

WELL! WELL!

A TALE,

Founded on fact.

BY

M. A. WALLACE.

"The voices of my home!—I hear them still,
They have been with me thro' the dreamy night,
The blessed household voices—wont to fill
My heart's clear depths with unalloyed delight.
I hear them still unchanged: tho' some from earth
Are music-parted, while the tones of mirth,
—Wild, silvery tones that rang thro' days more bright—
Have died in others,—yet to me they come
Singing of childhood back—the voices of my home!"

HEMANS.

NEW YORK:

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 81 BARCLAY STREET.

BOSTON: 128 FEDERAL STREET.

MONTREAL, C. E.: COR. OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER AND NOTRE DAME STREETS.

1863.

Am. LL

PS3139

W2W3

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,
By M. A. WALLACE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New-York.

DEDICATION

THIS TALE

IS

Most Respectfully Inscribed

TO

J. V. HUNTINGTON, ESQ. M.D.

BY

HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.

B29716

INTRODUCTION.

IN the following story the author charges certain individuals of a certain land, with things which their countrymen will probably consider as harsh, if not wholly untrue. The matters treated by him will, perhaps, appear to those no less than impossible, because these matters are such as few, except those of his own profession, have a possibility of knowing. But, as intimated on the title page, he distinctly declares that he has written nothing which is not strictly in accordance with facts. To those who move in the same sphere with himself he can confidently appeal for the truth of this assertion.

What he has written, however, he applies solely to New England, in which the scenes are principally laid. Of the Southern or of the Middle States, he has nothing to say whatever.

It may be that, among even that particular class of the North, whom he here represents, there are some who are blessed with dispositions kindlier than those of their neighbors. As far, however, as he remembers, he never heard of any. Whether or not, "one swallow makes no summer." If any such exist, they are only exceptions. The rule is that those individuals are just as he has painted them. This cannot be gainsayed.

But those just spoken of, happen to be natives of this country.

The author hopes that no American will, on this account, accuse him of bad intentions. He disclaims all thought of contrasting nation with nation, or of making one better than another. If he were so inclined, he could not select a worse time than the present. His actors are for the most part American and Irish. Yet, if one appear better than another, that one, it will be seen, is indebted for his goodness, not to his birth-place, but to something very different. He does not believe that mere country, as such, is productive either of virtue or of vice. Whatever, therefore, he says of those persons alluded to above, he cannot, and must not be supposed to attribute it to the fact of their being Americans, but to the fact of their being what it is unnecessary just now to state.

Though born himself in America, and though never yet having caught even one glimpse of Erin's "sainted sod," he has, nevertheless, considerable of the Celt about him, in temper, thought, and accent. On this account, he would, if he tried, find it hard to stand up boldly upon his own wild shore, and fearlessly ask, "Why should he trouble himself with giving such explanations as none but a stranger might be expected to offer?" Difficult as it is, however, he must do so; and now in addition he says: Let no one accuse him of making in his pages an unnatural onslaught upon those who, like himself, first saw the light in the self-same land. This is not his aim. No; his aim is, not to show that Irishmen are superior to Americans, but that Catholicity is superior, vastly superior to Protestantism.

"But what good," it may be asked, "does the writer hope to accomplish?" Here it is: To show, in the first place, to those for whom the tale is chiefly intended, what a high, young heart can do; and in the second place, to hold up before them a heroine, whose example they in their struggles may imitate, with profit to themselves both here and hereafter.

"But, master author," some one may remark, "you would, by the tone of your book, convince those upon the other side of the water, that America is a horrible place, a place which cannot produce a good Catholic, a thorough Protestant land."

Not *altogether* so, replies the writer: many a good Catholic America rears; she has, for instance, native Priests and Bishops; she has her celebrated Reviewer, whose fame is as wide as the world; she has her Chief Justice, no less a Christian than a scholar; she has—but enough. What, after all, are all these? As was said above, they are only exceptions, few, too, very few. The rule emphatically is, that America is Protestant; there is no denying this fact. To represent, therefore, even by some charming character, Catholicity in America, would not give America a title to which she has no claim. The writer, accordingly, has in his work portrayed no American Catholic, but spoken of America* as she undeniably is, a Protestant country in the fullest sense of that bigoted word.

In conclusion, all that remains to be said, is, that, if the reader, as he peruses certain things perpetrated here, have not reason frequently to exclaim, "Well! Well!" then indeed the author will be obliged to confess, that he has given to his story a very inappropriate name.

New York, 1855.

* By America is here meant only that portion of America which comprises the United States.—AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE attention given to this little work by certain critics, greatly exceeds the importance which had been attached to it by the author. They seem to have expected a *perfect* work—he had not, and he shall never have the presumption to think that he could present the public with anything but an imperfect one. Masterpieces are rarely to be found in our times. His desire was, to aid that impulse which he considered necessary to form a Catholic *American* literature; for he considered that an author should be *most* interested in the literary honor of the country which he claims to be his own. But, his notions of Catholic American literature, by no means comprehend the delusion, by which others are led to believe, that in a Catholic American Novel everything should be American. The stock would soon be exhausted, or be, at the least, weakened by continual reproduction. The contrast of characters

and countries does no harm whatsoever, to the interest we take in productions of this kind. For example; but for Jemmy's drollery, such a character as Bell would soon tire.

As far as *Catholic* literature is concerned, the author does not believe, that in works of fiction every hero should be a Catholic; because in that case, we would have no point of comparison—a most essential thing in the construction of a good novel; moreover, Catholic *Americans* are not sufficiently numerous, to afford subjects for the scope of the novelist's imagination. To create and preserve a literature with such restrictions, would therefore be, to exclude the assistance calculated to render it interesting; it would indeed be a most monotonous literature. Again, if we are to make a choice, the faults of our country should be portrayed more strongly than its virtues; provided that these do not suffer in the event. Virtue is always right and capable of taking care of itself. In illustration of this fact, the author believes that no harm whatever would have been done either to *Irish* literature or to the *Irish* character, if the faults of the one and the other had been brought to light more strongly than their perfections. This will account for one thing, which may have given offence to the critics. If Harriet Houston be not a true character for New England protestant ladies in general, the most that such ladies who read *Well! Well!* can say, is, that it either applies to them or it does not.

The author, although not born in the United States, is a Catholic American—an American such as George Washington was. He claims to have given his mite to Catholic American literature; if

it be not accepted as such, by the *standard* judges, they can go further and fare better.

Among the requisites for the success of a purely Catholic American literature, the dictators in the matter, have forgotten one—Omnipotent Puffing! A book of doggrel with a press to its back, can scarcely fail; especially if the press is to be fed with the profits of the book. This is altogether natural. The good father is always anxious that the child of his heart, should return him love for love. To him the child is indebted for its existence; the latter may be wanting in respect, but it is altogether unnatural that it should be wanting in gratitude. The world may excuse the *respectable* son for shunning the "*old man*;" but it can never excuse him for allowing the "*old man*" to starve. Money is just as necessary to keep the newspapers in circulation, as it is to form and sustain a Catholic American literature. Money is as necessary also for the author;—he must purchase pens, ink and paper. The newspaper must be sustained as well as the author; but it is strange that the men who are the loudest in their cries for *help help*, are generally the most inveterate opponents of anything coming from that press which asks but a fair judgment, and is contented with contributing to Catholic American literature, without demanding in return, anything more than the price of a pen!

It may be asked of the author; what service is your little book destined to render?—*cui bono*? he replies to himself? None. To others? a correct answer may be obtained from the numbers who have read and admired it. Majorities are judges sometimes, particularly in republics. In the formation of a National literature,

extremes should always be avoided. "Well! Well!" is no extremist. It does not aim at making the Celt superior to the Saxon, or the Saxon superior to the Celt. It was brought forth in America,—its author is not an "Irish priest," * its object is to show that even in the New England States, "Catholicity is superior, vastly superior to Protestantism." With the most sincere thanks to the public for its liberal patronage Well! Well! goes to the press again, notwithstanding the charitable predictions of the wise MAN of the West.

* St. Louis Leader

SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE
OF
NEW YORK

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAP. I.—A PRELUDE,	7
" II.—SICKNESS AND SORROW,	11
" III.—DREAMS AND REALITIES,	14
" IV.—BACHELORSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES,	19
" V.—THE PHASES OF BEAUTY,	28
" VI.—A SURPRISE,	32
" VII.—THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS,	37
" VIII.—THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS (CONTINUED),	43
" IX.—POLEMICS,	50
" X.—DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER,	56
" XI.—AN UGLY FIT,	61
" XII.—GRIEF FOR GLEE,	66
" XIII.—TROUBLE BREWING,	72
" XIV.—A MYSTERY AND A MISHAP,	76
" XV.—A DISCUSSION,	81
" XVI.—AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY,	86
" XVII.—MORE TROUBLE,	95

	PAGE
CHAP. XVIII.—REV. MR. ALLJAW,	101
“ XIX.—DIVERSITY OF OPINION,	108
“ XX.—A CONTRAST,	114
“ XXI.—LANGUAGE AND CREED,	121
“ XXII.—MELODY AND MOURNING,	129
“ XXIII.—A HARD HEART,	135
“ XXIV.—SUSPICIONS AND VISIONS,	142
“ XXV.—A TOUGH HIDE,	150
“ XXVI.—SHADE AND SUNSHINE,	157
“ XXVII.—CONGENIAL AND UNCONGENIAL,	166
“ XXVIII.—CHARACTERS,	173
“ XXIX.—MASQUERADING,	181
“ XXX.—GRAVE-YARDS,	190
“ XXXI.—A STORY,	197
“ XXXII.—A STRANGER,	205
“ XXXIII.—A LONG FAREWELL,	217
“ XXXIV.—A COLD CUSTOMER,	227
“ XXXV.—HENRY AND EMMA,	238
“ XXXVI.—SAD AND GLAD,	246
“ XXXVII.—A STRANGER,	255
“ XXXVIII.—A GREEK WORD,	259
“ XXXIX.—A BUD OF PROMISE,	264
“ XL.—MAKING A VOCATION,	268
“ XLI.—SUDDEN NEWS,	276
“ XLII.—LONGINGS,	282
“ XLIII.—A HARPER,	290
“ XLIV.—CURIOSITY,	295
“ XLV.—THE END,	302
THE SEQUEL,	311

WELL! WELL!

CHAPTER I.

A PRELUDE.

In the beginning of May, 18—, an emigrant vessel from Dublin, carrying with her many a heavy heart, but one heavier than any, set sail for America. It was a day calculated to gladden even the breast of an exile, for the breeze was fresh, the skies were fair, and the sun was making bright everything below. And on did that little colony, with its many griefs, its many hopes and fears, steer for its far-off destination. Each heart within felt as perhaps only an Irish heart best feels, that in leaving “home,” it was leaving the world itself. Yet it were hard to blame them for this, strangers and all as they are, to the unknown prospect now opening before them. Who can, without casting “one longing, lingering look behind,” fly away from his father’s land and his own? Who can, without a pang not to be described, leave the father and mother that he loves? Who can, without a saddening memory, tear himself away from the brothers and sisters with whom his happiest days were spent? And who can, without fears untold, turn himself to that wide wild west to which our ship is going—

that west which, to an Irishman's imagination especially, wears no face of welcome, but holds out little else than frosts and fogs, and labor and unrest, and woods and wilds unnumbered? Ah! to such a one that west is indeed, if he but fairly knew it, a dark, and dreary region. 'Tis for him a place of dangers and delusions, of shadows and unsafety. 'Tis a free country, however, and it offers to him what he has not at home,—days and years of employment. So in truth it is: yet will he, poor outcast, have many trials there—trials worse than any that ever came from toil—trials worse than breaking with father and mother, and brothers and sisters—trials worse than the coldness of strangers, and the fearful threats of stormy seas—trials worse than shipwreck, and the death of friends, and the casting of dear ones into the deep—trials, in fine, worse than the fever and the famine themselves.

But the ship ploughs fearlessly on, and bears with her many a different fortune. How we should like to know, as nobly from her prow she spurns the spray, the lot of each individual who makes her now his home! Will they, each and all, love as they love now, and love to the last, the land for which they are sighing? Will they love, and love to the last, the fathers and mothers who have just seen fall their farewell tears? Will they love, as they love now, and love to the last, the faith of those parents—the faith of that land? Will they teach their children, as their fathers taught them, that religion for whose sake they are now wanderers upon the main; and will they cherish abroad, as they did at home, and respect before strangers, and defend, as they should, those priests who taught them to love God, and made them a holy people? One knows—only One.

And will their children love and respect their ministers, and be faithful and true to their religion? And will they

be fond of their fathers' country, and point with exultation to her glorious annals? And will they retain, and transmit to their offspring, their genuine Celtic names—or, rather, will a *Duggan*, in some after day, call himself *DUGAN*, an *O'Brien*, a *Brine*, an *O'Hara*, a *Hare*, a *Mahony*, *MAHONIE*? One knows—only One.

Kelly—a good old name—has been met before now with Israel to its front. Israel Kelly sounds very strangley indeed! Was there ever in Ireland, since the days of St. Patrick, such a Jewish-Irish name? Never—but it has often been found in America. Who was Israel Kelly? He was a convert (?) to the Baptists, and he had the lofty title of Deacon. Deacon Israel Kelly—a Baptist!—was the grandson of a fine old Irishman, as firm in his faith as Gibraltar's rock is firm upon its basis; but the plain old Patrick Kelly—Israel's grandfather—would not shape his beard to any modern fashion; neither would he sport to his shirt an exquisite collar, nor could he be induced by any garment going to forego that blue, familiar *Bobtail*, which looked so well in its blaze of good brass buttons. And for this, his son and namesake Pat, when come to the "age of reason," grew in the first place perfectly ashamed of his unprogressive sire; in the second place, grew ashamed of that sire's poor shabby religion; and in the last place, joined the Baptists, made a speech, and was "dipped." Then, in due course, came the little prattling Kelly, rejoicing—not by baptism, for he was not baptized for years—yet rejoicing all the while in the name of Israel. Deacon Israel Kelly was a living reality at last, and, what with his puritan name, his puritan bigotry, and all that makes a hater of the Catholic faith, belied his Catholic name and his Catholic origin.

In the neighborhood of Kelly, there was another, the

very lineaments of whose face would tell you that he was born upon "the sod." In his young days, and on through many of his old days, O'Neil was in the habit of going to confession, and of abstaining upon Fridays from flesh meat; but now he followed no more those ancient practices, and he laughed at his country's faith. He experienced upon a certain day—'twas hard to tell when—a certain feeling, which in reality was no more certain than the day itself, but which was interpreted by the "initiated" as a *change of heart*. Poor Jerry O'Neil—afterwards called Brother Neal—forgetting old times, and old faces, and old scenes, forgetting his conscience, older than all, openly renounced his religion, and, for the sake of a mess of pottage, took a situation in a Methodist meeting-house. Thus it sometimes is.

And what are the descendants of Kelly and O'Neil to-day?—haters and abominators of everything Catholic. You will find among them no Denis, no Michael, no Bernard, no Patrick—you will find among them no Mary, no Bridget, no Nancy, no Winifred. Oh! no. But Gustavus, Hiram, Wisdom, Jackson, Lavinia, Esther, Judith, Mariamne, these—these forced unchristian names are, alas! the perpetrators of a line which was for many an age graced, as a string might be with pearls, with many a lovely saint, whose names have faded out from that pedigree for ever.

Sail on, then, beautiful ship, and bear thou with thee no renegade like these!

CHAPTER II.

SICKNESS AND SORROW.

MANY things might be related about that voyage, for what voyage was ever taken that did not prove eventful? Fair days and foul days—the latter the more numerous—came upon the waters, and went. The first storm which our ship encountered, though far from being the heaviest, of course frightened the women nearly out of their wits, and created a world of disorder. "Captain dear! put us ashore anywhere at all," was a sentence often ejaculated by many a one who thought of nothing but the safety of the passing moment. 'Twas to no purpose that the captain mildly tried to calm them by replying, "Good women! be easy—you are now as far from one land, as you are from another." Still went up the frequent appeal—"Oh! Captain agragal! put us ashore anywhere at all, supposin' it was Afraky itself." The danger, however, was little, for the wind abated, and a calm came on which to the affrighted creatures was emphatically about as great a consolation as possible just then.

But there was something besides storms to try those wanderers from home.

For several days a young man of about eighteen years had been severely ailing, and at length had grown so bad that no hopes were entertained of his recovery. He seemed to live altogether in himself. He had no relative on board, and besides he was naturally of a very contemplative mood. Before he fell sick, he employed all his time in reading, and conning old rolls of manuscripts. It was conjectured by all

that he must be some student, and it was not conjectured so in vain. He was nothing else.

A student is always an object of interest with the Irish, and perhaps more so than with any other people. This is especially so in the case of an ecclesiastical student. The charity, which they showed to the mere sick youth, was unremitting, accordingly; but it was still warmer when they discovered that the young man was studying for the Church, and was now on his way to the college of Montreal. All visited the sick-bed, and bestowed on the sufferer whatever consolation they could give. "The poor boy," one would say, "is alone, and more is the pity, for he is the fine young man." "God help him!" another would cry, "far away on the wild ocean, and his poor mother not near." "God is good," a third would exclaim, "and maybe He will restore him." And thus, in similar expressions of sorrow and hope, would each kind heart manifest its sympathies for the suffering scholar.

Among the many who constantly visited the sick youth, was a delicate girl, who would look upon that fevered brow with a steadfastness and intensity that evidently showed a sympathy very distinct from that which was common to the others. What was it? Did she feel that his case and her own were similar? Did she imagine that the kindness, which she now showed him, might be one day required for herself? Was it for considerations like these, that she felt, at that strange couch, a grief greater and holier than ever she felt before at any similar scene? Perhaps so. But of this we shall hear in some future chapter. In the mean time it must be observed, that never did she send up to heaven, for any purpose ever prayed for, a more fervent petition than she did for the recovery of that fair pale boy.

But what art thou, human aid! when the arrow of death

is hissing on the wing? Cease your endeavors, countrymen and friends! the student shall never see land. His mother, for the last time, has kissed his cheek. If brothers and sisters he have, they will never find his grave.

The passengers and crew have gathered around him to hear the last sigh that he draws. "Holy Mary! pray for him; holy Mother of God! pray for him; holy Virgin of virgins! pray for him." Every kindred tongue and heart are joining in that litany. There is no priest at hand, yet no mortal sinner is departing. Lovers of God, like him, will not leave home to trust their lives to a perilous ocean without first obtaining forgiveness for their sins, and receiving the adorable sacrament. The dying youth has received both, and, though no hand is near to anoint him, he is going prepared to his God. And the blessed water, which never is wanting in a ship where a Catholic is found, is sprinkled on his face and pillow—and the blessed candle, by which that water is ever accompanied, is placed in his hands, reminding him of that light of faith, and good works, which now at the last fit his spirit with angelic plumes, and waft it away to happiness and rest.

There is no necessity to wait for preparations. His grave has long ago been dug, and his coffin needs no nailing. The quick-made sack is quickly put around him—the prayers for the dead are as quickly pronounced—and the heavy stone, which is to bear him to his resting, is attached to the ordinary place. 'Mid silence then deep as midnight, and 'mid sorrow deep as the seas, down goes that coffinless clay, and vanishes in a moment.

O mother of the lonely student! tears of blood will flow from thy heart when thou hearest of this dreary burial. Yet bear up, old mother! bear nobly, faithfully up. There is nothing more dismal in the deep than the worms in the

earth. There is many a coffin which, though not flung into the sea, is floating and full, in the depths of a grave-yard. Bear faithfully up, poor heart!—thy son is with God, and is another guardian angel to thee.

And thou, faithful virtuous student! no stole indeed shall be put upon thy shoulder—no altar shall blaze for thee—no people shall call thee pastor—no fond and fervent disciples, no kindred, will kneel at thy grave, and strew it over with flowers; yet art thou, perhaps, happier after all, for no heavy cares will prematurely turn thee gray—no false and heartless world will aim at thy head its shafts of bitterness—no troubles will annoy thy peace—no weighty tasks will try thee—no evil report will tarnish thy first fair fame. Peace to thy ashes, and rest to thy soul! Far down as thou liest, the trumpet shall reach *thee*, too, and call thee to a blissful immortality.

CHAPTER III.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

THIRTY days of alternate storm and shine passed over that stately ship, when land was at last announced. Blessing on the lips that spoke the joyous tidings! Land! that pleasing sound! what a flutter it gave all there! To one returning after a long absence to his country, there is nothing so sweet as that little liquid word. All the strange sights, however beautiful, that he has seen abroad, are deprived of their sweetest spells in the fascinations of his home. His heart beats with a joy mingled with ecstasy and pride, as its grateful shore looms up blue in the dis-

tance. His thoughts outstrip the winds, and bear him to the beings with whom memory is inseparably entwined. That blessed eve of meeting with kindred and friends is the happiest in life. The rapture which it gives, repays, a thousand times, that killing sickness of the heart which comes from loss of home; it repays, a thousand times, the dangers which have threatened us whether by land or sea; it repays, a thousand times, the sufferings which we have borne from the long bleak winters of the north, or the burning summers of the south; it repays, a thousand times, even the accumulated toils and tears of a whole life itself.

No wonder. "A local habitation" is in itself a jewel, and much more so is a happy and plentiful home. One returning to his country from a foreign excursion, has generally both the one and the other. *He* may well be rejoiced at the sight of land. But how is it with those who have neither a local habitation nor a name, much less "houses and home, and heritage, and lands?" Not *going* home, but leaving it, is, alas! the burden of our subject now. Yet what cloud of sorrow is not streaked with some sunshine of joy? That announcement of land has created a general flutter among the houseless and homeless of our story. Weary ones forget their lassitude, and exhausted ones leap up refreshed and restored. There is a straining of eyes, and a stretching of necks, and a standing on tip-toe, that paint expectation fully. "God be praised!" and "God be thanked!" are heart-felt exclamations. A glow of gratification irradiates every countenance. Children, and men, and women go hurrying up and down, and whispering, now to their neighbors, now to themselves, their own especial joy.

Down below in her cheerless berth lay, meanwhile, the delicate girl mentioned above, sleeping a sleep which was

the sweetest of her voyage, and dreaming a dream which made that rest more balmy. The vision was land, too, but not American land. Suddenly she started up, as if wakened by some frightful fancy. She looked around her in bewilderment, and soon understood, by the conversation and bustling above, that she was nigh the shore. She attributed her waking to the excitement on deck, and she felt thankful to the sounds that woke her, not because they filled her ear with the cry of land, but because they freed her from a dream, which, though beautiful in the beginning, hung upon her towards the close like the shadows of eternity. She had no faith in dreams. The painful slumber, which that one just passed had caused her, was all that made the dream remembered. It was this:—She thought that she was kneeling in her own parish chapel, and the time was Holy Thursday. At the side of the main altar there was erected a little shrine, adorned with a profusion of lights and flowers. The blessed Sacrament had been, as usual, placed there for the adoration of the faithful. Hundreds well known to her—the friends and acquaintances of childhood—were making their meditations in different places within the church. The holy sadness, which comes over every one who participates in the devotions proper to such a time, had absorbed her very soul. Presently she thought that every one around her fell suddenly dead before her eyes—a blood-red hand swept the adorable Host from the altar—the atmosphere became thick and heavy—every light was extinguished, and the darkness of midnight pervaded the holy precincts.

The strange and terrible vision was startling in the extreme. She arose from it, and was nearly exhausted. The sight of land, which gladdened so much every one on board, was a thing for which she appeared to care very little. To

her the sea was as good a refuge as the land. She had as many friends in one place, as she had in the other. She felt no longing for length of days. The world had already shown her too clearly of what stuff it was made, and to her mind it was probable that the world would be consistent throughout. Therefore it was that she considered the student, over whom such sorrows were shown, happier in his watery grave, than herself with nothing before her but the prospect of a grave among strangers. And she lay in her cabin still, and she cared not for going upon deck, till some few hours after, she was visited by one of the health-officers who boarded the vessel, as with a favorable breeze she was fast making her way up the harbor to which she was bound.

"Well, my fair friend!" began the inquirer, "are you ill?"

"No, sir," she replied, "but I am weary and very weak."

"Let me feel your pulse," continued the officer. He did so, and found that there was nothing the matter farther than the languor and fatigue consequent upon a fit of seasickness.

"Have you any acquaintances in the city?" asked the officer kindly.

"No," was the reply.

"Have you any relatives on board?"

He was answered in the negative.

"Poor thing!" he whispered to himself, "you are lonely indeed, and your condition is very hard."

These several questions were put by the officer in a spirit which showed, for the unprotected girl, more than an ordinary interest. He was not slow in perceiving that she was of a grade superior to that of any of the other passengers. Her easy manner, gentle tone, and perfect English accent, together with that best proof of the better orders of society,

small white hands, immediately impressed him with the thought, that hers must be some mysterious fate. Eager to ascertain all about her, he inquired whether she would consent to come and live in his house. She was, of course, happy in having such an offer made her, and accordingly accepted the proposal with thanks.

The ship, in the meanwhile, had anchored in the port, and, after a short time, the passengers were pronounced free to go on shore. In a few hours the whole assemblage were standing in one of the largest cities of the western world. Each, as his fancy led him, took the path which he was destined to pursue. 'Twas like another scattering of the human family when the world had emerged from the waters. They parted, and perhaps never met again, as they and ourselves now part. Of their history no word has been written, and few words told. They mingled with that mighty mass, the fluctuating crowd, and made no great excitement. They had, no doubt, their struggles and their hopes, their successes and defeats. But enough. Nothing farther of them will be known, till comes the day of general revelation, when the high and the low shall assemble together, and God be the arbiter of all.

CHAPTER IV.

BACHELORSHIP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

DOCTOR M'DOUGALD, the gentleman in whose house our wanderer had been now for some days located, was a Scotchman of the Lowlands. His peculiarities deserve some description. Quackery, however, was not one of them. The doctor was a student of Glasgow, and obtained there a respectable diploma. Surgery was his *forte*, but he was eminent, too, in many other departments of his profession. Yet he was a rake, withal—a gentlemanly rake in the truest sense of the term. For the first four years after his arrival in America, he was forced to keep bachelor's hall. Who would be silly enough to become lady of a house such as would belong to a scapegrace like Doctor M'Dougald? No sensible maiden would think of a proceeding so preposterous. Only fancy it! To be sure, he was a fine dashing young fellow, just out of college. He had tresses of hair that would not unbecome even the brow of Absalom himself. They were curly, dark, and flowing, and, as far as the knowledge of any one went, had no equal in the country. Then he was tall and graceful, without doubt; and, in company, or on the street, had a knack, peculiar to nobody but himself, of making an oriental bend, and putting to his lip either hand, as the case might be, with a grace that flung entirely into the shade the most exquisite Parisian that ever revealed himself to America. Moreover, he had a high receding forehead, and a coal-black, beaming eye, and a face which, if it had any fault at all, was too pretty for a man. Even the moustache—which certain people of a certain age

would, through a kind of peevishness, call a *mistake*, not a moustache—even this, considered by others as an indescribable charm, belonged to the doctor as certainly as any possession of which he boasted. Yet for all this, who would think of becoming the “better half” of such an individual? Nobody. Yet, strange to say, M'Dougald was not at all disposed to be sad; why? for this particular reason, perhaps, more than any other, that he imagined himself—for the present at all events—a *perfect whole*, and therefore never once thought of asking for a better half. And thus came the bachelor's hall.

A bachelor's hall—be it known now—is no freer from annoyances than any other establishment. This is a truth, which, at no very late day, came upon the doctor with powerful effect, and showed him, distinctly, that his love of “single blessedness” was not to be indulged in without cost.

The housekeeper, who had been recommended to him by some friendly wag in a fit of his good humor, was, to say the truth, a regular Tartar. The friend who selected her for the surgeon did not, in his kindness, tell of her what the lawyer wants in evidence, viz., the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Yet he told no lies; for he graced the document with such captious names as a “strong healthy girl, a good washer, a clean housekeeper, and a first-rate cook.” For such a housekeeper as the doctor—and he was the worst in the world—this was a perfect article in its way. Bell, which was the name in which this first-rate cook rejoiced, was all this and more, but the *more* was left for the doctor to discover by his “larnin’.”

In personal appearance Bell was anything but a beauty. Her height was bordering very closely upon six feet. Her hair, which was brown and frizzly, considered by herself as no great ornament to a housekeeper, was generally left to

take the position to which it was naturally prone. Her forehead, which was the best feature about her, was uncommonly high, and gave her an air of command which evidently destined her to rule. Her eyes were large and full, but they were ruined by a nameless hue which must be supposed to have been painted by nature expressly for the owner. Her mouth, with the upper lip pursed up and contracted, and the lower considerably protruding, claimed a possession nearly from ear to ear. Her whole countenance was masculine to a point, and the skin covering that facial organization exhibited a color which torrid suns would have hard work to deepen. Her arms were singularly long, and her fists were, as she walked, excellent ballast to keep those arms from swaying. She could brew and bake as well as the best in the neighborhood, and, if need be, she was no less capable of bullying and boxing. Of the latter, as well as of the former, she gave many a remarkable proof. She had had, in her day, many a keen encounter of the kind, not with vixens of her own sex, but with veritable males, who could, when occasion required, give knocks that were “plaguy hard.” Such in part was Bell.

But Bell was celebrated for other things than these.

She had, what the doctor was not aware of, a husband, whom, for three years, she ruled with a rod of iron. Where this unfortunate man was located at the time of which this chapter speaks, is a piece of information which cannot be given with any degree of certainty. It was said by some, who pretended to know him, that he got lost in a fog down somewhere about Halifax, Nova Scotia, and never got out of it after. It was asserted by others, that having once foolishly undertaken to give his wife a lecture on propriety, or some other branch equally unknown to her, he was threatened with immediate destruction, and had to flee for his life. The

parties, who gave circulation to this latter report, were fully of opinion that the terrified man was still running.

Such indeed was Bell.

The doctor had a very expressive way, perfectly laconic, too, of stating her qualifications. When congratulated by a friend on the happiness of having so exquisite a cook, he would very emphatically respond—"Yes, she is, no doubt, tiptop in that way, but oh, Tom! she is a perfect devil."

In a very short time Bell gave full evidence of her commanding abilities, by ruling in reality not only the doctor's kitchen, but the gentleman himself.

Some three or four months after the opening of bachelor's hall, M'Dougald had occasion to take a journey which would detain him from home for at least two months. On his return he found Bell in the kitchen rocking an infant. By the powers! that was a strange specimen of mortality to be found in a bachelor's hall! To the doctor, not the reader, it must have been something no less than terrific.

"What's this, Bell?" asked the son of Esculapius, mechanically.

"It's my little one, that's what it is," replied the mother, proudly.

What did the doctor say or do? nothing. The man would not have stood more still if he had then and there met with the fate of Lot's wife. It is a pity, however, that he could not speak, and vent upon his housekeeper the anger which he thought she deserved. Had he done so, we should have such changes of that Bell rung out upon the doctor's ear, as would make this record of ours as spicy as a breeze from Araby the blest!

Without making any comments, the affrighted traveller

retired to his rooms, and there ruminated at his leisure upon the pleasures of a bachelor's hall. Under such circumstances M'Dougald, it must be believed, must have felt every way but easy. He felt as a man under a harrow might be supposed to feel. It is impossible to say what he would have done, if the many pangs which racked him were to continue for any time. Fortunately, however, just as he was about deciding whether he had better cut his own throat, or that of his housekeeper, a friend of his made his appearance, and informed him fully of Bell's antecedents.

Taking it now for granted that a single life would no longer do, the doctor resolved upon taking to himself a partner; and with this happy wholesome thought, he forthwith very romantically undertook to win a bride by means of a sonnet.

It was not the first time for Dr. M'Dougald to dabble in the art of poetry. A true son of Apollo, he loved poetry as much as he loved physic. He had fathered several pieces of satire, which proved by no means agreeable to the parties against whom they were directed. Several attempts had been made by excellent critics to hush the warbling of the medical muse, but all these efforts were unavailable. The doctor had no faith whatever in the judgment of his cavillers, and therefore continued a bona fide believer in the existence of his poetical powers. Critics, he considered, were the most abominable class in creation—perfect nuisances. There was not a respectable scholar among them. The fact that himself was a scholar, yet no professional critic, settled this point to demonstration. All that was necessary to constitute a critic was that some insolent fellow would place himself behind a musty old desk, have at his command an overflow of impudence which

nothing could stop, a stock of fool's cap, a pen and a press. It made no matter how ignorant he might be, provided he were able to form a tolerable sentence. His ignorance of the subject, upon which he made his comments, was sufficiently hidden, and atoned for, so long as he was competent to deal out largely in those essential commodities to which he owed his position—viz., flippancy and effrontery. A few measures of such material showered upon a book, were capital substitutes for learning and refinement. The admiring world applauded the wisdom of the oracle, and timid adventurers up the steep of fame, though in their hearts they despised the dictates of Fadladeen, nevertheless trembled for their pages when they thought of his frown.

Such was the doctor's idea of critics in general.

Accordingly, buoyant in the belief of his skill, and radiant in the hope of victory, he hurriedly seized his quill, and headed his paper with, "Stanzas to Harriet." After throwing himself back into his arm-chair, and looking up to the ceiling as if to court inspiration, and scratching his head where such inspiration would appear to lie, he at length conceived an idea which was immediately embodied by the poet in the shape of a line. Throwing himself back a second time, and performing similar operations, he awaited a new impulse, such as would harmonize to his satisfaction with the aforesaid heroic. The expected notion came as before—from the ceiling *through* his poll, which by this time was considerably taxed with scratching; it came, and from the meagerness of its body, seemed to be the last of an honored race. Back again into the chair fell the parturient bard—up again to the ceiling turned his supplicating eyes—to its wonted position, true as the needle to *its* pole, went the still industrious hand. In vain! No—it

cometh late and tarries long, a regular royal Charlie, yet it comes, that laggard line, and better late than never. Quick as the twinkling of an eye it took its position in the van of another heroic. So far so good. The doctor perused the growing production, and smiled upon it his own approbation. After a *long* time another line was drawn, but it was a hard one. Daylight, clear daylight consummated the amatory effusion. 'Twas well that the poet did not, during the process, remember Shakspeare's "forced gait of a shuffling nag." If he did, it must have strangled the poem in its birth. The spicy thing was at length sent to its destination, and though the author attributed to it, in a great measure, his capture of Harriet Houston, it was nevertheless clear to more than the critics that he might put the fact of his triumph more to his mother's beautiful son, than to his own beautiful sonnet.

The day for the wedding was appointed, and the dreams of the future bridegroom were dazzling, of course. For the last six months the hopeful McDougald had become more reconciled with Bell. Bell herself had grown quite subdued, not without cause. Her youngest child was taken from her by a fit of the measles, which, about that time, were doing great destruction among youthful ranks. Though the malady was epidemical, and cut many a fair flower down, still Dame Rumor was malicious enough to attribute the death of Bell's child to the free consent of the man who gave the medicine—the poor calumniated surgeon. Whether such a report had come to the ears of the sorrowing mother is more than can be stated; but from her unwonted kindness and condescension to the doctor, it is probable that it did not reach so far. Bell, however, had at this juncture got sufficiently over her sorrows to warrant her master in taking a *rise* out of his housekeeper occasionally. Indeed,

she had so much recovered from the shock, that she now and then gave tokens enough to convince him that the days of her glory were not yet over. Trusting in this recovery of the maid, and anxious for a little frolic, the facetious surgeon resolved upon apprising Bell of his intentions.

"Bell," said he, one morning as he sat down to breakfast, "I'm going to be married."

"To who?" was the grammatical inquiry, made in a tone which sounded not so much about the marriage itself as about the *person*. It must be observed, that Bell had her own idea of what that person ought to be. She had in her view a mate for the doctor, and though she was aware that he had some notion of the identical one, who, fortunately for M'Dougald, was no other than Harriet herself, still she was nowise certain whether that was really the one or not. As to Bell's regard for Harriet, it is nothing here or there. However it came, the former considered the latter a paragon, and for this reason decided that the doctor should have nobody else. Aware of Bell's affection for his intended, Dr. M'Dougald calculated upon having a moment's frolic with her, by answering that rough and ready *to who* of his maiden, in a manner that could not fail of putting up her "dander" to the pitch that was desirable.

"Why, didn't you hear it?" he asked.

"No," said the other, expectantly.

"Well, to Emily Wilson," roguishly he rejoined.

"Emily Wilson—the devil!"

"Devil or no devil, Emily is the one, and no mistake about it."

"Then I tell *you* that Emily Devil is not going to come into this ar house."

Bell spoke this sentence with an emphasis that was truly emphatic.

"I'd like to know what business it is of yours," demanded the doctor.

"What is it my business? I'll know if it aint? Haint I everything to see to here? Who regulates the house—who cleans up, and cooks, and washes, and everything else—what would that jade know about such works? I'll know for what it aint no business of mine."

The wag was enjoying his joke admirably, till, having trod upon Bell's sore spot again, by repeating the fiction that Emily was the one, and nobody else, he got, under the lug, from the exasperated advocate of Harriet, a blow that, before he knew where he was, laid him even with the floor. Bell could stand a blow better than she could a joke, and proved it by being vainly felled in turn by the doctor. Up she sprang again, and, gathering fresh force from blow and joke together, made a flounder of her assailant. Tearing and swearing, and vowing all sorts of vengeance against Emily, she was pitched into again by the pill-gilder, and there, with all the reality of a regular battle, it was blow for blow, and fall for fall, between Bell and her master, for upwards of fifteen minutes. But, as is the case with all such customers, the woman had the last blow and the last word, and to all intents and purposes, bore away the palm triumphantly from her antagonist.

Such was the redoubtable Bell; such, too, was the doctor, and such was the prelude to his bridal.

CHAPTER V.

THE PHASES OF BEAUTY.

At the time in which our story properly commences, Mrs. M'Dougald had been married about ten years, and was the mother of two children. Emma, a rosy, laughing creature, had a flow of raven locks that was lauded by all who knew her, and a large dark sparkling eye that bid fair to set, at some future day, many a heart a-sighing. Her face, which was a sweet little miniature of her father's, indicated, by unmistakable marks, the quick perceptibility of her mind. As a matter of course, her parents doted upon her; while all that ever darkened the happiness which they felt in having such a child, was the shadowy fear which from time to time swept over their spirits, from the consideration that she was too beautiful and too wise for one who had many days to live.

George was a being of fewer attractions. He was a thick-haired, stumpy little body, with a clouded looking visage, showing everything but relationship with Emma; with, moreover, a mulatto-like complexion, a thick brow, and a thicker head. He bore, as is evident, no resemblance to his father, but inherited, to a large extent, the nature and qualities of his mother. Oft did M'Dougald silently think, as he marked the bounding step and pretty face of some fair and promising boy, that if Anthony were Brutus, and Brutus Anthony, he would be the happiest of men. Anthony, however, was Anthony, and nothing more. What George was, he was. The mother's name was stamped upon the blade, and there was no rubbing it out.

This contrast, in the mean time, suggests the propriety of showing to the reader a picture of the lady herself.

Harriet Houston, now Mrs. Allan M'Dougald, was, as the doctor would often call her, "a low little lassie," that stood somewhere in the neighborhood of five feet nothing. Her maiden name, when taken into consideration with her general features, would half whisper to you that she was a lineal descendant of that genuine native tribe after whom the Housatonic river seems to have been called. A very contracted forehead, small black eyes, high cheek bones, heavy chin, and large mouth, all conspicuous enough, under as straight dark hair as ever covered head, bespeak not unfaithfully the physiognomy of Mrs. M'Dougald.

If beauty was the star by which the doctor sailed in search of a wife, it must be inferred from the description just given, that his beau ideal of the lovely differed widely from the general standard. However, perhaps he scorned beauty the meteor, and shaped his course by a better guide. The object of his choice, be it remembered, though possessed of no charms, either of the face or of the figure, had, nevertheless, others, which, to a sensible man, were of a far more desirable character. To McDougald, who, as has already been said, had not a particle of the bump of house-keeping, these latter named qualities were almost of infinite value. His uncomely lady, for instance, wrote a beautiful hand, and knew how to keep books as well as the cleverest clerk in the city. She regulated her house with a precision that was really marvellous. Her concentration of thought, or rather of action, second to none, was fully exemplified in the expedition, a thousand times exhibited, with which she would bring into order the disorganized materials of a household. She had but to pass, as it were, through an apartment, when the spirit of restoration, you would believe, had

breathed over the scene. With all this, she possessed the agility of an antelope. There was none to compete with her in the management of a horse. Put that animal in any trappings you pleased—in saddle, in harness, in carriage, or in sleigh—and she was able to control him. When on the road with a favorite steed, she would most certainly not be beaten; and if some mad-cap were hardy enough to endeavor to pass her, she would, by her fearlessness and dexterity, prove to all concerned her undoubted deserving of the eulogy just pronounced upon her horsemanship.

Were not these, it may be asked, accomplishments of no ordinary kind? Weighed with them, would not beauty kick the beam? In taking her to wife, might it not be, then, that the doctor was more romantic than particular? Might he not have thought that, while the qualities just described were like angel visits "few and far between," commoner beauty was a drug in the market?

Yet, how coolly have we all this time shelved, or put upon the shelf, the beauty of Dr. M'Dougald's lady. And how coolly, at the same time, have we probably imagined that the self-same individual would be satisfied with us for our admiration of those mere accomplishments attributed to her above. Strange woman, she not only thought, but, as do many of her kind, she actually took it for granted, that her veritable self was a beauty of the first magnitude. If judged by the standard set up in her own locality, she was not indeed unaware of her being looked upon unfavorably. This standard, however, was in her opinion a regular humbug. The phrenologists, she asserted, were the fools who had erected it, and accordingly she had a thorough contempt for all demagogues of that order. From something which she had heard from her classical husband about a passage in Horace, she knew that high foreheads were an abomination

in the days when taste and refinement were both in their zenith. She had herself read somewhere, that, in a certain quarter of the world, small eyes, provided they were black, were the lords of the ascendant. She had read in the same page, that, in another section of civilization, high cheek bones, *no* forehead, large mouth, thick lips, &c., were the essentials that went to make up a pink of perfection; and that, in some other region, dwarfish maidens, the shorter the better, were the magnets that drew to them general attention.

With such data before her, it is not wonderful that Mrs. M'Dougald would make a deduction favorable to herself. If she was not a beauty according to the standard of foolish phrenologists, she *was* a beauty according to the standard of better judges. If she was not a beauty at home, she was a beauty somewhere abroad. At any rate, a beauty she was; and if she felt satisfied, it is not apparent why we should feel otherwise. What pleased the lady most, and pleased her amazingly, was the consideration that, whereas some of her companions—beauties of phrenology—could find panegyrists only at home, she herself, endowed as she was with an admixture of charms from every country, should be, and was an object of universal admiration.

Fully convinced of her personal attractions, Mrs. M'Dougald, therefore, was not the one who could fail of any opportunity to heighten those charms to the full. No, no. Her wardrobe was flashing with dresses of every texture and shade. Her casket burned within with the galaxy of her gems. The vicinity of her toilet was redolent with perfumes. All sorts of brushes, all sorts of pins, all sorts of ribbons, all sorts of things, scattered here and there, formed a bazaar in themselves, and told as emphatically as need be, that the exquisite owner could be very little short of anything else than "the Mother of the Smiles and Loves."

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE.

IN a country village, some twenty miles from the city wherein Doctor M'Dougald was in the habit of performing acts of phlebotomy, and similar exercises, lived a bluff, rough old gentleman, whose body belonged to England, and whose soul belonged to horse-racing. In the struggle of America for independence, he renounced his allegiance to the Saxon's throne, and took sides with the republicans. For this he was rewarded by the conquerors with certain lands and tenements, which—not to speak it profanely—were ample compensation for the services rendered. Set thus firmly on his legs, and having full opportunity even to better his condition, he succeeded, at an early day, in securing for himself a magnificent mansion, numerous appurtenances, beautiful gardens, and stores of gold.

Passing by his residence, you would immediately fancy that some lord of the olden land had been transplanted there; and, from the appearance of all around, you might be puzzled to understand how an exotic flourished so well. There rose the hawthorn-fence, there flourished the thickening trees, there the level and velvety lawn stretched far away into the distance; there the circular and semicircular walks with their pomp of white gravel looked like places where the fairies might be supposed to play; there bright fountains made sparkles in the sun, and there the peacock displayed that glorious plumage which glitters with purple and gold.

On a spacious plain contiguous and belonging to this beautiful estate, was a race-course, of which this metamor-

phosed Englishman was the spirit and the life. The day on which the exercises annually came off, was rapidly approaching. Old "governor," as this hoary Saxon was generally called, was as anxious for the sport as the lightest heeled lad in the village. To see the fun came all sorts of people, the grave, the gay, the lively, the severe. The number of housekeepers, who, upon such an occasion, had indifference enough to remain at home, formed a poor guard for the defence of property. When the contagion seized upon not only jockies and sportsmen, but even upon individuals having wooden legs, it is not to be supposed that the far-famed female equestrian, of whom honorable mention has been made in the foregoing chapter, would deprive herself of a pleasure so agreeable to her taste. By no means. Therefore, among others who thronged to the festive scene, came, accompanied by her faithful consort, the wife of Dr. M'Dougald, the daughter of old Governor Houston, the British republican, and lover of horse-flesh.

The care of the doctor's domicile—thanks to the pastime just alluded to—now devolved upon the brawny shoulders of the brave and burly Bell, who, from her long and intimate acquaintance with the locality, constituted at this time part and parcel of the household. The young passenger, who answered to the name of Mary Theresa, having now nearly recovered from the effects of her voyage, was under such obligations to the housekeeper, as rendered that housekeeper's régime no trial to her obedience. During Mary's illness, which was attributed to the sea, but which in reality was a home-sickness and a heart-sickness together, Bell was a faithful attendant. Her ministrations were rough, no doubt; but they were smoothened down by a kindness which underlay all. Between Mary and herself, therefore, there existed an incipient harmony and good feeling, which,

inasmuch as Bell was as firm in love as she was relentless in hate, were likely to be warm and durable, provided, however, that Mary continued to confine herself within her own particular province.

The sun had rolled down the first day of Bell's masterly jurisdiction.

Night, with its beauteous stars, sighing winds, ghostlike shadows, and myriad mysterious accompaniments, hung over M'Dougald's dwelling, and made it as lonely as a subterranean vault. Mary Theresa, with needle in hand, sat, in dreamy mood, under the powerful protection of her fearless guardian. Bell, taking advantage of her "little brief authority," luxuriated over a peaceful pipe of tobacco, with an *otium cum dignitate* that was nearly aristocratic. Old Jemmy, the man-servant, had already, under his blanket in the attic, relaxed the stiffness of his twin lame legs, and shut, in happy slumber, those queer cross eyes of his, which invariably looked, at one and the same time, east and west, or north and south, as he might happen to take his position.

The conversation, which helped to enliven the evening, was not of such importance as to merit recording here. Proposed altogether by Bell, the topics, it may be supposed, would not be very interesting to the reader. Indeed, the loftiness of her present position was a thing more to be dwelt on in silent delight, than to be abused with passing colloquy. The long strong pulls, too, which she lavished upon her well-loved pipe, forming, as they did, a fume that possessed a power almost as lulling as opium itself, had a wonderful effect in keeping the smoker silent. These circumstances combined, made the solemn night—not for Bell, but for Mary—more solemn and silent than it really was. The hour for retiring was at length decided by the fact, that Bell's last puff, and complete prostration, were simultaneous.

"Let's go to bed, Mary," she cried, yawning as she spoke, and stretching out both arms with a tension that brought forth, in bold relief, the veins of arms and face together.

"Well," replied Mary, timidly. Afraid of she knew not what, "Bell dear!" said she, "may I not sleep with you to-night?"

"Sleep with me to-night, Mary? what for?"

"The house is so still and lonely, that I would like to be with you."

"Foolish gal! what are you afraid of? It takes me not to feel that way, I guess."

Both now proceeded up stairs to the housekeeper's apartment, and prepared themselves for rest.

Preliminaries in the shape of prayers were things which Bell never had any thought of arranging before sleep, so she got under cover with a rapidity that has no parallel, except in the dive which a sea-duck makes at the flash of the fowler's pan. Mary more properly knelt at the foot of the bed to say her usual prayers. She rose immediately. What roused her so suddenly from her knees?

Whatever it was, she remained quite calm and collected, and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she said, "Oh, I forgot my"—prolonging the last word, and hastily directing her steps towards the door.

"What did you forget?" inquired the housekeeper.

Mary had already descended the stairs.

In about ten minutes, Bell, who had gone off into a galloping slumber, was, much to her annoyance, startled from her golden dreams by the heavy trampling of two policemen, who, in company with Mary, were making swift approach to the housekeeper's chamber.

"Where is the rascal?" they inquired

"Under the bed."

Before Bell had time to make an observation, or even to collect her scattered wits, out from under her resting rushed a great big negro, as black as the sable brow of night, and as ugly as Satan himself. He made desperate efforts to effect an escape, but he was overpowered by the watchmen, who forthwith escorted him to safe quarters.

Bell, nowise put out by the presence of a "*mere nigger*," further than the loss of sleep which it occasioned her, passed no compliment upon her heroine's bravery, but merely exclaimed, whirling her clenched fists aloft as she spoke, "Why didn't you tell *me* all about him, and never mind the police? By thunder, I would have hammered the black rascal's hide in a way that would cure him of his night-walkin'—the devil-skin!"

Mary having been taxed, of course, to the utmost, by the noble action, of whose trial her comrade seemed not to have the remotest consciousness, was far from participating in the tranquillity and ease which Bell enjoyed after what she was pleased to call "the joke." "Oh, Bell!" she cried, "my heart is beating as if it were going to burst, and I fear that I shall faint."

"Nonsense—nonsense! you'll soon be asleep, and you'll be all right in good time," rejoined the indomitable Bell, as she rolled over with a grunt, and took her final position for a peaceful sleep. "Come, Mary," she concluded, "hurry up, I'm off."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

THE shadow of the peril, just passed, troubled Mary as much as if her friend were a thousand miles away, and pressing upon her like a weight of lead, kept her all night from closing her eyes.

The cheering sun was fairly up, when the recruited Bell, opening her funny eye, hailed her sleepless companion with, "Hillo, chicken Mary! are you awake yet?" Apprised of the nature of the other's rest—"Why," she cried, "did that black scamp frighten you so awfully? It didn't trouble me that way, I guess, for I slept like a brick all night. It's time to be movin' at all events, but you can stop and sleep, Mary, while I go down and get ready breakfast."

Bell bounded from her couch, and was into her frock in a trice. Down she went, and having gone through her usual lustration in the sink-room, made her way into the kitchen.

Old Jemmy, whose business it was to have a blazing fire to order, not being, on this morning, sufficiently in advance of the housekeeper, was engaged in greasing his boots, instead of attending to his primary duty. Bell, greatly disappointed by the appearance of things in general, blustered out, in a tone not unfamiliar to the individual addressed, "Well, old rickety! why hain't you a fire on; what are you doin' here this hour of the day, with your rotten old brogues, fillin' the floor all over with dirt? Here, away with you, and fetch us a pail of water, and see that you're quick as wink about it."

Jemmy, having little time to remonstrate, as the bucket

was now thrust into his hand, was about arguing the propriety of first getting on his boots, when Bell was already accelerating his speed by handing him towards the door.

'Thunder and ages!' he exclaimed, "be aisy a minit till I m after puttin' on my boots, any way; sure, you don't want me to ketch could by havin' me go out in my vamps?"

"You old critter, you, how afraid you are of wettin' your mud-diggers; heré, clear out as fast as your old legs can carry you, else I'll cripple you worse than you are."

"The divil's in *you*, at any rate," muttered Jemmy to himself, as, hoping no redress, he undertook to hobble his way to the well-yard.

In due time Bell had prepared breakfast, and was just after draining her last cup, when Mary, unable to enjoy anything better than a troubled repose, left her weary couch, and stood, pale and fatigued looking, in the presence of Bell.

"Ha! is that you, Mary! did you have a good sleep?"

"I could not sleep at all."

"The darkie is in your head still, I reckon, and scares you to death; he couldn't scare this child, no how. But never mind, Mary; come, take a cup of tea, and I guess you'll feel better."

Bell proceeded to pour out the article suggested. "But *that* darkie," quizzingly began she again, looking full into Mary's face, and laughing from under the corner of her eyes, as the weary girl was taking the beverage which she had been handed. "That darkie—*that* darkie," still she repeated, and burst out into a "horse laugh" at the cleverness of the joke which, as she supposed, she was cracking upon her friend.

"Now, Mary," resumed Bell, as the former rose up from her slight repast, "the family will be home to-morrow, and 'twill be necessary for me to have things cleaned up by the

time they come. I'll sweep the rooms, make the beds, put the dinin' room to rights, and fix matters here; and you can go and dust the furniture in the parlor. Cheer up, then, or I'll imagine you're in love."

Mary was perfectly satisfied.

"But like as not," continued she, "you'll fancy Gumbo is somewhere under the sofas, if I don't go and open the parlor shetters."

She accordingly led the way towards the parlor, and flinging open the door, left Mary a moment to cogitate, while she herself went outside to let in light upon the operation.

The sun, as the shutters were fully opened, flashed upon the scene, and revealed to the fair beholder an apartment, the like of which she had not for many weeks had the pleasure of seeing. With the richness of the room, came over the half-recovered girl a feeling which riveted her to the spot, and rendered her perfectly motionless. A beautiful model would she then make to guide the sculptor in bringing into shape his beau ideal of a truly lone, and truly sweet creature of sorrows! The first object that caught her eye was a splendid rosewood piano, which stood immediately facing the door, and thrown open. It brought to her mind the remembrance of a like instrument that was now, alas! far, far away, and while it filled her with this thought, it made her feel doubly alone.

"And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever."

There *was* a time, she thought, when she, too, could skip through rooms like this, with heart neither sunken nor sad; there was a time when the silver sounds of a piano would meet ready accord in the music of a soul now no

longer tuneful; there was a time when she mingled with beings other than the one who had her converse now; there was a time when she, too, possessed a piano, and had fingers skilful enough to waken its dulcet tones.

Oh! *was!* thou cheerless word, cheerless for all whose day of joy is done, what a load dost thou bring upon the breast of those of whose happiness thou art the simple elegy!

Mary drew nearer to the instrument, and gazing lovingly upon it, indulged to the full in a sadness, which, though deep, was one that was sweeter than pleasure. Did she play? No—she had already awakened a sorrow that was quite sufficient, and she therefore touched no key. Had she done so, a spirit from beneath it answering her, would be like the rising of buried pleasure starting like a spectre from the tomb. Such was her fearful phantasy.

Sheets of music were lying upon the piano. She took some of them up, and glanced at them dreamily. "The Song of the Exile" was a lonely strain which she fell upon at last. The words went into her very soul, and made old wounds bleed freshly. Just then, as her eyes were brimming with tears, she looked up as if to turn for a moment to that place where sorrow has no victim, and she saw looking down life-like upon her the portrait of one who, attired in the cap and gown sometimes worn in colleges, must be, she thought, some fellow-student of the doctor. Over her tremulous frame then swept the gust of many memories. The form of a different student rose immediately before her mind. That strange, strange coffin—that service as strange—that sluggish dreary plash, which, as the dead boy went suddenly down, flung the cold salt spray into the bystanders' faces—that awful sense which followed,

chilling the very blood, and chaining the tongue, and spreading over all around a wild unearthly pallor—all these she again felt, and saw, and heard, and she stood in that costly and cheerful apartment with sensations that made her almost feel as if she were standing in the caverns of the dead.

Overwhelmed with a thousand thoughts, she fell upon a lounge, and wept herself sick. The poor afflicted girl, almost forgetting the task assigned her, arose after a while, partially restored, and commenced the necessary labor. The dusting was soon over, but the tears again flowed fast. Mary was sobbing deeply, and floating, as it were, in sorrows, when Bell, with a different heaving expanding the chest, and a different ichor flowing down her visage, bounded into the parlor. From the various scourings, and so forth, in which she had just played her part, she was blowing like a bellows, and perspiring like a hodman.

"Mary, Mary!" screamed she out, "what's to pay now? has some other black chap given you a squeeze? I'll give my head for a foot-ball if the gal aint in love."

"Ah! Bell, I feel sorrowful and sick both."

"Love-sick, or home-sick, or somethin' of the sort; but I'll swear, Mary! you'll be well of all that afore you're twice married; so rouse up, my hearty! rouse up, and remember that home is a fool to this place, and besides, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

In the gayest good-humor, the solacer made with this a stride towards the piano, and intending probably to try upon her patient the force of many octaves, ran her clumsy fingers from bottom to top of the keys.

"How do you like that?" inquired the skilful artist; and without waiting for an answer, down went from the top to the bottom of the same the fingers of her other hand. Then

as if to display to the farthest extent the musical power which she wielded, she deliberately sat down upon the stool, and commenced such a tirade of discords and double discords, and mingled flats and naturals, as would puzzle the ablest master in the land to imitate.

"There," said she, turning to her friend, "that's the devil among the tailors—did you hear it?"

Mary of course had to laugh.

"That's the ticket! rouse up now and dance. I swan if there ain't fun enough in that ar jigamaree to put mettle into the heels of critturs half dead."

Doing the best she could to please her friend, Mary raising herself up, and not without being considerably enlivened by the antics of the self-constituted player, said, "If I were able, my dear Bell, I would dance in a moment; but dance you now, and I will return the kindness when I am better."

"Well," suggested the fun-loving Bell, "here goes, I'll dance if you'll play;" and up she sprang for the purpose, while Mary not unwillingly placed herself before the piano, and struck a harmony or two.

"That's it, go it!" cried Bell, and putting both arms a-kimbo, she began as awkward gambols about the room as ever the whales, mentioned in Homer, played around the car of old Neptune. Mary fingered a lively air, and Bell, in an ecstasy of delight, careened from side to side, let out an occasional yell, and flung up very gracefully, and as near as she could to the ceiling, now this leg, now that leg, as her fancy inclined her.

"Why Mary, why Mary," cried she, ceasing at last from her sport, and throwing herself down upon a sofa nearly exhausted, "you're some punkins, I'll tell you, and you can beat the mistress all holler, that's a fact."

Here the hall-door bell was rung, and Bell's genius was added to other account by a visit from an old acquaintance whom she had not seen for years.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUBLIME AND THE FIDICULOUS CONTINUED.

MARY having been informed that Bell was going to accompany her comrade abroad, and would not return till the afternoon, had nothing to break upon her privacy save those "halcyons of memory," which always faster and thicker gather, the greater the sorrow and solitude of the soul over which they come. She went again to the piano, and opening out that "Song of the Exile," began to awaken its melancholy sighings. Was it the words or the air that expressed so well the heart-aches of the mourner? 'Twas both. That melody was the real tone of Mary's lovely soul, and those words were its truthful history. She fancied that words and air together were made expressly for herself, and all alone as she sat, and fearing no present listener, she sang that sorrowful song, and poured out from a heavy heart the burden of many woes.

There is a rapture indescribable in unbosoming our griefs and cares to any one who, we know, can sympathize with our feelings. There is an agony indescribable, too, when those troubles press down upon our being without any one near to whom we might tell their poignancy. The feelings of Mary had been long pent up, and now at last found happy flow. In the silence which brooded all around her, and in the unknown spirit or spirits, who wove that mourn-

ful song, she had met companions congenial to herself. That silence was like the serenity in which her secret life lay sleeping, and that poet and singer told that secret tale too truly not to have been sharers in its burden. Therefore it was, that forgetting for the moment the real world around her, she lived in that of fancy, and in the sweet hallucination, revelled in scenes of sunshine and of flowers.

But the spell was a gossamer one, and it broke very soon. Sad being were Mary, if there was no other enchantment to keep her faint heart up. She left the room, and retiring to her chamber, reclined upon her bed to dissipate her sorrows by a better anodyne. Lest, however, thoughtless ones should laugh, that charmer shall for the present be unnamed. From the fatigue consequent upon a night so restless as the past, and from the happier mood which holier musings gave her, she was not long before she fell into a slumber, so sweet and deep, that not even a transient dream disturbed its placidity.

Ah! that sleep was a strong proof of the fact so often told in vain, that the weak world has no effective cure for its own multiplicity of pangs. On the weary and heavily laden, its pleasures only pall; to such, its hopes, its brightest hopes are but as the wisp that lights the dull morass; for such, its flowers, with all the beauty and sweets which they possess, are only mournful remembrancers of the speedy dissolution to which Adam's sons are heirs; and to such, its music, however beautiful, and however powerful in chasing away dull care, is only a passing warbler,

"That shows his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, then wings away."

Mary was not roused from her rest until Bell's deputy Jemmy, who had been ordered by his mistress to boil the

kettle, and do other culinary work, accosted her sleeping ear with divers heavy knocks which he gave her door. There was no answer for some time. Determined on being heard, Jemmy would first give a few taps, then put his ear to the key-hole, and so on alternating with ear and fist, till he succeeded at length in getting an audience.

"Who is there?" asked Mary gently, lifting her head from the pillow.

"'Tis me, marm!" replied Jemmy; "brukfast is ready."

"*Breakfast*, Jemmy?" said Mary, half thinking that she was over another night.

Jemmy recollecting himself, and scratching his head, replied, "No, not that same, but dinner, marm! sure I'm forgettin' myself intirely;" and thus saying, he waddled back to the kitchen as fast as he could.

What company that in any wise has affinity to our home—what company, however poor that company may be, that has not for the wanderer an attraction unfound even in the most polished society of strangers? The weary exile in his loneliness and sorrow will cling with all fondness not only to such persons as in his daily walks at home he cared not to recognize, but even with objects—a vessel, a grain of dust, anything—and he will cling to them affectionately, because they are mementoes of home.

Subjecting herself, no doubt, to this singular influence, Mary raised up her enfeebled form, and proceeded to share for a while the conversation of her uneducated countryman.

Jemmy was before her, but unfortunately he was in a plight. He had, in his own estimation, so admirably succeeded in boiling some potatoes, frying a beefsteak, setting the table, &c., that he was sure of winning eternal credit from the compliment which Mary would pay him for his cooking. This hope, however, was now completely blasted;

by a mishap for which no amount of praise could atone. A tea-pot of britannia metal, which, before he went to call Mary, he had filled with water, and placed upon the hottest part of the cooking-stove, had miserably melted away, incrusting the stove with a molten adornment, which took in its flow down the stove's sides, many a shape fantastic, and strange! 'Twas this untoward circumstance that damped the ardor with which Jemmy had, a few moments before, ascended the stairs. The poor fellow, already crouching down under the anticipated thunder and lightning of Bell's voice and eyes, pointed Mary to the scene of disaster, and exclaimed in piteous tones—"Wisha, Miss Mary asthore! what'll I do at all, at all? Sure, I'll be murdered intirely, when that wicked cratur comes home."

"What's the matter, Jemmy?" asked Mary, wondering at his deep distress.

Acquainted with the cause of his lamentations, she promised to shield him from the storm which he so reasonably dreaded.

Jemmy, however, had his doubts of her success. So much afraid was he of Bell's "ballyraggin," as he called it, that he wholly lost both his conversation, and his appetite. Mary could not prevail upon him to taste a morsel. Having, after many efforts, succeeded in bringing him to himself, she discovered that Jemmy's own life was an eventful history, and that she was not even here companionless in suffering.

The sun had rolled down the second day of Bell's supreme authority. The evening was far advanced when she, whose sovereignty that was, returned from her wanderings. In the absence of Jemmy, who, the moment that Bell arrived, made himself scarce, Mary immediately began intercession for the melter of the tea-pot. Owing to the bounding spirits which Bell had acquired from the frolic of the day, to say

nothing of the usual influence which Mary had over her, the demolisher of British metal obtained full pardon for all his delinquencies.

"But, Mary!" said Bell, forgiving but not forgetting her sinner, "if you was only to know it, that's the stupidest, cussedest old critter you ever knowed in all your life. 'Twould take me the hull night, to tell you half his doins'. 'Twas only the other day that I sent him for some ice, and whar do you think he put it? Why, right under the hot stove, as I'm a livin' sinner, and I didn't know a thing about it, till I sees the water comin' from under the stove, and runnin' clear over the kitchen. Did you ever hear the like? And then, in a great hurry, I sent him off for more ice, as dinner was just on the table, and there wasn't a minute to lose, and what do you believe does my old Lazary fetch me for ice? You wouldn't guess it, if you was guessin' from this to next January. Why, 'twas nothin' less than a pound of rice! Yes, I swear to goodness, a pound of rice wrapped up in a sheet of brown paper. Did you ever hear the beat of that ar? I reckon you didn't, nor nobody else neither; but there's no use talkin', you can't put sense in that old varmint's head, no how you fix it. But hush! there goes nine o'clock, and it's time for all honest folks to be abed. Come, Mary! let's get under the blankets; I s'pose you'll sleep with me again to-night, chuck."

Bell was as expeditious as ever, in stowing herself away for the night. Mary, as was her wont, knelt down at the bed's foot, and began to say her prayers.

Not thinking for a moment about the exercise in which Mary was engaged, Bell laughing out as loudly as she could, roared—"Mary, you needn't trouble yourself with pryin' that way under the bed; I'll be bound there's no darkie there to-night. Mary is death on the niggers."

Mary continued her devotions.

Bell waited a second, then rising up, and looking towards the foot of the bed, unable to decipher the mystery, cried: "For goodness' sake, Mary, what are you fumblyin' about there? Come along to bed, and I'll take care of the darkies this time."

Sure enough, it was for goodness' sake, in a different sense, however, to that in which Bell put the question, that Mary was on bended knees.

"The gal is gettin' crazy, I do believe," said Bell, jumping at last out of the bed.

Mary was upon her feet, as the bewildered Bell touched the floor, and meekly apprised her that she had been saying her night prayers.

"Ha! ha! ha!" went Bell, evidently surprised at such employment. Growing, however, more grave, "Well, now, Mary," said she, "you astonish me, you do; a young gal like you, makin' such a fool of herself."

"Why, Bell! is it folly to say one's prayers?"

"But it looks so old-fashioned," replied Bell, looking with growing surprise mingled with an expression of compassion for the weakness of the other.

"Well, my dear Bell! my mother taught me to say my prayers;" here Mary's voice half choked up as she thought to herself, "Would that she taught me nothing else." "My mother," she resumed, "taught me my prayers, and I say them morning and night."

Bell doubled herself under the blanket.

"Don't you ever say your prayers, Bell?" inquired Mary.

"Indeed I don't." This was said with much expression.

"Did your mother never teach you?"

"Gosh! I guess she didn't."

"Why not?"

"For two very good reasons, Mary: the first was that she didn't know any prayers herself; and the second, that even if she did, I reckon I wouldn't have cared much to larn 'em."

"Why would you not?"

"You goose you! 'taint fashionable in this country for young folks to go into prayin'."

"But, if we neglect to pray, how can we call ourselves Christians?"

"Now, do hear that little Methodist preacher, how she talks! foolish gal that you be, I s'pose you didn't know that I had a minister."

"And what of that?"

"Why, *he* does all my prayin'. See here, Mary, I'll tell you a story. Mr. Pulcifer, our minister, was here one day a visitin' the doctor, and he gave me a small Bible, and told me my religion was there; and what's more, told me there was nothin' further necessary. Well, thinks I to myself, it's a plaguy good thing that my religion is here, for if it aint here, I guess it's nowhere; so I took the Bible from the gent, and put it in my trunk."

"You can read, can't you?"

"Yes, I can read some; but I never looked at it since—the Bible that Mr. Pulcifer gave me; so if the mice let it be, I'm a thinkin' it'll take long afore it wants new bindin'."

As she finished this profession of faith, Bell laughed right heartily.

By this time Mary was lying beside her friend.

"Now, Mary! you little Quaker, you!" began Bell, grasping Mary fast by the arm, "let me *feel* now if you're any better than I be after that long yarn of prayers you're jist after spinnin' thar. I don't know but you be, and I reckon

if I sleep with you a couple more nights, and go to meetin' next Sunday, I'll have goodness enough in for the next two years."

"Don't you go to church every Sunday?"

"Me? catch me at it—they don't cum that gum-game over me no how, I tell you. The last time I was to hear Mr. Boreall, the old covey preached such a firation of a sarmon, and kept us thar so onarthly long, that I calculated I got salvation enough that day to last me six months; and so I haint been to meetin' since. But now, Mary," concluded Bell, rolling over to a definite position, "that's plenty of religion for one night, and we better take the remainder in snoozin'."

CHAPTER IX.

POLEMICS.

THE events of several days are here passed over for reasons which concern no one save and except the author of our story.

One evening, about a week after Bell's dissertation on prayer, and about two days after the return from the races, Mr. and Mrs. M'Dougald were regaling themselves at their own table, over their ordinary refection of tea and toast.

"Allen!" began the lady of the house, "what in the world possessed you to bring in that passenger girl into your family?"

"Why do you ask me that question?"

"That's an Irish way of replying. Answer me fairly."

"Fairly! one would think, from the alarming tone in

which you demand an explanation, Harriet, that I had been guilty of piracy on the high seas, or something equally heinous."

"You need not be so sententious, Allen! you mistake me when you think that I put 'the question in an alarming tone.'"

"Well, I brought her here for the simple and single reason, that she was a creature who had neither kindred nor friends in any part of this country."

"That was, I think, a poor reason, after all."

"How is that?"

"You are surely aware, Allen, that hundreds of such persons, who come to America, get along very well by their own perseverance and industry."

"You are surely aware, Harriet, that few, if any, of this girl's stamp are among the characters of which you speak."

"Is she not from Ireland?"

"So it would appear."

"And what do you see in her to distinguish her from the rest of her tribe?"

"Harriet! I wonder at you. You must certainly be a poor observer, when you find nothing in Mary to 'distinguish her from the rest of her tribe.'"

"Well, I must confess that my interest in her was not of such a cast as to make me examine her minutely."

"I suppose not."

"However," said Mrs. M'Dougald, seizing upon a new idea, "it was, I think, a very unadvisable thing in you, Allen, to bring into the house a strange girl, sick, probably, with a malady that may carry off the whole of us. She is ill to-day again, you know, and what reason have you for believing that she is not laboring under an incipient typhus?"

"Harriet! I am sorry that you are such a bad logician,

and I am doubly sorry that you are so poor a philanthropist. You make a hypothesis for which there is no ground in the world, and then you draw a sweeping conclusion, enough to frighten old Aristotle himself from his slumbers. In other words, your conclusion has no foundation in your premises; or, to make it clearer, the structure which you raise is far too large for the underpinning upon which it stands."

"Very learned, I must confess, and very lucid, too," murmured Mrs. M'Dougald.

"Then, again," continued the doctor, "your philanthropy is anything but apparent. You, Harriet! have all that you want. You have friends and relatives, you have father and mother, you have country and home, you have, in fine, everything that is calculated to make you happy. In the mean time, you have no sympathy, not a particle of consideration for one who is in possession of none of these blessings."

"Allen! the"—

"Allow me for a moment. Change now the respective circumstances of yourself and Mary. Imagine that Harriet is a wanderer in some far-off country, and lies on a bed of sickness; and imagine that Mary is my wife, and enjoys herself in every way she pleases. Imagine this, I say, and tell me, thoughtless Harriet! how would a Mary of your present disposition appear in the eyes of a stranger like you thus pictured?"

"'Tis a very pretty picture, truly, particularly that part of it where your Mary is made to take my place—'tis positively, and I would not be surprised if"—

Here the conversation was interrupted by the presence of Bell, who announced to the doctor that a gentleman was waiting for him in the parlor.

"Bell!" inquired Mrs. M'Dougald, exasperated at the

reasoning of her husband, "what kind of a being is this sick Irish girl that we have here?"

"Bless her soul," cried Bell, "she's the sweetest, kindest little body that ever I set eyes on; and every night, afore she goes to bed, if she don't pray away like all creation, it's a pity! And I've somethin' more to tell you about her that'll surprise you amazingly, though p'raps I hadn't ought to do so, as she told me not to, fearin'; I 'xpect, that if you heard it, you might think she was makin' too free."

"What's that?" said the mistress, pricking up her ears in the full hope that Mary had implicated herself.

"Why, she plays the piano the best I ever heard in all my born days. She's a ringtail roarer, I tell you, a trottin' hoss, and that cove who comes here a teachin' of Emma is not a circumstance to her; no, not by a long chalk."

All this was said with an air of the greatest triumph. When Bell had finished, Mrs. M'Dougald expressed her astonishment by the simple word, "Indeed!"—to which Bell returned, "True as you're thar"—with an emphasis.

The lady of the house, making no further inquiries, ordered Bell to take away the tea-board, and clear up the table.

By this time the doctor re-entered; but his fretful spouse, not yet forgetting the innocent expression which had fallen from him previously, was too pouty to speak. M'Dougald himself remained equally silent. The partially recovered lady at length condescended to the drudgery of some further conversation.

"Allen," said she, "this guest of yours, Bell says, is quite a pianist."

"She is, eh? Then she differs somewhat from the 'rest of her tribe,'" said the physician dryly.

"But what of that? what kind of help, I want to know, is so refined a body going to make?"

"If she is, as you say, *quite a pianist*, she will just be the kind of help that we want."

"What would you put her to?"

"She will make a capital governess for Emma, and enable us to dispense with that fidgety fellow that is now engaged."

Mrs. M'Dougald, partly believing that in this latter conversation she was conceding too much;—smarting, too, under the fresh wound which aroused her choler at table, determined on maintaining her prerogative, and standing upon her first platform. "Allen!" she exclaimed, "our Emma is not to be put under the direction of any Irish Papist."

"You make resolutions, wife! without sufficient meditation, just as you draw inferences without sufficient premises."

"Allen, when you tell me that you would appoint such a girl as this for governess to Emma, are you serious, or are you only joking?"

"I'm not joking indeed, but I'm in right down earnest."

"Have your way, then, wise doctor!" ejaculated the lady in a tone of the greatest despondency; "have your way, and take my word for it, that you will one day weep for the path which you have taken. Before long," said she mockingly, "Emma will have, three inches thick upon her tongue, the brogue of the bog-trotters; before long Emma will, by way of amends for this, have, upon that tongue, the blarney of Hibernia to such an extent that she will be the kindest and sweetest little 'thrush' that ever was brought from Erin; before long Emma will have as great a taste for beads, holy water, and all that kind of trumpery, as the Paddy who flourishes over his forehead with greatest grace the sign of his *crass*; before long Emma will go to the priest for pardon of her sins, and thump her breast as penitently as the most silly old *sheelah* that ever was born on the sod. Oh! my patience, my patience! what is this?"

"Rare eloquence, but raw logic," was M'Dougald's fitting commentary upon his wife's rhetorical outburst.

The stream of the fair one's flippancy was too much exhausted to afford sufficient damper to the fire of the genius who stood upon the defensive. She was, therefore, mute, while he went on to say—"Harriet! you are mourning over a fancied misfortune, you are pouring out invectives upon one of whom you can possibly know nothing, and you are enthroning in the chair of a governess a girl who may not be at all qualified to fill that situation."

In the most of this M'Dougald was perfectly right. The affrighted mother was never pained by the fulfilment of the lamentable prophecy which she made with regard to her child.

"Wait, then," continued her husband, "wait until you learn more of Mary than you know, and perhaps you may not find her endowed with such accomplishments as those for which Bell gives her credit."

At this stage of the proceedings the doctor left the room.

"I hope," soliloquized the terrified lady, "that whatever may be her acquirements, I will not be long troubled by her presence. 'Tis true that I know no more of these acquirements than I know of her character; but for all this, I have a thorough contempt even for the name which she bears. Mary Theresa, forsooth! She must be an out-and-out Papist. I never knew of an Irish family that was wanting in a Mary. There's, for instance, Mary Finagan, the wash-erwoman; there's Mary Rafferty, that hawks the oranges about; and there's Mary O'Flannigan, the greatest drunkard in the city. And Theresa! of course, another Irish forget-me-not, and, therefore, as hateful every whit as Mary. These poor ignorant creatures the Irish have, it seems, no vocabulary but Mary and Theresa, Theresa and Biddy,

Biddy and Mary, back again to Mary and Theresa, and so on to the end of the chapter. Theresa, then, is a Hibernian of the first water, and was, of course, a native of some bog in ould Ireland, near St. Killan's well, or holy 'Loch Dar-rig.' My stars! Mary Theresa—what else? perhaps O'Flaherty—Mary Theresa O'Flaherty! only think of such a governess for an American Protestant! Well, 'tis really provoking."

And Mrs. M'Dougald, having finished her charitable and learned soliloquy, arose, and betook herself to another apartment.

CHAPTER X.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER.

FROM the hostility or rather aversion which Mrs. M'Dougald had for the religion and country of poor Mary Theresa, it would appear that she herself was the faithful adherent of some particular creed. That she was, however, is not in reality the case. As before stated, she was the daughter of an Englishman, whose religion, in early life, can be no better expressed than by two simple words, viz., horse-racing, and monarchy. Horse-racing and monarchy included every article of his faith. The tenet, mentioned first, has been first mentioned from the fact that it occupied the foremost place in his convictions. The tenet, mentioned second, has been mentioned second for a reason which, of course, need not be assigned. In later life he relinquished one of those articles, and adopted another. The adopted one was republicanism. From the time, therefore, in which his disloyalty

began, his profession of faith ran briefly thus: horse-racing, and republicanism.

His daughter, Harriet, having been born in the days of her father's political apostacy, could not be expected to have a mind deeply imbued with sentiments of a purely Christian character. She must, consequently, be "a chip of the old block," and a chip of the old block she certainly was—merely this, and nothing more.

The fruits, which a youthful scion of such a nature would be likely to bear, are fruits that can be easily imagined. Whether Mrs. M'Dougald knew how many Gods there are, is a question which is not yet decided in the affirmative. 'Tis certain that she could not repeat the commandments.

Yet true to the teaching which she had received, she knew as well as any farrier around, what the lampries were, what the scratches were, what ring-bones were, what spavins were, what spring-halts were, and so on to the end of the catalogue. An animal of the horse kind, with a square nose, a small head, a high shoulder, a long belly, a short back, a star in the forehead, clean limbs, with every other accompaniment that makes the perfect charger, had, in her eye, a charm greater far than an animal of the human kind, with faith, hope, charity, and every other virtue that makes the perfect Christian.

Now and then, indeed, she went to church; but now and then, too, she went to the theatre; and she went to both theatre and church by a moving of the same spirit. She goes to this church to-day, because there is to be a graceful elocutionist in the pulpit; she will go to that theatre to-morrow, because there is to be a graceful elocutionist on the stage. Some other time she will go to a different church, because there are some beautiful performers in the choir; some other time she will go to a different theatre,

because some splendid prima donna is about making her appearance. The great players and the great preachers are gone from both theatre and church, and so is Mrs. M'Dougald.

But how could horse-racing, and republicanism, in the person of Mrs. M'Dougald, be so terribly antagonistic to Catholicity, and Ireland, in the person of Mary Theresa? It is impossible that they could. Horse-racing is a sport as dear to a native of the Emerald Isle, as it is to the native of any country on the globe. For a proof of this, go to the Curragh of Kildare, and be convinced. Again, republicanism is a form of government as agreeable to an Irishman, as it is to the most thorough demolisher of thrones imaginable. Of this America affords superabundant evidence.

From this it is obvious, that it was not the mere horse-racing and republicanism of Mrs. M'Dougald, which made her a foe to the country and creed of the other. We must, therefore, infer from what we have stated, that from Mrs. M'Dougald's creed of theory, and not from her creed of practice, arose the opposition which she showed to the stranger. What was that theory? To define it would be difficult. This much, however, is certain, that the lady under consideration was not opposed to any religion but the one—she was not opposed to any country but the one. Her spirit of opposition must have been the same in both cases. People of all creeds, and people of all nations, with the exception of the people and the creed already named, found acceptance in the eyes of Dr. M'Dougald's wife. To have been acceptable to her, therefore, all creeds must in substance be like her own. But as her own—a mere theory—had not about it a glimmering of Christianity, so all those creeds were anything and everything but Christian. Consequently, they must be anti-christian. The religion, then,

which had against it the abhorrence of an anti-christian enemy, cannot itself be anti-christian, but the very contrary, that is to say, it must be Christian. Mary's religion, therefore, was hated by Mrs. M'Dougald, precisely for the reason that it was Christian. This deduction does not tell well for the spirit by which that lady was actuated.

Shall we henceforth consider her a heathen? Shall we believe that she wished to make a heathen of her daughter?

Doctor M'Dougald—to use a homely expression—was “a horse of a different color.” Poetry and physic was the theory; poetry and physic was the practice. Besides these, there was neither spring of action, nor spring of belief in the doctor. One or two facts, which it may be as well to state here, will explain how it was that he lacked that rancorous bigotry for which his wife was so remarkable.

The doctor's father, a man of many peculiarities, sent his son at the age of sixteen, to a celebrated academy over which a Protestant clergyman presided. Having given the boy in charge to the Rev. Superintendent, Mr. M'Dougald, in marked manner, requested the man in black not to say a word to the lad upon any subject of religion, “because,” said the father, “for instruction of that kind he is not old enough yet.” Allen M'Dougald was twenty-five years of age, and a medical doctor, and yet 'tis a certainty that his eccentric sire did not, any more than before, specify the day on which Allen was to apply himself to religious studies. When such a training as this was the kind under which Doctor M'Dougald grew to manhood, it is not wonderful that poetry and physic were the only articles of his creed.

Another fact, which will prove how true he was to the teaching which he had received, may not unfittingly serve to garnish this paragraph.

His mother, a sonsy old Lowlander, considering that all the duties incumbent upon Christians consisted in reading a Bible, furnished her son on his departure from Scotland, with the requisite volume, and resolving upon finding out some day or another, whether her "bonnie laddie in the far countrie" would "search the Scriptures" or not, she put into it a Bank of England note, equal in value to a hundred dollars of American currency. It was a singular fact that the doctor never discovered the money until the expiration of four years after his coming to America. The discovery was a pure accident.

Though on the whole, then, M'Dougald gave to all concerned, sufficient data to have them believe that he was neither practically, nor theoretically, a child of any particular faith, still there were those who were fully certain that he was not without his religious convictions. He never went to meeting, yet some old Baptists of the feminine gender firmly believed that he was a Baptist. He never went to church, yet some old British ladies firmly believed that he was a churchman. He never went to kirk, yet some old Presbyterian ladies firmly believed that he was a Calvinist. He never went to mass, yet some old Catholic ladies firmly believed that, if he was not a Papist all out, he was not very far from being one. He was never circumcised, yet a certain rich old Israelite firmly believed that he was a Jew. He never denied the existence of God, yet hard old materialists firmly believed that he was an Atheist. His principle of "Omnia omnibus," evidently deceived them all. Some two or three wiseacres of the masculine gender, had the impudence to say that the doctor would just as soon be one thing as another. More said that he would just as soon be nothing as anything. But no matter. It will be sufficient to state in conclusion, that he was a general favorite with

all manner of Christians, and all manner of Christians was a general favorite with him.

This account of the doctor's religious tendencies will explain the little fears which he felt about the future religion of Emma.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UGLY FIT.

THERE was soon to be in M'Dougald's hall "a sound of revelry by night." A large party in honor of the races was to come off at the suggestion of the worthy mistress, who had, to her infinite delight, won a bet of two hundred dollars upon one of her father's favorite steeds. Herself and her handmaid, Bell, had set out early in the morning to prepare the articles necessary for the feast. Some ten miles off the doctor had a patient whom he went to see. Jemmy, the hostler, and general drudge, had charge of the mansion.

Shortly after the departure of mistress and maid, Mary Theresa, who by this time was perfectly recovered, left her room, and proceeded to the kitchen.

"God save you, Miss Mary," cried Jemmy, as his fair countrywoman made her appearance, "how do you find yourself this morning?"

"Very well, Jemmy, I thank you; and how is yourself, Jemmy?"

"Brave and stout, thanks be to God; but sure myself is never sick at all, good or bad, the Lord be praised for his marcies."

Of the truth of this sentence, any one who would look at Jemmy, would at once be certain.

He was about five feet high, and he was nearly as broad as he was long. A keg gives a capital idea of his make. Like a keg, he was swelled out, fore and aft, about mid-ships, and, like a keg, he was abruptly tapered off at both extremities. His head was nearly all face. The head, if head you might call it, perfectly flat at the top, looked more like a counterpart for his face, than a head. A little sprinkling of hair, very sparse indeed, and all that it boasted, seemed to indicate that the head had been placed in some other region, and that the hair, which remained, was left for the purpose of reminding all beholders that Jemmy once possessed a head, as well as his neighbors. The face, however, was, you may be sure, no fractional part. The cheeks, which were as red as scarlet, were puffed out to a degree that evidently gave the skin as much to do to maintain the union, as it gives the patriots of our country, to keep together the North and South. 'Twould appear, from their great extension, that Jemmy was the blower of some invisible bag-pipe which he was determined upon keeping filled everlastingly. On account of the cheeks' monopoly, his eyes were considerably deprived of their original freedom. His nose, for the same cause, had desperate struggling to keep its top above water, or rather above *tallow*. At the present moment it was all but submerged. What between a deep indenture which it had in the middle, and the over-topping flesh-heights between which it lay, it was decidedly little short of being a non descriptus, or a non inventus. The aforesaid headpiece, or facepiece, or whatever you wish to style it, sat—not upon a neck, but upon shoulders, in a manner *proprie loquendo* yclept "squattash." Neck there was none. Such was Jemmy.

"And Jemmy, is it possible that you were never sick?"

"Well, then," replied Jemmy after a pause, "I b'lieve I was wonse"

"What was your complaint, Jemmy?"

"Wisha, thin, Miss Mary, 'twas a tirrible one, a tirrible one intirely. It tuk me just acrass here," said he, laying his hand upon his fat paunch, "it tuk me just acrass here like a flash out iv a goon, and I was gothered up into a knot in a minit."

"Probably you had eaten something that disagreed with you."

"Bedad, maybe I did—howsumever, I disremember now how it cum, but there I was at any rate all gother up, and shure enough, I thought the life was lavin' me. The neighbors hearin' me screechin' run to the house. Tim Burke, who died not long afther—the heavens be his bed this day—was wan of them. Poor Tim, he was the daycent, ginteel boy—you wouldn't find his aquals in a day's walk; 'twas he that cum from the fine daycent father and mother! Wisha, God be with you, ould Ireland! I never thinks iv it, Miss Mary, but the tears comes to my eyes."

Jemmy stopped a moment, and Mary felt fully as sad as himself.

"Well, as I was tellin' you," proceeded Jemmy, recovered from his transient fit, "I was roarin' and bawlin' like a bull, when my poor Tim kem in, and ses I, Tim agra, get up on that table there, ses I, and ketch me by the two heels, and straighten me out, ses I, for I think my back-bone is broke, and my livers, and lights, and every hayporth inside iv me is down in my belly clear and clane, ses I. The poor fellow, as 'twas myself axed him, for he didn't love his own brother better nor he did *me*, he jumped on top iv the table, and he was the warrant that *could* jump—'twas a high wall or hedge

that Tim wouldn't be after clearin'; but never mind, he got up on tap iv the little table, which had, by the same token, a kind iv crass legs under it—I mind it well, 'tis often I took my share iv a good glass iv poteen aff iv it—and with that, he tuk me by the heels and shuck me, and shuck me, till I thought—the Lord betune us and harm—that there wasn't a goot *in* me, but was *out* iv me."

Mary could scarcely contain herself.

"'Tis as thrue as I'm tellin' you," said Jemmy, looking at her with all possible seriousness, "will I *ever* forget it? But had manners to the bit iv me, just as I thought I was on the point iv gaspin', what do you think but a misfortunate pig, that strolled into the house, made a ploonge under the table, frightened, I wouldn't wander, from the hubbub that was goin' an, and threw poor Tim aff iv the table, and myself iv coorse with him, upon the flure down."

Mary laughed outright.

"Oh, as thrue as I'm sayin' it with my two lips and my toongue—down kem my head against the hard flure, and poor Tim on the tap iv me, out."

"And how did you feel after that, Jemmy?" asked Mary, trying to recover herself, and keep her gravity.

"Feel! sure, I was worse than ever, troth I was; and ses I, Go, Jerry avick—that was Tim's brother—go, ses I, for the priest immadiantly, and hurry, do, for there won't be a bit iv me together be the time he comes. Jerry run off for Father O'Nail, and thin I begun the bawlin' agen. There was plinty of women about me, but what could the crayturs do, and I was tassin' and toomblin' over and hether upon the flure, whin who should inter the dure, but the priest. He saw in a minit what ailded me, and ses he, Biddy, pointin' to my poor mother—the Lord have mercy on her sowl—get some flannel if you have it, and warm it

well, and put it to the place where he feels the pain. So sayin' he took out his bribery, the book, you know, what he ses his offick in, and goin' furninst the dure, he begun readin' to himself, walkin' up and down. I thought he'd read sum over me, but he didn't. Well, glory be to God, as thrue as you see that pipe in my hand, I got as well in five minits as iver I was in me life, and niver had pain, or ache, from that day to this. No, by gar, I'm before my story. I had a tooth-ache another turn, and I thought the head 'id fly aff iv me, clear and clane wid it. I wint down to a smith's shop that was convaynient, and the smith seein' the way I was in, tould me he'd give me aize. God bless you, then ses I, and do. With that, he bid me lie upon my back on the ground, and so I did. The smith then tuk a pinchers that he had for hawlin' out nails with, and he cot hould iv my tooth, and dragged it out. 'Twas very painful, so it was, but I didn't mind *that*, as long as I got aize. I thin left the smith's, and went home. Millia murder! I wasn't any more nor sot down when the achin' was as bad as ever. And, my dear, 'twas no wander—sure I wasn't long before I diskivered that my scaymer of a smith pulled out a good tooth, and left the rotten one in."

"Jemmy, that was a terrible mistake."

"Wasn't it, thin? Sure, that was enough to vix a saint. Faith, if I had the spalpeen near me, I'd give him his dis-sarvin'. But the pain soon stopped, and the next time it bothered me, I wint to a rigular doctor, and got my lad dragged out in ayrest."

CHAPTER XII.

GRIEF FOR GLEE.

THE lamps were lighted in Dr. McDougald's halls, and the guests, who had been invited to the party, had severally arrived. 'Twould not be to the purpose to describe the first festivities of the evening, inasmuch as they were no wise different from those which usually mark an occasion of the kind.

Tea over, the happy assembly met in the drawing-room. Governor Houston, occupying the most conspicuous place in a crimson-covered arm-chair, proposed that the company should be enlivened with a song. For the purpose of giving good example, he informed all concerned, that, with their approbation, he himself would be the first to sing.

'Tis a pity, dear reader! that you were not present at the scene to which you are now partially introduced. As you were not, however, you must be satisfied with the description, lame as it needs must be.

Imagine, then, an old gentleman with very gray hairs, immensely large nose, bestridden with silver spectacles—skinny, bony face—sharp, eagle contour—stork-like neck—and lank body, lean and long. Imagine such a one with head thrown back on his chair, and singing a war-song of the olden time, with voice ranging from G to C at the very farthest. From his long excursion down from C to G, he is fairly out of breath; and from his weary travel up again, he is perfectly inaudible. If you are able, without wool in your ears, to keep your gravity, and listen to him, you must be something "new under the sun," undoubtedly. Certes, there

was no one like you at the party. To all concerned it was a regular ordeal. It lasted full twenty minutes. The fatigue, consequent upon such a trial, is only equalled by the lassitude brought on by the treadmill. Yet, thanks to genteel society, and thanks to the length of the singer's purse, Governor Houston's health in song was drunk with all the honors.

Now, reader, for another effort of your fancy!

Imagine a short, plump, big-faced, bald-headed, large-whiskered worthy, forming, as far as his dimensions were concerned, a regular parallelogram of flesh. Imagine him clearing, with all possible earnestness, his throat, and stretching out his massive underpinnings, with all the intention of sustaining a part worthy of his power. Hear him now sing, with a hoarse husky voice, a song of love and duty, of which those who listen knew little and himself less. Hear him mistake the word as he goes, then catching, with recovered memory, at that which was forgotten, yet all the while making accord, with admirable ingenuity, the air with the lengthened line. This gentleman's musical power was really marvellous, because, though he had not the compass of even the old Governor's voice, he still maintained the melody by a knack altogether masterly in its way, erroneous expletives *here*, and divers different omissions *there* to the contrary notwithstanding.

He evidently had a call, and called accordingly, upon a personage who sat at his elbow.

Another effort of fancy, kind reader, if you please.

Imagine a little, rabbit-faced being, who, notwithstanding his puny proportions, proclaims to you, through the dress which he wears, that he is a veritable male. Imagine him tuning in turn his pipe, and squeaking out, as easy and unconcerned as the grave-digger in Hamlet, not from his throat,

but from the roof of his mouth, a ballad woful in the extreme. One shrunken shank is lovingly laid across the other, each of his forefingers is firmly hooked in the arm-holes of his vest, his face is dry and unmeaning, his head, though a first-rate fit for him, is suited to no other man in creation—and there, perpendicularly seated as he is, he forms, on the whole, one of the greatest curiosities that ever held forth as a singer.

Of course he had a right to call, so he did.

One more effort, reader, and you have done.

Imagine now a thick-set, taciturn, stoical, puritan-looking individual playing his part. Imagine him sustaining an ancient composition, whose last edition was long ago exhausted, and sustaining it with a voice which, consisting as it does of that particular note which lies immediately next door to a vomit, knows no other modulation than a certain sound which is neither a flat, nor a natural, but a medium between both. If you can keep cool, while such a one is boring all around you, it is assuredly more than the company are able to do. Blind though he be to his own deficiencies, even old Houston himself, in spite of the immense shirt-collar, that stands up like sentinels with fixed bayonets upon both sides of his jaws, has, to the great peril of his nose caused by linen and starch, turned his head into a corner, and there, with a happy recollection of his own inimitable performance, stifles the laughter which threatens, if not let off, to choke him. One lady has put all her fingers into her ears. Another has stuffed a whole handkerchief into her mouth. A third is thinking upon the horrors of a civil war. The doctor, who has more liberty than his guests, has quietly, yet hurriedly issued from the scene. A certain clergyman, who, since the day of his ordination, was never known to smile, diverts his attention, and thereby tries to smother his laughter, by

very devoutly whispering to himself one of Wesley's hymns. It was well for the party that the song was a short one. The singer, before finishing the second verse, fortunately broke down, and just as he began to stumble—crish—crash—crush—went the piano, under the tread of a precocious cat that had just jumped upon it, with the intention, probably, of accompanying the songster.

For the surrounding sufferers, that was a most opportune event. At the music of the feline performer, they all burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and thus happily relieved themselves of a load under which they had too long been groaning. The singer himself, not dreaming for a moment that he, and not the cat, was the real cause of the uproar, joined in the merriment, and, from the manner in which he did it, made ample amends for the badness of his song.

Hearing the tumult subside, and concluding that all danger was passed, Dr. M'Dougald here re-entered the drawing-room, bringing with him one whom, in the excitement of the evening, he had wholly forgotten, and whom, as may be supposed, his amiable spouse did not care to remember. This was Mary Theresa.

Having been introduced to the company, much to the chagrin and amaze of Mrs. M'Dougald, she took a seat, and evidently surprised them all.

The forms of some ten young ladies graced the apartment. Rich silks enfolded their figures, rich bracelets glittered on their arms, and rich chains flashed brightly from their necks. Mary was dressed in a plain gown. No golden trinket adorned her person, yet all eyes saw that she was fair; all saw that she was graceful. The silence, which followed upon her entrance, was immediately broken by the doctor, who very respectfully requested her to sing a song, accompanying

herself, at the same time, with the piano. Mrs. M'Dougald was, as a matter of course, waiting with all the eyes and ears of a critic. The beautiful girl immediately moved forward, and, far from being unnerved by the presence of strangers, ran her fingers over the keys with a fairy-like touch that delighted the doctor, and gratified all, with the exception of the incorrigible mistress. What made the frail creature so firm? Many things. That evening she had been slighted and despised by the lady of the house. Her home and her early associates came freshly to her memory. Was she not in a fit frame of mind to show those who spurned and despised her, the feelings of a high heart smarting under a sense of wrong? She was. And fortunately for her, the music of her own loved land was the one which echoed best of any the sighings of a soul thus riven. She therefore sang one of the sweet, sad songs which, poured out long ago, as they were, on the winds of her blighted home by the genius of that country, almost equal, in melodious wailing, those strains which the prophet of sorrow poured out of old over "the sins of the sons of the daughters of his people." Mary was a beautiful personification of that same sad land. Few could represent it as well. With feeling, then, with passion did she sing; and with sympathy, deep and unmistakable, did she fill the souls of that gay assemblage. Rapturously applauded, she was requested to repeat the delightful ballad, but too much overcome by an influence which was fully apparent in her streaming eyes, she was forced to remove from the place.

When she had retired, said old Governor Houston, "That's a charming girl, doctor! who is she, and what is she doing here?"

"A charming girl, indeed," rejoined M'Dougald, delighted at his father-in-law's remarks, "but you have seen her

charms almost as soon as I have myself." Here he gave her history as far as he was able.

"Well, 'pon my honor," added the old Governor, forgetting, in his admiration of Mary, the fact that comparisons are odious, "'pon my honor, she is the loveliest creature that I ever saw, either at home or abroad."

At this *impartial* criticism, several belles of the party manifested an evident sense of pain, by a sudden and simultaneous movement, from side to side, on their chairs. But the old Governor had not yet finished.

"What an angelic face!" he continued; "what symmetry of body, what grace in every turn, what sweet manners, what modesty, and, to crown all, what an exquisite singer and performer!"

More than the young ladies were mortified by this extravagant eulogy. Mrs. M'Dougald feared now, more than ever, that Mary would be governess, and, unwilling to listen to any further comments from her father, silently glided from the room.

"But, doctor," resumed Houston, "can we not have that song again?"

"I fear not, to-night, Governor; something mysterious, no doubt, hangs over this girl, and I don't think that she could sing any more in her present mood. Angelica!—excuse me, Miss Lovett!—would you be kind enough to favor us with something," suggested the doctor.

"Not at all," gruffly spoke out the Governor.

Miss Lovett was one of those of whom nothing has before been said in this chapter, but who nevertheless gave, in the course of the evening, one or two specimens of their vocal as well as instrumental skill.

When the Governor, therefore, gave utterance to that very abrupt sentence mentioned above, the spirit of Angel-

ica Lovett vanished for that night, and with her vanished spirit, vanished, too, the spirit of the party. The unmanly veto which the old gentleman put upon her singing, is accounted for in the fact that he was, at that time, so elevated by the many goblets which he had quaffed, as to have very small memory of the commonest rules of propriety. A sudden chill came over every one of the party. The music was hushed, the singing was silenced, and in a few minutes there was every reason to exclaim—

“They are gone, they are fled, they are parted all!
Alas! the forsaken hall.”

CHAPTER XIII.

TROUBLE BREWING.

MARY must now be considered as having been appointed, notwithstanding Mrs. McDougald's opposition, the governess of Emma. The little pupil had already received Mary's primary instructions, and given her all reason to believe that she would make an extraordinary pianist. Between teacher and scholar there soon grew up a mutual affection which, day after day, became more warm. Emma would sooner take a promenade with her governess than with her own mother. Emma would spend with less pleasure an hour with her mother than she would with Mary. But this, after all, was not surprising. Emma was a gentle child, and though not quite ten years of age, was of a remarkably thoughtful turn. She was also highly intellectual. Mary, no less gentle, had a congenial disposition, and a mind not

only naturally quick, but fully cultivated. Emma, who was, moreover, precocious to a degree, found in Mary a ready solver of many little difficulties which Emma's mother had often, but in vain, been asked to answer. No one, for instance, enjoyed more than Emma a look into the skies upon such nights as revealed to her delighted eye the moon shining unclouded and free, and the stars “twinkling in numbers without number.” About moon and stars, she would put to Mary questions that showed a mind capable of profiting by the knowledge which she would receive from such instructions. God, and his attributes, and his order, and his law—things of which she heard little from her mother, and nothing from her father—when descanted on by Mary, were the sweetest lessons that ever she heard. The love of God for man, not inadequately painted by Mary, was a theme to which she always listened with docility and delight. She would hear of heaven till her little soul almost longed to fly away and share in its raptures. And the angels, whom Mary described so beautiful and bright, so innocent and sweet, so fadeless and happy, were beings whom Emma would fain call down from their blest abodes, that she might be able to kiss and to love them.

Mary was fully aware of the dislike which Mrs. McDougald had for her. The coldness with which that bigoted lady treated her, and the reserve which she ever put on in her presence, told emphatically enough that the dislike was as strong as ever. Mary judged, too, that she owed her position of governess more to the doctor than to his wife. If, at times, she entertained a hope of gaining Mrs. McDougald's good will, she saw, in a very short space, that this hope was no more than chimerical. The opposition which she dreaded soon took a palpable form. The first Sunday on which she was able, since her sickness, to think of going to

mass, had arrived. Of course, she should, as usual, endeavor to fulfil, on that day, one of the most binding precepts of her church. With this intention she prepared herself for the purpose. Mrs. M'Dougald, who for a "month of Sundays" had not darkened the door of a church, kindly informed the governess, that she could not be permitted, that day, to go out, inasmuch as herself was going to meeting.

"How can that interfere with me?" asked Mary.

"Why not?" answered the mistress. "Emma is not going with me, and, therefore, you must stop to take care of her."

Mary's duty as governess was thus put pettishly before her; Mary's duty, as Catholic, was already set before us as pointedly. Which was she to do? The thought of obeying God before men, occurred to her, and decided her on going. "Mrs. M'Dougald," said she, "I must attend my church upon Sundays and Holy days, and I will not be put off it for any cause."

The mistress, seeing more than ordinary firmness in the speaker, came down a little, yet bent to have, if possible, her own will prevail, and perhaps pick a quarrel with Mary, hurried out to the doctor to inform him of the impertinence which she had just received.

"Impudence," said he, "impudence! If Mary is able to display a thing like that, her countenance very much belies her. But what's the matter, Harriet?"

Mrs. M'Dougald repeated the charge.

"Well, Harriet," replied the doctor, coolly, "go you to meeting, let Mary go to mass, and I myself will take care of Emma."

"Allen!" said the enraged lady, "if this is the kind of governess that you have selected, and if this is the way that you intend to treat me, our happiness, and all are over

Let her go to her mass, then, I'll help you to mind Emma, and our lady governess will be mistress of us both."

Thus having said, Mrs. M'Dougald retired to her room to indulge in a fit of pouting.

The doctor, reckless of the consequence, threw himself down upon a sofa, and took up a new novel, with which he intended to consume the day.

Mary, in the mean time, went forth on her way rejoicing; and thus, it might be supposed, her good angel whispered as she went:

The altar, sweet girl! is burning bright, the priest and his attendants are filling the sanctuary, the organ is sending forth its rich and varied tones, and the sacred edifice is crowded with attentive worshippers. The holy lights *there* remind thee of Him who "enlighteneth every one that cometh into the world;" the organ's notes remind thee of the strains of a world that is better than the earth, and the many worshippers remind thee of the truth that there is within those walls a power and a charm unfound in the world's happiest festivities. Enter the holy precincts, thou child of misfortune! and be happy for a while. Though thou standest in a strange land, yet art thou *here* at home. The old altar, beneath whose light thy childhood grew, is blazing before thee full—that adorable victim, which in thy native land thou didst often go to worship, is raised for thy homage now—that soul-enlivening strain, which was chanted first by angels in their joy of a Saviour's birth, is rising up around thee—and the blessing, for which frequently before thou hast bent a lowly knee, is to come upon thy head to-day. Of thy earthly, and of thy heavenly home, thou art fully reminded here. The memories of the former, which here crowd fast upon thee, and half exclude the thought that thou art a stranger, form in themselves a world

of happiness and rest, of which thou hast lately had no share. The hopes of the latter, which, in a place like this, of incense and psalmody, and lights and flowers, shine brighter than anywhere else, lead thee to immortality, and give to thy spirit more than strength to bear with the ills brought on by a cold and callous world. Be filled with joy, then, as the loud Hosannas roll, and pray that those who would distress thee, may one day share a similar joy by being brought to the way of thy thinking. Thus pour thy sinless prayer, and a blessing will yet come down upon the dwelling of thine enemy.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERY AND A MISHAP.

ONE night about eleven o'clock, Mrs. M'Dougald happened by some chance or another to pass by Mary's room-door, and, seeing a ray of light issuing through the key-hole, stooped down to see whether she could discover what was keeping her up at so late an hour. Mary was sitting beside a table, and apparently writing a letter. The inquisitive mistress was determined to be on the watch. Next morning, she was on the alert to secure a look at the epistle. Fearing that she might miss it, she told Jemmy that, if Mary should give him a letter to be deposited in the post-office, he should first show it to the mistress. No letter was given to Jemmy. That day Bell did not go out of the house. Mary kept her place as closely as Bell. 'Twas strange—Mrs. M'Dougald could not imagine what had become of the letter. Next night at the same hour, she

resumed her reconnoitering at the key-hole, and found Mary writing away as attentively as ever. But the letter was not sent off next day. 'Twas passing strange! The watches were kept for several nights successively, and every watch reported Mary still leaning over her table, engaged in that eternal letter. Yet Jemmy was made bearer of no such despatch; Bell knew nothing about it; and Mary herself took no other walk than what the limits of the garden afforded. Baffled in her hopes of finding the much coveted effusion, Mrs. M'Dougald at last concluded that Mary must be engaged—not in writing a letter, but in performing some species of popish penance. With this conviction, she determined to make one more trial, and look as narrowly as possible into the nature of the case. Accordingly, about the same hour, taking her position at the key-hole, she looked at Mary long and well. She saw the beautiful girl still bent upon some particular work, which, to one observing merely from a key-hole, appeared nothing else than an effort of penmanship. What was most unfavorable to Mrs. M'Dougald's prospects of a clear discovery, was, that the operator within, whose toil she was so anxious to know, was not facing her, but the very contrary. One thing, however, that made the lady's knowledge of the work going on, "brighter than before," was, that Mary did not, ever and anon, as a penman would do, dip her quill into some little ink-horn convenient. The key-hole observer, therefore, was fully convinced that Mary was not working with a pen, but with a pencil, and that the writing was not a letter, but some set task best known to the votaries of mummary and superstition. The poor woman felt her disappointment keenly.

But she would have other gratification. The doctor was duly warned of the danger that hung over his house from the uncommonly late hours which the governess was in the

habit of keeping. It was, she said, ten chances to one that the whole family would, upon some night not far distant, be burned up, body and bones. Nothing else could be expected, when the doctor was *wicked* enough to allow his candles to be destroyed night after night for the purpose of giving a superstitious girl from Ireland an opportunity of holding her papistical orgies. The eloquence with which Mrs. M'Dougald manifested her sentiments with regard to the unfortunate Mary in particular, was only equalled by the hatred which she entertained for Catholics in general. It would be impossible for the writer to give a synopsis of her glorious dissertation, so he quietly omits it for want of time and talent. There is one idea, however, which must not go unchronicled. Mrs. M'Dougald dwelt with particular emphasis on the fact that the health of little Emma, who slept in the same room with the governess, would, in consequence of those late hours, be in a short time irreparably impaired. This was a flourish which she knowingly reserved, not only for a finishing stroke to her speech, but also for an argument which, she thought, must indubitably enlist in her favor the sympathies of the child's father. There is no doubt that, were it not for one thing, the appeal would be irresistible. But unfortunately there is always coming in between us and the realization of our hopes, some evil genius, whose real element seems to be the blasting of our brightest expectations. Mrs. M'Dougald overshot the mark. In her hopes of annihilating Mary in the doctor's estimation, she drew from imagination such a tedious array of evidence, that the appeal in favor of Emma was made just too late for the orator's purpose. The doctor was in dream-land.

But, bad as Mrs. M'Dougald is, who would wish that she should be the only one destined to trouble? Her careless

husband deserved, for his inattention to poor Harriet, something to mar his tranquillity; and he was not long without it. His peaceful slumber was completely broken up by a thundering rapping, made at his hall-door about the uncomfortable hour of two o'clock in the morning. Mrs. M'Dougald, who had long since fretted herself to sleep, was not, when she woke, as sorry for the temporary trial of her spouse as she might be. For this, however, she had some reason. The physician had to decamp from his couch, contenting himself, under the circumstances, with the thought that it was the fate of a medical man. Did it not serve him right? What business had he to fall asleep, while his provident spouse was delivering so necessary a lecture? Husbands should not have it all their own way. Jemmy, who had already, with lantern in hand, hurried out to harness the doctor's horse, was some way or another delaying beyond all endurance. The messenger at the door was importunate; for the call was one of those which admitted of no procrastination whatever. Still the hostler was not forthcoming.

"What the —," exclaimed the doctor at last, "is this old snail doing? Jemmy!"—no answer—"I say, Jemmy!"—silence still. Out went the doctor to hunt up his groom.

The night, or rather morning, was exceedingly dark; and the doctor, who was getting towards the stable as fast as darkness would allow him, came suddenly into collision with Jemmy, who, against the threefold impediments of lameness, and blindness, and darkness together, was measuring back his way to the kitchen.

"Jemmy!" roared his master, "what in the world have you been about all this time?"

Poor Jemmy, who had all the while been as "busy as a nailer," replied, holding up the quenched lantern as he spoke: "This outened on me, shure, sir, and I'm goin' in to reddin

it." The delay, however, was no fault of Jemmy, but of many things combined. The truth is, that the slow-going hostler was away up in the farthest corner of the stable, when the lantern went out; and then, what with a sleigh here, a wagon there, and a carriage elsewhere, he had, in the process of getting back to the yard, as much task as he had time.

About daylight the doctor returned. In the eyes of the blindest observer, he was, when he returned, as fit a subject for sleep as any one imaginable. In the eyes of his partner, he did not—wonderful to tell!—appear to be any such thing. She was, therefore, on the point of resuming her lecture, when she was informed rather peevishly by the man of medicine, that a sleep was much better adapted to the occasion, and *mum* was "*the cheese*." Suiting the action to the word, he was once more in the arms of Morpheus.

Let him, then, sleep on; yet let him not dream that the "*coup d'état*" just made, in silencing his companion, is going to rid him of the rod which has been in pickle for him long. The waters of the dam, which fain would onward flow, can be restrained by barriers only for a season. They will burst at the last the very topmost bounds, while those little obstacles, just put to their course, will, instead of keeping them back, give them a power and impetuosity, compared to which, their original force and flow were but the sweeping and sigh of a rivulet. Though woman's rights have not yet seen their day, still woman's rights shall, even in M'Dougald's time, have their frolic of an hour. Though woman's rights have not yet the force of law, still woman's rights shall, even in his hearing, be bravely and passionately proclaimed.

CHAPTER XV.

A DISCUSSION.

HAVING devoted many nights to the work which, according to Mrs. M'Dougald, was one of popish superstition, Mary had at length nearly completed her task. The last evening in which she prosecuted the pleasing toil, she remained up to a very late hour. The consequence of these her unceasing exertions was, that, on the next morning, she was unable to rise sufficiently early to be in time for breakfast. Mrs. M'Dougald, of course, did not fail to pass her usual comments upon such outrageous conduct. At dinner Mary was present, and, complaining of a slight indisposition, she very opportunely opened out an opportunity for her mistress to make some appropriate remarks. Up to this time the peevish lady, who, by the way, was always a coward before Mary, had not the temerity to censure her openly. The present occasion, however, was altogether too good to be passed over, without taking the advantage which it afforded. Accordingly, Mrs. M'Dougald, who till now acted, in Mary's presence, not through fear, but derision, a perfect mute, ventured to show, at one and the same time, her knowledge of things, and her dislike of the girl, by pompously giving vent to the following distich:

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This was said in such a tone that Mary, though ignorant of the fact of her mistress's knowing her late hours, nevertheless at once understood the aim of the speaker. The doctor

observing still more clearly the drift of his wife, determined upon blunting the point of the sarcasm, by meeting it thus: "But, Mrs. M'Dougald, your couplet is applicable only to *men*; it says that so and so make a *man* healthy, wealthy, and wise; it says nothing at all about *women*."

"It applies to both, if I am not mistaken."

"Not at all. There is another couplet which applies to persons of your own sex. If you forget it, I will assist your memory.

"This early to bed, and this early to rise,
Will soon dim the lustre in woman's bright eyes."

This verse was a genuine impromptu on the part of the doctor. It will not be forgotten that M'Dougald was poet, as well as physician.

Mrs. M'Dougald said nothing, but thought the more. She half believed that the new couplet was the doctor's own; but fearing that in attributing it to him, she might happen to betray an ignorance which would not be to her credit, she wisely abstained from raising a question. She was anything but satisfied with the result of the conversation, and, as a matter of course, she was ever so anxious to have some little revenge. Fortunately, there immediately came up another subject, that afforded her an opportunity of carping.

Mary, who had just been helped to some roast-beef, begged leave to be excused, saying that she made no use of flesh meat upon Fridays. Mrs. M'Dougald, having been many times disappointed in her hopes of criminating Mary, was now fairly out of patience; and, in the intense hatred which she had for the poor unoffending girl, forgetting herself completely, abruptly broke out:

"What nonsense!" This was the first time that she openly attacked the governess. Mary remained silent.

"You need not be afraid," continued the lady; "there is *no poison* in the meat."

"I suppose not," said the other, deeply mortified by the manner of her bigoted mistress.

"What reason, then, have you for refusing to be helped?" inquired Mrs. M'Dougald, confidently.

Here the doctor, seeing that his better half was fully resolved upon having a fight, interposed with all good humor, by saying: "Harriet! I don't exactly understand upon what ground you call upon Mary to give you an explanation for such conduct of hers as lies wholly outside your jurisdiction."

"I am only asking a fair question," remarked the lady.

"I scarcely think," returned the doctor, "that it is any such thing. You eat meat to-day—Mary does not. In eating it, you enjoy your own opinion—in not eating it, Mary enjoys hers. This is all very fair. Now Mary asks *you* no reason why you eat it; neither should you ask *her* any reason why she does not eat it. If, from her not eating it, you have any cause to disagree with *her*, she, from your eating it, has as much cause to disagree with *you*."

"Yes, yes," thought Mrs. M'Dougald to herself, "but liberty for *cats* is one thing, and liberty for *mice* is another."

"People," continued the doctor, "should endeavor to be always agreeable; but as all such questions, Harriet, as you have just put, are calculated to make them be otherwise all such questions are evidently not only unfair, but impertinent."

This was coming hard upon Mrs. M'Dougald, who immediately responded: "'Tis neither impertinent nor unfair to ask about a practice which every one knows to be not merely silly, but sinful." Here she proceeded to quote as many garbled texts as she thought would apply against the

law of abstinence. She concluded by triumphantly remarking, that as all things were the gifts and creatures of God, so any one who refused to make use of them, was not only no Christian, but was even worse than a heathen.

The doctor immediately said: "Poison is, as you insinuated a while ago, a creature of God. Now, Harriet, according to *your* logic, all who refuse to eat poison are heathens and publicans."

Mrs. M'Dougald could not see through this.

"The forbidden fruit," continued the doctor, "was also a creature of God. I should like to know, Harriet, how Adam and Eve made such apes of themselves by eating that goodly creature?"

The fair disputant, ever averse to logic, neither admitted, nor denied, nor distinguished the proposition; but leaving it in *statu quo*, launched out into all her eloquence by denouncing, right and left, popish bishops, popish priests, and popish people. Such a practice, she said, was contrary to Scripture, to reason, and to common sense; it was a piece of tyranny on the part of wicked Roman priests, who, from first to last, wanted to keep the people in bondage; it was observed by none except a handful of poor, illiterate persons, who came here from Ireland, and it ought to be abolished by those who were enlightened enough to see the folly and phrensy of so gross a superstition.

"Not so fast, Harriet! not so fast!" calmly cried M'Dougald. "You believe that it is contrary to the Scriptures, and all that, but *Catholics* believe the very contrary. You believe that it is a tyrannical imposition of the priests, but Catholics believe the very contrary. You imagine that it ought to be abolished, but Catholics imagine the very contrary. You say that it is observed by no more than a few illiterate people from Ireland, but

Catholics assert that the case is the very contrary. Now your authority, which is single and individual, is at most not a whit better than any single and individual authority of theirs. On the contrary, your authority, and in fact all authority of the same class—if we take into consideration the opinion of the majority—is much the same as no authority at all. And I'll tell you why: the majority of the Christian world, be it known to you, is Catholic; therefore the majority of the Christian world, and not as you say, a handful of Irishmen, is in favor of the practice which you want all *enlightened* people to denounce. The ignorant portion of a little island, such as Ireland is, is not exactly, Harriet, the thing from which you should take your *cue*, when you wish to know the amount of intelligence which belongs to the Catholic Church. Remember this."

"You seem," said the illogical lady, "to know so much about it, that you ought to become a Papist yourself."

"That is quite another question," was the reply.

"Well," returned Mrs. M'Dougald, "if it is, I come back to the original one, and I say, doctor, that Mary must not bring her fanatical notions to this table, but that she must conform herself to the usages of the house."

"Charity," softly whispered the doctor, "charity covereth a multitude of sins; so, I think, saith the Bible. Let every one, Harriet, enjoy his own opinion, and we'll all know who is right, by and by."

Here ended the disputation.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY.

THE opposition of Mrs. M'Dougald, it need scarcely be said, made Mary's existence miserable. In itself, it was quite enough to sadden a heart that had no other trouble; in the present instance, it gave double, treble pain.

Sighing under the weight of many trials, Mary, on the afternoon of the following day, resolved to bow down before that place of consolation which is the only place on earth that can give the bruised heart soothing. She prepared herself for confession, and bent her way to the church. Her mind was so absorbed by the action which she was about to perform, that on going out from her room, she forgot to lock her door, as she was usually in the habit of doing.

Mrs. M'Dougald, whose curiosity in regard to that mysterious work in which she knew Mary to be still engaged, was not yet satisfied, did not, on finding the room open, lose the opportunity which that circumstance afforded, viz: of making a thorough inspection of the whole apartment. Two or three objects, which immediately met her eye as she entered, were such as to lift her to the highest pinnacle of passion. Not caring, however, to vent her displeasure in the hearing of mere bare walls, she in great agitation called out to Bell to come up stairs immediately.

"Only look at what we have here, Bell!" ejaculated the horrified lady, pointing, in a general way, at the "tout ensemble" of the place. "This creature, I verily believe, is a nun, and she has turned our room into a regular mass-house. Look at this thing!" Here she seized upon a silver image of the Crucified, which lay upon a table.

"What's that?" inquired the maid.

"'Tis an idol that she worships for God, that's what it is," replied the calumniator.

"And does Mary, for goodness' sake, believe that 'ar?" asked Bell.

"Of course she does, and all Papists believe the same," rejoined the ignorant Mrs. M'Dougald.

"Surely not," sighed Bell, wondering.

"Yes, indeed, Bell," repeated the mistress, "and that's nothing to what they believe; why, they would believe that the moon is made of green cheese, if the priest only told them so."

"But," observed Bell, very seriously, "Mary often talks to me about God, and calls Him a Spir't, and sich like, but how on airth could she talk so, if she believed t'other?"

Mrs. M'Dougald, less logical than even her maid, gave the question a "transeat," by laying hold of a little china vase which hung over the head of the bed, and crying out, with a diabolical sneer—"See, here is another affair—stuff that she calls holy water, I fancy—*holy water!*—confound it!" and so saying she threw the contents of the vessel out the window.

"Ah! poor Mary!" exclaimed Bell, with much feeling.

"Poor Mary, eh?—how poor she is!" said the other, cruelly; "I imagine that she's better off than she deserves to be. How poor indeed she is! Holy Moses!" cried the lady, with tremendous emphasis, as she suddenly fell upon a little string of pearl beads; "and only look at these!"

"What's them?" asked Bell.

"These," responded the enlightened woman, "are things on which she counts her prayers."

"Counts 'em!" echoed Bell, making the first word very emphatic.

"Yes," said the mistress.

"Lor' bless me," exclaimed Bell, eyeing the rosary with all possible curiosity; "them's the things that keeps her so long prayin', countin' of 'em. By ginger! but it doesn't take long to count *my* prayers, nor p'raps *your'n*, nor any body's else that whistles 'em, as I do. Well, what a difference!—our country folks whistles their prayers, and Mary's folks counts 'em."

"And see here," cried Mrs. McDougald, not heeding Bell's observations; "here's something else; let me see what it is. Oh, yes! 'Saint Patrick, Apostle of Ireland!' Paddy was a clever fellow, truly—see, he has his foot upon a snake, and the snake is belly up, emblematic, no doubt, of Pat's triumph over all manner of reptiles!"

"What does that 'ar mean?" inquired Bell.

"The Papists believe that Holy Patrick killed every snake and toad in Ireland, by a dash of holy water—pity he wasn't here!"

"Is that a fact?" asked the maiden.

"It is," quietly assumed the mistress.

"But, my patience!" exclaimed the woman of the house, "what is going to become of us? Here, wherever we turn our eyes, are Roman crosses, Roman water, Roman beads, Roman pictures, and every Roman humbug imaginable. My patience, oh, my patience!"

Now, gentle reader, there was no virtue of this delectable lady so often summoned to her assistance as this identical one of patience. Why she called upon it so frequently is easily explained. Glendower, Shakspeare tells us, was wont to "call spirits from the vasty deep," but he could never make them listen to his call. Mrs. McDougald was something like Glendower. As she never could coax the spirit of her patience out of its vast deep, she thought that

her only chance of success would be heroic perseverance and appeal.

"But, my patience!" exclaimed she for the hundredth time, "have I any authority here or not?"

Just then she opened out a book, and happened to light upon that prayer so hateful to all of her particular stamp—"the Litany of the Blessed Virgin." She read a few words, and, scarcely able to command herself, cried out: "What a tissue of absurdities and lies! Am I going to leave under my roof such a pestilent, pernicious thing as this? No, never."

And she threw the book upon the floor, passionately.

Out of it fell two small pictures, upon which she eagerly seized. The inscription under one was, "Mater Dolorosa;" the other inscription was, "Sainte Therese." Understanding nothing either of Latin or French, she was left to make of the pictures whatever her fancy might suggest. She, therefore, concluded wisely within herself, that "Mater Dolorosa" was some old Irish woman in distress, and that "Sainte Therese" was probably intended for the Theresa whose birth-place she had, on a former occasion, very learnedly fixed in some bog in old Ireland. She took the book from the ground to see what further discoveries she could make, and holding it by both sides of the cover, shook from it some four or five small French plates.

"There go the saints flying," she joyously exclaimed "Popes, priests, nuns, holy water, crosses, beads, papists, and all are getting a hard time of it to-day." She then read hurriedly, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death. Amen." "My patience! our accomplished, enlightened governess, forsooth! is making beneath our roof such blasphemous prayers as these to Mary, who was no better than anybody else;

and not only to her, but to every old rotten saint that peoples the Papist heaven. Well—well—well," exclaimed the rabid Mrs. M'Dougald, rolling her eyes once more around the room, and standing, as it were, in an attitude of defiance, "is not this idolatry and sin with a vengeance?"

"Bell! shall I break that vase, burn this book, tear these pictures, destroy these beads, smash that idol, and drive this mass-goer out of the house?"

"Oh, I guess not," quietly responded Bell, who all this while was listening with unprecedented patience, to her very foolish mistress.

"Why should I not?" fiercely demanded our fool; "are you not ashamed of the state of this room, and don't you feel yourself, your religion, and all grossly insulted?"

"Oh, by golly! as for *my* religion," replied the unfortunate Bell, "I calculate it aint easy insulted. As for them 'ere crisses-crosses, and prayin' things, I guess there aint much harm in 'em arter all—and as for Mary, I kinder have a great likin' for her, and no mistake."

"If," returned the lady, "if, Bell! *you* have no religion, I am not so—if *you* think that these pernicious idolatries can do no harm, I know better—and if *you* can have a regard for a silly Papist like this, you must be losing your senses."

"Now, I don't know, mistress, about that 'ar," rejoined the fantastic maid, "but it strikes me as how them prayin' beads, and them pictures, can't have any wickedness much in 'em, seein' as Mary is such a heap of a good crittur. You know close on to as well as I do, I guess, that she is as Christian a gal as you can scare up anywhere round these 'ere diggin's, and blame me, if I ain't almost of opinion, now, that them 'ere affairs are first-chop articles for puttin' religion into people's heads. I do, I swan to goodness if I don't."

"Don't talk in that way again, Bell!" cried the immaculate Mrs. M'Dougald, "for it hurts my feelings dreadfully."

At this moment the doctor, who was just passing from his study, was hailed by his dilapidated lady, saying: "For mercy's sake, Allen! just come here a moment."

"What's wrong now?" inquired the husband, as he put his head into the room.

"Look 'round here," suggested the omiscient woman, perfectly certain of giving him a surprise.

"What's the matter, Harriet?" asked the doctor, not observing the cause of his wife's uneasiness.

"The priest is going to have mass here to-morrow," cried the fanciful intruder, evidently pained at the doctor's want of observation, "and Mary has gone off to arrange the preliminaries."

"Harriet! what are you talking about?"

"Talking about!" repeated the half petrified Harriet. "Allen! do you know where you are, or are you in a popish chapel?"

"Oh, is it *that* that scares you?" asked the doctor, observing the crucifix on the table.

"Scares me!" echoed the mocking bird; "doesn't it scare you?"

"Not in the least," replied the inexorable surgeon.

"Not in the least, Allen! Oh! my patience, my——"

At this moment, Mrs. M'Dougald changed color, and drew the sigh of an afflicted heart. After a moment's pause, she held up the beads, pointed to the holy water vase, and scattered over the table the little scriptural pictures which Mary used for marks and mementoes. She "spoke not a word of sorrow, but she steadfastly gazed on the face of the doctor, and bitterly thought" of the facts. The tantalizing M'Dougald was equally silent, pretending probably to be

much aggrieved, or frightened. "I presume," said the lady at length, "that you are somewhat scared now."

"Not a bit, Harriet!" replied the miserable doctor.

"I believe in my soul," shouted the thunder-stricken Mrs. M'Dougald, in a tone of phrensy and despair, "that you are a Papist in your heart. If so, prepare to say mass, Father Allen! and I will receive the veil from your hands."

The kindly doctor, believing that his impetuous and precipitate spouse was going to the devil a little too fast, very opportunely remarked, in a tone not particularly pleasing: "Harriet, allow me to tell you, that you are making much ado about nothing, and crying out murder where there is no occasion. The best thing, I think, that you can do, is to imitate Mary's virtues, instead of acting as you are; to work out your own salvation, and let Mary do as she pleases in working out hers."

"I guess so, too," whispered Bell to herself, and as she afterwards muttered, when she was returning to the kitchen, "Mrs. Mac, I can tell you that Mary is a darned sight better than yourself, and I reckon, too, that you couldn't do no better thing than to lay hold for a spell on her prayin' machines."

With this sentence, not expressed, but understood, Bell, anxious to get away, was passing through the room, when she very awkwardly upset a small table that stood just behind the door. M'Dougald caught the table as it was falling, and in his hurry let the drawer with its contents tumble on the ground.

"A new emporium of papistical trumpery, I suppose," said the prophetic Mrs. M'Dougald.

"Probably," said the doctor, curtly, picking up a locket which he opened, and found to contain the portrait of a splendid-looking young man.

Mrs. M'Dougald forthwith demanded a look, which she as readily obtained. "*This* is no saint, I rather judge," observed the sagacious dame. Whether it was a saint, or a sinner, she was not given to understand. The reader, however, will not be left in similar darkness. If he read on, he will be enlightened by and by.

"I rather think, Harriet, that you are right for once in your life," the doctor was just after saying, when, as if seized by a sudden surprise, he exclaimed: "If that's no saint, *this* is, by Jupiter!" drawing, from the midst of a pile of paper, a life-like portrait of his darling Emma.

For a length of time he continued to gaze, with all admiration, upon the faultless picture.

"You're mightily taken with your saint," remarked the lady, who had some time previously seated herself at the other end of the chamber; "you're mightily taken with your saint, and I would humbly suggest that you go down upon your knees, and pay it true Catholic homage."

"Is it possible?" cried M'Dougald, handing over the portrait to his dear distracted wife, asking as he passed it over—"Who is that, Harriet?"

The fascinated lady looked at it as steadfastly as did her lord, who jocularly said, "You're mightily taken with your saint, and I would in turn humbly suggest that you go upon your knees, and pay it true Protestant homage."

Mrs. M'Dougald replied not, but gazed and gazed.

Gaze on, then, worthless woman! gaze on, and let a discriminating world see where lies the idolatry now, in you for adoring the image of your daughter, or in Mary for venerating the image of her God. Gaze on, and let a discriminating world see whether or not there be superstition in a system which allows its followers to cherish such things as most forcibly remind them of the love which a Saviour

had for men. Gaze on, and let a discriminating world say whether or not you, with all the devotion now riveting you to that graven image, are guilty of an act that should be called idolatry. Gaze on, and learn from the object now before you, the mystery of Mary's watching.

Angels and Saints! whose representations this wicked woman laughed at to-day, and scattered in derision on the ground, let you alone tell how obdurate and blind are the votaries of error. Ye who, seeing, as you do, "the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world," who, beholding him face to face, require no outer aids to fix your eyes upon his beauty, and inflame your hearts with his love, pray for those erring multitudes, who, while they worship their earthly heroes, and never cease to tell of their prowess, forget the victory of the heroes of Christ, and laugh like heathens at their memory.

O merciful One! whose ignominious death should, above all things, be ever before our eyes, and whose red cross—our pillar of light—should unceasingly illumine our way, forgive the perverted heart that can treat thy image scornfully, that can call it a pagan idol, that could fling it to the flames; forgive, too, the polluted mind that sees in that mother, who alone was worthy thee, nothing beyond the ordinary woman—that absolutely entertain for her a contempt—that mock at such children of thine as make honorable mention of her name.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE TROUBLE.

LET not the reader imagine that Mrs. M'Dougald is merely a creation of the fancy, but rather let him believe that she is a being of blood and bone, hundreds of whose like may be found in our country.

Who, but the victims themselves, know the persecutions which poor Catholic females experience at the hands of bigoted mistresses like Mrs. M'Dougald? Could they but write the history of the trials which they have to undergo here on account of their religion, they would furnish forth such a volume of woe as no gentle eye could trace, without blotting the page with its tears. Talk of slavery at the South, and weep for the black man's misery, but learn the affliction, fierce and unremitting, which unoffending Catholic girls have to suffer in these New England States then forget the bondage of the black slave for the greater bondage of the white one.

That liberty, which clamored for, as it is, by men in favor of the negro, means, so far as that negro is concerned, nothing more than other air, and broader sky—things which, if his, would be but his larger misery—such liberty is not half so dear to the black man's heart, whose slavery exists only in the abolitionist's speech, as to the Catholic female is that religion which she always hears maligned; as that mass which she is frequently prevented from attending, or as that sacrament which is many a time snatched, as it were, from her lips. Put the iron on her hands and feet—shut out from her eyes the light of day, and feed her as

you feed a criminal. Do all this, and make of her a slave, whose like not even the tenderest modern philanthropist can see in this land. What then? Will she, think you, feel that her chains are heavy? Will she weep for the light that is lost? Will she eat her hard crust repiningly? Provided that she is allowed to practise her religion, she will not mind those trials. If she, now and then, have an opportunity of laying down that burden of the conscience from which even the just are not always free, that iron will be light. If she, now and then, can rest her eye upon the blaze of the sacred altar, the light of the noontide is not missed. And if she, now and then, can feed her soul with "the bread which came down from heaven," the earthly scanty crust will be sweet enough. Yes, chains and darkness and coarse fare constitute the slavery which certain persons consider as the ne plus ultra of misfortune, but for the Catholic female heart—the purest in the world—these things have not half the terrors that are discovered in the loss of the sweets of religion.

"Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word—
More precious than silver or gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!"

When what has been said above is the case, many a white slave is here—many a one groans under weights that are heavier than iron; many a one's eyes are shut to a light that is fairer than the sunbeams; many a one is poorer fed than he or she who lives upon bread and water.

Think of these white slaves, ye matrons of New England! See them around you in these little foreigners, who, though they wash your plates, and tend upon your tables, are nevertheless oftentimes, in spite of thralldom and sorrow, of

fairer face and happier brow than yourselves. Think what sacrifices of feeling are they not, through your fault, made to offer up, day after day. Think of those keen sensibilities of theirs, which ye think nothing of wounding. Give not all your sympathy to the unseemly negro, and in your bigotry and injustice, remember that there is a God, who, if you change not your way, will reward, as they deserve, your sneers, and jibes, and contempt of the frail and helpless stranger.

Yet why speak? Ye slaveholders of New England! ye cannot reconcile slavery with a white face; ye will not listen to this appeal, for ye are all fac-similes of Mrs. M'Dougald, who now reappears upon the stage to verify by her deeds, the words which have been written in the above paragraphs.

'Twas Sunday. Mary, who, as has already been stated, had been at confession, and prepared to receive the sacrament, was prevented by Mrs. M'Dougald from going to mass. By way of justifying herself, the lady put in her old plea of having to attend to meeting. There was no hope for the governess. Her friend, the doctor, who had frequently before rescued her from the fangs of the mistress, was off to the country, whither he had been called that morning. Previous to his setting out, he had been appealed to again by his wife, on the subject of late hours, against which Mrs. M'Dougald's choler had been freshly aroused by the fact that Mary had not, this day, made her appearance at the breakfast table. He was told that the governess, however well she might paint Emma's picture, ought not to be allowed to persevere in a practice so perilous to the house. In vain did the doctor remark that Mary probably had not been up the previous night. He was emphatically assured that nothing else could have kept her from break

fast. He was informed that her fasting was all owing to her having overslept herself.

"Did you see her up at a late hour?"

"No—but I am certain that she was."

"Now might not this be one of Mary's fast days?"

"Fast days! more of the superstition!"

M'Dougald, perceiving that his lady was determined to be right, and pestered by her wrangling spirit, exclaimed at last, as he hurried out of the house, "For heaven's sake, Harriet! 'castle stan', or castle fa', let her finish that picture, for I would sooner have it than the whole establishment."

The doctor's absence was now a grand opportunity for Mrs. M'Dougald to act the tyrant fully. This of course she did.

The white slave, from whose eye to-day the light of the Gospel was banished, and from whose soul the food of angels was withdrawn, bowed with patience to the mandate, and retired to her silent room.

How has the devil such power as to triumph by his agents over the innocent and weak? How is he permitted, as he is, to throw the stainless on a dunghill, and to place the polluted on a golden pavilion? 'Tis a harrowing thought to know—'tis a crushing fact that makes the heart sweat blood! Is there nothing to cheer us in the contemplation of so hard a truth? Oh, there must be—there is. Why or how could it be that Lucifer, after his fall, should be left so much of his original power, and that those brilliant Essences, whose light was never darkened from the first, should be accorded no power at all? Why or how should the damned and faithless spirit be mighty in evil, and the blessed and faithful ones be powerless for good? The battle between the celestial and infernal hosts may be still said to be going

on—and so the arch fiend with his followers are as utterly discomfited to-day in his fight with God's creation—man—as he was at the beginning in his fight with God himself. Yes, yes. 'Tis sweet, then, to feel that if the devil can, and does tempt us to evil, there are angels and archangels who help us to good. This is consolation.

On the wild Atlantic Mary had, as the reader remembers, a dream, which, like the poet's, "was not all a dream." That vision was never fairly realized till now. Those worshippers, of whom she expected to be one to-day, were to her as if they had suddenly died. A cruel hand did, in reality, snatch away from her the host that she adored. The atmosphere around grew thick and heavy, the sacred light of the altar was extinguished for her, and the black shadow of her lady's tyranny darkened everything around.

When Mary arrived at her chamber, she took up her prayer-book, and, falling upon her knees, read those prayers which she would more satisfactorily read had she been permitted to assist at the Sacrifice. After she had finished her devotions, she rose up, and taking in her hand the portrait of Emma, looked at it till the tears went bursting from her eyes. "Sweet child!" said Mary to herself, as she gazed upon her own fair handy-work; "Sweet child! nine years ago, when my portrait was taken too, I was as young as you are now, and I looked as happy as you do here. How little did I dream *then* that I would, in so short a time, be wailing over a picture like this, the image of my vanished joy! Beloved Emma! so fond, so fair, so happy, will some Mary of another land ever make you weep as you're now making me? Who knows what shadows may cross your path and darken your bright existence? I was once as happy as you; I had no thought of *this*; I saw but the world's sunny side. I am changed, I am changed!

Shall I think that you may be my successor in pain? Let me not say it! O Emma! my little love, long may that brow be smooth, long may those eyes be bright, ever may that soul, looking out so innocently through those eyes whose windows they are, be free from each sense of sorrow, and never may that pure, fair face be dimmed by the exile's tear."

Just as she was finishing her apostrophe, she heard the light little foot of Emma coming up stairs. Not wishing that any one should see the picture until she had given it the last touch, she ran to her drawer and secreted the paper.

Emma, seeing immediately on her entrance that Mary had been weeping, inquired of her, in a sweet, affectionate tone, if she was sick.

"I am not well, my dear Emma!"

"Oh, my sweet, good Mary! I am so sorry," said the gentle child, throwing her arms lovingly around Mary's neck, and kissing her. "What shall I do to make you well?"

These kind words of innocence were the medicine that Mary most required. They went like balm to her sorrowful soul, and made that soul feel happy. She took up Emma in her arms, and printed a kiss of childlike gratitude upon her consoler's cheek. "I am better, now, dear Emma," said she, "and I am glad that you have come up."

Having said this, Mary, in spite of herself, burst into tears, and Emma, unable to resist the infection, began to weep, she knew not why.

"Don't cry, my sweet Emma," said Mary.

"I am crying to see you so sad," said the beautiful child.

"Well," said Mary, wiping her eyes, "I will be sad no longer, and let my little Emma be as glad as ever."

The happy child, delighted with her governess, flew down stairs, and in a few moments returned, bringing with her a little basket containing ripe grapes and sugar-plums. "See," said she, as, all radiant with smiles, she skipped up to Mary; "see what I have got for you here! Look at that beautiful bunch of grapes!—O taste it, do,—and look at my sugar-plums—all colors, red, white, blue, yellow—aint they sweet?"

"My lovely little butterfly!" cried Mary, kissing her charmer again, "they are beautiful and sweet, indeed, but you are more sweet and beautiful than they."

At this endearing compliment, Emma threw back from her fair forehead those raven locks in which there was a play of light, and tittered in her own sweet way as she said: "I like sugar-plums and grapes better than I like myself, but not so well as I like my own dear Mary Theresa."

This was a strange expression, yet it was as true as the child who spoke it. Mary took her by the hand, and, pressing it with all the tenderness of true affection, moved forward to take with her beloved charge a walk in the garden.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REV. MR. ALLJAW.

ON his journey the doctor met with an accident which prevented him from returning home that night. His lady, for some cause unknown, did not vouchsafe that evening to grace the table with her presence, but allowed Mary to take tea in silence and solitude.

The doctor did not arrive till dinner hour next day, and, as soon as he had taken the carving knife in hand, had the pleasure of hearing from herself the experience which his wife had gathered during his absence.

"I am sorry," began her ladyship, "that you had not the good fortune to hear the beautiful discourse which I had the pleasure of listening to yesterday from the Rev. Mr. Alljaw."

"What was the text?" inquired the doctor.

Mrs. M'Dougald hesitated, and at length said: "Well, I can't recollect it just now, but it was a very instructive one, indeed, and the sermon itself was the best that ever I heard."

"What was the tenor of his discourse?" asked the doctor.

"It was such a one as would not be very agreeable to some persons whom I know."

"Would Mary like it if she heard it?"

"I rather think not."

"Oh, then, it was, no doubt, something against the Catholics."

"You have just guessed it."

"And where in the Bible could he find a text upon which he could build a fabric of that kind?"

"He found it."

"Well, Alljaw is more the sinner for teaching his people a doctrine of such uncharitableness; and I might add, Harriet, that you were no better for being so delighted with the abuse which you heard lavished upon your neighbors. It would be better for that Rev. defamer to mend the morals of his flock—which, God knows, require a change—than to pour out his invectives against a people who never did him the slightest injury. As, however, what's in the bone

will come out of the flesh, Alljaw will be Alljaw to the last. Abusing the Catholics is a trick of his, but I believe that his flock, who are the most bigoted set in the city, like this kind of thing, and are, therefore, worthy of their pastor."

"You seem," said the lady, feeling keenly these remarks, "to be very wroth, Allen, with a man who thinks himself bound in conscience to tell the whole truth, openly and fearlessly."

"What truth? Is it that Catholics are all sinners, and he and his followers all saints? 'Tis my firm belief that, if all the devils in himself and his hearers were driven out this moment, they would be more than sufficient to drive headlong into the sea another herd of swine."

These words were spoken thus sharply on account of the minister, whose history the doctor considered anything but good.

"Do you mean to say," said Mrs. M'Dougald, "that Mr. Alljaw is not a religious man?"

"Rather say, Harriet, that he is a man of religion."

"What is the difference?"

"I'll tell you. His religion is to him what the harness is to his horse. The harness, you know, is more frequently off than on. We will say, then, that Alljaw is a tradesman in religion. Alljaw's religious harness is seldomer on than off. I know him, Harriet, better than you do."

"Why, Allen, you amaze me!"

"I assure you that I am perfectly right. Just let him take off that white *strangulator* which he wears around his neck; then let him look out of his eyes in a way that is natural, and not inside-out as he does (here the doctor looked up ghostily to the ceiling in imitation of the minister); then let him doff that black coat for a white one, and Alljaw's religion and himself will have parted."

At this dissection of Mr. Alljaw, Mary could not but smile, thereby hurting Mrs. M'Dougald to the quick.

"Why, Allen!" cried the lady again, "you really amaze me."

"How?"

"Is there among Mr. Alljaw's people, a child that dies over which he does not make a sermon, which soothes, if not banishes all sorrow from the parents' hearts? Is there a house into which he goes, where he does not offer up an appropriate prayer? And is there a person that he meets, whose hand he does not shake with all the affection of an apostle?"

"Faith—as to the last thing you have said, I agree with you, and moreover must say that he is almost too fond of shaking hands, particularly with the young ladies. But, Harriet! tell me, what confined him so closely to his house all the time that the measles and ulcerated sore throat were so prevalent here?"

"Mr. Alljaw was sick then."

"Ha! ha! ha! yes, just about as sick as I was. I fancy that on that occasion, the sick had not such a place in his mind as the healthy. Alljaw has children, yes, and he knows as well as anybody else, the meaning of number one. Have you anything more to say in his favor?"

Mrs. M'Dougald, observing Mary smiling again, felt so very much like dying that she remained perfectly silent.

"Now, Harriet!" began the knowledgeable M'Dougald, "I see that you have summed up all this Rev. gentleman's excellences. I will, therefore, proceed to give you one or two specimens of his defects."

"In the first place, I should by right begin with that scrape of his—but never mind; you know it as well as I do—let it pass. In another man," said the doctor laugh-

ingly, "such a rakish affair might pass for an eccentricity, but, by George! in a minister it should not be allowed to go for such a joke."

"People in glass houses should not throw stones," very appropriately remarked Mrs. M'Dougald.

"True, very true," replied the doctor, "if the glass of one party is no stronger than that of the other; but the man with a house of common glass may be excused for pelting a stone at the man with a house of bull's-eye glass. Do you observe the distinction? Now a man in Alljaw's position should not be living in a house of common glass at all, but in one of a thicker material."

"Go on," said Mrs. M'Dougald, very primly.

"To come, however, to a fact of recent date, permit me now, Harriet, to show you a proof of Alljaw's Christianity. I might have told you of it long ago, but as under ordinary circumstances, it is not my practice to speak of my neighbors' faults, I made no mention of the matter."

"About a year ago a poor girl from Ireland came before Lawyer Johnson, in whose office I happened to be at the time. She said that she had for three years been living as a servant in Alljaw's house. Wishing to join some friends of hers in the West, she called upon her master for her wages, and was told that there was nothing coming to her. 'I thought, sir,' said she, 'that I was entitled to as much as one hundred and twenty dollars.' 'No,' said Alljaw, 'you have already received your full amount in money and clothes.' 'But,' said she, 'what articles I got from you come to no more than thirty-two dollars, while the whole of my wages is one hundred and fifty-six.' 'Go about your business,' said the pious Alljaw, 'and say no more about it, else I will go down to Squire Murdoch's, make oath that you are insane, and have you put in the mad-house.'

"Oh, I don't believe a word of it, not a single word."

"Why do you not?"

"Because the story is not even probable, much less possible."

"How do you mean?"

"From Mr. Alljaw's pretended threat to swear to a lie."

"When he said so, Harriet! he had no notion of swearing—he said so merely to frighten the poor girl out of her hard earnings."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Tell me, then, Harriet! how came it, that when Johnson sent the summons, Alljaw handed over the dimes immediately?"

"Does it follow that because the law made him pay, he was therefore guilty of the alleged act?"

"Decidedly, oh! decidedly."

"But do not lawyers sometimes make right appear wrong, and wrong right?"

"By Jove! if Johnson could, in this instance, employ the 'hocus pocus' of which you speak, he would be more inclined to use it *against* the girl than *for* her. After this, Harriet! don't talk to me about Alljaw's preaching."

"Mr. Alljaw is a beautiful preacher."

"If he is, his practice makes it all moonshine."

"Mr. Alljaw is a beautiful preacher."

"Now, Harriet! as you seem to be so positive, I tell you distinctly, that, villainous as his practice is, his preaching is, if possible, a million times worse. Preaching! why, thunderation! I heard him at old Major Hudson's funeral, and I considered him the poorest preacher I ever heard in my life. All that he seemed to me to be able to do was to screech, and sweat. But to preach—nonsense! I don't, however, blame the poor man for not being a speaker, but how I *do*

blame him is this, that when he is not a speaker, he has the impudence to take upon himself the office of a preacher. The fact is, 'tis hard for him to preach. He has no education."

"Mr. Alljaw, every one says, is a splendid scholar."

"O ginger blue! Why, Harriet! do you know what Alljaw was previous to his coming to this place?"

"He was a minister of the Gospel."

"There's where you're wrong. Begging 'your parsnips,' then, I must tell you that he was an ox teamster up there somewhere in Kennebec."

"He wasn't, Allen!"

"He was, I assure you—and the truth is that the people, who knew all about it, were so disgusted at the thought of such a fellow taking it on himself to preach, that 'they guessed that an ox teamer of a screamer shouldn't be allowed to holler much longer in that 'ar buildin'.' The consequence was that they set fire to his meeting-house, and kicked himself out."

"Now, Allen! you don't like Mr. Alljaw."

"That's a fact, Harriet! I do not like him. I would sooner hear a pig squealing blue murder under a gate, than near the three-fourths of such ignorant hypocrites as go up and down here canting in black broadcloth and white chokers. But, Harriet! did you ever hear the soliloquy which Alljaw made just about the time that the spirit moved him to go and preach the Gospel?"

Mrs. M'Dougald was silent, while the doctor said:

"As driving oxen will not bring much pelf,
I'll be a preacher, I'll ordain myself;
I'll sometimes pray, and I will sometimes preach.
Though, heav'n be blessed! I hain't the gift of speech,
Yet that is nothing, still I'll make a face,
A something born of glory and grimace;

I'll shed soft tears, I'll draw some heavy sighs,
And turn to heav'n the whites of both my eyes.
Meantime, I'll sport, that is, take Frenchman's leave,
And laugh at virtue—won't I?—in my sleeve."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared M'Dougald as he rose from the table, and left the room, leaving Mrs. M'Dougald to digest the "petrifying commentaries" which he had just made on the saintly courses of the Rev. Mr. Alljaw.

CHAPTER XIX.

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

MARY, unaware of the discovery which the doctor had accidentally made of her drawing, in a few days presented the finished picture. The doctor pronounced it perfect, and appealed to Mrs. M'Dougald for an acquiescence in his opinion. That lady had such an inveterate hatred for the limner, that her judgment on the merit or demerit of Mary's performances was anything but sound. Her bigotry, which, in the calmest times, was sufficiently rabid, had been considerably increased by the furious sermon delivered by the preacher, who figures in the preceding chapter. The blindness, born of a bad judgment and bigotry together, must necessarily be a great obstacle to seeing, in the eye over which such a cloud has settled. Notwithstanding, therefore, the involuntary admiration with which she viewed the painting, even in its unfinished state, it will not be wondered at, if Mrs. M'Dougald must be represented now as withholding the eulogy which the doctor expected to hear her pass upon the work. The dear lady was not of fit

mind to act in the capacity of a critic. That circumstance, however, did not prevent her from giving her opinion. The opinion, of course, was that the picture was not a true likeness of Emma. The reasons adduced were, that Emma's neck, which was always uncovered, was covered in the drawing; moreover, that she never wore that necklace which stood out here in such bold relief.

Mary was present while the mistress pronounced this critique. She was sorry that there seemed to be no hope of gaining the lady's affections. Indeed, having fully depended on the picture for establishing herself in Mrs. M'Dougald's esteem, she was deeply pained by the sad result.

The doctor, perceiving her great sorrow, determined upon cheering her, by repeating his high praises of the piece, and at the same time assuring his wife that he would have it occupy the place in which another likeness of Emma was hanging. "Harriet!" said he, "I give you my word for it that while Simson's painting is no better than a miserable daub, this of Mary's is as true to the original as could be done by mortal hand."

This compliment was too much for Mary's modesty. She thereupon withdrew.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "that girl is decidedly an acquisition to this house, and she shall teach Emma drawing as well as music."

"Allen," said the uncompromising wife, "I admit that she is a tolerable pianist; I also admit that, though this is no proof of it, she is a passable artist; but lest she may instil into Emma's mind any of the errors of popery, I do not wish to have her continued as governess. From the beginning this was my great objection."

"Popery!" echoed the doctor; "for my own part I don't see that popery is so much to be feared. On the contrary,

I think that if every one in the world were half as good as Mary, we should have a regular paradise on earth. Does her popery take away her gentleness, her patience, her modesty, her faithfulness, her piety, or any other of those many qualities of which she is possessed? Rather, may not her popery give her these? It certainly does not take them away. If it give them, then popery must be a different thing from what you seem to imagine."

"These very qualities, which you ascribe to her," returned Mrs. M'Dougald, "make her all the more dangerous, and instead of reconciling me, only increase my fears. Popery is not the tree to produce such fruits as make this girl so charming in your eyes. She is a stranger here, and consequently she adopts a policy which conceals her real character. If she were the owner of this house, and we the dependents, it is my firm conviction that you would know more about popery than you do. She is, therefore, as I said, the more dangerous, for she will, I fear, by her soft ways, winning smiles, and all that, insinuate herself so much into Emma's affections, that our darling child will finally be drawn into those abominations for which all good Protestants have such a thorough abhorrence. Indeed, I have sufficient reason for speaking as I do. Emma this minute, I think, loves this girl more than she loves me. She seems to wish to be always in her company, and she seems to find no pleasure in mine."

"Tut, woman!" exclaimed the doctor, "'tis all collywest. What I have to say myself on this tormenting score is, that if you, Harriet, never grow worse than Mary is, you will have as good a chance of heaven as the best protestantism can give you; and also that if Emma turn out to be a pupil worthy of her governess, neither you, nor I, nor she will have any reason to be ashamed of her popish education.

But confound it—I am heartily tired of these polemics, and want to think no more about them."

Having made these few remarks, the doctor took up the picture again, and appeared to prize it more than ever. "By Jupiter! Harriet," said he, "if you have not eyes enough to see the merits of this, you ought to procure a pair of goggles immediately."

"Perhaps something of the kind might help to give yourself a keener sight."

"Wee wife, Hetty!" said M'Dougald in his very best humor, "the eccentricities of old age are gathering 'round you fast, and I am sorry for your own self's sake."

As these words were uttered, Bell's gaunt form entered the room.

"Who is that, Bell?" asked the doctor, handing her the matter of dispute.

"It's Emma, as I'm alive!" cried Bell, without a moment's hesitation.

"Does that look like Emma?" inquired Mrs. M'Dougald, in a tone very much like Do below the line with three strokes on the head, and one on the neck.

"Yes, exactly, and no mistake," answered Bell.

"Look at it again, and see if it's like her," suggested the incredulous lady.

Bell looked again, and laughing out as if Emma's real self said from the paper, "Is that you, Bell!"—cried, "If that ain't Emma, and Emma to the nines, I'm a hoss, and I'll eat my boots for supper. Well, if that don't beat all! there's the hair, the forred, the eyes, the mouth, the chin, jest to a shavin'—did you ever! But goodness me, who was it done it? Mary?"

"Bell," said the doctor, "where's Emma?"

"Out in the garden a walkin' with Mary."

"Go and call her ; but don't say anything to her about the picture."

Bell was off.

"Now, Harriet," remarked the doctor, "I'll lay you whatever you like, that Emma herself will recognize the likeness just as quickly as Bell."

"Probably," said Mrs. M'Dougald ; "ye all seem to have the same eyes."

As Emma came skipping into the room, her father held up before her the beautiful painting, but spoke not a word.

"O pa, where did you get me there ? dear me, let me see myself. Oh, isn't that my hair, and eyes, and all ? and I've got a necklace on, too ; doesn't it look well ? Pa, won't you give me that pretty one you promised me ? Well, well, if that's not a good one ! Ma, you have two Emmas now. Well, I am so glad. But who drew me ? was it Mr. Jackson ?"

This was a question which Bell was as anxious to hear answered as Emma ; but it was one which M'Dougald did not, for certain reasons, like to answer immediately, and which Mrs. M'Dougald, for the same reasons, would not.

The doctor was for a moment silent, evidently in a puzzle. At length he said to Emma : "I'll leave you this evening to guess it ; and if you can tell me then, I'll give you the necklace."

"If I guess it now, pa, will you give me it ?"

"I will," said the father.

"It wasn't Mr. Jenkins, was it ?" asked Emma.

"No, it wasn't Mr. Jenkins."

"I guess I could guess the coon," exclaimed Bell.

"O no, Bell," cried Emma, "let me guess it myself ; because if you don't, I shouldn't get the necklace."

"Hush, Bell," said the doctor.

"It wasn't Mr. Jenkins. Ah ! pa, was it Mary ?"

The doctor, laughing out, said nothing, but walked out of the room.

If he had given expression to his sentiments, he would doubtless say : "Well done, Emma, you have won the reward ; and, in that reward, you have got an acquisition which will probably reverse your critical mother's opinion, and reconcile her at last to the picture. With the reward you have also the work which, construed, as it once was, into a 'papistical orgy,' was deemed the means which would one day, not very distant, burn up 'body and bones,' both yourself and your parents. You have in all this received a memento which will make you love Mary for ever ; and you have increased in a love for her that will be reciprocated to the full. But, gentle, loving Emma, you know not, all the while, that you have been turned into a triumph over your mother ; you know nothing of the pains and vigils which that mother has undergone, in endeavoring to arrive at a knowledge which is, after all, more tormenting than either vigil or pain ; you know not of the frustrated hopes which, built, as they were, on what is now your greatest pleasure, show in their blight that no similar hopes are possible again."

CHAPTER XX.

A CONTRAST.

THE doctor, wishing to take advantage of the excellent opportunity now afforded his daughter, was all for having Emma learn drawing. The doctor's wife, wishing to take advantage of the excellent opportunity now afforded to her opposition, was all for having Emma learn French. The doctor maintained that there was now a possibility of her learning what he proposed, while there was none of learning what was proposed by his wife. The doctor's lady maintained that, as it was now high time for Emma to begin French, and time enough afterwards to begin drawing, there was no use of keeping a governess who could not teach the particular branch which the exigencies of the time required. The doctor reminded his lady of a wish which he had frequently heard her express, viz., of having Emma put to drawing; and wanted to know how it came to pass that she had so suddenly reversed her sentiments. The doctor's lady informed her lord that, having been assured by a competent judge that the French should take precedence, she had changed her opinion. "I have," said the doctor, "known young ladies to devote their attention to both these departments at one and the same time." "So have I," rejoined the lady; "and if you feel disposed to have Emma thus instructed, I will have a chance to see another instance of the kind." "How can that be done?" inquired the doctor. "Simply," replied the lady, "by discharging your present governess, who is incapable of teaching both, and by getting one who *will* be capable."

"For mercy's sake, come here, doctor!" cried Bell, unexpectedly opening the door, "and hear Mary talkin' high Detch to an old Detch covy that's out here."

The doctor, hoping in his soul that Bell's "Detch" would turn out to be French, hurried out to know the reality. Arrived at the scene of action, he saw Bell's "old covy" moving off towards the gate. "Who is that, Mary?" he asked. "A Frenchman," she replied.

"You little rogue! you have been talking French to him."

Mary said, "Yes, a little."

The doctor hailed the Frenchman with "Hillo, old fellow, come back here."

"He does not understand English," said Mary. The doctor then cried out: "Arrêtez vous, vieillard, venez ici."

The Frenchman, who happened to be a cripple and a mendicant, made his way back to the house.

"D'où venez vous?" said the doctor.

"De la ville de N——," replied the stranger.

"Et qu'est ce que vous cherchez?" asked the doctor.

"Un peu d'argent que je me procure quelque chose à manger."

The doctor gave him a shilling, and, not being the most flippant at the French, asked Mary to talk to the man.

About this time Mrs. M'Dougald, whom the doctor had called, made her appearance, and had—not the gratification, but the pain of hearing, "with her own ears," the Irish girl speaking veritable voluble French.

The doctor's delight it is unnecessary to describe.

The foreigner himself felt as happy as the doctor. By the accident he got his dinner and another shilling. Why should he not be rewarded for his opportune appearance?

As M'Dougald and his lady were returning to the sitting

room, the former quaintly informed the latter that she could now, if she pleased, have another instance of a young lady learning French and drawing at the same time.

"Do you call *hers* good French?" demanded Mrs M'Dougald.

"Certainly," replied the doctor.

"I'm of a different opinion," observed the lady.

"What do you find wrong in it?"

"She speaks with an English accent, and she has none of the nasal sound whatever."

"I think that she has as much of that as it is possible to find in one who is not of French blood. I think, moreover, that it would be impossible for any one with so pretty a little nose as Mary's, to get up a more nasal twang. You must remember, Harriet, that the Frenchman's was so thunderingly big, as to leave him under no necessity at all to employ the other organs of articulation. 'Twould be hard for Mary's nose to compete in nasal modulation with a proboscis like his."

"It may be," returned the lady; "but then again she has not that action which seems to be part and parcel of the language. If she had learned French from a competent master, she would not be wanting in this very characteristic accompaniment."

"Do you mean," asked M'Dougald, laughing, "that she has not the pursing out of the mouth, the shrugging of the shoulder, the tossing of the head, and all that kind of thing?"

"I do," replied the lady.

"Well, really," said the doctor, "I should like to see Emma an adept in such antics. 'Tis a great pity indeed that in these particulars Mary is so very deficient. Harriet! I once heard of a French preacher who was so accomplished

in French elocution, that he one day jumped out of his pulpit, 'holus bolus,' and broke two of his own ribs together with three or four more that belonged to an old woman who was kneeling below him. That was the boy that could talk and *jump* French with a vengeance! If we had the like of him here, we should not put Emma under Mary's tuition."

"You, Allen! always go to extremes in everything."

"I am giving you only French facts."

The lady held her peace.

"Now, Harriet! tell me why it is that you have such a repugnance to Mary?"

"Her religion, as I often told you before."

"But, don't you know, Harriet! that the things which she will have to teach, viz: French, drawing, and music, are not religion."

"Yes, but I feel convinced that she will teach Emma more religion than she will either music, French or drawing."

"In what way?"

"In her own jesuitical way."

"Ha! ha! and is Mary a Jesuit, too? By Juno! but a female Jesuit is a queer kind of animal."

"You need not laugh. It is not at all improbable that she is even a Jesuit. You are not till this time without knowing that those villainous Jesuits appear in every shape, seeking, like the devil, whom they may devour. I heard Xr. Alljaw preach that very thing."

"Alljaw be ———. Harriet, I would not trust that fellow any further than I could see him. But hang it for a story, let me say no more about it, and let me ask you this question. Where could you get so accomplished a governess?"

"There's Miss Bringerup, at Colonel Seymour's."

"You couldn't get *her*, and besides, even if you could, you

would have a stuck-up thing, who, with all her pride and importance, knows not half as much as Mary. Let me tell you, Harriet! that you have here a most remarkable girl, one the like of whom you will never get again if you once lose her. With all this, she is the very essence of modesty. She never said a word about her musical talent until it was discovered by accident. She never said a word about her skill in painting until she was forced, by the circumstance of Emma's picture, to make it known. She never said a word about her knowledge of French, until it was found out at the eleventh hour. She will probably, before long, let us see that she speaks Italian as well as she does anything else. Here, then, is a governess with a splendid education, and with the most unassuming manner. What's going to drive her away? Is it a mere groundless apprehension that she is a nun, or what is the height of folly to suppose—a Jesuit? For my own part, I say that if she were the General of the Jesuits, himself, I would not feel the least uneasy; and if she were a nun of not only *one* black veil, but *two*, ay, and *twenty*, I would be just as tranquil as I am at present."

"Oh, as for you, Allen! you have no religion at all, and, consequently, you take Emma's future very quietly."

"Bless my heart, Harriet! when did *you* come down? If I'm not as good a Christian as you, then I'll give up the whole argument."

"Why, *you* never go to church, at any time; *I* go frequently."

"Church going, Harriet! is not Christianity by any means. If you require proof for this, just look at Deacon Wilder, and 'Squire Dodd, and be convinced of what I say. There's no greater church-goer than either Dodd or Wilder, and there's decidedly no worse Christian between the poles.

Dodd, for instance, will lend a poor devil forty dollars, and charge him interest at the rate of fifty per cent. Wilder 'will swear a hole through a griddle,' as he may be said to have done in that charge which he tried to prove against Parson Lawson, and he will lie like old Harry himself. Both of these church goers, in the meantime, will attend meeting every Sunday, pour out a rignarole of a prayer calling upon their God to bring the ungodly to righteousness, and make a pharisaical display thanking heaven that they are not like other men—liars, and extortioners—their identical selves! So much for those church-going Christians." And now, Harriet! to talk of ourselves a little, I don't think that after all your bragging, you're a whit better than your unfortunate husband. If you are, let us see wherein it lies."

Mrs. M'Dougald, too modest to make a parade of her virtues, kept, for a while, "her tongue straight in her head," and at length vouchsafed merely to remark, that *her* determination to preserve protestantism in her child, and *his* determination to continue a girl that would destroy it, were in themselves sufficient to show the respective virtues of herself and her husband.

"Harriet! now as you seem to plume yourself so much upon your protestantism, let me assure you, that, if I were going to-morrow to join any particular sect of Christians—a thing, by the way, which I don't intend to do just yet—I would associate myself with the Catholics."

"You don't mean what you say."

"I do, positively. I see in them more honor, more honesty, more charity, more of what seems to me to be real Christianity, than I see in any body professing to love God, and to hate the devil. For this reason, I cannot understand how it is that you have such a lasting dread of

them; I have only to suppose that you fear them merely from prejudice; and if so, I must say that I wish, for your own sake, Harriet! your mother had not suckled you with such milk."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you would soon be a convert."

"Perhaps I am just as well as I am. I believe that a man can, in any religion purporting to be Christian, secure his salvation, just as he can keep himself warm in clothes of any color; but as people of all denominations, with the exception of Catholics, do, generally speaking, as far as I can see, break in practice the commandments which they hold in theory, I am inclined to look upon Catholics as the only ones who have about them any of the reality of true religion. I was never brought up to any particular creed myself—consequently I follow no particular form, but I intend to examine, before I die, upon which of those spiritual racks I shall hang my bonnet."

Mrs. M'Dougald, who was all this time "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and vowing within herself treble determination to get rid of Mary, merely said—"Go on."

Here terminated the conversation.

M'Dougald rose up, and going his way, did not think of prosecuting the inquiry as to which "rack" had the best right to his bonnet.

The poor doctor! many a one is like him in this distracted world of ours. "We'll all know, by and by," a phrase by which he always banishes the doubt that occasionally rises in his mind, is the saddest truth that he could select for his consolation. "Now is the day, and now is the hour," not by and by. The time for work, for inquiry is now—by and by will be the time for rest and enjoyment.

But why soliloquize thus? Is not the world, to-day, nearly as ignorant of truth, and enamored of error, as it was when it was wallowing to the lips in the filth and abominations of Sodom and Gomorrah? Is not the second Paradise, Christianity—that garden which a Saviour gave us—almost as widely blasted as the Paradise of Adam and Eve? The so-called Christian world is all tumbled and tost throughout—the bloom of morality is departed—the light of the Gospel is a mere gleam in the midnight around it—the song of hearts, once made happy by virtue, is sung by very few—the odor of sanctity, which the world once possessed, is a rarity, a marvel—and the howling desolating wind of many thousand passions all broken loose, is singing antecedently the doom of the multitude.

CHAPTER XXI.

LANGUAGE AND CREED.

WHILE the doctor and his unpleasurable spouse were holding in the one apartment, their respective discussions on the goodness and badness of Mary's French, Mary and Bell and Jemmy were holding a bit of conversation in another place.

"Mary, you little Detch crittur you, how on airth did you make out to larn that jibbardy, jabbardy, ring, rong, ru, that you've jest been talkin' thar? Well, well—such a frog-pond language as that ar high Detch is, is enough to make folks laugh their eyes out, listenin' to it."

"'Tis not Dutch, Bell," said Mary, "but French."

"Six of one, and half dozen of t'other—I guess thar ain't a great sight difference in the two. Is there, Mary?"

"Yes, Bell, a vast difference."

"If there is, it's hard to see it, I reckon. It seems to me to be all spitter, spatter, clash and clatter, like I don't know what all. What, think you, did it sound to me like? Well, 'twas for all the world like the gabblin' of a flock of geese goin' out of a mud-puddle, stretchin' out their necks, and one says 'goosy,' and another says 'gander,' and then all jine in, and the hull country finds out there's to be a rain-storm in the mornin'. It seems to me like that 'ar for all the world. Say, Mary, won't you larn me some French?"

"'Tis pretty difficult, Bell."

"So you don't think I couldn't come it, then?"

"You would, Bell, after some time."

"Well," exclaimed the Yankee girl, wondering at herself, "the idea of *me* talkin' French—pomp, donsy, fronsy. What are you laughin' at, old spavin?" said she, addressing Jemmy, who happened to be amusing himself at her expense. "Get up on your spindles, and let us hear a taste of Irish. Mary, do you know Irish, too? Doesn't it go this way—crough, brough, blorough, and doesn't the French go, ding, dong, doolarō?"

"Be my sowl!" cried Jemmy, straightening himself out, "the Irish longage is as good as the Frinch, any day, and a divilish dale betther, too—tisen't that I ses it, or has it to say, but becuse it's the God's truth, so it is. Arrah! 'tis meself that offen hard the rail ould Irish spoke in style, and I wish to the Lard I was there this minit where I hard it, and had a thousand dollars in my washte-coat pocket, 'tis I that wouldn't care about the Frinch, or the cowl country of America aither, sorry a one iv me would. Many's the time I hard Father Mulhern praychin' in Irish. I never

hard a sarmon to aqual 'em since, and that's no lie, troth it's not. Wish, he was wan day givin' a station at Ballycrass in wan Bat Murphy's house, and you could hear a pin fawl on the flure wid the silence that was in it. I couldn't see him to my plaisement, so I got up on top of a chair, and if he didn't saffen my heart, 'tis a quare story. There wasn't a dry eye in the whole house wid the cryin' that was there. That was the man that could spake Irish, and show ye's what Ireland is. Shure the Frinch is nothin' to the Irish. The Irish is the ouldest longage in the world, and one word iv it has more manin' in it than fifty Frinch ones. There's no one to say against that. If ye's were to ask Father Mulhern which was the best, I'd warrant ye he'd say he wouldn't give a spit out iv his mouth for the Frinch, long side iv the Irish. And maybe he wasn't a judge. He knew the Frinch every haypurt as well as he knew the Irish, and Haybrew, and Jarmin, and everything else ye could think iv from this till next Aister. And by the same token he was called the Star of Munster. Whin he was done his sarmon, we all knilt down on the flure, but myself knilt upon the chair that I stood upon before, and there was a crass awlawne behind me, who told me to kneel down like the rest iv the neighbors, and ses I to him, I will not, shure I'm as near to heaven here, ses I, as you are there, and nearer, too, and what are you talkin' about, man? ses I. That's what I sed. But my rayson for kneelin' where I did, wasn't that I thought I was nearer to heaven there than anywhere else, for God is everywhere, blessed be his holy name; but for the rayson that I had on a new pair of breeches that mornin', and I didn't want to have the knees wore out iv 'em too soon."

Bell, thinking Jemmy's speech rather long, cried out to him: "Here, away out of this with your nonsense, and

fetch us a bucket of water, and shut up your clatter-pan, you old bladderum skite you."

Jemmy's dissertation on the learned languages was thus peremptorily cut short.

In these two individuals, Jemmy and Bell, we have a specimen of the Irish peasant and the American peasant. The conversation of the latter, bold, rollicking, and reckless, is the best criterion of what is the religious spirit that pervades all persons of her class. She has about her not a particle of Christian faith; she is totally blind to the reasonableness of holding to any Christian observance; she is a being upon whose mind the light of the Gospel seems never to have even dawned; in the midst of a country with its thousands of spires, she is as if she lived, since her infancy, in the depth of a wilderness; and she perseveres in a course which seems to indicate that she knows nothing whatever of the history of redemption, or of the hope of the world that is to come. Although in this story all such language is studiously suppressed, yet it is true that by her God's most holy name is taken in vain, with as much indifference as if there were no commandment forbidding such a practice. By her, no thanks is given to that God under any circumstances whatever. For her, there is no charm in a church; for her, everything like prayer is a folly or a burden. Like the beast of the field she rises from her bed in the morning, and, without making the least offering of her heart to her Maker, she hurries to her breakfast. Like the beast of the field, she tumbles into bed in the evening, never once raising her eyes to heaven.

O preachers of Protestantism! what do you mean, when you talk of the ignorance of Popery, and of the enlightenment of your own strange creed? Where is this light apparent in the majority of your young men and young women

in this country? Is not Bell as religious and as knowledgeable as any of her class? What do they know of real Christian truths? Do they, like young Catholics, pray morning and night? Do they ever say, for benefits received, "Thanks be to God?" No. When such, then, are not their works, where is their knowledge, their light? Can one out of every ten of them tell you of the Trinity? Can one out of every ten of them tell you how many Gods there are, and how many persons in the Godhead? They have frequently been asked these necessary questions, but they have seldom been able to answer them. Where, then, is their light, and why should you boast as you do? They know their names, and they know, too, that 'twas "their godfathers and godmothers" who gave them these names. They may know, too, who was Abraham, and who was Isaac, and who was Jacob. They may know who was the strongest man in times past, and who was the oldest. From these very *essential* truths (which, by the way, are found in the Protestant catechism) they might be able to answer Dean Swift's question—"How many yards of cloth would it take to make a jacket for Goliath?" But to keep pace with this their Jewish, where is their Christian knowledge? Nowhere.

Take promiscuously from the crowd a dozen of the Protestant world, and a dozen of the Catholic, and see who knows more about Christ, and his apostles, about God, and his attributes, about the real duties of man in this life, and his destiny in the next. And yet this is the genuine knowledge, this is the only true enlightenment. The knowledge of dollars and cents, and the tricks of speculation, and the power, the glory of steam and electricity, and the way to make wooden hams and nutmegs, and the means of holding conversations with the spirits of the damned—these, alas!

make up the light and the liberty of the "glorious reformation."

In the conversation of Jemmy we have the best criterion of what is the religious spirit that pervades all persons of his class. Quaint and curious as this conversation is, and though now and then garnished with an offensive epithet, it has about it an evidence of faith, a practical love of religion, a thankfulness for God's good gifts, which, while they fully show the Christianity of the one class, make a fine contrast with the heathenism, the nihilism of the other.

Jemmy will, if possible, be every Sunday at chapel. If he cannot read, he will surely have those beads on which he will repeat the prayers which remind him of a Saviour's love and passion. Should he happen, as he sometimes does, to take a glass too much, he will have a conscience which constantly whispers to him that he has done something which he must as quickly as possible remove from his soul.

At night, he will not, lest he may die before morning, neglect to kneel down and beg of his God to bring him safe to another day. At morning, he will not, lest he may meet with some misfortune before night, neglect to kneel again, and beg of God to lead him safe through the dangers of the day. If, at times, he blunders out, "Be my sowl," or "The devil go wid you," he never fails, when anything surprises or rejoices him, to say, with all sincerity and devotion, "The Lord be praised," or "Thanks be to God." This latter act—thanksgiving—he makes, not only when he receives what is pleasing to flesh and blood, but also when he receives the very contrary. If he be questioned about the dogmas of his church, he may not be able to maintain them scripturally, but he knows the idea—he will enunciate the naked truth. Neither is it impossible for him sometimes to show, should he be hard pressed, even substantial proofs for

what he believes. For instance, he may, some day, be told by Parson Canter, whom he happens to meet, that the Blessed Virgin was no better a woman than Mrs. Canter, *his* mother. Jemmy will be apt to tell him, as a certain Jemmy has before now told a certain Mr. Canter, that "I am no scollard, plaize your Rivrence, and I'm not able to spake to a jintleman like you; all I can say is this, that I don't know a great dale about the difference bethune the two mothers, but by the hokey, I'm sartain and shure that there's a mighty difference intirely bethune the *two sons*."

Of the practical piety of Jemmy, in "storm as well as in shine," we have furnished us what we will relate, an anecdote, which, though it will show that good works are sometimes without merit, will nevertheless sufficiently illustrate the religious *habits* of the Irish peasantry.

A native of the Canadas, with a religion like Bell's, was one night in company with Jemmy, indulging in the pleasures of the bottle. Both worthies drank away until they could not tell a cow from a haystack. They were to sleep in a room which had a bed for each, and, when the hour for retiring had come, they made their way to their respective couches as well as they could. Jemmy, who, "blow high, blow low," never omitted his prayers, went down upon his knees, and was exceedingly devout. His companion, as was his custom, rolled under the blankets without any preparation. When Jemmy had made an end of his orisons, he asked the other whether he was in bed or not, and having been answered in the affirmative, asked again whether he had said his prayers.

"Prayers be —," responded the other.

"Get up out of that, like a baste that you are, and say your prayers like a Christian."

"Go to the d—l, you and your prayers."

"Come, get up this minit, I tell you, or I'll drag you out by the scruff in the neck, you haythen ; I wouldn't sleep in the same room, nor under the same roof, with such a dirty brute."

The man in the bed made no reply.

"Are you goin' to get out of that, and say your prayers, or are you not?" asked Jemmy, determinedly.

"I'm d—d if I do," persisted the incorrigible comrade.

"Thona mon deoul!" roared Jemmy, seeing that nothing but physical force could bring his man from the bed, and so saying he lustily laid hold of him and pulled him out. The conquered comrade, perceiving that Jemmy was a strong, smart junk of a fellow, did not offer any resistance.

"Say your prayers now, and do as you ought."

"I don't know any."

"The Lord be praised! and is that the truth you're afther tellin' me? Didn't your father or your mother tache you?"

"No."

"Oh, to be sure, what a haythin country! Well, go down there an your knees, you misfortunate man, and I'll tache you what you ought to larn long ago."

Jemmy drew over his chair, and got his companion to kneel before him. The scholar commenced, "*I'll—lay—my body—*"

"What's that you're sayin'?"

"I'll lay my body down to rest," the sinner had about time to say, when Jemmy bewilderedly shouted out, "Stop, man! that's not the way at all. Come, bless yourself first, make the sign of the cross upon your forehead, and then go an."

Thus saying, Jemmy took his comrade by the hand, and made him regularly sign himself in the name of the Father,

&c.—then, having got him through the Lord's prayer, and the "Hail Mary," dismissed his pupil by saying, "That'll do for this turn, and now go to bed like a Christian in the name of God."

CHAPTER XXII.

MELODY AND MOURNING.

EMMA had now been several months taking lessons in drawing and French, and was a remarkably apt scholar in each. For the same length of time, Mary had been groaning under those continued trials which, as stated before, were brought upon her by the hatred, bigotry, and increasing hostility of the mistress of the house.

Mrs. M'Dougald, who could never say "die," was as persevering as ever in her efforts to get rid of the governess, and left nothing undone that was calculated to bring about success. Every new discovery made of Mary's accomplishments, only served to rouse up that lady to a higher pitch of exertion against the object of her tyranny. When it was ascertained by the doctor, and made known to his wife, that Mary could *translate* Italian, thereby almost verifying his words when he said that probably "she knew Italian as well as she knew anything else," the uncompromising woman made nothing of it *outwardly*, but *inwardly* burned with the choler of an Achilles.

Some months afterwards, when Mrs. M'Dougald's case might be said to have arrived at that point called a crisis, and when the steam of circumstances was so high, that, morally speaking, there should be an explosion somewhere,

Mary and Emma went out to take an evening walk. The day was Sunday, and a High Festival of the Church beside. On their way they happened to be passing a Catholic chapel, the door of which was open. Emma ran up to the door, and perceiving that the altar was all brilliantly lit up, asked Mary to accompany her in. Mary would be rejoiced to comply with the request, but fearing that any bad consequence might come of it, she reluctantly refused. She was walking away, and bidding Emma follow her, when the child begged her to come back, and go with her into the chapel. Mary then complied. They went in, and just as they entered, a long train of priests and attendants, all dressed in white, came slowly into the sanctuary, filling the whole place. They knelt for a few moments before the altar, and then intoned vespers.

"The deep, majestic, solemn" organ presently rolled out, wave upon wave, gorgeous music, that shook the very building. Then again it changed, and poured out, like echoes from afar, symphonies so sweet, and low, and thrilling, as the harp of night makes when touched by the fingers of the fairy summer winds. Then once more changing, it would send forth all the thunder of its deep diapasons, in peals glorious, jubilant, and triumphant.

What a power is there in music! Warbled at evening across the calm, clear waters of some lake or sea, it has a fascination that cannot be described. Listen to a song of sorrow coming thus, and in it hear the plaint of some banished angel wailing for the heaven it has lost. Let the note be changed to that of joy, and in it hear the pæan of that spirit recalled, rejoicing in the heaven it has regained.

It is in the splendid music of the Catholic Church, which is unrivalled, that this power, equally talismanic for sorrow or joy, is particularly felt and acknowledged. Who that

ever heard the melody adapted to the Passion, and sung on Good Friday, could listen and not weep!

The Vespers were soon over, and the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was about to be given. Additional lights added their lustre to the already refulgent altar. The "remonstrance," containing the Lamb without spot, was set up; clouds of incense rolled from the censers; and priests and people, stooping down simultaneously, adored, saying as they bowed: "Thou art worthy, O Lord! to receive power, and honor, and glory, and benediction for ever and ever." Then came the thrilling "Tantum Ergo," so venerable, so old, so solemn, infusing into every heart a deeper devotion still, and preparing the faithful worshippers for the Man-God's blessing now to be imparted. Clouds of incense once more went up; and those prayers, of which that incense was the emblem, ascended as fervently. Then, for the last time, changed the organ its slow and deep-toned chant, and pealed forth the joyous "Laudate Dominum" in such strains as filled every soul with the thought, that "one day in the house of the Lord is better than a thousand in the palaces of princes."

"O Mary! dear Mary!" exclaimed Emma, when both had come out from the church, "was not that beautiful, was it not heavenly? I never felt in ma's meeting-house as I felt there. What was the cause, Mary? When the minister put that silver and gold candlestick upon the place where the flowers and lights stood, I could not speak for the world; and when all the ministers and people knelt down and bowed, and the sweet smoke floated all round, and the organ played that beautiful tune, which, like thunder in the distance, was so awfully deep, yet soft, I was scarcely able to breathe. Tell me, Mary dear, the meaning of all that, and when I get home I will tell ma."

Mary told her all about the ceremony and service, but could not, or would not explain for her, why it was that she felt so overpowered.

If Emma's mother had been there, she would, no doubt, being unable to appreciate it, laugh the whole to scorn; but this would not be surprising, for "God hides some things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them to little ones."

Mary told Emma not to mention to her mother anything about the matter, but Emma, so full of the recollection of what she had just witnessed, and so absorbed in the thought, that, either not observing Mary's counsel, or forgetting it, immediately on her entering the house, informed her mother of the whole affair.

"O dear, ma!" she began, "I was in the Catholic chapel this afternoon, and saw the prettiest place I ever saw in my life."

The mother, perfectly alarmed, cried, "Why, Emma! were you so wicked as to go into such a horrible place? Was it Mary that took you there?"

"No, ma! no, Mary did not want me to go in at all. But we were passing by, and seeing the door open, and finding such a beautiful place, I persuaded Mary to take me in."

"O Emma! you naughty girl, I am astonished at you, and I have a great mind to chastise you severely. Did you not know that it was a Popish house, and that Popery is the religion of the devil?—Fie upon you, fie—let me never again find you guilty of such a dreadful misdemeanor."

Here the lady burst into tears, as she cried: "See what pain you have caused your dear mother, see how wretched and miserable you make her!"

"O ma! don't cry, and I will never go there again," said the child, throwing her arms about her mother's neck, "but——"

"But *what*?" pettishly asked the mother.

"O ma! it is such a beautiful place, that if you only saw it, you would like it yourself."

This was insufferable; and Mrs. M'Dougald, who, without any reason in the world, concluded that Emma was indoctrinated with Mary's religious views, gave the innocent girl such a blow across the cheek as made her weep bitterly.

"Take that, you bad girl," said she, "and leave the room this instant."

The doctor just entered the apartment, and saw the tears rolling from Emma's eyes. "What's all this about, Harriet?" he asked.

The lady was so choked with anger that she could not articulate for a moment; at length in a strain of burning eloquence she told the whole circumstance, and exaggerated it highly.

When she had ended, the doctor remarked: "You had very little business to make the child cry in that manner."

The lady, thunderstricken at the man's unpardonable coolness, blazed away again, and acquitted herself in a way that almost entitled her to a place among the Tullies of old.

Perfectly indifferent to her oratory, the doctor fondly calling his daughter to him said, "Come here, Emma, and don't cry any more." He then smoothed down her flowing locks, patted her upon the shoulder, and kissed her with all a father's affection.

"A pretty way that," blustered the wife, "to train up your child, to make her despise her mother's counsel, and to encourage her to go into houses of idolatrous worship."

"Now, Hetty, my wee good wife! don't scold me so hard—don't be for ever harping upon that old string. Going into that chapel has not done Emma a morsel of harm. I am sure that she saw nothing bad there—I am sure that

she heard nothing bad there. Don't try to trammel her in that way—give her more liberty, and don't break down, by such crossing, her young and buoyant spirits—it's the worst thing in the world to treat children after that fashion. I have known scores of young people, who, from a treatment like this, fretted themselves into consumption, and filled premature graves."

"I would sooner have her in the grave than see her kidnapped, as I fear she will be," said Mrs. M'Dougald, wickedly.

"Well, I am not of your opinion—I would sooner have her anything than see her in the clay," said Dr. M'Dougald, tranquilly.

"Ah!" cried the elegant mother, "I may thank my Papist governess for all this misery—I foresaw it from the first, and my prophecy is verified daily, more and more. What are your French, your drawing, and your music, to a loss of the truth and the life? Will music, drawing, and the rest be any adornment or apology for mummery and superstition! Would it not be better to be as ignorant as a very boor, than to have every accomplishment and be a slave to the Pope?"

"Harriet," said the doctor, "upon that subject I have 'said my say,' and I can say no more. I have talked over the matter 'usque ad nauseam,' and, talk you now as you will, I shall make no further replies."

Having said this, M'Dougald left his lady to ruminate alone.

She mused but a moment, when she sent for Mary, and when the governess made her appearance, began such a furious onslaught upon the poor girl's creed, and country, and self, as gored her to the quick, and convinced her that a much longer stay in the doctor's house was utterly impracticable.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HARD HEART.

THE love which Emma had for our heroine was, if possible, increased by the circumstance of the portrait. This love had become to Mrs. M'Dougald, in the gaining of her ends regarding Mary, a greater obstacle than even the notable indifference of the doctor himself. If the child would happen to hear from her mother a word in disparagement of the governess, she would feel an agony that pierced her very soul. The thought of having to part with one so beloved was almost as terrible a thing as the thought of her mother's death. Emma was, therefore, never more overjoyed than when the hour for walking came. She would then be all smiles and glee.

The growth of this affection was, at an early day, observed by the bigoted mother, and considered as the precursor of a misfortune which would eventually be Emma's doom. It was now so matured that the lady entertained scarce a hope of her daughter. What a very silly creature was Mrs. M'Dougald!

The doctor, whose partiality to Mary was founded on nothing but the best of good nature, grew in his regard for her in the same ratio with Emma, and considered her a treasure to the house. "Though father, and mother, and all would go mad," he would not, he said, part with her for the world. Though he loved his wife in the fullest sense of the Apostle's counsel, still he was impervious to her strikes against his friend. In the lady's attacks upon him for this end, if he would occasionally give a hard rub to her logic or to

her philanthropy, he was always sure, before the end of the dispute, to pour oil into the wound. He would generally begin with sarcasm, and terminate in a joke; or, like the month of March in northern climes, he would "come in like a lion, and go out like a lamb." If, then, he had a deep-rooted regard for the stranger, he had, at the same time, every affection for his wife and every regard for her feelings. His unflinching advocacy of the governess was, therefore, an act of philanthropy, and nothing else. Who would blame him for not taking the advice of Mrs. M'Dougald?

The doctor's high esteem for Mary, and Emma's affection for her, were now as living realities as Chimborazo and the Jungfrau. When such an array of influence stood up between the mistress and her devoutly wished-for ends, it was clear as demonstration that her position looked weaker than ever. Who but a steeple-chase rider would have the courage to think of clearing, at a bound, this formidable barrier, and of getting once more into clear coursing?

The same buoyancy of spirit which had made this original woman a jockey, was the one which now emboldened her to break down every opposition, and triumph over "pope and popery, brass money, and wooden shoes." Her creative or inventive genius began to contrive a machination, which, when considered as the means, was evidently worthy of the end. She determined to establish in the breast of her daughter true Christianity, or freedom from Antichrist, by one of the most diabolical of instruments.

On a certain day her sad self lost, by some unfortunate accident, a purse containing fifty dollars. So it was *afterwards* stated. On the day that the mishap took place, she never said a word about it. She reserved the announcement for another occasion. This occasion was one on which Mary appeared with a splendid gold chain around

her neck. It was the first time that she had worn it since her arrival in America. The moment the chain was seen, Mrs. M'Dougald proclaimed, for the first time, the loss with which she had met, and accused the governess of the robbery. Not merely to the doctor did she make this report, but verily did she charge with it Mary herself to the teeth.

Of course, M'Dougald could not believe the accusation, yet observing the gold chain, and hearing of the loss simultaneously, he did not feel as easy as he would wish.

To satisfy Mrs. M'Dougald, Mary, finding that all her denials were useless, offered to go and prove her innocence by oath.

The lady informed her husband, who felt satisfied at this, that the oaths of Papists were not worth a rush. If one of them were to take fifty false oaths to-day, he would get from the priest pardon for them to-morrow. There was no necessity for an oath. The fact of Mary's guilt was too glaring to be smothered up in that way. Bell was never known to steal—Jemmy was as honest as Bell—Emma would not dream of such a thing—the mistress did not use the money—the doctor had no knowledge of it;—therefore it was as clear as sunlight that the governess was the thief.

Poor Mary defended herself with words, and when these made no impression, she defended herself with tears, whose torrent-flow was just as unavailable. Finding that neither tears nor words could remove the stigma, she knew not what to do. She thought of leaving the house immediately but this she did not wish to do until she fully proved her innocence. In this dilemma she at length conceived a plan which completely satisfied the doctor. She requested the master and mistress of the house, together with Emma and Bell, to accompany her to her room. When they did so, she opened a small trunk from which she drew out several gold

rings, gold bracelets, gold pins, and a splendid gold watch. Then opening another trunk, she held up before the household several rich dresses which she had never worn on this side of the Atlantic. "There," said the calumniated girl, "is the proof of my innocence;" and having said these words, she burst into tears.

"My dear Mary," said M'Dougald, "I never believed that you were guilty, and I did not, as you will remember, come to this place for any other purpose but to comply with your own request."

"Thank you, doctor, for your goodness," returned the weeper; "I know that you were fully convinced of my honesty and honor."

At sight of the articles above mentioned, the diabolical mistress returned to her own apartments.

In the mean time Mary informed the doctor that she did not wish to continue any longer in his house. At this announcement Emma burst out weeping, and cried piteously: "Oh don't go, Mary, don't, don't go!"

"My dear good Mary," said the doctor, "do not, I beseech you, give me any such notice. Why would you leave me who never offended you? Tell me, did I ever do so?"

"Never," replied Mary, "never. You were always kind to me; you have from me all the gratitude that my worn-out heart can give, and you will never be let fade from my memory."

"Then," said M'Dougald, "when you know that I will be your friend to the last, why say that you wish to go? If this damnable bigotry of my wife, who is a good-natured woman in her own way, breaks out at times into those disagreeable ebullitions of—I know not what—will not my esteem for you, and Emma's love, make up for all? I will leave myself out now, and for the sake of my child, whom I know

you ardently love, I ask you to forget this transient trial, and live on as you are."

Emma, with flowing eyes, was all the while clinging fast to her favorite, and ever and anon exclaiming: "Mary, O my Mary! will you go and leave your Emma?"

The appeal of friendship and love was almost too much for Mary to resist. She was unable to say anything. The doctor, fondly trusting that all would soon be right, now left the room, leaving Mary and Emma together.

As soon as he came into the presence of Mrs. M'Dougald, he asked: "Well, Harriet, are you satisfied now?"

"What satisfaction have I received?" said the adamantine woman.

"Satisfaction ten times over," he replied.

"For you, perhaps, but not for me," persisted the piece of flint; "and now let me assure you, Allen, that from the very fact of seeing that gold watch, &c., I have a greater dislike for this girl than I had before."

"My God, Harriet, what do you mean?"

"I mean what I have said."

The doctor bit his lips in silence, and stood wholly puzzled.

"Where could this wandering girl have got these costly articles?"

The man made no reply.

"I believe that they are all stolen property," said one of the hardest women in the world.

"God forgive Alljaw, and all his kind," cried one of the kindest men in the world, in a fit of pious feeling.

"Alljaw and his kind," remarked the stony substance, "would not load themselves with other people's property, and then fly away to a foreign country."

"Do you mean to insinuate that she pilfered those

things in Ireland, and then, to escape detection, fled to America?"

"I mean what I mean, and, doctor, let me tell you clearly what my meaning is, and my conviction, too. I mean and believe that your precious Mary is some runaway nun who rifled her convent of whatever she could lay hands on, and then cleared out. Neither do I say and believe this without proof, and I will give the reasons upon which this proof is founded. I presume that I am speaking clearly enough for you now. How could a poor girl, such as she is, procure such property as this? No way, except by foul means. She could not have obtained it from either father or mother, for if so, she would then be such a one as should have no necessity to seek her fortune in a distant land. Is this proof enough to verify my meaning and conviction? It is; and if it is, we have certainly a magnificent model for the moulding of Emma's virtues."

"How do you know that she is not the child of wealthy parents? You have no knowledge of the cause which sent her out here. For myself, I have believed, and still believe, that her history is a novel one. I have frequently tried to imagine what it is, but anxious as I have always been to know it, I could not bring myself to make any inquiries of herself. I expect to know it yet, and when I shall, I'll wager you whatever you please, that I shall be acquainted with a very mysterious tale."

"Allen! you are as credulous as the most benighted Papist, and you will, in spite of reason, be credulous to the end. Can you not see that the very thing, which prevented this girl from telling us her history, is the best possible proof that what I believe of her is correct. If she had an honorable history to tell, she would, no doubt, rejoice to make it known. But as no such history is hers, she has

shrewdly kept herself a mystery. Had you asked her about herself, you certainly would not have been informed of her delinquencies, but treated rather to some very fine romance."

"What has been her history since she came to this house?" asked the doctor.

"It has been well enough till now."

"But that it is now what you believe, remains to be proved. Her acts here up to the present prove her to be all that is deserving in woman. When such is ostensibly the fact, a mere charge, without the slightest foundation, is not to undo her Christian deeds, and stamp her as a worthless character. I have seen her goodness, but I have not seen her badness, and until the latter is apparent, I will always be convinced of her integrity."

The latter part of the last sentence was rendered inaudible by Bell rushing into the door, and crying out: "The fifty dollars is found."

"Bravo!" roared the doctor, "I knew that Mary was innocent."

"Who found it?" asked the doubly diabolical mistress.

"Jemmy," answered Bell.

"I'll be bound 'twas he," observed the other, "and I fancy that I can tell how he has been so clever."

"Very likely that you could, for according to the old adage, 'He that hides, finds,'" might the reader whisper.

Dear reader! Mrs. M'Dougald, on the day that Mary put on the chain, was the loser of no money whatever, but determining to make a last effort in getting clear of her, she thought there could be no better opportunity to fasten upon the poor girl the crime of theft, than the moment of the chain's appearance. Accordingly, with a view of giving some color to the accusation, she dropped the fifty

dollars where, she knew, Jemmy could not but find it—in the barn—intending, that, in the event of the old man picking it up, she could still criminate Mary, as she afterwards did, by saying that the Irish thief would never be betrayed by her countryman for getting him to declare that he had *found* what she herself had simply given him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSPICIONS AND VISIONS.

THE next morning Mary informed her friend the doctor that she would that day leave his house, and seek her living in some other family. He, sorely grieved by this unexpected triumph of his wife's opposition, endeavored by all means in his power to make Mary change her mind. His efforts, however, were altogether fruitless. The governess would go.

"How," said he sadly, "is Emma to bear this?"

"Ah! poor Emma," replied Mary weeping, "it makes my heart bleed to think that she and I must part, but oh! dear doctor! what greater trial can I know than that of the life which I am leading here? I feel that, when I go, I shall be miserable indeed, and if I stop, I shall be equally wretched. I stand between the shadows of two dread realities. To whichever side I turn I meet the stern reality of woe. The buoyancy is gone from my heart—my spirit's wing is broken—and for me the world is all gloom. Who loves Emma better than I? Who can worse live without her? Who has a weaker soul than I? Who knows greater persecution? From all this learn my feelings, and my

fears—from all this learn the cause which drives me to the step which I have taken. I know, that in going from you, I am plunging into a wilderness, but I know that however black my prospects may be, I am tearing myself from a scene of troubles, thorns, and tears. My present fate is a hard one, and rankles like an arrow in my breast. My future, though it may be as dark, has for the moment at all events, a something that lightens my life, and cheers me to go on. A respite from pain even for an instant is, you know, a bliss to the sufferer. Farewell, then, my first, perhaps my last friend in the land of the stranger; I hurry away to taste this little respite. Let me not see Emma again—sad request for me to make—spare her and me the killing agony which such a parting would give—say not how dearly I love her—add not poignancy to pain, but when the bitterness of this memory shall in time be known no longer, here, give her this little ring from me, and let the silent token be the only thing that shall remind her of my love."

M'Dougald, feeling the reasonableness of those remarks, and seeing the impossibility of getting her to stay, was more enraged than saddened at the issue to which affairs had now come. The anger, which he felt at the conduct of his wife, was too great to allow him to experience that regret which he would naturally show at Mary's departure. Dreadfully dissatisfied on the one hand, and dreadfully disappointed on the other—dissatisfied with regard to his wife, disappointed with regard to his child—he made no comments upon Mary's words, but munificently rewarded her for her services, gave her an excellent "character," and bade her a reluctant farewell. "Adieu, my dear Mary! adieu," he said; "my feelings upon this occasion cannot be described, I am deeply pained. Mrs. M'Dougald will, I am sure, obtain her reward.

Emma will be comfortless now. Once more, my dear Mary! adieu; may you soon be happy—you and I will assuredly meet again. If Emma live, this shall be her bridal ring; she shall not see it till then. Adieu, adieu!"

In a moment the doctor was gone, and Mary was alone.

Not long was she alone. Jemmy, her faithful friend and countryman, who had been ordered in the morning to knock at her door at a given hour, was true to the time appointed. He was immediately told by her to carry the trunks to a certain stage-coach office, and to do it in such a way as not to be observed by any of the household. The only one, in whom Mary now wished to confide, conveyed the trunks to their place of destination, at which herself had already arrived. As the coach was just upon the point of starting, she had no time to say but a word to old Jemmy. "Here," said she, giving him a little piece of gold, "I'm going away for ever, Jemmy! be a good man, and pray for me. Good-bye, God bless you."

Jemmy, suspecting nothing of the kind, was so completely bewildered that he was unable to utter a word.

The driver blew his horn, cracked his whip, and before Jemmy had recovered himself, drove far away down the muddy street.

"Wisha, God be with you, and defend you wherever you go, you sweet darlin' craytur that you are, but it's myself that's sorry for your goin'. May the great God be your guide in this cowl'd and miserable country, and give you grace to lade a good life, and die the death of a good christian."

Before Jemmy's return to the doctor's, dinner was in readiness, but the doctor was nowhere to be found. Mrs. M'Dougald, not having been informed of his whereabouts, asked Bell if she knew whither he had gone. Bell, who

had no more knowledge of him than her mistress, hurried up to Mary's room to see if anything could be known about the matter. Of course Mary was out. The dinner-bell was rung, but no one save the mistress was within hearing. "'Tis very strange," whispered the lady, "'tis very strange." After waiting for an hour, she took her seat at the table, and proceeded to help herself to whatever part of the joint she preferred. She would not have the bell rung a second time, because she had no wish to encounter Mary alone, and because Mary had no business to be absent at the usual dinner hour.

The afternoon wore away, but brought no doctor home. The sun went down, and the shades of night succeeded fast, but neither sun's set nor shadow's fall led the doctor to his dwelling. Emma and Bell made several visits to Mary's room, but found no Mary there. At length discovering what they might have easily discovered before, that her trunks were taken away, they concluded that she had gone. Emma screamed with frantic sorrow, and Bell stood as soundless as if the tongue had been suddenly knocked out of her head.

Mrs. M'Dougald, attracted by her daughter's loud, and hysterical cries, ran up to the scene of bewilderment and grief.

"Mary has took her trunks," said Bell, "and left the house for good." Emma screamed again.

"Hush, hush," cried the mother, "else I'll have to flog you."

"But is she really gone?" "Yes." Delight and dismay came, like a flash of lightning, simultaneously upon the mistress. A thrill of delight shot through her, as she understood that she had at last succeeded in driving away the object of her hate, and a feeling of dismay chilled her

again as over her till then unsuspecting mind swept the terrible thought that the doctor had absconded with the fugitive.

"Where is Jemmy?" she hastily inquired.

"He haint ben to home since an hour afore dinner," replied Bell.

Mrs. M'Dougald, immediately convinced that her sudden suspicion was but too well founded, concluded that Jemmy had been sent out of the way, in order that Mary and her paramour might be far on their journey before anything could be ascertained of the fact.

The lady's feelings can be better imagined than described. 'Twas a trying night.

About twelve o'clock next day, the missing Jemmy was seen coming out of the hay-loft, in which he had been pleasantly located during the past night. This is the way it happened. After seeing Mary off, he chanced to fall in with an acquaintance who was kind enough to take him from his proper track, and escort him to a plentiful beer-shop. He was not long in the company of his friend when he became unfit to keep the even tenor of his way home. One glass was enough to make Jemmy lose the centre of his gravity. Having lost this particular balance, he snored away on the floor of the tavern until late after dark, when he arose with recovered senses, and made the best of his way to the place from which he has just been said to have issued.

Previous to this moment, Mrs. M'Dougald was in a high state of fermentation, and would now, no doubt, have brought up the old man for a thorough examination, but just a few minutes after he had revealed himself to daylight, the mysterious man of the house dispelled by his presence every fear that was "chilling and killing" the breast of his spouse.

The servant man and the man himself were both at home. The littleness of the former was lost in the magnitude of the latter. Jemmy was, therefore, not only not harmed by Mrs. M'Dougald, but was not even heeded. This escape of his, however, was only an escape half way.

If his mistress No. 1, who was Mrs. M'Dougald, neither hurt nor heeded him, his mistress No. 2, who was Bell, was not so indulgent. The No. 2 mistress gave him the "word and the blow" both, scripturally proceeding while she did so, making the "last first, and the first last."

From the appearance of the doctor it might very well be inferred, that the spirit which had waved his wicked wand over the man, had also waved it over the master.

And such was really the case. After bidding Mary good bye, he hurried to the house of an "ancient trusty, doughty cronie," with whom he drowned, in bumper after bumper, all cares past, present, and to come. If his troubled wife lay awake all night dreaming of him, she kept no better vigil than did her husband who, in his watchfulness, had this advantage over his Andromache, that he was not only wide awake, but right merry, too. He thought, and sang,

"The cock might crow, the day might daw,
But he would taste the barlie brie."

Whether the doctor, who was generally a sober man, plunged into this "ungodly glee" for the purpose of having some little revenge of his wife, is more than the chronicler is able to tell. His conduct indeed would seem to indicate as much.

When on his return home he met his fair companion, he looked very gloomy and peevish. His first word was an ironical congratulation on her late great success. "You

have had the first triumph, Harriet!" said he, "and I will have the second. Turn about is fair play. You have sung your Amabcean strain, I will now begin to sing mine."

To all this the lady was stoically indifferent. She had played her part, and, having done so, put an end to her troubles. She made no reply. Indeed, she was highly incensed with the man for remaining out all night.

"Harriet! where are you going to get a governess now?" inquired he in a half taunting tone.

"I have already marked out one," she replied.

"I hope that she'll satisfy *me*," said the doctor; "if it was difficult to please you *before*, I'm thinking it will be as difficult to please me *now*."

Without further conversation he threw himself upon a sofa to take what he much required—a comfortable nap.

The thoughts or reveries of husband and wife were widely different. "If Emma"—thus mused the man—"is not to be the pupil of one so accomplished and perfect as Mary, she shall be the pupil of some of those under whom Mary received her own instruction. Dear Harriet! you shall not have it all your own way. I will send Emma to a convent, and there have her learn what she might have learned at home, if it had not been for you and your bigotry."

Upon this velvet pillow of present consolation, the doctor fell asleep, and so continued till late evening.

Meanwhile, wrapped up in a mantle of her own mind's weaving, thus ruminated the lady, as she rocked her to and fro, beside the slumbering form of her easy husband:—"Emma is now freed from the clutches of that harpy, and I thank Providence for the blessing. Twenty years hence what should I do, if my only daughter should be the blind

votary of beads and holy water? By the departure of this pestilent girl, I feel myself relieved of a burden that weighed upon my breast like a load of lead. I breathe freely again, and I taste the sweets of a recovered happiness. This relief will add years to my life, and make a summer of the rest of my days."

And thus, and thus, in worlds of their own, did husband and wife dream out the passing moments.

But the former has already fallen from his visionary sphere, and fled to that of slumber, which tells as many tales. The latter is in her arm-chair still, and revels in her fancies.

If "the beings of the mind are not of clay," it would be a pity to call Mrs. M'Dougald from the spirit-world by which she is surrounded. Dreams are, after all, but less lasting realities. They have a form and semblance like the things of life, and die only a little sooner. Your fabrics, then, fair lady! are not altogether baseless. Luxuriate a while in the pleasures which they give, be happy, live, and dream

Who was happier, the sleeper, or the waker—who was nearer to the truth?

The man had, a little while ago, a waking dream upon which he fell asleep, as upon a pleasant pillow. In his slumber he has no vision, but lies as free from such, as if body and soul are equally asleep. The woman has still her waking dreams, too dazzling to be described. Before her mind's eye a long bright vista opens, over which many hundred suns rise and set. On each side of this fanciful prospect trees are waving, flowers are blooming, birds are singing, while, up and down, from one end of it to the other, goes flitting by on fairy foot a young and radiant form, whose beautiful smile sends over all, a sunshine, over which no

shadow dares fling a shroud. The gloom, that, but a day since, hung heavily over the scene, and marred the loveliness of the landscape, has been chased by a golden beam that promises to play there forever. The soft gushing music of happiness, filling with melody the balmy air, is floating from every side, and the flowers of kindred and friendship are pouring their odors 'round, making the place the very emporium of sweetness.

And yet who is happier—the sleeper, or the dreamer, and which of them is nearer to the truth?

CHAPTER XXV.

A TOUGH HIDE.

THE morning, on which Mary took passage for a better port, was as beautiful as any that a brilliant sun could give. The coach—a slow machine of the olden time—was freighted not only inside, but outside. Eight individuals were located within, and eight more without. Of the inside passengers Mary was one. Broken-winded, ring-boned horses, which should have been asses, constituted the locomotive power.

The driver—Hardy—a name beautifully appropriate to the owner, was as jolly, unconcerned a soul as might be found from this to the little hillock where his “jibes, his gambols, his songs,” and himself now peacefully repose. Sun and rain, hail and snow, all kinds of weather—fair or foul—were all the same to *him*. He had a hide so thick, and a face so fairly tanned, that it is a question not yet decided, whether he had not in him a little of the rhinoceros.

Having a strong conviction that his horses were no better than himself, he had no pity for their purpose in either “ups” or “downs.” On account of this very quality or conviction, all sorts of people had a “rattling regard” for Hardy. Nolens, volens, the horses should go through. If their own sense of duty would, at times, as it often did, show itself below what it ought to be, he would presently, and simultaneously with their dereliction, help them to their memories, as well as to their speed, with divers measures of that cheapest kind of provender, vulgarly called “long oats.” His motto was worthy of a Solon. It ran thus: “If they are horses, let them be horses.” To him this was undeniable. His coat, which, strange to say, never grew worse of the wear, answered all seasons of the year. His hat, an inseparable companion of the coat, ('twas of oilcloth,) proved as lasting as the coat itself. He always called them his “old eternal.” Though worn from the first day that he became a driver until the day of his demise, coat and hat were so wear-proof that no mortal man could ever grind them out. They are still in being. Perched upon his pinnacle above, he was the personification of contentment. With whip in one hand, and reins in the other, he sat upon his throne, and guided and swayed his subjects, poor cripples! not a whit better or worse than any of the kings of Christendom. He enjoyed this sovereignty for upwards of thirty years. Few monarchs have a longer reign.

To this old veteran of the roads Mary was now fairly consigned. A heavy rain, which had fallen the day previous, made the long, rocky way, a dirty one indeed. “Rough and tumble” was the quality of the journey, as it was also the order of the day. The sun, however, was never brighter, and never was the air more sweet. The passengers within were rather heavy-headed people, who, on account of the

large amount of lead in their brains; could not contribute much to one another's happiness. They were, therefore, all as silent as misanthropes. Not such, however, was the company whose coach-roof was the sky. The outsiders—a merry, motley group—kicked up worlds of fun with Hardy, who, be it understood, could crack a joke nearly as well as he could crack a whip. All strangers as they were to each other, they made the best of their time. Run out of jokes at last, one of them, at the suggestion of the driver, struck up, with an excellent voice, which put spirit into the horses, that quaint old song, "Dull Care," the melody of which is the true tone of a sorrowful heart that fain would try at joy. The chorus of this half-merry, half-melancholy strain, ever and anon joined in by the jocund passengers on deck, roused from their sleepy reveries the leaden-headed inmates below. Most of those, whose dreams or dozings were thus disturbed, felt very much annoyed indeed, and would, if possible, put an end to the ballad. Pity they had not some real cause of complaint. But they had it very soon.

For two unbroken hours the singing had proceeded, and was still proceeding, when to the infinite delight of the grumblers inside, the skies, so clear, so cloudless, a moment before, suddenly thickened up as if by a miracle, and poured down such torrents of rain as ought certainly be sufficient to silence the most enthusiastic lover of song. "Thank fortune," exclaimed the inmates, "that our place is not outside." If they knew what was coming, they would rather thank their stars that the inside had not fallen to their lot. The jovial *outmates*, seeing that the rain was about doing its best, gathered around their feet the top cover of the coach, then taking fast hold of their umbrellas to guard themselves against the combined forces of high wind and pitiless rain, cared not for the consequences to their fellow-travellers

beneath. The individuals inside, who, a moment before, self-satisfied, were at once congratulating themselves on their cozy quarters, and their freedom from songful disturbance, were now rather strikingly reminded of their mistake by the sudden pouring in of rain, which issued in sluices from the chinks which the oilcloth had previously covered. If they had been outside, they would, it is clear, have, with more propriety, thanked fortune for their happy situation. *There* they might guard their feet with oilcloth, and their heads with umbrellas. *Here*, oilcloth was invisible, and umbrellas useless. A double misfortune overtook them now. They had to bear not only with shower, but also with song—a thing, which to them, generally speaking, was the ultimatum of misery.

Who ever saw such rain? It made the roads rivers, literally. "Not the least obeisance made it, not a minute stopped or stayed it," but seemed to indicate that its end was nevermore. Yet not for all this did the lightsome band without forbear their dreadful minstrelsy! The rain came down, and the song went up—regular opposition! Stronger came the rain, and louder went the song. More mightily fell the rain, more vociferously burst the song. And rain and strain together continued for five fierce mortal hours. Five hours? Fact. And all this time was there made no stop? Yes, several. Occasionally a breeching got out of place, a trace broke, a screw fell off—all which created rest's unrest. But as for a regular rest, a stage, or a change of horses—there was none.

In the days when Hardy was driver, four miles an hour was accounted reputable going. Three miles an hour was excellent speed for horses that had nothing to do with carrying the mails. One mile an hour was leisurely gait. O the dark days! Five hours, at four miles per hour, then, gave

a travel of twenty miles, which brought the passengers to the first station. In taking these facts into account, great consideration must be paid to Hardy's time, and ours, respectively. *That* was the age of flesh horses—*this* is the age of iron ones. Of course, you, fair journeyer, prefer the latter power. But each has its advantages. If you take the former, you will, without doubt, get home "in propria persona" at some time or another. If you take the latter, you will, as likely as not, arrive at your destination with a raw head and bloody bones, or with no head or bones either—a style, you must confess, that does not speak well for your progress. Out, then, upon your horses of iron!

Stage the first was come. The passengers from above, and from below, taking advantage of the five minutes which were now allowed them, hurried into the inn to take some refreshment. "Bless my soul! neighbor," cried one of the outsiders to one of the insiders, who happened to be dripping from head to heel, "how is it that you are so drenched?" "Drenched—drenched!" repeated the other, evidently in bad temper—"there's more rain *in* that coach than there's *out* of it." "How is that?" "Why, it leaks like a sieve." "You don't say!" exclaimed the wily questioner, who knew better than his neighbor the cause of the grievance. "Driver," cried the wet man of the inside, "this old coach leaks like a basket—can't you put on a better one?" "I'd like to know," responded the wicked Hardy, "what wouldn't leak in weather like this. Why, the whole world is uncorked to-day, and out at ends completely." "The d—!" said the man, quite wroth with so wet a piece of consolation. The others of the inside, too exasperated with the singers and the coach together, to look for any redress, in smoky silence guzzled, with backs to the fire, a bumper of brandy each. Less unfortunate than her misanthropic associates,

Mary, having occupied a corner which was nearly free from the general fault of the interior, was the only one who had no complaint to make. The gentleman who wanted another coach, would, every now and then, put his head out of the inn door to see if there was any cessation of shower. But not a bit. Unlike his tuneful travellers, who made the best of a bad job, he was the unfittest man in the world to exclaim:

"Whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."

Hardy blew his horn. Just then, as if that horn were a magical one, having power over the elements themselves, a rush of rain, from a most inclement cloud, transcended anything of the kind that had fallen since the deluge. At the sound of the blast, out bounded those top-gallant men, whose musical genius nothing could damp, and took their respective positions as before.

"Couldn't you stop a minute, driver, till this blows over?" subduedly asked the man who couldn't get a rain-proof vehicle. "Well," replied Hardy, coolly, "such a thing is possible;" and without saying more, he immediately mounted his rostrum, and laying hold of the reins, proved his own especial unconcern for the inquirer's comfort.

The second heat was begun. "Come now," said Hardy, whiffing right comfortably a short black pipe, and looking for all the world like happiness, "come, strike up again, boys! and I'll strike up, too," giving his bob-tails, as he spoke, a lash apiece to remind them of the note, and crying out, "Go it, ye cripples!"

Oil-cloth and umbrellas were put to their former service. Then, to the utter mortification and discomfort of all, save and except the patient and philosophical, once more up went the song and down came the rain. The basket-coach

leaked right merrily, and every man within was a martyr. Who, being caught in a rain-storm, would not hoist an umbrella? Nobody. Who, having an umbrella, could hoist an umbrella in a stage coach? No one. And so it was. A man may be rained to death, as well as burned to death. There are many ways of killing a dog without choking him with butter. Pity, then, the sorrows of those poor misanthropes, who, now about to be rained to death in the coach, understand perfectly well for the first time in their lives, that the case of a man may sometimes be deserving of sympathy. Yet this rain is a good thing. Our martyr-misanthropes learn a salutary lesson from it, and probably, by the time that they have soaked in a deluge of ten hours' duration, they will wholly recover their humanity.

There was aloft an extempore rhymers, who suddenly pitched, in a well known air, the following little rhapsody, explanatory both of times and things :

Rain from without, and rain from within,
Rain pouring down thro' thick, and thro' thin,
Rain in the cabin, and rain on deck,
Rain by the bushel, and not by the peck!

But the day is long,
And we are strong,
And we'll cheer the wet weather with song, song, song,
Song, song, song,
And we'll cheer the wild weather with song!

The oil-cloth itself is out of its place,
Making the inside a very hard case;
Umbrellas *there*, tho', are not what they're *here*,
Which is—more's the pity—exceedingly queer!

But the day is long,
And we are strong,
And we'll cheer the wet weather with song, song, song,
Song, song, song,
And we'll *dry* the wet weather with song!

"Bravo!" roared Hardy, "that's the ticket, try it again," and dealing out a few cursory lashes upon his dripping chargers, he cried once more, "Go it, ye poor old cripples! Encore, encore!"

Grumbling from below at intervals from the men who need the oil-cloth—carolling without cessation from above from the men who need it not—and singing, and raining, ceaseless shower, and ceaseless song, with an occasional lurch to port on the part of the carriage, and an occasional sticking in the mud on the part of the steeds, make up the varieties of this singular journey, till at length, after five hours more of mingled martyrdom and music, the parties arrive at their place of destination, to sojourn for a night at Mr. Bareface's hotel.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

WHERE now had Mary a friend? The bluff old host, who was a Hollander, showed a face which immediately informed her, that friendship in a man like him was perfectly impossible. Beyond eating roast-beef, and collecting his bills, he had no thought between time and eternity. Fat even to stall feeding, he puffed his way up and down, and shook the house with his elephantine tread. Was he human, or was he a living specimen of that animal, called half horse, half alligator? He had feet, hands, and head, but feet were so shapeless, hands so hairy, and head so terribly gross, that the "form divine," which belongs to the real man, was in him like a dissolving view, scarcely perceptible, nearly lost,

all but gone. Chuckle-headed servants—countrymen, and likenesses of the host—of heavy quarter, and full moon face, lazily, lumberingly waddled from room to room. If there was, in either servants or master, a scintilla of feeling, save that which belongs to monopoly and selfishness, then all physiognomy is a folly and a farce. Might you judge from the surly, slow, chill manner, in which master and servants attended you, it would strike you that the sentiments of all concerned, if expressed, would be, "We are here apparently to feed and refresh the traveller, but really to catch at his money, and chuckle over the gains."

Where now had Mary a friend? Perhaps the newspaper lying upon the table before her may throw some light upon a subject so dark. She took up the paper and began to read the advertisements. "Wanted, wanted," were words of frequent occurrence. "Wanted a bookkeeper"—"Wanted a hundred tailors"—Wanted, wanted, wanted.

Is there no one in want of a governess, or a female teacher? She read on, and found many wants; at length, far below, towards the bottom of a page she read, "Wanted a governess." Will it do? No, no. Ah! disappointment! how close you follow hope. Are ye sisters that ye are such inseparable companions? Ye may be so, for sister and sister are often as different as ye. "Wanted a governess who can teach French, music, and drawing. None but a Protestant need apply." Read on, Mary, and find a better notice. Soon she read, "Wanted a young woman who can teach reading, writing, and English grammar. None but a Protestant need apply." And she read many such advertisements, and found expressed the self-same cold condition.

Where now had Mary a friend? The house had none, neither had the newspaper. Where was she to look, whither was she to bend her way? What a blank was the world

all round. She knew now in all its dread reality what it is to be a stranger. The remembrance of home, which was manifold, and not to be mentioned here; the remembrance of the voyage, and the burial of the student; the remembrance of the doctor and his fair little daughter; the remembrance—but this for another page—all came over her with terrible effect, and made her feel utterly miserable. Where now had Mary a friend? Faith, and Hope, these friends half forgotten for a season, came at length to her assistance. Faith whispered to her many things that lifted her drooping soul; told her the glory of suffering, told her of the high, heroic courage displayed by thousands when the hour of trial came—told her of triumph at the last, and breathed peace through all her being. Then Hope, the radiant spirit, pointing to the skies, sang songs of a griefless world, where her eternal home was placed, of joy, and bloom, and light, and friendship, and felicity.

These friends, not of the body, but the soul, made her soul strong enough to trample upon the body's pangs, and that body to participate in the solace which but these friends of the soul can give. Yet, perhaps not solely of the soul are Faith and Hope the friends. They are sometimes, it may be said, the friends of the body, too. Their visions and their promises are not always of things beyond the grave. Those promises and visions are not seldom performed and realized even here. To Mary did they now whisper not only of heavenly, but of earthly consolation. And in this they did not deceive. The solace was near at hand.

The evening on which she arrived at the hotel happened to be that of a Fast Day. This circumstance, if there were no other, would be quite sufficient to show her by what kind of persons she was surrounded. At supper time some

twenty or more ladies and gentlemen sat down to table. She among the rest was asked by the carver whether or not he would help her to some chicken. Of course she would not. None else refused. Immediately the company looked upon her with the suspicion that she was a Catholic. The carver, in particular, a pompous, whiskered, yet very ignorant pretender, concluded that she must be of those whose portion is not light, but darkness. "Mr. Bolter," said he, addressing himself to a counterfeit of humanity that was gormandizing at the opposite end of the table, "have you seen that article of the 'Advertiser' about Popery?"

"No," was the reply.

"It gives," said the carver, "an exposition of that prophecy with regard to the beast and the man of sin, and to my mind shows very clearly indeed, that the Pope's downfall will take place in about two years."

"I should like very much to see it," observed Mr. Bolter, "is it an original article?"

"No," replied the carver (as it was true for him in more senses than one), "I think that it is copied from a London journal."

"Is it, indeed?" remarked Bolter.

"How unaccountable it is," proceeded the other, "that such a gigantic superstition as Popery has lasted even thus long. Why men had not shaken it off before the Reformation is truly inexplicable."

Here the very ignorant pretender went to great lengths in reminding his audience of the various humiliating obligations under which Catholicity puts its members. "Is it not strange," asked he, "that men knowing anything of the Scriptures would submit, even for an instant, to such monstrous tyranny?"

The other ignorant gentleman began to account for it by

saying that, as no one before the Reformation was allowed to read the Scriptures, and that as all must necessarily have been living in a total eclipse, the fact alluded to was not wonderful after all.

During the time of supper each speaker never ceased to bear false witness against his neighbor, but took a secret pleasure in wounding the feelings of an innocent girl whose abstemious day gave an edge to their appetite for flesh, and whose holy religion gave an edge to their tongues for calumny. The conversation was not allowed to flag even for a moment. Every one present was a heretical orator, and every one present gave full utterance to his thoughts.

If the company had at first only a suspicion of Mary's being a Catholic, they were fully convinced of it before they had done. She had listened so long to their insulting conversation, that she was determined upon leaving the table as soon as possible. Having partaken of some bread and tea, she made upon her breast the sign of the cross, and then proceeded to another room.

Brave girl! Though she knew, both from the newspaper and the company, the spirit of the people with whom she seemed destined to deal, still she was not so weak as to neglect making that glorious sign of which her enemies are almost despisers. Did she not, at the commencement of supper, also make that sign? She did, but she was not fully observed. When she sat down to tea, no one but the carver, near whom she sat, marked her particularly. When she refused to be helped to chicken, all the eyes of the house were upon her. Yes, both before and after her meal, she did what many not defenceless like her, but the contrary, are oftentimes ashamed to do. They pull down that cross from their brows, and put it in some dark corner. Never

do they wear it if they are not mingling with their own. Always do they slight it if they are seated with the scoffer. Catholics of such a cheek are always the more heartily despised, and the more they try, by means like this, to reconcile those outside them, the worse do they succeed.

Next morning the same parties, with one or two additions, sat down to breakfast. One of the new comers—a gentleman—took his seat immediately opposite to Mary, and very soon showed that he was a Catholic. She at sight of him fancied herself half at home, and experienced unusual happiness. Feeling that she had a claim upon his sympathy, she succeeded, after breakfast, in getting into a conversation with him, and discovered that he was a priest. This was the friend which her hope of the previous evening had promised. She felt exceedingly happy, and trusting in him as her best consoler on earth, made known to him her condition as well as her history, and inquired what she should do.

"Well, my child," said he, rather surprised at her very singular story, "I am not acquainted here, but I will give you a letter of introduction to a clergyman living in the next town, who will, I feel confident, procure you a place."

Mary returned many thanks. The priest wrote the note, stated her qualifications, and just finished his advice, when the stage-horn sounding, hurried him on his way.

After a weary jaunt of another day, the lonely girl arrived at the town, and made no delay in calling at the clergyman's house.

"My good child," he began, "it is next to impossible to make out a situation for one like you. The Catholics of this part of the world, being all late comers, are generally poor, and have no necessity for the things of which you speak. You might get a place in some Protestant family,

but where I cannot exactly say. They have, as you must know, a great aversion to Catholics, and when they advertise, for a governess, especially, they generally apply for persons of their own creed. Stop a moment, however, and let me see this newspaper. Probably we might be fortunate enough to hear of some family whose bigotry is somewhat less than their neighbors'."

The priest read on for a while, and at length discovered the following: "Wanted, in a private family, a young woman accustomed to teach music, drawing, and embroidery. A Protestant would be preferred, but others may make application. Address S. W., No. 40 L—— street."

"There, my child," said the clergyman, "is a chance. You had better make no delay in applying. If I were acquainted with that family, I would introduce you, but perhaps it is just as well, inasmuch as a priest's recommendation might do you more harm than good. These people are wonderfully inimical to us, especially. I would, therefore, advise you to apply with as little delay as possible, and I sincerely hope that you may be successful. But wait a moment, and I will send my man to accompany you to the place."

She was soon escorted to L—— street, where she met with a very substantial, good-natured looking woman, of about thirty-five years of age. The substantial lady, having been informed of Mary's purpose, said that the application was made too late, as the person advertised for had been in the family already two days. But, added she, if you would be satisfied to do light work up chamber, I could give you employment. Dr. M'Dougald's recommendation was so very flattering that it made a very favorable impression upon the substantial woman's mind. At this proposition, Mary felt considerably staggered. To become a mere

chamber-maid, was rather too menial an office, altogether. However, as misfortune must have no choice, she made up her mind, and told the lady that she was willing to accept the offer.

Mary's duty was soon marked out, and her wandering was over for a while.

Mrs. Baxter, the mistress of the house of which our lonely friend was now an inmate, was, as she sat in her spacious arm-chair, as fine a personification of comfort and ease as might be found in any part of the world. She had a great rosy countenance of excellent formation, an eye that was truly eloquent, and a forehead that was commanding enough for a Catharine of Russia. On the whole, it would be impossible for a stranger not to admire her. If phrenologists say true, she ought to have a kindly heart and a mind of quick intelligence. Her matronly looks were very agreeable to Mary. As to the rest, we will have occasion to know more by and by.

Mrs. Baxter had two daughters, one about fifteen summers, and another about seventeen. The elder, Julia, was a fat girl, whom no one would take for a very remarkable person. The younger, Gertrude, was a wiry, airy creature, whose quick turn, symmetrical figure, and fair face, were the subject of everybody's laudations. Julia had no taste for music, for French, or, in fact, for anything except fine dresses, latest fashions, and a profusion of jewelry. All she could do was to adorn her person, read sentimental novels, and go to evening meeting, for which last she had a prodigious predilection. There was another thing which was a pet of Julia, and that was the Bible. The Song of Solomon, or, as the Church styles it, the Canticle of Canticles, was the Scripture which she took particular delight in reading. Whether she made this her choice from the fact that

she understood it better than she did other portions of Holy Writ, or whether she preferred it from poetical taste, is a disjunctive of which none but herself had any positive knowledge. As, however, it is a composition which fools can best decipher (*credat Judæus*), it would appear that she studied it because it did not exceed her understanding, as did those chapters which were full of mysteries. She had this canticle by rote, and in this way she was extraordinarily religious. So much for Miss Julia.

Gertrude was the very opposite of her sister. Of course she was not indifferent to a pretty dress, but in this she was not over fastidious. She could read novels, too, but she preferred the sound to the sentimental. As for being a great peruser of the Scriptures, particularly the Song of Solomon, she was not. She had keenness enough to see that the Bible was a most mysterious kind of book of which she could understand scarcely anything. With regard to the Song of Solomon, she was often heard to say that it was a very queer sort of thing to be put in so good a book as the Bible. So much for Gertrude.

We shall have plenty of them by and by, but for the present we will allow them to look at the new comer, and see what they think of her respectively.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONGENIAL AND UNCONGENIAL.

The young woman, who had anticipated Mary at Mrs. Baxter's, was governess to Gertrude, not Julia. For two reasons Julia needed no tutoress. First, having no taste for the fine arts, she never attempted them—secondly, she was of an age that required no schooling.

Perhaps the word governess in the present instance is not altogether appropriate. Teacher is probably more correct.

Gertrude's teacher, then, was a thin ethereal kind of maiden, over whose brow no less than thirty summers had come and gone. Though not brilliant in music, she had nevertheless an uncommon vanity. While she herself was the reigning oracle, it would be difficult for another to venture a word. She was, besides, a cold, moonshiny being, as prim as a mustard-pot, and as puritanical as the grayest father of Plymouth Rock. Her religion, about which she always made a great "fuss," consisted of a parlor edition of Watts' Hymns, a book of common prayer having two gold clasps, and a Bible of the Lion and Unicorn frontispiece. A Catholic seemed to her so nasty a creature, that she could not think of touching him without the assistance of a pair of tongs. If the tongs belonged to the parlor, they would not after such use be fit, she thought, for a place cleaner than a kitchen. She was not quite certain whether such an individual was minus a tail or not. She always talked by the card. She could not be compared to anything under heaven. It is not unlikely that she was a splinter from the North pole. When she entered a room, the atmosphere im-

mediately became gelid. She knew grammar well, and could "talk like a book." Altogether she was such an oddity as none but the rarest pens can describe. She rejoiced in the name of Clara Winter.

Clara was not long at Mrs. Baxter's, or rather Mr. George Baxter's, (the gentleman himself was still alive,) when Gertrude fairly abominated her. Of Julia, however, she was a most beloved friend. Julia's partiality for Gertrude's teacher produced in Gertrude a growing dislike for her sister. Clara and Julia now one would have left Gertrude in the minority, if it had not been for the father, who always made the younger daughter his favorite. The mother, who loved both children equally, added nothing to either party's influence. Clara was hateful to Gertrude for a multiplicity of causes, the foremost of which were that Clara was exceedingly fond of canting, of quoting Scripture, and of singing Watts' hymns. Gertrude considered that Clara had enough to do in teaching, without preaching, and that none but ministers understood the Bible. She also considered that the hymns of Dr. Watts were bad poetry, and worse prose, and therefore had nothing to render them agreeable, or even tolerable. Clara was, moreover, too precise, too chilling, too dogmatic, too technical for one who like Gertrude was so easy, warm, free, and natural.

Under these circumstances Gertrude was already firmly rooted in her hatred for Clara when Mary Theresa entered on her new office. That mysterious influence which invariably brings congenial dispositions together very quickly bound Gertrude and Mary in lasting affection.

"Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew
The rose's velvet leaf adorn?
How eager their attractions grew,
As nearer to each other borne!"

Clara and Julia were dew drops that mingled upon quite a different leaf. There was no possibility of their mingling upon that of Mary and Gertrude.

As Mary had offered herself to teach music, French, and drawing, it is evident that she was not long without being called on for a proof of her powers. She gave it to the satisfaction of her friends, but not to the satisfaction of all. When she fully proved her knowledge of French, and when she gave specimens of her drawing, Clara, who knew but a "smattering" of the latter, and nothing of the former, was sunk down far below zero. Despite the morality of Watts' hymns, and her constant reading of the Book of Books, Clara as a matter of course bit her lips with chagrin, and wore her heart with jealousy. If her disposition was before different from Mary's, it was doubly different now. She was never to be a dew drop to Mary, as Mary was never to be one to her. In this display of knowledge and skill, it was proved that there had taken place a contact which demonstratively showed the presence of two opposing powers, between whom friendly relations could scarce be established.

When Mrs. Baxter engaged Mary for the office which was then open, she made no inquiries about the girl's religion. Had Mary made application sooner as a teacher or governess, there is no doubt that Mrs. Baxter would have questioned her concerning her creed. The reason is that a Protestant was the desideratum for a position like that, but for the position of a mere chamber-maid, a Catholic was not unacceptable. The matron was, however, soon aware of the religious convictions of the stranger.

About this time, Gertrude, delighted with Mary's talents and manner, requested her mother to discharge Clara, whom, she said, she could not endure, and to put Mary in

her stead. This Mrs. Baxter was not willing to concede. Though not altogether like Mrs. M'Dougald, she still resembled her not a little. She had bigotry quite enough, but she did not allow it to blind her judgment. She admired and appreciated the girl's talents, and considered them eminently superior to Clara's. Like Mrs. M'Dougald, she possessed no penchant for church-going, yet she was not wholly unpractical. She believed that there was but one true religion, and she sometimes even read a Catholic book. At present she was not perfectly satisfied with the religion to which she nominally held, but at the same time she was more partial to it than to any other. Her present belief—a vague one—was just now unfriendly to all religions in general, but to Catholicity in particular. This latter she did not disbelieve, but she would not enter it. It might be true, but she hoped that it was not. Being a most intelligent woman, and having, from time to time, investigated the matter considerably, she necessarily saw that Catholicity had a very fair story of its own, but then perceiving that it imposed many obligations which flesh and blood cannot well bear, she recoiled from it unreasonably, and prayed that truth would not be so hard. In the mean time her predilections, notwithstanding the unsettled state of her mind, were in favor of Protestantism. For this reason, she preferred the peruser of Watts' hymns, and left Mary to attend to the chambers. It may be said that she was one of those who, born with natural gifts, yet nursed in the cradle of bigotry, allow a whole life to pass away without taking that course to which their better reason inevitably inclines them. Mrs. Baxter was, moreover, a being who, when she would see a good argument for Catholicity, would be deeply saddened, and when she would see a good argument for the opposite, would be perfectly overjoyed. She wished if possible to

remain what she was. Her strong reasoning faculties would, in spite of her, tell her at times that she must change. Had she possessed no clearer reasoning power than Mrs. M'Dougald, her mind would never mar her tranquillity. Thus was she always uneasy. Mrs. M'Dougald, whose reasoning faculties were very deficient, never had the edge of her bigotry blunted. Thus was she always tranquil. The difference between them is this, that one was a bigot whose eyes were eternally blind—the other was a bigot whose eyes were occasionally open. During Mrs. Baxter's short intervals of light or truth—intervals that were very transient indeed—she was a mistress of whom no Catholic girl could complain. Her kindness and consideration, on those occasions, were great. During her long intervals of darkness, or error—intervals that were very lengthened indeed—she was a mistress whom every Catholic girl would put in the same class with Mrs. M'Dougald. Her dislike and opposition then were painful. Her emblem is very well seen in the following. Sometimes the pendulum of a clock makes one short and one long oscillation. This unevenness of action is owing to the unevenness of foundation upon which the clock stands. Mrs. Baxter was exactly like the pendulum. Her long inclination, or swinging, or oscillation, was her Protestantism—her short one was her Catholicity. This action of that lady is of course attributable to the unstable ground upon which rested her private judgment.

Henceforth, then, let her be called the Pendulum.

Mr. George Baxter, who deserves a few words, was a fat, slow, dull, good-natured fellow, that never knew his own opinion, much less that of his neighbor. His father, an old soldier, had no time to bestow on either the secular or religious cultivation of his son's mind. Baxter's mind, if mind he

had, was lost in Baxter's obesity. If you commenced reading for him the news, you would act upon him more powerfully than the cleverest mesmerizer that ever stared man in the face. Five minutes' reading was quite sufficient to put Baxter into a five hours' sleep. Whatever time he was not sleeping, he was eating. The opportunities, therefore, which he had in attending to the business of the body, were not very favorable to the mind's cultivation. He never went to Church, to Chapel or to Meeting; never. Probably, he was not in all his life awake sufficiently early to hear a "church-going bell." From the fact that reading, whether made by himself or another, had upon him the effect of chloroform, he never opened a book of any description. When now and then asked why he would not join some kind of church, he always answered that as there were so many of them in the world, he found it impossible to make out which was right. It was well for him that his father was born before him, otherwise he would be a poor housekeeper, and a worse husband. It was well, too, that his wife had such a genius for command, and contrivance, otherwise he should, some day or another, have fallen asleep, and never since roused himself. His father left him a fortune of forty thousand dollars, which his wife was no less able to manage, than she was able to manage her man. Baxter, therefore, took the world as he found it, and hoped that all good people, like himself, who slept all harm away, would one day meet in a world where creed is no bone of contention. The only time known, on which he had spirit enough to show his prerogative of husband, was one which also showed him to be a bit of a prophet. 'Twas thus.

About twelve o'clock one rainy night, a poor woman, whose husband was on the point of death, hurried to Mrs. Baxter, whose name for kindness was wide spread, and

requested her to send somebody for the minister. The man of the house, happening at this time not to be asleep, told his wife that no horse of his should, on such a night as that, go for parson Fairweather. "But the poor soul is dying," remonstrated the lady, "and crying for the consolations of his religion." "What consolations," asked the husband, "will Fairweather give him this hour of night?" "He will pray over him," answered the mistress, "and give him the sacrament." "I tell you," returned Baxter, "that the parson will not come out a night like this, and besides, I am not going to have my horses spattered all over with rain and mud." "Why, Baxter," said the lady, "are you such a neighbor?" "Why, Margaret," said the gentleman, "are you such a fool?" "George," entreated the lady, "do for goodness' sake send Fred for Mr. Fairweather." "Margaret," replied the gentleman, "Fairweather and foul-weather are never out together." "I know he will come," persisted Mrs. Baxter. "I know he won't come," persisted Mr. Baxter. "Why not?" asked the mistress. "For the same reason," rejoined the man, "that made him refuse going to old Judkins." "Well," concluded Mrs. Baxter, "I'll send Fred for him, and try him." "Well, send," concluded Mr. Baxter; "but let Fred go on foot, and Fred, I say, will return as he went."

Baxter's prophecy was verified. Parson Fairweather would not go that night, but promised to go in the morning. Before morning the sick man died.

Baxter, after all, had some knowledge, as well as courage; and was at times awake.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARACTERS.

THOUGH Clara and Mary moved in such spheres as necessarily kept them far apart, still the former unceasingly feared the latter. Clara, understanding the partial turn and tendency of Mrs. Baxter's mind, failed not on any occasion that offered itself, to deepen the lady's prejudice against Mary's religion. She had a book which was replete with misrepresentations of the Catholic Church, and this book she handed to Mrs. Baxter at the earliest opportunity. With this she succeeded fully to her satisfaction. Seeing Gertrude's great affection for Mary, she warned the mother to guard her daughter against so dangerous an intimacy. Being very flippant, she related several cases in point, partly from her own reading, and partly from her own invention, showed how the like might happen again, and drew a deep sigh for the consequences. She then informed the mother that Mary was souring Gertrude's mind towards her teacher, and pointed to this as the cause which prevented Gertrude from making more progress. She finally begged that Mrs. Baxter would give the chamber-maid a severe rebuke, and make her keep her proper position.

Having heard this speech, the Pendulum made a long sweep towards her favorite side. Gertrude was duly warned to pay all attention to her teacher, and not make so much freedom with Mary. A minister, who frequently visited Baxter's house, had very soon afterwards a long conversation with the lady, and speaking about the alarming growth of Popery in this country, accidentally caused Miss Clara's

words to have a double effect. A few days after this, a certain meeting-house happened to be burned down, the destroyers of which were reported to be Irishmen. A new Catholic chapel, too, was just about to be dedicated. These things taking place about the same time, seemed to augur that Popish ascendancy would soon be in the land.

Mrs. Baxter's love for her father's faith waxed more warm, and showed itself rather clearly to those especially whom it did not concern.

Mary was once more sneered at for abstaining from flesh meat upon Friday and Saturday. She was turned into all kinds of ridicule, when upon certain Sunday mornings she took no breakfast. She frequently experienced opposition in trying to get to mass upon days of obligation. She heard many a joke cracked upon confession. She was asked—did she not think that the priest kept some one like a wife in his house. She heard read to her, time after time, newspaper paragraphs about very wicked deeds done by the Catholic clergy. She was told that the Virgin Mary was the mother of more children than one.

Mrs. Baxter, though she took pleasure in thus treating the poor girl, had nevertheless no intention whatever of sending her away. Above all things Catholic, our Pendulum had a horror of confession. Whenever she thought that Mary wanted to attend to this particular, she invariably opposed her. She said that she did not wish the priest to know the secrets of her house, but considered that such a probability was really alarming. She informed Mary in fine that it was both her own and her husband's strict orders, that she should never speak to Gertrude upon any religious topic whatever.

Miss Winter's efforts were not made in vain. For several months Mary continued to drag through a very miser-

able existence. Julia saw her but seldom. Clara was too important to talk to a mere waiting-maid. Mrs. Baxter, if she spoke to her at all, had always something to say against the Catholic faith. The master of the house had little to say, pro or con. Gertrude was the only one who really loved and respected her.

Compared with her former position, Mary's present one was, on the whole, less disagreeable. Julia's sullenness was nothing—Clara's hatred, pride, and jealousy, were nothing—Baxter's indifference was nothing. The greatest annoyance that she knew, was the bigotry of the mistress. This, however, was not of so crushing, killing a kind, as that of Mrs. M'Dougald—it was neither rabid, nor even violent, but it was sneering, cutting, and almost constant. Gertrude's kindness, love, and encouragement, were sweets that nullified all the bitterness of the lady's taunts. Mary felt that, in so fond a young friend, she had found a worthy substitute for the beloved and beautiful Emma.

An appeal to one's prejudice, however weak that appeal may be, is sure to rouse up a prejudice still stronger. Had Mrs. Baxter been left to her own good natural reason, had she not been poisoned by that jaundice-eyed Miss Winter, she would, no doubt, have been more favorable to Mary. The unchristian Clara, who, keen-sighted as a lynx, could tell in a moment how high or how low the thermometer of Mrs. Baxter's "religiosity" stood, continued, whenever she deemed it necessary, to keep up the bigoted mercury to the desirable pitch. The semblance of a kind look from the mistress to Mary, went like an arrow through Clara's jealous breast. If, at the suggestion of Gertrude, the former would touch the piano, the latter would tell Mrs. Baxter that Mary, not having a sufficiently light touch, would put the instrument out of tune, and destroy the hammers. If

Mary would sing a song for Gertrude, Clara would inform the mother that such old-fashioned, vulgar tunes, would wholly vitiate Gertrude's taste. Mary was at length forbidden to meddle at all with the piano. When Clara would come from church, she would never fail to repeat for Mrs. Baxter all the denunciations which the preacher made against Popery, and all the dreadful tales that he told of its abominations. She tried hard to keep Gertrude entirely from Mary's company, but in this she could not succeed. Hard mistress for some poor Catholic girl would Clara Winter make—a bleak consoler for some broken-hearted exile!

At length, Gertrude, heartily tired of her teacher, and perhaps wishing to pick a quarrel, very plainly told Clara that the chamber-maid ought to be teacher, and that the teacher ought to be chamber-maid. This, mortifying Clara to the soul, caused her to raise her hand in a violent passion, and slap her pupil repeatedly on the cheek.

"You old maid!" exclaimed Gertrude, highly indignant; "you will never, if you were born again, be like Mary; you play the piano like a cat walking on the keys; you sing like a rooster, and you will be an old maid all your life."

Miss Winter, to whom nothing in the English language had such terrific meaning as the word "old maid," rose into a hurricane of passion, and wept aloud. Never but once before had she been called by that appellation, and then she fainted. As her passion had now somewhat abated, she all but went off into a swoon. *Old maid!!* The hand-writing on the wall had not half such terrors for the Assyrian monarch as those monosyllables had for Miss Clara. She raged, wept, and waxed weak, alternately. She vowed vengeance upon Gertrude, and treble vengeance upon Mary. If the mother would fail to chastise the daughter, and give satisfaction for this indignity, she vowed an

equal vengeance upon her. From extremity to extremity Clara was thoroughly convulsed. An earthquake would not have shaken her as much. Her lips were corpse-white—her eyes looked ghastly dim—her face ran perspiration—her bosom heaved tempestuously—like a prismatic glass, her countenance changed colors every moment—her knees quivered like reeds—her brain was full of tornadoes—and her whole frame quaked, trembled, and grew cold.

The wrathful fair, after all, is not to be blamed for feeling this word so hard. In her earlier days, when Hope told those flattering tales, it must be declared of Clara that—

"She sighed for many, but she found not one."

Was not such disappointment truly distressing? It was, decidedly; and it should be a hint to all people of feeling, to accommodate their speech to the cast of the company. And again, considering Clara's circumstances, may it not be said that she ought to be equally excused for the following eccentricities: In the first place, she hated all priests and nuns for what she called their unnatural and unsocial state. In the second place, she hated the Pope, because, strange to say, his holiness did not, for the sake of her friends, the priests (?) and nuns, abolish the law of celibacy. In the third place, she disliked St. Paul for two reasons—first, because he had not a Mrs. St. Paul, and secondly, because he wrote some chapters about the glories of a single life. In the fourth place, she considered that John the Baptist was rather forgetful of himself, when he took no partner to cheer him in the desert. And in the last place, she could not—strangest thing yet—look for a moment at her own shadow on the wall, because it reminded her strongly of the nightmare!

Clara and Gertrude stood before Mrs. Baxter with each

her complaint. The former accused the latter of giving her impertinence, and calling her names. Clara was on the point of mentioning what name, but fearing, as she might, that the mere sound of "old maid" would unman, or rather unwoman her, she cautiously abstained from using the word.

Gertrude accused Clara of striking her repeatedly, and calling her a huzzie. And both, smarting under their own particular wrongs, wept much and sobbed heavily.

Mrs. Baxter, who had never herself struck Gertrude, even slightly, was very indignant at Clara's conduct, and told her not to act so again. Then, turning to her daughter, she gave her a sharp reproof, and commanded her to be respectful and obedient to her teacher.

Clara, very unsatisfied with the result, informed the mistress that Mary was giving Gertrude bad counsel, and was making her a very naughty girl. Gertrude denied this, and said that Mary never spoke a hard word against any one. Mrs. Baxter again reminded her daughter of the respect to be shown to Clara, and was about to dismiss both plaintiff and defendant, when Gertrude, in a fresh flow of tears, emphatically stated that she hated the teacher, and would receive no more instruction at her hands.

The mother looked at Gertrude, but said nothing. Clara left the room. Presently came in Julia, and soon after appeared Mr. Baxter himself. The trouble between Gertrude and Clara was now before the entire household. The father took Gertrude's part, and Julia took Clara's. Gertrude told her sister that 'twas none of her business. The sister insisted that it was. Father and mother decided against Julia, and told her to be silent. The former gave it as his opinion—wonderful to relate!—that Gertrude could not learn much from one whom she did not like.

"That's true, father," said Gertrude, "and besides, I want to learn French, which she cannot teach me." Mrs. Baxter remarked that she could not think of discharging Clara for this reason, that Clara had been introduced to her by a particular friend. "Well, ma," observed Gertrude, "he could be no great of a friend to send you such a cross, disagreeable creature as this."

Julia had of late become fonder of Mary, and did not now, in her siding against Gertrude, speak so much in opposition to Mary, as she spoke in favor of Clara, whom she liked exceedingly well. Mary, having a particular way of braiding hair, and of setting off young ladies to advantage, gained, to a great extent, Julia's consideration by some operations of the kind. Julia, however, though having no wish to part with Mary, had nevertheless greater desire to retain Clara. The teacher was a bird of her own feather, and made a good companion. The other was not a congenial friend, but she was one who, on the evening of a ball or a party, could badly be dispensed with.

Mrs. Baxter, still preferring the Protestant to the Catholic teacher, determined to send Gertrude to the country for a few weeks, in the hope that after her return she would forget her displeasure at Miss Winter. Gertrude, rejoicing at the chance, immediately prepared herself to go, and having received, as a present from Mary, that beautiful gold chain which, on a former day, contributed so much to Mrs. M'Dougald's diabolical purposes, showed it to her father, and requested him to be very kind to the donor. The gift pleased Baxter exceedingly, and made him Mary's greatest admirer. Upon Mrs. Baxter it made quite a different impression. She told her husband that had she known it, she would not allow Gertrude to take it, and, now knowing it, she would, as soon as possible, have it returned. She gave

as her reason for thus expressing herself, that it was a mean thing for any of the family to receive a present from a poor Irish girl. This reason did not change Baxter's mind. Not blessed by the overweening fancies of his wife, and not so brimmed with false pride, he considered a gold chain a very handsome affair, no matter from what quarter it came, if an honest one. He therefore disagreed with the lady, and would not suffer it to be given back. In the mean time he had an eye to the giver, and for the first time since her coming, conversed with her familiarly and frequently.

Gertrude was off to the country on a visit to an uncle's, and told queer things to her cousins about the queer old maid at home.

Mary went through the daily duties of her office, not without a sigh heaved now and then at the thought of her low position. If, to cheer her own afflicted heart, she would occasionally sing at her work, Miss Winter would immediately remark that she was "showing off." The vixen maid renewed her efforts to keep poor Mary down below par. She would constantly retail to the mistress dismal stories about monasteries and convents, priests and Papists. She would remind Julia of the fact that Mary's manner of adjusting hair, &c., was awfully Irish. Bigotry and jealousy combined, made her a sworn foe to the giver of the chain. What she feared most was the contingency that Mary would, through dint of circumstances, turn Protestant. Whenever this was alluded to, she showed extreme uneasiness, and grew chilly with dread.

A month had passed when Gertrude returned. She had not been an hour at home, when she called Mary, and showed her a song which all the house would soon hear.

Next morning, when the hour for her lessons came, Gertrude refused to attend. Clara, grievously pained, apprised

Mrs. Baxter of the disagreeable fact. With what success? 'Twas no use.

No help for thee, Clara, none! If thou wish to be an inmate of Gertrude's father's house, exchange places with Mary, and stop—if not, go, jealous maiden! go, and find a place to thy liking. Gertrude is accompanying herself on the piano with the "Old Maid's Lament," which she has brought from her cousin's, and tells thee by the wily way she sings it, that thou canst be her instructress no more. Mrs. Baxter has read a good argument for Catholicity, and sways a little from her favorite side. Mary's tact at braiding hair, and Mary's bright gold chain, and Mary's success in making a portrait of Julia, which she has just completed, have blunted thy poisoned arrows, and have fairly unchained thee. Come down, then, from thy icy throne, saucy, viperish old maid! find a dwelling with thy prototypes, and reap the reward of thy labors. Farewell, Clara! God forgive thee thy sins!

Verily, words are more killing than wounds!

CHAPTER XXIX.

MASQUERADING.

CLARA has gone from Mrs. Baxter's roof, much to the joy of Gertrude; but much to Gertrude's grief, Mary has not succeeded to her place.

The relatives of Mrs. Baxter—fac-similes in bigotry of Mrs. M'Dougald—have contributed no small share to keep Mary in the same position. Mrs. Baxter herself, however, needed no counsellors in this particular. If she had any in

tention to advance Mary, it would be all for the sake of the love which she had for her own daughter, and not for any genuine affection for the accomplished stranger. The daughter's influence, however, was, upon the present occasion, completely overbalanced by that of the relatives. Baxter himself, though inclined to favor Mary, was prevented from doing so by a fear that his people would disapprove of his course.

This choice of a teacher for a young woman of fifteen, may seem to be too small an affair to warrant us recording such a display of contending influences. But it is no such small affair at all. The whole world knows that Protestantism cannot brook the idea of having its children taught by such a vulgar thing as an Irish Catholic.

Mrs. Baxter, therefore, partly from her own choice, and partly from the counsel of friends, would not lower herself so much as to let a "Paddy" instruct her daughter. This she would not do, even admitting that the unfortunate Paddy had all the learning of all the ages together. Like others, she feared that Gertrude's religion would be endangered by "Papistical contact." As, then, a Catholic instructor was to her mind both perilous and vulgar, she withheld from Mary the place which none could better occupy, and secured for Gertrude the services of a Professor.

Mary was now left to attend to her rooms, and to content herself as best she could. On occasions of company she was not, of course, permitted to mingle with the guests. She was not permitted to eat at the first table of the family. She was not permitted to practise her music except upon those times when the family would not be at home. She was not permitted to hold much intercourse with either of the girls. She was not, on all necessary occasions, permitted to attend her church. She was not permitted to give

Catholic books to Gertrude. She was allowed, however, to go, when her work was done, to her room, and amuse herself there with whatever she thought fit. She was also allowed to take a walk once or twice a week. This was about the sum and substance of her freedom. She was now almost like a closed book. Whatever talents she possessed were all the same as if they were buried in the earth. Every Friday and Saturday she would hear as usual from the mistress a sarcasm against the church. Every evening that she was discovered as having been at the chapel, she would hear an aspersion cast upon the confessional. Every time that she would make the sign of the cross upon her forehead, she would provoke against herself a laugh that was anything but agreeable.

Yet, she had some consolation. She had over her head a roof, which was something for an outcast, she had a conscience that was free from crime, and best of all she had a God in whom she always confided. With all these she enjoyed the friendship and affection of Gertrude, who, notwithstanding the obstacles put between them, found many opportunities to converse with her favorite. Mary was Gertrude's forbidden fruit, but for this very thing Mary was all the sweeter. Gertrude, stealing frequent marches on her mother, learned many things from Mary's conversation. Mary's skill in braiding rendered Julia a neutral, and helped to keep from Mrs. Baxter the intimacy which existed between the two friends. When the mother happened to be out, Gertrude and Mary had many a musical hour together. Gertrude, though prevented from reading Catholic works, got them from Mary, and loved to peruse them.

Were it not for the warm love which those fair young friends entertained for each other, Mary could never, unless she possessed the faith of a martyr, continue in the position

which she held. When sometimes she had reason almost to verge upon despair, the thought of her youthful consoler would banish all despondency.

Meanwhile, Gertrude, whose intelligence and spirit of inquiry were wonderful, drank, through Mary, large draughts from the fountain of Catholic truths, and by degrees grew fonder of the beauty, holiness, and power of those celestial waters. Julia, whose brain seemed to be formed of baser material, satisfied the craving of her small inquiring appetite, with the florid and mysterious Song of Solomon.

Under such auspices and circumstances was it Mary's lot to plod a long and dreary way indeed, yet not altogether comfortless.

One day as her work was done, she sat herself down in her room, and began to read a newspaper which she had just received. Almost the first thing that came under her observation, was a notice of the sudden death of old Governor Houston, whose admiration of her on a former day caused considerable pain. Immediately below this, poor Mrs. M'Dougald was spoken of in lamentable tones as one whose form was now no warmer than her father's. Some two or three days after the old man's demise, she went out, it was stated, to take some exercise on horseback. She had gone only a short distance from her house, when she was thrown off with great force, and left insensible. After the fall she lingered but a few hours, and died in great agony.

On reading this melancholy notice, Mary melted with sorrow, and wept abundance of tears.

Gentle girl! 'tis only a being like thyself that would shed a tear over the grave of so cruel a woman.

"God forgive her," said Mary, "as I forgive her, all that in her blindness she wickedly did against me. O you who were my enemy, and never wished to be anything else, may

it be better with you now than I would haply imagine. May you to your enjoyment see even beyond the tomb that the truths which I taught your child—my love, as well as yours—were the loveliest lights that ever beamed upon her youthful mind."

"Farewell, Mrs. M'Dougald!" may the reader too exclaim. "If thou wert unkind to one who deserved better at thy hands, thou hast paid the penalty dearly even here. The golden dreams, which, a little while ago, were thine, are gone like a morning mist. Thou hast not had a life long brightened by the beauty of thy daughter. The picture of thy fancy has faded for ever. Thou wilt not behold, at least with corporeal eye, thy child's mind indoctrinated with the dogmas which thou didst so much dread. Thou knowest, perhaps too late, the error of thy ways, and thou art beyond the point where repentance is acceptable. I am not holy, yet I would like better hope than many would accord to thee."

Months passed on.

There was to be a fancy ball, to which Julia and Gertrude were invited. Julia panted for the evening, and Gertrude was not without longing. At length the wished-for night arrived.

Before Mary there was now a critical, yet pleasurable task. Julia's charms, which were deeply latent, had to be heightened to the acme by all means, artificial and otherwise. It is hard to turn a poppy into a rose. Is it possible at all? As regarded Julia, this was about Mary's difficulty. But fine feathers make fine birds, so satin, gold, and gems will be necromancers now. Many hours were consumed by Mary in transforming the poppy into the rose. Her magical power was supremely successful. Julia walked forth a Juno, with or without the "cæstus," as you please.

The rose without any painting is sufficiently charming. Gertrude, a rose of fairest bloom, needed not much, if any, the cultivating hand of her friend. Mary, however, turned now to her rosy favorite, and soon effected all that was desirable. Gertrude walked forth as beautiful as she who, of old, came from the dank arms of old Ocean to dwell for evermore in a world of sunshine and flowers.

Julia looked at herself in the mirror, and viewed the reflection with as much admiration as Adonis did the faultless form which he saw in the stream. From the time and pains bestowed upon her toilet—circumstances which she considered proofs of the superiority of her beauty over her sister—she was fully satisfied that with the exception of “the love, the dove, the beautiful One” mentioned in Solomon’s Song, there was none who might compare with herself in matchless symmetry and grace.

Gertrude, on the other hand, was sorry that her sister’s unseemly figure and face required such a world of extraordinary relief in the shape of embellishment.

Yet thus went the world since the days of Adam—thus it goes this minute—and thus no doubt will it go to the end!

What a pity that wayward fate kept Mary herself from joining in masquerade this young and gleesome pair! Perhaps, fair reader! you are more sorry for the destiny which precludes her the possibility of doing so, than she is herself. If you were like her, you would probably repine at your fortune, and weep yourself sick. But if you knew all, you would be convinced, that fates, which the world calls wayward, are oftentimes the best. Mary’s history, which you have not yet heard, but which you will hear very soon, would never be made known to you if what the world would here call wayward was such in reality. It is not

insinuated, however, that she did not, on this occasion, wish to share in the pleasures of the party.

The girls are mingling in the mazes of the dance, and rejoicing in the spirit of the ball-room. The whole world in miniature is around them. There is seemingly no sorrow in any heart—there is certainly no shadow upon any brow. Was there less pleasure in youthful Paradise than there is in this brilliant hall to-night? Reign on, O Joy! your time is more transient than Spring’s.

Mary has been summoned to Mrs. Baxter’s side, and rather unexpectedly asked to tell what brought her to this country. This was a question which Mrs. M’Dougald’s pride always prevented her from putting. This was a question from which, through a fear that it was not fair or expedient, Dr. M’Dougald, though curious enough, always abstained. Mrs. Baxter, a being of bolder daring than either, has made “no bones” about it, but put it with all necessary emphasis. She has long paused for a reply, but has not heard one. The Pendulum questions again. Mary, for certain reasons of her own, which the reader will soon appreciate, answers the lady in such an enigmatical manner as gives but little satisfaction. Mrs. Baxter, therefore, has her own conjectures, but conjectures which happen to have no foundation.

“And how did you learn music, French, and the rest?” inquired the inquisitive woman.

Mary, knowing the lady’s hostility to Catholics, was at first afraid to answer this question directly, but fearing that by not doing so she would be acting dangerously to her own comfort, plainly avowed that she had been educated in a convent.

“Tell the truth, now,” suggested the Pendulum, “and say if you ever saw there any of those evils for which people

give such places credit." Not having received an answer in the affirmative, the large substantial matron felt egregiously sorry, and said "that though, as herself believed, old nuns kept all such things from the eyes of the young ones, still dreadfully wicked works were certainly done in all secluded places of the kind. When such is the case, I don't see how you can be a Catholic," she added.

"No one but those who are inimical to our religion," replied Mary, "assert that such abominable sins are perpetrated in convents."

"Do you think, my girl!" observed Mrs. Baxter warmly, "that the priests and nuns live the life which they pretend to lead?"

"Of course, such is my conviction."

"But don't you," persisted the great fat catechist, "know very well from your own experience that for man or woman to do such violence to nature is nothing less than an impossibility?"

Too bashful to remind the lady of the serious charge to which, in asking such a question, she exposed herself, Mary merely responded by saying that Daniel, Elias, St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, and many others too numerous to mention, were proofs that a life of celibacy was quite practicable. In this she made a very good reply; but, if she liked, she might have made another, which would surely have silenced her antagonist. Poor natural Mrs. Baxter! you are very natural indeed, but nothing more. Was it your knowledge of Mary's experience, or of your own, which prompted you to tell her that she knew better than to believe as she pretended? What a pity that you were not, in turn, asked whether or not you yourself could live in the state that you deemed so hard. If such a question had been put, you would probably, for modesty's sake at least,

show by your answer that you, too, could believe in the possibility of perpetual celibacy.

Here, however, the conversation dropped.

The lights of the ball-room are fled, its garlands dead, and all its gay world departed.

The streets are all still, and a raw, freezing air pervades the atmosphere. Reeking from the heat of the exciting waltz, or quadrille, homeward move in flimsy attire that shows great fashion, but greater folly, thoughtless youths and maidens, enjoying, as they go, the cool fresh breath of midnight winds. For Gertrude and Julia, who of course are not unaccompanied, the icy air is the most delectable of things, and whispers to them, in its witchery, to revel, while they may, in the luxury of moonlight.

The syren of old was honest compared with the syren air which cools the front of young fresh masqueraders.

Children who are lovers of the chilly night-wind are early found in places where there are revellers that fear not the frigidity of the night time. The places, where such children dwell, are generally festooned with the fairest of flowers, and made to look exceedingly fair. It may be that children, who as yet are not the owners of such beautiful places, are fond of the night-wind on account of the dowry which it brings them. Surely this must be the charm, else such children are unwise.

Julia and Gertrude are not hurrying home, but they are giving themselves time to cool breast, and brow, and body together. At length they come in, not as they left the ball-room, glowing, and smiling, and warm, but they come in like wanderers through the snow drift, chilly, and rueful, and pale. With chattering teeth they gather around a fire, where Mary sees full well the fruits of masquerading. Yet both have seen whom their hearts desired, and they will be happy yet.

CHAPTER XXX.

GRAVE-YARDS.

Four weeks after the ball, Julia and Gertrude rose recovered from a sick bed, which no one expected that they would ever leave. When they rose, they looked like the shadows of Mrs. Baxter's daughters. That cold night-wind penetrated even to their hearts, and there played a part of which many a grave-stone has fully told the consequences.

Mary, who, during the sickness, was unremitting in her attentions, had been now eighteen months in the house, and had made Gertrude all but a practical Catholic. Had the illness of the latter not taken, at a certain time, a turn for the better, it was arranged that a priest should be called.


Gertrude and Julia, now weak and emaciated, were around their mother again, but they showed such symptoms of radical disease as augured very badly for them a length of days. After a month or so they gave better hopes to their friends. Gertrude could take her usual walks, and move up and down rather freely. Julia got along more slowly. The physicians who attended consoled the parents with the assurance that all danger was past, and that the girls would in a month more be as well as ever. Two months passed on, and all fear of consumption was at an end.

From much reading of Catholic works, and from the virtuous deeds of which Mary was always the performer, Gertrude had long since been induced to believe that her mother's religion was not true. She labored, however,

under some difficulty. She would send for the priest rather than for the minister if she were threatened by death. But now that she was recovering fast, she had no particular anxiety about being baptized.

In this wavering state of mind, herself and Mary in a walk one evening, happened, by some melancholy prompting, to go into a Catholic burial ground. 'Twas the first time in her life that she was in such a place. Both girls walked around for some time, and amused themselves by reading the inscriptions over the dead. "Pray for the soul." "Glory be to God on high." "May he rest in peace"—these were the usual sentences which met the eye as it would glance over the stone or monument that marked the resting of departed ones. Over those inscriptions, the sign of the cross was invariably carved in bold relief, or painted pretty largely.

"Mary," said Gertrude after they had continued there a considerable time, "I love to go through grave-yards, and I always feel better when I do. Let us now go into the place where grandfather, grandmother, and my brother Frederick are buried."

This was the Protestant cemetery, and it was immediately beside the other. They entered it, and walked around, reading as before the various inscriptions. "This is the grave"—"Monumental to the death"—"There is rest in heaven"—these and such like were the words that told where mouldering forms were laid. A hand painted or carved, thus , or a weeping willow, or an urn, or a compass and square, were all that seemed to be emblems of the faith of those over whom the long grass grew. The cross, in which the Apostle of the Gentiles gloried, was nowhere to be seen.

"This," said Gertrude after a long silence, "this, Mary,

is not like a Christian grave-yard. Oh! no—I see it plainly. What a difference is there between it, and that beyond! I don't know how it happens, Mary; but some way or another, I feel over me here a loneliness and chill that I found not in the other place."

"Yes, dear Gertrude! there are in the Catholic ground many things that make one feel warmer than here. The cross there tells you that the dead believed in Him who died ignominiously for the world. What more fitting remembrancer than that to keep fresh in our minds the love of a Saviour! When we look at the cross, are we not reminded of the enormity of sin, and are we not inflamed with love for the one who had such charity for us as to suffer himself to be thus cruelly massacred? Do not the words, 'Pray for the soul,' which are so numerous on those Catholic grave-stones, console us with the thought that our kindred and friends, though mingled with the dust, are bound to us by a tie that never can be broken? There are no such requests on a Protestant monument. And what, then, does such a spirit seem to indicate? Ah! it says, Gertrude, 'The dead and their friends are sadly, miserably severed; there is to be between them no longer communion.' It says, '*Don't* pray for the happiness of your old dead parents—*don't* pray for the happiness of your dear dead sister—*don't* pray for the happiness of your fond dead brother—never ask that they be well, never even wish it, because such wishing is but prayer still, and prayer for the dead is in every way wrong. How chill—how cheerless is such a doctrine! How can such a grave-yard as this, without one 'sign of the Son of man' in it, show to the passer-by that the dead which it enshrines were Christians, and not Turks? Say, then, Gertrude! how would you make the tomb-stone of a Catholic answer for a Protestant?"

"I don't know, Mary. How?"

"By putting the word, 'don't,' before the words, 'Pray for the soul,' that is—'*don't* pray for the soul.' Judge now, supposing you were to raise a monument over your mother's head, whether as a Catholic or a Protestant, you could carve upon it the sweeter inscription?"

"Oh, Mary! say no more. I feel enough. Many thoughts trouble me, and make me wish that I had done with the world. Though I know what I must do, and know that I must do it quickly, still I know that 'tis very hard to change your religion, while you are living in your father's house. Yet I feel that I must change it even *there*. I will never live anywhere else, and I will not live there long."

"What do you mean?" asked Mary tenderly.

"I mean, that I will shortly die—I know it, I know it."

"Don't think so, don't be so sad," said Mary cheerfully.

"I am not sad," returned Gertrude, "neither do I sigh for having to leave the world so soon; but if I were once a Catholic, I would rather die than live."

At this sentence the tears filled Mary's eye. She said: "Gertrude! it makes me miserable to hear you talk in this unusual strain."

"I cannot speak otherwise, Mary! I know full well that my grave will soon be made—I feel this truth rising in my breast—I never was the same since the night of the ball."

"Oh, drive away these dull thoughts, Gertrude! and endeavor to be cheerful—come away from this dreary ground, which is even colder than the grave, and be yourself once more."

"Mary! how can I be gay when I consider the difficulty that is before me?"

"What is that?"

"The difficulty of becoming a Catholic in the house of my father and mother!"

"Do not fear, God will make it easy."

"So may it be," said Gertrude, with a sigh, as herself and her fond companion walked out of the grave-yard.

Before the girls arrived home, it was agreed on that Gertrude would, as soon as possible, receive the sacrament of baptism, and that Mary, with a view to facilitate the affair, would previously acquaint a priest with all the circumstances of the case.

Unknown to any of the household, Gertrude on the following Sunday was made a child of God, and an heir to the kingdom of heaven.

For fear of a discovery, Mary was, in the mean time, shivering day and night with dread. Gertrude, though in very delicate health, enjoyed more inward happiness than ever she did in her life. Julia was confined to her bed by another sick fit, and Mr. and Mrs. Baxter were so unacquainted with Gertrude's conversion, that they had nothing to trouble and alarm them but the precarious state of their daughter's health.

The Pendulum had nothing to say now when a Friday or a Saturday came. She forgot her skill in jibing. Monks, priests, nuns, and convents were allowed to go along in the even tenor of their way. Confession was not even hinted at. All that at present busied and absorbed her, was her elder child, whose illness was such as might not be slurred over, even by consoling physicians. She was deservedly alarmed.

Julia, not believing that she was so bad, told her mother, morning after morning, that the sickness was a great deal better. No one, however, but the patient herself, thought

so. Shortly, she grew much worse, and dashed from the mother's eye almost every hope that cheered. Yet even after this mournful change, Julia still looked forward for days of earthly joyance. Blinder judges than doctors saw at last that the canker of consumption was soon to add another to his host. Yet Julia, though her cheek was sunken and hectic, though she was reduced to a skeleton, hoped on, hoped ever, not, however, for the world that eternally blooms, but for that which is "fading, still fading." Soon came the time when to hope for Julia was hoping against hope. At length the sick girl believed that her day in the world was nearly done. Sad truth!—it came upon her heart with a weight of anguish enough to crush its life out. No wonder. To the unconsolated, death is a fearful visitor. It was all this to Julia Baxter. The minister came, to be sure, but the minister has no consolation. A dry, extempore prayer, from a dry, extempore man, is a poor and cheerless anodyne. The cold, stiff orison was over, but Julia found no solace. How could she? "Go, thy sins are forgiven thee," were words which no one, with power to say so, had breathed in her ear. The bread, which strengthens to eternal life, was a food which she was not permitted to taste. The oil of true consolation, that makes the soul plume her wing with confidence and hope, was not poured upon the dying girl. None, none of these! To the unprepared, death is indeed a fearful, fearful visitor. And his hour is rapidly approaching. Around the death-bed of Julia the weeping family gather. Mary, too, is there, and she weeps for something else than death. Gertrude, another crushed flower, has a twofold sorrow. She weeps for the death of her sister, and weeps, moreover, for the death of those hopes which she had for that sister's conversion. Father and mother weep, too—weep both for their well

loved child, and the unwillingness with which she meets the summons of her God.

Ah! heart-rending sound! Julia cries, despondingly: "Oh! mother, sweet mother! father, father dear! how can I leave you, how can I die? Gertrude! Mär—" Mary's heart bleeds. Gertrude's is pierced as by a dagger. The blood has fled from Mary's cheek and lip. Gertrude, overpowered with sorrow, loses all consciousness, and falls to the ground. The last struggle comes upon Julia—the last that ever she shall have on earth—and hard and horrible it is. Mother, father, all have faded from her sight—a low, low moan is heard—and Julia is nothing but clay!

And so the spirit of the ball-room, though 'twas as laughing as life, was nothing in truth but Death's spirit in disguise.

More than Julia has that spirit deceived. There in the grave-yards, where white blossoms are whitest in summer, go and see what the fell spirit has done. Night and the spirit are strong. The latter arouses the prey, and the former pierces it to the heart.

Will the young still love the ball-room, and take no notice of the graves which it has made? With all the wrecks which we see around us, and with all the white blossoms which tell of his works, will other Julias fail to detect the phantom of death masquerading in the ball-room?

CHAPTER XXXI.

A STORY.

GERTRUDE, whose health was fast failing, distressed Mary exceedingly, not only by her appearance, but also by her conversation. If that appearance was saddening enough, the conversation was more so. Mary could not, without the greatest pain, hear, day after day, as she did, that Gertrude, her fondest, her only friend, was going to follow Julia.

They were both one evening sitting upon a rock beside the sea, and looking out over the beautiful sheet of water that gleamed in the setting sun.

"I will not," said Gertrude with a sigh, "be long a beholder of this."

"Ah, Gertrude! why do you so often speak thus? To see you so sad and lonely, makes me doubly lone and sad."

"Mary, how else can I be? 'Tis not the thought of that death, which will soon be mine, that saddens me so much. What saddens me most is to behold my dear mother weighed down by a double affliction—that which she feels at the suddenness of poor Julia's death, and that which she feels at the prospect of mine. Then again, how can I forget the presence, the love of an only sister? Mine is surely a two-fold sorrow."

"Gertrude, dear Gertrude! 'tis for the living, not the dead, that we should mourn. Julia has left you—but what is this?—it is only that she has gone from a world of trouble and temptation. Death is but release from captivity. Those who die have escaped from banishment and fled to their proper home. Such is the fact. Who knows what

sorrows and disappointments, what heart-aches and burdens has this death of Julia spared her?

'Thrice happy are they who depart
From the trials that threaten them here,
Ere a pang hath yet touched the young heart,
Or the eye is bedimmed by a tear.'

"Yes, 'tis for the living that we should weep, and not for the dead. How many in the world there are, whose sorrows, if known, would fully prove what I say! Gertrude, I will tell you something that will show you how truthful are my words. When you shall have heard me out, perhaps you will confess that the dead are the happier.

"It is now nearly four years since I left my home. At the time of my departure, my parents were alive and well. My father was a Protestant, and, I suppose, still is. Being in prosperous circumstances, he gave me a good education. My mother was a Catholic, and continues, I have no doubt, as firm in the faith as ever. At the age of fourteen I was sent to a convent in France to receive my education. I stopped there four years, and then returned to my parents."

Gertrude was all attention, while Mary continued.

"On my coming home, my father and mother both resolved upon having me married to a young lawyer, who was a frequent visitor at our house, and who was, moreover, rich, talented, and highly accomplished. To this proposition I would not consent. I had two reasons for opposing my parents' wishes. Which was the stronger I can scarcely say. The first was that the young man was not of my own creed—and the second, that I loved, dearly loved another."

At these words, Mary filled up with emotion, and for some time could not proceed. Recovering from the feeling which such a recollection brought upon her, she drew from her bosom that little locket, which, on a former day, as has

been stated, Dr. M'Dougald accidentally met, and handing it to her sympathizing companion, said, "That is his likeness, Gertrude."

Gertrude looked anxiously at the portrait, and could only say—Mary!

Here there was a long pause on both sides. Gertrude, with increasing curiosity, awaited the story. Mary at length said: "Gertrude, my faithful and fond one was banished from my sight for ever."

These heart-breaking words, sounding on her ear dismally as a knell, came out brokenly and inarticulately, and hindered her from going on. "But he was innocent—yes, he was innocent," said she, after a moment. This was all she had power to explain of a subject so sad.

Leaving her for a moment to her silence and tears, the reader is informed, through another source, that the young man whose history the afflicted girl could not give in detail, having been indicted by the British government for the high misdemeanor of trying to raise his unfortunate country from slavery, received sentence of expatriation for life. He was a glorious, high-minded, fearless young fellow, not wealthy, indeed, like the other, but depending altogether upon his father, who, with a view of making him a lawyer, gave him an excellent education. He was equally as accomplished as the one whom Mary's parents wished to make their son-in-law; he was generous, noble, tender, and brave, and to crown all, he was a member of Mary's church.

Mary, resuming her history, said: "Gertrude, my parents knowing my affection for him who is now in chains—Oh! my heart bleeds to think of it—were not the least sorry for his affliction, but persevered in their unfavorable resolve. I opposed them still. I told my mother the danger of mixed marriages. I reminded her of the manifold miseries which

spring from such unnatural alliances, and referred her to several instances which fully substantiated my words. I spoke in vain. My mother was a religious woman, and having, in my father, a partner who, unlike the generality of Protestant husbands, never thwarted her in her spiritual exercises, believed, no doubt, that though many mixed marriages were miserable in the extreme, mine would nevertheless be as happy as her own. She bade me remember that Charles, which was her favorite's name, was in such circumstances as blessed few of those from among whom I might be inclined to make my choice. She bade me remember that from the love which Charles had for me, and the promises which he would give, I need never be afraid of having anything that would cause me a moment's pain. With such reasoning did she, day after day, endeavor to win my consent. On the other hand, my father, who, like the most of his kind, seemed to have no thought whatever of becoming a practical Christian of any denomination, cared not of what religion my husband might be, provided he were wealthy. Wealth, and nothing else, appeared to be his creed. Having a very latitudinarian conscience, he would often say to me that no matter what I was or was not, it would be all the same in a hundred years. If I had seen him religiously inclined in any way; if I had been accustomed to see him going to some church, I would, no doubt, be as likely to be a Protestant as a Catholic; but when, from the first day that I could observe, I found my mother going every Sunday to mass, reading works of piety, and praying morning and night, I saw of course that there was, in her religion, reality, and holiness, and power, which convinced me of its superiority. If, then, my mother's advice with regard to this marriage, made no impression upon me, it is evident that my father's would, if possible, make even

ess The sound instruction, the incomparable training which I received in the convent, had so much opened my mind to the preciousness of the true faith, that I could not for the world think of having that treasure endangered. Experience too, which, after my return from France, I gathered at home, kept sounding in my ears such tales of woe about mixed marriages, as to arm me doubly against forming any such connection. I was thus proof against all parental importunities. Father and mother, finding that I could not be induced to accept the Protestant, were determined to drive me into their views, whether I would or not. No appeal of mine could alter their minds. I had a brother, who, if he believed at all, believed in the Catholic Church. He loved me with intense affection. We were the only children. When he became aware of my parents' coercive measures, he grew terribly angry, and told them that Charles, whom he could not tolerate, should never be my husband. They paid no more attention to his objections than to mine. Willing, or otherwise, I was to be the wife of their favorite. Still I opposed them. Whether in earnest or not I cannot say, but they at last informed me that I was either to prepare myself for the marriage, or leave the house. Was not that a cruel case? How could I bear it? I could not. Seeing, then, that I had no other means of escaping from what I considered the snare that was laid for me, I took, a morning or two afterwards, the coach for Dublin, and finding there a vessel that was just about sailing for America, I bade farewell to my native land. About three days previous to my leaving, my brother went on a visit to an uncle's, who lived in a town about twenty miles off. He was to return in a week, but, short as that time was, I was afraid to await his coming. I was afraid to tell him of my intended flight, lest he might prevent me of

going. Oh! it was hard—it was hard. Since then, I have never heard of father, mother, or brother. I never wrote to them. Of course, they could not write to me.”

Having gone on so far, Mary next proceeded to recount her trials at Dr. M'Dougald's—trials with which the reader is already familiar. The position which she held at Baxter's, so well known to her fair, pale listener, was such as, to Gertrude's mind, put a climax to her misery.

Her beloved companion, having heard all, stood mute in sorrow and amaze.

“Well, who is more unhappy, Gertrude, the living or the dead? And who should be sadder, you or I?”

“Mary, dear Mary! I cannot give utterance to my feelings. All I can say is, that *my* trials are nothing.”

Having said this, Gertrude, taking her friend's hand in that chilly white one of her own, kissed it, and wept like a child.

For nearly four years this history of poor Mary was a secret which she could reveal to none. During that time, often did she wish for some being like herself in whom that story would find a sympathizer. Vain was her longing. She had mingled with none but Protestants, and she rightly judged that in such there was no pity for a tale like hers. Emma, though dearly loved, was too young to hear such things. Gertrude, before her conversion, could not be expected, any more than the rest, to appreciate the great sacrifice which Mary had made. A good Catholic now, and a loving associate besides, she was just the one for whom our gentle sufferer so often wished in vain.

Having at last unbosomed herself thus, Mary felt immeasurably relieved.

Let not the reader turn away from this page, and say that such heroism as this of our wanderer is a thing that never existed.

For sake of this self-same faith for which this noble girl dared and endured all that she did, martyrs, thousands in number, have braved the frown of the tyrant, and laughed at every torture. For this, warriors have flung down their swords, princes their titles, and kings their crowns. For this, multitudes of every race and station have relinquished houses and lands, worldly happiness and hope, and gone into solitude, forgetful of them all. For this, maidens, higher born far than Mary, and tender as she, have mocked at the Pagan's edict, and passed through the fieriest death rather than join the way of the unbeliever.

And why not? Compared with this, what is worldly royalty, what are worldly riches, what is worldly joy? Nothing. That which will prove royalty a rag, riches passing beams, joy a vision, as vain as it is beautiful—that *faith*, true faith, is greater than them all, and should, in spite of every temptation, be preserved, even at the shedding of the heart's last blood.

What happiness is like that given by that faith which keeps the frail heart from failing? That faith can lighten, with loveliest ray, the gloom of the dungeon, and warm, with holiest fire, the iron of the captive's chain. That faith has a power which no sorrow can quell, a glory no adversity can dim, a loveliness as fadeless as the stars. That faith can make all things fair, and bid the desert blossom like the rose. 'Tis of all things glorious that it sings—of endless joy, and bloom, and light, triumph, bliss, and immortality.

'Twas by a faith thus mighty and invincible, that Mary's young spirit, otherwise conquered, soared superior to every affliction. Had she met with no recompense in this world, yet would she be doubly rewarded in the other. She has long since faded from this earthly scene, but she

surely shines with peerless lustre in a region where there's no such thing as blight.

The fond girls, risen from their rock on the shore, move towards their dwelling. Gertrude has about her all the symptoms of a swift consumption. As she walks her breathing becomes shorter and more difficult—her cheek is blushing with a hue that belongs to decay—her face is mournfully pale and transparent—and

"The change is o'er her charms that says, the flower must pass away."

The professor of music and French has ceased to give her lessons. Every time she sees her piano, now shut up, and covered with its cloth, she imagines that she sees her coffin. She sings no more.

Mary observes all this, yet hopes for her friend. If Gertrude is to die so soon, what is Mary to do? Oh! why is this world so full of disappointment? If joy even for a moment lightens up the gloom, something dashes it out immediately.

"False is the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even,
And Love, and Joy, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing true but Heaven."

How can Mary regret that her fair companion should, before trouble comes on, ascend to that bright inheritance? Yet so it is, and it is not well. But Hope, never unemployed, allows no one, meanwhile, to think of Gertrude's grave. Perhaps the charmer knows best.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STRANGER.

A FEW weeks before his wife's death, Dr. M'Dougald succeeded, by the will of his father-in-law, to a fortune of seventy thousand dollars. Having been for a long time inclined to return to his native country, he now firmly resolved to carry out, as soon as possible, his favorite intention. There was nothing to oppose his going. The fantastical Bell had been placed in a position which left him entirely free from any claim that she might have upon her master. Under these favorable circumstances, M'Dougald broke up house-keeping, and taking with him his beautiful Emma, who was, at this time, nearly fifteen, he started for the shore

"Where the heather waves its purple bell
O'er moor and mountain crest."

At the stage to which our story has now come, the doctor was a Professor in his own Alma Mater, the Medical College of Glasgow. He had been in this position about six months, when taking a great fancy to a certain young man, who was studying at the University, he invited him to his house, and introduced him to his daughter. M'Dougald, always a great and even enthusiastic admirer of talent, perceiving that the student possessed uncommon gifts, at once conceived the idea of having him and Emma engaged. This young gentleman's name was Henry Mangan. He was of noble appearance and faultless symmetry. He had a brow upon which genius was certainly enthroned, and he had an

eye which as certainly won where it wandered, dazzled where it dwelt. Though far superior to any of his classmates, he was still the admired of all. The delight of the social circle, he had a voice that was really captivating. He drew prizes for everything he studied, yet vanity he showed not the least. "Wild as a wild deer," however, was this same graceful and comely young Mangan. The element in which he felt happiest, was that in which innocent mischief was rifest and most rampant. To catch him in his scrapes was a thing impossible. He would, for instance, write letters of invitation to the Professors, requesting them to do Lord So and So the honor of dining on such a day at his mansion. In the mean time he would, when the hour came, chuckle with all satisfaction over the prank which he so happily played. At another time he would direct affectionate epistles to his companions, and sign them with the names of such parties as, he knew, would be most agreeable to the recipients. Things of this kind, to say nothing of others as funny, were his endless and highest delight.

This wild way of his only made him dearer to the doctor, who believed that Henry was more like himself, when himself was young, than any person whom he had ever met.

Mangan was passionately fond of singing, music, and poetry. There were few songs which he did not know—there was no part, whether bass, tenor, treble, or counter, in which he was not almost an adept. He was thoroughly conversant with the English poets, and he was not unfamiliar with the French ones. With all this, he could finger the piano as well as most amateurs, and he could compose verses much better and faster than the doctor himself.

During the time that he spent at the Medical College, no one could tell to what religion he belonged. From all religious controversy he cautiously abstained. For doing

this he had a peculiar tact. M'Dougald not yet having hung, according to promise, his bonnet upon any particular peg of belief, never asked the young man what he was or what he was not. The doctor saw his talents and his manners, with both of which he was perfectly delighted.

Mangan had spent several evenings at the Professor's house, and was charmed with the beauty, amiability, and qualities of Emma. With her he sang many a song. Emma was an equal admirer of the gay and graceful student. Of course she got him to write verses in her album, and of course she considered them altogether charming.

"Emma," said the father, as all three were one of those evenings seated at the tea-table, "you must not get too fond of this young laddie." This was said in a sense just the opposite of what it pretended to mean. Observing that both were already just as he wished them, the doctor merely wanted to strengthen their affection. His admiration of Mangan, and his hatred of old bachelorism, induced him to act in this wise. But he need not be the least anxious. To all intents and purposes, Emma's fate seemed fixed. It was not on account of the singing, the fair face, the witching way, or the rest—though these were magical enough—that she grew so enamored of Henry. There was about him a something which she could not define, but which she distinctly marked, that carried her completely captive. This nameless recommendation is left for the reader to imagine. If well and good, you guess it, dear friend! so much the better—if not, you shall hear it, as soon as we can possibly tell.

The affection between this youthful pair grew stronger day by day. Henry was never happy unless he was in Emma's society. Emma was never happy unless she was in Henry's. A year had not passed when they were betrothed,

How heavily time lags for those whose bridal is far in the distance! Henry, with two years yet to study, felt almost as miserable as did the flying Dutchman who never doubled the Cape. Emma's fifteen vanished years seemed to her shorter than the two years for whose expiration she was so anxiously waiting. Both were now in the slowest coach that ever yet drew them along. What a pity that every month was not a February!

Emma one day found to her deep regret that the last year of waiting was to be a leap-year. Goodness! what a misery!—the time is *one whole day* longer than she expected. This was intelligence so painful to her that she knew not how to compose herself.

And thus, it may be supposed, have panted for a day similar to that for which Emma is sighing; the unhappiest pairs that ever marriage made one. 'Tis well. Better that an impenetrable veil hangs between us and futurity, than that no veil was there. If life is miserable enough as it is, what would it be if the future were as clear to us as the present or the past? Worse a thousand fold. If we have not the future to enlighten us, we have what is better—bright hope to cheer us, to charm us—hope, which, if the veil from the future were withdrawn, would never fling a ray over present miseries.

Henry and Emma have promised each other to become one, and one they surely shall be, if nothing untoward intervene. Who would wish that two such loving hearts should, by any misfortune, be the victims of disappointment? But the dark veil of the future hides many a strange fact. Wait, till it is a little uplifted.

While things are thus transpiring, while Emma is dreaming of bliss to come when the leap-year shall have passed, and while her beloved is indulging in a reverie no less joyous

and lovely, the lazy days of college-life move slowly, wearily, tediously on. As usual, Henry, from time to time, turns his thoughts to some of those tricks in which he shines so conspicuously. When he is not thus engaged, he is amusing himself at the expense of some wondering wight or wench, with stringing together whole sentences of sesquipedalian words, whose long length and thundering sound "terrify, or amaze," as the case may be. He has, for instance, hired to scrub up some apartment or other, a poor washwoman, who, marking with greatest astonishment the quaint and curious apparel of the students, imagines that they must be really supernatural. When she asks him for the little pittance due to her services, he looks at her with wondering air, and asks her in a tone quite bewildering to one unacquainted with the tricks of collegiate life, "whether she wishes to impose upon him a pecuniary onus for the ablution of his domicile?" The poor woman, startled at so terrible a question, replies, of course, "that she means no such thing." At another time, "he prognosticates from the nebulosity of the atmosphere, that mortals may anticipate for the morrow a pluvius distillation." Driving out with a friend, and passing by a cemetery surrounded by a pretty iron fence, he exclaims: "What a beautiful inclosure!" and without further delay, vents the following pompous inquiry: "Is the ingress open to vehicles, or is it exclusively reserved for pedestrians?" Being asked by a class-fellow how he liked Dr. Russell's last lecture, he replies:

"It was exceedingly erudite indeed, but the tenor of his dissertation was lamentably obscured by the adoption of a superfluity of technicalities."

In the mean time Emma is keeping regular note of each day that passes by. When Henry is not in her company

she is feasting her eyes upon his portrait, which she would wish had as witching a tongue as the matchless original.

Henry is determined to take a "rise" out of some of his companions, and for this purpose lays a wager with four of them that he will run, by night, *not by day*, a race with horse and carriage to a certain town, stop there three hours, write a rhyming account of his journey, and be back to Glasgow, before they, who need not delay a minute, will be more than half the road. The bet is taken up, and both sides prepare for the contest. They start. Both keep an even pace until they arrive at an inn about seven miles from the starting post. Henry invites them to go in to take a glass of whiskey punch. This is agreed to, and they sit down to drink. Another tumbler is filled out, and another, and another. 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock at night when the rivals think of prosecuting their journey. All of course are in good travelling condition. They start again. Henry goes ahead. Shout and song enliven the way. The night is pitchy dark. "You'll hear of sport in the morning," said Henry to the particular friend who rides with him. Presently the hindmost racers suddenly stop, and cry out to their brethren ahead to hold on a moment. The gentry in advance, deaf as beetles, pursue with roguish unconsciousness their midnight course. What's the matter? Confound it! one of the wheels of the rear carriage has come off, and rolled—the "dear knows where." Everybody is busy groping in the gloom, and two full hours are thus squandered in vain. The wheel is neither seen, nor even stumbled on. No use poking there. Back at last to the inn hurry the unfortunates, and after grievous falling in the first place, and desperate calling in the second, they succeed at length in waking up the drowsy host.

"Nae carriage hae I," says Sawney, "nane for ye or

mysel." "Can't you let us have a lantern?" "Nay, nor that ither." No help—the hapless party have to put up for the night, and considering the fewness of beds at the inn, they ought to be mightily well pleased even with floor accommodation.

Early in the morning Henry was on his way home, rejoicing, while his competitors were just about proceeding to hunt up their vanished wheel. He bade them the time of day, and passed on. Daylight threw its light upon the mystery. The wheel had rolled far away from the carriage for want of an *iron* pin, whose place was badly supplied by a *wooden* one, which all concluded was the work of the wily Henry. Persons need not be prophets to understand some things which at first look so mysterious. Of course the genius who selected the *night* for the race, and caused this break-down, was the undoubted winner. When his defeated comrades returned to Glasgow, he read for them his poem descriptive of the journey, and in it took occasion to allude very sorrowfully, piteously to the melancholy case of persons travelling by night in a carriage indifferently provided with pins.

"How do you like my portrait?" said Emma to Henry one evening, when tired of singing they sat in the parlor, waiting for the doctor.

"I like it very well, but I think that it looks almost too innocent for you."

"I am more innocent now than I was then," said she, with a leer.

"Emma! tell that to the marines."

"Now only hear him," said the rosy girl, "is he not wonderfully incredulous?"

"You'll be very innocent before you die, Emma, if you grow more so every day. For my own part, though there

are few more innocent than I am at present, I was far more so about a year ago."

"Yes—those pranks for which you get credit at the university are proofs that convince me of what you say."

"What pranks, Emma?"

"Hear him, again. Henrietta's brother was telling her all about them, and you're down for the whole."

"Well, well—what a calumniating world it is to be sure, when even innocence itself cannot go unblamed!"

"Who was it, Henry, that made such fools of the Professors the other day, by getting them all to go to Lord L——'s great banquet, &c.?"

"I suppose, Emma, that it was I."

"And who was it that wrote that billet doux from Georgiana Murray to Archibald Russell?"

"'Tis hard for my innocence to make that out."

The conversation was interrupted by Dr. M'Dougald, who just came in, and having but a moment before heard for the first time the hoax played upon some of the Professors, immediately asked Henry had he been told of it.

"I was informed about it to-day, but I heard nothing of it before," said the immaculate rogue, with imperturbable gravity.

At this dexterous dodge of her intended, Emma ran out seeking for a place where she might indulge to the fullest in laughter. She could not, to save her soul, re-enter, so waiting until Henry was about starting, she hurried to the gate to bid him good night. Henry not feeling the least displeased with her, but determining in his drollery to play a little prank upon Emma too, met her very coldly, and hastened to his home.

Not understanding his design, Emma went back to the house, dreadfully sorry, believing that she had offended

him by not returning to the room. She tried to persuade herself from thinking that he really was displeased, but still she was troubled with the ever recurring thought. Morning came, and she half forgot her pain. She was sure, or nearly so, that he would soon again visit her. A day passed—no Henry; two, three, four—no Henry; a week—still no Henry. At last she concluded that he was deeply displeased, and she found no peace in anything. A fortnight passed, yet brought no Henry. Judge, good reader, of Emma's feelings.

"What keeps Henry from paying us a visit?" asked the doctor, as himself and his daughter were sitting at tea.

"I don't know," answered Emma, trying to disguise her feelings and hide her fears.

The father said no more, but thought to himself that one of those transient breezes which, no one knows why, come at times over such beings as Henry and Emma, had slightly ruffled the current of their affections.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Emma, unacquainted with such mysteries, was far from feeling as easy as her father, but "sighed and wept, and sighed and wept, and sighed and wept again."

Having played upon his Emma what he deemed a considerable trick, Henry now took it into his head to play one upon some others. He invited Dr. M'Dougald, and two of the students, to take dinner with him in a beautiful village situate in a mountainous part of the country. A horse and carriage were provided, and the party drove off. It was as hot a day as ever came in June. When they had got about half way, they arrived at a cross road. Henry drew up his horse, and reflected a moment. "Do you know the way

well?" asked the doctor. "Quite well," replied Henry, "but I am considering which of these routes I'll take." "This," said he at length, whipping up the steed, "this is the better one." On they went for about two miles, when the travelling became wretched. "You must have taken the wrong way!" exclaimed all. "No, no," cried the driver, "I know this locality better." The road at every step increased in badness, and still increased, and at length grew nearly impassable. Down, finally, into the ground up to his belly, went the horse, and broke one of the shafts short off. "Thunder!" roared the doctor, "there, see where we are now!" "Never mind," remarked Henry with all sang froid, "we have no more than a mile to go." "That same is a comfort," said the doctor, looking extremely uneasy, "and we had better leave the carriage here." "For the short distance that we have to go," observed Henry, "'tis not worth while to do that. If we leave it here, perhaps it might be stolen. We had better, I think, draw it along, as it is quite light." "Hang it," cried the doctor, "this is a pretty piece of work; but come, let us try and get along, some way." Taking off his coat at the word, and knowing that himself was the stoutest of the party, he got himself, to the great amusement of the driver, into the shafts, and told the others to push away. Henry mounted the horse, and followed the sweating cavalcade. He dared not laugh except in his sleeve. Silently as a funeral procession walked the man in the shafts, and his assistants. Nothing broke the stillness for a full mile, when the doctor suddenly turning round with a countenance expressive of great pain, asked the gentleman on horseback whether this was really the road. "Yes, we're just there, the house is upon the next hill," was the consoling reply. M'Dougald, having wiped his brow, resumed his march in silence, while the gents

behind, entering into a discussion on aneurism, and forgetting in consequence the business immediately before them, left at intervals the drag rather hard upon their substitute for a horse. This substitute, undergoing in his shafts up hill a much more difficult operation than ever came across him in the way of surgery, suddenly told them, with a look of mingled anger and exhaustion, to shove away, and leave off their disquisitions. The youngsters, regarding the general affair as having now assumed all the air of a good joke, and taking advantage of an occasion so rare, were not over-strenuous in their exertions up hill.

The goal was at last gained. Where stood the travellers? At the terminus of the route, but not at the promised inn. If ever there was an inn there, it must have been there before the flood. A rude cabin was all that was to be seen. "I've mistaken the way, that's certain," said Henry at last, gravely. The doctor, perspiring from head to heel, made no comment, but went into the hut. "This is some confounded trick of yours, you scapegrace," remarked the companions outside. "Very likely," quoth the arch one, blankly denying, by the serious look which he gave, the slanderous imputation. The young gentlemen followed the doctor into the shabby abode. They found him greatly soured for want of a little whiskey which he had asked for in vain. There were three haggard-looking women inside. The man of the house was not at home. One of the poor creatures, seated tailor-like upon a table, was sewing—one was in the middle of the floor rocking a young child—and one was in the chimney corner smoking a very black pipe. After a moment's pause, said Henry, hiding from the doctor as well as he could the roguery which he had perpetrated, "Well, I will never forgive myself for this stupidity of to-day;" then addressing the woman who was sitting upon the table, he asked her whe-

ther they could not get a little whiskey. "Nane, guid mon." "Is there none anywhere round?" "Ay, an ye'll find it, I wot, at Jockey Drysdale's, seaven miles awa." Henry was silent for a moment, but presently wishing to give the "auld wives" a bit of a fright, he remarked, "I suppose, good woman, that you have considerable of money laid up here—have you?" At this ominous query, the smoking woman took the pipe from her mouth, the rocking woman stopped the cradle, and the sewing woman laid down her work, while all three, smoker, rocker, sewer, simultaneously and tremblingly answered: "We hae na siller at a', guid frien, we be a' poor ilka ane o' us." "Would you show us the road to the next inn?" asked Henry, anticipating the doctor, who was just about asking the same favor. Nothing in the world could give the poor women more pleasure. Each one, terrified almost to death, was heartily anxious to show the strangers, not so much the tavern, as their own door.

With much ado, and after many inquiries, the party arrived late at night at the place where Henry originally proposed that they should dine. When morning came they left orders with the host to hunt up their wagon, and have it sent to Glasgow. They then took the stage for home, and had of course, for their city friends, a world of romance concerning their pastime in the mountains.

With all this spirit of play which seemed to be Henry's very essence, strange pangs would nevertheless from time to time bring a shadow over his brow, and make him deeply sad. Such changes are not to be attributed to love, to sentimentalism, or to any kindred phrensy, but to an influence that was perhaps stronger than any. When these dark moods came on, he was entirely out of his world. His way through life was essentially sunny, but a cloud there was

that occasionally darkened him all over. Who could guess what that might be? Was it the gloom which hangs over the murderer, when, after the fever of festivity is passed, he feels it rush over him in spite of his endeavors to dash it away? If so, then what a foul one has Emma favored, and how foolish is she for bewailing his absence! Whatever it is that at times makes the light-hearted student so lone, we will discover it before we have finished our story. Meanwhile we are informed that well it is for him to have been born with a spirit so exceedingly jocund, for if such were not the case, he, even he had sorrow enough to make him truly miserable. And we are further informed that for what we so far know of him, we must admire him for the present, and fancy that we may be able to do so to the end.

So he, of one fourth melancholy, and three fourths mirth, is, until a more favorable opportunity presents itself, left to Emma's love, and the reader's reflections.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A LONG FAREWELL.

HOPE, when last we mentioned her name, was singing for timid hearts as sweet a song as ever stole from her enchanting bower. Over the warbler's rest, however, suddenly hovered a deep black shade that hung there all horribly, and still hung, and would not pass away. 'Twas the spirit of blight, and it darkened and chilled the gay sunny scene, and hushed Hope's sweet and beautiful song. And what meant that strain, and what means that shade? The former was

that which lately rose upon Mary's ear, and told of long days for Gertrude. The latter is that which, now hanging heavily over Gertrude's couch, makes that dark couch darker, and warns parents and friends that Gertrude's sun is setting.

Gertrude has Mary by her side, and tells her that they will shortly be sundered.

"Last night, dear Mary," said the pale, sick girl, "I dreamed that I was walking with you in a spacious apartment, so wide and long that I could not discern its walls. The floor of it was filled with innumerable lighted candles, some of which had just been lighted, more were flickering in their sockets, and others were more or less burned down. I stood wondering at the scene, and could not tell for what purpose it was thus lighted up. I asked you the meaning of it, but you could not tell me. Just then I thought that there suddenly stood beside us a man, who, in a hollow tone, replied to the question which I put to you, and said: 'These candles represent the whole multitude of the human race.' I then inquired, were you and I there. He said, yes,—and pointing to a light which had not half burned down, remarked, 'Here is this young woman who accompanies you. Follow me now, and I will show you yourself,' added he, as to our mutual amazement he walked through the candles without quenching one. I was afraid to go after him, lest I might upset the candlesticks, which stood together as thick as the grass upon the field. 'Come,' said he, seeing that we did not move, 'come, and you need not fear of doing any injury.' We then proceeded, and to our greater astonishment, found that we neither set fire to ourselves nor extinguished a single light. Far up, very far we followed him, until at length we became afraid of going any farther. The man just then stood still, and turning to me said:

'There are you.' Soon as he showed me my candle, I fainted, and awoke with the terrible feeling. Far down in the socket, dear Mary, that light to which he pointed me was burning, as now I know full well is my life's last spark in this enfeebled body."

"Emma dear, don't be saddened by that foolish dream," said Mary, almost as breathless and weak as her faithful companion.

"I am not saddened by it, Mary; I am rather rejoiced at the warning which it gives. My God wills that I must die, and I am obedient to his mandate. I know that I have lived a life long thoughtless of Him, but I have hope that I will die in a state of grace. I never felt such happiness, such peace, as I have felt since the time that I went to confession and received the blessed sacrament. When I have once more performed these actions, I will go from this world with thanks, and rejoice that I am free. Mary, I cannot live longer than another day at the most, and therefore I think that it is high time to send for a priest. Oh, would to God that Julia were happy enough to have had such consolation! But I must first tell Ma my mind. I know, that when I tell her what is yet a secret to every one on earth except ourselves, I will pain her dreadfully; but as I must love my God better than I must love my mother, I shall not, whatever trouble I may give her, neglect to make, on my death-bed, open profession of my faith. Mary, my love, leave me, then, if you please, for a moment, that I may be able, when she comes up, to tell her all about my conversion and my wish to see a priest. I hear her now."

At the sound of the step, which was just heard on the stairs, Mary left the room.

Mrs. Baxter entered with something which she had been preparing with her own hands for Gertrude, and when she

drew nigh the bed, she told her to take it before the Rev. Mr. Lovelace, who had just visited the house, would come up to pray over her.

The weakly girl merely tasted the cordial, and asked her mother to sit down beside her. After a moment's pause, Gertrude said: "My dear ma, I don't wish to see the minister." "Why?" kindly inquired the mother. "O ma! I am going to tell you what I should have told you before; I hope that when you hear what I have to say, you will not be angry with me." "My sweet child, why should I be angry?" "Mother, dearest mother, I am no longer a Protestant—I have for some time past been a Catholic, and I have secretly practised the duties which the Church enjoins."

A thunderbolt of agony flashed through the mother's soul, as she heard those chilling words. She could not speak. Having somewhat recovered from the heavy shock, she exclaimed: "O Gertrude! Gertrude! Gertrude! my sweet, my darling child! are you going to bid a double farewell to your own dear, desolate mother?" And that mother wept bitterly.

"My mother, my dear, dear mother! Oh! do not kill me with those tears. I am low, and faint, and dying, and I can speak but a little. Send Mr. Lovelace away, and bring me him who will anoint me, and give me, for my meat and drink, the body and blood of my Saviour."

Mrs. Baxter was still in tears.

"Weep no more, my own sweet mother; grant the request of your poor loving Gertrude, and send for Father Summers. O yes, send for him who has those gifts which will——"

"Gertrude, my beautiful Gertrude!" broke in the distracted and distressed mother, "what is this—oh! what

is this? Tell me, Gertrude, my lamb, tell me, will I not bring up Mr. Lovelace—Mr. Lovelace, who baptized you, and always loved you as his own?"

About this moment, Baxter, who had been absent a day or two upon some important business, hurried into the room, and seeing the wonderful change which had during his absence taken place in Gertrude, ran to his favorite child to whom he never denied anything, and kissing her with all a father's love, asked her, with the big tear in his eye, how she felt.

"Dear pa, I am weak—very weak." Having said this, Gertrude wept for the distress of her parents, and wished for the hour when she would fly away and be at rest.

Baxter was soon acquainted with the circumstances of his daughter's conversion, and her request to see a priest.

"I will go, my darling Gertrude," said he, "I will go for him—I am just as willing that he should come as anybody else; but oh, my child, you are not so bad?"

"Go, pa, go; and may God not forget you at your departing hour."

"O Baxter!" cried the mother, "what would you do? Oh! think of this precipitous step—oh, my Gertrude!—my child!—Gertrude!"

The wearied girl was too faint to reply. She soon fell into a short slumber. The mother watched her and wept.

Presently five or six individuals, relatives of the family, came running in great haste, having been suddenly apprised of Gertrude's precarious state.

"Is he come?" asked the wasted girl, awaking from her transient sleep.

"Who, my dear Gertrude?"

"O ma, let me see him!"

The mother thought that her child was raving. She said

nothing. Gertrude sank away again, till hearing a quick foot coming up stairs, she exclaimed, in great joy: "This is he, thank God!"

Several of her cousins were silently and sadly sitting around the bed, and just as they were each going to speak a word to Gertrude, Baxter, accompanied by Father Summers, entered the mournful apartment.

The priest, in a general way, saluted the company, and then went over to Gertrude, who immediately caught him by both hands, and kissed them fervently. He saw that she had but a short time to live, and intending to hear her confession, he requested the company to withdraw a moment to the next room. Mrs. Baxter remarked that if there were anything good to be done for her child, she could not see why the parents and relatives would not be permitted to witness it. She was informed by the clergyman that he wanted to speak for a moment or so to Gertrude alone, and that he would then go through the whole service in presence of all. Mrs. Baxter wanted to see both the beginning and the end. The young ladies expressed themselves to the same effect. Baxter soon decided the matter by complying with the priest's request. Accordingly all went out, while Gertrude proceeded to make her confession. But few minutes elapsed when the company were invited to come in. The remaining rites of the Church were then performed; the priest, before anointing, having, for the instruction of the party, repeated in English the text of the Apostle: "If there be any sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the church, and let them anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith will save the sick man, and if he be in sins, they will be forgiven him."

Having administered the last sacraments, the priest, perceiving that the dying girl would soon depart, spoke to the

mother a word of consolation, then drawing near the sick-bed, watched the sufferer as she rapidly faded.

Various feelings worked within the company. Mrs. Baxter, whose anguish was boundless, knew not what to say or think. The cousins were swayed this way and that way with mingled grief and mortification. They were grieved at the prospect of Gertrude's death, and they were maddened at the manner of her dying. Baxter had no thought save the dreadful loss of his darling and only daughter. He was the only one who was undisturbed by the religion to which she belonged. His sorrow was the only sorrow there that was unmixed with any other feeling. All, with the exception of him, wished that the priest was out of the house, but all wished for this in vain. The priest did not move. Mary, who was below stairs, was saddened to the soul, yet the joy which she felt in finding how faithful Gertrude was to her faith, lightened the weight of woe which lay so heavily upon her heart.

While all are thus giving way to their own peculiar thoughts, Gertrude makes a sign to her mother and to her cousins to come near her. The faint sweet girl kisses them one after another as they come, and bids them farewell. Scarcely audible, she asks to see Mary, who, with bursting heart, approaches to receive the same last token of love. Poor Mary's tears flow down like the rain when, having got that kiss, she hears from the chill white lips of her fondest friend—"Pray for me, pray."

These words went like a spear through each surrounding heart, and chilled them through and through. The mother, the father, the cousins—to be sure—are kissed, but so is the stranger, the Catholic, the Irish girl. The parents and relatives are bade farewell, but the Catholic stranger alone is asked that dear request *to pray*.

Who, beholding such a scene, would not pity the friends who moved there? To see an only child more bound, at her dying hour, to a stranger than to her own, is something which, in spite of our religious prejudices, makes us wish with all sincerity that the state of things was different. Ah! why, in an evil hour, did the locusts of opinion swarm from their gloomy pits and fill the once united world with dissension and hate? Ah! why was Christianity—that fruit of Jesus' blood—rent and torn asunder by spirits crueller far than those who had not, even in their malice, mind sacrilegious enough to divide among them the seamless garment of the Saviour? Ah! why does not the erring world take a thought of restoring its vanished peace, and making itself as happy again as when from east to west, and from north to south, it sang, in a harmony swelled by tongues of every tribe, one glad and glorious song? Spring up, then, at last, if ever, O master mind! thou who, destined to unite once more this heterogeneous mass, shalt, upon some hallowed morn, proclaim to the four rejoicing winds, that till the sun shall set to rise no more, none but brothers and sisters shall again be found, “in castle, manor, garden, bower, or hall.”

In the dark room of the faded Gertrude, those simple words—“Pray for me”—addressed to none but Mary, have suddenly caused between kindred hearts a wider separation than any that even mountains, or seas, or death itself could bring. Yes, these words have turned into ice that stream of sorrow which, on the part of the cousins, would otherwise long and freely flow. No tears stream from any, save from the father, the mother, the friend.

“Mother, dear mother,” feebly muttered Gertrude, “I go—I go—resolve to go as I do. Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my——”

With this unfinished sentence a deeper paleness overspread her countenance, while the priest, who was watching her last moments, putting a blest light in her hand, knelt down, and began to recite the Litany of the Dying. For a while she joined in the prayer, then steadfastly looking at the taper before her, turned her eyes towards heaven, shut them immediately, and, calm as a little child slumbering on its mother's knee, fell into that sleep from which the trumpet alone shall call her.

Oh! that shriek of Mrs. Baxter, the childless, the desolate, the doomed! Hear it not we, but calm the piercing wail.

Mourn not, O disconsolate mother! The form of thy wan and wasted Gertrude, the beautiful Gertrude, has indeed fallen from thee, like the last leaf from its maternal bough; but her spirit, her redeemed and spotless soul, has been wafted away by her guardian angel to the bowers of her fadeless heritage. But prepare, O mother! and let not thy pride prevent thee, prepare to grant her the wish of her dying words, and take the path to which they pointed. Hast thou not had proof enough of the propriety, the wisdom of so doing? Say, didst thou not see, in thy child's departing, the mighty power of the ancient faith? How has gone from the world thy last surviving daughter—she who, because the last, should naturally cling to thee with an affection that none but superhuman influence could weaken or estrange? She has gone without a pang, without a sigh. She has gone with a countenance illumined, with a bosom assured, with a spirit reconciled. She has gone with a longing to be away. To her the grave was not gloomy, but bright. For her the world had nothing to make longer life desirable.

But how went she whom thou hadst first to bewail? With

horror of the grave, with deepest dread of the future, with love of this miserable life, with agony, and cries, and tears. Remember the cold clammy dews that hung upon her brow; remember the startling stare, the wild unnatural fire that burned in her eye; remember the frequent shudder that shook her feeble frame, the hopes, the fears, the endless desire of recovery, the want of resignation even when the rattle came; remember, last of all and most, the fearful, appalling exclamation—"How can I leave you, how can I die?" O mother! wilt shut the eye, the reason from seeing all this, and fail to discover the hollowness, the dearth, the agony, the woe found in a religion of falsehood, and the joy, the bliss, the glory, and the triumph found in that of truth? Thou hast never seen the power of Catholicity so clearly as thou hast seen it to-day, nor hast thou, at the same time, so clearly seen the weakness of everything else. Yes, thou knowest all, but, O proud woman! thou wilt defer what thou shouldst this moment do, thou wilt move along as usual, and even war against thy conscience. Thou wilt be among those who love father and mother, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, better than they love God. The fear of falling in the estimation of kindred and friends will still keep thee as thou art. The fear of losing anything of this world's goods will be another impediment to hold thee back from thy primary duty. No sooner wilt thou have seen the cold clay heaped upon thy child, than thou wilt listen to bad counsellors, and sigh that thou hadst not courage enough to shut the door against the Romish priest whose administrations were all thy Gertrude's joy. And through the same worldly motives, and the same worldly shame, thou wilt be guilty of more wicked things than these. But go on. We are not looking upon thee as a phenomenon. There are plenty of thy sort, and plenty

will there be. Yet is theirs the saddest of all cases on earth. If thou wilt not weep for thyself, we will shed a tear for thee.

O Pride! thou sin of Lucifer that was, and of Antichrist that will be, where thou art, it is hard to expect good. Art thou not in reality the "mark of the beast," and is it not for this fact that those who have themselves signed with thee, are lost and gone for ever? Yes, it must be so. We have in our walk seen some of thy victims. We have seen them shut their eyes to the light of truth, and close their ears to its words. Once thine, they would belong to no other. They took for their gods, silver and gold, and many chattels, and they said in their hearts that the glory of this world, lasting enough, was as sweet to them as the Christian's immortality.

The mother of Gertrude and Julia has, we fear, the mark of this beast, and has it in her heart as well as upon her brow.

Who will take it away?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A COLD CUSTOMER.

SINCE the last sod was put upon Gertrude, whose ashes now reposed in the Protestant cemetery, a week had passed away. How was it that she was not buried in the ground which she loved best? *'Twould be a disgrace to the family.* Yes; so, of course, her little grave was marked by nothing that told of the faith in which she died. *The cross in a place like that would look too much like the vulgar Irish.* No

matter. It was only the mouldering body of Gertrude that the bigots possessed. Let them rejoice over that food of the worm.

Only a week had elapsed when Mary was informed that her services were no longer required. Who would imagine that the spirit of fanatical rage, cooled for a while by household affliction, would grow warm over the cold ashes of the dead? Yet so it did. With cutting tone was this information given her, as Mrs. Baxter said: "You insidious creature! you have turned my child from my affections, you have degraded me in the eyes of my people, and you have brought upon my family a stain that will never be rubbed out. Go, then, from my house, you wretched girl! and here take back, and carry with you this detestable present, this cunning spell by which you blinded and victimized my offspring."

With these words the unfortunate woman threw to poor Mary the chain of which Gertrude thought so much.

If Mrs. Baxter were not, as she was, a being of the proudest and most worldly spirit, it is probable that she would, for the fondness which, she knew, Gertrude had for Mary, retain the friend of her beloved daughter. But proud and worldly to the fullest extent, and consequently too willing to conform to the notions of her Papist-hating relatives, she trampled under foot the influence which should naturally incline her to adopt such a course. On account of these destructive springs of her action—pride and the world—her people, who were all wealthier than herself, had more power over her than either reason or revelation, than either prophets or philosophers. Had those people been poor, or even poorer than herself, she would probably have paid little attention to their counsel. But we need not wonder at this lady. While pride and the world will, at times,

be able, as too frequently they are, to triumph over the four Evangelists, we may expect to meet with more Mrs. Baxters than one.

Once more, and yet once more is Mary out upon the streets of this cold and callous world. 'Tis autumn—and a hollow blast moans piteously around, telling, as it were, of the multitude of sorrows that many bosoms feel. That sad and fitful wind is enough to make melancholy the very gayest soul. How must it tell upon one crushed down with a weight of misery? The withered leaves are flying up and down the way, and, like the wandering one who has no resting for his foot, are staying but a moment where they fall. Whirled away again as soon as they touch the earth, they are carried along by that mournful wind, and never allowed to be still. What a gloomy time to be turned out of doors—to be left "alone, alone, all, all alone—alone on a wide, wide" waste, such as the world is now to her! Whither will she turn? Gladly would she go back to her beautiful Emma, but long since she had written her a letter to which no answer was received. Willingly, and sooner than to any one else, she would go, if it were God's will, to that lovelier spirit who now, through her instrumentality, was praying for her in the skies! Will she return to her mother? Will she, after many disappointments, after terrible and continuous trials, fly back like another dove, to that home which, but for one thing, was the happiest and the best? For her there is a frown upon the world's brow, and a coldness in the world's heart, and a sneer on the world's cheek—a sneer, a coldness, and a frown, of which her simple spirit never could have dreamed, had not experience, bitter experience told her the truth. These were things too much to be borne by a gentle, frail one like her. Will she, then, face them, or return to her parents, her brother?

"I will go," said the well-trying girl to herself, "I will first go to him who, after my Maker, is my sweetest consoler, I will go and ask him what I shall do."

As she went, the scattered leaves flew with her, like her own unsteadfast feet; and the howling blast moaned round her, like her own disconsolate soul. Having arrived at the house of her spiritual director, she was strongly advised by him to go back to her people. "This is no country, my dear child! for one like you," said he. "To remain here in any employment but that of hard work, which you cannot do, you should almost become an apostate. As, then, you love your religion, and would sooner die than lose it, go home—go to your family, and for the love of your Lord, bear with your sufferings."

"Dear father!" said she, "I know not whether my parents are alive or not. Since I left, I have never heard from them. Would it not be better to write home, and ascertain the truth? Were I, without knowing this, to cross the Atlantic, I might be as badly off as ever."

"Perhaps," replied the priest, "to write a letter would be better. Write, then, and tell your mother to direct in care of me. When I receive an answer, I will let you know. In the mean time, while you are waiting for a reply, try to get into some kind of easy situation, and if you cannot find such a place, come, and I will see what may be done."

She thanked the clergyman, and then withdrew. She went immediately to a boarding-house, where she intended to remain until she could procure some employment, and there she dictated to her mother the following epistle:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—From the far off west I sit down, with heavy heart and trembling hand, to write you these few lines, hoping, I need not say, that you and all are well.

"Nearly four long years—how long!—have passed since I left you. Ah! must I confess that I never, in all that time, wrote you a single letter? Forgive me, my own dear mother! forgive me. Were the circumstances under which I left, any other than they were, you know, well you know, that it is not as I have acted, I would act. Let me not name them—let me not even think of them. Oh! they have driven the color from my cheek, they have dimmed the light in my eye, they have worn, broken my poor heart, they have heaped me all over with misery. To-day, where I am now sitting and sighing, I am surrounded by none but strangers—aliens in every sense. Within me, all is bleak, bleak as the grave; outside me, there is nothing but darkness, and distress, and sadness, and decay. I have no place—I may say that I am living nowhere. What a blank, what a ruin am I! I need not say that my only consoler, my God, is here, but oh! if there were *no* God, I could find friends as many as I could wish. But though the great God is here, and is my only stay, *I cannot love Him, and live*. Oftentimes have they come between Him and me, often have they snatched from my soul the solace which He was giving, often in the last four dismal years have trials like these come upon me, and often and often, I know, they will come again if I am to continue in this Protestant country. Like Mary Magdalene at the rocky monument, I am in sorrow and bewilderment, seeking for my only friend, and knowing not where they have laid Him.

"Whither, then, shall I fly, miserable as I am—with not only kindred and friends, but also with my God himself torn away from me—whither, I say, shall I fly, but back to you, my mother! you who, I know, will restore all these to my longing?

"If you can forgive, then,—if you can forgive all, and

forget all, all my ingratitude—write—write quickly—tell me to come home, and console with one, one word of a mother's pardon and love, your faded and forsaken child.

"MARY THERESA."

Next morning the afflicted girl went to seek a situation at a certain house to which she had been directed by a notice which she found in a newspaper. Fortunately the usual condition—"none but a Protestant"—was not "a sine qua non" of success. The advertisement ran thus: "Wanted at — a first-rate sewer, who will find steady employment for the winter."

The first to apply, she got the place.

A little fairy-faced creature, from Scotland, whose name should have been Mrs. Skinflint, but it was not, was now our wanderer's mistress. She rejoiced in the sweeping cognomen of Marjoriebanks—rather a long name for rather a short woman. This diminutive dame was short in every way. She was short in stature, she was short in forehead, she was short in comeliness, she was short in kindness, she was short in temper, she was in fact short in all things—no, by the by, she was not short in tongue by any means. She was a maker of all kinds of under and inner garments. She kept a very large establishment.

Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks (we can't say which precisely) was an extensive seamstress, and employed as many as forty hands, which, being interpreted, mean eighty hands, and forty heads. Though *short* in every way except that alluded to, she had nevertheless a great liking for *long* stitches. Indeed there was nothing that she gloried in so much, and in this she the short was very consistent. She was all short. She liked short work, and as nothing makes shorter work of sewing than long stitches, she was particularly partial to them. Her name in truth ought to be

Skinflint. She was so prodigiously fond of money that she would, if she could, skin a flint for the sake of the hide. She was also minutely precise. There was not in her house a fork, a knife, a spoon, a towel, a night cap, or anything else from the cellar to the garret, not a thing that had not upon it a mark as deep as Cain's. It was strongly suspected that she had also marked herself, lest through any misfortune she might, upon some dark day, be swapped away like the ugly man who accounted for his deformity by a similar mishap, saying that he was very handsome when he was young, but the fairies took him away, and left another in his place. If this conjecture about her were really well founded, her labor, it must be confessed, was all a work of supererogation, for there was not the least likelihood that anything of the human kind or of the elfin would ever carry her away captive.

While her girls would be at work, she would keep pacing to and fro: if she observed the least lying upon their oars, or rather their needles, she would immediately bestir them; and if she heard the least conversation among them, she would command silence in such a tone as would make you imagine that she deemed gossiping over linen a sacrilege. This dread which she had of conversational sewing, arose no doubt from her love of short things in general, short talk included. One thing is certain, and it is, that, as long as she lived, Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks was all on fire for this world; and another thing is no less certain, that her love of living in fire while here was amply rewarded in another region by a sufficiency of that element.

This fiery little creature kept a boarding-house for her girls. She hired none except those who were willing to live with herself. On this account she had often to advertise for new hands. The reason is obvious. Two months were as

long as Job himself, with all his patience, could remain in such a place. Her table was like herself—so were her beds, or rather blankets—all short. The table was short in butter, short in milk, short in meat, short in this, that, everything. It was, however, very long in eggs. These were always so hard, or, if you like, *hardy*, that few but ostriches could use them. Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks, knowing probably how to feed canaries, perhaps intended those bullets in the shape of eggs for such of her young ladies as, having a taste for music, were in the habit of chirrupping. But it is *hard* to say. Her beds were very short of blankets, and so on. So much for small talk on short things.

Mary was now living upon Marjoriebanks. Sweet as such a place should be, her lot was as bitter as ever. The girls who formed her associates were partly Provincials, and partly New Englanders. Around her were Miss Fidget, Miss Flirt, Miss Fashion, Miss Fulsome, Miss Faithless, with others, "*quas enumerare longum est.*" Before the time that the sixteenth century threw its light upon mankind, you would not find the like of the aforesaid individuals in any part of Christendom. In the time of Horace and Catullus, when all minds were polluted, this class of people was very numerous. They are now in greater abundance than they were in the most pagan of past epochs. If Mary, night or morning, would kneel in their presence, some one of the young misses would invariably arouse her by means of an old shoe or stocking pelted at her head. In consequence of this usual practice of saying her prayers—which soon became a useless attempt—she got the appellation of Saint Mary. They hated her for her goodness, and when they discovered that she was a Catholic, they ridiculed her in all manner of ways.

One Sunday morning, as she went up stairs to prepare for church, she found one of the young seamstresses busily engaged in making a gown. "What's that you're doing, Lucinda?" she asked.

"I'm making myself a dress which I intend wearing this evening," replied the operator.

"Are you not afraid to work on Sunday?"

"Afraid of what? Saint Mary, the better day the better deed."

Such was the doctrine of the charming Lucinda.

"Are you not going to meeting to-day?" asked Mary.

"I'm going there to-night to see my beau, and 'tis for that I'm hurrying with my dress," rejoined Lucinda.

Having made this reply, she began to game Mary about "running every day after the priest's tail, and getting her bonnet all slobbered over with holy water." She stated that "*she* was not so weak-minded as to be walking herself to death by going every Sunday to meeting." She thought that "once a fortnight or once a month was quite enough to trouble one's self with church." Her beau, she said, went there but seldom, and as he went even then for the mere purpose of seeing her, and escorting her home, she considered that it was all folly to be sitting down week after week, fooling away her time with a parcel of old men and women.

Such was Lucinda; such too were Matilda, Virginia, Clotilda, Amanda, Belinda, and every other member of india-rubber conscience surrounding the skinflint board!

Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks was perhaps even worse than her maidens. She was frequently heard to say that "for two years she had not been once to meeting," her reason for which was that "her conscience was not burdened with any kind of trouble." She made this admission, however,

not so much for the purpose of keeping her girls from church, as keeping them from that exercise which would create in them an appetite of which the stingy lady was ever afraid. Yet unchristian as she was, heathen as she was, 'tis a singular fact that she was as hostile to Mary's religion, as were even Mrs. M'Dougald or Mrs. Baxter. She always gave the desolate girl a hard time of it upon Fridays and Saturdays, and other days of abstinence. She always jeered her for her "saintship," upon Sundays. She talked very largely about priestcraft. She could not see what took Mary from the house every second Saturday evening, unless it was for the purpose of getting an appetite for supper. "Forbidding to marry, and doctrines of devils," was a theme upon which she descanted with unfailing eloquence. She hated the Mother of God, and snappishly called her the Virgin Mary. She scarcely could be said to know the meaning of the word. She knew it merely by sound, not by sense. She was far from dreaming of its having any perfection. She could not see why people would not confess their sins to God, and not to man. (Did she ever confess to either?) She had an extraordinary respect for Martin Luther, and probably, for the same reason, sympathized deeply with Milton's devils in their efforts for a glorious Reformation. She blew up convents sky-high. She said that the Pope was Antichrist, and she "knew" it, and believed it firmly. She had a cordial hatred for the Irish, for the simple reason that they were "poor and vulgar." She, &c., &c., &c. On all these topics she "held forth" upon Sundays, and late after dark upon ordinary evenings. During sewing hours, the oracle was mute, almost breathless. To see her *then*, no one could believe that "one small head could carry all *she* knew." She was, on the whole, a spitfire, as well as a skinflint.

This little piece of mortality, whom no one for a long time could say was a Madam rather than a Miss, or a Miss rather than a Madam, was "once upon a time" actually married. To whom? To an individual whose name is not yet ascertained, or if ascertained, is forgotten. And what next? That she was afterwards divorced. For what? Well, though nobody knows, still some aver that he once had the misfortune of expressing, in her presence, his hatred of all sorts of misers, particularly feminine ones. Why was he so foolish? Because she laid before him for breakfast one morning, the tantalizing amount of one slice of bread, one egg, and one red herring.

Whether this nameless wight was "dead or alive, or a-horseback" at the time of which the story now speaks, is not known. But that the unfortunate who took for his choice such a fantastic as——who? whether is it Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks? confound it—has been doomed to such obscurity, is no wonder at all. Served him right!

And now when we wish properly to designate the head of the sewing house, what shall we call her? We are as much in the dark as ever. So let it be.

With such a mixture of humanity was the lot of poor Mary cast. To one with such fine sensibilities as hers, the light and ribaldrous conversation which constantly went on around her, was shocking. Everything pure except herself was banished from that abode. What would she now give to have the conversation of the affectionate Emma? For her she often sighed. Gertrude, if she could, she would not recall. In her she had a treasure laid by. Drearier than ever were Mary's days. Will that letter ever come? Among nothing better than mere Gentiles she lived. She was surely an oasis in the desert. Or more properly she was, as the poet says,

"Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue,

'Mid rank wild weeds that hid it from the view."

Oh, well might she in her solitude exclaim, when she thought, as she ever did, upon the fondness of her last warm friend, fair Gertrude :

"Swifter far than Summer's flight,
Swifter far than Youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone:
As the trees when leaves are fled,
As the soul when joys are sped,
As the heart when hope is dead,
I am left alone—alone!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

HENRY AND EMMA.

PERHAPS the reader would like to know a little more about Henry and Emma. He shall have in this chapter something of each.

Henry is in the dissecting room—the terriblest place in the world—most terrible to all save those who are in it; and he is there from morning till nearly night.

And what kind of place is this most appalling of rooms? 'Tis a long apartment full of tables, like a dining saloon. How can they dine in a saloon after coming from such a place? It has no windows either at the ends or at the sides. They, who got it made, would not let the world's

eyes look in—they want no one to see it but themselves and those who are in heaven. On this account it is lighted by windows placed in the roof.

During the hours of operation, upon each of the tables is laid a corpse, sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a woman. The "subject," whether man or woman, is often black, but oftener white. Around the tables are standing and working, young men with each a cigar or a pipe in his mouth, according to his fancy. They are all provided with a knife, and other instruments, and they have, outside their ordinary dress, a long frock, or gown, black as night, which garment is tied around them with a belt of the same color and material. They look dreadfully murderous. Each man, with his sharp knife and his sable garb, is cutting and slashing away, ripping up human flesh, alas! with as much unconcern as he who, with scythe in hand, levels, upon some summer morn, the grass and flowers of the field. Perhaps, fair friend, some flesh mangler of the kind is, at this moment, engaged in baring the bones of some of those who were once near and dear to yourself. You, if you saw such a sight, would, of course, be horrified, but he, oh! he is as merry as if he were gutting the commonest animal. Not any of yours, perchance you will say—perhaps not, yet some one who has kindred of as fond hearts and tender feelings as those possessed by you or yours. It is not improbable that the dissector in question lifts the head of the body which he is cutting, and in a spirit of sport, thrusts into its mouth the butt end of his cigar. Such a thing is sometimes, nay, often done. It is not improbable, nay, it is a fact, that every one in this dismal room is merrier over his horrible work than he is in the ordinary doings of life. He is positively telling his stories, and cracking his jokes, and smoking his cigars, yet all the while prosecuting his strange studies without a

thought that he himself may one day be a subject for some of his own successors.

Look around the room, and see if you can find there father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child, relative or friend. On yonder table there is lying, as naked as it was when it came into this miserable world, the body of a young man, who, it would appear, never saw more than twenty summers. The hair is as dark as a raven's wing, and there is a mark upon the arm. On the table beside that, there is, in the same state, the form of one who certainly was, not many moons ago, a beautiful woman. The hair is dark, too, dark and abundant. On another table, there is the body of an old man with very silvery locks; on another, that of an old woman about the same age. On a table away at the end of this frightful room, there is the body of a huge negro female, around which three or four fellows are standing, not gravely, but laughing with all their might, and calling to their companions to come see a sight worth beholding. "Old Dinah," cries the discoverer, "was a wealthy old wench, who lived some time ago in the old Carolina State." With this, he holds up, in his fingers, a set of false teeth which he has just unloosed from her upper jaw, then puts it into his pocket with a wink and a shake of the head, as much as to say—"This can easily be made to fit a mouth more dainty than my old friend Dinah's."

After this discovery there is suddenly made another, simultaneous with which there arises from end to end of the apartment, a boisterous shout of mingled joy and ejaculation. The company have just fallen upon the corpse of an old acquaintance, who in life made himself very conspicuous by the wearing of a white cravat, a broad-brimmed hat, and a Quaker-cut garb. Of all men dead or buried, 'tis the Rev. Dr. Bladderjans, who wasted, over the midnight lamp,

every energy of body and mind, to prove that there was no such place as hell. "Poor old Doctor Bladderjans!" thus some arch carver cries, "excuse me, old man, for using you so uncereemoniously. You had a good time of it in your day, so you would not, if you could, I presume, complain of the little rough handling which you must be treated with here. But no matter. It will be well for you, if this be all the trouble that you have to undergo."

Another, with thoughtful look hanging over the dead preacher, exclaims: "The Lord forgive you, old Bladderjans! The Lord forgive you for the many lies that you told, and the many people whom you led astray. If there is no hell, there ought to be one made to order for the like of you. If you could only see where you are now, you could, with truth, have told your friends that you would certainly yet taste hell."

And thus, each after his own fashion, makes his apostrophe over the hero of Universalism. Meanwhile, the smoking goes on, and the joking goes on, and the laughing goes on, and the cutting goes on, and with all, and through all, mingled, and mixed, and matted with all, rises up, around that room which slays the slain, the stench of the charnel and the pest house.

Come away, dear reader mine! come away from this filthy scene, and don't ask for Henry Mangan while he is there—come away, lest you meet, coming in with a fresh load of bodies, that cruellest man of all, who first enters with the "Faculty" into a contract to supply them with your and my dead kindred, and then alone and in darkness, when "the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve," goes gloomily along to the graveyard, and does his awful work, interfering with that of the Archangel. Don't mind Mangan, the medical student, but come away, and meet

not this dread man, whose heart is, long ago, turned to stone, whose eyes, sunk away down into his head, never wink, whose hand is as cold as his heart, whose face has murder in it, whose soul is not a spirit but a vampire, whose God is the god of this dark world, Mammon, and whose pick-axe may one day break our bones. Come away again to the bright light and fresh airs of heaven—come away to your happy, innocent home; take up some gentle book, forget the scene which you have just witnessed, pray that the disturber of the dead may never light upon your own dead frame, and hear now a word about Dr. M'Dougald's beautiful daughter.

Emma was at home, as "busy as a bee." What was she doing? Preparing for a grand dinner party, which her own fair self had planned and concocted.

The company was to be a motley one. No persons ever rejoiced in more appropriate names. People too often have names which sound the very opposite of their nature. Name and nature should, we think, accord. Richard Large, for instance, was the name (so we have learned from a friend) of a being not tall enough to make a walking-stick for an ordinary biped. John Small was (as has been learned from a similar source) a gentleman who, without his shoes, stood full six feet four inches high. William Honey has been known to the writer as the most waspish individual in his neighborhood. Laurence Sterne, the celebrated author of *Tristram Shandy*, was, as all the world knows, so very mild a creature that he has won for himself the name of "the gentle." Now this is preposterous.

As for the company which will compose the doctor's party, or rather his daughter's, the name is the nature, and the nature is the name. At least so it was in a great measure. There were to come a Mr. John Bull Brandy, a Mr.

Amaryllis Ambrosius Candy, a Mr. Theophilus Desiderius Dandy, a Mr. Agamemnon Ajax Grandee, a Mr. Henry Fitz Howard Handy, and a Mr. Baltazzar Bartholemew Bandy.

Mr. Brandy was an extensive dealer in liquor. Though he sold all kinds of spirituous drinks, still he was called, for brevity's sake, a wine-merchant. It is not want of charity in us to say that he was exceedingly fond of brandy and roast beef. Mr. Candy was a sleek, dear man, in whose mouth butter took a long time to melt. He was all sweetness, softness, and smiles. If he had the misfortune to tread, even accidentally, upon his neighbor's corns, he would almost die of grief. Mr. Dandy was a gentleman who resided several years in Paris, and when he returned, lived a perfect exquisite. Mornings and evenings he always wore beautifully embroidered slippers. Divers rings glittered on his fingers, and a flashing, magnificent gold watch-guard streamed like a glory over his bosom. Mr. Grandee carried before him a most capacious paunch, wore at all times a pair of silver spectacles, but on those occasions in which he perused a paper, or a book, invariably put on an additional pair. He walked with the tread of an Agamemnon, and he spoke in high, pompous, and awfully persuasive tones. Mr. Handy was a body so precise that he never, until this identical party, made a mistake in any way, or in any thing. He was an adept in pouring out whatever was pourable, and he could carve with any one in Cookdom. Being asked to dissect a certain fowl at our party, Mr. Handy was not himself enough, or handy enough, to prevent a mighty splash of gravy from finding its level upon a lady's lap, and destroying a splendid dress of brocade silk. Mr. Bandy was remarkable for nothing except his legs, whose most applicable adjective is that of his name. These were to be the

elderly gentlemen. We have no time to describe the younger troupe.

There were also to come the wives of the aforesaid gentry. We are sorry that they should have their husband's names, but for the sake of unity in our description, we will, for the moment, christen them as follows: Mrs. Nebrosa Guile, Mrs. Aurora Smile, Mrs. Felicia Isle, Mrs. Amara Bile, Mrs. Montana Pile, and Mrs. Ferocia File.

Mrs. Guile, Mr. Brandy's lady, wore as many different faces as she sported dresses. 'Twas as hard to explore her as it is to explore that African river of whose beginning and end no one knows anything. She was one thing to-day and another to-morrow. She liked everybody—so she told everybody—but if there were any other body, she would like that body as well. Mrs. Smile, Mr. Dandy's lady, took her hue from the sunny Seine, upon which she had spent many an evening. Mrs. Isle, Mr. Handy's lady, was so isolated-looking a being, that she could be compared to no one except that mysterious, fatherless, motherless man mentioned in the Old Testament. She was like an island far out in the boundless ocean, hidden and unexplored. Her conversation was remarkably scarce. Meantime she profited largely by her insular position. Not having much to obstruct her view, she noted keenly everything that was going on. Mrs. Bile, Mr. Candy's lady, was generally out of humor, probably on account of her husband's lady-like softness and amiability. Upon this occasion she was further out of sorts than ever—a circumstance not to be wondered at when it is remembered that it was upon her beautiful dress that Mr. Handy had spilt the gravy. Mrs. Pile, Mr. Grandee's lady, was, in truth, a "venerable pile" of flesh and blood, which, in the event of losing its equilibrium and falling upon some unexpected Lilliputian, would cer-

tainly knock that pigmy into "eternal smash." On account of her fat, she never had breath enough to converse for more than two consecutive minutes at a time. Her conversation was remarkably puffy and irregular. Yet was she an everlasting talker. She pretended to know everything. This, however, was only a pretence. Some one, in the course of the evening, while the talk turned upon poetry and romance, happened to mention the name of Tasso. "Is that," asked she, "the new novel that's just come out?" "No," said the doctor, "it is Tasso." "Indeed," said Mr. Grandee's lady, "who wrote it?" 'Twas a very foolish question to be put by one of her pretensions. Mrs. File, Mr. Bandy's lady, had a wonderful genius for talking about "her neebors' faults and follie." She ought to have been a critic; if she were, there would not be in the world as many books as there are. She was a *very* snarlish body. If she should be believed, there was not on the globe any one but herself who was really *the thing*. It was a pet thesis of hers that all persons were, in a certain sense, more or less mad. She did not say whether herself belonged to the category or not. 'Twas reported that when she was young, she was free from this filish mood. Accordingly it was universally believed that her peevishness arose from a consciousness, or a fear, that all the world was amusing itself with the uncommonly bandy *understandings* of her husband.

These were the elderly ladies. There were, besides, six or seven of the juvenile tribe, who, for the present, must remain in the background with the rest.

Emma was all action. She never exerted herself so much. All things were at last in readiness, and the merry day came smiling on. At the appointed hour, the guests gradually made their appearance. Emma's heart thrilled

with happiness. She met them in all her radiance. The doctor was also on hand.

Mrs. This and Mrs. That, with their neighbors, immediately engaged in conversation about this and about that. To every one's mind the evening appeared to bid fair for all that was desirable.

Not so—Emma, the light of the hall, had a shadow thrown upon her brow. 'Twas in vain that she contrived the festival. Why? She just received from Henry a note, a strange, cold note, stating that he could not attend. That was all. Where was he? In the college. What doing? Probably working away in that room with the lights in the roof, smoking a cigar, and making burlesque apostrophes to the shroudless around him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SAD AND GLAD.

WHAT a world of sorrow or of joy may not one sheet of paper reveal! What a change does it not often make in one's destiny!

Mary Theresa the tried, and true, has received, and read—how many times?—the following letter:—

"MY DEAR CHILD:

"And is it possible that you are alive? How my heart bounded with delight when I read that I still had a daughter! How it bled again with agony when I found that my child was in misery!

"During the last four years, who has suffered more, you, or I? Late and early I have watched for you, and then rose

sick with longing to watch and weep again. But let me forget my griefs. The world for me is recovering its vanished sunshine. When you come, it will be as bright as ever. Come, then, my long lost child! O come. The season, I know, is dark and stormy, yet come. I would, for your sake, that it were spring. But I cannot think of waiting so long. I am already sufficiently worn. Come—God will preserve you from the perils of the ocean, and put an end to my affliction. All that my joy will allow me to say, is—come; come, then, and kiss, before she dies, one more faded and forsaken than yourself—your own affectionate

"MOTHER."

Farewell to Mrs. or Miss Arabella Mahomitana Marjoriebanks, the mantua maker, and to her edifying seamstresses all. Farewell to her long stitches and her short ways, to her hard eggs and her hatred of female exercise. Farewell to her sneers, her jeers, and that paltry, yet pitiless persecution of which our friend has had over two months' share. And farewell last, not least, to her shameless knavery by which, on the plea that Mary had agreed to stay all winter, she has cheated the laborer out of her lawful earnings.

Farewell to Emma's love—that love which it was and is so hard to resign, which was the starlight of that sorrowful night time spent under Mrs. M'Dougald's frown. Farewell to that love which, though lost, our wanderer shall never forget.

Farewell to Gertrude's grave—that grave over which Mary has so frequently wept and prayed, that grave which contains the last lone light that illumed her clouded sky. Farewell to that loved grave which, though never to be seen again, she will often and often visit in spirit, and kiss for Gertrude's sake. A sad farewell to both.

But a glad farewell, meantime, to the pride and misfortune of all the Mrs. Baxters, of whom, alas! there are thousands—the pride that would not believe—the misfortune of which that pride was the cause. A glad farewell to the ignorant bigotry and ceaseless annoyance of all the miserly Marjoriebanks, of whom there are many, too—the bigotry that loved the Sabbath-breaking heathen better than the Catholic observer of the third commandment—the annoyance that quarrelled with positive religion for the sake of no religion at all.

And farewell, too, and farewell for ever, to that puritan land where alone are read those uncharitable, unworthy notices—“None but a Protestant need apply.” Farewell to that land of which there is, thank God, but one in the world.

Farewell to all.

“The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,” when Mary Theresa, with spirits half glad, half sad, entered the bark which was to bear her again to her native country.

The chronicler, dear reader, will be as fair as those winds, and leave not his heroine until he has wafted her home. You must prepare yourself now to rush with him along much faster than heretofore, for he intends henceforth to go at nothing slower than the swiftest railroad speed. About to crush whole volumes into a page, he will tell you the remainder of what he has to say in the smallest possible space.

Fair indeed, when the vessel started, did the light winds blow, and fair did they continue till, on the twentieth morning, high and cheerly from the loftiest mast, arose the welcome cry of land. Land! and with it “home again.” What a different feeling had Mary’s heart now at this thrilling

announcement, from what it had when, four years ago, a similar shout told her of another shore! Let the reader, who knows best, imagine it. But come out of dreams, my friend! and without further delay, look upon the meeting of mother and child.

Speechless with overflow of joy, they are entwined in each other’s arms, while the tears of gladness, always wilder and freer than those of grief, are poured forth, not to be described.

And the father, too, comes in, and in turn rejoices over the lost, and the found.

And the brother——is not home! So say the parents when the sister inquires. Ha! Not home! To Mary these words seemed to have in them something of the shroud, and they were spoken, she thought, in such muffled tone as kept her for some time from asking where he was. Were her suspicions only fancy? With a hope that was not hope she waited, to see if her fears were groundless. And half doubting, half believing, she still waited for the sound of that brother’s footstep—waited, yet feared to ask was he dead. For hours nothing further about him was inquired or spoken.

Rejoicing, meanwhile, in the sight of father and mother, and home, and friends, she told in part her trials in America; but it was only a fractional part, an infinitesimal part, yet little as it was, she drew, from the listeners around, such tears as are sometimes wept for the dead.

’Twas morning when she arrived, and ’tis late in the evening now. Where was her brother? She was told, in turn, the things that took place during her absence. And how in a year, a month, even a week, does this world change! Some were dead, and some were married, and some had wandered away. Some were happy, and some were

wretched, and so on, change upon change. But say not *some*—say many, many.

'Tis late in the evening now, and yet no brother has made his appearance. Was he dead, or had he gone to other climes—where was he? Mary, no longer able to struggle against her feelings, at length asked, where was her only brother.

The mother, alas! had at length to tell a tale which darkened the light of home, and withered every hope.

"A short time after her own departure from Ireland, he expressed a wish to enter upon a certain enterprise, and for this purpose obtained from his father five hundred pounds. With this he embarked in a small vessel for France, and never since returned."

"Was he in France?" was the sister's immediate trembling inquiry.

"Ah, no—the vessel with all on board was lost, and my poor boy's bones found a grave in the British Channel," said the mother, sighing.

Sorrow so soon again!

How darkly, sweet mourner Mary! came over you now for the hundredth time, yet not for the last, that lonely burial which, four sad years ago, you saw on the cold green seas! How little did you think that, dreary as that burial was, your own fond brother had, about the same time, one that was just as dreary! Long will you think of that melancholy hour, and often will you pray for the student and the brother. Yet well it is for you that you know not all. Fast as your tears are falling, still faster would they flow, were you but told, as you cannot be, that he whose bones you now see white in the deep sea's bed, left his home, not for his love of speculation, but of *you*. Saddened to the soul at your sudden flight, and disgusted in the extreme at

the conduct of your parents, he got, under color of entering into business, such means as would be necessary to sustain him among those strangers with whom he determined to banish his grief.

Mary has long sown in tears. Will she ever reap in joy?

He, from whom she fled, is—strange to say—renewing his suit. There is no one truer, fonder than he. He loves her with all intensity, and he must win her, or die. He is willing to remove the old obstacle, his creed. He regards her as lovelier than ever.

Father and mother secretly encourage Charles Fitz Maurice to gain their daughter's hand. Father and mother even venture, yet with diffidence, to broach the subject again. Mary, they say, is twenty-two years of age, and should be wise enough to take the young lawyer, who is willing to be one with her, not only in wedlock, but also in religion. What followed? Parents and lover succeed—no, why should they be more powerful now than before?—not they, but Faith is the winner.

Charles received baptism, and promised all possible things. Soon the bridal hour came on, and he and Mary Theresa were husband and wife. Yes, and the merry music that arose that happy night banished all mournful memories—flung oblivion over the trials of the past—shut out Emma's love, and Gertrude's grave, and the coffinless bones of him who had sunk in the British Channel.

This conduct, on the part of our friend, may, at first sight, appear somewhat strange; but if considered more closely, it will appear with a different aspect.

It was but a short time after her return that the marriage took place. Had she been left wholly to herself, she would remain as she was. She could, in thought, dwell upon him

whose place was still with the wretched, and in this she could find a pleasure that was painful, yet sweet. She saw, too, enough of the cruel world to steel her for ever against it. But at the same time she saw that her parents were as determined in their purpose now as they were before she went to America. And lastly, she saw that the great objection, that which was the cause of all her woes, was obviated by the conversion of her suitor. Under these circumstances, therefore, it is not surprising that she became Mrs. Fitz Maurice.

You see now, good reader, how swiftly, since we made our promise, we have whirled you along; attend, now, and you will see how swiftly we will continue to do so.

For six months—short time—Mrs. Fitz Maurice, or Mary Theresa, which we shall still call her, lived with her husband happily enough. Charles, though nothing more than a nominal Catholic, went to mass with his wife pretty generally. Like all persons of his training, he could not get into that thorough Christian notion that on Sunday every one should go worship his God. Thinking that in this, as well as in other things, there should, once in a while, be a little vacation, he had no scruple to leave the priest at times preach to the walls. After the first six months, however, this indifference of his became every day greater. At length it grew altogether alarming. Yet this was only the beginning. In a very short time he renounced his church altogether, and almost renounced his wife. He broke his baptismal vows, and violated every other promise as well. To all intents and purposes, Charles was again a Protestant.

During the last four months of the year, Mary often had cause to wish that she lived, not in her husband's house, but even in that of Mrs. McDougald.

He laughed at the mass, he ridiculed priests, he swore at

confession, he talked in the foulest way about monasteries and convents, he tried to keep his wife from her church, he accused her of all sorts of improprieties, and he climaxed his badness by finally striking her!

How did such a change come over him so quickly?

A few days told the secret. Challenged by a brother lawyer—a frequent visitor and a friend, whom he accused of unlawful conduct with his bride—he met the antagonist, and fell the victim of his own unreasonable jealousy.

Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, which, when it once enters the mind, is never, never banished, was the cause of the sudden change.

This untimely death of her husband fell like a thunderbolt upon the young widow. What saddened her so much was not the pure gushing love which she had for the unhappy man, but the dreadful despair of his salvation. To have been baptized, and to have forgotten it—to have turned out an apostate, and to have acted probably worse than if he remained a Protestant—saddest of all, to have died with vengeance in his eye, and a mountain of sins upon his soul—all these came over her nearly broken heart, and crushed her with their anguish. But this was not all.

Like billows shoreward rolling, affliction followed affliction. Within three months after her husband's death, her father died, and within twelve, her mother. Against such an accumulation of trials it was hard to bear up, so Mary, it may be said, merely lived, and no more. She was like those of whom the poet sings:

“ They mourn, but smile at length; and smiling, mourn.
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, tho' mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness;—the ruined wall

Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
 The bars survive the captive they inthrall;
 The day drags thro', tho' storms keep out the sun;—
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Yet she had a consolation, one, however, that was equally a care.

Mary had for some time been a mother. She had a beautiful boy, who was the very picture of Fitz Maurice. In him she had a pleasure and a pride that, growing stronger day after day, filled her widowed soul with a joy of which none but herself could have a conception.

Will she find in him a balm for all her sorrows? Will he, with his sunny brow, and his clear blue violet eye, be left to cheer her in her age? Will he make a substitute for all that she has lost—for Emma, Gertrude, brother, lover, husband, all? What dreams has Mary now! O death, thou fell destroyer! blight not the last fair flower that blooms in the wide waste 'round.

The lovely boy is smiling upon his mother's knee, and filling her with a heaven of fancies. Well as ever child was watched, will he be. Yet treacherous is that world upon which he has just opened his eyes.

Hope and fear make up a mother's life, but fear is ever the greater.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A STRANGER.

CAMILLA's business was to annihilate space—our business is to annihilate time. From the birth of Mary's sweet and cherished child, to the period of which we tell, two years of fear and hope, subdued sorrow, and recovered calm, had passed away. The fair boy, able to talk and walk, was fairer and sweeter than ever. That he may live and be happy—be happy, which is to be good! Are they not all, when young, beautiful as a summer dawn? Cain, in childhood, was as fair and promising as he who afterwards was more than a prophet. And, no doubt, Eve loved her first born as well, and deemed him as lovely, as did Elizabeth her own great son. And the once fair, idolized Cain became at the last a murderer, and John became the dearly beloved of his Lord. So the future sinner, and the future saint, might be rocked in the self-same cradle.

Whether is it like a John or a Cain that Mary's little prattler is to be?

The hand of the mother is again sought, but it is sought in vain. Marriage has been to her a miserable estate. Her heart, centred in the rosy being that smiles upon her knee, finds more contentment there than in anything of which the world has the giving. The good queen, who said that she would rather her son to lose his crown than that he should commit one mortal sin, was not a more watchful mother than is Mary Theresa at the moment of which we are speaking. Nor did that royal Blanche, thrice royal by her vir-

tues, instil into the mind of her youthful Louis, earlier or holier lessons, than is Mary about to instil into the innocent image of her unfortunate husband.

Another year had flown.

Mary was one evening dreaming lovely dreams over the sleeping form of her beautiful child, when, weary and wet from a long drive and a showery day, a gentleman, who had just arrived at one of the hotels in the city, asked of the host whether Squire M—— was dead or alive. The reply was that he was dead. He was then asked whether Mrs. M—— was still living. The reply was in the negative. This news seemed to have a very saddening effect upon the stranger, who immediately asked, in great anxiety, whether their son or their daughter ever returned. He was told that the daughter was at home, but that the son had been drowned. At this reply the gentleman appeared to be somewhat relieved. Having made a few other inquiries, he took a pen and ink, and, having scribbled a hurried note, asked the hotel-keeper if he would be kind enough to have it forwarded to its destination. The host looked narrowly into the gentleman, but did not know who he was. He sent the document.

This letter had just come in upon Mary's dreams. It stated that there was at the W—— hotel, No. 92, a gentleman who wished very much to see her, but who, for a particular reason, could not leave the hotel for the purpose. It also stated that he was one whom she would be rejoiced to see. It mentioned no particular name. It was signed—"A Friend."

Could it be her own dear banished one? This was the thought that immediately flashed across her mind. All hope and bewilderment, she hurried to the hotel.

"Would you be kind enough to inform the gentleman

who occupies room 92, that there is a lady in the parlor who requests to see him?"

"With pleasure," the host had just time to say, when walking out from the adjoining room, a fine young man with dark whiskers and handsome countenance, addressing her, remarked, "I am the person," leading, as he spoke, the way into the parlor. "Don't you know me?" asked he, with great emotion. Much embarrassed, she knew not what to say, and not seeing him whom her fancy and hope had suggested, she disappointedly answered: "No, sir, I have not the pleasure."

"Well, I know you," said the young man, scarcely able to speak with joy, adding, as he warmly, wildly embraced her, "I know my own beloved Mary Theresa."

'Twas her brother. Yes, and that brother was Henry Mangan, Dr. M'Dongald's favorite; need it be said, Emma's first, last love.

This, indeed, was a meeting!

And why should not Emma be there? Did Henry refuse going to her party for any other purpose than fun? No. As the sun, after a cloudy, rainy day, beams out brighter than ever, and as the dewy grass, vivified by the returning beam, springs up all the faster and thicker, so when Henry once more had smiled upon his love, his face showed a manifold charm, and Emma's affection was a thousand times warmer.

But where was she? Weeping and rejoicing with Mary, hearing all, and knowing all, happy with a happiness that may not be described.

So the lost is found, and the dead is alive again. And so Henry has a sister and a wife, and so Mary has a brother and a sister.

This was a meeting!

That shadow, which would at times darken Henry's brow, passed now never to return. Every one knows what that shadow was, and every one knows, too, why it has vanished for ever.

It may be necessary to say here briefly what prevented him from ever writing to his parents. First and foremost, he left them in disgust at the way in which they treated his sister. Secondly, having such jolly companions at the college, he almost forgot, in his love of them, all thought of father and mother. Thirdly, and lastly, he was so ardent in his affection for Emma, that he thought of little else than the day in which he should call her his own. To this may be added the fact that he entertained a deep dislike for Charles Fitz Maurice.

This conduct, it must be confessed, was not very filial, but conduct equally unfilial has often been shown by persons who, unlike him, had no cause for their silence. However, whether ungrateful or not, he had now at last come back with the intention of forgetting the past, and of residing near his parents. If he did wrong, he paid dearly for it by the bitter tears which he shed when he learned, among other things, the sad news of which mention has already been made.

But this was no time for grief.

Himself, his wife, and his sister, went together to the residence of the latter. There he was told of her trials, her marriage, her husband's untimely death, and all. There, too, he was told how she inherited all the money and property of her father. But what else could he expect? If he could feel angry at this, he need not. Immediately afterwards, the generous woman nobly offered him the half of what she possessed. He as nobly refused it. But to show the sincerity of her heart, she gave him, in a few days

after, the title to what she conscientiously believed was his due. What was Mary's joy when she found that her Emma was not only the wife of her brother, but that she was also a member of the Catholic Church! What was her joy when she found that Emma's father had not the slightest objection to her being baptized and married by a priest! Poor Dr. M'Dougald, easy to the last, had not yet discovered a peg whereon he might hang his bonnet. What was Mary's joy when she found that her sister and favorite had for her marriage ring that identical one which she herself had left her!

"And did not a meeting like that make amends
For all the long years she'd been wandering away,
To see thus around her *those dearer* than friends,
As smiling and kind as in youth's happy day?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GREEK WORD.

CHARLES HENRY, Mary's glorious boy, was of course the delight of the happy assemblage. By Emma he was kissed and caressed o'er and o'er again. He was danced and fondled by Henry. He was called after father and uncle.

"What are you going to make of him, Mary?" asked her brother, some days after the meeting.

"That's more than I can tell," replied the timid mother.

"Make him a doctor," observed Henry.

"Yes, and let him play tricks upon his professors and fellow-students," suggested the wife. Here, for Mary's instruction, Emma went off into a recital of Henry's works and ways.

"Tell all, since you have so good a memory," intimated the husband.

Emma kept in the dark the wicked prank which he played upon herself.

"Well, Mary," began the brother again, "you must certainly make a doctor of him."

"I think that we have doctors enough among us," said Emma.

Mary had her own notions, but half afraid to indulge in so false a thing as hope, she merely said: "I shall be happy and content if he only live." From the depths of her soul, meanwhile, went up a silent prayer that Charles Henry, whatever he became, would long be his mother's joy.

"Emma," said her husband, "if Mary's young bud love frolic and fun as much as your George, he will scarcely ever take out a diploma."

At the sound of George's name, Mary, who, in the midst of a host of other memories, had forgotten Mrs. M'Dougald's own and only son, immediately inquired about him.

"O dear me," responded Henry, "seven years ago he was put to learn Greek and Latin, of which he knows to-day about as much as he knew when he began. From morning till night he stands in school upon the criminal's bench. He never learned a whole lesson in his life. Every time he comes up to repeat his task in Greek grammar, he gets thrashed soundly, and driven back to his favorite stand. No sooner has George ascended his throne than he forgets the cat-of-nine-tails, and amuses himself with pelting at every one around him balls of chewed paper. Called down again to go through the unconned lesson, he receives his due reward in stripes, and is ordered to mount once more. And poor George, whose memory seems very bad, forgets,

before he reaches the bench, the scorpion tails of his master's rod, and again on ascending, resumes his dear diversion. So on to the end of the day. George should be an artilleryman—he has a wonderful genius for contriving bullets."

All this, graphically described by Henry, was just the history of the thick-headed George M'Dougald, who, many chapters back, showed a face indicative of his future celebrity. But Henry knew not all. If he had seen his brother-in-law, when, called from his bench, he tried to repeat the dreadful task of which he never saw any more than the first letter, he Henry would have seen something worthy of description.

Suppose that George has just taken his position in front of the master to conjugate, for instance, his everlasting "*Tupto*"—a word whose divisions, sub-divisions, and all thereto appertaining, would be quite enough to be more than a puzzle for George from his cradle to his grave.

Well, he begins with a cough: "*Tupto*"—coughs again, then stops. The master, with a sudden lash, kindly assists his memory with the next variation. George bends to the stroke, peculiarly—gives a heavy cough, and belches out "*tupteis*"—coughs again—then begins at the beginning—"tupto"—coughs—"tupteis"—coughs, and stops. The master, with another lash, timely assists his memory with the next consideration. George bends peculiarly for the second time—coughs, and cries, and after a pause as if to kill time, stammers out, "*tuptei*"—coughs, cries, and snuffles—then begins once more at the beginning—"tupto"—coughs twice—cries still, and snuffles vociferously—"tupteis"—snorts immensely—"tuptei"—coughs, cries, snuffles, snorts, and fearing the remembrancer at hand, looks beseechingly at some passer-by for the trifling loan of the next word—gets for his

cleverness in coughing, &c., divers ugly "wipes" of the leathern scorpion, and is laid again on the shelf to—practise the art of gunnery. This was George.

If Charles Henry live long enough to take a Greek grammar in hand, he will go through George's unmerciful "*Tupto*," with a skill that George himself shall acquire only when he is born again. Yet Master M'Dougald, after all, is not to be put down, because he does not succeed in fairly striking "*Tupto*." Many a smart fellow's brains have been tormented by "*Tupto*," and his kindred. We heard of one in particular, who happened to get the measles somewhere about the time that he was engaged in showing this base Greek word all its moods and tenses—moods and tenses, by the way, that surpass by a long chalk, as Bell would say, all the moods and tenses that old maid Clara in her eccentricities ever knew, or dreamed. We heard of a young gentleman of this kind, who, having got raving in his sickness, never ceased, while the phrensy continued, to repeat that self-same "*Tupto*"—a something apparently as haunting and tormenting as that horrible raven of Edgar A. Poe. And he fell asleep with "*Tupto*" on his tongue, and in his brain—and when he woke, he woke still to hear, thundering through his senses, throughout all its fearful, magnificent conglomeration of voices, moods and tenses—"tupto, tupteis, tuptei—tupto, tupso, tetupha—tupto, etupton, tupso, etupsa, tetupha, etetuphein, etupon, tupo," &c., &c., &c., *ad infinitum*.

But if "*Tupto*" is hard to be managed, it is not much of a wonder. Like the Pasha who had for a body guard seven hundred of his own sons, *Tupto* is strong in family, and when you have knocked down a dozen of them in a regular pitched battle, he has fifty dozen more calling upon you to have your eyes, or rather your wits about you.

Should you have "pluck" enough to stand even a length of time against the "magnificently stern array," it is ten chances to one that, before you can come off from the field, you will make a slip, fall, and fairly acknowledge that *Tupto* and his tribe are the hardest "cases" in creation.

The dark leaf of Mary's life was now turned over, and the bright one opened. Two years before this, she was oppressed with more than sorrow by the wretched death of her husband. She had not put off her mourning apparel, when she had to renew it for the death of her father. Before three months had gone by, her mother's death left her the loneliest of the lonely. No one had she to console her except her darling child, over whom she was incessantly fearing.

Could one, who was so severely chastened, be allowed by that Being for whose sake she had suffered so much, to continue in affliction? No; just at the dismal hour when sorrow was deepest, when all around was darkness and solitude, when no gleam but the light of her little one's blue eye lit up the gloom, just then that God, whom she had so faithfully served, brought back as it were from the dead the brother of her heart, and made her supremely happy.

Henry, who had completed his studies, and received his diploma, settled down in his native city almost next door to his sister. Emma and Mary often talked of the rollicking Bell, of whom they supposed they should never hear again. Of Jemmy, too, they talked—Jemmy, who, if he lived to see Bell's death, would doubtless exclaim: "I would pray for you if it wasn't a sin, bad as you trayted me, you wicked craythur that you wor"—Jemmy, whose worst word was "be Gad," or "the divil go wid you," and whose worst deed was taking, once in a while when he stumbled upon bad company, "a drop too much."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BUD OF PROMISE.

MAKING now, dear reader! a very long leap, we take our position in a far different season, and a far different scene. We must see Mary's lovely boy in more maturity than was his when last we beheld him. For this, we pass by the babe with his innocent smiles, and his brow so pure and promising. We pass by the boy with his "satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school." We pass by his frolic and his fun—his hoop, his top, his marbles, and his kite. We pass by his little hopes, and his little fears, his little sicknesses, and his little sorrows. We pass by the youth with his dawning hopes, and his castles in the air. We pass by his dreams of love, and of power, and of glory, and of gain. We pass by his attic nights, and his academic shades, of which, perchance, he is unwise enough to be weary. We pass by his poems and plays unfinished, his books, his papers, his laurels, and the rest. Babyhood, boyhood, and youth—we pass by them all, and coming with a rush down the telegraph of thought, we behold Charles Henry Fitzmaurice in all the promise, and beauty, and worth wherewith he was arrayed in his seventeenth year.

For your sake, not our own, friend! we do all this. 'Tis not our wish that we so rapidly hurry over scenes on which we would love to descant. But since you are satisfied, so are we. You don't like to read long novels, you tell us: we don't like to write them, we tell you. Anxious, therefore, to bring our story to a conclusion, once more we pursue our way.

Here, then, we stand face to face with as lively and comely a boy as ever sent gladness through a mother's heart. Seven years ago, Mary Theresa, whose health was not good, left her native place, and, accompanied by her brother, her sister-in-law, and three laughing young Mangans, brought him with her to the sunny land of France, where, at the moment of which we speak, she, he, and they are happily located.

'Tis vacation. Charley has just come from the University at Paris, where long since he has, to the satisfaction of all, not only conjugated and conquered Tupto, but accomplished harder things. Just passed the examination, he has carried the palm from many a competitor. With "all his glushing honors thick upon him," he returns full of high flowing spirits, yet a little the worse of the wear. He has learned Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Rhetoric, Elocution, Logic, Drawing, and Music. A dashing fair fellow is he. Dr. Mangan is proud of him, Mrs. Mangan is if possible prouder, and Mrs. Fitz Maurice, need it be said? is proudest of all.

"Well, Charles Henry!" said the uncle, as all sat chatting together, happy and hopeful alike, "when are you going at the medicine?" The medical profession had been long settled upon as the one, and the only one, for this pride and idol of three fond hearts. "Oh," replied the playful youth, first winking at his uncle, as much as to say, 'tis all collywest—then looking with all gravity at his aunt, "as I have a great wish to marry the youngsters, I intend to be a priest."

Emma, thinking from her nephew's airy disposition, that he was no candidate for Holy Orders, remarked, laughing right heartily, "Well, well, if that is not a good one as ever I heard in my life! I fancy, Charles Henry, that the

Church will look at you for some time before she admits you into her sanctuary. But really, if you would only powder your dark locks and put on a Roman collar, you might show gravity enough to get into her graces."

"Very well," said Charley, "you'll see." Upon that point the student made no other remark than merely to observe to his uncle that it was time enough yet to think about physic.

Tea over, he went to his mother's piano, and very soon showed that he could make it discourse sweet music. Having played a brilliant gallop he commenced singing, to an accompaniment, a song with sentiments similar to those of our own "Sweet Home." Of course he was inwardly applauded by his ardent admirers. Henry looked upon him as a Professor. Emma looked upon him as a charmer who would yet be coveted by many. The mother exulted in her treasure. Having finished the fond strain that told of the raptures of home, the performer changed his note, and sang a merry roundelay of frolic and love, that made two laugh and one weep. But the singer knew little of what heart-strings he had touched. The tear that he drew, however, was but transient. Like a light shadow over the noonday sun it passed away, and appeared no more.

"There," said the young gentleman, "Aunt Emma, how do you like that?"

"You will be able to sing mass well," replied she, "but I have my doubts of your being so clever in performing other duties of the sacerdotal office."

"Preaching, I suppose," said the youth.

His aunt said: "Perhaps so."

"Well, just listen now," said he, "and see if I shall not be equally competent in that way." He then stood up, and declaimed, with all the necessary action, modulation, and emphasis, an extract from one of the French preachers.

"That's all very excellent," remarked Emma, "but practice and preaching should always go together. It is not preaching, however, that I mean, but—but——"

"And what then, aunt, is it fasting?"

"Yes, fasting," replied Emma; and she laughed away at her beautiful nephew.

And there now in the midst of full-bloomed happiness was the delighted mother of one of the finest young men that it was ever a mother's lot to possess. Is it in such a place that the heart is made to feel most for others' misfortune? It is. When we ourselves are in misery, we sympathize but slightly in the misery of others. Dear as the sufferer may be, he is half forgotten in the sufferings of which ourselves are the victims. In the best of us there is a selfishness which must first cease its tears at home for the trouble that is there, before it will go abroad to weep. Our own dark hour is not the time for us to feel, as we ought, for the kindred mourner.

Often as Mary in the unhappy past dwelt upon the memory of William De Courcy, and often as she fancied what trials were his, she felt less keenly that iron which had entered into his soul, than she does this moment, this moment when no shadow should be supposed to steal between her and the sunshine of her existence. While she has around her all the materials of happiness, he, she thinks, has around him all the materials of misery. If he, she also thinks, had one gleam of her joy, and she one shade of his sorrow, then she would be merrier than she is. And thus it sometimes happens that even the highest pleasure which this strange world affords, is not, after all, much better than a counterfeit.

'Tis not wonderful, then, that Mary's thoughts, in a time so happy, would be dark with the tincture of her hapless one's woe. For

"That fairy form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste."

CHAPTER XL.

MAKING A VOCATION.

THE principal thing that now occupied the family's minds, was the future destiny of Charles Henry. The uncle, as was before intimated, could not think of seeing him anything but a medical doctor. The aunt's only wish was not to have him a priest. The mother said nothing, yet hoped, with all her heart, that neither of those wishes would be obtained. Dr. Mangan had frequently endeavored to learn what really were the intentions of Charley himself, but Charley ever evaded, to the best of his power, the uncle's anxious inquiries. To all concerned, however, it appeared, whether reasonably or not, that the young gentleman was far more earnest than jocose when he hinted at becoming a priest.

In this unsettled state of affairs, Mangan, no longer able to overlook the matter, and determining to know the real intentions of his nephew, broached the business in a way that showed how resolved he was on having the question for ever settled.

"Charles Henry!" said he, "I have for the last few months endeavored to know exactly what you intend to do with yourself, but in this I have not been the least successful. I now fairly and openly ask you to tell me."

"Really, uncle! to answer so grave a question as that, I should, I think, be allowed a little time."

"Time? If during the interval between the day that you left the university, and this, be not time sufficient for the purpose, I think that you ought to be favored with a patriarchal life."

"Why, uncle?"

"Because nothing but such a life will enable you to carry out into practice designs that take so long in coming to maturity."

"But, uncle! look twice ere you leap once, is an old adage, and a good one. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; but a man, that is all the time looking, will never jump at all, and consequently has small need of his eyes."

"True, but you can't say that I have looked long."

"Now, Charley! tell me, is it because you are averse to the path to which I point you, that you keep so silent upon this matter?"

"To tell you candidly, uncle! I am as much against practising medicine, as I am to taking it. My taste in either way, I confess, is marvellously similar."

"Then you want to become a priest?"

"I am indeed more inclined to be a priest than a physician."

"Your mind, then, I may suppose, is made up?"

"Well, not *exactly*. Though I say that of the two I would prefer the priest, it does not still follow that my mind is made up to that!"

"What else?"

"All that can be made out of it, is that physic is a thing for which I have no disposition."

"This is only quibbling. Be it so, however, and remember, Master Charley! that there is a wide, wide sea between the benches and the breviary."

"No doubt of it, uncle! but I have not said whether or not it was my intention to swim that sea."

"Nor have you said that you would not."

"I have not said either one thing or the other."

"Very well. But before we make an end of this colloquy, let me tell you a story."

"Go on, uncle! anything but salts and senna."

"I once had a companion whose name was Richard Evans. When he was about seventeen years of age, he took a notion to study for the church. I have said *notion*, but to speak more properly, I should say *passion*. No one could seem more determined than he. He entered a college, and, with all his might and main, applied himself to his studies. For six years he gave every indication that he would fully accomplish the end which he had in view. Suddenly, however, to every one's surprise and scandal, he threw away his gown, and led to the altar a fair young bride. With her he got a very large fortune, one that in money and estate together amounted to a sum over forty thousand dollars."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Charley, as loud as he could, "she was a doubly fair young lady, and he was a doubly fortunate young man."

"Perhaps you will not think so when I tell you what followed."

"Did she die?"

"'Twere well for her if she did, but such was not the case."

"Well, uncle! go on. 'Tis really quite interesting."

"Charley! I assure you most solemnly, that in twelve months after the marriage Richard was in jail."

"For murder, uncle?"

"No, but for debt!"

"Oh, ay, ay!"

"'Tis an absolute fact!"

"And how did it happen?"

"Richard became so elated and enlarged, that he found no pleasure in anything but horse-racing. He kept no less than five thorough bred chargers. He even had a groom for each. These horses were all his care. As a natural consequence of his sporting, he fell into bad company, began to drink, and plunged into debt head and heels. He lost everything."

"He was a wise man to give up studying for the church. It would be a pity to keep such a Pegasus in pound."

"But that was not the worst. When by the influence of a friend, he was let out of prison, he turned against his wife, abused, beat her, and finally left her altogether."

"He was a bad subject for the breviary."

"He succeeded at length—how I cannot say—in getting into an attorney's office, where he spent three years in studying law."

"Law? Oh! physic and law!"

"Admitted to the bar, and shortly afterwards reconciled to his wife, he went along well for about a year, when again growing giddy with success, he shot, like a star, from his high place, and became more abandoned than before."

"Very bad boy, indeed."

"You may well say so. If you saw the condition in which he was when I saw him last, you would have some reason to exclaim."

"He was in the workhouse?"

"No—but he was thrust into a garret, no coat to his back, no hat for his head, no shoes to his feet, and the pantaloons which he wore literally out at the knees."

"He was worse off than I fancied."

"He was a confirmed drunkard, and for months he had not seen his poor disconsolate wife. I gave him a suit of

clothes, and showed him that sunshine which he had not seen for weeks. But what followed? The same evening he was found in one of the gutters of the street, his coat torn from his body, his face hacked all over, and himself as drunk as Bacchus. But why do I pursue the horrible history? Think of it, Charley, and beware."

"Ah, aunt, is that you?" cried the nephew as Emma entered the room. "Uncle has just been telling me a very melancholy story. I wish that you heard it."

"What about?" asked she.

"All about a fortunate, and unfortunate young man, who began by studying for the church, and finished by getting married."

"Well, that's the way that yourself will be doing, one of these days. That's the way that most of them do," replied Emma.

"Yes, every one," said Charley, "must get married in some sense or other. 'Tis not good to be alone. If I don't get married to the church, which my uncle seems to fear I will, I'll get married to some younger though not so fair a lady; and if I don't happen to get married to some young lady—which I did not say I would not—I'll assuredly get married to the church."

"That's queer logic, Charley!" said Emma.

"First-rate, aunt! Married, I say, I must be in some way or other. I hate old bachelors, as I hate old maids. Let every man, inclined to a single life, be a priest, or a monk; and let every woman, similarly inclined, be a nun, or a sister. 'Tis sinful to be alone. 'Tis sinful to be in the world and not in the world at the same time. I don't admire those halfway houses. Marriage with either the church or the state—no alternative."

"That's heresy, I think," observed Emma.

"I think so, too," chimed in her husband.

"Not having yet studied Theology, I cannot say whether it is or not; but having heard many an eloquent sermon, I am bold to say that single blessedness is more admired when it is cloistered, than when it is otherwise. Go into the convent, aunt, or go into the world—no medium."

"There are many *in* convents who would wish to be *out*," said Emma.

"And they are already *out*, and sadly out, if they do, and I am sorry for their salvation," said Charley.

"And don't you think, that what I say is true?"

"I think, aunt, that 'tis worse heresy than I spoke awhile ago. Catholics never say so. It is only the echo of ignorant Protestant calumny."

"Now, Charles Henry, you are too hard. I was not serious when I said so. It was play of me, and nothing else."

"Well, dear little aunt, I am playing, too, and now if you like we will finish it with a play, by going to the opera to-night."

"Ha, ha! is that the end of the dispute?" remarked Dr. Mangan, rising from a sofa, and leaving the room.

"Charles Henry, I fear," said Emma, "that your love of music will bring you forty thousand dollars."

"So much the better, aunt!"

"I mean that it will prevent you from ever getting married to the church."

"How will music do that?"

"By getting you married to a forty thousand dollar heir."

"I don't understand you."

"Well, I'll explain. Musical and poetical souls, I have always heard, are bad candidates for the priesthood."

"Coarse ware, then, and not fine, is the material for the sanctuary. Musical and poetical souls are bad candidates for the priesthood! Who says this? Some fox looking at sour grapes, I fancy. Do you remember what Shakespeare says about those who have no music in their souls? You don't. Well, they are, he tells us, fit for everything but the priesthood."

"Go on."

"Were not the prophets very good priests, aunt?"

"Excellent."

"They were poets. They had music in their souls. Was not the author of the Apocalypse a very fit priest?"

"He certainly was."

"And he was not a bad specimen of the priestly character. What do you think, aunt, of the poetry of the 'Te Deum,' composed by St. Ambrose and St. Augustine?"

"Oh, Charles Henry, I'm beaten, I'm beaten!"

"Well, aunt, really I would be sorry to *beat* you. However, I have now 'said my say.' All I have to say in addition is that we go to the opera to-night, and don't you say, that, though my musical tendencies are good proofs of a vocation to the church, I am, therefore, going to bind myself to the 'Office' all my life. Hush! there is music now, Aunt Emma."

"Yes, some of your favorite jarmony—hurdy gurdy melody."

"Will I call him in?"

"Oh, Charles Henry! he'll frighten the children out of their wits."

"No, he won't. I'll call him. Will I not? O yes, and we'll have some sport. I say, Musician! come this way."

"Well, well, well! I thought that you were fond of the beautiful, but now I think differently."

"Am I not fond of you, aunt? and if so, 'tis clear that I am as enamored of the beautiful as ever."

"O you rogue, you!"

At this point the music-man was ushered into the room, where he commenced in such a "furore" as brought Mary Theresa down in wonder from her chamber.

"For the last half hour, mother, we have been talking here about music, and now we have our theory fairly put into practice."

"Oh, Charles Henry! it makes a terrible noise."

"Yes, mother, genius always makes a noise in the world. It is on that account that the thing is so much admired."

"For goodness' sake, Charles Henry!" cried Emma, "let him go before he gives me a week's headache."

"Play up the Marseilles Hymn, organist," said Charley.

"Organist!" repeated Emma; "only hear him."

"It does not play that," said the man.

"Play it yourself," suggested Charley.

"I cannot myself, Signore."

Emma laughed heartily, and exclaimed: "Why, Charles Henry, the instrument is organ and organist both. The Italian himself is one of those unfortunates who have no music in their souls."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Charley. "Of course the poor fellow can do no more than grind, but, aunt, he has countrymen enough who can take his part, and I will not be many days before I hear some of their inimitable conceptions."

"I cannot stand it any longer," said Emma, and with the word she rose, and went out. "Nor I," said Mary, who immediately followed.

It was considerable time before Charley permitted the wanderer to go on his way. At length he gave him a couple of francs, and sent him off rejoicing.

CHAPTER XLI.

SUDDEN NEWS.

"Did you ever," said Emma to Mary, as they sat themselves down in another apartment, "did you ever know anybody so passionately fond of music as Charles Henry?"

"He is very fond of it indeed."

"'Pon my word, Mary! I begin to feel certain that his talk about being a priest was nothing but moonshine."

"Why, Emma?"

"Take my word for it that his real desire is to be a thorough musician. Did you not hear him hint just now that 'twould not be long before he would see Italy?"

"I think that I did."

"Well, as sure as we live, that's it. *He* be a priest! Why, Mary, he has too much fun in him to think seriously of that."

While mother and aunt were discussing this question—still a dark one to all the household—Charley made his appearance before them. "Well, aunt! are you going to the opera to-night?"

"I am afraid, Charles Henry, that the opera is a dangerous thing to young chickens in divinity."

"How so, aunt?"

"Fluttering fans, my boy, are rather captious things."

"Very true—but, aunt! fanning flirts are not half so taking."

"Why, Charles Henry! Why, Charles Henry!"

"Why, Aunt Emma! Why, Aunt Emma!"

Here Dr. Mangan presented himself.

"Uncle! do you think the opera a dangerous thing on account of its fluttering fans?" inquired the playful Charley.

"Dangerous or not," observed the uncle, "I am going there myself to-night, and I want you all to accompany me."

"There now, aunt!"

"Why, what has 'aunt' been saying?" asked the doctor.

"She says that the opera is a very dangerous thing."

"Not to me," replied Emma, "but to young sprigs of Theology."

"Theology! The-ol-o-gy!" repeated the doctor, evidently no admirer of that science. He said, however, no more upon that head, but repeated his determination to go to the performance.

"My mind is made up," remarked Charley.

"Made up to what?" asked Mangan.

"To the opera."

"I wish it were made up to something more."

"So it is, uncle!"

"Which way?"

"The highway of travel. I'm going to travel first, and after that, I will come home and settle down."

"Very good, Charley! I'm glad to hear that you have at last come to a conclusion. 'Tis time."

"It is as I have said," thought Emma to herself.

"I would like," said Charley, "to hear the master music of the Continent, and I will soon take my departure for the purpose. But now, good evening for a while. I must go to the barber's to have my ambrosial locks put up into more poetical trim. I'll shortly be back. Good evening."

"Charles Henry!" cried the aunt, "Charles Henry!"

"Well, aunt!" said he returning.

"Take care that the Bishop does not meet you."

"Oh, I don't want to see his Lordship until I'm going to get married. Good bye."

"Now I like that," observed the doctor, after Charley took his leave. "He is all right. What I said to him has had, I think, a very salutary effect."

"What do you mean, Henry?" asked the mother.

"I told him a story which was well calculated to put the priesthood out of his mind."

"He has not, and never had the slightest notion of the kind," remarked Emma.

"Mary, what think you?" inquired the brother.

"I don't know!"

"Like too many mothers, of course you would wish to have him a priest."

"I would bless God, if he were!"

"I knew it. Well, well, what folly! now Mary, just listen to me a moment. Supposing that you advise your son to such a course, and supposing, that in consequence of your counsel rather than any real wish on his own part, he actually enters into holy orders, what do you think would be the result?"

"But if——"

"O yes—but if, but if—. Mary, let me tell you the result—most likely a Luther, or a Talleyrand!"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Amen, say I. But in God's name, have we not priests enough, as it is? Here in France we have as many as you can shake a stick at, as they say in Ireland; and in Rome we have, I am told, friars of every color, and seculars to no end."

"But if Charles Henry has really a vocation for the

priesthood, Henry, would it not be dreadfully sinful to put him into a different sphere?"

"That's the question to be proved, and since it is not proved, we are bound to do for him what we think is best."

"I would leave him to himself. You were left to yourself, Henry, and you acted very well."

"Yes, but I had no adviser. He has. Leave him to himself, you say—yes, Mary, and he will probably leave you to yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Supposing Charley were to become a Jesuit, would he not leave you to yourself? He certainly would; and then for you, he would be as if he were not. Who knows but China or Japan might not be his martyr ground as well as his mission? Make a priest of your son, and you banish him. Think of that, and be happy."

"Don't trouble yourselves about it," said Emma, "don't, I pray you. The young gent has no more idea of being a priest than I have."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of a letter which a servant had just handed in.

"From father," anxiously hoped Mrs. Mangan.

"Yes," said Henry, who knew it by the post marks.

"Oh, do let me see it," cried Emma.

"Wait a moment, and I'll read it for you."

"The poor dear doctor!" exclaimed Mary, "how I long to see his face!"

Henry opened the letter and read:

"MY DEAR CHILDREN:

"I am going to see you very soon. You are not more anxious for my coming than I am for my going. I know

that I have frequently promised to visit you, but always disappointed. Want of liberty was, and is my apology. However, I am now comparatively free. I have lately got for George a commission in the army, and I have, therefore, nothing to prevent me from gratifying that desire which I have long cherished, viz., of kissing my *pets*. I cannot, however, say that I can conveniently leave before the end of three months. I have some business to settle which I must not overlook. In the mean time, Henry's presence here, if it be possible, is a thing with which I cannot dispense. I would wish him to come on immediately, as upon his coming will greatly depend my quicker departure for France. The business is interesting to himself.

"I could not die happily without seeing you all.

"My dear Mary, Henry, and Emma, adieu.

"ALLEN M'DOUGALD."

The news which the epistle conveyed filled the two ladies with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. The thought of seeing Dr. M'Dougald was really delightful, but the thought of losing even for a while both Henry and his nephew, was painful in the extreme. Indeed the sorrow, on the present occasion, might truthfully be said to be in far greater measure than the joy. Though Dr. M'Dougald's freedom was now fairly acknowledged, nevertheless it was everything but certain that his last promise would be a bit better performed than his former ones. Might he not prove delinquent again? On the other hand, if Henry should go, and go no doubt he would, what a lonely, loathsome house would Dr. Mangan's be!

Perceiving what an effect the letter had produced, the doctor had nothing else to do than scatter from the ladies' hands, as best he could, the shadow of the moment. Accord-

ingly, he told them that probably he would not go to Scotland at all, or if he would, he would defer doing so at least for a month.

In a few moments Charley returned from the barber's, and stood in the presence of his family.

"What makes you look so gloomy, aunt?—Is it because I said that I intended to get married?"

Mrs. Mangan immediately informed him of the news.

"Hurrah! for old Scotland," exclaimed the good-humored youth; "here goes, aunt! to play you so good a Scotch hornpipe that you will rejoice for having such a place as Scotland in the world."

Charley sat before the piano, and played away with a gallantry that almost made his mother and aunt wonder how going to a ground so merry, could cause a moment's pain to any one.

"There, now," said the performer, as he finished his tune, "is not that an anodyne sufficient to chase away your sadness? Yes. Hurrah once more for old Scotland, the land of Wallace and Bruce—hurrah for its matchless highlands and its heather hills—hurrah for its hospitality and its worth—hurrah for the home of Aunt Emma's father!"

"Now let me show you," said he, turning again to the piano, "let me show you what an old strathspey is, and see if I don't love Scotland." With that, the gay Charley struck up again, and performed with such right good humor as to fully prepare the company for the exclamation which he was about to make, and made as he ended: "Hurrah for the operato-night! Hurrah, too, for the fanning fir—no, I mean the fluttering fans! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

CHAPTER XLII.

LONGINGS.

WHEN the near and dear depart, what a terrible dreariness comes on! 'Tis a lonely night, that to which the reader is now introduced. Four weeks ago this evening, Henry and his wife, Mary and her son, had at the opera as sweet a feast of song as ever regaled the ear. To-night, Mary and Emma are alone. Henry and Charley are far away—the former hurrying to Glasgow on business unknown—the latter hastening, no one knows whither, to listen to the melodies of Europe's master minds.

In Dr. Mangan's house it is truly a lonely hour. Four bleak walls surrounding the inmates, walls still and gloomy as the grave—horrific—white blinds in the windows, like shrouds, swaying to and fro to the ghostly wind, so noiselessly, so dismally, that shapes from the spirit-land itself would not be half so spectral—black sofas and black chairs, all funereal, and fearful, and forbidding; and then, oh! then the silent hearts within, stiller far than the still grim walls and furniture; and then the shadowy thoughts sweeping and saddening them, and the blackness, the moonless midnight gloom arising out of all combined—who, who shall describe them half?

Is there nothing that will come to cheer the solitude? Yes—what is that which has just passingly dimmed the light of their candle? Ha! there it goes again. 'Tis the night-fly, the moth—a lonely companion truly! Yet welcome to their room, O fly! You love, it seems, the glitter and the glare, but know, O fly, that the glitter and the glare would be better by far, were they less lovely than

they seem. The glitter and the glare of life have shrivelled into nothingness wiser ones than you; so beware, tiny rover, beware of the danger which to you is delight! There, now—there! They have you no longer. They now behold you burned to a cinder, and in your ruin they see the reward of pleasure, the syren! Farewell, dead fly! They are alone once more—alone, with these horrible walls, and these spirit-like curtains, and these coffin-like seats, and these timid hearts, so silent and sad.

"All, all alone in their chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds they hear."

"What a contrast, Emma, does not this hour make with the happy ones now gone, when Charles Henry would bring in here, for our amusement, the strolling musicians?"

"Poor boy! the Lord go with him this night," piously responded the listener.

"I spent one such night as this with Bell at your father's in America. Little knew you then the killing nature of loneliness."

"Were you as lonely as you are now?"

"More so, far more so. Let me cheer myself and you with the thought that, gloomy as that time was, it was sunshine to this."

"If I were in your place, I would surely have died."

"Don't weep, Emma dear; this is nothing at all. If we have trouble, we also have hope, full hope, in which we will not be deceived. Will not Henry soon be back, and will not Charley, too, return?"

"O yes—but, Mary——"

"Yes, we will then be happier than ever. Come, Emma, cheer thee, child, and look up for a sunny morrow. Is not

your father to be here in three months, perhaps sooner? Oh, the anticipation of the happiness which this blessed meeting will bring us, lightens my heart so much that I am buoyed up by it above every trial that can come."

"I would that it were morning, Mary."

"It will soon be."

In this way did those lonely ones live through the first dark night that fell upon them after the departure of their friends. It was useless for them to think of retiring to rest, for their rest was gone. They wore out the night in solitary conversation about other times and other things, and thought not of sleep until day itself, as a poet might say, "looked grieved to find them still awake."

For them, sadly and slowly did a week pass by. At last, a letter came from Henry, and upon its heels, another from Charley. Blessed visitants!

"Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid."

To more than banished maids and captive lovers, are letters delightful. To none more so than those who have just received them.

Paris.

MY DEAR EMMA AND MARY:

According to promise I write you from here. I know how anxious you are to hear from me, and therefore I take the first opportunity of sending what I am sure will be the best substitute for myself.

Be good philosophers till I return, and don't be so foolish as to think you are unhappy. Be ye assured, that whatever pain ye may now experience, is a very small coin indeed to purchase that happiness which shall be yours when the old doctor and myself shall greet you. Take all the amusement you possibly can, and drive away dull care.

It would be useless to tell you anything of my journey further than that, considering all things, it was as agreeable as could be expected.

Kiss the children all 'round for my sake, and remember that if I am not present in body, I am surely present in mind. Good-night.

HENRY M.

Marseilles.

DEAR MOTHER AND DEAR LITTLE AUNT:

You see how very soon, after my departure, I wish to have a talk with you.

I would not be the least surprised if ye were unsophisticated enough to believe that ye ought to be lonesome. If so, ye must take my advice, and play hornpipes, and strathspeys, till ye break every hammer in the piano. Don't forget to bring in, for my sake, as often as you can, my favorite Punchinellos. If their minstrelsy is so potent as to make aunt's head ache, and the children's music swell, *a fortiori*, it will leave very small chance to solitude to play its fantastic tricks upon you.

After I left, if I had the opportunity which ye have, I would do for myself the very thing to which I am now directing you. Forgetful of my philosophy—how, I do not know—I felt for a moment a tear stealing from my eye. 'Twas a very soft one indeed. I think that I must have got it from Aunt Emma. I had but the one. If, indeed, there were any more of them to come, I may very probably attribute their stopping at home to the truly uncereemonious manner with which I dashed aside their predecessor. Music itself, if I had it *then*, would not chase my sorrow better.

Here, therefore, from this beautiful city of Marseilles, am going to make a vow of which, for your particular sakes, I shall make this letter the record. If, from this hour forth,

till I return to my dear mother, and my little sweet, or rather sweet little aunt, I allow one single shade of sorrow to darken my brow, then in the words of the Hebrew, let my tongue cleave to my jaws, and my right hand forget its cunning.

"Hurrah for the bonnets so blue!"

Pardon me, and don't misconstrue me. In the cheer which I have just given, I had no reference whatever to *your* bonnets. If yours were really a "blue" time, my heartfelt cheer in the above line might be considered heartless under the circumstances, but as 'tis no such thing, I must be supposed to have as tender a heart as the one which I brought from home.

All the trouble that my going will bring you, is, that I am determined to talk to you by letter from abroad, fifty times as much per day as I talked to you at home by word of mouth. I pity you for this. Adieu. CHARLEY.

P. S. I have a task for Aunt Emma. Let her sit down and teach little Annie to spell—*Honorificabilitudinibus*.

C. H.

N. B. This is the process : H, o, ho—n, o, no—honor—r, i, ri—honor—f, i, fi—honorifi—c, a, ca—honorifica—b, i, bi—honorificabi—l, i, li—honorificabili—t, u, tu—honorificabilita—d, i, di—honorificabilitadi—n, a, na—honorificabilitudina—t, i, ti—honorificabilitudinati—b, u, s, bus—*honorificabilitudinibus*.

Then give her a *buss* for me.

C. H.

Letters like these coming weekly, as they did, were to Mary and Emma the best substitutes in the world for their wanderers. The last received afforded conversation and pleasure enough to replenish the void coming between them and the next arrivals. It would be impossible to say how

often each letter was read. The number of times, however, may be sufficiently known from the fact that the fond perusers had, before the week expired, every sentence by rote Charley always wrote to them as playfully as he could, believing that such a mode would be best calculated to make them forget their loneliness. Considering all things, then, the ladies were happier than they at first expected. Two months, they thought, would soon slide by, and the meeting would be unprecedentedly joyous.

Whatever noise they might bring to Mary, or whatever headache they might cause to Emma, one thing was certain, that Charley's organists would not be forgotten. It was really wonderful what a love had suddenly been engendered in both hearts for those singular performers. For weeks, no day came in which repeated wishes were not made by them for the coming of some such wanderer. Mother and aunt appeared to regard such a being as Charley's "alter ego," or other self. For many weeks, however, no such personage made his appearance. "Really, Emma," said Mary at last weary of waiting, "I think that the Italians have all departed from the country. When they were disagreeable to us, we had them here in crowds; now that they are desirable, we see not a solitary one." "I think," said Emma, "that they must have followed Charles Henry."

One day as the lonely pair were conversing in this way, suddenly there was heard sounding from a distance the very music which they so anxiously awaited. In due time, the organist stood in front of the house, and began—strange to say—the identical air of which Charley was so fond, the *Marseilles Hymn*.

"O Mary! that's poor Charles Henry's favorite." Emma had only anticipated Mary, who was just about making the same exclamation. "It is," said she, "it is. O Emma!

I will call him in, and treat him well for my dear child's sake."

"Do, do," cried the delighted aunt.

The man was soon in, and the organ was as soon in full swell. Zounds, what an uproar! Emma's little ones were as well pleased as the rest. They stood around the player and kept peeping into the instrument with as much earnestness as if they would learn all the secrets of its machinery.

"Play the Marseilles Hymn," cried Mary and Emma almost in the same breath.

"And sing," suggested Mary.

The stranger bowed, and complied with the double request. He was not the best singer in the world, but that circumstance did not prevent the fair listeners, when he had finished, from asking him to begin *Da Capo*. The strain was all too short for the overfond ladies. Again and again it had to be repeated, till at length the weary songster was as hoarse as if he had suddenly caught a bad cold.

It was with reluctance that they suffered him to leave the house. At length, they let him go rejoicing. Before doing so, however, they feasted him well, and gave him more sous than he made for the rest of the evening.

"I would like to know," said Mary, as soon as the player retired, "the history of that poor fellow."

"It might be interesting," remarked Emma.

"Depend upon it that it would afford matter enough for a novel."

"I should not be surprised."

"Perhaps, Emma, he was well brought up—that he had in early life as bright prospects as any one—and that he had a perfect horror of what now gives him a living."

"Yes, Mary! he was polite and graceful."

"If so, what a change! I am sorry that I did not ask him something of his history. If ever again he comes, I will question him. It is very likely that he speaks French. I feel very curious to know his antecedents."

"You'll see him again."

"I suppose that I feel interested in him on account of the likeness which I once bore to him myself. If his life has been anything like mine, it would certainly be a subject for a novel, as my own assuredly is. I hope that he will come back."

"He will. I'm sure that he will."

Thus did a mere street musician excite in the bosoms of Mary and Emma an interest that is truly singular. Charley had a liking for such. There was the secret. How true it is that love will color into beauty and attraction everything with which its subject is even remotely connected! Sunshine is darkness, if love say so, darkness is sunshine—pain is pleasure, and pleasure is pain. How slight, too, are the things that remind us of an absent favorite!"

"It may be a sound—

A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,

A flower—the wind—the ocean—

Striking th' electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A HARPER.

Two months had passed since Henry's departure from home, and three since that of Charley. A letter just received from the former announced the pleasing intelligence that in about a fortnight his return might be looked for.

The wandering wight, mentioned in the foregoing chapter, was in the mean time expected by Mary and Emma, but the wandering wight had not as yet appeared.

Was he not well treated? Was he not treated by them better than he was treated by anybody else? It was strange that he would not come. And if not he, why came not some other of his kind? These were questions which were to our fair friends a regular puzzle.

The author of the story has only to say in explanation, that the artist very probably absented himself in the fear that they might put him through an ordeal similar to that through which they had previously put him. Whatever detained him, he was, as far as they were concerned, and to all intents and purposes,

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

He never returned.

Since the arrival of Henry's last letter, Emma indeed had become more indifferent to the coming of the minstrel. Her better part's near approach had absorbed all smaller likings. Mary, still dreaming of her charming son, continued as anxiously as ever to look for that which, as it seemed to her, half brought that son home. Her thoughts, therefore, still lingered around the musician.

How slowly the days drag on! Up-hill work indeed is your way, Expectancy! Every day has twenty-four hours; every hour has sixty minutes, and truly there are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in every day! Surely the last fortnight of expectation is the longest; surely the last week is longer than the fortnight; and oh! sad truth—surely the last day of that long, long week, is longer than all together! Would that we could, in our time of expectation, die, like the seven sleepers, or would that we could get into a trance, as fanatics sometimes do.

Still is dragging on the slow, slow week, but no coming is there yet of trance, or sleep, or minstrel.

Peace—rest—another letter, ay, two—one from son, and one from husband and brother. Home in a week! Home some time in the year!!

Feed upon these, fond ladies! feed till ye are filled. If not this, let them be to you minstrel, sleep, and trance—let them fondle you into sleep, and let that sleep lull you into dreams, and let those dreams entrance you till the last long day of your watching is over.

Some two or three days after the arrival of the last letters, Emma, who was sitting by the front window of the parlor, cried out to Mary, who was somewhat far from hearing: "Come here, come here, Mary! and listen to a harper."

"Where is he, where is he?" asked the anxious woman.

"See him over the way there. Hush—listen!"

"Is it not sweet, Emma! is it not delightful?"

"Hush!" whispered Emma, "he will come over this way directly."

Long and well they listened to as sweet a player as ever they heard. Just as they would have it, the minstrel, after receiving his pittance at the opposite house, passed across the street and tuned his harp for their delighted ears.

"What's that, Emma? As I breathe, it is an Irish melody. 'Tis—'tis. Oh, 'tis 'Aileen Aroon'—O Emma!"

"What's the matter, Mary?—Mary! what's the matter?"

Mary was quite faint and overcome, but she was so only a moment.

"You look sick or sad," observed Emma; "does a song of home make you so melancholy?"

Mary, who felt—she knew not what—rallied herself as well as she could, then throwing some silver to the minstrel, and marking him fully, yet hurriedly, left the parlor in haste. Emma, though loth to leave such music, immediately followed her, and found her reclining quite weak upon a sofa. "Mary," said she, "are you sick?"

"No, Emma dear—a little weak only. Is he gone?"

"I suppose that he is by this."

"Emma! I think—Go to the parlor, Emma, and if he be not gone, see if he speaks English."

The harper had already turned a corner, and of course was out of sight.

"Ah! Emma dear! that's just like Ireland. Too true it is that her songs and herself are equally sad. She is something like that Master of hers, to whom she has ever been faithful; and of her it might well be said, as it was said of Him by the prophet, 'Oh, all ye who pass along this way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like this sorrow of mine.'"

"Don't you feel better now?" asked Emma.

"I am quite restored. I wish that the harper were now here—if he were, I could listen to him all day."

"What makes you think that he speaks English?"

"Oh, I don't know—yes, he appears to have an English countenance. Don't you think that he has?"

"He is very fair, very."

"Well, I really believe that he is one of ourselves, and only for that foolish feeling that came over me at the sound of Aileen Aroon, I would have a conversation with him. Oh, if Charley had been here!"

"Indeed, that foolish feeling, Mary, has deprived us of a most delightful treat, and I am very sorry for both yourself and the music."

"So am I, truly."

"He will probably come again."

"I fear not. We left him so abruptly, that I fancy he will have no high idea of our taste. If the other, who was so well treated, has not condescended to come back, 'tis more than likely that one to whom we seemed to pay so little attention, will scarcely visit us again."

"I hope that he may."

"I hope so, too. But you may be sure, Emma, that he is English."

"Why?"

"Did you not observe how, when I mentioned the name of the tune, he looked up immediately and smiled?"

"Sure enough—I think that he did."

"He did, certainly."

"Well then, Mary, if he is English, he will come soon."

"Yes, that, I think, will bring him."

It is not strange that to persons situated as those friends were—in a land of foreigners—an English tongue would be a welcome visitor. Yes, know whatever languages you may, and know them as well as you may, the mother tongue is the favorite after all. Naturally enough, then, did Mary and Emma long to see once more the face which they fully believed was British.

The night next after the colloquy which has just been re-

lated, was such as only the sunny France is able to boast. It would be vain to try to describe it. Such a night! The moon shone resplendently down, and made such a time as admirably accorded with the temper of serenaders. Homer himself immortalized no lovelier a moonlight.

Mary and Emma were sitting together in a back room, and talking of the probabilities of Henry's return next day. They were suddenly aroused by the notes of a harp which sent forth sounds of sweetest harmony. They rushed into the parlor and listened. They saw standing immediately in front of the house the same exquisite performer. At first he played merely a voluntary, but when he saw them inside the window, he struck a hasty symphony, and then, in a clear, sweet voice, sang to his harp the following

SONG.

Far o'er the weltering waters
Of life's tumultuous main
I've kept mine eye upon that ark
Which now I seek again.

I call upon my fond one,
Whose love I know full well,
To take me back to that dear heart
Where still mine own would dwell.

I'm weary of my wandering,
I will no longer roam;
My country I no more shall see,
But here's my own heart's home.

That fond one will receive me,
And, from the griefs I bear,
Will see how weary is my wing,
How much I need her care!

The foul and faithless Raven,
Who left his ark of yore,
Despite the rush of wave and wind,
Would seek that rest no more.

The Dove, so true, so gentle,
A-weary of her chase,
Brought back, at eve, the olive-bough,
And sought again her place.

If I were like the Raven,
I would not now be here;
If I am like the Dove at all,
Now surely comes my cheer.—

CHAPTER XLIV.

CURIOSITY.

THREE evenings after the singing of the harper's song, (a song, by the way, which caused, as may be supposed, strange conjectures in some, and stranger emotions in others,) Henry Mangan was safely and soundly seated at his own tea-table, with his sister and his wife. Though he did not bring with him his father-in-law, still he brought the explanation, and other intelligence.

Why did not M'Dougald come? The arrangements which the old man had made in order to facilitate his journey to France, were all to no purpose. He thought of retiring from his Professorship, and of having Henry installed in his place. In this he was disappointed. He, therefore, deferred his visit until something else could be done. The affair, he hoped, would be all settled in about three months.

Of course the ladies now gave up all hopes of ever seeing the old doctor. If, thought they, his coming to France take him, as no doubt it will, as long as has taken the much procrastinated hanging of his bonnet upon some religious peg, that coming will scarcely ever take place.

When Henry was starting for Scotland, Mary charged

him to ask the doctor whether he had heard anything about Bell and Jemmy. This intelligence, often sought by her in vain, was at length received.

Bell was still alive, and as droll as ever. Her boy, who became a great scamp, was removed from further evil, by being drowned while in a state of intoxication. If the mother had not been as she should be, she paid even in this world pretty dearly for her short-comings. Jemmy, in spite of many rebuffs, held fast to the faith of his fathers, and died; not, however, without having got married about three months previously to an old "towny" of his own.

The reader may as well be told here that Mr. George Baxter, the easy and content, was dead, too; so also was Mrs. Margaret Baxter. The latter went first, but to one of Mary's thinking, went not so well. The husband, on his death-bed, received the consolations of that religion which had smoothed, for his lovely Gertrude, the passage to eternal day. That sweet girl's prayer was heard when she begged of God to remember her father in reward for that father's last kindness to herself. Mrs. Baxter, proud to the last, not blind, looked, when no hope of life was left her, for that baptism which against her better reason she refused, when she could better receive it. But she was disappointed. Before the minister of it came, she had closed her eyes in death. More than we, may well believe that such a disappointment was a punishment from heaven. "It is hard to kick against the goad."

Who cares to know a word of the fates of Mrs. or Miss Marjoriebanks, and her pious sisterhood! A fig for the latter, say we, and a groan for the former. Let her life or her death be an obscurity for ever, as was, through her fault, her husband's, if she had one. Foul weather to the scape-goat!

After Henry had told all the news, he inquired about Charley. "When did you last hear from him?" he asked.

"This week, sure enough—we almost forgot to tell you," replied Emma.

"Where is he, and what doing?"

"In Rome, and at Theology."

"He is so!"

"Fact—I'm not joking—you'll see."

"'Tis only tricks of him," said he.

"Perhaps so, but I scarcely think that it is."

"There, read and judge for yourself," suggested Emma, and she handed the doctor the letter.

Rome.

DEAR UNCLE:

Taking it for a certainty that you have, by this time, got safe home again, I sit down to torment you with a full sheet of paper.

First and foremost, I have to tell you that I am going to become a doctor.

I have suddenly grown quite enamored of the healing art. In a few days, I am going 'plunge O' into phlebotomy. After that, I shall rush headlong into physic. Then I shall turn my mind to the consideration of surgery. Such is my programme.

For your sake now, dear uncle! I wish that I could give you the several details of my 'modus operandi' in such sort as to keep you pleased in no less degree with the remainder of my epistle than you are with what I have already written.

To specify, then:—The nature of my physic is such as causes no pain whatever, but quite the contrary. It has this peculiar quality, that you can administer the same *dos*

to twenty thousand patients, and afterwards, should it so please you, to others *ad infinitum*. It is difficult to describe it fully. It is a thing easily acquired, but in order to secure it, one indispensable faculty is necessary in the searcher.

The nature of my phlebotomy is simply the bleeding of hearts. I know that of the two branches in the art, mine is decidedly the more difficult. The lancet to be used in this case is made of the most particular kind of steel. If I cannot find such a lancet, I shall have to give up my study. However, should I be so unsuccessful, I shall be consoled with the thought that this particular instrument has been found by very few men, particularly of modern times.

Thirdly : The nature of my surgery is to deal with veins and arteries, contusions, fractures, sores, &c.

To explain now my explanation, I must tell you, my dear uncle ! that I am going to try to become a good preacher, and bleed the hearts of sinners. All I want for this, is the lancet of Massillon, or some of his stamp. One like his even dulled would suffice for me. I am going heart and soul into moral Theology. There I shall find that real 'medicine of the mind' which some one of our poets has falsely styled, conversation. I shall also devote myself to the dogmatic. There I shall have conversation enough with the heretics. All I want for both is a good memory, of which I possess a tolerable specimen.

And I am going to dissect the holy fathers piecemeal. On account of the goodness of their veins, they are emphatically model subjects for a scalpel. I shall try hard to learn their anatomy, so that I may be able to build up tottering humanity after their standard. I shall, in fine, endeavor to cure—a herculean task—as many as possible of the ulcers of Heresy.

Now, dear doctor ! is not what I have described, as fine a field for exertion as any that you could select ? Only for the love which I have for aunt Emma, I would of a certainty persuade you to come and join me. But with all the pleasure which I take in my dear divinity, when I think of that sweet little lady, I feel through all my frame the magical potency of family ties. Flesh and blood, it appears, are after all that I have said, dearer to me than divinity. I am afraid that I am very frail.

Oceans of love to my adored mother, and my angel aunt. Write me all your travels. Tell Dr. M'Dougald, to whom I wish to be remembered, not to wait for *me* to baptize him. If he do, say that I will drown him in the operation. Adieu.

CHARLEY.

When Henry had read this letter, he threw it upon the table, and exclaimed : "All humbug!"

"What?"

"That he's going to study Theology."

"I think that he speaks very plainly."

"Just like all his letters. He does not mean a word that he says."

"I don't know about that."

"Hillo ! Mary," cried Henry, "what makes you look so dull and thoughtful ? sick?"

Mary, who had for the last ten minutes been sunk into a strange reverie, started up as if she were waking from a short sleep, and tried to disguise herself by saying that she felt so heavy she would go take a little lounge.

When she withdrew, Henry remarked to his wife that Mary looked anything but well. "Perhaps," said he, "that Charley's wild letter has made a disagreeable impression."

"That's not it."

"What else?"

"I don't know. But since a certain harper played nere the other day before our door, Mary, I have observed, has never been herself since."

"What the d—l has that got to do with the affair?"

"Oh, perhaps it has."

"Perhaps! nonsense."

"But, Henry, you must know that he came the second time, and gave her a serenade."

"You're as great a humbug as Charley."

"No—I vow that I am serious."

"Ha! ha! ha!—now that's a good one—Mary in love! eh?"

"I haven't said *that*. But, Henry! believe me, but I think if Mary ever had a lover that got lost, she has, these few days past, been carrying herself just as any one placed in such circumstances would be likely to do."

Henry said nothing, but grew more serious. His wife, remarking this, immediately said: "Tell me now, Henry, was such ever the case?"

"That Mary had a lover?"

"That got lost, Henry."

"Sure every lover gets lost."

"Nay—never mind that—but you know what I mean."

"Perhaps that she had, Emma!"

"Perhaps she had!"

"Emma! I wish I knew that she had; ye women are so inquisitive, that if I knew such a thing about her I would now have a fine opportunity to tease you by my silence, and your own curiosity."

"Had she?" persisted Emma.

"She had. Is not Charley a living proof of the fact?"

"But Fitz Maurice was not lost"

"Faith! if ever a man was lost, *he* was; if not, I don't know a scrap of theology."

"Now, Henry, how you thwart me!"

"I'll go and see Mary, and find out what's the matter."

"Tell me before you go."

"How can I tell the disease until I examine the patient?"

"Hear him again!"

When Henry passed out, "If," said Emma, "if Mary has such a heart-sickness as that, Dr. Harry's skill to discover it is about as good as my own." Her curiosity in regard to what she began seriously to think was a real secret, was now fairly excited. She was delicate in asking Mary herself anything about the matter. Further than hint at it in a jocular way, she never attempted anything. But in Mary's absence, she assailed the husband upon all sides, and upon all occasions. 'Twas, however, a vain inquiry.

The doctor was secret-proof. His secrecy on this head was altogether owing to the great reluctance which he ever felt in making any allusion whatever to the melancholy fate of him who was long ago lost, but not yet found.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END.

EVERY one in Mangan's household is on the "look-out" for the mysterious harper. Emma is determined to know, next time he comes, what he is, and what he isn't. Henry says nothing, but thinks the more.

At the present point of our story, the doctor and his lady are not at home. They have gone out to take a walk. If the musician happen to come now, what a sad disappointment to the hopes of both husband and wife!

Mary is sitting musingly by the front windows of the parlor, and is feasting her eyes upon that portrait of which mention has long since been made. Till now, that picture had not, for many a day, been taken from its hiding place. If he, whose representation it is, appear at this late season, how poor a likeness will it prove. Why cannot Mary dwell with secret pleasure upon the image that *was*, as Longfellow expresses it, rather than exchange it for something which can be little more than a shadow?

"Perhaps I never may again behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance,
Therefore to me you never shall grow old,
But live forever young in my remembrance."

Would not this be better? Yes; but

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose."

The shades of evening are spreading fast, still Mary sits by the window. Eagerly does she scan the features of every one that passes by, and disappointed, gather new hope from him that next comes on. 'Tis twilight—still the watcher sits by the window. He comes not—no—no—every one but him. She gazes alternately upon the picture, and upon the street. Not yet he comes—not yet. 'Tis dark, and eve's solitary star is all that looks bright; still Mary sits by the window. No harper comes. What a heavy sense steals over her now—the dread sensation of anxiety, and unrest, wherein one thinks full surely that

"The air grows denser, perfumed by *an unseen* censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkle on the tufted floor."

"Oh! it was not he. If it were, would he tarry so long? Where was he last night—the night before—the night before? It was not—yet it was.

"That fond one will receive me,
And from the griefs I bear,
Will see how weary is my wing,
How much I need her care!"

"Who but himself could speak thus? Still, perhaps it is all a delusion. But no; he alone could say,

"I'm weary of my wandering,
I will no longer roam;
My country I no more shall see,
But here's my own heart's home."

Thus strove Mary's thoughts as still she kept watch at the window. She looked again at the picture, but could not discern what was there. The semblance and the reality were equally gone. Poor Mary!

While she was thus communing with her fancies, and

vainly keeping her solitary vigil, Henry and Emma, now on their return, were displaying their wisdom somewhat in this wise.

"When was he there last?"

"Three nights ago."

"Well, if there be any foundation for your conjectures, he will most likely make his appearance again to-night."

"He may—I trust that he may."

"It is going to be a beautiful night—see, the moon is about rising—'tis just a time for lovers' lutes—if he be what is supposed, he certainly will not lose so fair a chance as this."

"Let us get along, then, lest we miss him."

"See here, Emma; for the last two days I have been troubling myself so much about this incomprehensible being that if he do not come to-night, I'll give him up, and worry my brains no more about him."

"Not so will I."

"More gosling are you, then, if you don't."

"Oh, there certainly was *something* in that serenade."

"If there was, it is the first time that a serenade was ever burdened with any such commodity."

"It was intended expressly for her—it was quite personal."

"Don't you know that any serenade would suit ten thousand anybodys, and appear, too, as personal to anybody as anybody might please?"

"The one that he sang was not applicable to me."

"Go, Emma—chuck! Some few years ago, if I had sung it for you, as sure as day it would be your dream all night."

"No, indeed, Henry! no, indeed!"

"A serenade is made as mechanically as a pudding."

Everybody knows what goes into a pudding, so everybody knows what goes into a serenade—a star and a guitar, light and night, eyes and skies, love and dove, and so on."

"Very well, we'll see."

"Yes, the future is the best exponent of present mysteries."

"But, my dear Henry, I forgot to tell you that it was an English composition, not French."

"Was it?"

"Yes, to be sure; and that shows there's something."

This last piece of intelligence convinced the doctor that his wife's conjectures were not groundless.

They had now returned, and found Mary in the place where we last saw her.

Ten o'clock came, but brought no music. Alike anxious for the coming of the non-arrived, no member of the party had time to take particular notice of the silence which they involuntarily held. At last Henry, beginning to wax somewhat warm of the occasion, threw up the windows, and to all appearance prepared himself for the expected treat. Occasional remarks, few and far between, were all that broke the monotony of the hour. 'Twas eleven. And such a night! Oh who, with music in his soul, and love inspiring the strain, would neglect that golden opportunity? No note was heard. How often did Mary's heart that evening whisper within itself these wizard words:

"That strain again! It had a dying fall—"

Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing and giving odor."

'Twas vain; no minstrel came. Nor did he come that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, nay, nor that week.

Henry, having been cheated into a belief in the mystery,

both by Mary's manner and Emma's positive assurances, had the perseverance to keep hoping far beyond his first intentions. When, however, the week had passed, he grew ashamed of his folly, and looked upon the whole affair with matchless indifference. Emma declared that she would, for three weeks, keep watch, and would not wholly give up until the full month would have gone. Mary would never cease looking until she saw that face again. How could she? She recognized him—and he recognized her—of all this she felt perfectly certain. Such, at all events, was her belief.

But the month went by, and still no harper came. And two months went by, and still he came not. And when three months went by, what then? Reader, dear reader, that minstrel did not come! Where was he? Where?

That was to some a long, long, wearisome time. We, fair friend, you and I, have come through it right merrily. We have, of late, been so accustomed to skipping over events, and leaping down the ladder of time; we have in consequence of this become so marvellously agile, that a jump of three months is nothing to us. Well, but what have we got for our pains? We have not got the harper, that's clear; but we have got one whom we are rejoiced to see. Who is it? Yes, we have got him—he has come at last. Behold him, our old friend, considerably changed, to be sure, not as he was, but silvered o'er with the frosts of time—Dr. M'Dougald, another and the same! Yes, Dr. M'Dougald, the long expected, the tardy to the last, has actually arrived. He has. And what high delight is there now in Henry Mangan's home! Welcomes and warm embraces are the order of the hour—welcomes and warm embraces, manifold and long! Henry is delighted—Emma is enraptured—and Mary, the watcher, suddenly gay, half forgets the face of her harper.

Eight years, the number flown since Mary and Emma saw that father and friend, had stored up more things than this book is able to contain. They must, therefore, find some other place of record; and as to what those years may, or may not have been, everybody is, for the present, left to his own conjectures.

How short the hours appear! What a contrast do they make with those of yesterday, the day before, and every day for the last three months. Nothing is now wanting to M'Dougald's happiness, or that of the rest, but the boy—the boy who, far away in a strange land, is prosecuting, as himself says, strange surgery, strange phlebotomy, strange physie. What have we said? To complete that happiness, is there not, at least for one, another who should be here? Yes,—and hark—hark! what's that? He, he, too, is *near*, if not *here*, and ere long will be here in reality.

Sweetly on the winds of night are heard the tones of a harp, sounding mellowly in the distance. What a talisman! Mary trembles all over; Henry marks his sister, and starts and listens; Emma flies bounding to the parlor; Henry and Mary follow, while Dr. M'Dougald, forgotten for the moment, rises and joins the chase.

A still, sweet night, a cloudless sky, and a silver moon give the listeners every advantage. If really it be he, Henry thinks that he will recognize an old acquaintance. Mary's perceptions, as may well be supposed, are infallible in such circumstances; and Emma, though having no data whatever whereby she may infer anything, peers through the lattice with a trepidation not a whit less than that of her friends.

The harper, at first only trifling with the instrument, now runs his fingers twice or thrice hurriedly across the

strings, and when he has gained the usual stand, hesitates for an instant.

How flutters now one heart, especially! What comes? Does Henry recognize a friend? Does Mary find her lost one? Henry dreams so, but cannot say. Mary knows so, but sits by the window breathless. "Hush, father," cries Emma, "he is going to play; let us make no noise, but listen." The minstrel at length sings, in a most plaintive and sweet air, the following

SONG.

I had a dream, when I was young and free,
Of one whose face I ever sighed to see,
And long I lived, but never could behold
The real form of that ideal mould.

Was she, whose beauty gave this vision sweet,
One whose bright smile 'tis never love's to meet?
Oh, could a being of such brow and eye,
Be elsewhere found but in the starry sky?

Yes, yes—when years, too many years had passed,
My golden hope was realized at last:
Sweet Mary mine! receive at once the truth,
In thee I found this day-dream of my youth.

Thou hadst, beloved! her heart, and brow, and brain,
Whose fairy form I sought so long in vain;
Thou hadst her tenderness, her tone, her sway,
And faith, love, loveliness, and wiles, and way.

Come, let us now go seek some silent cell,
And live there long, and love there more than well;
Leave the cold world, and leave without a sigh,
And, faithful still, there haply live and die.

O lost, and found! believe I know thee now,
I see, at last, thy dark and glorious brow;
The chain that bound me is asunder riven—
I live again for thee, my heart, my heav'n!

It need scarcely be said that, during the singing of this piece, which every one of the party distinctly heard, powerful were the emotions under which Mary labored. When, therefore, the strain was ended, she screamed, "It is he—it is he!" and immediately fell fainting to the floor.

"It is, it is!" exclaimed Henry.

Dr. M'Dougald, to whom the whole affair was a perfect mystery, bewilderedly asked Emma the question, "*Who* is it—*who* is it?" Emma, no less confused than her father, could make no reply. Mary's present state, however, demanded more attention than the mystery itself. The doctor and his daughter engaged themselves in restoring her to consciousness, and the better to do so, removed her to a more airy place. In the mean time, Henry, anxious to embrace one of whose identity he was now fully aware, hurried out of the house, and in a few minutes led in the wan and wayworn object of Mary's ceaseless affections.

It was in truth no other than he.

Welcome, ten thousand welcomes to the wanderer!

And there was a meeting.

Whoever wishes to know what prevented William for three whole months from seeing, or rather meeting his long-lost love, let him know that the very first evening he sang at her window, he fell ill, and could not, by any possibility, make her acquainted with his state.

After many and many a miserable year, then, do we here look at last upon the meeting of the tried and true!

Our tale is told.

We might say more of the actors, but we do not think it necessary. Of William De Courcy becoming a harper it behooves us to say little. If the employment appear strange, it will be thought otherwise when it is remem-

bered that one as gentle, and, mayhap, as good as he—
Oliver Goldsmith—was once a minstrel and a wanderer.

We have now told of William and Mary's meeting, but of
a marriage we can give no account. Whether they ever
became one or not, old annals do not say.

THE SEQUEL.

THE curtain of our theatre has fallen, and the last act of
our play has terminated.

Is there of the story, kindest reader, anything about
which you seek further information? If so, we shall will-
ingly give it you here behind the scenes.

We think we hear you ask, "What became of that Pro-
fessor who was always so long a-coming, and of him who
was so fond of music?"

In the first place, the former remained for about a year
in France. During that time, his old friend Mrs. Fitz
Maurice tried hard to make him a Catholic. What was the
result? He always said, "Time enough, Mary!"

In the second place, he returned to Scotland, where, true
to his profession, as every one should be, he sat in the lec-
turer's chair at his own dear "Alma Mater." In this posi-
tion he continued for five years, when he died regretted by
all who knew him. How did he die? Even as he lived—
promising himself every day to become some kind of a
Christian, but never performing. His bonnet hung upon
no particular rack. So went our poor old friend.

And now about the other.

For a whole year he continued to send to his uncle fan-

tastic epistles about what he was studying—documents which the doctor would never understand. At the end of the year, however, all was apparent. Notwithstanding his uncle and aunt's predictions, Charley was certainly studying Theology. This was of course the greatest joy to his mother. In *her* mind it was on earth her best reward.

When four years passed he graduated at the Propaganda, and brought home with him all the honors that it could give. At last the Rev. Charles Henry Fitz Maurice gladdened the eyes of his mother and kindred. And it may be added that he proved himself an eminent practitioner in his own peculiar phlebotomy. He wielded that scalpel which is the best calculated to bleed the sinner's heart. Before the old doctor's death, Charles Henry visited him, and but for something which only One can explain, would have made him a Christian. So flourished this Bud of Promise.

THE END

21