hopes of happiness."

"Very well, I am willing to submit to your judgment, my husband, but tell me where my first born, my sweet Minnie is hidden from her fond mother's sight. Think you I have forgotten the dear child because I have not enquired after her."

"It will not do," replied Tyrrell, "for me to tell at present, on account of my sister's anger; but you shall see her soon—believe me Mira—that is, if you will help me."

"I will help you all I can," said Mira; "but you must not be surprised if I feel some doubts of you, for you well know that I have had reason to part with all my confidence in you. Now, to establish it again, I ask you to restore my children and send us to some place of respectability to stay until your business is arranged, and then I will go with you, and doubt you no more forever."

Some how this did not suit Tyrrell exactly. Many plans were proposed and rejected; but at last it was finally agreed upon that she should take the children and take care of them, by his paying her four dollars per week—promising everything should be right in the bright future opening before them.

Mira's kind sister Hattie came forward and offered them

a tenement with her, but cautioned the delighted mother against raising her expectation too high. "Remember, Mira, that your great love for your dear children veil's their father's black heart from your view."

"Forgive me Hattie, but I *cannot, will not* believe any wrong of my husband, which I do not see. I will believe him true until I prove him false."

Oh! joyous moment to poor Mira, when she took her little loved ones by the hand, and led them to their home. Yes, it was home—blessed home, though not an article of furniture had been provided by their father—not a dish or spoon, knife or fork—or one dollar advanced for their support. The overjoyed mother heeded not this neglect; she only knew that her children were restored to her faithful heart—that their little arms were around her neck—that their sweet voices were falling upon her ear.

It was a sudden waking up from a fearful dream, when the youngest darling asked, "Mamma, are we not going to have some supper?"

"Yes, certainly my dear," she replied; but, thought she, how is it to be obtained. I have nothing—my rooms are not even furnished.—my husband has not mentioned one word about the matter—his sister has all my house-keeping furniture—nothing to feed myself and children, and left alone! As these facts rolled over her mind, she sank into a chair, exclaiming, "I am betrayed. This is a scheme wrought out to get rid of us all. God have mercy on us now!"

Oh! cruel perfidious man! You have sent a wife into the cold world alone to be dependant upon the mercies of a community whom you have warned against trusting—whose character you have defamed at every corner of the street; and to crown the whole, have placed your children in her care, without any means to support. Oh tyrannical man! when will you take your lordly heel from the bleeding heart of wronged woman? Great God of Humanity! how long wilt thou suffer such deeds as these, and look calmly on?

Bitter were Mira's enemies; but tender, kind and merciful were her friends—for even *she* had friends, who believed her good and true, though so basely slandered and persecuted by her nearest connexions. They came to her side, offering their sympathy and assistance, but expressed their unwillingness that her treacherous husband should benefit by their generosity.

"If we provide for the children, it will relieve him from all farther trouble and expense, which we do not think would be right. He is able to maintain his family, and he should be compelled to do so. Therefore, we advise you to take your little ones and go back to him, *demanding* your rights. For *you*, Mira, we will do all in our power; but for that *villainous man*, he has 'sown to the wind, let him reap the whirlwind.'"

With a heart swelling with outraged affection and wounded pride, Mrs. Tyrrell nerved herself for another

trial—another interview with the man whose perfidy had pierced her very soul. Accompanied by her precious children, she moved reluctantly and painfully towards the hated place which she had so recently left attended by the bright angels of Hope and Love.

Her husband received her with a flashing eye and gloomy brow, loading her with every abusive epithet found within his low vocabulary—taunting her with having broken her agreement to take care of the little ones.

"Herbert," said Mrs. Tyrrell—and burning tears were forced from her eyes by thoughts of the cruel injustice with which she was treated—"tell me *how* I am to perform my part of the agreement without you do yours? Look about you, and behold all my household comforts bestowed upon your intriguing sister, and she is base enough to retain them, though she well knows that I and my poor babes are suffering for them; and then, Herbert, you know, and God above us witnessed the vow, that you promised to appropriate a certain sum of money for our support, which you have not done. You knew that I had no present means of supplying the wants of a family. Tell me now, *who* has broken the agreement, Herbert Tyrrell!" and the indignant *soul* leaped from the proud woman's breast to her eye, flashing lightning upon the craven wretch who had cheated her confiding nature with bright hopes of domestic peace, only to cast her down deeper in the gulf of despair. "*You* never intended to

keep that compact sealed by your lying lips. When you called upon God to witness your honesty and sincerity, you were but working out the wicked plot—born in your depraved soul—to get rid of your wife and children forever.”

Before this scathing speech was finished, Tyrrell rushed from the room.

The sister-in-law advanced in an angry manner, exclaiming—“Mrs. Tyrrell, you have got your young ones. You would not have got them if it had not been for me. And now, you ungrateful wretch, do you come back to make a fuss? Leave my house immediately, or a worse thing will befall you.”

“I shall not leave,” replied Mira, “until justice is done me and these helpless ones.”

“You will see it done sooner than you think for,” said the vindictive woman turning her lynx eyes toward Mrs. Lattin, whose husband had just left the room in obedience to a significant wink from the tiger-hearted sister-in-law.

In a few moments there entered the house a functionary employed by the city to keep the peace, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Jack——. I came very near adding the name of an animal with long ears, as the closing syllable of his euphonious name.

“What is the disturbance,” he asked in a loud authoritative tone.

Tyrrell’s sister took him hastily into another room,

therefore, gentle reader, we are not able to inform you what she said to him; but he soon returned and confronted Mrs. Tyrrell, who had gathered her little ones about her awaiting in silence the result of the affair.

She saw at a glance what a defenceless woman might expect from the hands of such a man arrayed in the garb of authority—insulting impudence, and mock derision. Therefore she met him with the biting sarcasm and lashing reproof which he so richly merited. Smarting with shame and anger, he soon retired from the “encounter of their wits,” exclaiming,

“I don’t wonder her husband is afraid of her. For my part I should not want to be left alone with her.”

Tyrrell now ventured to make his appearance; and such a tale as he unfolded to that worthy peace-keeper was enough to make just such animals bray.

“O Mr. Jackanapes, nobody ever had such a woman before; and if I could only get her into the hospital, or even the county jail, I should be glad. I would be willing to pay a liberal price for her board at either place.”

“Well, sir,” replied he, I pity you truly, but as there is no particular disturbance of the peace, I should not dare to take her now; but rest assured, sir, that I will see justice done you. Come to the police station to-night and we will settle the matter to your satisfaction.” Turning to Mrs. Tyrrell, he added, “you can come too; and if you can justify your outrageous conduct we shall be willing to hear



it. But remember, you must not come here again to trouble this kind sister of yours, who has done so much for you and taken such motherly care of your children, when you so heartlessly deserted them."

Scorning to reply to the base slander couched in his last words, Mrs. Tyrrell remarked in an indignant tone, "Do you think me fool enough to go to the police station with the expectation of obtaining justice from such as you, with no one to represent my case. I tell you I shall not go unless summoned legally; and then I shall have some one to plead my cause. But sir, what am I to do for a home and bread for myself and little ones?"

"O leave your children with your sister; she will take good care of them *you* know. And you — why — you can go to your own sisters — that is, if she will keep you any longer,"

"But," asked Mrs. Tyrrell, who will pay her? she will not trust my husband, and I *cannot* trespass upon her kindness and generosity farther."

"I will see the matter all straight. Go along without any fuss," hurriedly replied Jackanapes.

"O righteous Heaven! must I leave my children again in this cursed place," cried the injured mother, lifting her streaming eyes upward.

"Come, madam, let us have no scenes," exclaimed the inhuman monster, lifting his cane and advancing towards the weeping woman.

Mira looked imploringly from one face to another, but she saw no soft gleam of pity — no blessed beam of mercy to whisper "hope" to her fainting soul. Drawing her beloved children within her encircling arms, she imprinted a mother's fond kiss upon each pure young brow, and left the presence of her fierce tormentors.

"Man, vain man, dressed in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As makes the angels weep!"

"Bravo, sister!" exclaimed Tyrrell as soon as his wife's form disappeared from view; "things are coming to a crisis fast. We shall soon get *that* woman out of the way. The city authorities are on my side — the city marshal and Renown are great cronies, so he can be counted safe," and the plotters chuckled over their anticipated triumph.

Night, with its gathering gloom came on — the hour which was to decide Mira's fate was at hand. Tyrrell and his injured wife's representative stood before the administrators of law and justice. (?) The scene usually presented in a court room is worthy of a passing glance. Look at the motley group assembled there! The sly thief — the bold robber — the desperate gambler — the trembling debauchee! Look at their fixed eyes and straining ears awaiting the sentence which will incarcerate them within the walls of a prison, or send them forth to breathe again the free air of heaven!

Reader, this was not a court of common pleas, but the scene of a very uncommon plea. Here it, ye august judges; hear it just Heaven,—a husband pleading for a home for the wife of his bosom beneath the roof of a prison or mad-house, without bringing against her a single proof of sin or crime! Yes; a husband stood up unblushing and urged the necessity of immuring his wife within the walls of a lunatic asylum or county jail, expressing his willingness to pay her board in either place. But as no charge could be sustained against her, the crest-fallen accuser was advised to take his wife under his own keeping and provide a home for her. This he obstinately refused to do.

"Then," was the reply, "the law must take its course, and, as ministers of justice, we are bound to do our duty. We must therefore put you under bonds for her support. You will name some responsible person to sign an order to that effect."

Here was an unlooked for dilemma. What was to be done? Were all the plotter's grand schemes thus ingloriously to end? Ah no; it must not be. As soon as the astonished man regained his possession he asked eagerly,

"Look a-here, you are not agoing to let my wife have the children are you?"

"The children," was the brief reply, "*you*, as their father, have full control over them. The mother holds no right whatever, save what you in your wisdom see fit to grant."

"Then, thanks to our wholesome laws," exclaimed the savage husband, while a gleam of fiendish triumph swept over his repulsive countenance, "her rights will be *nowhere*, for these children are now the only scourges with which I can lash her. How can you keep her from interfering with me and them?"

"Well, sir, we will draw up a contract for both of you to sign; and you can tell her, that unless she signs her name she cannot recover her maintenance."

"Good," said Tyrrell; "let me dictate the obligation for her to sign. What am I to pay her per week?"

"You said that you would pay three dollars for her board in the city prison or lunatic asylum. I suppose that you will be willing to pay the same and let her provide a home for herself, in case she does not molest you?"

"O no! no!" screamed Tyrrell, "I am not able to pay so much; and indeed she ought to take care of herself. I have already paid out a great deal of money on her account. There's Renown, who has been drawing on me a long time for pay for helping me get rid of a troublesome woman; but O, I find it at last a total failure. I can't pay that sum no how."

The question was now debated whether a woman could live on two dollars per week, the conclusion of which was, the drawing up of the following document by the City Marshal, and presenting to Mrs. Tyrrell for her signature. We lay it before our readers *verbatim*, as so charming a

specimen of legal wit and scholastic taste is seldom found, even among those who hold the responsible position of city officers.

"I hereby agree, that in consideration of two dollars per week, paid me by my husband at the end of each quarter, that I will maintain and support myself, and will not in any way whatever interfere with him or his children or his affairs, reserving the right to visit the children without dictating about their management."

In order to do full justice to the worthy Marshal's abilities, we also give a true copy of the instrument given Tyrrell to sign.

"I hereby agree to pay, or cause to be paid to my wife at the end of each quarter—that is to say, September, December, March and June in each year—two dollars per week in consideration that she will provide for herself and keep away from meddling with my children and my affairs in any way whatever. And I further agree not to claim any of the earnings of my said wife, but she shall have all such money for her sole and private use; also, that I will not interfere with or molest her in any lawful enterprise."

When the contract was handed Mrs. Tyrrell, her eyes blazed with scorn and contempt—her breast heaved with contending emotions. In a low, but impressive tone, she asked, "Are ye men and offer this paper to a *mother* for her signature? Tell me, sirs, is this law—is this the boasted justice which you stand here to dispense—'not i

any way to interfere with his children; 'reserve the right to visit them, but not dictate about their management?' O Humanity! where is thy blush? Eternal Justice, where is thine avenging bolt? Tell me, in God's dear name, if this arrangement is made in accordance with the laws of my country?" and there was a voiceless but eloquent prayer speaking in every lineament of that bereaved mother's uplifted face. That prayer was unheard by man, but it pierced the ear of the God of the oppressed.

"Yes, madam, this is the law in Massachusetts. A father has full control over his children. He can put them where you can never see them again if he chooses—do with them whatever he pleases, if the public peace be not outraged. You are but a cipher. You can do nothing with your children if he forbids you."

Mrs. Tyrrell bowed her head upon her breast, exclaiming in the anguish of her soul, "Can it be, that a mother is debarred from protecting her innocent and helpless babes?"

Yes, Mira, it is even so; the slave mother at the South holds claims superior to yours—no humane master ever separates the infant from its mother's breast. We pity the mother held in the chains of slavery; but, Mira, you are even more to be pitied. Your bondage is ten thousand times more galling and oppressive; but alas! we cannot help you while the accursed law which gives to the father unconditionally the sole right to the offspring remains upon

our statute books. You must bow your head in silence and drink the bitter cup until these monsters in human form, who have hunted you like blood-hounds almost to your grave, are arrested by a higher law — summoned to appear before a tribunal where justice will be done to *all*. O land of liberty! a foul blot is upon thy fair escutcheon, forever to sully its purity until the God-given right is restored to mothers — the right to protect their offspring.

Mrs. Tyrrell signed the contract, but repudiated the idea of "reserving the right to see her children."

"Tell my husband," said she, "I'll never see them *so*. If I cannot see these dear ones as *mine* — if I must see them as *his* only — I can die, but never, no, *never*, look upon their loved faces thus trammelled."

But we must not neglect to describe Mr. Tyrrell's reception of the obligation presented him to sign. We flatter ourselves that there is something decidedly original in his course. He hesitated at first, but finally said that he would affix his name to the instrument on one condition. "My wife," said he, "has one good bed in her possession; if she will give me up that I'll sign it — if she don't I won't, and that is the end of it. Now, Mr. City Marshal, I call on you and your aid to go with me and get that bed, for I'm bound to have it. You said you'd see justice done me, and that bed you must get. If I have got to pay her two dollars per week, she shall find her own bed."

The trio started on their dastardly excursion. Mrs. Tyr-

rell had retired before their arrival; but they made known their errand to her brother-in-law, adding, that unless Mrs. Tyrrell surrendered the bed she would not receive one cent from her husband. She was therefore aroused from her weary slumbers, and duly informed of their wishes.

"This," said she, "is the only remaining one left of the goodly store of beds and bedding which I brought my husband. Is it *right*, gentlemen, for him to take this away?"

"We do not wish to be judges in the matter," replied the city worthy; "but we *do* want this business settled. By your relinquishing the bed, the matter will be at rest without any more trouble to us."

"Take it, then," exclaimed Mrs. Tyrrell, waving her hand with an air of ineffable scorn, "and leave me to my repose." And these three men — men, did I say? — brutes I should have said — took the last bed from under that poor defenceless woman and carried it through the streets of Worcester.

'Twas well the shades of black night hid the foul deed from the eyes of the community. Had the light of day shone upon them, the very boys would have hooted the perpetrators of so mean and cowardly an act. As dispensers of law and justice, did these men only do the duty incumbent on them, or was it a free act of their own? Surely, if their duty compels them to such acts, their laurels should be evergreen, to counteract the *blighting* shades they cast around them.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

"Time at last sets all things even."

BYRON.

With the Death-angel who came with the shadows of night to bear away the wearied soul of old Mrs. Dana, came also a dark spirit whose trailing garments enshrouded the house that echoed her last sigh with the gloom of the grave. It rested most heavily upon the fading life of the aged father of Mira. How drear and blank seemed the remainder of the earthly journey now that *she* was gone — *she* who had been his counsellor — his *all*, had fallen by the way, wearied with the toilsome march. Fifty years had they travelled side by side, but now he was alone! Alone he bore his sorrow — alone he wandered over the familiar walks of the old homestead, but it had lost its former power to charm, it was no longer his, nor in the possession of those who bore his name. He gazed with an absent eye upon the unfolding beauties of Summer, extending his walks through the neighboring streets, seldom exchanging a word with any one, unless it was to ask if any news had

been heard from Martin, or whither Mira had gone. Thus he silently passed the monotonous rounds of a hopeless, aimless existence, until the early Autumn winds whispered plaintively through the trees, and mingled the melody of their whisperings with the voiceless echos from the spirit-land, which cheered his drooping soul with dreams of heavenly peace.

Gradually his iron nature yielded to the destroyer's hand, and he fell prostrate upon his bed, never more to rise. Soon, very soon, came the Great Reaper, and the aged, weary man reposed beside the companion of his youth.

No jealous or unkind eye can reach them now, they will no more hear that, "sacrifices are made for them," but they sleep on, undisturbed by the tumult above them. Thank heaven! they have reached the long wished for home where the sorrows of this life can never more disturb their slumber.

With sadness we turn from "the chamber where the good man meets his fate" and enter the presence of Warner Dana, who is at last overtaken by disease and prostrated upon his bed. No signs of repentance are visible in his face — no words of contrition on his lips — yet he has had ample time given him by the Great Dispenser of mercies to reflect upon his past life, and recall the haunting images of those whom he has so bitterly wronged. At the time of his father's death his reason was dethroned, for long

weeks he lay helpless as a child; but at length the restoring angel came and bade health course through his veins, and reason resume its sway; his race was not yet run — more work for him to do, and perchance *some* trials for *him* to bear — who may tell?

One overwhelming blow was just at hand, to try severely his unbending nature. He was the father of one remaining child, an only son; in him his brightest hopes were centered, his fondest dreams embodied; but alas! the withering blight of disease fell upon him, paling his rosy cheek and lip, and sending its poison darts through his tender frame. Had the merciful Azrael folded the little one in his chill embrace, it had been well, but he still lives, bowed like a tender flower before the blasting winds of winter.

Through the long days and nights of sickness and sorrow, all blessings were not withheld. Like good Samaritans the neighbors came forward, and ministered unto them. They harvested their crops, supplied their many wants, watching over them night and day until their restoration to health.

How soon is man, proud man, brought to a realizing sense of his own weakness, when the strong grasp of disease is laid upon his frame. Warner Dana felt his helplessness, but did his heart swell with gratitude for the untiring attentions bestowed so freely by his kind neighbors. Did he remember with sorrow the cold disdain with which he formerly looked upon the inhabitants of that little

neighborhood, often repeating "that he had as lief associate with a parcel of owls," and necessity alone compelled him to remain among them; and that just as quick as the old folks were out of the way, they would see his heels. Did he feel that he had misjudged them, and did he atone for the errors and wrongs of the past? Alas, we do not know but this is true, that he soon made his words good. In less than three months from the death of his father, Warner Dana sold every vestige of his parent's inheritance, and placing the proceeds in his own pocket, he left the place of his nativity, without making any division with his brother or sisters, of the money belonging to their common parents, and to which they all had an equal right, but which came into the possession of Warner through his artfully contrived scheme.

He has left the impression that he has admirably succeeded — that a goodly sum has fallen into his hands — that his pockets are well filled from his shrewd managing. Be it so. Can he go forth rich in the belief that he has been a faithful steward in his father's vineyard, rendering to each one his just due? Can he go forth with a clear conscience, with that dark memory clouding his soul that he has branded a sister's name with the blackest crime which can stain the purity of womanhood? The first sacrifice of that sister's happiness was made to relieve *him* from pecuniary embarrassment — can he forget *that*? will it not sometime come back to reproach him? Will not the still small voice of the inner man sometime whisper upbraid-

ings — though the deserts of Arabia should separate him from these scenes — which are never felt by those who fear God and keep his commandments?

To place the cap-stone upon the monument of his ingratitude, we must add that he left the grave of his parents unhonored by a single stick or stone to mark the spot where reposes in the dreamless sleep the two beings who loved him the earliest and latest — a father and mother.

In taking my leave of him, I would crave one favor — should these lines ever come before his eyes, I would ask him if he would have submitted to such a course without complaint from either of his sisters or brother. Should he blame the writer for bringing his deeds to light, she begs leave to say, that she has “nothing extenuated, or set down aught in malice,” but has given a truthful and correct history of the matter, as far as she was capable of doing after collecting the facts which passed under her own observation, together with those furnished by others who are ready to vouch for their truth.

Poor Clara! Ere we bid thee adieu, we must call to mind thy long sufferings, and fortitude through the trying scenes thou hast passed. May the humiliating path which thy feet hath trod, lead thee to the calm waters of peace, and may that love which casteth out all ungodliness and speaketh no evil, spring up in thy heart. With thy blighted hopes we leave thee, beneath a parents’ roof, and may the parental affection and sympathy which poor Mira craved from *her* dying parents, be not denied unto thee!

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

“The spirit long inured to pain,  
May smile at grief in calm disdain;  
Survive its darkest hours, and rise  
In more majestic energies.”

MRS. HEMANS.

“And so Mrs. Tyrrell is around selling books, is she?” asked one of the gossips of L——.

“I hear so,” replied her companion, who had just dropped in to talk over the news. “I am told she is going around telling all sorts of stories. Warner and his wife say she has lowered herself to the very depths of degradation by writing that book. What do *you* think about it?”

“I should not think it possible for her to lower herself, if the stories they both tell about her are true; do you believe she is what they have represented her?”

“I hardly know what to believe. Warner talks like a saint; his tongue is as smooth as oil; his wife appears like the pattern of perfection. Mrs. Tyrrell is a peculiar woman. I don’t know what she wouldn’t do.”

“I have been acquainted with her from her youth,” replied her companion. “I acknowledge she has some peculiar traits of character, but I never knew her guilty of any real wrong. Perhaps the stinging sarcasm of which she

is not over-sparing, to those who have have had the temerity to call it forth, may be deserving of some gentle censure, but I do not believe her guilty of crime."

"Crime," repeated her companion, "I should like to know if it is not crime for her to desert her children?"

"That she has not done; let me tell you her story. I'll be brief, then I'll ask you if justice has been done her by all those scandalous reports. When Mrs. Tyrrell's mother was taken sick, she with the consent and approval of her husband, took her little ones and came home; faithfully she toiled for them all, and though a canker was eating out her hearts' core, she was silent, none but her mother knew her grief.

In order that her parents, who grew more infirm, might not be disturbed by the prattle of her children, she placed them in the care of others, but ever watched over them, dividing her duty between her parents and them. She bore this sacrifice of her children, till she could bear it no longer, and sent for her brother, whose duty it was to take charge of her parents. She then requested her husband to provide a home for herself and little ones, that she might fold them again under her own wing. He refused to comply, unless she submitted the control of the household to his sister, who we all know has been a disreputable person. What decent woman would have submitted to such treatment? Well, she has been driven from one extremity to another, and now her husband has prohibited her from taking care of those children, or even seeing

them, only on prescribed terms; he refuses her a home with him, but thank Heaven! the law has compelled him to provide her a maintenance."

"Well, I think she ought to look after her children. I would not suffer mine to be torn away from me so, and look coolly on — I should die!"

"Mrs. Tyrrell has not looked coolly on; she has done all a mother could do to save her little ones, but what can a mother do as long as we have such laws? She might as well breast the ocean wave with a feather to steer her bark, as to struggle for them against the father's wishes. The tigress and bear instinctively fight for their young and man admires her courage; his heart is touched with the tender emotions that prompt the wild beasts to protect, their young; but let a human mother but lift her voice or pen in their defence, and she calls down an avalanche of vindictive judgments against her. See the odium, the scandal, the disgrace, that has been heaped upon her, and all for what? Tell me her crime!"

"Can you tell me what has become of her children?"

"All that I can tell you is this; and it is all the poor mother knows concerning them:—After she obtained a separate maintenance from her husband, he placed Minnie out to service. They say she is illy cared for. Little Flora he sent to live with a relative of his. How the child fares I know not; but I know the man to be an inebriate. He abuses his own family shockingly. He has dragged his wife about by the hair of her head, and committed all sorts of outrages upon his family. If the child



remains, she of course must witness the scenes. Little Herbert he keeps with him. Poor child, he looks neglected. His father keeps him sifting coal-ashes till he looks like a little sweep. What a dreadful thing it is to rob those children of a home and a mother; SOMEBODY has got a fearful account to render!"

"I think so," said the listener; "but I should visit them if they were my children."

"Mrs. Tyrrell will never visit those children, dearly as she loves them, till she is free to exercise a mother's control. She will not submit to the mockery of seeing them on proscribed terms.

"Well, do tell what has got Tyrrell and his sister."

"Tyrrell's sister shines! I learn that Mr. S—— furnished rooms for her in his own house, and she has set up the profession of clairvoyant doctor. Those who employ her little know her; but her mask must fall sometime. She is up to all sorts of devices, so I am told. They say she is a good methodist when with them—a spiritualist, when with them; and when with opposers, 'she don't believe anything in the humbug.' But she wears a Christian garb, and that hideth a multitude of sins. As for Tyrrell, he is thought just as much of by his shopmates as ever; for he never had any associates. Draw your chair closer, for I must speak of my own sex now, and I blush for the truth of what I utter. There are females and mothers who seek his companionship—who smile on him and are pleased with the favors he bestows upon them. They take his part without looking upon both sides; they

denounce her whom they have perhaps never seen; they stand ready to cast stones at her, and shield him, though the stroke rebound upon their own heads. But 'tell it not in Gath.' To the everlasting shame and disgrace of my sex, be it spoken, that they justify in man what they denounce and condemn in woman!"

How does Mrs. Tyrrell survive under all these trials? is she as proud and unyielding as ever?

Gentle reader, as we are about to part with you, we will not trust to gossip, or the tongue of slander, or those who would mitigate or favor her course; but we will state the simple facts in relation to her position. Mira Tyrrell has been driven out into the world—branded by a brother's hand—an alien from home and children, banished by the very being who should have shielded her from harm and protected her from the storms of life. With her hopes crushed—her name blighted, and robbed of all that she holds dear, she wanders through the cold unfeeling world alone. If she is so fortunate as to make friends, she must break through the walls of prejudice which are built up around all women who do not live with their husbands. The lone wanderer has been so blest as to make friends who will not forsake her in her desolation; but their kindness cannot obliterate from her heart the memory that she was once a *wife* and *mother*. She has locked her love for her little ones in her heart. Should the Great Dispenser of events restore them to her again, she will permit the gentle current of a mother's love to flow again and beautify her life and theirs. Hers is no cringing soul to bow

and supplicate at the hand of him who has wrested from her sad heart the sweetest and holiest joys of life; but in meek humility she bows in reverence to "Him who doeth all things well." Shut out from the blessed privilege of bestowing her love and care upon those precious ones, given to her by God and the harmonious laws of nature, but torn from her by a cruel husband, and the merciless laws of man, her loving heart goes forth in deep sympathy for the many heart-broken mothers who are suffering. She feels that for herself, "the balm to heal" will come too late; but in the greatness of her soul she would fain sacrifice the remainder of her life to save others from a fate so terrible,—she would devote her time and talents to hasten the progress of woman's redemption from laws which crush out their life-blood, and render her remaining days but a blank—a barren wilderness.

The hope of doing good and discharging the duties of life as a denizen of the world, as far as she is permitted, buoys up her soul above her trials, insult, scandal malice and temptation which keep even pace with her track. She values the gold she receives for her labor only so far as it provides her the actual necessities of life, and enables her to relieve the sufferings of others. She feels that this earth is not her home; and with an eye of faith she is hastening onward to a more congenial clime, hoping and trusting to be united in bonds of never-ending harmony to her loved ones in that blissful land, where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."