

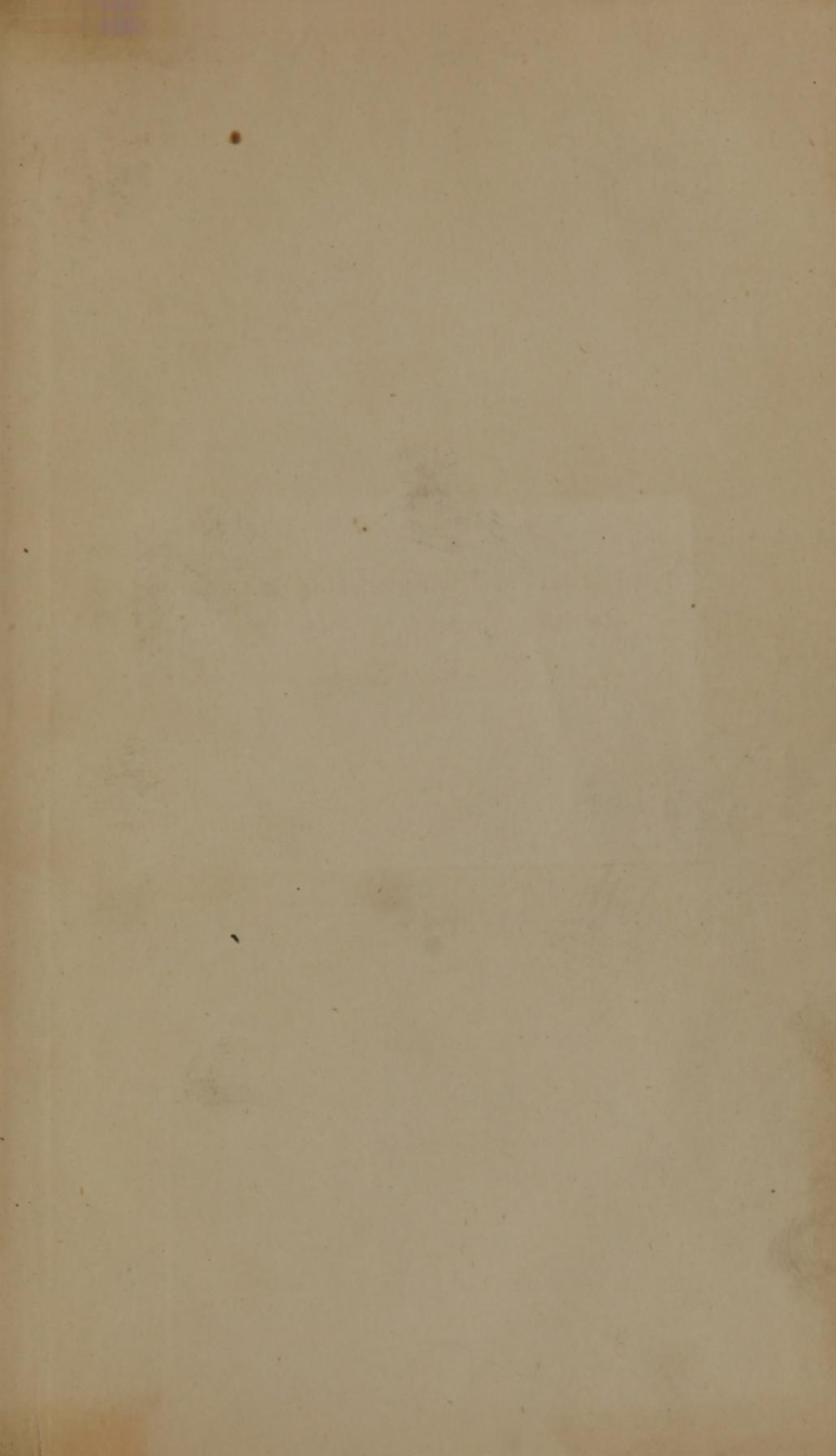
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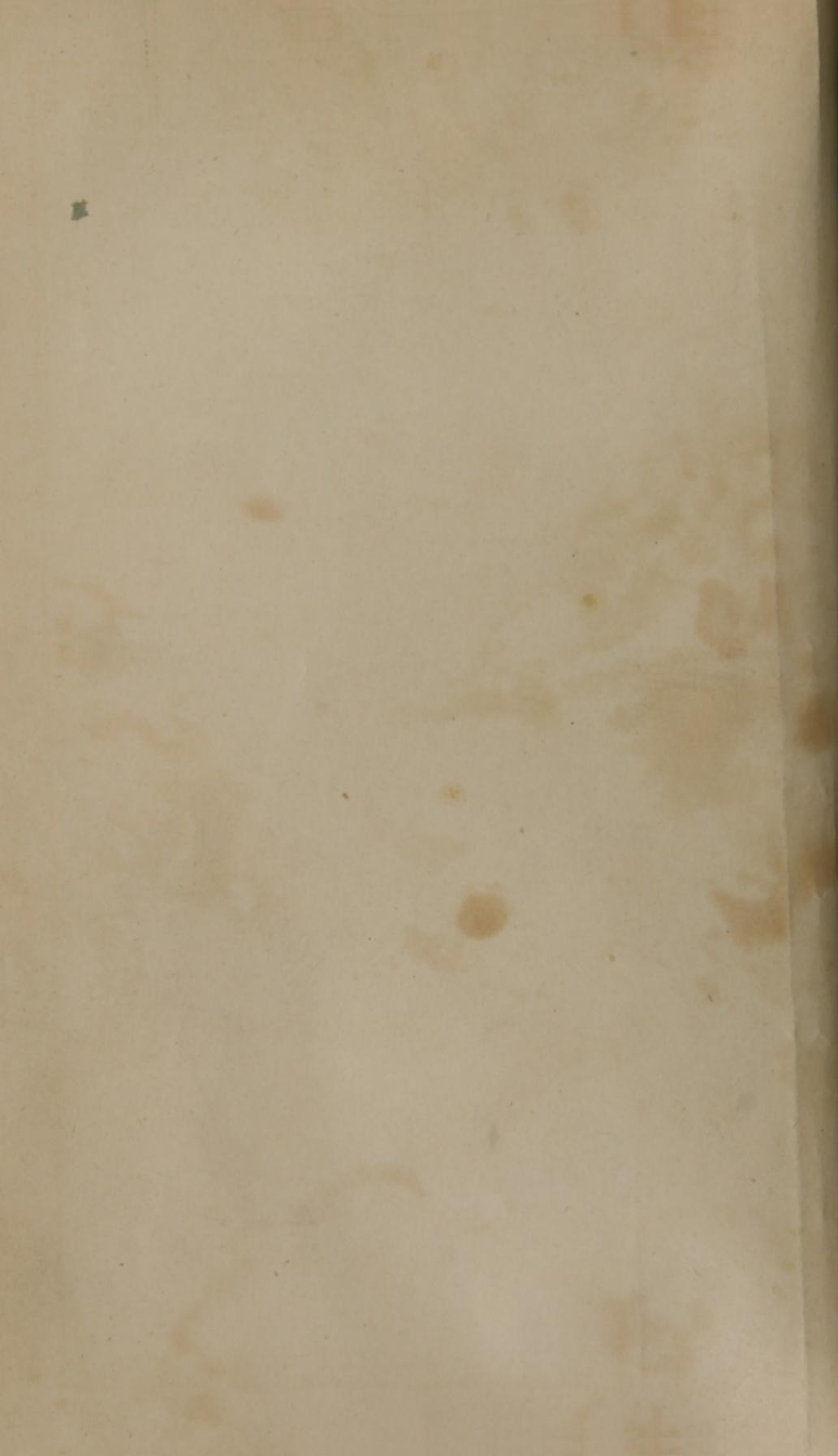
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PART 2.

25 CENTS.

# REMINISCENCES

OF A

# VIRGINIA PHYSICIAN.

BY

✓  
PROF. P. S. RUTER,

OF THE MASONIC COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.

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cept her husband, so she quietly led the way to the room designated, which Mary entered alone.

Clifford rose on her entrance, and, perfectly mystified by the message he had received and the grief-stricken appearance of Miss Landon, and already anticipating some dreadful communication, attempted to take her hand. She withdrew it, but with a look of kindness and sorrow that showed the act proceeded from no diminished regard for him.

“Mary,” said he, more than ever perplexed and confounded, “tell me, I entreat you, what has happened—what is the matter?”

“O, it is no fault of yours, it is no fault of yours,” said she, sobbing as though her heart would break,—“what shall I do,—what will become of me?”

At a loss what to make of the scene, and not venturing to offer the sympathy which he feared would be declined, poor Clifford sat like a statue, dim visions of disappointment chasing each other like dreams through his bewildered brain; but in them all, not a thought to the disparagement of the pure and beautiful being by his side. At length she raised her head, and turning upon him those eyes, made still more charming by the large drops that glistened upon the long lashes, in a voice calmed by strong self-control, but betraying deep love and inflexible resolution in its kind and impressive tones; using, too, for the first time, his most familiar name, as if to soften the effect of the terrible sentence she was about to utter:

“Arthur,” said she, “I have sent for you to tell you that we can never—I mean, that I cannot fulfill the engagement that was made last evening between us. You must forget me.”

“Clifford was petrified, and for a moment silent. During that moment a thousand thoughts, with lightning-like rapidity, passed through his mind;—all his hopes and fears, both in the past and future, all his knowledge of her character and belief in its purity and consistency, all possible imaginings of the cause of her present conduct or probability of its change.

He knew too well her peculiar characteristics, which he had the more admired, as they had been, in the course of acquaintance, more fully developed, not to know that she must have compelling, resistless reasons for a decision so full of life-long pain and disappointment to both. Whim, caprice or coquetry had no place in her well-balanced disposition. It would be useless and hopeless to attempt to influence a determination which it must have cost her even more pain to form than to express, with-

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out first ascertaining and removing the grounds for it. But here he was met with repulse at the threshold. The most humble and persuasive entreaty, and the more seriously advanced claim of right to know, produced alike no effect upon her.

“I know you have rights, I know I have given you a claim to hear my reasons,” said she, with passionate and tearful earnestness, “but I cannot give them. It is no fault of yours, and O, I entreat you to believe it is no fault of mine. I do not pretend to conceal that it gives me pain, that my feelings toward you are the same as ever, and my own conviction that I shall never be happy,—O no! I can never be happy again. But it is my duty. Heaven has interposed a barrier between us that no one on earth can remove. I am compelled to submit, and you cannot do otherwise.”

The next week Clifford embarked for Italy.

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## LEAF VII.

The day after Clifford had left us, Seymour entered my office with, as usual, a quotation for a salutation:

“*Varium et mutabile semper est femina,*” and added, “somebody pretty well translates it, ‘Frailty, thy name is woman.’ What think you of Miss Landon now, Doctor?”

“The same as ever,” said I, “I pity and sympathize with, but cannot bring myself to condemn her. What she has done has manifestly been prompted by the sternest sense of duty, and as evidently gives quite as much pain to her as to Clifford.”

“Singular what that mysterious duty can be, isn’t it?” replied he rather cynically, “whose voice, so loud to her, is unrecognized by her parents, whose promptings, so painfully imperative to her, are utterly unknown to her nearest relatives. This thing of making an engagement one evening to break it the next day, so marvellously resembles coquetry or something worse, that—”

“You forget,” interrupted I, “her expressed determination never to marry any one. That precludes the possibility of at least future coquetry, and, I would think, relieves her of your charge of such conduct toward Clifford.”

"Perhaps so, if she adhere to her determination. Strange, though, that no persuasion of family or friends could induce her either to change her resolution with regard to Clifford, or to give the reasons for it."

"Still," persisted I, "she had reasons that she considered all-powerful. So much she told me."

"Did she give Clifford no hope for the future?" asked S.

"None whatever. Her only words to him from first to last were, that he must forget her."

"That he'll never do," said the bachelor, with something so like a sigh that I turned to look at him in astonishment. "Men do not so easily as is generally imagined, forget a disappointment of that kind," continued he rather bitterly, and not observing my look of surprise; "'tis a wonder indeed, so many are fooled in this way, but 'credula res amor est,' and each one hopes he may draw a prize in the lottery."

"I think you are right," said I, "Clifford will never be able to forget her."

"Not he; it is as I told you the night they first met. She is become his destiny."

Days, months and years passed by. Clifford remained in Italy, studying closely, forming no acquaintances except as connected with his art, for the sake of which alone almost he seemed to endure existence. His letters, sent only to Seymour and myself, beside his parents, made no allusion to the blow that had come so crushingly upon him, but it was evident that the freshness of his heart was gone forever. A stern consciousness of duty, arising from his strong mind and high moral principles, alone saved him from a reckless self-abandonment that would soon have destroyed him.

In the meantime, Mary Landon seemed, to those sufficiently intimate with her to judge, scarcely less deserving of pity than her lover. At first, her grief was overwhelming, and showed sufficiently that her course had been an involuntary and compulsory one. Time seemed, however, to soften down her sorrow into a sort of gentle, unobtrusive pensiveness, that rendered her only more interesting.

None, not even her inquisitive and persevering mother, ever obtained from her the secret so fatal to the peace of herself and Clifford. I remarked that she always listened eagerly to news from Italy. Besides, she never appeared ill at ease in conscience. The same sense of duty that had prompted seemed to sustain her

in the course she had taken. She went seldom into society. All this convinced me that although she had to her lover pronounced their separation eternal, she herself looked forward to some time when the dreadful barrier between them might perhaps be broken down.

Gossip took up the story,—when did it ever fail?—and with divers and sundry additions, if not improvements, circulated it far and wide. Clifford was a good match, and many mothers admired his name as much as did Mrs. Landon; while poor Mary was unfortunately much too charming not to be greatly in the way of many young misses, who felt in her presence (to use the celebrated compliment of the Russian ambassador to Queen Elizabeth,) as the stars must in the presence of the moon. She therefore received no mercy.

Soon after this, her father's failure and her unfortunate sister's separation from her husband, (see last sketch,) called upon Mary for sacrifices which she seemed to take pleasure in making. Time only improved her personally as well as mentally. While it rounded her figure and strengthened her constitution, it also confirmed her judgment and gave her knowledge of the world. Her father's misfortunes taught her that wealth was too uncertain to be made indispensable to happiness, and her sister's bitter experience showed her how even the warmest love, unaccompanied by some mere every-day qualification, may change to aversion if not to hate.

After twenty-three, she began to be considered, according to American usage, "an old maid;" but it was not till after even that time, that she was really most fascinating.

The noble moral lesson, conveyed in the conduct of this lovely creature,—so bitterly disappointed in most that may be imagined to make life desirable to a woman, still, never yielding to despondency, never betraying impatience in her endurance, but conscious of propriety, trusting to that virtue whose ultimate reward is sure, and devoting herself, with no selfish indulgence of outward grief, to the happiness of her parents and sister,—was worthy of all admiration. I have seen a similar picture drawn, a similar lesson inculcated in no work of fiction, except recently in the "Nina" of Miss Bremer.

It was impossible to tell, in the case of Mary Landon, how much, if at all, grief prevented or stunted the development of beauty. For though she had evidently a ceaseless source of saddening and secret sorrow, yet she was manifestly supported by a

consciousness of rectitude; and I sometimes doubted if she had not so disciplined herself as to be entirely resigned to her disappointment, and suspected her habitual melancholy to proceed from some gnawing personal anxiety rather than from grief.

About the commencement of the seventh year of Clifford's absence, his father, who had been considered one of our wealthiest citizens, became so involved, from his connection with a business house in N., that, supposing he must ultimately lose his property, he wrote to his son to return home.

Arthur brought with him a high reputation as an artist, no less than as a man of integrity. The only visible effect of his early disappointment was a saddened manner that even time could not wear away. The wound of the heart had healed to outward appearance, but you could see that there was a scar.

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#### LEAF VIII.

It is time to tell the reader the reasons that prompted Mary Landon's course, as I afterward learned them.

When she took the papers from her father's hand and retired to her room for their perusal, it was with a foreboding of evil for which she could not account. They proved to be selections from her family records, covering authentically its history for six generations back, and giving traditions for others even beyond these.

At first, she found little to interest her and much that she read only in obedience to her father's request. But very soon the interest of the parchments became absorbing. She learned that the misfortune alluded to by her father was hereditary madness, occurring regularly at every alternate generation, as far back as the records or traditions extended; with this peculiarity, that it always attacked the oldest child and none other, and invariably, without a single exception, developed itself during the first month after their reaching the age of twenty-four.

And the recollection came with crushing force, that she was the oldest child, and hers the alternate generation; then at twenty-four she would become—the idea was torturing, horrible,—a lunatic!

In vain she re-read, re-examined the fatal records, to find a

single exception to the terrible rule. There was not one. True, until the present generation, every oldest child had been a son, but she knew of nothing in the change of sex to justify her in even hoping that she might prove an exception to the frightful uniformity of the regularly-recurring madness.

Her first thought was of her lover. From him she was separated, at once and forever. O no, let her not be stricken to the very earth by the dreadful certainty that they were parted forever. Was there not the merest chance, the most distant possibility that the change of sex might exempt her from the dreadful contingency? The hope of this, however slightly founded, might remain to her as the straw which the drowning sufferer will grasp, but it must not be named to him. She was now but seventeen, and even with the certainty of a future union, she felt no right to ask of him so long a delay in singleness of heart and life; still less so, when even the termination of the seven years might find her only fit for—perhaps an inmate of a mad-house! No, she must yield to the fearful necessity and announce to him, now dearer to her than life, that the so recently-formed engagement must be broken forever.

She never dared name to her mother the reasons for her conduct, because she feared that Mrs. L.'s match-making inclinations and anxiety for the marriage, would blunt her delicacy, and render her insensible to the force of the apprehension which the daughter felt so fatally binding on herself.

My suspicion had been correct. So satisfied was she of the propriety of her course, that after a year or two, when the first burst of incontrollable anguish was past, consciousness of rectitude and gratification at hearing of Clifford's honorable course and single life, did remove the sting of her grief, and little was left habitually to pain her, save the terrible fear of madness; and the manner in which she endured this, the most dreadful apprehension that can haunt a human being, I have always considered one of the highest efforts and evidences of mental superiority.

As years passed by, the hope of escape from the threatened disease and of a future meeting with Clifford, grew stronger; for the noble girl judged his affection by her own, and believed it unchangeable, undying.

At last, her twenty-fourth birth-day, and the dreaded first month passed in safety and sanity, and the elder Clifford's difficulties recalled Arthur from Italy.

O, how warmly and freshly did hope spring up in that bosom so

constant and so severely tried! But there was difficulty yet. She had to her lover made their separation eternal, and even were this not so, she felt that he would not renew his suit to her with the prospect of a limited support, derived from his pencil, instead of the wealth it had been once in his power to offer her. Had her own father been in his former circumstances, she, with her straight-forward purity of motive and conduct, would not have hesitated to make the first advances to a renewal of their acquaintance. But her present poverty forbid it.

At this juncture, as if to reward a virtue so unequalled, an affection so kind, the decease of a distant relative left to Mary and her sister Louisa, a handsome fortune. The very day after this was announced and assured to them, but still not known out of doors, Mary despatched a note to Arthur Clifford, requesting his presence at her father's.

If any one can fancy the rapture with which the pardoned and restored Peri is described by the Modern Anacreon to have stood at Heaven's gate, he may imagine the joy with which Clifford, obeying the message, received from the beautiful lips of her whom he had so long and faithfully loved, an explanation of the past and new hope for the future. An explanation of the past, that elevated still higher in his esteem the matchless creature for whom he had suffered so much; and hope for the future, that was like the resurrection of the spirit from the grave of the body.

It was not till the wedding-day was fixed, (for which, however, in compliance with Mrs. Landon's urgent suggestion, he was not "made to wait very long,") that he was advised of Mary's sudden acquisition of fortune. He had expected to support himself and her, as he was well able to do, by his art, but on the day before his marriage, the only thing that seemed lacking to fill up the measure of his happiness was accomplished. An examination of the books of the mercantile firm at N., with which his father had been connected, showed such misconduct and abuse of trust on their part, as entirely relieved the Cliffords from responsibility, and assured them of the possession of their former wealth.

I have little more to tell. They were married; and if they had before realized the wise man's aphorism that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," they also proved that hope deferred, if not to the extreme, only makes the realization, when it does come, more full of joy.

Besides the consciousness of having acted rightly, and of hav-

ing this acknowledged by her friends, Mary has the happiness to believe, and on good grounds, that as the chain of regular hereditary liability has, in her case, been once broken, it will probably never again be formed; and therefore that her family is, in her person, relieved of so terrible a curse as hereditary madness.

Years have passed since the incidents above related, and to this day all those cognizent of the circumstances acknowledge that there never has been from that day to this, a happier match than the one which some very young Misses were disposed to designate as the OLD MAID'S MARRIAGE.

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## REMINISCENCES.

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NUMBER VIII.

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THE OLD BACHELOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

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One morning, in the Fall of 182 —, I was driving up the street, making professional calls, when I met Dr. R., abroad on the same business.

“Well,” said he, “Mrs. Nugent is returned from the Springs, and no better.”

“What I feared,” said I.

“What I expected,” he returned.

“I did not know you were so hopeless of the case.”

“Never dreamed of more than lengthening a life for which she seems not to care half so much as we do.”

“I’ve noticed that she seems to care little about recovering, and suspected some mental disease; do you know anything about it?”

“I thought every body knew it that knows her and Seymour as well as you do. Singular you have not heard it!”

“I am innocent of all knowledge on the subject,” said I; “what was it.”

“O, it is a long story. I shall see you to night at her house in consultation; we’ll adjourn to my office afterward, and I’ll tell you what I know of it.”

What I learned from Dr. R., and what I gathered afterward from others, is thrown together in the following leaves.

## LEAF I.

It is an afternoon in 181 —. In a well finished room and by the side of a center-table covered with books and open papers, sits John Seymour, alone. It is likely he wishes to continue alone, seeing that, spite of warm weather, the room is closed. But, reader, we will look in. It will be no breach of politeness, for in scenes of this sort, you and I, like the chorus of the old Greek drama, are always supposed present, if we choose it.

The gentleman looks young, properly enough, for this is his twenty-first birth-day. He returned home an hour since from his guardian's, having just made a final settlement with the kind old gentleman who has so well managed his affairs since his parents' death, some five years ago.

The numerous open papers before him are evidences of property, certificates of stock, notes, bonds, deeds &c. He has looked them all over, and has become satisfied that about two-thirds of his property, consisting of stock, cannot be reckoned upon permanently for more than six per cent, and the other third, invested in various ways, won't produce more than eight, and he is now leaning back in the easy chair and endeavoring to satisfy himself on another point,—whether the interest of \$30,000, producing as above invested, about \$2,000 per annum, will suffice to support in the style he is willing to live in, a Mrs. Seymour.

There are also a few loose thousands of surplus revenue, accumulated during his minority, but he does not count them. If he were to marry, they will set him up in house-keeping, and if he do not, they will suffice to sow his wild oats with, without the necessity of drawing upon his capital.

As to his intentions of the probable personality of the prospective Mrs. Seymour, I fancy between ourselves, reader, that they are tolerably well defined; for you notice how pleasant an expression his features assume, when, in connection with the thought of the future Mrs. Seymour, there brightens before his mental vision the image of two brilliant eyes, that belong, if I mistake not, to a certain Miss Clara Brandon, living some half a dozen squares off.

The fact is, and the reader may as well learn it now, that John Seymour, gent., is desperately enamored of Miss Clara Brandon, spinster. He loves her as those only can love who are constituted like him, and as such men love only once.

I have half a mind to inflict upon the reader here some notions of my own about this same love. I am perfectly convinced that but a small minority far from a moiety of human beings are at all capable of real love, of that noble emotion, where sentiment predominates over passion, the intellectual over the animal; that beautiful psychological illustration of the doctrine of elective affinities shown in what the modern Anacreon calls,—

“That sweet comminglement of hearts,  
Where, changed as chymic compounds are  
Each with its own existence parts  
To find a new one, happier far.”

No single word in English (save the word Religion) is more prostituted than that of love. Truly descriptive of a passion, equi-distant and equi-different from the self-consuming straw-blaze of excited sixteen and the cool, calculating platonism of fifty, it is nevertheless sacriligiously applied to every boyish partiality and to each girlish caprice, to every youthful fancy and to each senectutal doting; until in love, as in religion, many of the unthinking are forced into utter infidelity. I doubt seriously if one in ten among men and one out of seven among women, are capable of loving in the true acceptance of the term.

If the reader hesitate to concur with me, let him ask himself or herself how many of their acquaintances are capable of the love of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, or of Alice for Maltravers, though Bulwer has by no means done justice to his own conception of Alice's character.

I have not time nor room to enlarge here upon my notions, but what I have said is to prepare the reader for believing that Seymour, loved not in the usual acceptance of the word, but with a passion life-long and life-influencing.

We will shift the scene. It is a lady's room and a lady is in it. Let me introduce you to Miss Clara Brandon. If you hesitate about entering a lady's room, let me remind you that we possess this advantage over even the old Greek chorus, that having some sort of magical dress, like the tarn-cap of Siegfried, in the old Nibelungen Lay, we are actually invisible.

Turn your eyes upon the lady. Admire that profuse black hair ringleting itself so naturally on and around a head that is — observe — rather flat on top, to the disadvantage of the moral developments, and of considerable breadth just at the tops of the ears, denoting large secretiveness. The forehead is broad and massive. The old Romans, with their passion for wide and low foreheads

and joining eyebrows, would have pronounced her front head faultless. A more modern admirer who had faith in phrenology, might perhaps associate with that lowness of forehead a lack of benevolence. The head is not so unusually large, but the brain it holds is assuredly of the active and energetic character. Notice the temperament,—hair and eyes black,—skin scarcely dark enough to denominate its owner a brunette, yet certainly too dark for a blonde.

Observe the matchless expression of that face, the graceful curve of the swan neck, and be astonished at the splendid bust. You are astonished, because usually, large intellectual developments in a woman are accompanied by a meagre vitality. Admire that slender waist, the Juno-like majesty of her rather tall figure, and those hands and feet, whose beauty Catharine de Medicis herself (the Medici family were famed for the smallest hands in Europe) would have envied.

Now take the *tout ensemble* and let us make up our estimate of her general character. I think we shall pronounce her to have more intellect than heart, and more heart than conscience; a sort of Americo-Italian woman, of strong passions, and such control over them as interest might dictate, with frequently noble impulses, but generally of selfish promptings; one whose love, once won, would not stop on this side of the grave, and whose hate or revenge would, if possible, go beyond it; and at the same time, one of those fascinating creatures, for whom and by whom a man might be lured even from the very gates of Paradise, like Moore's angel when

“Won down by fascinating eyes,  
For woman's smile he lost the skies.”

Even such a being was Clara Brandon, at eighteen. Possessing great personal beauty, there was scarcely a trait in her mental character that might not have been so managed, by discipline to control the evil, and culture to develop the good, that she might have been an amiable as well as fascinating woman. This proper education she unfortunately lacked.

Her mother was a person of much tact, more knowledge of the world, and still more selfishness. She had found but one great evil in this world, and that was the shortness of her husband's purse; and fully resolved to save her daughter at least this annoyance, she had carefully instilled into Clara's mind this great principle in feminine ethics: that longitude of purse is the only touchstone of merit in suitors; that whatever the greater or less cate-

chism might inculcate as the chief end of man, the chief end and aim of woman was—a good settlement. She was taught, therefore, to look upon her beauty and accomplishments as so much capital, so much stock in trade, by a judicious management of which she was, like any other speculator, to become rich.

If Mrs. Brandon did not succeed in destroying altogether her daughter's heart, it was because Clara's mind was of too high an order and her passions too strong for her not to be conscious that there was something more on earth to be lived for than pin-money and the latest fashions. But the mother did succeed in removing from her daughter's conscience all scruples, as to the motives which should prompt her in the choice and the means to be used in the winning of a lover or husband.

Clara was brought out at sixteen. Proposals enough she received, and some very tolerable ones, in the course of the first season. During this season she met Seymour. Struck from the first with his evident mental superiority, she listened to his voice, perhaps the more willingly that during that year he spoke not one word of love to her. But this could not long continue. Flirtation and coquetry and conquest were necessary to her existence, and strong in her consciousness of womanly power, and unscrupulous of consequences to her victim, she became piqued at his apparent insensibility, and redoubled her efforts to bring him to her feet.

Seymour certainly was fascinated, almost from first sight. Her efforts to please threw an air of amiability about her which seemed natural, and would easily have become so if habitually practiced. But he would not surrender his heart without the sanction of his judgment, and when, persuaded at last that she was all he wished her to be, he allowed himself to admire, to love her, it was with a devotedness of heart and intensity of passion proportioned to his sincere estimate of her, that she was the most perfect of God's creatures.

Miss Brandon had not yet discovered (self examination formed no part of her daily or nightly duties) that the possessing herself of his heart had been at the cost of the surrender of her own. She knew that she was pleased with him. She was aware that even in her mother's estimate of comparative value, he was an eligible match; and when, during the second year of their acquaintance, she, with her mother's sanction, accepted his offer of marriage, it was with a consciousness of satisfaction which an older and more experienced coquette would have felt to be indicative of more than ordinary attachment.

But Clara did not suspect this. She expected the match to be little more than a *marriage de convenance*, and certainly did not dream that deep in the recesses of her heart of hearts there lay self-unknown and self-unacknowledged, a passion for Seymour fully equal to that which he more candidly acknowledged and professed for her.

It was understood, among the intimate friends of both, that they would be married during the following winter.

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## LEAF II.

Seymour had long been intending to take a trip to Europe. He proposed to Mrs. Brandon that he should take the journey as a bridal tour with Clara, immediately after marriage; but the mother strenuously opposed so long a journey, and he determined to make it alone, in the interval.

For two or three months after his departure, Clara's letters were at least all that he expected in their manifestations of regard, if not all that his own ardency might have desired. Suddenly they became more formal and more brief, and then less regular. Willing to assign to the change any cause rather than one which should diminish his esteem for her, he forbore to notice it; but was doubting the propriety of prolonging his absence, when he received a letter from a friend, intimating that certain private personal arrangements of Seymour's own were suffering from another's interference, and dimly hinting at the necessity of his speedy return.

Suspicion was no ingredient in his nature. His love made him even more trustful and confiding than he was naturally. So, instead of putting the hints in this letter with the unaccountable change of style in Clara's, and drawing conclusions unfavorable to her constancy, he determined hastily and angrily to cut the acquaintance of its author. The next mail brought a letter from Clara. It was earlier than the usual time, and taking this as a good omen, he opened the sheet with the certainty that all cause for doubt was removed and his fond confidence justified.

The letter contained but six lines, but those six lines were fatal. They announced that she released him from his vows and

recalled her own! I shall not attempt to describe his amazement, his consternation, his despair. Not one in a thousand of human beings is capable of such attachment as his. In love's game, as in all gaming, the pain of the loser is in proportion to the amount hazarded. With, as he thought, a cautious pre-calculation of the chances, Seymour had risked upon a single throw all that made existence either hopeful or desirable—and lost.

Instantly, though with motives that he made no attempt to analyze or examine, he started homeward. Perhaps he hoped that his presence might effect a reversal of the terrible judgment. Perhaps—but he could lay no plans, conceive no reasons—his brain was chaos. Home, home now, speedily as possible. He could neither talk, read nor think. Whatever he did was from habit, not motive.

The journey was annoying to him. The confinement on ship-board, in steamboat and stagecoach, and the compulsory intercourse with others, in the present morbidly sensitive state of his mind, was torture. He wished only to pass along unspoken to, unknown and unnoticed; and he would deprive himself of both food and sleep, whenever the partaking of them involved that association with the unthinking crowd, which, in his state of feeling, was intolerable.

In this condition, his mind worn upon by suffering and his body by abstinence, he, late in the evening, reached N——, on his homeward route.

The hotel was large and crowded. He entered the supper-room, but it was too full, he could not eat. He wandered into the reading-room, and as he lounged listlessly by the files of dailies and weeklies, his eye caught the title of one of the latter, published at home, and with a natural feeling he began to turn its leaves.

Glancing toward the top, the first date that met his eye was exactly a week after that of Clara's last letter to him. With a sickening feeling, he turned the leaf and the following paragraph caught and riveted his attention:

“On Thursday evening, 10th inst., by Rev. Dr. ——, JOHN NUGENT, ESQ., to Miss CLARA BRANDON, daughter of Wm. Brandon, Esq., all of this place.”

Spell-bound, as if he had seen a specter, Seymour stood gazing vacantly on the fatal sentence, till the steps of persons coming from supper disturbed him, and he turned toward his room, heart-sick, hope-withered and reckless alike of present or future, though

still calm, collected and externally impassive. But while his step was firm, and his bearing even haughtily stern, a gloomy depression, a bitter, despairing melancholy weighed upon his spirits.

Psychologists think the weakened and etherialized (that is not the word I want, but I cannot find a better) condition of the organization, consequent upon fasting and suffering, favorable to those mysterious and inexplicable modes of operation or impressions of man's spiritual part, which are otherwise seldom called into ordinary action. And believers in a certain modern science think such a condition of body and mind peculiarly fitted for the action of the generally dormant faculty of clairvoyance.

A dim but forcible presentiment in Seymour's mind warned him that something unusual, something too, with which he would be connected, was about to happen in the external world. By some of the unexplained, perhaps inexplicable methods of communication from the world of futurity to the world of the present, he was made aware and certain that some crisis, in which he was deeply interested, was about being evolved.

And with this impression weighing heavily upon his mind and thoughts, but utterly reckless what that crisis might be, from the bitter consciousness that no future could be more terrible than the present, he threw himself upon the bed, and fell into a reverie, which gradually became one of those heavy, almost death-like slumbers, the united result of exhaustion and pain, from which awakening is so difficult.

How long it lasted, he knew not. Visions chased each other through his brain, at first varied and changeful, and at length, though they changed, becoming more of a sort and assuming night-mare forms, that oppressed his breathing. Then the dream-haunters would yell in his ears all manner of unintelligible and horrible sounds; though still, even in the depth of his ephialtic slumber, one voice, one sound, seemed to prevail over all the others. In vain he struggled against and endeavored to shake off the incubus. The feeling became more oppressive, the mingled din of noises more babel-like, the fearful images more and more hideous, when suddenly he awoke.

Opening his eyes to free himself from the dreadful impressions of his dreams, he became aware in a moment that it was not all a dream. The horrible din of confused noises continued, accompanied by a now distinct and ominous roaring; the sense of suffocation rather increased than diminished, and those flickering and shapeless shadows that flashed through the darkness on the

walls around him, must have been the demons that were haunting his slumbers.

Suddenly a terrifying word reached his half-awakened ears, which he recognized instantly as the prevailing sound that had rung through his sleeping visions; and he sprang from the bed at a single bound, as the truth burst upon him at once. The hotel was on fire, and he was in the fourth story!

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### LEAF III.

Let not the reader imagine that, after Seymour's departure, Clara Brandon entered less into society or shared less its pleasures. The life of fashion was too naturally her element. At one of those scenes of pleasure, where she shone a star of first magnitude, she met a Mr. Nugent.

Jack Nugent, as he was familiarly termed, had just returned from a three years' sojourn in the Old World, whence he had brought most of its individual follies and as many of its vices as he had energy enough to acquire.

He was weak, vain, selfish, twenty-four, worth \$100,000 and sported a tolerable moustache; and upon the strength of the last two recommendations, would fain have become a lady-killer.

With Miss Brandon, he lispily professed himself smitten at first sight, and vowed most languishingly, "'Pon hith thoul and 'pon hith honaw," (dandies generally swear by that whose loss would injure them least,) "that she wath the moht angelic cweature in Cwithendom."

Nugent always took his opinions from others, (it was too much trouble to think for himself,) and had not Clara been a belle, she might very possibly have escaped his notice altogether. As it was, she very naturally received much of his attentions, and as naturally she encouraged them.

He heard of her previous engagement, but this was not at all in his way. With small development and less cultivation of moral and honorable principle, he saw in her previous betrothment only an additional inducement. For to supercede, in vulgar language to "cut out," the brilliant and courted John Seymour, was an exploit, he thought, worthy of his ambition.

Mrs. Brandon soon began to speculate, first upon the feasibility, and then upon the propriety of Clara's discarding her old lover, who possessed, in her Plutus-worshipping eyes, scarce one third the recommendations the new one could boast. The daughter was too young to know herself; there was, too, an *eclat* in winning Nugent which delighted her vanity, nor could she be wholly insensible, with the education she had received, to the solid advantages of her new conquest. Little serious consideration was given—she gave little to anything—and when Nugent, flattered and almost astonished at his own success, offered his hand and fortune, he was unhesitatingly accepted.

Clara's first moment of sober reflection was when writing to Seymour the letter which dismissed him, and she was half alarmed at her feelings while doing this, but she had then gone too far to hesitate, even if disposed to do so.

Nugent was resolved that his own game should not be played against him by another, and insisted on an immediate union. Mrs. B. concurred in this, and the daughter did not object either to this or to her new lover's proposition of a bridal tour, for both she and her mother could not avoid an awkward dread of the first meeting with Seymour.

The faithless Clara was wedded, as the reader has seen, within a week of Seymour's dismissal, and with her husband started from home immediately. And now, one month after marriage, as the strangest fate or chance would have it, they had arrived at N——, on the same evening and were stopping at the same hotel with Seymour.

The reader already asks if four weeks of married life had wrought no change in Clara's opinions, as to whether the choice of a life-partner should be made a matter of dollars and cents, especially when in the face of a solemn and binding obligation to another? I almost shrink from speaking of Mrs. Nugent's mind or feelings at this time. Regrets of marriage, after marriage, are of all secret griefs the most gnawing and bitter that can haunt a woman; for the step she has taken is irrevocable and if a mis-step, irreparable. That Clara yet felt distinct, tangible regrets, can scarcely be asserted. But her state of mind was fast verging toward this. She was talented, and she soon discovered that Nugent was—anything else.

It is unfortunate for a wife to suspect inferiority in her husband; hazardous to the peace of both, for her to ascertain it. A man's qualities of heart must be of much more than ordi-

nary attractiveness that he may retain the respect of a wife who fancies, still worse of one who knows herself to be mentally his superior. Nugent's heart was as destitute of noble feelings as his mind was of elevated thoughts. His wife might deserve pity, had not her course been so reprehensible, and her uneasiness, which was fast turning to unhappiness, all self-induced.

True, she still had sources of satisfaction; her position was secure, and her jointure ample, and her jewels brilliant; but when the pleasure circle was broken up, and the guests departed, and the lights extinguished, and the flattering voices silent, and the music still,—then indeed, she missed the intelligent conversation, the interchange of fresh and sensible thoughts; then she felt the want of something more than the foppish, egotistical shallowness, which made up the incorporeal (one can scarcely call it mental) part of Mr. John Nugent.

The only thought or feeling she allowed herself toward Seymour, was one that will appear singular only to these un-read in woman's nature. At first, she had dreaded to meet him for herself; now she much more dreaded to have him meet her husband. For, strange as it may seem to some, she feared less to meet him she had so causelessly and cruelly wronged, then she feared to have him know that she had rejected him for a fool.

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#### LEAF IV.

We left Seymour just awakened to consciousness, just becoming aware of his perilous situation. Fortunately, he was but half undressed. A single moment served to re-adjust his clothes, and then, before taking a single step toward escape, he opened the door of his room and listened intently, amidst the hoarse roaring of the flames, for the sound of human life within the building.

He listened in vain. Through the whole long ward, every room of which he well knew, on the preceding evening, had its one or more occupants, no voice of living being could now be heard, nor indeed aught else save the incessant crackling and humming of the devouring element. All had escaped, save himself alone. While outside, the loud orders of the firemen, mingled

with the shouts and yells that always attend and increase the confusion of a fire, the regular stroke of the fire-engines and the hissing of the water where it met the heated walls,—all told him that the house must have been long on fire, perhaps an hour or more.

He raised a sash and applied his hand to open a window-blind, but it was too hot to be touched. He dashed it open with a chair, and instantly a mass of clear flame flashed up into the window, singeing his hair and eyebrows. The room below his was internally on fire, and the devouring element was pouring upward, in greedy tongues of flame, from the open windows.

Escape in that direction was impossible, but the chair he had used fell out, and a shout of mingled sympathy and horror rose from the myriads below, as they saw this evidence that some human being was still so hopelessly far up in the burning building.

Seymour turned from the window and went again to the passage. Though his life hung upon the chances of each moment, he manifested little excitement, no hurry. A perfect tempest of sparks, flame and smoke, which roared up through the opening where the staircase had been, satisfied him that no possibility of escape existed there; but not a moment was to be lost. Already the floors were becoming too hot to be stood upon, and through the imperceptible crevices of the heat-shrunk boards, a million little tongues of smoke were ascending, forced up by the rarified atmosphere below.

He knew that if he could gain the other wing, the ladies' part of the building, there was another staircase. Coolly scattering the clothes from his bed, he took the largest blanket, and pouring over it the contents of the ewer, doubled it together so as to retain the water and be ready to throw around him, and then dashed out into the hall. It was time. The floor smoked and swelled upward with the heat, but bent with his weight as he trod upon it in passing along.

He had noticed little of the shape of the building, on entering it on the previous evening, but he knew it was built in the form of an L, and that the shorter side contained the ladies' apartments. Still he was blinded as well as suffocated by the smoke, and uncertain of more than the general direction.

The flames roared and crackled behind, around and below him, as he hurried onward, but he did not hear them before him. The stifling smoke became gradually thinner as he advanced, and after

proceeding, as he imagined, near a hundred steps, he was hoping soon to reach a part of the house yet unburned, or whence escape would be easy, when he ran in the darkness against a solid wall.

He understood his situation instantly. He had traversed two thirds of the entire building, and had now reached the separating partition between the male and female portions of the hotel. The fire was on three sides of him and a wall of mason work on the fourth. Almost utterly hopeless now of ultimate escape, he still would not die without an effort, and had started a few steps backward, to run again the terrible gauntlet before him, when the floor trembled under his feet, and a crashing, crumbling fall was heard like thunder.

For one sickening moment, a faintness like that of death came over him, for he supposed, of course, that the whole building was falling and that even a grave would be denied to his incinerated corpse. But as a sudden and brilliant light flashed up behind him, he looked around, and the partition wall was gone. It and the ones below it had been built over the large store rooms of the ground-floor, on wooden or stone columns, which had now burned or crumbled away. The falling mass shattered but did not carry down the floors with it, because, fortunately, the sleepers of the floor were not let into it, but lay parallel to it, resting in the side walls.

Springing over the narrow chasm of fire left by the sinking walls, he hastened forward; his way now open and lighted, for the falling partition had opened a new and powerful draught for the flames, against which his only protection was the wet blanket.

It was like the fiery trial of the neophyte in the Mysteries of Isis, but his only hope of safety was in pushing rapidly onward. A glance at the neater arrangements of the rooms and at the abandoned garments scattered here and there, showed that he was now in the ladies' wing.

He soon approached the staircase, but was again met by disappointment, for the hot and roaring draught announced this also to be on fire. But it was his only hope, and forcing his way through the dense volumes of suffocating smoke, he found that the head stair was still sound, as he placed his foot upon it, though he could see nothing. Each succeeding step trembled more and more, till, when about half way down, the last one gave way under him, as the smoke was dissipated by a bright sheet of flame that shot up the stairway.

Seymour sprang forward just in time to reach the foot-landing. But he was still three stories up, and the lower portion of the staircase was now a mass of fire. Turning to the right, toward what seemed an open window at the end of the passage, he ran on, followed and almost enveloped in the wild element, increasing now more furiously than ever, as if angry at being about to lose its victim.

His blanket was now thoroughly dried and scorched. A moment more, and he had gained the window. One look—he was saved!

The window was in the extreme end of the hotel, and opened immediatly upon the roofs of a long row of two story buildings that were not burning. The comb of the roof was not four feet below the window-sill, and ladders were already against the eaves. He sprang out instantly, for he felt the floor trembling beneath his feet, but was recalled by a female scream that reached his ears from the smoke-filled apartments he had just left. The sound was not repeated, but he thought he could hear low and smothered exclamations.

Obeying the first impulse, he wrapped his now almost crisped blanket once more about him, re-entered the window and plunged again into the murky atmosphere. Ten steps brought him in contact with the floating drapery of a female.

“Is there another!—are there any more?” he shouted. And at the sound of his voice, the stranger sprung into his arms with a wild scream that seemed to the confused senses of Seymour, as much like joy as terror, and clung to his bosom. No time was allowed for hesitation. His footing was already giving way under him, and turning, he had just regained the outside of the window with his burden, when floor, partition and walls sank down with a crash, as a broad sheet of angry flame shot up through the whole interior of the wing, revealing to the amazed and thunder-stricken Seymour that he had in his arms the senseless form of Clara Nugent.

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#### LEAF V.

The room occupied by the Nugents was on the second floor. Clara had awakened her husband soon after the alarm was given that the house was on fire. That pusillanimous creature directed

his first movement, like his first thought, toward the safety of his precious self. Grasping his clothes, he darted out of the room, bidding her follow.

This was the climax. All women admire courage and despise cowardice. This is necessarily so in the very constitution of things. Nature has made them physically weak to need protection, the other sex physically strong to give it. Had Nugent only evinced manly courage, his wife might have had at least that single cause to assign to herself to justify some other feeling than absolute contempt. But his cowardly selfishness took from him the last claim to her least respect, and even at that dreadful moment, and when uncertain if she should escape from the burning building, as she was ignorant how much or how little the flames had advanced, she felt in her heart that she despised him.

She would not even condescend to follow him as directed. A melancholy despondency came over her heart that induced her to think her last hour was come. The door closed, blown too by the draught of heated air that began to whistle meaningly up the long passage, and she sank into a chair.

There were seeds of noble qualities in that throbbing heart, though they sadly lacked cultivation. If her first thought was of home, her second was of one now forbidden forever to her thoughts and to her love. But death would cancel her hasty vows, and she at that moment considered herself sure of such canceling; and yielding to an unrestrained and perhaps resistless impulse, she pronounced his name aloud, and burst into a torrent of the bitterest tears she had ever yet shed.

Then, for the first time, she felt and even to herself acknowledged the depth, the fervor of her passion for Seymour. At any other time or under any other circumstances, the fierce energy with which her newly confessed love awakened from its long obedience, would have frightened her. But now, in prospect of the dissolution of all barriers between her thoughts and him, she rather encouraged than checked her feelings. But how crushingly did the burning thought come home, searing her very heart, that Seymour did and must, aye, must forever despise her. This bitter reflection was intolerable, worse even than death, and roused her.

During her reverie, noises of all kinds, voices of entreaty and warning and hurrying footsteps passed her door; but now, all was still save the terrible roar of the fast increasing flames, that seemed hurrying like a wild beast for their prey.

With the waking from her reverie, the love of life returned strong upon her, and starting up in terror to think how long she had delayed, she opened her door and turned toward the staircase.

The hotel had first caught fire in one of the large store-houses on its lower floor, and the whole first story was now more or less in flames. She could not descend the stairs, and in her confusion ascended another story. Blinded and suffocated by the smoke, she hurried about, as much toward as from the fire, and finally finding herself in a room yet untouched by the flames, she sank down, exhausted, to die. A moment after, the rapid step of Seymour passed by the room, and excited by one hope more, she sprang into the passage and uttered the cry which recalled him.

Hearing no immediate response to her call, and utterly despairing of relief or aid, she exclaimed aloud in bitterness of heart—

“O, if even Seymour could help me, he would try to save me.”

Then, on the instant, as the words were yet almost upon her lips, his voice was in her ear, and he stood at her side. His sense had not been mistaken. The scream with which she threw herself impulsively upon his bosom, was accompanied by such a thrill of joy as she had never felt in all her life before.

I have little room for sage reflections. The reader may enlarge upon the strange chance or fate by which Seymour should be called upon to save, for the man whom he had most reason to hate and despise of all on earth, the wife of whom he had himself been robbed; and upon the singular chain of contingencies, by which it should happen that the first meeting of Clara with her former lover, should be on the very night when he had learned that she was lost to him forever, and when she should learn how worthless was the husband she had chosen, how noble the one she had discarded.

I cannot even linger to speak of the unhappy position of the wretched Clara, now condemned to live with one in whom she vainly looked for one redeeming trait, one single quality of mind, heart or disposition, in which she could compare him, without measureless inferiority, to the one whom she had, for his sake, heartlessly abandoned. Perhaps her punishment was even greater than her crime.

Five years afterward Nugent died. Though Clara's brilliant eye was somewhat dimmed and her velvet cheek paled and hollowed by mental suffering, yet as a rich and charming widow of twenty-three, she could not and did not lack admirers. All, how-

ever, were dismissed, alike without coquetry or encouragement, but promptly and almost sternly. Although she knew well the peculiar character of Seymour, it is more than likely that, for a few years, she hoped, as she unquestionably and ardently wished, a renewal of acquaintance with him. But he soon checked all such hope or expectation. Before her husband's death he never markedly avoided her, in order not to excite observation and gossip. After that occurrence he never allowed himself to meet her. She would willingly have made advances, but she understood too well his studied avoidance.

Years passed by. He did not marry and she would not. He relieved his loneliness by society and mental cultivation,—she increased hers by self-assumed seclusion and bitter because unavailing regrets. Of the two, he was doubtless far the less unhappy, because his sorrow had in it no self-condemnation.

It is more than probable that had Seymour married her in two or three years after the death of Nugent, they would have been far happier than even if their youthful engagement had never been broken; for years and sorrow and compulsory self-control must have given to her character and disposition a discipline which otherwise, in the absence of proper early training, they would never have received. But Seymour would never commit his happiness a second time where the trust had once been abused. He had marked out his path, and if his resolution ever faltered, it was still never broken.

Few constitutions can bear up against gnawing grief, close seclusion and want of exercise; and before Mrs. Nugent was thirty, she was in confirmed phthisis. Despairing of benefiting her by medicine, we ordered her to the Springs, whence she had just returned when introduced first to the reader.

She survived only about two months longer.



# REMINISCENCES.

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## NUMBER IX.

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### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

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#### LEAF I.

It is the chamber of the dying. You can enter with me, reader, but tread lightly. The uncarpeted floor, the uncurtained bed, the poorly shaded windows, the scanty furniture and the absence of a circle of weeping friends, all tell you that it is the chamber of poverty as well as of death.

You see but four persons in the room, the physician, the nurse and two others. One of these latter is a manly-looking boy, of about ten years, whose swollen eyes betray the grief which, with a considerateness beyond his years, he strives momentarily to repress, lest he should disturb his dying mother; though his glances never for a moment turn from the low couch where she is lying.

And the mother, pale and wasted and weakened by disease and suffering, yet perfectly resigned and conscious, she lies there, while the sands of life are falling fast, and the slow, faint beating of the pulse tells, like a muffled funeral bell, her near and nearer approach to the "house appointed for all the living."

"How much longer have I, doctor?" asks the patient faintly and with an effort, as the physician seats himself beside her and places his fingers on the wrist.

The doctor shook his head.

"Perhaps half an hour, but probably less."

"Henry!" said the mother, and instantly the boy stood beside

her, gazing earnestly and tearfully on the only relative he possessed in the wide world. Ah, too well did the young lad know the meaning of the scene before him, for scarcely one year before he had stood thus by the couch of his dying father. The mother placed her pale thin fingers, now clammy with the death-damp, upon the head of her boy.

"Oh, mother, mother," said he, choking in his utterance, "don't go,—don't leave me alone!"

"It is the will of God, my child," replied the agonized mother, "and I must go. But Henry, I am going where I shall meet your father again, and we will watch over you together."

The boy's pale features lighted up with almost a smile.

"Shall I see you, mother?" asked he earnestly.

"No, my son, you will not see me, but I shall be with you still. Remember what I have told you. Never tell a lie; never regard what others say of you; always try to do right, and trust in God. Do you understand me, Henry?"

"Yes, mother, you have told me about it so often."

"And now, my child, farewell, and may God bless you."

The lad still clung convulsively to his mother's hand, as though his grasp could detain her.

"Are you there, my son?" faintly asked the patient.

"Yes, mother," sobbed the boy, whose grief could no longer be controlled.

"Your father is come, Henry," said the voice, low and scarcely audible, "but who are those others, in white, and so beautiful—"

The voice died away, the eyes rolled upward, the jaw fell, and at a sign from the physician, the nurse moved round to disengage the boy's hand from its convulsed grasp of the corpse.

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## LEAF II.

Years are passed, and the boy is become a man. Struggling through boyhood and youth, amid the harshness of some, the carelessness of many and the kindness of a few, he never forgot or violated his mother's dying charge. There must have been something noble in the boy, for he constantly made friends and valuable ones, since they were those whose feelings began in compassion for orphanage, and ended in esteem for merit.

At first he was bound apprentice to a cabinet-maker, but his master was so won over by the lad's correct deportment, as well as by his eager and insatiate desire for knowledge, that after six years, just about the time when the apprentice's services began to be of real value to him, he voluntarily gave up the indentures and gratified the youth's earnest wishes by obtaining for him a place in an attorney's office, with the opportunity and means of studying a profession.

Here, as before, young Manton in a short time completely won the heart and confidence of the gentleman with whom he had been placed. And when, after five years of study, he was admitted to the bar, not only did the three examining judges declare him the best qualified law-student that had ever come before them, but his late preceptor, Mr. Maxwell, a gentleman of middle age and a lawyer of high standing, received the young man at once into partnership in business. Seldom indeed did a penniless orphan begin the world at ten years under gloomier and at twenty-one under more promising auspices; yet all had been obtained and secured for him by his own honorable behavior.

In the very first case in which he was employed, he displayed an ability, talent for business and knowledge of law, which placed him at once in the foremost rank of young practitioners; and three years afterward, when the principal incidents about to be related occurred, no gentleman in the county was considered as giving better and surer promise of a virtuous and successful manhood, and an honorable old age.

Our country is not yet so changed from the simplicity of its purer days, but that talent and merit, backed by education, even though without wealth and powerful connections, can find or make a way into almost any desirable social circle. And into the best of these, young Manton was not only admitted but welcomed.

It is perhaps generally true, with those of ordinary sensibility and not too great selfishness, that a person's fondness for society is, in some sort, more or less proportioned to his early privation of it. And this may account partially for what has probably come within the observation of most persons, that orphans are inclined to marry young. The bitter experiences of an early life spent in unpitied, unshared solitude—the painful reaction with which the heart's fountains flow back upon themselves, filling their sources almost to bursting, when there is no object on which to spend their treasured fulness—the longing desire for

sympathy, characteristic of minds of finer mold; these and similar feelings unite to produce in the orphan a fondness for society and a tendency toward early marriage, scarcely appreciated by those whose best affections have ever found vent in a father's, a mother's or fraternal love.

Young Manton's warm and sensitive nature was not calculated to make him an exception to the general rule. Even before he was twenty-one, he had fixed his choice; and if the lady occupied a position in society, so far as wealth is concerned, much above that he was born to, he felt the disparity only as a spur to his ambition and a quickener to his resolution to elevate himself by his profession, till all inequality between them should be removed.

Fanny Easton was an only child, an amiable and intelligent girl, about four years younger than Manton, lovelier in heart and manners than in face, but still possessing sufficient personal beauty, especially when backed by \$50,000, to break the hearts of some score of rejected suiters. The accident of juxtaposition (Mr. Maxwell's law-office was next door to the Eastons' residence) and casual meeting, made her acquainted with Henry Manton, while she was yet a school girl of fourteen or fifteen and he scarcely half through his law studies. They were never formally introduced to each other, but a sort of spontaneous acquaintance grew up between them, and she probably made a choice as early as he, for before he was twenty-one and without the exchange of a word on the subject, both knew that each was an object of unusual interest to the other.

After Manton was admitted to practice and entered society, they met oftener, but though their eyes and their embarrassment when together betrayed to each other their mutual secret, the young man still restrained himself from an open declaration, until he should feel justified to his own conscience in making one. Moreover, as his principles would not allow him to address the daughter clandestinely, he did not wish, by a premature application, to risk a refusal from the father.

The latter was an old gentleman of sixty, testy, and selfish, and fond of money. He had made his own fortune from nothing, in the business of a speculator and broker, and perhaps his constant handling of money had aided to give him that love of it that formed the strongest feature in his almost miserly character. There was but one object on earth on which he lavished money

with a liberal hand, and that was his daughter, for whom his attachment was the very concentration of paternal passion.

The first year of Manton's practice gave such assured prestige of ultimate and brilliant success, that at its close he felt warranted in declaring himself to his mistress. Fanny was in truth more than half angry that he had not done so sooner, and as she possessed no slight infusion of mischief as well as spirit and humor in her composition, she felt strongly inclined to torment him a little for his conscientious, though (as she considered it) rather long silence. But as her real affection for her lover rendered it impossible to find pleasure in giving him pain, she passed it over in his case, resolving inwardly to make it up off the next luckless suitor that should present himself.

Miss Easton had lost her mother in infancy, and it was perhaps her growing up without much contact with female influence, (her father being almost her only associate in childhood,) together with her utter exemption from all control, which had given a sort of *Di Vernon* freeness to her manners. This, aided and still more strongly developed by a natural candor and naivete sometimes astonished not a little those gentleman, whose notions of a woman's proper manner and words when love is declared were drawn from Sir Charles Grandison.

When young Manton made known his passion, telling her how he had loved her for years, how, even before he had finished his studies, he had resolved to make it the great object of his ambition and his life to win her; even he, with his practical good sense, was rather non-plused by the manner in which his declaration was received.

Fanny was silent a moment, looked down, colored, and then quietly said, "why did you not tell me this a year ago?"

The young man stared.

"Yes, I say," continued she positively, "why didn't you tell me this twelve months ago? You loved me then, I know you did, and I loved you then, almost as much as I do now; and do you know I've been angry with you for a year, for not telling me this sooner? I'm angry with you now, and if I did not love you very much, I'd never speak to you again."

Manton hastened to tell her what had heretofore sealed his lips; that he looked upon a courtship without her father's knowledge and perhaps against his wishes as dishonorable, and that he had only delayed to assure himself of the certainty of being able to

offer her a comfortable home and thus secure her father's consent.

"Well," said the dutiful girl, "if that was the reason, you were right, and I like you better for it. I don't think papa can make any objection to you; but though I love you, I won't marry any body, not even you, against his consent."

But her father did have an objection to Manton, which of course would scarcely have presented itself to the less calculating daughter.

"Young man," said Easton, when Henry had finished his earnest and eloquent statement of his case, "I think a good deal of you, and so does Fanny. You have talents, good habits and good principles. But look you, sir, my daughter will have fifty thousand dollars,—yes sir, fifty thousand; and she shall never marry any body with less than half her own fortune. On the day when you are worth twenty-five thousand, come and ask me for Fanny. Till then it is useless to talk about her, for she shouldn't marry the President of the United States with less than that sum."

The lover did venture to urge his suit farther, but he might as well have tried to coax money out of the old broker at less than ten per cent. Easton became angry and threatened finally to withdraw even his conditional consent, if not let alone on the subject.

When Fanny was informed by her almost despairing lover of the result of his application, she seemed momentarily quite angry with her father.

"What!" said she, "does papa want to sell me for twenty-five thousand dollars?" A moment's consideration however restored her usual consciousness of filial duties, and she said, "well, Henry, we must wait. Don't fear for me, only take care of yourself and make money as fast as you can."

Henry no doubt thought this last rather an original recommendation from a mistress to her lover, but resolved to act upon it nevertheless. And he soon learned that Fanny's assurance of the needlessness of any anxiety on his part for her, was as true as her own noble heart. Their prospective engagement became gradually known, for Fanny in her frankness of disposition, far from concealing it, gave it uniformly to other lovers at the reason of their rejection, generally varying her own manner and language, according to the esteem in which she held the suitor.

This sometimes led to rich scenes, for the young lady's per-

sonal and solid charms together procured her any quantity of lovers. Take the following as an instance:

Fanny is in a parlor, engaged busily in embroidery. A young dandy, who has been bestowing upon her, for the last two months, all the attention he could reasonably spare from his own person, is sitting near her and evidently screwing up his courage to the necessary pitch for a declaration.

The favorable moment arrives, and sinking gracefully on one knee, with a glance at the opposite mirror, while he brandishes in one hand a scented mouchoir and places the other upon his left vest-pocket, and commences, a la mode:

“Adorable Miss Fanny,” (a deep sigh,) “from the first hour I saw you, no other divinity has reigned in my bosom,” &c.

Meanwhile the lady very composedly continues her embroidery. her mischievous little mouth drawn sedately up into a very innocent looking pucker, and a roguish leer flitting about the corners of her eyes, until the lover gets, as she imagines, about half through; when coolly breaking her thread, she proceeds to thread the needle afresh, never once looking at the petitioner, while she interrupts him with—

“Well, you say your lesson pretty well, but it isn’t a bit of use. You are a very nice young man, I’ve no doubt, Mr. Jones, but I don’t love you, and if I did, wouldn’t marry you, because I am engaged to Mr. Mantø and I’m going to marry him as soon as papa will let me. Besides, maybe you do not know that you are kneeling upon my toes.”

The astonished Jones sprang to his feet as though a bomb had fallen before him.

“’Pon my honor, Miss Easton, this is a very singular—”

“Yes, I think so myself,” interrupted Fanny, putting out her little foot, and energetically rubbing the extremity with her delicate fingers;—“I never before heard of a gentleman’s choosing such a cushion to kneel on.”

“I beg ten thousand pardons for my awkwardness, but if Miss Fanny would only attribute it to its proper cause, the impetuosity of my passion, and permit me still to hope that my long and constant devotedness—”

“What! you are not going to persist in your suit, after what I have told you!”

“Why indeed, Miss Fanny, considering that it was no news to me before—”

“How, sir,” exclaimed the lady, “do you mean to say that you

had the assurance to make this declaration to me knowing that I was engaged to Mr. Manton?—Then you haven't a bit of the gentleman about you, and I would go to a nunnery before I would marry you."

"Miss Easton," said the dandy, forgetting in her stinging sarcasm to whom he was talking, "I hope, Miss, you don't mean to insult me."

"If you think so, sir, just wait one moment till I write a note for you to Mr. Manton, and if he does not give you satisfaction, my father will."

This was bringing matters most uncomfortably to a focus, for one of the few light amusements that young Manton allowed himself was pistol shooting, which he practiced almost daily, and at which he was known to be a dead shot.

Jones had just sense enough left to mutter a half inaudible apology, while Fanny touched a bell near her.

"Phæbe," said she quietly to the servant who appeared, "show Mr. Jones to the door."

And the discomfited suitor backed out, feeling fifty per cent less in his own eyes than ever before, and heartily glad to get off so well.

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### LEAF III.

Two years are passed. Manton is twenty-four years of age, with a practice worth two or three thousand a year; for Maxwell, already rich, has thrown gradually nearly all the business of the office into his hands, intending soon to withdraw from practice. Still it will require four or five years more, at a favorable calculation, to obtain for the young man the prize so long sought, so faithfully labored for

At the close of a sultry summer afternoon, the young lawyer is about to refresh himself, after the day's confining labors, by his usual evening ride and pistol practice. Walking over to the livery stable, he found that his own horse's back was galled slightly by the saddle, from a long ride of the day before, so he asked for another horse.

"Will he stand fire?" enquired Manton, as he led out the animal.

"I don't know indeed," said the keeper;—"any particular reason why you wish him to?"

Manton felt a natural aversion to telling exactly what his business was, so he answered carelessly, "No, nothing very particular," and mounting the horse, rode off.

That evening's ride;—how little did the young man imagine that its events were to be woven into the tissue of his whole future life.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is about ten o'clock, P. M. The sound is heard of a horse's feet in full gallop down the street, and a moment after, his horse all in a foam, Manton rides to the door of the livery stable and dismounts. The establishment is shut up, though three fresh horses are standing, saddled and bridled, fastened near the door.

Fastening his own there, he walks directly across the square to his office, which he enters. He finds, to his surprise, that his rooms have been visited in his absence, for a candle burns on the table, though the office is empty. Several articles about the room, such as trunks, chests of drawers &c., have been moved, as if to be examined, but nothing broken open.

Disregarding this circumstance, which indeed he only noticed with a glance, and seeming to be unaware or unmindful of several dark redish spots upon his clothes, and without even taking off his hat, (such is his manifest haste,) he draws from his coat pocket a large, old-fashioned silver watch, which he holds near the candle. In the center of the back of it are the initials "J. E." deeply cut. The crystal is broken and the case bruised, and on the face and back——the light shows them plainly—are three, dark crusted stains, as though it had been grasped by two fingers and the thumb of a bloody hand!

With a terrified expression of face, he starts up, and is about replacing the watch in his pocket, when suddenly the door opens and the sheriff of the county enters, followed by two constables and Mr. Maxwell,—all but the last with buttoned coats and riding whips, as if prepared for a long ride.

The new comers stand for a moment without speaking, gazing at Manton from head to foot, and then the sheriff, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder says,—

"Mr. Manton, I have a very unpleasant duty to perform,—you are my prisoner."

"How—what's the matter?" asked Manton, as if bewildered.

"I arrest you for murder!" said the officer.

“Not of Mr. Easton?”

“For the murder of John Easton!”

“Great God! is it so then?” exclaimed the young man, — “this is what I feared!”

The rest of the party exchanged glances, while the sheriff continued, “We must do our duty;” and they proceeded to search the prisoner. The watch was taken from him, being recognized as Easton’s and then a very handsome pistol. As they continued to search, Manton observed, —

“I have not the other one with me—I lost it on the road.”

Glances were again interchanged, but no one spoke until one of the officers produced from the young man’s pocket, a small, carelessly-rolled bundle of paper. As they opened it a cambric handkerchief appears, once white, now having evidently been soaked in blood and then partially rinsed in muddy water.

As this terrible witness was unrolled, Maxwell, hitherto standing apart a silent spectator, actually burst into tears, exclaiming—

“My God! Henry, did I ever think it would come to this! I would as soon have suspected my own brother!”

The prisoner’s lip quivered and he became very pale, but he spoke not a word.

At the same instant an officer drew from another pocket a small but heavy pocket-book. It was opened and all saw the name “John Easton,” written on the inside, which was stuffed with bank-notes. The money was counted, consisting mostly of very large bills and amounting in all to near twenty-five thousand dollars. Other papers also were found, but all was placed in the hands of Mr. Maxwell, as Easton’s attorney, he giving a receipt for it to the sheriff, in presence of the rest. When the search was finished, the sheriff requested the prisoner to change his coat; it would be necessary to take possession of the one he wore—stained as it was with blood—as an evidence on the part of the commonwealth. The young man complied. Hitherto, he had made no remark upon the accusation against him, but now as if unable longer to restrain himself he said earnestly, —

“Gentlemen, I am as innocent of this crime as any of yourselves, — I beg of you to tell me why I am accused of it and when Mr. Easton was killed.”

One of the constables broke into a sneering laugh, but no one answered, not even Maxwell; and Manton felt that there must be some strangely concurrent circumstances working terribly

against him, for the ominous silence showed that all present were so fully satisfied of his guilt, that they looked upon his request as a sort of insult to their understandings.

A moments silence followed, and then the sheriff led the way to the jail, to the keeper of which the prisoner was handed over in form. It was not till the departure of the others, when the jailer had placed him in the fellow's room and was about retiring for the night, that Manton ventured to make an enquiry of the same sort as he had made in his own office.

"Why Squire," said the jailer, "I don't want no man to gammon me, and I reckon you know already as much about the thing as most folks; but the fact is, there ain't no man in the county that I have thought more of than you for the last three or four years, so I suppose I must answer your question. You see, just after sun-down, old Easton's horse came to town without a rider and with a bloody saddle; so some of the town-people started out immediately, to see what was become of the old man. And about a mile and a half out they found his body on top of Dennison's hill, and one of your fine silvermounted pistols lying in the road near it. So they brought the body home and the sheriff got ready to raise a hue and cry after you, expecting to ride all night, when you came home;—though what you come for, after losing that pistol, and when (as the constables tell me) you had twenty-five thousand dollars in your pocket, is more than I know." And he started to go out.

"Stop a moment," said Manton; "I am entirely innocent of Easton's death and can prove it;—will you send to Mr. Maxwell to come here instantly?"

"Certainly sir," said the man; who seemed perfectly astonished at his prisoners assertion;—"if you can prove yourself innocent, there ain't no man will be more glad to see it than I shall. But I'm afraid you will find it the worst law-case you've ever had yet."

In fifteen minutes he returned, saying that Mr. Maxwell was at Mr. Easton's, where the old man's daughter was thought to be dying, but he would call early in the morning. The prisoner seemed now to be aware that he had no time to lose, for he sent immediately for Mr. Agnill, an attorney of considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer. To him he communicated what he desired done, and that gentleman departed to have it attended to without loss of time.

## LEAF IV.

It is six o'clock in the morning and Manton is wakened from sound sleep by the entrance of the jailer, introducing Agnill and Maxwell. The prisoner had lain down in his clothes, and rises instantly to receive his visitors, who seem surprised at his sound slumbers. Agnill spoke first.

"Mr. Manton," said he, "I have bad news for you. The officer who was despatched last night, by your direction, to the village of X., has returned with the information that no wagon, carriage or other vehicle has passed through there, to any one's knowledge, within the last twenty-four hours. Nor did the officer meet or see any one while going or returning, nor could he ascertain, by any inquiries along the road, that such a wagon has passed within a week."

The young man turned pale at this announcement and stood for a moment speechless. At length he said,—

"Well, gentlemen, my character and perhaps life depend, upon finding those witnesses, and they must be found, cost what it may. Doubtless there are persons in the West end of town who saw the wagon pass out yesterday afternoon. These must also be found. Did either of you see Dennison when he came in town?"

"I saw him riding in," answered Maxwell, "It was about seven o'clock—at least a half hour before sun-down."

"Was he alone?" eagerly enquired Manton.

"Yes," said the other,—"No let me see,—I think one person was with him."

"A country-looking man was it not?" asked the prisoner hastily, "riding with a blind bridle and without a saddle?"

"Yes now that I recollect, that was it exactly;" said Maxwell, wondering what the young man was aiming at.

"That young man must be found by all means, and everything ascertained about him that is possible. I want Dennison also summoned."

"From what I have heard," said Agnill, "he will be summoned for the commonwealth, and is likely to prove a most unfortunate witness against you."

"To prove what?"

"A quarrel, or at least angry words between yourself and Easton."

“Ah yes,—true enough!” said Manton musingly,—“how unfortunate that was!”

Maxwell here turned away toward the window, while Agnill cleared his throat during a pause, of the awkwardness of which the prisoner did not seem at all conscious. At length Agnill asked, “Do you wish the examining court put off to-day, in view of obtaining your absent witnesses!”

“Yes for three days;” replied the prisoner, “if we do not find them in that time, more extended operations must be commenced.” Then after a pause he continued, “You, Mr. Agnill are my counsel and you, Mr. Maxwell, have been the best friend I have had in the world. I therefore wish you both to hear the statement I have to make of the occurrences of last evening; occurrences that have connected me most strangely and yet innocently with the commission of this terrible crime.

The gentlemen assented and Manton proceeded to give the following narrative, which the author has chosen to put in the third person, commencing where the young lawyer left the livery stable and rode off up street.

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#### LEAF V.

As Manton passed up the West end of town, he overtook Mr. Easton. The old gentleman was always very friendly with his aspirant son-in-law, besides that Maxwell and Manton were his attorneys, and of course more or less acquainted with his chief business transactions.

Easton said he had just received a very handsome offer for part of a tract of land belonging to him and being upon the road, and that he was riding out to look at it, in order to determine if it could be advantageously divided, and how. He expected it would take about an hour to run over it with a pocket compass. The old gentleman chatted and laughed in unusual good humor, rendered so by the prospect of the profitable speculation in prospect.

Encouraged by his good nature, Manton ventured after a while to introduce a subject he had not spoken upon (to him) since it was first prohibited; and proceeded to express the hope that his own principles, prospects and habits had been sufficiently tried to

allow of the father's consenting to his long deferred suit. The testy old man became instantly very angry.

"Mr. Manton," said he, interrupting the other's eager pleading "I told you, two years ago, that when you were worth twenty-five thousand dollars, you might ask me for my daughter, and so help me God, Sir, you shall never marry her a moment sooner."

At this instant two horsemen appeared in sight, but Easton seemed in his passion to not notice them, and continued, much to the young man's mortification, in a loud and angry tone—

"And, sir, Fanny has given me her promise that she will never marry you till you are worth that sum. If I were to die to-morrow, she would never listen to you a moment sooner. Look you, sir," continued the old gentleman taking out his pocket-book, "here are twenty-five thousand dollars; now, sir, whenever you can say that you are worth so much, I'll listen to your request, but if you mention this subject again till that time, by heaven, sir, you shall never marry her at all."

By this time the two horsemen had met and passed them, though they stared wonderingly as they rode by. Manton's face was crimson with mortification at the old gentleman's angry indelicacy; still he noticed that one of the two was a person well known to him, while the other was a stranger, a young man, poorly dressed, riding without a saddle, upon what seemed a wagon horse.

Just then Easton turned aside into the woods, having arrived at the corner of his land. His companion drew his rein a moment, as though uncertain whether to follow him and try to restore his good humor. Chancing to turn in the saddle, he observed that the two horsemen who had passed them were looking, as if to see the result of a quarrel. Irritated at the whole scene and still more so at being thus watched, he dashed his spurs hastily into his horse's flanks and wrode onward in, it must be confessed, no very agreeable mood of mind.

Riding some four miles farther, he came up with an emigrant's wagon, stopped in the middle of the road, by the side of which sat an elderly female, evidently an Irish woman, weeping bitterly and holding in her arms the apparently lifeless form of a little girl, some ten or twelve years of age. Another girl, two or three years older, was standing by the mother's side ringing her hands in the utmost distress; while a lad of about sixteen was hastily un-harnessing one of the wagon horses, to ride for help.

"Are ye a doether, are ye a doether?" exclaimed the distressed

mother eagerly, as Manton rode up,—“O, for the love of Christ, stop and help us,—sure my darlin little Lucy is kilt intirely!”

Manton dismounted instantly and took the still senseless child in his arms to examine it, while the weeping mother told him how the accident ocured; that the little girl was leaning from the side of the wagon to look back, and fell out, striking her head violently against a rock in the road. It was but a single moment before Manton had appeared in sight.

The latter, in the course of his general reading, had of course learned something of common remedies. He ascertained easily that the child was only bruised and stunned by the fall, and not at all dangerously, though the head was cut considerably and bleeding profusely. Returning the little suffer to the arms of the mother he re-assured her, and taking a bucket from the wagon, ran to a neighboring stream for water.

A little of this sprinkled in the girl's face, soon restored her; and he then aided the mother to bind up the wounded head, assuring her that immediate medical aid was needless; the bleeding would itself tend to prevent subsequent inflamation, an easy position was all that was requisite, let her place the child among the bed-clothes in the wagon, and they might just as well proceed immediately with their journey.

The whole family were overwhelming in their gratitude to him who had so kindly and usefully aided them; and more to interrupt the out-pourings of the mother's grateful heart than from curiosity, Manton made some inquiries, while the boy was re-harnessing the horse, about their destination, &c.

The woman said she was a widow, was moving West-ward, that she had a young man hired to drive for them, manage the the horses, &c., but he had forgot something in the town of Z., through which they had passed awhile ago, and had taken the lead-horse—it was a three-horse wagon—and gone back for it.

The rest were her own children. They should now push on to the next town, some twelve or thirteen miles ahead, so that if he child needed it, they might get medical help.

Manton knew that her hired man must be the stranger he had met, riding with Mr. Dennison, when so mortified by Easton's irritability.

It was not till after a most maternal embrace, with prayers for ten thousand blessings on his head, that the truly Irish-hearted widow would part from her new friend and suffer the wagon to proceed.

The sun had set some minutes since, and the nearly full moon was up. Returning to the little stream above-mentioned, Manton spent some time in endeavoring to remove, as much as possible, the stains of the child's blood from his clothes, using for this purpose a pocket-handkerchief, which he afterward partially cleansed in the water and then placed it in his pocket, wrapping it previously in an old newspaper, to prevent its staining his pocket.

In searching his clothes for the newspaper, which he knew he had taken with him for wadding, he missed, for the first time, one of his pistols, and returned immediately to the scene of his late adventure to look for it. Disappointed here, he turned again toward town, riding at a slow walk, so as to examine minutely, in the moonlight, every foot of ground as he passed over it.

He had not proceeded more than a few hundred yards in this way, when the sound was heard of a horse's feet in a hard gallop, and immediately after a man appeared in sight, riding toward him, whom in the clear night, he easily recognized to be the stranger he had met going to town in the afternoon, with Dennison, and who, he doubted not, was the hired man spoken of by the widow. The man's delay in town seemed to have put him in great haste, for he rode by Manton at full speed and without speaking a word, though he looked hard at him. The latter thought, from something in the man's manner of riding, that he was either a very poor horseman or intoxicated. He soon forgot the circumstance however, in the eagerness of his own search for the lost weapon, as he continued slowly homeward.

Two miles farther he suddenly stopped and dismounted, as something upon the ground, glittering in the moon's light, arrested his attention. It was Easton's watch, he knew it well, even without the initials, on the case, and he started in consternation as he saw that it was on both sides crusted with blood! It seemed to have been let fall, but could the owner have dropped it? He looked around him—he was not yet within a mile of Easton's land!

He drew out his own watch. It was half-past nine o'clock. In his slow search, he had been more than an hour riding the last two miles. Turning to his horse to re-mount, a dark object on the ground caught his eye. He stooped down, and scarcely crediting his own senses, picked up Easton's pocket-book!—the very one the old man had shown him three hours before, and

spoken of as containing \$25,000! Upon this too, were the marks of bloody fingers!

Without another moment's delay he re-mounted, his mind full of the most exciting and gloomy apprehensions, and turned homeward at full gallop, never slacking his speed for an instant, until, when within about a mile and a half from town, he heard his horses feet splash, as though in water. Knowing there had been no standing water upon the dusty road as he went out, he turned back to examine the place. And as he leaned from his horse to look at it closely, he uttered an involuntary exclamation of horror. Near the center of the road lay a large pool of blood!

Although now intensely anxious, in the conviction of some terrible accident or more probably crime, Manton threw the bridle over his arm, and proceeded to search minutely every part of the ground within fifty yards around him, expecting every moment to stumble upon the old man's corpse. But nothing could be discovered, and with a heart tortured by the most dreadful apprehensions as to Easton's fate, he re-mounted and under whip and spur returned to town. He had first learned from the jailer, after his arrest, when and where the body of Easton had been found. Some one, one too who knew of the old man's carrying with him at the time a large sum of money, must have found Manton's lost pistol, used it to perpetrate the crime, and then robbed the corpse of the watch and pocket-book, which the murderer had afterward lost, and which had been picked up by Manton.

Here the narrative ended. Upon both the gentlemen present it produced an impression, and particularly upon Maxwell, who had known Manton best and longest. He immediately offered his services to the prisoner, as additional counsel, and the offer was gladly accepted. Arrangements were agreed upon as to the measures necessary to be taken, and the gentlemen separated.

Five or six expresses were immediately started out in as many different directions toward the West, with accurate descriptions of the wagon in question and its inmates, and with orders to examine every country road for forty miles' distance.

Before the three days of delay, granted by the examining court, were passed, all the expresses came in, wholly unsuccessful. No vehicle of the sort or description named had been seen or heard of, in any direction.

The examining court was held. No defense was made, and

Henry Manton Esq., was fully committed to stand his trial at the next supreme court, now two months off, for the wilful murder of John Easton.

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LEAF VI.

Two months are passed, and it is the last day before the commencement of the session of the superior court.

In the parlor of Easton's mansion sits the late so lively Fanny Easton, now sad and in deep mourning. Maxwell too is there, in earnest consultation with her.

This gentleman had been appointed by the court, in the absence of any will, guardian to the young heiress and administrator of her father's estate.

"Are you sure;" asked Fanny, "that you have done every thing possible to get them here in time?"

"Every imaginable means have been used, I assure you," answers Maxwell. "Expresses have been sent, in some directions two hundred miles, placards are stuck up every where, and advertisements inserted in all the Western newspapers of the State."

"And yet no news of them?"

"Not one syllable."

"Mr. Maxwell," said the lady, after a pause, "I know you will not deceive me; tell me, are the persons employed in this search acting with sufficient energy in the business; do they act as they would if they had much hope of success?"

"The inducements are certainly strong enough," replied he evasively; "rewards are offered, from \$50 to \$500, for mere pieces of verbal information, of such sort as nobody who knows would hesitate to give."

"That is not what I mean."

"Are you prepared then, and able to bear the worst?" asked Maxwell

"I am."

"Then I must tell you that not one of those employed in the case, acts with the most distant hope of success. I myself think, if he is cleared, it will be by a miracle."

The young lady covered her face with her hands for a moment, while the unconscious rocking of her body to and fro, betrayed the intensity of her mental suffering. Suddenly she raised her head and in a clear, calm tone asked—

“Mr. Maxwell, do you believe him guilty?”

“Miss Easton,” replied he, “fourteen years ago, I was clerk of the court which bound Henry Manton, a poor destitute orphan, an apprentice to Mr. Howland, the cabinet maker. I watched the boy for six years, and then took him into my office. He studied with me five years and has been my partner in business for three years more. During the whole fourteen years, though often placed in circumstances of great temptation, he has never once been found guilty of doing a dishonorable action or of telling an untruth. I have believed him the most strictly truthful man on the face of the earth. As his counsel, he has told me every occurrence of that dreadful evening, which, if we can prove it by a single credible witness, will exculpate him entirely. And I believe him to be as innocent in this matter as I am myself.”

“O, may heaven bless you for these words!” exclaimed Fanny, bursting into tears; “I have been sure of it from the first,—I have never, for one moment, believed he could commit such a crime; but I was afraid my feelings might perhaps influence my judgment, and I have so much desired to know that there was one single honorable man who could think as I do.”

“My dear Miss Easton,” said Maxwell kindly but seriously, “I have told you my own opinion candidly, as you desired it; but I must warn you against the belief or expectation that a jury can be found in the country, who would agree with me. Whatever they might think or wish to believe, they are sworn to decide according to the evidence. When I say that I believe him innocent, I must tell you also that I do so in the face of all the evidence, on the strength of my long acquaintance with the man. I do not think he would tell a falsehood to save his life. But the circumstances against him are terrible,—the strongest I ever knew or ever heard of, to exist against an innocent man.”

“Mr. Maxwell,” said Fanny, after another pause, “will you take a message from me to him?”

“If you very much desire it I will; but—” and he hesitated.

“You think it indelicate, and under ordinary circumstances it might be. But these are not ordinary ones, and I wish you to tell him from me, that I believe and have believed him innocent.

God forbid that he should lack, in this dreadful trial, the small support that the knowledge of this may give him."

"He shall receive your message," said Maxwell, and took his leave.

Ah, much indeed did the prisoner need the support of even the knowledge that one single person believed him innocent. During the first days of his imprisonment, he had seemed and had professed himself confident of producing the witnesses, by whom he could prove enough of the incidents of his own narrative to his counsel, at least to exculpate himself from the dreadful charge against him, even if it failed to account for the commission of the crime by another. But as day after day and week after week passed away, and the different means and messengers employed utterly failed to obtain any evidence whatever in support of his statements, the confidence he had at first manifested began to give way.

O how often, during those two months of torturing suspense, must his mother's dying charge have recurred to his recollection: "Never tell a lie; never regard what others say of you; always try to do right and trust in God."

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## LEAF VII.

The morrow has come and the hour of trial. The court-house and indeed the whole space in front of it, for many yards square, are crowded with curious spectators. The nature of the crime, the wealth of the victim, the previously high character of the accused and the general knowledge of the circumstances, produced by the very efforts of the prisoner's counsel in search of evidence;—all these things tended to excite interest in the case and to collect, in and around the court-house, the largest crowd ever seen in the town.

This was the first case on the docket, and a most discouraging fact for the prisoner and his counsel appeared in the difficulty of finding a jury. For though the accused did not challenge a single juror, no less than some eighty or a hundred persons were called, before twelve men could be found who had not so decisive-

ly made up and expressed opinions on the case as to be incapacitated from serving.

The jury was empaneled about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the trial commenced immediately.

The prosecuting attorney, Mr. Sinclair, was a middle aged man, of some talent and more knowledge of law, and withal of a mild and very gentlemanly disposition. He was assisted by a junior counsel, Mr. Harris, a young practitioner who was a personal and political enemy of Manton's, and a rejected suitor of Miss Easton's, and who, while he really believed the prisoner guilty, was resolved to spare no pains to make him appear so.

There was an evident impression produced upon the crowded audience by the appearance of the prisoner, as he was brought into court; though as the spectators behaved with great decorum, it was difficult to tell whether the feelings excited were of sympathy or abhorrence. Manton was pale, from confinement and suffering, but his step was firm and manly, and his general appearance that of innocence; but then the circumstances against him were so strong, so terribly strong.

The counsel for the commonwealth stated the case, read the indictment and proceeded to call witnesses.

The first one introduced was Mr. Blaney, a livery-stable keeper. The dropping of a pin might have been heard all over that large and crowded court-room, as the witness was sworn and took the stand.

"Mr. Blaney," said Sinclair, "tell the jury, if you please, whether you saw or knew anything of the prisoner at the bar, on the afternoon or evening of last July 25th."

"Yes, sir; he came to my stable for a horse to ride on the afternoon."

"What o'clock was it?"

"About six in the evening, as near as I could judge."

"Of what color was the horse you gave him?"

"Light grey, almost white."

"Did you notice anything particular or unusual that he said or did, in your sight or hearing?"

"Nothing, only he asked the hostler, as he mounted, if the horse would stand fire. I told him I didn't know, and asked him if there was any particular reason why he wanted to know."

"What answer did he make?"

"He said it wasn't no matter in particular."

"We shall want you again after a while," said Sinclair, "you can stand aside now."

Cross-examined by Agnill.

"Does the prisoner keep a horse at your stable?"

"Yes sir."

"Is he in the habit of riding out often?"

"Yes sir, most every evening when it's good weather."

"Why did he not take his own horse that time?"

"Because his back was galled with the saddle."

"Do you know any reason why the prisoner should have asked you the question he did about the horses's standing fire?"

"I don't know positively, any farther than that he is known to practice a good deal with his pistols."

The next witness sworn was Mr. Dennison, a bald headed, respectable and benevolent looking old gentleman. Examination as follows:

"Please tell the jury, Mr. Dennison, if you met the prisoner at the bar on the afternoon of the 25th of last July, and under what circumstances."

"I had been out about five miles, looking at some timber on my land, and was returning, when, just at a turn of the road, at the corner of the late Mr. Easton's tract of woodland, I came in sight of Mr. Manton and Mr. Easton, riding together. They seemed to be quarreling and looked very angry. Mr. Easton was talking loud and violently."

"What o'clock was this?"

"About half past six, or a little later."

"Did you hear what either one of them said?"

"Mr. Easton took out his pocket book, told Mr. Manton it contained \$25,000, and that when he had so much money he might marry his daughter, otherwise he should never marry her, or words to that effect, as near as I could gather."

"What did the prisoner say?"

"Nothing; but his face was a good deal flushed and he looked, as I thought, very angry."

"Did you see anything more?"

"Not till I had passed them. Then I looked back and saw Mr. Easton had turned into the woods, at the corner of his own land. Prisoner had stopped his own horse, and seemed about to follow him, but then he looked back, and when he saw me watching him, he turned and rode on very fast."

"Did he ride entirely away?"

“Couldn’t tell; there was a turn in the road that hid him from sight.”

Cross-examined. “Were you alone, Mr. Dennison, when you met prisoner and Mr. Easton?”

“No sir, a man was riding with me.”

“Do you know who he was?”

“No sir, never saw him before. As I came out of the woods on my land and struck the road, he was just passing, on his way toward town, so he rode most of the way in with me.”

“Will you describe him to the jury?”

“I cannot, very particularly,—except that he was dressed in tow linen, had red hair, coarse features and was marked with small pox very deeply,”

“Did the stranger ride the whole distance in with you?”

“He was within sight of me all the way.”

“Did either of you find or pick up anything along the road toward town?”

“I did not. About three miles from town, the stranger dismounted and picked up something, did not see what, and paid no attention to it.”

Several witnesses, townspeople, were here introduced, who deposed, that at a quarter before eight o’clock, on the evening in question, Mr. Easton’s horse had returned to town riderless and with blood upon the saddle; that they started out immediately on horseback, (others also started on foot,) to find what was become of the rider. They found his body on an elevated part of the road, about a mile and a half from town, known as “Dennison’s Hill.” The corpse was lying near the middle of the road, and when found was still warm and bleeding. By the side of it they had picked up a silver-mounted pistol, recently discharged. The pistol was produced and identified as belonging to the prisoner at the bar.

Two or three physicians (one of them the writer) then testified that they had examined the body of the old man as soon as it was brought in. It was shot through the heart, the ball stopping only at the back bone. They had weighed the ball which, bruised and flattened, they had extracted. It was of just the weight of one of the bullets of the discharged pistol.

Blaney, the livery stable keeper, was now recalled, and stated that, on the evening in question, after Easton’s body had been brought in, he was applied to by the sheriff to furnish horses, to ride all night to hunt up prisoner. Horses were brought out

and ready, and he went to see the sheriff, when he was told prisoner had come home and the horses would not be wanted. Went back to his stable, and found fastened there the horse prisoner had hired in the afternoon. The animal had been ridden hard, and the belly and hind legs were spotted with blood. Horse being of light color, could be no mistake about the spots.

The sheriff was now sworn, and deposed that, after speaking to Blaney the livery stable keeper, about the horses, he had gone over to prisoner's office to see if he could judge, by any apparent preparations for a journey, as to prisoner's intention to return. Found nothing disturbed, every thing as usual, and thinking possibly prisoner might come back, had left a light burning in the office. Within a half hour afterward prisoner returned. Took two constables and went with Mr. Maxwell over to the office where they arrested him. When they entered, prisoner was just concealing, or at least placing in his pocket Easton's watch. Evidently knew that the old man had been murdered, for when told that they arrested him for murder, he had said, "Not of Mr. Easton?" and when told that it was for that, had exclaimed, "Great God! is it so then? this is what I feared!" They had found on his person Easton's pocket book, containing near \$25,000.

Both watch and pocket book were produced and identified.

They had taken from prisoner also a pistol, loaded with powder and ball. Produced, and matched the one found in the road by the corpse of Easton. Had found on the prisoner a pocket-handkerchief, stained with blood and concealed in an old newspaper; looked as though it had been partially rinsed in muddy water. Produced, and found marked "H. M." Lastly, prisoner's coat, worn by him on that night, was shown to the jury. It was a sportsman's frock coat, made of English fustian, and was much stained with blood on the left breast and on both sleeves.

No cross-examination of the sheriff, except as to the tone of voice in which prisoner had exclaimed, "Great God! is it so then," &c. Sheriff would not say positively that the tone was one of fear or alarm—might be of surprise and regret.

The evidence for the prosecution here closed, and as it was now late, court was adjourned till next morning at 9 o'clock.

## LEAF VIII.

Great as was the crowd of anxious spectators on the last evening, it was still greater next morning; and of all that large number who had heard the evidence for the commonwealth, there were perhaps not three persons in the court room who were not fully satisfied of the prisoner's guilt.

All were surprised, that the overwhelming and almost direct testimony on the part of the commonwealth should be attempted to be met by evidence so trifling and almost irrelevant, as that adduced by the prisoner's counsel.

The first witnesses sworn for the defendant were too respectable persons from the western part of the town, who, in reply to questions put to them by Manton's counsel, deposed, that at about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of 25th July last, an emigrant's wagon passed through that part of the town, and taking the direct western road, had proceeded in that direction till lost sight of in the windings of the road. It was a three horse wagon, with a common coarse linen cover. A young man was riding one of the horses and driving. Had noticed the inmates only so far as to see that there was an elderly woman and several children, some of them pretty well grown.

Only one of the witnesses noticed particularly the young man driving; said he was dressed in tow linen, had red hair and was deeply pitted with small pox. Saw him about two hours afterward ride into town again with Mr. Dennison; is confident it was the same one. No cross-examination.

A grocery keeper of the town was next sworn, who testified that on the evening in question, at about half past seven o'clock, a young man, stranger to him, answering to the above description, had bought at his store a quart of whiskey, of which he had drank nearly a half pint before leaving. No cross-examination.

Two persons were then introduced, who deposed that they had been employed by prisoner's counsel, on the day after the murder, to go out on the country road leading west from town, some eight miles, to a place described to them by prisoner, about a hundred yards beyond a small stream. They had there found by the road side, as prisoner had told them they would, evidences of blood on the ground and on a stone or rock, that was sunk partly in the earth. No cross-examination.

Mr. Howland, cabinet maker, being next called, testified to the very high character of defendant for the last fourteen years, during which time he had known him intimately. Prisoner had never been known guilty of a mean, much less a criminal action. Was always and particularly noted for his strict adherence to truth. The old man wept while giving his testimony.

Maxwell and several others, being called, also bore witness, in the highest terms, to the enviable character and irreproachable life of the prisoner. Maxwell stated also, that, owing to the haste and exciting circumstances of the arrest, an informality had been committed, on the ground of which the indictment might have been quashed; but that the prisoner had positively forbidden his counsel to take advantage of it, preferring to abide the issue of an honorable trial. He stated also that almost superhuman efforts had been made, by offer of rewards, advertisements, placards, &c., to procure some tangible information of the emigrant family, mentioned by the first two witnesses, by whom prisoner's counsel expected to prove an alibi; but both wagon and inmates had mysteriously disappeared. Here the evidence for the defense closed.

The prosecuting attorney then addressed the jury at some length on the issue before them. He was an able speaker, and his summing up of the evidence on the part of the commonwealth, was with overwhelming force against Manton. And as he put together, link by link, the fearful chain of circumstances—the quarrel between prisoner and Easton—the identified pistol found by the side of the murdered man—Easton's watch and pocket book and the blood-steeped handkerchief found on the prisoner's person—his unaccountably long absence and late return with a hard ridden and blood-spotted horse—his coat, with its dark, tell tale stains but half effaced, lying at that instant before the jury, the very effort to efface them betraying consciousness of guilt; the voice of the speaker rang through the crowded court-room, like that of the accusing angel, "making inquisition for blood."

From the prisoner's long and well known and indisputably high character, up to the very hour of this too strong temptation, he would not detract one iota, that might go to mitigate punishment but not to influence the verdict of the jury, where the positive and presumptive evidences of guilt, were so incontrovertibly strong.

Sinclair's speech made evidently a powerful impression upon

the jury, the more so, as with gentlemanly delicacy, he had not thought it proper, since he did not deem it necessary, to excite enmity in the jury against the prisoner personally, by dwelling at large upon the darker features of the case.

Mr. Harris, junior counsel for the prosecution, followed his senior, for it was understood that the prisoner's counsel would not speak, and he took entirely different ground.

Commencing with prisoner's question to the livery stable keeper, he argued a deliberate, malice-aforethought intention on the part of defendant, to murder Easton. He attached even the evidences of previous integrity, and more than hinted that the prisoner's whole life had been a course of hypocrisy;—spoke of his guilty consciousness when arrested, even in the very act of attempting to conceal the evidences of his guilt;—enlarged upon the heinousness of the crime, a cowardly assassination of an old man, a mere balancing of a human life against so many dollars;—and endeavored throughout to rouse in the minds of the jury, feelings of personal animosity against the prisoner.

His speech, though fluent and plausible, instead of aiding, injured his cause with the jury and produced manifest signs of disapprobation in the audience; simply because no one present believed it. Manton had been exceedingly popular, as well as in high moral esteem, and no one believed his crime more than what Sinclair with better judgment termed it, "a momentary yielding to a temptation too strong for him." And amid the restlessness produced all over the court room by the latter part of Harris's address, Manton himself, to the surprise of the jury and audience, rose to make his own defense.

During the course of the trial, he had sat calm and apparently unmoved, listening without a change of countenance to the fearful mass of testimony arrayed against him; nor did he once show signs of emotion, until Howland, Maxwell and others were testifying to his hitherto irreproachable life and character.

His face was pale and his features sharpened by suffering, but his voice was clear and strong, and his manly figure had lost, by long confinement, none of that peculiar and modest dignity, so sure to prepossess an audience in favor of the speaker, and which Manton possessed in an eminent degree.

He commenced, as usual, addressing himself to the jury, but it was clear, before he had uttered ten sentences, that he had lost utterly all hope of escaping a conviction, and was pointing his efforts chiefly to persuade the mass of spectators that, spite of the

strong circumstances against him, there was still a possibility of his innocence. He therefore related minutely all the incidents of his eventful ride on the fatal evening in question, as he had already told them to his counsel;—alluded to the evidence, confirmatory of his statement so far as it went, of the wagon in question, the young man driving and the blood found on the road seven or eight miles from town;—dwelt particularly upon the evidence expected to be obtained from the warm hearted Irish woman and her family, and upon their mysterious disappearance, seemingly as though intentionally kept out of the way.

He made no appeal to the feelings of the jury, and indeed seemed purposely to avoid any excitement on his own part or the arousing of it in others, till he came to reply to the ill-judged insinuations of the junior counsel on the other side, as to a pre-determined assassination and a whole past life of hypocrisy.—This he denied in an indignant burst of fiery eloquence, that met a response in the heart of every man in the court room; mingling with it a few scathing sentences of personal sarcasm, under which the luckless Harris writhed like a whipped school-boy.

He closed by telling the jury he knew they would and must find a verdict against him, the evidence required it; but he was conscious of innocence and could only, as he had endeavored all his life to do, “put his trust in God.”

A feeling was evidently rising in his favor, not only among the audience, but in the minds of the jury also; but this latter was quickly dissipated when Sinclair again rose to close the case, and in a low voice, as though reluctant to act the part assigned him, reminded the jury of their oaths, to decide according to the evidence. The testimony in reference to the wagon proved nothing as to the merits of the case; the blood on the road, seven or eight miles from town, might have been put there by prisoner himself in cleansing his blood-stained garments—he was absent long enough to have done it;—and as for the prisoner’s narrative of events, had it been proved by one single credible witness, he did not hesitate to allow that it would clear the defendant,—but where was that single witness? And amid a breathless silence over the whole court house, the case was given to the jury and they retired.

No one supposed they would remain out many minutes and all therefore kept their seats. The dead unbroken stillness of the crowded hall began, after four or five minutes, to be disturbed by low whispers of opinion, when the sound of voices was heard

at the door. Instantly every noise was hushed within, for all supposed it to be the jury returning, and amidst the universal silence, a woman's voice was distinctly heard:

"Augh! let me pass now, let me in, I say! Lucy, kape holt of me hand! Ah, John Looney, won't the divil burn ye for desav-in' me so, and the swate young gintleman agoin' to be hanged jist because me child's blood was on his coat! Let me in, I say!"

In a moment, with an indescribable revulsion of feeling and a voice as of one man, the whole vast multitude within shouted—

"The Irish woman! Manton's witness! The Irish woman!"

And instantly, spite of remonstrances on her own part and shouts of "Order! Silence!" from the officers, the widow and her family were actually lifted over the heads of the crowd and placed within the bar.

"Who are you, my good woman?" asked the judge, but before an answer could be given, a hundred voices shouted, "Call back the jury!" and despairing of quieting the multitude and probably sympathizing with them, the judge ordered the jury re-called.

"In the meantime the woman looked round, and the moment her eyes met Manton—who seemed waiting her recognition—she sprang toward him and would have dropped on her knees, but the prisoner prevented her, shaking hands heartily with her and with Lucy, whom she drew up beside her. What was said was inaudible, amid the sound of a hundred voices, but the poor woman wept like a child.

When order was again restored—the crowd were too eager to bear to be noisy long—the judge made a few remarks to the spectators on the impropriety of any demonstrations of public feeling in a court of justice, and intimating the reluctance but necessity under which he should order the court room cleared, if better order were not kept; then turning to the woman, he repeated his question—

"Who are you, my good woman?"

"Sure me name's Mary Callaghan, yer honor," said she, modestly dropping a curtesy, "an I'm a lone widdier with five children, barrin' the two that's lyin' in the church yard at Ballynasloe."

"And you wish to give evidence in this case?"

"I don't know nothin' about the case, yer honor, but I want to tell ye how this young gintleman got his coat bloodied, which they say he's goin' to be hanged for. Sure it was—come here Lucy!"

"But," interrupted the judge, "I don't know you; how are the jury to know whether to believe you?"

"Plaise yer honor, I have some certificates from Father O'Reilly, that's the praist, and Squire Magruder, and—"

"Who—Squire Magruder of N——?" demanded the judge.

"Yes yer honor,"

"Hand me his certificate,—I know his hand-writing."

The woman fumbled in her pockets and produced some half-dozen letters, of which she handed one to the Judge. He read it aloud to the jury;—

"This is to certify that the bearer, Mary Callaghan, is well known to me as a remarkably honest, industrious and worthy widow, who is about moving Westward since the death of her husband, &c.

"I am satisfied said the Judge, refolding the letter, "Clerk will you swear the witness?"

Please your honor," interposed Harris, "this witness seems to be a Catholic, and they say a Catholic doesn't regard an oath sworn on a protestant Bible."

"Augh! git out wid ye," said the widow, indignantly to Harris, sure ye must be a rogue yerself to think I'd break me oath, even ef it was swore on an almanac. But here's a Catholic Bible of me own," said she, producing a Douay Bible from another pocket, "with the blessed cross a-top of it." And handing it up, amidst the ill-concealed ridicule of the crowd at the discomfited Harris, she was sworn upon it.

This trifling little incident was much to her advantage. Already the tide of sympathy had commenced in her favor, from her gratitude toward Manton, and this little involuntary evidence of both piety and conscientiousness certainly prepared both jury and audience for believing more readily her testimony.

"Now my good woman," said Maxwell, in a voice husky with the emotions he vainly endeavored to repress, "will you tell the jury if you saw or knew anything of that gentleman," pointing to Manton, "on the evening of the 28th of July last?"

"Well I'll tell ye; ye see, John Looney, that's me hired man, had left the wagon and gone back to town, saying as how he'd forgot somethin' though sorra a bit was it but the wheskey he'd forgot or brought back with him—the drunken baste—"

"Stop a moment," interrupted Maxwell, "is this John Looney in town now?"

"He came wid me, sir, to kape me from comin' meself, but I've

dismissed him from me sarvice, and like enough he's gone off by this time, for he seemed to hate mightly to come here any how."

Maxwell instantly handed up a line to the Judge, who beckoned and whispered to the sheriff, who again whispered to two or three officers, which latter left the court-house immediately.

"Proceed, madam, if you please," said Maxwell.

"Well, ye see, he promised to be back before moon rise, and as it was gettin' rather dark, my little Lucy here got frightened and oneasy like, and she was lainin' out of the wagin and lookin' back, when a jolt of the wagin pitched her out agin a rock in the road, and when I jumped down and picked her up, yer honor," continued the mother, the tears now glistening in her eyes, "there was no more life in her than you'd find in a stick. Me son here"—pointing to a stout lad of sixteen, who had elbowed his way through the crowd and was standing beside her—"began to un-harness a horse to go for a doother, when that young gentleman rode up and I axed him ef he was a doother. I soon saw that he wasn't, but no doother could iver have thrated my child more kindly than he did. He jumped from his horse and took me child in his arms, and that was the way he got his coat bloodied, yer honor; for, ye see, the hurt was on the child's head,—come here Lucy," and parting the girl's hair, she exposed to view the scar of a recently-healed wound.

"How did you know" asked Agnill, "that the prisoner here was not a doctor?"

"Sure a doother never wore a sportsman's coat," replied the witness.

"You noticed his coat then, would you know it again?"

"Aye would I, and every thing else he wore. When I forget him may the Lord forget me. Ye see, after he got from his horse and took me child in his arms, the moon rose yer honor, and when the light of it struck his face, he was lookin' as anxious at the poor girl as ef it was his own child. Sure I've blessed him in my heart a thousand times, that could feel so much interest in a poor stranger," And here the grateful widow wiped her eyes again.

"Describe the coat, if you please," said Agnill.

"It was made of fustian yer honor, with pockets in the breasts, and by that same token, ef it hasn't been washed, there'll be a stain of blood on the left breast."

"Are you very sure," asked Maxwell, "that the moon rose after he had dismounted and was holding your child?"

"Aye am I."

"How long did he remain with you?"

"Long enough to examine me child's head, and then go back to the stream for a bucket of water; and wash the wound and help me bind up the head, and then awhile afterward, while Davy was harnessin' up the horse again."

"Was it half an hour?"

"More nor that."

Witness was now desired to stand aside a moment, and, at Maxwell's request, Sinclair recalled those commonwealth witnesses who had found the body of Easton. They all agreed that it was about ten minutes after moon rise when the murdered man's horse came to town, and as they started out immediately and rode fast, the moon was probably from fifteen to twenty-five minutes high when they found the body, still warm and bleeding.

Two physicians also, being recalled, declared that from the fluidity of the blood, they judged it impossible that Easton could have been killed more than fifteen or twenty minutes before he was discovered—couldn't have been half an hour. The old man must have been shot just about moon rise.

This evidence seemed sufficiently conclusive, but the prisoner's counsel appeared still unsatisfied, and after whispering together a few minutes, the widow was recalled.

"Mrs. Callaghan," said Maxwell, "you told the prisoner that you were going directly, that night, on to the town of X., I believe. Why did you not go to that place?"

"Because, yer honor, a few minutes after this young gentleman had turned back, John Looney, me hired man, come up, rayther the worse for liquor, and he told us that a murder had been committed on that road and the police was out after the criminal, and ef they found us in the road we should be suspected and carried back to be tried for the murder; and so he persuaded me to turn out into a by-road, and so we kept in by-roads for three or four days, travelin' mostly by moon-light, and he persuaded me to turn the kiver of the wagin t'other side out, that was painted green, and he coaxed me to let Davy, that's me son here, ride one of the horses and keep a half mile or so behind the wagin, so the police wouldn't know us ef they found us. And so we kept on till we got to W.," (a town about 75 miles N. West of Z., "where we stopped."

And have you been there ever since?"

"Yes, yer honor."

“Did you know or hear that great rewards were offered for information of your wagon or family ?”

“O yes sir, but Looney said he knowed the customs of the country, and all they wanted was to get us back here and then thry us for the murder. And he said, as nobody knowed us, all we had to do was to kape dark and say nothin’ and they’d never find us out.”

“And how came you, fearing this to come here at all ?”

“Why, ye see, about a week since, I heerd that a mighty nice young gentleman was like to be hanged for the murder, because he was out on that night and had his coat bloodied; and I said to meself, sure it’s the same one that was so kind to me poor little Lucy, and so I thought I’d come over any how, and ef I had to be thried for me life, I could only do me duty and put me thrust in God.”

A tremendous shout of approbation, hitherto restrained with difficulty and now no longer to be controlled, burst from the assembled multitude, while the Judge was too busy wiping his eyes to pay any attention to the breach of court-decorum.

“One thing more, my good woman,” as soon as he could be heard, “and I am done with you. Have you ever, since that night, seen any thing in Looney’s possession which he had not before this time ?”

Up to this moment, perhaps not five persons in that whole assembly had seen aught in the questions of Maxwell, more than the desire completely to clear his client; but as he put this one to the witness, the whole drift of his examination for the last half hour became apparent in a moment, and more than a thousand eager eyes were turned in suspense, and an almost terrified expectation upon the witness, as with the same quiet and truth-like simplicity as ever, she answered,—

“Nothin’ at all, yer honor, more than a little box that he give me, tellin’ me he found it in the road in the evenin,’ as he came out from town.”

“Have you it with you ?” asked Maxwell, with an eagerness that seemed to astonish the witness.

“I think Davy has—haven’t you, Davy ?” turning to her son.

Without a word, the boy produced from his pocket a small square pocket-compass, which he handed to Maxwell. On one side was fantastically painted a large letter J., and on the other a similar E.

All saw it, and forgetful momentarily of court-rules, a hundred voices exclaimed at once.

“Easton’s pocket-compass !”

At this instant, and while the excitement inside the court-house was becoming frightful, the officers despatched a half hour since re-appeared; and as the crowd opened for them and became once more hushed and still, they placed within the bar a rather young man, whose red matted hair and coarse pock-marked features, identified him with the one Dennison had described as having ridden with him on the evening of July 25th.

He had been brought with a subpoena, as witness for defendant in the case now before the court, but seemed to have come very unwillingly, and gazed angrily and suspiciously around upon the mass of human faces before him. He was sworn.

“Your name is, John Loony, I presume ?” said Maxwell mildly.

“If ye know, what do you ask me for ?” replied the witness in a surley manner.

“Well,” said Maxwell, without changing his tone, “were you on the road West of this town, on the afternoon and evening of July 25th ?”

“Yes I was.”

“In riding in toward town on that afternoon, did you find or pick up any thing on the road ?”

Witness gave a quick furtive glance at the questioner and then answered “No,”—but just then, raising his eyes, he encountered those of Dennison in the crowd, and seeming to recollect himself a moment, he said rather confusedly. “The saddle-girth came loose once, and I got down to tighten it, but I did not pick up nothin.’”

“Rather singular isn’t it,” asked the counsellor with a smile, “that your saddle-girth became loose when you were riding without a saddle ?”

Looney became alternately pale and red for a moment, and then said—“Well I don’t know what it was then.”

“Well, will you tell the jury about what time it was when you left town to return to Mrs. Callaghan’s wagon ?”

“Don’t know.”

“Was the moon up when you started ?”

“No.”

“Where were you then on the road, when the moon rose ?”

At this question, the witness changed color and visibly trembled, but he answered—"I don't remember."

"Yes—no !—that is, yes—I met this man," pointing to Manton, "a long ways out of town."

"And you met no one at all, except him ?"

Witness hesitated.

"At least," said Maxwell, slightly changing his tone, "you will not hesitate to tell the jury in what part of the road you found this ?"—and he held up Easton's pocket-compass.

Looney became instantly pale as ashes and turned as if to escape; but every where, as he looked round, was a circle of dark and angry-looking faces and a perfect wall of stout men to stop his way,—and as he turned again, terrified and despairing toward Maxwell, the latter rose suddenly to his feet, and leaning forward till he could have touched the man with his hand, demanded in a voice of thunder,—

"Where are the watch and pocket-book you found also on the old man's body ?"

Thrown momentarily off his guard, Looney exclaimed hastily,—

"I haven't got them—I lost them afterward ! indeed I did, before I met this man !"

For a single moment after this involuntary confession, there was in that horror-struck assemblage the stillness of death; and then, as with one voice, there rose a yell of concentrated wrath, fury and revenge, as the crowded hundreds made an instantaneous rush toward the guilty and self-betrayed witness, to take into their own hands the punishment of his crime.

The sheriff had hardly time to obey a hasty order from the bench, and hurry the witness out of the back door, where a passage led to the jail; while the Judge addressed the angry multitude, reminding them that the grand jury was then in session, and assuring them that a bill would be brought in immediately against Looney, and the majesty of the law be properly vindicated. He closed by turning to the jury—

Gentlemen, if you think it necessary, you can retire."

But the foreman merely glanced at the rest, and replied—

"We are already agreed."

"How say you, Gentlemen of the Jury," called out the clerk,—  
"is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty, in form and manner as set down in the indictment ?"

"NOT GUILTY !" answered the foreman.

I cannot linger now to tell how the overjoyed and shouting multitude actually lifted the late prisoner bodily out of the prisoner's box and bore him triumphantly on their shoulders round the public square,—how the guilty and wretched Looney was found next morning dead in his cell, having anticipated the hangman's duty and gone thus, with a double murder on his stained soul to his last account,—how the noble hearted widow was richly rewarded by Manton and his friends, for those grateful exertions which had brought her so seasonably to save her young friend, by her testimony, from a felon's name and death;—nor would it add to the interest of what is already written to prolong the narrative, even to dispose, in such manner as will by every one be anticipated, of the hero and heroine.

But it may be instructive, if not interesting, to draw from the above-related circumstances the lesson that Manton drew as to the beauty and correctness of his mother's dying charge, and to recognize it as the simple duty with us, short-sighted mortals, always to try to do right and for consequences to "put our trust in God."

# REMINISCENCES.

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NUMBER X.

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KEEPING UP THE FAMILY NAME.

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LEAF I.

One evening I found a message waiting for me, desiring my immediate presence at Mr. Pendleton Nixon's to see his sick daughter.

Nixon was a widower of fifty, with just sufficient peculiarities about him to be by his friends considered a character. His chief possessions consisted of a dignified person, five feet by four, a handsome establishment, easy fortune, a most obstinate temper and a pretty daughter; all but the last having been hereditary in his family so long that, as the law-books say, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But the last, his daughter, was a source of much anxiety to him, not to be wondered at when it is considered, as he himself often remarked, that his family was not used to having daughters, Lucy, his own, being the first that had existed in his branch of the Nixons for some three generations. He must marry her, of course, but that would change the name and interrupt the family line, and he was at his wits' end how to prevent this catastrophe. The reader will learn how he proposed to do it; meantime let us turn to the daughter.

When I reached her bed-side, I found her flushed in face and under some nervous excitement; but as neither tongue, pulse nor

inquiry as to her pain gave any indication of sickness, I turned to her a look of perplexity, which she answered by requesting that we might be left alone together.

“Dr.,” began the patient, when the room was cleared, “I see I shall have to make a confidant of you, and O, I beg of you (clasping two very pretty hands together,) not to betray me. If you do I shall die, for I can’t and won’t do as papa wishes.”

Family physicians, especially if elderly gentlemen, are more often young ladies’ confidants than the world knows any thing about. Moreover I had known Lucy during her whole nineteen years of life,—knew her as a very sentimental, very obstinate, (she got that from her father,) and withal a very charming little creature, with one of the best hearts in the world naturally, but already half-spoiled, partly by her father’s indulgence and partly indiscriminate novel-reading. So preparing myself for something very romantic but not very important, I assented to the proposed confidence, and she proceeded.

“I am not sick, Dr., you see that, but I told them I was, for a particular reason. You know how proud papa is of his family and the old name? I wish I had been a son instead of a daughter, and then the name he is so proud of would never have been changed. But I’m a girl, and though he wishes to see me married, he dosen’t wish to break up the family line, so—would you believe it?—he has proposed me to his second cousin, George Nixon of N——, an old bachelor thirty years old, that I’ve never seen and never wish to see. Isn’t it a shame,” continued she, speaking through the tears forced out by this re-capitulation of her wrongs, to bargain me off, as though I were part of the plantation or one of the servants, just to keep up the family name?

“Papa first told me of his arrangement about six months ago, and has ever since been trying to persuade me to receive a letter on the subject from my cousin; and this morning he told me that George is to be here in a week to see me, to look at the purchase he has made, as if I were a horse he had bought. I declare it is too bad. I don’t want to marry any body, for I don’t love any body—that is, any young man. And I will never marry George Nixon; so I have pretended to be sick, that I may have an excuse to keep my room all the time he is here,—I hope that won’t be very long; if it is, I don’t know what I shall do, for I won’t marry him and I won’t see him.”

“But, Lucy, you’ve made your father very uneasy about you, and——”

“O ! you may tell him I’m not going to die very soon, only I shall have to keep my room for a week or two. Dear Dr., you are the only friend in the world that can help me now,—don’t you desert me—don’t you betray me. And if, indeed, I am obliged even to look at that odious George Nixon, I shall be really sick—I’ll die, I’ll do any thing first.”

I ventured to suggest to my romantic little patient, that a bachelor of thirty was of just the proper matrimonial age, and that, having never seen him, she might just as probably like as dislike him; but all would not do. The spoiled pet had made up her mind, and as her resolution was not the most rational in the world, so nothing rational would change it.

It was impossible, however, to resist the earnest pleading of the coaxing creature, who had got into her sentimental little head the oddest sort of crotchets about a marriage of the sort proposed, as well as the most unalterable aversion to any and all things either preparatory or adscititious to it. I was compelled, therefore, to consent that she might tell to her father her own story about her health, conditioning only that she should not alarm him by any pretence of serious indisposition, and that my sanction to the deceit should be liable to be withdrawn whenever I thought fit.

Going below, I was soon relieved of all anxiety as to the receipt to which I had partially committed myself, by the old gentleman, who took me into a parlor, closed carefully the door, and advancing toward me, first smoothed his chin gravely and then, laying one finger on his nose, winked knowingly; while he said,—

“Isn’t going to die ?—Hey ?—Sick !—humbug ! That’s my opinion, what’s yours ? Ought to have been a son instead of daughter—can’t be helped now,—change name—break up old family line—never do. Promised her to my cousin, George Nixon of N———, —fine fellow—handsome lad—same name—keep up the family. Lucy’s a fool though—thinks she can’t marry till she gets in love—humbug ! Who ever heard of respectable people marrying for love ?—That’s my opinion, what’s yours ?”

As I knew the interrogative at the close of Mr. Nixon’s remarks was not intended to elicit any expression of my opinion on the subject, but merely from a long habit of interlarding his own deliverances of opinion with that peculiar phrase, I made no other reply than a bow, and took my leave.

## LEAF II.

Next day, when I re-visited my patient, I found her up and dressed, and confessedly so much better that I was fain to ask the reason of her sudden convalescence. This produced an additional confidence to this effect, that, moved by his sympathy with her serious illness, her good-natured parent had consented that the much-dreaded formal visit of her cousin and promised husband should be deferred for six months.

Knowing as I did that Mr. Nixon had no faith in his daughter's sickness, I was no little astonished at her communication, and strongly suspected that the old gentleman, finding deception the order of the day, had determined to use a little on his own account, for the benefit of his own plans. I was therefore not much surprised when, upon descending the stairs to the parlor, Mr. Nixon again closed the door carefully, again stroked his chin, and winked knowingly, while he said,—

“How's your patient, Dr. ? My promises better than your prescription—hey ?—Shall cut you out yet,—nice little plot of mine,—if I tell you, you won't blab—hey ? You see—told Lucy, George Nixon should not visit her for six months. Good—all true enough,—George Nixon shall not—but Charles Mason shall come in less than a week. Understand ?—hey ?—That's my opinion, what's yours ?”

“But who is Charles Mason ?” I asked.

Before replying, the old gentleman again carrased his chin, patted his nose, winked, nodded his head upward and backward toward his daughter's room, and at length found words to say,—

“Who is he ?—O, a very nice young gentleman of N——, who will happen—mind you, happen—to be traveling this way in about a week;—handsome fellow—good family—but no relative of mine however, and particularly no relation of George Nixon's.—O no !—That's my opinion, what's yours ?”

Seeing that I still looked mystified, though I evidently sank fifty per cent, on the spot in his estimation for my obtuseness, he proceeded to explain;—

“Don't see it, Dr ?—hey ?—Why, you know, she has got those confounded love notions in her head—found them in her novels, I suppose;—well, Charles Mason is George Nixon,—*George Nixon*,” repeated the triumphant plotter, winking his left eye as if he had sand in it, and poking me perseveringly in the ribs. “Well, he is

traveling—comes here all by accident;—I meet him in the streets—find him an old friend—fêtc̄h him home—all by accident. Lucy falls in love with him—she'll be sure to do so if I tell her not to;—I'm obstinate at first—gradually relent—finally say yes;—she marries him—and never knows who he is till the parson calls him George Nixon in the evening. Glorious plot!—That's my my opinion, what's yours?"

And the old gentleman allowed both hands to slide into his pockets and looked me in the face, an expression of intense satisfaction illuminating his good-natured features all the while.

"And I ve written to George," he suddenly continued, "and told him about it—how Lucy's silly and sentimental—how he's to pass off as Charles Mason—and all that."

"But don't you apprehend," I suggested, "that Mr. George Nixon may feel some natural reluctance to visiting her under the circumstances?"

"Natural reluctance!—natural fiddlesticks!—No!—he dosen't know she dislikes him—and what if he did?—If he's a man of sense, he'll be glad of the chance to get a pretty wife and an establishment like this, and—and to keep up an old family name;—and if he's a fool, like Lucy, he'll be tickled with the romance of the thing,—courting a girl without being known to her—marrying her with her own consent, but against her own will;—that's my opinion, what's yours?"

"But, if Lucy in the meantime should get an inkling of your good intentions toward her—"

"Ah, yes, that would be the deuce to pay indeed,—trust me for keeping her in the dark;—may be you think the plot's no go?—Tell you what, Dr.,—put up my bay filly against your poney trotter, that Lucy is dead in love with George Nixon—a fortnight—say—just two weeks from date. Come now, that's my opinion, what's yours?"

"My opinion is that you would better guard your plot well from Lucy's knowledge; for depend upon it, she would do something desparate, no less to avoid her cousin than to escape the mortification of being deceived, and so good morning."

## LEAF III.

I heard nothing more from the Nixons till three days afterward, in the morning, while at breakfast, I was disturbed by a message from Mr. Nixon, asking if I knew what was become of Lucy. The servant added that she had disappeared and "Massa was mos' crazy about it."

Rather grieved than astonished at any thing the wilful and over-indulged girl might do. I hastily swallowed my coffee and rode out to Nixon's villa.

I found the unhappy father racing about the house, winking and nodding and expressing his "opinion" to every one he met, evidently half distracted, but showing his pain and anxiety in a way that was almost irresistibly ludicrous. When I appeared, he ran up to me and placing his elbow energetically in my ribs, as though about to utter the most laughable thing in the world, he shouted in a piteous tone,—

"Dr. ! for goodness sake where's Lucy ?—not in her room—didn't come to breakfast—house searched—not about premises—and—and—the fact is, she's gone !—Lord's sake ! what's to be done ?—George to be here to-morrow—won't see her, nor she him—plot spoiled and all that !—Disinherit the minx—will, by jove,—make over the family property to George within three hours after he comes,—it's too aggravating—too provoking;—that'smy opinion whatss yours ?"

"But did she leave no letter, note or message for you ?" I asked.

"No, not a—yes she did—I forgot," and unclosing his clenched fist, where he had crushed, not from anger but anxiety, a sealed note, found by Lucy's maid in her mistress' room, he opened and handed it to me, desiring me to read it aloud. It was without date and ran as follows;—

"*My Dearest Papa:*—The enclosed leaf of your memorandum book, which I picked up yesterday, will show you that I have learned your intention of deceiving me, and I fly to avoid meeting that odious cousin. I have no intention of leaving you permanently, nor shall I be so far from you but that I can learn when that hateful George has departed,—then I shall return to you. In the meantime I shall be staying with a friend, perfectly safe, but where it will be useless for you to seek me. You have ever been dear to me; far better than I deserve. I love you dearly, and my

greatest affliction now is—(and it makes me cry bitterly while I write,) that I must spend one, two or more weeks without seeing you. I have nobody to thank for it but that abominable George, whom I hate worse and worse every time I think of him. You may be perfectly easy about me, dear papa, for I shall be entirely safe. I hope you will forgive me but if you suffer much anxiety, I shall never forgive myself.

Your affectionate daughter,

LUCY."

The inclosed leaf of the memorandum book showed only the following—

"Item.—To have blue room put in order against the 6th—day after to-morrow—for George. Wonder if Lucy will be sick again!"

As I looked up from the perusal of the letter, I saw that old Nixon was winking his eyes.

"Ah, what a good-hearted—disobedient—charming—obstinate—affectionate—undutiful little minx of an angel she is!" said he, seeming to change his mind with every adjective he used. "Did you ever see such a letter?" he proceeded. "By jove, sir, General Jackson's daughter couldn't write such a one;—that's my opinion, what's yours? What's to be done next? Wait till George comes, I suppose, and see what he thinks of it."

And as I could suggest nothing better, while Lucy's note relieved us of much anxiety, I did not oppose the conclusion he came to, and soon after departed.

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#### LEAF IV.

About sunset of the same day, and at some twenty miles, distance from Z.—., a two horse buggy might have been seen driving along the road, bearing trunks behind, and having the general dusty appearance about the vehicle and that tired air about the horses, that betokened journeyers who have been long upon the road.

The driver, the only occupant of the carriage, was a rather young looking man, about whose appearance there was a sort of ease and familiarity with position, as though he had been accus-

tomed all his life to travel in his own carriage, and all the novelty of the thing had long since worn off. One would scarce have needed a second glance to decide that he was a man of the world, but for a rather unusual and prepossessing air of frankness and truth about his face and manner, which—sorry am I to say it—is generally attributable rather to an ignorance than to a knowledge of our species.

The traveler seemed to think his day's journey long enough for his horses, if not for himself, and he had for the last half-hour, been watching the road in search of an inn. No such promised accommodation however appeared in sight, so hailing a lad who, sitting listlessly by the road-side, seemed resting himself, he inquired if there were a public house near.

Receiving no answer, he turned to look more nearly at the boy, as he drove toward him, and saw with astonishment that he was weeping violently. He seemed a slenderly-made youth of thirteen or fourteen, well dressed, though his clothes were road-soiled and dirty. His face was shaded by a straw hat and covered by his hands.

The traveler repeated his inquiry before noticing these particulars, and touched instantly by the appearance of suffering, he descended to offer his assistance. As he approached, the youth started to his feet, the action displaced his hat, and as it fell off a rich mass of dark hair, far too long for the sex he assumed, fell also and covered his shoulders to the waist.

A deep blush burned on the features of the discovered girl for one moment, and then clasping her hands, she exclaimed earnestly,—

“O, I know it must seem strange that I should be at such a place and in such a—in such a dress, but indeed sir, I have done nothing wrong. You look kind and honorable, and like a gentleman,—I am sure you won't injure me—only will you take me to my aunt's house? It is only about two miles from here. I started to walk there, but I am not used to walking so far and I am perfectly exhausted. Don't refuse me sir,” she added, as the traveler seemed to hesitate,—“don't refuse me! I've waited an hour here for some one to pass that I would not be afraid of, and I am sure I may trust to you;”—and she looked up into his face with an expression on hers that made his heart beat louder and faster than it had for many a day.

His apparent hesitation was indeed not from reluctance, but

from the natural awkwardness of feeling to a bachelor in such circumstances.

"My poor child," said he at length, with a look of pity at the beautiful and pleading face turned up toward his, "I am afraid you are doing wrong to trust any body you do not know,—but let me help you into my buggy and we'll get to your aunt's as quickly as possible. No one shall harm you while I can prevent it."

"O, thank you, thank you," said she eagerly, "I knew I might trust to you. But you will have to turn back," pursued she, as he seated himself in the carriage beside her, "as far as the first cross-road, nearly a mile from here, and then Mrs. Estill lives about a mile from this road."

As the buggy was turned and pursued the road indicated by the fair stranger, an unaccountable silence came over that man of the world, usually so fluent and even brilliant in ladies' society. Was he vexed at his journey's delay, or was he imagining the possible cause of this singular masquerade, or was he guarding himself, by silence and reserve, against a new feeling that became gradually stronger and stronger, spite of his efforts to the contrary, whenever he thought of that fascinating face, with its trustful expression, turned so pleadingly toward him. He could control his tongue, but he could not for the life of him prevent his eyes from stealing glances, momentarily, toward his companion.

After some five minutes of silence that was sufficiently awkward to both, she said—

"I ought to have answered your question sooner,—there is no public house within five or six miles. My aunt will be happy to have you stay at her house for the night, and,"—she hesitated—"I myself desire you should, because I feel it due to myself that I should have explained to you the singular circumstances under which you found me. I do not feel able to do it now, nor do I know in fact how much I ought to tell; but you shall be satisfied, sir, that you have not been imposed upon."

Our traveler made some common-place reply, which he felt could have little or no meaning, for he became sensible, about that time, of two very contradictory feelings,—the first, a perfect conviction that he had not been imposed upon, and the second, a most earnest desire to have this proved to him.

Amid the silence that ensued, the remainder of the distance was passed, and as they came in sight of a handsome mansion,

whose paraphernalia (so to speak) of out-houses and conveniences—which there was just daylight enough left to see—bespoke at once the wealth and taste of the owner; the fair masquer pointed it out to her companion as Mrs. Estill's residence and requested him to stop there.

As servants came out with lights, at the sound and stopping of carriage wheels before the entrance, the traveler threw his short cloak—long enough still to cover her small figure—around the young girl, to conceal her masculine dress from the servants, and bade her, in a low voice, tie a handkerchief over her hat, so as to give it, in some sort, the appearance of a lady's riding-hat.

"Thank you," said she gratefully, and complying with his suggestion, "how kind and considerate you are!" Then springing from the buggy, she ran up the steps and into the house with the at-home manner of one perfectly familiar with the localities.

Three or four minutes passed, scarcely long enough for the traveler to decide whether or no he should follow the servant's suggestion, that "Massa had better go up in de house—missus be berry glad to see him;" when an elderly lady of dignified person appeared on the steps, and with much ease and sweetness of manner, invited him into the house.

"This visit of my niece is very unexpected, but not the less pleasant; she has told me briefly her indebtedness to you, sir, and it is her wish as well as my own that you give her an opportunity, by sharing our hospitality, of explaining the rather singular meeting you have had."

In good sooth, the traveler needed little urging. His horse's uneasiness, the hour's lateness, the distance to an inn, curiosity to hear the promised explanation, and more than all, a most (to him) unaccountable feeling of interest in the heroine of this romantic adventure;—all these prompted him to accept the hospitality so politely offered, and he alighted at once and followed his hostess.

At supper, where the lady of the house presided, his late companion did not appear. Her aunt apologized, that her niece had walked near twenty miles that day, for the first time in her life, was quite worn out and had gone to bed, but would see and thank her kind protector in the morning.

During the meal, the gentleman was rather silent and abstracted, but managed to inform his hostess, though with more apparent hesitation and embarrassment than so common-place a thing

demanded, that she might address him as Mr. Mason; adding that he lived at some distance, and was on a visit, rather of pleasure than business at Z——.

“I have not yet,” said Mrs. Estill, “had any long conversation with my niece, but from what she has said, I gather that she feels herself under the greatest obligations to you, sir, for your kind assistance and protection,”—Mr. Mason made a gesture of dissent; “I know you would of course disclaim any credit on that score, but both she and I must feel it no less. I know much better than she how great reason we both have to be thankful, that she escaped the dangers to which her rashness and willfulness exposed her.”

“I hope,” said the traveler, hesitatingly and more gravely than he had yet spoken, “that the young lady has done nothing—that her masquerade had no origin in any—”

“How true you are to your sex,” interrupted the lady, smiling; “I have scarcely seen a gentleman in my life who would not almost as soon commit a crime as a mistake, and be shot at rather than be laughed at. But make yourself easy on that point, your kindness and gallantry have not been abused, I assure you. My niece has been guilty of nothing but rashness and thoughtlessness. Her father, Mr. Nixon—”

“Mr. who?” interrupted Mason hastily, “I beg your pardon, madam, did you say Nixon—Pendleton Nixon?”

“That is his name, sir; are you acquainted with him?”

“I—I—yes madam,—that is, I have known him for many years;” and with a long breath, the traveler relapsed into silence.

“It is necessary to tell you,” resumed the hostess, “that her father has long been anxious—in fact has promised her to a gentleman whom she has never seen and to whom she has conceived a most unconquerable aversion. It seems the match has lately been urged more strongly upon her than she could bear, and this masquerade and flight is the consequence. Lucy is one of the noblest girls in the world,—her only faults are too much romance of disposition and a little natural wilfulness, that has scarcely been much lessened by her father’s indulgent fondness.”

“Is it possible,” asked the stranger, with some embarrassment and after a long pause, “that any gentleman would persist in forcing himself thus upon a lady to whom he was so disagreeable?”

“As to that,” replied Mrs. Estill, “the gentleman in question

does not reside in Z——, and so far as I know, is entirely unaware of Lucy's dislike to him. The proposed husband is her father's cousin, a gentleman of the same family name, and living at N——, and the match originated wholly in the father's anxiety to keep up the family line and name."

Our traveler, who had appeared somewhat relieved by the first words of the lady's reply, became so manifestly embarrassed at the close, that the hostess, seeming to mistake the source of it, said—

"Excuse me, sir, for boring you thus with these minute and uninteresting details. Lucy has always been a great favorite with me, and I forget that every thing relating to her cannot be as much matter of interest to others as to myself."

"I hope, madam, you will do me the justice to believe that nothing concerning her can be uninteresting to me. On the contrary, her face and manner have made an impression upon me that—I ask your pardon, madam, as a stranger, for taking the liberty to say so,—but really your niece has made a most extraordinary impression upon me, and I deeply regret that I have, involuntarily,—I mean that any thing should have obliged her to leave her home; though I could almost rejoice at it, too, since it may perhaps lead to my enjoying the honor of her acquaintance."

There was a barely perceptible tinge of mischievous humor in the slight smile that crossed the old lady's features, while she replied—

"The obligation you have conferred, sir, gives you the privilege of old acquaintanceship, and my niece will feel but too highly flattered by the favorable opinion you express of her, in spite of the inauspicious circumstances under which you met."

A few more minutes and a few more remarks passed, and then the visitor was shown to his room.

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## LEAF V.

If our traveler thought his young protege beautiful, under the disadvantages of male attire, a face swollen with weeping, a frame exhausted by fatigue, the dim light of evening and the

suspicious circumstances connected with all, how must she have appeared to him next morning, when in proper dress she appeared at breakfast, her face covered with blushes—for the boldness of excitement had passed away and her native timidity and delicacy had returned—as, introduced by her aunt, she came forward to thank the embarrassed bachelor for his protection and kindness of the previous evening.

During breakfast, (which passed pleasantly enough, though little attention was paid to the coffee except by the hostess,) and the hour that followed it, Mason talked fluently and particularly to his last evening's companion, with two motives: one, to draw her out, and the other, to have an excuse, while talking to her, to look at her. And from the blush with which her eyes retreated whenever they encountered his, he fancied—he would willingly have given his buggy and horses to be sure of it—that she appeared to feel in him a little of that unusual interest which he confessed himself to feel in her.

Propriety, however, seemed to require that after spending half the morning thus, he should at least discover the necessity of prosecuting his journey. As he rose reluctantly to announce this necessity and request his buggy brought out, he could not but notice—and it sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart—the quick, earnest glance that Lucy gave him, followed by a change of color, as a burning blush covered her face and neck. The next moment he turned to the hostess, and desired to know if he could be favored with a few moment's private conversation with her.

Without evincing either surprise or hesitation Mrs. Estill led the way to a parlor, where closing the door, her visitor said—

“Madam, I am about to confess a deceit, though one in which I am not wholly culpable, and to throw myself on your mercy. I am George Nixon of N——, the very man to avoid the sight of whom your niece fled from home. My cousin never intimated that his daughter felt or evinced any unwillingness to see me, or believe me, this journey would not have been undertaken. He requested me, merely, as he said, to give her a pleasant surprise, to travel under the name I gave you last night. I have fortunately seen your niece, and she has made an impression on me that I—that I never wish removed. I would this instant tell her truly who I am, and trust to her generosity to share my part of the deceit and listen favorably to the suit I would offer; but so strong must be her prejudice against George Nixon, that I fear it

would shut out all chance of my success; and I assure you, madam, such a result I cannot bear to contemplate. Nor is this feeling of altogether so sudden growth as you may imagine. I have known Miss Nixon for years by her father's description, and I am only surprised to find a father's description fall so far short of the reality. These letters will satisfy you, madam, that I am what I profess to be;" and he drew out a handful of letters superscribed to "George Nixon, Esq."

But the lady gave them only a single glance, while she said, smilingly—

"I know you, Mr. Nixon,—you have betrayed yourself more than once since you have been here, and I am only surprised that Lucy has not discovered you."

"Is it possible?" said the lover, turning pale with apprehension; "I would not that she should do so for any consideration. But my dear madam—I may almost call you aunt—may I ask, may I not hope that you will favor me? You know that you will have her father's sanction. I wish to continue to her Mr. Mason; that is, to remain unknown to her otherwise, until I can have secured, as I hope to do, enough interest with her to insure me a favorable reception of my suit, whoever I might prove to be. I must now proceed to Z——, where I will see my cousin, her father, and I shall no doubt surprise as well as please him by my account of this lucky fulfillment of his wishes. Do not look so reproving, madam; I do not, any more than yourself, approve of any compulsion of your niece's feelings, or of the originating of this deceit; but since a most fortunate chance has favored me thus far, and—and my whole future has become so entirely at stake, if your niece's happiness can be secured in carrying out her father's wishes, you surely will not—"

"No," said the good hearted aunt, seeing that Nixon hesitated, "I shall not stand in your way or refuse you my assistance, for I think if Lucy can get her own consent, it will secure her ultimate happiness. I know you, sir, better than you think for, and if it will relieve your anxiety, have no objection to tell you that I think you have already awakened an interest in Lucy's feelings."

"Do you, indeed!" exclaimed the delighted lover.

"I do. It may be partly gratitude, for she is now fully sensible of her own imprudence of yesterday and of the value of the aid and protection you afforded her."

"That was nothing," rejoined Nixon, "but I know not how

I shall ever thank you sufficiently for your kindness. With your permission then, I will return on the day after to-morrow, or in three days at farthest."

And so they returned to the drawing-room where they had left their companion.

The young lady seemed to have a suspicion that she had been the subject of their conversation, for her color went and came as Nixon advanced to take leave of her; still with the frankness of an old acquaintance, she gave him her hand, while she said, glancing at her aunt, as though to be assured of her sanction to the invitation—

"I hope, sir, we shall see you again,—I do not feel as if I had yet sufficiently thanked you for what I owe you."

The young man pressed so ardently the little hand he held, as to bring a blush to the face of its owner, while he replied that, with Mrs. Estill's permission, he would see her again in three days at fartherest, and so took his leave.

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#### LEAF VI.

On his arrival at Z——, our hero proceeded immediately to his cousin's villa. The old gentlemen grasped his hand, while he said, disappointedly and almost sadly—

"Ah George, that you?—glad to see you—but it's all knocked in the head.—Lucy's a fool—disappeared—gone off—Lord knows where she is now.—That's my opinion, what's yours?"

George proceeded to give an account of his adventures within the last forty-eight hours. During the recital, the old gentleman smoothed his chin, caressed his nose, winked both eyes successively, poked his cousin in the ribs, and at last fairly danced round the room with tears in his eyes in his exuberant joy.

"By Jove, that's the very thing,—couldn't have been better; they say matches are made in heaven,—yours was made on the road there.—Lucy in breeches!—how *did* she look?"—and here the old man laughed outright. "Take care she doesn't get into them again!"—here a violent poke in the ribs, to the serious danger of the intercastal integuments.—"Three days indeed! You shall go back to-morrow and Cupid go with you;—romance too!—

she shall have enough of it—marry her in a week, George,—sooner the better.—That’s my opinion, what’s yours?”

The reader may be sure the young bachelor’s opinion must have differed widely from his wishes if he disagreed much with the old gentleman on the last point. Accordingly next morning, at an early hour, George Nixon’s horses found themselves again on the road, carrying their master toward Mrs. Estill’s, at a pace that astonished the noble thoroughbreds themselves. Two hours sufficed to pass the twenty-two miles of distance, and our traveler arrived at the aunt’s by the time of early morning calls.

Mrs. Estill, not counting upon quite so much promptness of return on the part of her late visitor, had walked out, and our hero found Miss Nixon alone. The young lady, however, received him with a ready smile and frank cordiality of manner, that showed his visit to be none the less welcome that it was unexpected.

The morning was a pleasant one, but had it been of arctic severity it had seemed summer-like to the lover, who became more and more fascinated with his charming young friend, with each moment of increased acquaintance. At length, after an hours’ conversation on indifferent matters—indifferent to an uninterested spectator, but every word of which was a silver thread in the tissue Cupid was weaving round the couple—the visitor, unable any longer to resist the temptation of so favorable an opportunity, said to the lady—

“My dear Miss Nixon, I may offend you in what I wish to say, but the happiness of my life is at stake, and I must speak. It is possible that the circumstances under which I met you may have at first thrown an interest around you and contributed to produce the—the feelings I have for you. Do not be offended,” he continued, earnestly; for the young girl had put her hands to her face, and from between the taper fingers tears were trickling fast. “You would not perhaps think me so presumptuous or premature in this declaration, if you knew me as well as I do you, and as well as I am known to your relations, to your aunt. I have known you by character for years. All I ask, is, dearest Lucy, if my suit is entirely approved by your aunt, will you give your consent?—One word, for heaven’s sake, Lucy!”

But that one word was not given, for just at that instant Mrs. Estill passed the window, and springing up hastily, the agitated girl hurried out of the room to meet her. Leading her aunt, who

smiled when she saw her niece's excited appearance, to a parlor, Lucy said—

“Aunt, dearest aunt, Mr. Mason has—he has asked me to become his wife. Tell me, O tell me, what shall I say to him?”

“Lucy,” said Mrs. Estill, kindly, “do not your own feelings prompt you what to say?”

The beautiful girl pressed her hand upon her heart, as if to still its tumultuous throbbings, as she answered—

“Aunt, they do, and for that very reason I distrust them. For heaven's sake, tell me, who is this Mr. Mason?”

“My dearest child,” replied Mrs. E., “he is one of the noblest men in the world. If I could choose a husband for you out of the whole State, I would select him.”

“O thank you, thank you!” said the excited girl eagerly, “but aunt, my father—I love him—I do not wish to offend him, and he has set his heart upon my marrying that odious cousin of his. Besides,” continued Lucy, not observing the quiet smile on the face of her companion, “it seems to me that I ought to regard his wishes in this, because I feel as if I had not acted rightly. So long as I felt unhappy and angry at papa, I could justify myself, but now, I am so happy, it seems as though I had done wrong to leave him, and as if I ought not to allow myself to be happy while he must be so anxious what is become of me.” And her tears flowed afresh.

“My noble girl,” said the aunt, pressing her niece in her arms, “your father knows this young gentleman so well and esteems him so highly, that, sure as he is of your invincible aversion to the match he proposed for you, I think I can be answerable for his consent that you should marry your own choice.”

“O can you, can you indeed!” exclaimed the delighted Lucy, her whole face radiant with joy, “then I may tell him—”

“Tell him whatever your heart prompts,” said the other rising, “and as he is waiting for you—”

But Lucy had already disappeared. Re-entering the room which her lover was pacing with rapid and impatient steps, she advanced and placed her hand in his—without a word—but with a manner so winning, a confidence so generous and entire, that the young man thought at the moment ten lives too short to devote to her happiness.

A week passed, during which Nixon's horses rested, excepting one day, when they were employed to take their master, on a

visit of indispensable necessity, to a clergyman of the neighborhood.

At length came a beautiful summer morning, and with it the parson; and the fair young bride, clad in snowy satin, quelled, as well as she might, the throbbings of her heart, while she prepared for the great event of a man's or woman's life.

The clergyman's manner was serious and his voice low, and this, with her own excitement of mind and heart, prevented Lucy's noticing the name by which her lover was addressed in the ceremony. But when all was over, and she sat beside her husband in the carriage that was bearing them rapidly toward her father's residence, it certainly did occur to her, as a source of self-congratulation, that she was now forever freed from all farther importunities in behalf of that "odious George Nixon."

They reached the neighborhood of Z— by late dinner-time, and drove immediately to her father's.

The young wife trembled as they alighted from the carriage and ascended the steps of her so hastily abandoned home; but her husband tenderly re-assured and supported her, and bade her be of good cheer, for she was already forgiven. She had no time to ask, even with a look, an explanation of this last mysterious assurance; for as they entered the familiar door, there stood her father, hiding as well as he could, under an appearance of mock anger, the joy that gladdened his heart and twinkled in his eyes in spite of him.

"Father, dear father!" exclaimed the daughter, springing to the old man's feet, while tears of mingled joy and sorrow dimmed momentarily her bright eyes, "will you—can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you,—little runaway," said the old gentleman, raising her in his arms, "Yes, Lucy, I'll forgive you if you'll promise me—"

"O, papa," interrupted she, anticipating what was coming, and emboldened to speak by his kind embrace, "don't ever mention that odious old bachelor, George Nixon to me again!"

"Odious old bachelor!" roared Nixon, dropping Lucy with a shout of uncontrollable laughter,—"by Jove, if that isn't rich!—however you are undoubtedly the best judge,—don't you think so George?—that's my opinion, what's yours?"

At that hateful name, Lucy sprang up and glanced round almost in terror, but no one was near save her husband, who, taking her hand, said—

"It is now my turn to ask forgiveness, dear Lucy, of you. We have both been in masquerade. I have aided to deceive you once, but it shall be the last time;—will you forgive me?—I am George Nixon."

The young bride gave one glance at the earnest, serious countenance of her husband—threw another at the roguishly grinning face of her father, and, as the whole truth flashed on her mind at once, dropped on a sofa as she broke into a peal of the merriest laughter that had rung in the old house for many a day.

That night there was a wedding party at the Nixons'; not a regular "at home," but a sort of extemporaneous gathering, by no means on that account any the less merry.

It would have done any one's heart good to see and hear the old gentleman that evening. How he would watch his chance, when Lucy was near, and be heard to descant largely upon the odiousness of "old bachelors thirty years old;"—then to see him smooth his chin and caress his nose and wink both eyes successively, and then insert his fore-finger or his elbow into the ribs of any luckless wight within his reach; while he was telling the whole story to the laughing listeners and expressing at large his "opinion." And how he wound up by shouting to me across the room—

"Ah, Doctor,—won that trotting pony, have I?—by the way—when is Lucy going to be sick again?—that's my opinion, what's yours?"



# REMINISCENCES.

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NUMBER XI.

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THE CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

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## INTRODUCTION.

I have always thought the only profession more sombre than that of the physician to be that of the clergyman. The two relations are indeed brought into juxtaposition more often than any other two. The clergyman and physician often meet at the same bed-side, though (such is the thoughtlessness of men's conduct,) the former generally begins where the latter ends; since with too many of mankind, it is only after farther attention to this life becomes useless, that any attention is paid to the concerns of the next, and the clergyman is only sent for to give hope to the spirit, when the physician has utterly despaired of the body.

Still, melancholy, almost gloomy as are many of the clergyman's duties, he is not without his remunerating pleasures, moments of professional enjoyment, which richly reward the habitual self-denial, expected in the lives of the clergy in the country.

Even the physician experiences occasionally the happiness of saving the patient not only from death, but from the fear of it, which to many is more terrible than death itself. And this satisfaction, in the consciousness of the good he has accomplished, and in the affectionate burst of gratitude from the patient's family and friends, is almost the only offset his profession affords to its other and more gloomy duties. The eager anxiety for medicinal effects long waited and hoped for; the sleepless watching

for the crisis of disease on which a human life depends, and the hard necessity of telling, with hesitating lip and averted face, to a fond mother or affectionate wife, that the skill of man and the power of medicine are alike unavailing;—these are, alas too frequently, a portion of every physician's experiences.

But if he, whose duties concern the body and extend no farther, can sometimes realize a professional pleasure which may be an offset to duties so saddening, to anxieties so trying; how much greater the conscious delight of him whose vacation enables him to offer an antidote to the spirit's ills; to lift the curtain of the grave, which, like the veils of Isis, no hand save the spiritual one of faith has ever raised, and to light up even in the very ashes of this life, the hope of a life to come, as undying as the soul when it is kindled!

Nothing shows more truly the character of the clergyman than his manner in the chamber of the dying. He is never sent for to such scenes, except for purposes of consolation or instruction. Yet some will enter the sick room with the nonchalant air of an accidental stranger, seat themselves as far from the sick bed as possible and talk over the news of the day, as if at a tea-party. They seem to forget that to the dying man, the waning hours of life, like the leaves of the Sybil, increase in value as they diminish in number.

Others approach the sick bed with an impatient, ennuyeed manner. There is a manifest irksomeness in the duty of consoling the dying. They hurry through the exercise of the hour, and then hasten away, as though eager to escape the contemplation of a subject so disagreeable as that of wasting humanity.

It was at one of these melancholy occasions, so calculated to remind us, in Burk's beautiful words, "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," that I first met with the Rev. Mr. Carson. The death-bed was of a young wife, and the clergyman's manner almost realized my beau-ideal of clerical deportment at the couch of the dying.

While, as regarded himself there was no canting affection of superior piety, toward the patient there was no harsh censure for previous thoughtlessness or neglect, no dogmatical insisting upon peculiar forms or faith; he came to comfort, not to proselyte. And the very atmosphere wherein he moved seemed almost redolent of kindness toward human infirmity and sympathy with human suffering.

I afterward attended his church frequently, for he had prepos-

essed me much in his favor, and certainly a reputation for much talent with sincere piety seemed not undeserved.

He looked about thirty years of age, was pale enough to be thought a student, un-assuming and considerate enough to appear a gentleman. That he was rather an enthusiast was evident, but it was from disposition not from zeal; and he could scarcely have become a fanatic. Of peculiarities, the most noticeable in him were a timidity and bashfulness of manner in society, (the result of his studious, secluded life,) and a very manifest simplicity of character, the almost infallible accompaniment to purity of heart.

The only objection to the "new parson"—at the period when I first met him, he had but recently been called to the place—was made by the younger ladies of his congregation, who complained somewhat that he never looked toward them during service, or paid them in society any sort of attention. And it was matter of much speculation, whether his manifest carelessness toward the other sex proceeded from a previous engagement or from insensibility, both in their eyes, unpardonable disabilities.

In the old world, the abbey and the convent are always open, and doubtless often entered as a refuge from the disappointments of love in the one sex, and of ambition, the pursuit of wealth &c., in the other. Here, such retirement is not every where available, nor is the creed universal which sanctions or recommends it. But within my knowledge, instances have occurred in one sex, of the clerical office having been assumed for reasons similar to those that in Europe prompt the abandonment of the world altogether.

I, in common with others, may have had a suspicion of such motive being at the bottom of Mr. Carson's assumption of holy orders; but when, some years after this time, and after the death of Mr. C., I learned the true cause of his insensibility to the attractions of the other sex, I was struck with the purity of feeling and simplicity of heart, as well as the singularity of incident it displayed.

I give the story as nearly as possible in the words of my informant, who received it verbally from Mr. Carson himself.

## THE STORY.

In the spring of 181—, I had the spiritual charge of a congregation at ——— in Maryland. I had just received orders, was very young, had been all my life at school and college, knew nothing of the world or of human nature except by theory, and was much inconvenienced by an awkward bashfulness, which has always troubled me more or less, and of which I am not wholly rid, even yet. My congregation was large for a village, but it was not made up of townspeople only; many families from the country were my constant hearers.

On the very first Sabbath that I officiated, two pews, with their occupants, struck particularly my attention. One was immediately in front of the pulpit. It was empty when the service began, but the damask velvet cushions and gilt morocco-bound prayer books, betokened sufficiently the wealth and social position of its owners.

The services had been commenced perhaps some ten minutes, when the noise of wheels and horses' feet approached the church and stopped. I knew at a glance that the new-comers who entered immediately, must be the possessors of the vacant pew. First came a very brilliant but haughty-looking young lady, attended by a youth somewhat her junior, probably her brother. Next was an elderly gentleman of mild and dignified appearance, by whose side walked a lady, just on the wrong side of forty, but still showy in person and yet more so in dress. A certain air of hauteur and a similarity of manners, more than any close resemblance of features, betrayed her maternal relationship to the young couple that preceded her.

The entrance of the party disturbed the whole congregation, and they seemed to expect and design that it should. The sexton jumped to the pew-door, there was a rustling of silks, an unclasping of prayer-books, a fluttering of pocket handkerchiefs, whose perfume reached even to the desk; the elder gentleman put on his spectacles, the youth adjusted the footstool for his mother's feet, and then, with an audible breath of relief, the congregation seemed satisfied that the Warninghams were at last ready to join in the devotions which their entrance had so much disturbed.

This I afterward found, had been their invariable mode of worship. They had not attended church very often—with the

exception of Mr. Warningham—always came late and in their carriage, always interrupted the services, always entered with the same ceremony, and always swept into their pew with the same air of conscious superiority. But then, the Warninghams were the wealthiest family belonging to the congregation; and wealth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

Before their entrance this morning, my attention had been caught by the occupants of another pew or rather slip, in a distant corner of the building and of very different appearance.

It was one of the free seats, but though occupied by only two persons, every body seemed to recognize their right to its possession; for full as the church was no one offered, then or afterward, to enter the slip with them. Both were females. The elder one, apparently the mother, was about forty, plainly and even poorly dressed, and with that peculiar air of desolateness and resignation which betrays the widow. She had once been quite handsome. Even yet, the masses of black hair showed themselves under the close cap and plain bonnet she wore, and her features bore rather the wasted appearance that privation and ill-health will give, before time can write its wrinkles on them. In spite of the poverty of her appearance, there was an air of neatness about her person and dress that gave me the impression of industry and virtue.

You may smile, but I really consider neatness and cleanliness almost inseparable from goodness. A proper attention to the body is generally accompanied by some attention to the mind and heart; while the neglect of the one almost always accompanies, though I do not say it causes, a neglect or carelessness about the other.

The younger female in the seat was about eighteen. She was clad much like her mother. A plain calico dress and simple cottage bonnet, with a small handkerchief pinned closely about her neck, completed her attire. I could have excused her had she allowed her hair to fall upon her neck, since she wore no ornament of any kind; but it was all gathered carefully under her bonnet, and only from the projection of two or three stray curls, whose rich profusion would not be confined, could the exceeding beauty of her hair be discovered.

Her complexion was very fair, but I was pained to see a paleness in her cheek that betokened close confinement or ill health, perhaps both. The large blue eyes were turned upward toward the pulpit, with an expression which it was difficult to meet unmoved, though I cannot well describe it. And in her whole ap-

pearance there was an air of meekness and resignation, as though, young as she was, privation and perhaps sorrow were no strangers to her, yet as though she did not repine at her lot.

I have been particular in describing her appearance, because she made a peculiar impression upon me, at the time and afterward. During the services, her attention was constant and devout; and though looking toward her seat as often as I could think it proper to turn my eyes in any one direction, I did not once discover her glances wandering from the pulpit.

This was very different from the behavior of the richly dressed young lady whom I took to be Miss Warningham. She sat quietly enough, for she had been taught that, but there was a manifest uneasiness of feeling if not of position, in her anxiety to obtain all the admiration she seemed conscious of deserving. True, she was not fidgetty, but this was more as it seemed because she knew it to be un-lady-like, than because she thought it unbecoming to the time and place. And I could not but notice that she contrived, during most of the service, to keep one ungloved hand, with its delicate and jewelled fingers, high enough about her person to be seen by those around.

When the morning services were over, my first glance as I came from the vestry-room, was toward the pew occupied by the widow and her daughter, but they had disappeared. Their seat was by one of the doors, and they were probably the first to depart; but I said to myself, I shall easily find them out.

One of the wardens proceeded to introduce me to most of the prominent families who resided in the country, and who all gave me polite and urgent invitations to visit and get acquainted with them at an early day. When presented to the Warninghams, I was received very kindly by Mr. W., graciously by the haughty wife, somewhat timidly by the youth, and by Miss Warningham with a friendly smile, whose sweetness, I own, astonished me, unprepared as I was for such a quality in one who had already manifested so much both of vanity and pride.

For several weeks afterward I was occupied in the pleasant duty of visiting the families of my parishioners and others, in the town and neighborhood, with whom I speedily become acquainted. Every Sabbath brought the widow and her daughter to their accustomed places in the church, but during the week I saw and heard nothing of them. I knew, of course, that they must be living in an humble sphere of life, and must be sought out to be met with; and this I determined to do at the first opportunity.

Nowhere was I received at my visits with more politeness and kindness than at the Warninghams, whose splendid residence was near two miles from town. I found the old gentleman hospitable, courteous, well-informed and talkative. Mrs. W. had been a belle in early life and seemed never to have forgiven either father Time or the world generally, that she could not be so yet. Her gracious condescension was almost offensive, but I knew it to be well-meant and endeavored not to feel its disagreeableness.

But in Miss Adelaide Warningham I was much and pleasantly disappointed. I certainly had not expected so much mildness and playfulness of disposition, such correctness of thought and sentiment, and so much natural goodness of heart as she appeared to possess. She was always willing (and able too) to converse with me upon almost any subject; and though she had no great apparent predilections for early piety, yet she allowed me, without objection, to introduce even that subject, and listened with seriousness to my expostulations, even when they verged upon the soberness of reproof.

In the meantime, Sabbath after sabbath found the widow and her daughter in their humble seats. Sabbath after Sabbath, the same pious resignation sat upon the pale countenance of the mother, and the same almost superhuman beauty shone on the paler features of the daughter. Almost every time I saw the latter, I seemed to discover some new charm in her pensive face. It was not till the third or fourth Sunday that I observed the peculiar intellectuality of her look, and the fine form of her forehead. Her attention was not the mere mechanical upturning of an unmeaning face, but the intelligent listening of the mind and heart.

I am not ashamed to say that, gradually, I became as much interested in her listening as she seemed to be in my speaking. I do not know how often I fixed a day when I would certainly find her out, but one thing or another always prevented me, till an obstacle finally arose in the shape of my own bashfulness.

Strange as it may appear to you, I had by degrees conceived an interest in this young person, to whom I had never yet spoken and of whose name even I was not yet informed, that I dared not confess to myself, much less to another. A dozen times I was on the point of inquiring of some of my older parishioners, who this widow and her daughter were, but my own consciousness of an unusual interest in those persons, acting on my natural backward-

ness, rendered me fearful of betraying, by any question, the peculiar feelings by which my curiosity might be prompted.

There was a difficulty too in the way of finding them out, except by inquiry. As they always occupied the same seat at church, and that next the door, it was impossible for me to speak to them after service, for they always departed immediately; and though I often endeavored to get out of the church soon enough to follow them and thus ascertain their residence, they were always out of sight by the time I could finish the round of salutations, through which I had to pass on my way to the door.

The very mystery thus apparently thrown around them, increased the curiosity and interest with which I regarded them. Often in my study, when preparing my discourses for the ensuing Sabbath, that pale face, with its almost unearthly beauty, would seem before me, and those large liquid eyes, so intelligent in their blue depths, would seem to gaze upon me, so sadly, yet so uncomplainingly,—just as they had done on the Sunday previous and as I knew they would do on the following one.

It is no wonder that before long, the opinion which my unknown hearer might have of my sermons began to influence the composition of them. In the arrangement of the subject and the framing of the sentences, I could not prevent myself from imagining how she would receive this expression or what she might think of that one. And I took an interest in watching, upon each successive Sabbath, if such sentences had upon her the effect I had anticipated. And you cannot imagine the pleasure it was by thus feeling the mental pulse, as it were, to discover her own views upon different subjects, by watching her manner of receiving the opinions advanced. Nor have you an idea of the gratification it afforded me to ascertain in this manner that her views and feelings coincided in many things with my own, that the particular portions of my discourses which I myself considered as involving the most beautiful and interesting truth seemed to interest and please her most.

It was not very long before I fancied that she began to seem conscious of my observation. Such consciousness, even if accompanied with the desire to appear to advantage in my eyes, could scarcely be manifested by any change in her dress, for her poverty would not permit this. And it seemed hardly possible that any improvement could be made in the exquisite neatness and taste with which her scanty wardrobe was already arranged. Of any alteration in her manner of dressing I could by no means

be sure, but her betrayal of consciousness could not be mistaken, though I was entirely at a loss how to interpret it.

One morning, during the choir's performance of one of our beautiful church melodies, throwing my glance carelessly round over the congregation, I accidentally encountered her eyes fastened upon me, with an expression of interest which I had never seen in them before. My own gaze fell before her's immediately, but not until I had seen the instantaneous flush which covered her face as her glance met mine.

In my excessive bashfulness and ignorance of woman's heart, I could not imagine to what to attribute her conscious blush, and I began to fancy that my involuntary notice was disagreeable to her. This idea haunted me for weeks, causing me much uneasiness. I did not dare for three or four Sabbaths, to look toward her pew at all, and when at last I did so, was shocked beyond measure by the change in her appearance. The first day I ever saw her, I had remarked the paleness of either ill-health or sorrow upon her features, and had even then suspected some secret enemy like incipient consumption making its insidious approaches to her vitals. Now, I feared it strongly, for her cheek was slightly hollowed and a bright and beautiful hectic spot lay, like a rose leaf, upon its whiteness.

During all this time, I had been increasing the circle of my acquaintance and the intimacy of some of them; and at few places did I visit more frequently than at the Warningshams'. I know that the clergy are accused of visiting much more willingly their wealthy parishoners than the poor ones; but you will absolve me of interested motives in this case, when you know the fraternal regard and exceeding interest which I felt for my two unknown hearers, who were evidently among the poorest.

It is certain that I was often invited, both alone and with others, to the Warningshams', was always warmly received, and by no one more kindly than by Adelaide. And I began to feel assured that this young lady had been much abused in the opinions of those who represented her, as most persons did, to be the vain and haughty creature which she had seemed when I first saw her. She had appeared such to me then, but never since. On the contrary, she manifested unusual docility in the expostulations I often made with her—for I never hesitated to tell her what I thought of the faults of her character—and often promised to restrain and amend the particular weakness or error that I pointed out.

One fine afternoon in the Fall, I rode out to her fathers. When I reached the house, I found little Hal, the youngest child—a sprightly boy of six years—playing under the portico. As I stepped upon it he ran off. When I called him, he came back and shook hands with me, but said,—

“I must go and tell Sis you’re come. Sis is going to take a walk, but she said whenever you come I must let her know;” and off he ran.

Adelaide appeared immediately, in her bonnet and shawl.

“Ah,” said she smiling as she extended her hand, “I’m so glad you’re come, Mr. Carson. I was just going to visit a poor sick person, and though it is a long walk, I am sure you will go with me; besides she is one of your own parishoners.”

“Certainly—but who and where is it?” I asked as she took my arm with a sister’s freedom and we set out. “I was not advised that any one of my congregation was sick out in this direction.”

“Well, you probably do not yet know this family,” replied Adelaide. “The sick one is a poor girl who has been in declining health for some months, but was only taken down very ill day before yesterday. She has supported herself and her mother for the last two years, by doing embroidery for us and others. Poor girl! I pity them, and papa would gladly have assisted them without the girl’s labor, but they were too proud to let him. They live in a cottage over beyond the next hill. It is on our farm, and from the top of the hill, both our house and the cottage can be seen. I feel for them very much,” pursued my companion, “for I have heard that they have seen better days. I once saw some fine sketches and drawings at the cottage, which the widow told me were her daughter’s work. They were very beautiful.”

I cannot tell you how my heart throbbed with pleasure and anxiety while Adelaide was speaking, for I was certain in a moment that this dutiful daughter could be no other than my unknown hearer, whom for six months I had been vainly trying to find out.

Adelaide, on her way to visit and comfort this sick girl, appeared to me at that moment like an angel of light. Perhaps it was this feeling of momentary admiration which prompted me to tell her my singular negative acquaintance with this unknown parishoner of mine. I know not how else it was, that at that moment it seemed perfectly proper for me to tell her, my most

familiar female friend, what I would have shrunk from telling to a male one.

With her already kind feelings toward the girl, shown by this intended visit of mercy, and her friendship for myself, I did not doubt her sympathizing with me and that we might together relieve the unmerited privations of one whom we both pitied. Turning therefore to her, I said,—

“There are many traits in your character, Adelaide, that I have always admired, but you never appeared so amiable to me as now.”

She colored, but said nothing and I proceeded—“I would like therefore to tell you now what I have never yet communicated to any one, relative to the peculiar feelings and anxieties I have had toward a particular person, for a long time past—let me see—yes, from the very first day that I saw you.”

I could not but see that something was agitating my companion exceedingly, but as I was unable to discover the source of her emotion and she continued silent, I resumed,—

“You may think me silly, perhaps presumptuous in telling you of this, or perhaps that some other time, after we are better acquainted, would be more suitable; but from the kindness I have ever received from you and from some peculiar circumstances in the matter, I am persuaded that I shall find no better—”

“O no ! not now, Mr. Carson,” interrupted she with an emotion I could not account for;—“do not tell me now—let us hasten on to the cottage.”

“By all means,” said I, “let us hasten on, but I can tell you as we walk.” And proceeded to describe to her my first and strange impressions of my unknown hearer and their continued and increased influence upon my feelings and heart.

As I advanced in my narrative, her breathing became audible, and I was hurrying on, flattering myself much in having excited such an interest in her bosom, toward me in whom I was myself so deeply interested; when all at once, as I was speaking of the image of the unknown being before me in my study, she clasped my arm more tightly and with a quick sigh of pain exclaimed,—

“O stop—pray stop—I feel very ill,—let me sit down.”

She rested a moment, during which time her face became alternately pale and flushed and her eyes gleamed with an unnatural fire, and then said with an effort,—

"I am too sick to go any farther—we cannot visit the cottage to-day; let us return home."

Forgetful momentarily of the claims of gallantry, in my eager anxiety to get to the long-sought cottage, I returned to remonstrate—

"But see, the cottage is not now far off—much nearer than to go back home,—would we not better go there?"

"Sir—Mr. Carson," she replied angrily and with a haughty imperiousness she had never before used to me or even in my presence; "I wish to return home immediately,—will you have the goodness to assist me?"

Much grieved to lose the opportunity of visiting the cottage, and still more to see Adelaide manifesting so little temper, I of course yielded and we returned to her father's in silence.

The following day, (Sabbath,) the pew in the corner was, for the first time, vacant. The widow and her daughter were both absent. I am almost ashamed to confess to you how much their absence affected me. I caught myself, a half dozen times in the course of service, turning my eyes toward the empty seats; especially when delivering those parts of my discourse which had been written with a purpose to discover, in her manner of listening, if the sentiments uttered accorded with her own. I noticed too that Miss Warningham was also absent, though for months past she had been a regular and constant attendant.

On that morning I became assured of two things. The first was, that the widow and her beautiful daughter were certainly the poor tenants of Mr. Warningham. Had they been present, after Adelaide's statement of the daughter's ill-health, the identity might have been doubted, but now no room was left for doubt.

The second thing was the conviction—from the intolerable anxiety, the anguish of suspense I endured and the utter indifference into which, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary, I went through the morning's services in her absence,—that I myself loved the unknown embroidery girl.

You need not be surprised at any thing connected with this confession, save the oddness of my feeling such attachment to me I had never spoken to. Her position in society was nothing to me. I had and have no earthly ambition, and though I was myself dependent upon my sacred office for support, I knew well

that I could always maintain her, if she would be mine, in a far more comfortable condition than she was now in.

My resolution was taken to go to the cottage on the following day, introduce myself (but what introduction did I need to her?) and offer her marriage. Accordingly next morning I rode out to carry my purpose into execution. It was nearest, as I supposed, to go by the Warninghams', so I took the road to their house, intending to walk over thence to the widow's cottage.

When I got to Mr. W.'s, the servant who took my horse showed me to the parlor, and went as I supposed to announce my call to the family. I was left alone, but some of the family were nearer to me than the servant was aware of. Little Hal' was playing noisily in the next room, (which probably prevented my entrance from being heard,) and at intervals two low voices were heard, which I recognized as those of Mrs. Warningham and Adelaide.

A pair of folding-doors alone was between us, and the sound of even their low voices passed readily through. I sat, expecting each moment to hear the voice of the servant announcing me, and becoming every instant more impatient, not only of his delay which detained me there when I desired to start immediately to the cottage, but also rendering it liable that I should over-hear the conversation of the two ladies.

The servant still delayed, perhaps putting up my horse, and after the first minute, when I might have made my presence known by coughing or knocking, my embarrassment and natural bashfulness so overcame me, that I stood, especially after the first few words reached my ears, almost trembling, like a guilty person, and afraid to move. The ladies still talked on.

"But," said the expostulating voice of the mother, "if you will indulge this foolish fancy, you can surely control yourself better, so as not to let your partiality be so manifest."

"Mother, mother," replied Adelaide, deprecatingly, "I assure you I have no such partiality—at least not now,—I am trying"—and she sobbed heavily.

"Why, what a child you are," was the reply, "any body can see that you are in love with him."

"In love with who, mamma?"—Who is Sis' in love with?" screamed little Hal', dropping his hoop and racing across the floor.

"Nobody, nobody!" said Adelaide, apprehensively, for Hal'

talked about every body and every thing, at all times and places.

"It isn't nobody!" roared the spoiled pet, "I know who it is Sis' in love with! Didn't I see her yesterday crying over what Mr. Carson wrote in her album? And didn't I see—"

"Hush! hush? exclaimed Adelaide. "Mother, don't let the boy talk so?"

The child seemed not to like this appeal to his mother, for a moment after he began to sing at the top of his voice—

"Addy loves a parson,  
His name is Mr. Carson?"

and delighted with the rhyme he had found, the little urchin ran out of the room, singing at the utmost stretch of his lungs.

"I must silence that child," said Adelaide, "or every servant in the house will hear him;" and she ran after the boy.

Mrs. W. soon followed and relieved me of my awkward position in one respect, but how terribly I was situated in another. The mortifying discovery, betrayed by the mother and so loudly announced by Hal', almost unmanned me. That it was true I could not doubt, and I only wondered at my blind carelessness heretofore in not being more guarded in my deportment toward Miss Warningham. I had certainly treated her more like a father, a brother or indeed anything else than like a lover, but I condemned myself severely for the very freeness of manner, which, indulged on my side in view of a wish to benefit her and permitted on her's (as I supposed) on the ground of my sacred office, had, it seemed, thrown her off her guard and thus given admission to an unfortunate passion.

Now I saw the cause of her unaccountable behavior during our walk on the Saturday previous, and while I wondered at my own blindness, regretted most bitterly that I had in my communication to her, thus given pain to a sensitive and noble heart. But indeed my natural backwardness would have forever prevented me from aspiring to the hand of Adelaide Warningham, even if another had not already possession of my own heart, beyond my power to recall it. Still less would I ever have fancied that one so courted by many and so indifferent to them all, would have given her heart, unasked, to a poor village clergyman.

I could only lift up my thoughts in prayer, and certainly prayed as much for Adelaide as for myself, that strength might be given her also in this trying hour.

The entrance of Mr. Warningham diverted my attention for a

few minutes, when a stranger knocked at the door and, being admitted, announced himself as a messenger from my mother, then lying at the point of death at her residence, some sixty miles distant. The messenger had searched the town for me, and had at last been directed to the Warninghams'. The urgency of this message admitted not an hour's delay. Every other duty must yield temporarily, to that of closing a mother's eyes, and with a heart torn with conflicting emotions—for I knew myself now—but still with a firm trust in the goodness of Providence, I accompanied the messenger on his return.

If I had not understood them before, I should certainly, during this week of absence at the sick bed of my mother, have understood the meaning of the feelings with which I regarded my still unknown hearer, the embroidery girl. Even here, at the dying couch of my last earthly relative, the image of that meek and pious creature was beside me, seeming to assist me in paying the last duties to her whom, had her life been prolonged, even *she* too might perhaps called mother. O how earnestly did I pray that her life might be spared, so that on my return I might carry out the determination I had formed.

After my mother's burial, I hastened back to my charge. I was told at once, at my boarding house, that during my absence, two or three urgent messages had been sent for me to visit a dying parishoner, a mile or two in the eountry; and before I could make an inquiry as to who or where the sick person was, a young man called, with a request for me to attend immediately to perform a funeral service, a short distance from town.

I had never seen this messenger before, but before I had heard half his message, my heart sank within me. I followed him without a word, for I seemed to know instinctively whither he would lead me. Taking a by-road and passing through farms, we had proceeded a mile or more, when I thought I recognized the scenery. We ascended the next hill. From its summit was to be seen on one side Mr. Warningham's proud mansion, and on the other,—yes, there it was, at last,—the widow's cottage!

We approached—we entered the humble abode. There was but one room' and in the center of that, the corpse was laid out. A single look was sufficient to identify it. There, before me, cold and lifeless now forever, lay the form of her who had become part of my religion and my life.

I had never before been so near her living, as I was there by the side of her, dead. The same mildness of expression, the same

pious resignation sat now, as usual, upon the pale countenance,—scarcely paler, even in death, than when I last looked upon it. The only change was an angel smile, that seemed to hover flittingly about the features, and told of hope in death and confidence in the life to come.

While waiting for the necessary assembling, the poor mother, widowed and now childless and doubly broken hearted, took me aside.

She did not wish to give me pain; but it would ever be a source of the deepest regret to her, that I could not have returned in time to see her child before her death. During her illness—a very quick consumption—especially toward the latter part of it, she was heard frequently to repeat my name, and often to express the most earnest wish to see me, if but a single moment before she died; but it was impossible. “And her last words were,” said the widow with streaming eyes, “Tell him I shall wait for him in Heaven.”

Since that time, as to all earthly passion, my heart has been utterly dead within me. I look upon a beautiful woman as upon a bird or a flower. The memory of the pious and beautiful embroidery-girl is ever with me in my thoughts; and when I am alone in my study, her image is still before me, as it used to be while she was living. I know she is beside me even now,—I believe she is waiting for me, as she said,—I never heard the sound of her voice on earth,—I shall speak to her in Heaven.

N. B. Should the reader think the above incidents too romantic for occurrence, he is assured that the whole is founded on facts. It is not many years since the main circumstance of the sketch went the rounds of the press in this country, as a newspaper paragraph.

# REMINISCENCES.

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NUMBER XII.

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CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

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LEAF I.

Every adult remembers the unequaled length and severity of the winter of '31. Setting in very early, about the last of October, it advanced with more of those frequent thawing changes, so common to the middle latitudes of this country. The snows that fell seemed to become fixture to the soil, the rivers once closed were permanently bridged, and in some parts of the country the cold was more severe than ever known or noticed before.

Its obstinate continuance far into the months of the next year, was matter alike of surprise and injury to all, especially the poor. With unyielding, perversity it extended its reign through January and February into March, when compelled at last to abdicate by the lengthening days and Spring rains, it retired.

Snows were lying upon the mountains, the thickness of which had scarcely diminished an inch during the season, covering up the sources of rivers, whose crusted surfaces had afforded wagon roads for near two months. The sudden breaking up, accompa-

nied and perhaps caused by the heavy Spring rains produced a result that was not, but might have been, anticipated; a flood of unequalled high and sweeping destruction, which was felt over most of the Middle and Western States.

It was on one cold evening, early in March, that having returned home from the labors of the day, I was endeavoring to feel comfortable in slippers and dressing-gown before a fire, when a loud and hasty summons at the street-door disturbed my anticipations of a quiet evening.

I commenced resuming my out-door clothing before the servant went to the door, for I knew the messenger brought one of those calls which, especially during Winter, I never refused to obey, a call from the poor. I was certain of this, because he knocked instead of using the bell handle, and because he gave a second knock before the first could possibly have been answered.

In a minute a note was handed me, blotted, almost illegible and without signature, seeming from the inequality of the lines and letters, to have been written by a person in bodily pain, and earnestly requesting my immediate presence at a house in the suburbs, whither the messenger would conduct me.

"Who wrote this?" I asked of the ragged and animal looking white boy that brought the missive.

"Why, the young 'ooman write it hersef," replied he, without looking at me, but staring vacantly and grinningly around at the furniture, &c.

"What young woman?"

"Why the one what's been in our garret more'n three months and never goes out no whar."

"What's the matter with her?" I inquired rather incautiously.

"Why," answered he with an impudent and knowing leer, "I reckon she's been expecting to want you for more'n a month past; if she hain't the rest of us have, for she don't sleep none and she's always wailing about and groaning most all night, so that nobody else can sleep nuther."

"That will do, I'll go with you;" and we left the house.

It was a bright moonlight night and bitterly cold. The cutting March wind went through one like a knife. My Mercury, however, a slovenly lad about fifteen, seemed not to regard it. When the blast howled he whistled, and occasionally, to change the accompaniment, danced; still, with his hands in his ragged pockets, trotting along constantly ahead of me.

Less than a half hour's walk brought us to an old two-story frame house, in the suburbs, before which my guide stopped. Forbidding as were the looks of its un-painted and broken-windowed front, whose loose weather-boarding creaked and rattled in the fierce wind; it was still much superior to the villainous group of low hovels, most of them (like itself) grog-shops, by which it was surrounded.

It seemed that some citizen, attracted in an economical and unlucky hour by the cheapness of town-lots in that vicinity, had bought there; and then, discouraged and disgusted by the immedicable vileness of the neighborhood, had abandoned his half finished domicil to the less fastidious occupancy of poverty or roguery.

The pause of the boy was only long enough to look round and see that I was following him, and merely nodding, to intimate that I was to follow, he entered the door.

The lower front floor was a bar-room, whose atmosphere, already redolent of whisky and tobacco, was becoming still more smoky and odorous, from the busy pipes and glasses of some half dozen or more dirty, thievish looking fellows, who were vociferously talking, laughing and disputing round a large fire.

Following the guide, I passed through this room into an entry and up a dark stairway.

"Stop here a minute, till I get a candle," said the boy, entering as he spoke, a room, whence proceeded the squalling of what seemed a half dozen children and the loud voice of a negro nurse, in a sort of scolding accompaniment.

Re-appearing with about three inches of tallow candle, which he held flaring and dripping in his fingers, the boy led me to another stair-case, evidently (from its rudeness) constructed since the rest of the building, and so manifestly frail, that I hesitated to trust my weight upon it.

"O there ain't no danger of the stairs!" exclaimed the urchin, endeavoring to re-assure me, as he observed my hesitation.— "They're plenty strong, if you step carefully, though the boards is a little loose; but nobody never fell through 'cept old uncle Tibb, and that was when he broke his back, ever so long ago."

And the little villain proceeded to illustrate and enforce his encouraging eulogy on the security of the stairs, by jumping up and down upon them. But this operation was attended with such a shaking and so manifest a danger to the integrity of the whole structure, that I was fain to request his forbearance, and

also that I might get to my destination as speedily as possible.

"Well, here's the light," said he, offering me the candle, whose sides were by this time tolerably well fluted by the streams of melted tallow, which poured down over them and not stopping at the fingers, ran over the red fist of the boy.

"O you must take it or go up in the dark," said he, seeing that I shrank from the greasy contact, "she won't let me go up to her room, nor nobody else 'cept old Sukey, unless when she has sent for 'em."

"Well, tell Sukey to come up stairs immediately," and resigning myself to the necessity of spoiling one glove, I took the candle and ascended the stairs.

As I opened a door at their head, a gust of cold wind rushed down which well nigh extinguished the light. When it had recovered itself sufficiently to throw out rays, which it did dimly and only to the distance of a few feet, I saw that I was in a garret, a large apartment extending over the whole house; from the slope of the roof habitable only in the middle, with no windows except in the ends, and they must have been without glass, for the cold draught seemed to pass uninterruptedly through, besides whistling, in half the notes of the gamut, through any number of cracks and crannies in the roof and walls. There was no furniture that I could see. Even the floor was of loose and rough boards, laid but not nailed upon the sleepers. My flickering candle gave an uncertain and feeble light, and there was no other in the apartment.

I looked in vain for even a fire-place. There was indeed no sign of life and no sound of it, save frequent low groans, heard in the intervals of the blast, and seeming to proceed from a distant corner of the room.

I shuddered at the idea of a human creature and especially a female being obliged to inhabit such a place, and protecting my taper against the furious current of air, endeavored to ascertain whence the sounds of suffering proceeded.

Ten steps brought me to the side of the couch of wretchedness, and what a picture! A low pallet of loose straw was placed in a corner, under the lee of the roof and end walls; a single blanket and tattered coverlet its only bed clothes. By its side stood a half-filled charcoal furnace, utterly ineffective to produce any warmth in the winter air, and availing only to send up fumes of noxious gas, that, sickening even here, would in a close room have been fatal.

On such a couch and amid such a scene of misery lay a young female, in the incipient pains of premature parturition.

At first glance, the incongruity struck me of a dress soiled and faded but of costly silk, through the rags and disarrangement of which appeared a chemise of fine linen. And, as though to complete the mystification, when she, apparently to prevent recognition, covered her face with her hands at my approach, I could not but notice the exceeding beauty of the wan and attenuated, yet delicate and taper fingers.

No time was allowed however for curiosity or conjecture. The old negro woman, Sukey, made her appearance, and after several hours of suffering, the wretched patient was delivered of a dead infant.

She could not during all this time keep her features concealed, but I scrutinized them in vain to satisfy myself who she was. That I had seen her before, I was confident,—besides, that she seemed to know me,—but when or where I could not decide.—Sometimes the countenance, becoming natural in the intervals of pain, would seem for a moment quite familiar, and then a sudden distortion would destroy all fancied identity.

Her previous bodily and mental sufferings must have been terrible, for her features were unnaturally sharpened, like those of a person in the last stages of phthisis. The large and unnaturally brilliant blue eye seemed almost to project from the wasted and sunken face. In health she would have been beautiful; now the prevailing and almost the only expression on the pale features was one of utter desolation.

The old nurse was as ignorant of the patient's name as myself. She had come there, an entire stranger, several months before, had spent the whole long and severe winter in that miserable garret, with no other means of warmth or comfort than what her scanty clothing and the charecoal furnace afforded; and had never left her room nor admitted into it any one but Sukey.

Despairing of ascertaining at that time the identity of the unfortunate outcast, I gave directions for the night, promising to send some necessary medicines immediately and to call again early in the morning. Approaching the side of the patient before leaving, I spoke a few words of encouragement to her. I had already sent for more clothing and fuel, to make her as comfortable as possible for the night, since she could not then be removed, and assured her that she should be taken next morning to more comfortable quarters.

A melancholy shake of the head and a gesture of dissent were her only answer. The movement displaced the clothes around her neck and as I re-adjusted them, a singular flesh-mark was uncovered which I at once recognized. Recollection flashed upon me in a moment. But who can describe the amazement with which I identified the altered and wasted form on the wretched couch before me as one who had been long an object of anxious search to me, and who was the only daughter of one of the first families in the county; the once brilliant, admired, matchless Laura D——.

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## LEAF II.

I must take the reader a half year or more back from the commencement of my story and introduce him to scenes somewhat different.

Of all the beautiful girls brought out in the season of '30, none shown with more undisputed superiority of personal beauty, none possessed and displayed greater claims to admiration on the score of accomplishments, and few, if any, represented families more elevated in position than did Laura D——. But amid all the favors of Providence, in the gifts of nature and the advantages of position, she lacked one thing, without which it rests but upon the merest chance, a cast of the dice or the turn of a card, whether all else, beauty, wealth and station should not prove a curse instead of a blessing. That one thing was a proper education.

I do not mean that time and pains and money had not been expended lavishly for her, but it was her person and not her mind and heart that had been educated. She had been taught to paint and dance and sing and play, but not mental discipline and self-control.

She had read considerably, and of its sort far too much; for her reading had not been eclectically but exclusively of that lighter, imaginative literature, which carefully selected, may well enough answer for the *post-coenum*, the dessert of an intellectual feast; but must never be mistaken or substituted for more solid food. True, the modern French novels had not then been poured over this country, poisoning everywhere, with their Upas in-

fluence, the atmosphere of virtue; but even the most unexceptionable of romance-reading, such as most of the novels of Scott, Cooper, &c., if allowed solely or too constantly, will produce in the mind the same irregular and unhealthy action that an excessive use of condiments will in the body.

Still, let not the reader commit the mistake of fancying Miss D——. or any other of the human race to be entirely destitute of virtues, any more than wholly without faults. The remark made of Lord Byron by the author of "Stanley," will apply to every human being, "that good and evil contended for the mastery in his soul, like Michæl and Satan about the body of Moses."

Thus, though selfish, Miss D——. was not without generosity, though vain she still possessed much independence of character, though capricious she was not without a firmness approaching even to obstinacy in some things, and though coquettish she possessed the capability of feeling a permanent and devoted attachment.

The proper care of a competent mother might have suppressed the bad and developed the good qualities of her disposition, so as to make her thoroughly amiable instead of partially so. But she had lost her mother in infancy, and except an aged father, her only near relative was a brother, a lieutenant in the navy, who was too seldom at home to exercise over his sister any permanent, character-forming influence. Still, her attractions were external, manifest to all, while her deficiencies were internal, visible to few under any circumstances, and to none who would meet her only under the veil of conventional usages, at scenes of social pleasure. So she was admired by all, loved by many and adored by one—Pendleton Lisle.

This was a gentleman of about twenty-five, generous, intelligent and accomplished. His family had not been wealthy, though an old Virginia name of high standing; but at twenty-two the death of a relative placed him in possession of a handsome fortune in his own right. His father, a professional gentleman of ability, had devoted all his leisure time and much of his means to the education of this his only child, and died just after the son, at the age of nineteen, had taken his degree at old William and Mary. The father's leisure was perhaps small, especially during the early life of young Pendleton, but the son lost nothing on that account, all the deficiencies being more than supplied by the mother. Mrs. Lisle was a woman of unusual strength of mind, and no selfish and short-sighted fondness was permitted

to prompt those mischievous indulgences so common to mothers, especially in the slave States.

Early taught that self-control so necessary for a human being, and so indicative of a rational one, he had escaped the vices peculiar to his age; and if his youth promised to reward the noble mother for her care, his early manhood seemed already verifying the promise. Even before his accession of fortune, his alliance would scarcely have been refused by any family; after it, none was more courted and caressed.

He had admired Laura D——. for a full year before he spoke to her of love, but when he did speak, it was in that impassioned language that woman seldom hears unmoved. Who could refuse one so gentlemanly and talented, so gifted in all that woman admires in man? Laura could not and did not, and plighted to him her faith as irrevocably as she believed him to possess her heart.

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### LEAF III.

It is a private party, so called, but the name is the only thing private about it; at least the spectator would so judge, from the crowd of equipages near the doors, and the ten-fold greater crowd of living, elbowing and squeezed mortals inside the brilliant rooms.

Reader, shall we enter free and easy, like Faust and Mephistopheles at the witches' gathering, or shall I, Asmodeus like, take off the house-roof for you, so that we can see, without being incommoded by the swarming inmates? You choose the latter. Well, you must know this is a birth-night ball, given by old Mr. D——, in honor of the commencement of his daughter's eighteenth year.

In looking over a crowded room, one's attention is always first caught by the strangers, and you are very naturally looking at that tall and graceful gentleman just now waltzing with the lovely young hostess.

"Who is he?"—Well, I cannot tell you now all I know of him, but you decide instantly that he is a foreigner. One may see peculiarities about him plainly indicative of this, though indeed he is far from trying or wishing to conceal his exotic birth.

He is not unaware that it gives him an additional charm in the eyes of our republican countrymen, admirers of everything, animate or inanimate, that hails from the old world. He even affects anglicisms in dress, in order to impress all, unmistakably, with the certainty of his trans-Atlantic extraction.

Observe with how ducal an air of condescension and lofty impudence he moves among the wondering natives! He is tall, rather slender, about thirty, well whiskered, duly moustached, dances and waltzes extremely well, is quite accustomed to such scenes,—shown by his evident familiarity with ball-room etiquette,—and is moreover, of all things in this beautiful world, manifestly pleased with himself. So much an external observer may see.

As to his name, you may be informed that he answers to the euphonious appellation of Clarence Mortimer, Esq.

And as to his admittance here, be assured that was quite regular and legitimate, having been introduced by the proud host himself, to whom he brought letters showing him to be of unquestioned family and fortune at home. So it is more than probable that after his introduction by Mr. D——. and his waltzing with Laura, and the speedily circulated report of his fortune and respectability at home, and more than all, with his name as an Englishman, he will be here a lion of the season.

Meantime, the evening passes on. Clarence Mortimer, Esq., is the admired and Laura D——. the envied of everything female that is here to-night; Mortimer admired for reasons already named, and Laura envied as seeming to engross exclusively him that is so admired.

Once, you notice, while crossing the room on the arm of Mortimer, Laura meets her fiancée, Mr. Lisle. He evidently wishes to say to her something more than a mere "good evening," but without seeming to notice this, she passes on. Does she hasten so from an apprehension or dislike of being obliged to introduce the two gentlemen to each other? Later in the evening they were introduced, and gave an interesting illustration of mutual magnetic repulsion. Why Lisle should dislike Mortimer, as one who, a mere stranger, had engrossed almost exclusively for the evening, the ear and arm of Miss D——, was clear enough; but why the disinclination should be mutual, why a stranger whose interest is, and manifestly was to make influential acquaintances, should allow to appear a dislike too positive for caprice, to so elig-

ible an acquaintance as Pendleton Lisle, was to many observers quite a mystery.

Next morning Lisle called at the D——'s to come to an explanation with Laura. Mortimer called also, to pay to the same lady the usual morning compliments after a ball. And as the goddess of awkward contretemps (perhaps Mrs. Malaprop herself) would have it, the two gentlemen met; and to make the matter as unpleasant as possible, were obliged to sit in the same room together—they had called within ten minutes of each other—for a full quarter of an hour before Miss D——. made her appearance.

Both rose at her entrance; but Lisle was vexed at her singular—to use the mildest phrase—behaviour of the preceding evening and at his finding the Englishman there in the morning; he was therefore awkward and hesitating. Mortimer, on the contrary, was made happy by the very conduct that vexed Lisle; he came expressly to flatter, and being in the best humor imaginable, both with himself and with the lady, was easy, self possessed and insinuating.

Conversation ensued. But Lisle was too angry to talk freely, besides he wanted explanation before conversation, and the subject most at his heart would bear no witnesses; he was therefore brief, crusty and unintelligible. On the other hand, the Englishman could without objection converse freely on the subject of his visit, in presence of Lisle or any third party; he was consequently fluent, complimentary and agreeable.

The result was that Lisle, incomparably the more gifted and admirable of the two, fell into the shade before a man of the world who, with five years more of age to keep him cool, was unscrupulous to use every advantage of accident or opportunity, that enabled him to exalt himself or humble a rival. Lisle felt his disadvantage and was unwise enough, in a moment of uncontrolled vexation, to take his leave, abandoning the field to Mortimer, instead of out-sitting him, which he in his privileged position might have done; since the other could not in etiquette have staid a quarter of an hour longer.

There was now certainly a campaign fairly opened, for it was a matter of no secrecy among the knowing ones, that Clarence Mortimer, Esq., the fascinating Englishman, was making a bold push to oust Pendleton Lisle from the heart and troth-plight of Laura D——; while Lisle felt most bitterly that he had very un-

necessarily given his competitor a vantage-ground from the start. He was indeed in a quandary.

With many the course would have been plain enough; quarrel with Mortimer, call him out and remove with the bullet at twelve paces, all impediment to the fulfillment of his engagement with Miss D——. But Lisle loved Laura as she never would be loved by another, and far too well to be willing to risk his possessing her upon the chance of obtaining a first shot or of escaping an antagonist's bullet. Moreover, he had sufficient sense to be conscious that if Laura was fickle enough to abandon him for an acquaintance of a week, and one, too, a stranger in the country, it must be to him a fortunate escape instead of a sorrow-bringing abandonment. But beside all this, knowing little of his rival and therefore watching him closely, he began to fancy that he could discover about him evidences of his being something else than he appeared and professed to be. Before a fortnight's expiration, Lisle was satisfied that his competitor was a man of few scruples and of little principle.

During this time, the Englishman was a constant visitor at the D——'s, while Pendleton scarcely saw Laura and never alone. He thought she must be sensible that her conduct required explanation, and, if indisposed to break with him, would volunteer it; and was at least resolved that his rejection should come unsuggested by himself. But he began to be alarmed for her. To lose her at all was to lose all that seemed to him to give value to the present or hope to the future; but to surrender her to one still less deserving of her, less capable of making her happy (in his lack of that essential of gentlemanliness, integrity,) than he knew himself to be; this was a trial to which he felt himself unequal.

Yet, how to act in his embarrassment?—To whom, in his peculiar position, could he communicate his suspicions, his knowledge? Mr. D——. ought to know them, Laura should be put upon her guard, but not from him. Warning from him would be charged most surely to the account of envy, prejudice and dislike of a successful rival. He doubted if the father was acquainted with his daughter's apparently changing purposes and feelings or of Mortimer's suit, for the haughty old magnate would certainly never receive a son-in-law upon the strength of a letter of introduction. Nor could Lisle bring himself to put forward a third party as monitor to those for whom he was so deeply interested; this seemed too much like an underhand move-

ment, a keeping of himself out of sight, to be reconciled to his high notions of honor and propriety.

Meantime Mortimer was using all the art and effort possible to be subsidized in favor of his suit with Miss D——, and, I am sorry to say, with success.

A single month, (alas, that I should be compelled to write it,) sufficed to obliterate from the heart of Laura D——. all love-prompted remembrance of Pendleton Lisle. He soon suspected as much, but was only assured of the fact by a delicate, perfumed note, which reached him one morning, as he sat musing over the mutabilities of life.

The missive expressed in ceremonious and set terms, the writer's "deep and sincere regret at the necessity she was under of informing him, that the recently discovered uncongeniality of disposition between them would certainly and effectually destroy all happiness in their union; besides, she would be candid enough to confess that she did not love him and was now convinced that she never had. She had confidence in his good sense and judgment, and believed he would see and acquiesce in the necessity of their separation. She hoped he would find some one more worthy of him," and closed with assurances of esteem, friendly regard and wishes for his future happiness.

These professions were not as hollow as they will be imagined. I do not know if it will elevate Miss D——. in the reader's estimation, but it will at least give him more insight into her character, to know that, cold as the note appears, more than an hour had been spent that morning in the inditing of some half dozen billets, before one could be produced sufficiently free from evidences of passion to be fit to send; though in style, tone and even in words, the last was little more than a protocol of the first. The first one, written amidst thronging memories of the past and the ghosts of many a happy hour, was blistered with tears and of course thrown aside. The second was stained and blotted, and a third, fourth and even fifth were copied before the fair scribe could produce one that she dared dispatch.

To Lisle it was the death-blow of hope. In vain did reason assure him that the rupture of ties binding him to caprice and instability must be a blessing and not a sorrow. I do not know that passionate love was ever noted for its submissive yielding to the voice of reason. It certainly was not in this case; the unfortunate lover was in that situation when, as the author of

the Spectator beautifully says, "all we can think is impotent against half what we feel."

The next morning found him on his way to the Eastward, endeavoring to find, in variety and change of scene, some relief from heart-tortures, compared to which the bed of Procrustes was a couch of roses.

In less than a week more, Mortimer offered his hand to Miss D——, and was accepted with an undisguised joy, that showed how completely she had forgotten her former lover and how utterly she was given up, heart and soul, to her new attachment. But her lover's task was only half done. The consent of the father was yet to be obtained. The old gentleman had yielded his assent unhesitatingly to her union with Lisle and was yet unadvised of any change in her feelings or wishes, in favor of the Englishman.

It is perhaps time to tell the reader truly who this last personage is. Reluctant as the writer is to introduce such characters, it has in the present instance seemed unavoidable. It is necessary therefore to inform the reader that William Shehan, alias Yorkshire Bill, alias Clarence Mortimer, Esq., was one of those *chevaliers d'industrie*, for whom the United States have, of late years, been so often indebted to the old world. The natural son of a low, occasional actor in an English provincial theater, his youth was spent in the midst of associations which, if not the most unexceptionable, were at least not such as to make impossible the attainment of a respectable position in his paternal profession; for from such scenes Edmund Kean emerged, the greatest tragedian of his day.

Alienating from himself, by his precocious vices, even the humble friends of his accidental birth, he ran off to London, where, in a short time, even the metropolitan villians yielded the palm of thieving, house-breaking and forgery to Yorkshire Bill. But the atmosphere of the capital becoming, after ten years' trial, decidedly unhealthy for one so well known to the police, he abandoned it in disgust and transported himself to the wider field of the new world, for the display and exercise of those talents which the Bow-street runners seemed incapable of appreciating.

The nearest approach he had made in this country to the behavior or character of a gentleman was when, using his stage-acquired knowledge of dancing, he had given lessons in several inland towns as a *petit-maitre*. But his rascally propensities, be-

come from long indulgence a second nature, were too strong not to develop themselves, even apparently in spite of himself; and for some detected meanness or villiany, he was compelled to leave successively each place where he attempted to introduce or fix himself.

At present, temporary luck at the gaming-table, or some other equally honorable means, had supplied him with funds on which to gentlemanize for a season. It need scarcely be added that the letters, introducing him to the D——'s, were forgeries.

There is no doubt that Mortimer earnestly desired to marry Laura D——; not however from any honorable attachment to her, the ardency of which, however ill-placed the passion, might be plead in palliation or partial excuse of the means by which he strove to accomplish his end. The pure and holy sentiment of love was as far above the apprehension of his crime-polluted soul, as the principles of the high-minded Lisle were above his own villianous motives. But besides that Miss D——. was an heiress of no contemptible number of broad acres, admission into that or into any respectable family would at once give him position in society; and Ishmael-like as had been his whole guilty life, this was a consummation devoutly indeed to be wished.

It was not however without some misgivings and several tolerably distinct doubts as to the result, that he sought Mr. D——. one afternoon, and proceeded to make known his wishes, hopes and intentions with regard to the daughter.

The old gentleman listened at first with politeness to the preface, then with evident amazement to the statement of the case, and finally, when Mortimer had got far enough in his explanations to manifest what the end would be, interrupted him:

"Sir—Mr. Mortimer," said he warmly, "I thought you knew—you must have heard"—then checking himself,—“Ah, I forgot, you are a stranger here. Permit me then to inform you, sir,” proceeded he, bowing with ceremonious politeness, “that Miss D——. is under a positive engagement of marriage to Mr. Pendleton Lisle, to which engagement I have given my sanction.”

"I am authorized by Miss D——. to inform you," replied Mortimer very respectfully, "that she herself dismissed Mr. Lisle, more than a week since."

"The devil she did!" burst in the old man quickly and again becoming excited,—“and I suppose that is what started Lisle off to New York so suddenly the other day. At all events, I must be permitted to say that I am surprised at you, sir. You are old

enough—at least you look old enough,” continued he, measuring the astonished Englishman from head to foot;—“you look old enough to know more than this of the usages of society; to know the difference between the rights of hospitality and the right to ask for my daughter. What and where are your claims, sir, to admission into one of the oldest families in Virginia and one of the most respectable too? Why, sir, I have known Pendleton Lisle more years than I have known you days, almost; yes sir, and his father before him. But you are too hasty, sir,” pursued D——. in a calmer tone, “you are much too hasty, sir. Lay before me more of your credentials—I doubt not you have them—and give me the names of some ten or twenty of your friends and connections at home, to whom I may refer Mr. Rush, our minister at London, for inquiries; and six months hence will be amply soon enough to introduce this subject again. In the meantime,”—Mortimer rose to take leave—“though I am perfectly willing to see you at my house and to introduce you to my friends, yet I must take the liberty to hint that you will see the impropriety of making your visits of any marked frequency, for positively, sir, this subject must not be named to my daughter till I hear from our minister at London. Good evening, sir.”

Mortimer left the dignified old Virginian with feelings better imagined than described. Disappointment, malice and revenge burned at his heart like consuming fires.

“‘More credentials’ indeed!” muttered he to himself, as he turned toward his hotel, grinding his teeth in rage, “they might easily enough be obtained as the others were, but as for the names of connections or acquaintances at home, all those at my command would scarcely recommend my suit with him, the d——d haughty old aristocrat! ‘Subject not to be named to his daughter till he hears from London,’—may be not.” And as he muttered, a smile of infernal malignity crept over his features.

Arrived at the hotel, he despatched a note to Miss D——, detailing, ostensibly, the circumstances and result of his application to her father; stating that Mr. D——. had refused on any terms to listen to his suit, had refused also to consider her engagement to Lisle cancelled, had insulted him and forbidden him the house, that discouraged and heart-broken, he was about to start next morning to leave the country, never to return; and finally imploring her, by every motive that would influence a fond and trusting woman, to give him an interview, a last meeting, in which to bid her an eternal farewell, that evening at 11, in the

bower of the favorite summer-house where they had so often sat together.

More need not be told. That evening an angel fell.

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#### LEAF IV.

Three or four months have passed since the occurrences last detailed, and it is cold December. The scene is in a neat New York village, situated at the head of one of the many beautiful lakes which add so much to the internal scenery of the Empire State.

Driven by disappointment, despair and vain regrets, like Orestes by the Furies, Lisle had wandered on, after leaving home, staying only a few days at any one place; mingling occasionally in scenes of pleasure, distasteful as they were, in the vain hope of finding relief from a sadness whose gloomy shadow alike darkened the present and embittered the past.

Nine out of ten young men in his situation and feeling as acutely as he felt his capricious abandonment, would have drowned in the wine-cup a grief which time seemed not to lighten nor variety of scene to diminish. But he had been too carefully instructed in the proper sense of what society had a right to expect and require of him. He even strove, with self-denial and heart-control, to check the ennuyee feeling which prompted him, almost momentarily, to ask if life itself were worth enduring, when all was lost that seemed to him in his infinite disappointment, worthy either pursuit or possession.

Travel brought no relief and seclusion might. So one morning, when the stage-coach stopped for breakfast at the beautiful town, lying so peacefully and invitingly by the tranquil waters of the lake, he astonished the driver by ordering his luggage removed and taken into the hotel,—he believed he should remain there.

Days, weeks and months passed, and still he stayed. His mother and a few friends were informed of his place of retreat, and scarce a mail passed without bringing him letters from home. But nothing availed to relume in his heart the ashes of the past or kindle up hope in the future. Listless and aimless he passed the

time, relieving the absolute impossibility of constant confinement in his room by long walks along the lake shores.

The first month had almost passed before Lisle's natural good sense, to say nothing of his carefully inculcated consciousness of duties, began to reproach him with a selfish and unmanly yielding to grief. He was compelled to acknowledge that his present course was scarcely carrying out the great end of existence, and soon self-reproach began to be added to regrets. But vainly did he endeavor to shake off the incubus that hung over his heart and threw its nightmare influence around his mental volition. And perhaps much of a valuable life might have been thus selfishly wasted, in the want of something forcibly to rouse him, but for the following little incident.

One afternoon, near sun-set, when his usual walk led him to pass the head of the lake, he stopped a few minutes to look at the groups of skaters, that were gliding about on the ice which bordered the shores, to the width of fifty or more yards out. Many children were also sporting there, too young to use the means of locomotion enjoyed by their older companions. Suddenly he heard a scream, followed by loud and alarmed cries from the skaters. A small boy of three or four years, led to the shore by its nurse and allowed in its sport to run on the ice a few yards from its guardian, had ventured too near one of those large openings, [known] as air-holes, and the treacherous crust had given way. All called for help but none dared render it, for every one knew that as the ice diminished in thickness toward the aperture, the surface that would break under a child would scarcely bear the weight of a boy or man.

The poor nurse was frantic. Her good-natured neglect had allowed the accident, and she ran screaming about, like a bird under the gage of a rattlesnake, not daring to approach, but unable to leave the drowning child.

The moment Lisle understood the occurrence, obeying the first impulse, he dashed into the water and, with the assistance afforded by those on shore, though at the risk of his own life rescued the child; and then hurried home, not more to change his frozen garments than to escape the thanks and blessings of the grateful nurse and by-standers.

Slight as the circumstance may appear, it occurred at a crisis in his own mind and decided it; nor did he pretend or attempt to conceal from himself that the satisfaction of saving a human life afforded him a pleasure to which his heart had long been a stranger.

This little affair, introducing him to the grateful hospitalities of the family to which the child belonged, (and which happened to be one of the wealthiest in the village,) led, almost unavoidably on the part of Lisle, to an interchange of civilities and acquaintance with them and others, which seemed to have a most fortunate influence on the incipient misanthrope. Yielding up gradually his self-sought solitude to the kind politenesses of the townspeople, he permitted himself to be by degrees persuaded that one dark cloud need not obscure a whole sky, that one bitter drop should not be allowed to render nauseous the whole cup of rational happiness that life presented to his lips; and though the freshness, the ready confidence and the elastic spring of his heart were gone forever, yet many fountains of joy still remained, and more than this, many duties called loudly upon him for their performance, the neglect of which would render him guilty as well as unfortunate. Three years before, upon the accession of fortune, he had dropped the study of Law, when nearly through the course, and he now resumed his studies, at the same time that he compelled himself to re-enter measurably the society he had so long abandoned.

Matters remained thus a few weeks longer, up to Christmas eve. That evening Lisle had been spending at a little party at the house of Mr. Williams, the gentleman whose child he had saved. About 11 o'clock, a servant put into his hand, a letter, which, after looking for a moment at the superscription, he was about placing in his pocket.

"O read it, by all means," said the hostess, hoping he might possibly receive some news that would lessen the permanent melancholy of one to whom she felt so indebted.

"Well, if you will excuse me a moment," said he, rising to withdraw, "I have had no letter from home for several days and requested the Post-master to send to me whatever might come for me to-night." And proceeding to the next room he broke the seal.

At the first glance he started, a moment after he became pale and staggered against the mantel by whose lamp he was reading, while he murmured to himself, "Merciful God!—can it be possible!"

He had read but a half-dozen lines and they told him that Laura D. ———, was ruined—and by the Englishman!

Those in the next apartment heard his muttered exclamations and then hurrying foot-steps through the hall. The host went to the door, but Lisle had disappeared.

In twenty minutes afterward he was dashing down the road as fast as horses could take a coach, on his way to New York city and the great thoroughfare to the South

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LEAF V.

The scene changes to the place where the former scenes of the story are laid. The time is about a week before the last incidents of the last chapter. Several young gentlemen of the town are together and some villainous deed seems the subject of conversation.

"Nothing in my life" pursued the first speaker "ever shocked me as this did, when I first heard it, last evening."

"I" said another, "always thought this Mortimer a puppy and a contemptible fellow, but never suspected him capable of such villainy."

"They say old D.——, has driven his daughter from his house?"

Yes, and with more curses than ever an angry parent gave his child before—worse than old King Lear's."

"That is not all," remarked another;—"he shipped her favorite servant off to New Orleans this morning," what was that for?"

"Because she had not told him of the fact, before, which it seems 'Mimy knew some time ago."

"How came the old man to find it out?"

"She fainted last night at tea-table, I'm told,—laced too tight, I fancy,—old D. ——, ordered 'Mimy to unloose her dress. The girl was scared, knew it wouldn't do, and in her fright let out the secret."

"He didn't turn her into the street last night, I hope,—one of the coldest this winter!"

"Yes he did though, and just as she was—nearly dressed for Mrs. X.'s party."

"Did you notice Mortimer last night?"

"No, was he there?—the d—d scoundrel! It is the last party he will attend in this town?"

"Except one," added a gentleman by the name of Nelson, who

had not spoken till then, "I propose that he be invited to that to-morrow morning by one of us and that the rest keep it up, one after another, if necessary, till some one kills him."

"Will you be the first?" asked one, rather drily.

"Yes, if you'll be the second, in case he pinks me."

There was a momentarily silence.

"There's no need" said another "of our taking it up. Lisle will return so soon as he hears this, and he will attend to the Englishman."

"Why should he?" remarked Nelson,—“he is no more bound to do so than you or I, perhaps not so much. She has deprived him of all right to avenge her wrongs or play knight-errant for her by cutting him; besides, she has forfeited all right to be defended by Lisle, even if she had not dismissed him.”

"Of course he is not obliged to do so, but I think he will assume the duty, if only to rid the world of a scoundrel."

Isn't her brother expected home soon?" asked one.

"Who—Lieut. D. ——? Yes he was to have been at home before this time, to see her married to Lisle."

"If ever he meets Mortimer, there'll be one scoundrel less in the world. He will kill him as sure as fate. Henry D. ——, is the best shot in Virginia."

"I wonder, by the way," asked Nelson, "if any one knows any thing of Mortimer's shooting?"

I fancy he's not much of a shot. He's such a confounded brag that if he could hit a stable-door, he'd have boasted of being able to bruise a dollar. I never heard him say any thing of his shooting."

"Nor I," said another,—“I fancy he can't be very ready at the pistol.”

"Is Lisle?" inquired one.

"What—a good shot?" answered Nelson, "I should think so;—he will cut a tape at twelve paces, every shot."

"He will do then. I think this quarrel would better be left with him."

"What if he do not take it up?"

"I'll make an even bet that he does."

"If ever Lisle does call him out, he'll kill him. Lisle's so cool and has so much self-command, while the other is so excitable he would be easily made to miss altogether, even if he be a good shot."

"My only objection is, that shooting is too good a death for such a villain to die."

Scene changes. Time, 10 o'clock P. M. a few days after that of last scene. Place, my office. Several present, mostly young gentlemen.

"Who has seen him ? asked one.

"I have,"—"and I,"—"and I," replied two or three.

"And you say he is so changed ?"

"The most altered man you ever saw. Cheeks pale and hollow, eyes sunken and lips blue, as if he had the cholera. Looks as though he had been living in a swamp for the last three months."

He has been at —— in New York ever since he left here; but this change must have been since he heard this about her."

"Poor fellow! how he must have suffered. And you say they met last evening on the hotel-steps ?"

"Just before supper."

"Tis a wonder Lisle did not shoot him down !"

"You don't know Lisle," remarked Nelson; "he is too civilized for a street row."

"I am rather astonished," remarked another, "that the Englishman did not shoot Lisle when he struck him. I'm told he put his hand in his clothes as if feeling for a weapon, but not finding one concluded I suppose, like Falstaff, that discretion is the better part of valor, and so—"

"Did Lisle strike him ?"—"who was there ?"—"who saw it ?" asked several.

"I was present," replied Nelson;—"Lisle did not strike him. He had waited near a half hour for him, and when at last the Englishman came up the steps, Lisle stepped toward him and coolly told—you know Lisle's always cool when he's angry—that he was the basest villain on earth, that they could never meet but once again and that must be to-morrow morning at eight.

"I wonder if Mortimer will meet him ?" said one.

"If he does not" whispered a gentleman near me in reply, "Nelson will kill him in the street. You know Nelson is sort of third cousin to the D——s; he has had Mortimer watched ever since this came out, to see that he didn't leave the town and——"

"What do you think of these things, Dr.?" inquired Nelson turning to me, apparently only to interrupt the whispers of which he suspected himself the subject.

"I am very sorry for Lisle," I answered.

"O you need not be, he's a very good shot."

"I don't mean that. I object to the practice of duelling, and when a man of Lisle's high standing is unfortunately so circumstanced as to be compelled to fight, he gives to the practice a sanction it ought never to receive. If none but such men as Mortimer would fight, it would do little harm, for the practice would soon be considered ungentlemanly; but when men like Lisle allow themselves to be called out or to call out others, it does mischief."

"Well, perhaps you're right—that is, if duelling is wrong; but what are we to do—what else have we?—I believe in Grattan's dying advice to his son—'make every man answerable for his words.' And, for instance, how else would you or could you resent or punish such an offence as this of Mortimer's? Legal remedies are nothing—mere mockeries in such a case."

"Whatever way would be right, this one is certainly wrong. Lisle's life is worth a dozen of the Englishman's, and yet they are to be pitted together without odds. If Mortimer fall, who will regret him a moment, or who will not rather thank Heaven that such a villain is killed. If Lisle fall, his connections are plunged in mourning, his mother—dependant on him—is heart-broken and perhaps destitute, society loses a valuable member and the youth of our town a pattern of gentlemanly deportment and integrity of life."

"All true, but you need not fear such a result. Lisle has never yet been out, but he is a splendid shot, and everybody knows Mortimer must fall, as he deserves, he is so excitable while the other is always cool."

"Very likely, but it does not alter or affect the principle. If the Englishman were an experienced duellist, much as he deserves punishment, he would escape and only add the murder of Lisle to his other crimes. And skill at the trigger is an advantage that any scoundrel may have of the most honorable gentleman living, in a duel. If you wish to leave it to chance entirely or the judgment of God, take the old ordeal of the dark ages. That was not more fortuitous, was more impartial, and on the whole, I think, rather preferable."

During the momentary silence that followed, a boy entered and handed a note to Nelson.

"Does any one know who is Lisle's second?" asked one.

"I imagine he can tell," said another, nodding toward Nelson,

who was gazing in evident perplexity at the note he had just received.

"I say," inquired Nelson at last, holding up the note and pointing to the signature, "who knows anything of Fitz James Melton?"

"I do not,"—"Nor I,"—"Nor I," replied several at once.

"Well, here's a note from him—it seems he is Mortimer's friend—requesting an interview with me at the —— Hotel, to arrange preliminaries;—I wonder who he is."

"Mortimer will meet him then," said one, "I am glad of that."

"Yes, but this Melton, who is he?"

"Never heard of him before,—possibly a stranger, recently come here,—sounds like an English name."

"That must be it," said Nelson, going out.

About or near midnight, sitting alone after the gentlemen had gone out, I was surprised by the entrance of Lisle. He was scarcely to be recognized, and I was the more shocked by his altered looks, as his last letter to me had spoken of his uninterrupted health during his absence. Some of my late visitors had referred to his changed appearance, but I had no idea of its extent. What he must have endured perhaps no language could tell. He had been an intimate friend and came now to me as such.

"Doctor," said he after the first salutations, "it is late and I must not detain you long. I have come to request of you what I do not wish to ask of any other, painful and probably distasteful as the duty may be to you."

I assured him of the cheerfulness with which I would undertake anything he could ask.

"Let me tell you what it is before you promise," replied he, "for if I fall to-morrow, it must be, to some one, a most sacred duty. And so anxious, so resolved am I upon its being done, that I hardly think I could even lie quietly in the grave, knowing it undone. I wish you, Doctor, if this affair unexpectedly result fatally for me to-morrow, to seek out *her*, you know whom I mean, and see that she is not suffering more than is unavoidable, more than even she deserves, in poverty and wretchedness. Her father has driven her from his door, and she has disappeared, no one knows whither. If I survive to-morrow, I shall save you the trouble; but to provide for the worst, I have left a credit for you in bank, sufficient to carry out my plans."

I was not much surprised at the request, though the reader

may be, for I knew the man; and did not hesitate to give the pledge desired. I have always had my own opinion of the inconsistency with which society, in cases of this kind, makes an outcast of the victim and receives into its circles, with little less than applause, the guilty betrayer.

Little more passed between us. I advised him to go to bed immediately and took him home with me, that his early absence next morning might not alarm his family. At his urgent request, I consented to accompany him to the field.

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## LEAF VI.

Breakfast was ordered at seven. Nelson and a surgeon called before it was over; little was said by any of the party and we were soon on our way to the ground. It was almost the only mild morning during the season, and the consequence of the change was a heavy fog, so thick, almost opaque, that Nelson whispered to me he feared they would have to put them up at nine or ten paces.

As the hack drove into the boat, the ferryman assured us it would have been impossible, at any other sort of ferry, to cross the river through that dense mist. This was what is called a rope-ferry and could not go amiss. In reply to a question from Nelson, the man said that another carriage had crossed about fifteen minutes before. We glanced at each other. They would be on the field before us, a slight advantage, but of no great moment.

After crossing, we had about a mile to drive. Alighting some fifty yards from the road and near a hundred from the selected ground, we left the coachman with strict orders not to move from the spot, except to come and inform us if anything appeared in sight. As we approached the ground, a grassy knoll, surrounded on three sides by woods, we perceived the Englishman and his friend Melton—a stranger to us—walking about in cloaks, apparently to keep warm. But the moment we came in sight, Mortimer turned round and looking directly toward Lisle, burst into a loud coarse laugh and cleared his throat in a marked and offensive manner.

“How ungentleman-like,” observed Nelson to me as we glanced at the one insulted. Not a muscle of his face moved. Mortimer’s object was evident, to discompose and flurry his antagonist and disturb the steadiness of his nerves by irritating him, but he failed.

The seconds proceeded to measure the ground, when some difference arose as to the distance. Melton, an impudent, cockney-looking fellow, insisted upon nine paces, alleging as a reason, the thick fog. To this Nelson objected, because he knew that Lisle’s practicing distance was twelve paces, and because he suspected that Melton knew or had heard of Lisle’s skill with his weapon and for this very reason wished to change the distance in order to deprive him of the advantage of shooting at his accustomed interval. Nelson was certain of this when, upon his refusal to place them up at nine paces, the other then proposed fifteen; and the disagreement seemed likely to be protracted when Mortimer called out impatiently—

“D——n it, Melton, let him have his distance, I can’t stand here all the morning in this d——d fog.” So the usual distance was agreed upon and stepped off.

During this time, the surgeon and I stood a little apart, conversing with Lisle. He was quite composed and gave me several little commissions to execute for him, in the event of the worst happening. Of this I thought there was little danger and indeed he thought as much himself. Still he was somewhat uneasy on one point. He wished earnestly that if he fell his large property should go to his mother. But as he held it in his own right, having received it at the age of twenty-two, by the death and will of a paternal uncle, (with residuary legates in case of his death without a will and without heirs,) the mass of his property, in absence of a will, would fall to a distant relative. He told me he had made no will. Several times during the preceding day, he had seated himself to write one, but each time he had thrown aside his pen. A strong persuasion that it was unnecessary had prevented him, and perhaps also a lurking superstition, which I have heard spoken of by others, that to prepare for a fatal termination of a duel, tends to produce such result. Saving this, he was perfectly calm, and serious. I liked the latter quality in his demeanor, if it were only to contrast with that of his antagonist.

Mortimer was evidently, to me at least, trying to imitate the collected self-possession of Lisle, but he overdid the matter.

While his friend was busy with Nelson, he walked about, with much assumed and rather awkward nonchalance, and when the seconds had settled preliminaries, he chatted and laughed with Melton, sometimes quite loudly.

I was at last rather startled by some words dropped by them loud enough to reach me. Their conversation had been carried on in a sort of low cant-French, when I heard the question,—

“Sait-il que vous etes tireur?”

The Englishman's only reply was a shake of the head, accompanied by a knowing look, which gradually changed to a smile of fiendish malignity as his eyes rested finally on his antagonist.

“Bon, Bon!” exclaimed the other with sympathizing malice, “ne vous l'etonnerez pas donc!”

At that moment, as the seconds were about placing their principals, our coachman appeared with the information that a carriage could be heard driving furiously along the frozen road from the ferry toward us. This seemed likely to disturb our operations. From the highway our whole party was visible, whenever the fog should lift. Nelson advised to retreat among the trees, or at least remain quiet where we were, till the possible cause of interruption should have passed. He was aware of what the rest of us were ignorant of, that the police had got wind of the contemplated meeting and intended to prevent it, if possible.

Mortimer, however, with characteristic impatience, insisted that we should either proceed where we were or finish the affair somewhere else immediately, adding as a reason, “I have a particular engagement with Miss X. at ten.”

This was a falsehood and aimed at Lisle, and was designed, by reminding him of Miss D——, to ruffle his cool self-command. And while I regretted to see, by the compression of his lip, that he felt the allusion, I could not repress the thought that the issue of this business, which Mortimer was in such haste to finish, might possibly interfere slightly with his pretended morning engagement.

It was at length decided that we should proceed where we were. Two pistols were accordingly placed in the hands of each principal, with the following conditions: at a given signal they were to fire together, and then, if neither was killed or so badly wounded as to fall, they were at liberty to advance and discharge the second pistol at any time or distance they pleased.

As the seconds were placing the weapons in the hands of the

combatants, the noise of rapidly rolling carriage wheels, which had been for the last minute or two heard approaching us, suddenly ceased, and I looked mechanically toward the road.

The haze barely allowed me to perceive that a carriage had stopped opposite us, its door opened and a person sprang out. I could see no more and turned again to our party.

The toss of a dollar had assigned to Melton the duty of giving the signal. There was a single moment of intense anxiety, and then his voice was heard:

“Are you ready?—One—two—three—fire!”

Two pistols were discharged at once. Mortimer uttered a sharp cry of pain, putting his hand to his side; and supposing him mortally wounded, and momentarily forgetful of all the conditions, we sprang toward him, though he had not fallen. Lisle was silent. His bullet had struck the under side of the guard of Mortimer’s pistol and glanced downward to what is commonly called the hip-bone, whence it had glanced a second time, leaving no farther injury than a slight bruise and an intense momentary pain. But the aim had been sure, and nothing but the pistol-guard had saved the Englishman’s life.

We therefore turned from him and stepped out of the line of fire, to allow the combatants to use their second pistols. But on looking toward Lisle, who can describe our amazement to see him down and motionless!

The fog had suddenly cleared and the fatal truth was apparent instantly.

“Lisle! Lisle!—O, Great God!” exclaimed Nelson in tones of agony, as he knelt by the side of his friend,—“are you hurt?”

There was no answer, and I stooped over the body. A dark purple stream ran from the temple down the face. Mortimer’s bullet had entered the brain. He was stone-dead!

“Well, gentlemen,” said the Englishman, in a tone of sneering irony, “I suppose the morning’s business is settled, and—”

“No! not by half!” interrupted the stern voice of a newcomer, unperceived till then.

I turned, scarce believing my senses, and met—Lieut. Henry D——, Laura’s brother.

“Thank God!” almost shouted Nelson, springing up from the corpse of Lisle, “the villain will be punished yet!” for Lieut. D——. was well known as the best shot in the navy.

For the first time, Mortimer turned pale. He doubtless recognized D——. by his resemblance to his sister, and a meeting with

the brother of his victim was what he little dreamed of. There was something too in the fiery glance of the young man, like that of the Avenging Angel, which told the seducer that the hour of retribution was at last come.

Nelson, without a word, quietly assumed the duty of friend to D——, and commenced re-loading the discharged pistol.

“Is not this one loaded?” asked the Lieutenant, taking the undischarged pistol from the passive hand of the corpse and trying the barrel with the ramrod; then turning to Nelson—“I think,” said he, with a peculiar emphasis, “one will be sufficient.”

There was something terrible as well as sublime in that brother’s standing there to avenge the ruin of his lost sister upon her destroyer; and as he quietly took the precise spot where Lisle had fallen and looked toward Melton for the signal, the latter seemed to lose his impertinent puppyism, as Mortimor did his courage.

“Give the signal, sir,” said D——. sternly, and, in a low voice, audible only from the death-like stillness around, Melton obeyed:

“Are you ready?—One—two—three—fire!”

Even in that dreadful moment, the native villainy of Mortimer’s disposition showed itself, and, determined to get some slight advantage of the only one among us whom he seemed to fear, he fired too soon, by about a second. The next moment another report was heard, and with a gurgling scream, which betrayed where he was hit, the Englishman reeled and fell. Of course all were at his side immediately.

D——’s bullet had struck the throat, on the right side, between the Trachea and the Carotid Artery, and cutting the œsophagus, had passed out through the Spine, just below the Medulla Ob-longata, as that part of the brain is called, which rests upon the Spinal column. D——. was himself unhurt, Mortimer’s bullet having passed through his hat.

The Lieutenant was said never to miss his aim, and I have sometimes thought a fearful revenge was intended in the very mark he chose.

Most persons probably know that if the spinal marrow be struck anywhere, all of the body below the wound dies instantly, so far as sensation is concerned; while the rest remains alive, conscious to a frightful sort of existence perhaps five minutes, possibly for days. But such wound is utterly incurable and the death that follows is one of horrible torture.

A single glance sufficed in this instance for me, but the surgeon, for form's sake, made a digital examination of the wound, and then observed that the wounded man might live fifteen minutes.

The momentary silence that followed the surgeons announcement was interrupted by peace-officers who had, as usual, arrived too late.

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### LEAF VII.

My sketch has lengthened unexpectedly upon my hands, and I must hasten to its conclusion.

All efforts were fruitless, on the part of the brother or myself, to discover the retreat of the unfortunate Laura; and as she so carefully refused to her former friends all knowledge of her existence, it has ever been a mystery to me that she should have sent, in her sickness, for a physician to whom she had formerly been so well known.

She had clung to her second lover with all the tenacity of attachment of which her nature was capable. But this love too was destined to change, though not, as the former from any fault of hers.

The publication of the duel with the names of those concerned was not a fortnight old and the parties were yet under arrest, when police-agents arrived from New York, with requisitions upon the Gov. of Virginia, for the bodies of Fitz James Melton, with a half-dozen aliases, and of Wm. Shehan, alias Yorkshire Bill, alias Clarence Mortimer, (if yet living,) to be taken to New York and there tried for felony. Melton was sent, but Mortimer was long since beyond the reach of farther human punishment for his crimes.

The speedy circulation and general knowledge of these facts soon brought them even in her seclusion, to the ears of Laura. This was the climax to the miseries of the proud but broken-hearted girl. Her love for Mortimer, and her obstinate though woman-like belief in his worthiness had hitherto sustained her even in her out-cast wretchedness, and had been the straw of hope

to which she clung, all the more closely and convulsively, as it was all she had left to cling to.

But the terrible knowledge that he,—for whom she had sacrificed honorable love, station in society, the world's and her own esteem,—was not only an adventurer and a villain, but not even an honorable villain in the world's regard, a mere common and branded felon, the associate and co-laborer with common thieves;—this was the last intolerable drop in her cup of agony, the final blow, under the weight of which, love, pride, all that had hitherto sustained her gave way at once, and she turned with almost joyful eagerness, to the only refuge left her, the grave. Yet with a peculiarity of conscientiousness, not unfrequent, in some form or other, where crime is meditated, she could not bring herself, even in contemplated suicide, to destroy more existences than one; and though she provided herself with poison, she deferred its use until the birth of her infant.

And now, in possession of all the circumstances, the reader can understand, or at least fancy, with some approximation to truth, the nature, extent and intensity of that wretched girl's sufferings, during the long, bitter and to her tortured soul almost interminable three months of Winter, that passed from the morning of the duel to the evening when I was sent for.

No wonder that every feature of her countenance, every peculiarity of her once matchless loveliness was so changed by measureless sorrow that recognition was impossible.

My story returns at its close to the scene of its opening.

Very early on the following morning, I started to fulfil my promise of the evening, previous, and was met, about a hundred yards from my own door, by the same boy who had been the former messenger, with a request from old Sukey, the nurse, to come quickly.

Arrived at the bedside, all was explained in a moment. A small, empty, blue-glass vial, still clutched in the lifeless and stiffened fingers, the swollen neck and a strong odor of bitter almonds about the body, betrayed, the presence of the most active and remediless poison known to Chemistry. She must have swallowed the fatal draught during the night perhaps shortly after I had left her, for the body was perfectly cold.

One thing was noticeable. A strange smile shown on the withered and wasted features of the dead girl. She must have found death far less bitter than life had been for months before.

# REMINISCENCES.

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## NUMBER XIII.

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### THE DRUNKARD'S SON.

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#### LEAF I.

Well, I suppose you know old Mayland's dead at last ?”

“No !—when did he die ?”

“About midnight;—went off in a fit or something of that sort.”

“Mania a Potu, I suppose ?”

“I don't know what the doctors called his complaint. Something brought on by his drinking though. I've been expecting the old fellow would drop off in some such way, for ten years past.”

“Tis a good thing, since he has drank up the remnant of his property, that his family are all dead but Ned.

“Yes,—and a pity Ned's not gone too. He's a worthless fellow.”

“He has had no chance to be anything else yet. The old man's course has borne hard upon his son. I think the young fellow has some stamina in his composition.”

“Pshaw !—did you ever know a drunkard's son come to anything. The father's character will stick to Ned, like the coat of

Nessus. No one will trust him, no one give him a lift. Even if he have good qualites where will he find a field for their exercise?"

"There's no doubt, I think, about his possessing talent. You know old Mayland was, in his better days, one of our first men, in talents as well as wealth; and Mrs. Mayland was one of the finest of women."

"More shame to her husband for breaking her heart by his disgraceful course."

That, you know, commenced with the loss of his property, and was probably caused by it. I wonder, by the way, if there's any truth in the old story they used to tell of Tremley's having got possession of Mayland's property by rather questionable means?"

What! John Tremley?—Elder in the church, President of our Temperance Society and Director in the bank, where his name will go for two thousand any day! Wouldn't believe such a thing of him for a minute."

"As for his two hundred thousand, most of that was Mayland's once. He owes his bank-directorship to his wealth, and if he be really villain enough to have wronged Mayland, he can easily be also hypocritic enough to patronize the church and Temperance Society, as a cloak for his rascality. You must have heard the circumstances,—how he came here forty years ago, a penniless boy, and being second cousin to Mayland, the latter was benevolent enough to give him an education, fit him for the bar, and then—"

"O yes. I've heard all that and it is one reason why I can't believe Tremley unprincipled enough to defraud the man to whom he owed so much, to say nothing of the distant relationship."

"Well I have heard of such things as resurrection lawyers, in my time"

"But surely you never heard Tremley accused of being one?"

"I'll tell you one thing. I myself shall be satisfied in less than a month by Tremley's own course toward Ned Mayland, whether or no he has wronged the young man's father. Ned is now near twenty-one. I heard this morning that he has been privately studying Law, for three years past; though how he could do it I can't see, for he has watched and followed or accompanied his father like a shadow, during the whole time, to keep him from

harm in his drunken fits, and has, to my knowledge, saved the old man's life some three or four times, when he was too drunk to know it or thank him for it afterward. At all events, the lad needs a helping hand now to hold him up for a while, under prejudice that will exist against a drunkard's son. I myself don't think he will want it long, but at first it is indispensable, to give him even a chance to show what he is. Now if old Tremley has not cheated the Maylands, he will do what common gratitude requires. He will do for young Mayland what old Mayland did for him. But if he has wronged the old man, the son will be an eye-sore, and Tremley will feel that the sooner Ned is out of the way, the better."

"But then, a drunkard's son! I tell you sir, the moral sense of this community is now, thank Heaven, and I hope always will be, against a drunkard. Ned can never make any thing here. There's a prejudice here and in every community and there ought to be, against a drunkard's son. If he had the talents of Clay or Calhoun he could do nothing here."

"Well, the world's wide, he can go elsewhere; but if Tremley only does what he ought—"

"Why, what do you suppose he ought to do?—May be you think Ned ought to marry his daughter and get his father's two hundred thousand back again?"

"No—though stranger things than that have happened."

That's a good one upon my word! The son of a common sot marry the richest heiress of the first family in the county! I tell you sir, Ned Mayland would have to become richer and worthier than a drunkard's son ever was yet, before I would give him my daughter, and she wont have the tenth part of two hundred thousand."

"One thing at least is certain;—if every one here looks upon poor Ned as you seem to, he never can be any thing—he would better die at once."

"That's just my opinion, It would be the best thing that could happen to him. A drunkard's son, indeed! Well, good morning.—A drunkard's son!"—And the neighbors parted.

Both of them were correct. It was true that Edward Mayland was a youth of unusual talent and of the best principles; but true also that he was a drunkard's son. True that John Tremley Esq., was an elder in the church, director in bank, worth two hundred thousand dollars and patron, nominally at least, of the benevolent institutions of the day; and true also that he was a

villain and a hypocrite. True that, though employed for years, in watching with filial and sleepless vigilance the steps of a besotted and helpless father, young Mayland had still found time to master the dry and externally repulsive technicalities and intricacies of modern Law; but true also that, as one of the above talkers had said, there was in the community a prejudice against him, as a drunkard's son. The "moral sense of the community" was against him."

"Moral sense of the community?" Abused and mis-applied phrase!—Expressing generally the most narrow, unjust and tyrannical feeling that can pervade the heart of a society. Most frequently perverted, always liable to be so. A sort of modern bed of Procrustes, by which all the members of the social body are measured,—the too short to be racked, the too long to be maimed.

It was the so-called moral sense of an Athenian community that poisoned Socrates,—and of a Jewish one that crucified Christ. Under the name of Ostracism it banished Aristides, and under cover of false accusation, imprisoned Miltiades, and exiled Camillus and Coriolanus.

The abuses and excesses of this feeling are seen most in democratic governments, because, under the name of "public opinion," it is the special curse of republican communities. That it prevents some from committing crimes and compels others to practice ostensible virtues, is not denied. That it fills church pews with hypocrites and upholds abused power in high places, is equally unquestionable. And whether it is most to be rejoiced at that Providence can accomplish good by evil means, or most to be lamented that good must be accomplished by such means;—whether we ought to be most glad that in degenerate Rome a Brutus was found to strike the usurper and free his country, or most to regret that Rome could be freed only by the violation of friendship's and honor's ties and by the assassin's knife;—I leave to others to determine.

But so it is, and so it was in this instance. In the community where young Mayland resided, there was a prejudice, a public opinion against him,—there he could never rise, and he was not slow in perceiving this.

## LEAF II.

Something near a month after the conversation related in last chapter, on a clear summer evening and about an hour after sunset, Miss Virginia Tremley left her room in the fine old mansion of her father's, (fifteen years before the homestead of the Maylands,) to walk in the gardens which flanked the lawn in front of the house.

The reader is at liberty, if he insist upon it, to fancy this walk purely an accidental one, since romantic young ladies often do these things; but I confess myself of a decidedly different opinion, for, on reaching the bottom of the gardens near the road, instead of turning again toward the house, Miss Tremley, with a hasty backward glance, turned to the left and entered a pretty summer-house, at whose door, with some symptoms of impatience, stood Edward Mayland. It was clearly a lovers' tryst.

Few words were spoken at first, for Mayland was saddened by his father's recent death, as well as by the hopelessness of his own future, and Miss Tremley sympathized with her lover; besides to deprive his future of hope, darkened hers also. But their moments were limited and Edward soon made known to her his plans and intentions.

"I can do nothing here," said he gloomily and bitterly. "Even the friends of my father's better days look coldly on me now, and,—in short, Virginia, I have been compelled to decide that I must go elsewhere, must leave you, with everything else that I love, and wait for better days to fulfill the hopes that I have formed and you have sanctioned.

The young girl's tears fell fast while she vainly strove to hide them, but she answered nothing, and Mayland proceeded;—

"I have settled all the little business I had to arrange here, and shall leave—to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"It is necessary," replied the lover sadly. "I have delayed till this time only in order to see you once more. And besides, Virginia, when you once see with me the necessity that I should go elsewhere to pass through the long probation, the great life-struggle that awaits me, before I can hope to obtain that wealth or eminence which will insure your father's consent to our marriage; you will see also the propriety of my starting as soon as possible,

since every hour that I linger only places still farther distant the fulfillment of all my hopes."

"I believe—I know you are right," said she, endeavoring to control her tears; "I know it can be only after a long time and great changes that my father will consent to—to the marriage, and the sooner you go, the sooner also will you return; but this is very sudden, and,—when shall I hear from you or see you again?"

"I cannot tell when I shall see you again," slowly responded Mayland. "I can scarcely hope to accomplish what I propose in less than ten years. I do not now know how it will be possible to communicate with you, and I dare not tell you, Virginia, how much I dread that, in my long and uncertain absence, with so many others, suiters too, around you, I may be forgotten. I know I am selfish, Virginia, even to desire or expect you to wait till I can ask you of your father, but I think love is always so."

By this time the young lady had recovered somewhat her composure and in a voice of calmness she said;—

I have long, that is for months, foreseen that this must happen, and I must try to bear it, but surely, Edward, you can tell me when I may hear of you again?"

"No, I cannot," replied he rather hastily, for the very impossibility of answering her question rendered him impatient at its being asked.

"Edward!" exclaimed she in a remonstrating tone,—then, as if recollecting herself, she added proudly;—Well, sir, if you can spend ten years without any communication between us, I certainly can."

"Virginia! you are unreasonable," replied Mayland, in a tone quite as proud as her own,—"how can I—"

"Let it pass, sir," interrupted she coldly.

"Virginia!" said the young man, to whom, in his moody and feverish state of mind and body, coldness from her was the last drop in the overfilled cup of bitterness;—"You do not love me, or you could not speak to me in such a tone."

"Sir!" exclaimed the young girl, astonished and now really angry at such an imputation, for she was not sufficiently aware of his feelings and physical health to make allowances for his irritability;—"I should think I had given you sufficient proof of that, by condescending to listen to your vows at all, to save me from such an accusation."

Stung to the quick by this allusion to their disparity of posi-

tion, which was indeed only forced out by momentary anger and regretted by the lady as soon as uttered, Mayland merely said in a voice of unnatural calmness;—

“Do you wish to recall your vows?”

Since you propose it Sir, and probably desire it, perhaps it is the wisest thing for both of us, and the best.”

“Be it so, then!” exclaimed he, wrought up almost to madness in his phrenzied excitement. At the same instant, a heavy step was heard descending the gravel walk and Miss Tremley sprang toward the entrance, uttering a faint scream as she emerged into the moon-light.

“Miss Tremley!—Virginia!” cried Mayland in a tone of anguish, as he sprang after her—“for Heaven’s sake do not leave me thus!—Must we never meet again?”—but he stopped short as he almost ran against the figure of John Tremley, who stood there, in the full moon-light, choaking and almost speechless with rage.

“No Sir, never!” said the old man harshly, replying himself, as soon as he could speak, to the young man’s passionate exclamation. “As for you,” and he turned to his daughter, who was moving slowly toward the house,—“wilful and disobedient child get to your room immediately, and let your walks be for the future, somewhat earlier in the evening. And do you begone sir,” said he furiously to Mayland, “and think yourself lucky that I do not call a servant to whip you from my grounds. You, a drunkard’s son, the beggerly offspring of a common sot, dare to address my daughter! You, who could not marry the daughter of any decent man in the county! Is it possible!—what are we coming to?” And the old man shook with the violence of his passion

“Mr. Tremley,” replied the young man, coldly and restraining himself with difficulty, “whatsoever you may so far forget yourself as to say, I can have no quarrel with you. The time may possibly come sir, when you will repent of this insult.” And he turned slowly down the walk.

When he reached its foot, he paused and looked back toward the retreating form of her, whom he would now almost have given a limb from his body to speak to for five minutes, that they might mutually recall their last bitter words. What would he have given to see her only look back, if but once—for a single moment. But she did not. He did not know that hot scalding tears were blinding her eyes, and that she was hurrying on to con-

ceal from her father the overpowering agitation which she could not control; nor could he know of the whole sleepless night of weeping she was about to pass. And as her form disappeared in the doorway, without one backward glance, to show mindfulness of him or regret for what had just passed between them, Mayland uttered not a word, but with a gesture of despair he turned through the gate and pursued his way slowly toward the town.

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### LEAF III.

About nine o'clock next morning, a ragged boy called for me to go and see Mr. Mayland. I had for years been his father's family physician and of course did not hesitate. I found him in high fever. It seems he had spent most of the night in the open air, wandering about to cool his excited feelings. His health had been severely drawn upon by his constant watching and nursing of his father, during the latter's illness. Affliction at the loss of his parent, anxiety as to his own dark prospects, mortification the most bitter at the prejudice he saw exciting against him, and consciousness of the utter impossibility of any success in life, save at the price of exile from all that he loved among the living or dead;—all these mental tortures had been wearing his frame for a month, and the events of the previous evening had been the climax.

Ten days of fever and delirium followed, though the ready diagnosis of his disease was prevented by some peculiar and puzzling symptoms, in explanation of which Dr. R. (the consulting physician) and myself differed. Finally, when the case began to look doubtful, Dr. R. intimated more than once, that in case of fatal termination to the illness, he earnestly desired a post-mortem examination.

To this I objected, not only because I was myself satisfied on the main points of difficulty, but also because private reasons rendered me particularly averse to such an examination in that case. R. insisted, and even intimated his determination to obtain, in some way or other, the resolution of his doubts by such an examination.

All difficulty between us was however prevented by the in-

ipient convalescence of the patient. He was entirely free from fever on the eleventh day, and seemed surprisingly strong for one so dangerously ill. Nothing therefore could have astonished me more than to learn on the twelfth afternoon, as I rode into town, from a country patient's, that Mayland was dead!

He had gone off in a sort of fit or paroxysm, requesting, with his latest rational breath, to be laid beside his father and mother, in the family vault. I did not much like this, for I knew that if laid there, his body would certainly be removed by Dr. R. But it seemed unavoidable, for his last request was known, and I could not, of course, make public the cause of my unwillingness. Arrangements were however made for the funeral, and I engaged three young men to watch with the corpse, at the poor widows, where Mayland had boarded since his fathers death.

A sudden and imperative call, detaining me till far into the night, prevented my going that evening to see the corpse of the unfortunate youth, which I determined to examine the follow morning; for if my view of the case were correct, certain appearances upon the recent subject would confirm them, and I thought by taking Dr. R. with me, I might thus satisfy or convince him without his having recourse to the dissecting knife.

The story told afterward by the three watchers was strange enough. The cottage contained three small rooms on the first floor, a parlor and sitting or dining room in line on the front, communicating by a door, then a bed-room back, in which slept the aged widow lady. The early part of the night passed away as usual, until about one oclock, when one of them agreed that the others might sleep an hour or two while he watched, and then they should in like manner relieve him.

The two accordingly went to sleep and the third must have partially followed their example, for afterward acknowledged having become several times conscious of noises in the parlor, loud enough to be heard by him, yet not such as thoroughly to rouse him, till a sudden and heavy crash awakened the three at once.

With a self-condemnatory exclamation, all sprang to their feet and and to the next room, just in time to catch the sound of feet hurrying by under the window. The lights still burned, with their long unsnuffed wicks, beside the bier, the coffin was there and the shroud, but the corpse was gone! The open window was now closed, and it was probably the fall of the sash that had roused them

By some means, perhaps through a thoughtless young medical student at that time reading with Dr. R. the doctor's difference from me in opinion and his desire for a post-mortem examination had become known to several, and one of the watches had heard it. They knew therefore instantly that the body must have been removed and for obvious purposes. So closing the house and taking different directions, they sallied out immediately, to overtake and ascertain the robbers of the dead. But a search continued far into daylight was utterly unavailing to discover any traces whatever of the plunderers or their booty.

What strengthened the general impression of the body's removal, after the affair became generally known and talked of and investigated, was the fact that an old cloak belonging to the deceased was missing, together with a strong coverlet that usually lay upon Mayland's bed, but on the evening in question had been brought down to spread over the rough table on which the coffin was placed. They were just such things as would be used to wrap up a recent subject, in the absence of a sack made for that purpose.

Suspicion scarcely attached to myself among the physicians, because it was known that, if a post-mortem examination or of dissecting the corpse, I had opportunities far less open to animadversion, to possess myself of the body. But upon Dr. R., spite of his sturdy and repeated and angry denials, suspicion fell heavily. Still, nothing was discovered, and weeks, months and years passed by, and the greatest grief for the loss of the life and for the disappearance of the body of Edward Mayland, was felt by one, little suspected of such or of any sympathy with the deceased. That one was Virginia Tremley.

Little did this young lady know or imagine how much her hasty pride had to do with the fatal event that followed the lovers' quarrel, nor that the trifling circumstance of her not even looking back toward him, when they were parted by her father, had to his excited and feverish mind seemed as a seal of their separation; nor how the thought that this, his last earthly tie, had now been snapped, weighed upon his mind in his illness, producing a moody recklessness of life, that perhaps went far to neutralize the beneficial effects of medicine and hastened if it did not cause the fatal termination of his disease. For of course she could not know, that of the three messages sent by her during his sickness, two were intercepted by her father and the last reached him but too late to be communicated. And the fidelity of memory

which she often manifested toward him is so unusual in a girl of seventeen, that perhaps it may justly be assumed to have been owing in part to the bitterness of her self-condemnation as well as to her love. For most rarely does it happen that a young lady of such age does cherish, with a constancy unweakened by years, change of scene and the allurments of society, an attachment for a person absent, still less so for one who is dead. But with her undeniable faults of too much pride and impulsiveness, she yet possessed penetration to discover the good and noble qualities of her lover, together with a firmness of heart and constancy of purpose and of affection, which rendered her memory of Mayland as fresh, after long and hopeless years, as on the fatal morning when she first learned the impossible barrier which the grave had interposed forever between her and her fondest hopes.

Suitors appeared, but they were denied. Her aged and grief-stricken parent reasoned and implored and even threatened disinheritance, but all alike fruitless of the results he desired. She made no secret of her fixed determination never to marry. And it was some and no light punishment for the ingratitude and villainy of Tremley toward the Maylands, that he should see his only child, for whose benefit he had steeped his selfish soul in dishonesty, thus refuse, before his eyes, to avail herself of the advantages he had obtained for her at such a cost.

There had been for him but two objects of affection on earth,—his money and his daughter. And as years passed and his tangible possessions widened and lengthened, the unhappy old man was compelled to acknowledge, in his heart of hearts, the insufficiency of more than a quarter of million of money to secure either peace of mind or happiness in his family.

The daughter never sought sympathy with any one, nor did she fail for a moment in those filial duties, of which her dead mother had, in early life, carefully instilled into her mind. But her velvet cheek paled, her beautiful eyes became hollowed and and her step less elastic, and the clear gentle-toned voice, which once rang like a bird's carol whenever she was alone, now become low and less often heard. Except myself, no one save her father knew the cause of her decline—knew that it was the memory of the dead which was wasting away the living.

By the time seven years were passed, Tremley had almost entirely given up all hope of seeing his daughter settled in life as he desired. Then came reflection and with reflection, repentance. But he well knew that no penitence can be acceptable to God or

availing to man, unless accompanied, so far as lies in our power, by restitution. And so truly sensible and repentant did the old man at length become, in his disappointment as to his daughter and the nearer approach of the grave to himself, of the crime he had committed, that had young Mayland been then living, he would have made to him a late reparation for the wrong he had done his father. But it only increased the bitterness of his penitence to become painfully conscious that, like most human repentance, it had come too late.

To his frequent applications for medical advice and prescriptions, relative to his daughter's now hopelessly declining health, my only reply was—knowing how utterly useless in her case was the whole pharmacopia,—travel and change of scene. But this advice Virginia obstinately refused to follow. She felt that she was dying by inches, and she seemed resolved not to die at a distance from all she loved and from those cherished associations, the recalling of which formed now the only sad pleasure, the single oasis that remained in the dull waste of existence.

But toward the close of the eighth year it became evident that her father's health was also failing, and the acquiescence in medical advice which she would never yield while she alone was concerned, was given instantly when she became aware that her parent's health required travel. So a long trip was planned, to go by way of Washington—where they had relations—to the sea-board, thence to Havana, New Orleans, and round home.

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#### LEAF IV.

Unforeseen causes of delay occurred in starting, so that it was about the second week in December before they reached the Capital. This was not however so much to be regretted, since the season was unusually mild, and this sea-voyage, whenever commenced would be Southward.

The owner of a quarter of a million—in common report quadrupled—has always friends, and the heiress to that very respectable sum, every where admirers. Both crowded round Tremley and his daughter on their arrival at Washington, and urged at least a short stay amid the scenes and

pleasures of the Capital. The father easily consented, for he thought or at least hoped it was not impossible, that among the brilliant assemblage of minds and persons gathered at the seat of government during the sessions of Congress, some suitor for his daughter might appear, to whom she could be persuaded to listen. Virginia did not object, for alike listless of the present and hopeless of the future, she yielded readily to her father's wishes in every thing save a lover.

An hour or two at the Capital, when the house should be in session, was of course one of the necessary parts of sight-seeing, during their stay in the city. They visited the Senate within a short time after their arrival, but deferred going to the House for a day or two, for the purpose of visiting it at a time when they might hear one of the popular orators of the day, with whose fame the city was then ringing.

His name seemed in every one's mouth though when heard for the first time by Miss Tremley, it excited anew those melancholy recollections and saddening thoughts, the ghosts of happier days, which for eight years had been haunting the chambers of her too faithful memory. And when she heard the Hon. Mr. Mayland, of Kentucky, spoken of as one of the most rising men in the House; how regretfully did the thought come home to her heart, that had not the grave interposed its former returnless barrier, even here might her lover have found that sphere of usefulness and honor, for which his endowments so peculiarly fitted him.

The only immediate effect of her sad thoughts was a violent headache, which prevented her appearance at dinner and confined her for most of the afternoon. Late in the afternoon Mrs. Richardson called. This was a cousin of Mr. Tremley's, a dashing young widow of twenty-seven, who had assumed the office of chaperon to the Virginia heiress.

"Ah my dear coz," said Mrs. Richardson gracefully attitudinizing upon an ottoman,—“sorry to hear of your headach. It isn't incurable, I hope, because I've called on purpose to tell you that your conditional engagement at Mrs. Z.'s to-night must become a positive one.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Virginia; “I've been sick all day, ate no dinner, look wretchedly and feel so. You must excuse me to Mrs. Z., and—”

“Couldn't think of such a thing,” persisted the widow; “if you've been sick all day, that is just the reason why you should get well at night. If you ate no dinner, Mrs. Z. gives charming

suppers, and as to your looking and feeling wretchedly, dear child ! if you don't feel worse than you look, I shall pity the masculines to-night. Besides, there's a particular reason—don't shake your head so positively—there's an especial reason I say, why you must go to-night, even if you're sick all day to-morrow in consequence. That great, eloquent, impracticable Mr Mayland is to be there, who seems, like Job, to have made a vow with his eyes, not to look upon a woman, and I want you to see him, or rather I want him to see you—but bless my heart ! what's the matter now ?—you're pale as a corpse !” exclaimed the frightened visitor, springing to the bell-rope, but hesitating to ring as the young lady held up her hand prohibitively.

“Only a momentary spasm,” said Virginia faintly and repressing with difficulty the peculiar feelings roused afresh by the mention of that long remembered name; “you know we are invalids and only traveling for health; and really, my dear Mrs. Richardson, you will have to excuse me to-night. I have no wish to see this—”

“Pshaw !” interrupted her cousin, half peevishly, “if you won't go, I suppose there's an end of it; but you will spoil the prettiest plot since the days of Guy Fawkes, though you know Mr. Mayland already ?”

“Never saw him in my life, to my knowledge.”

“What a pity then you won't go. We had it all arranged so nicely. You must know, coz., half the ladies in Washington are dying for the honorable gentleman, and do you think this modern Narcissus will condescend to speak ten words to any of us ? I set my cap for him myself the last session, for three whole months,” pursued the pretty widow, adjusting her curls by the opposite pier-glass, “more trouble than I ever took for any other man—and what do you think I got for my pains ?”

“The privilege of saying no, perhaps,” replied Virginia willing to flatter a little.

“No, indeed ! I got a Valentine through the Post Office, with nothing in it but that verse of Lady Mary Montagu's;

‘That you're in a terrible taking,  
By these sweet oglings I see,  
But the fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Indeed is too mellow for me.’ ”

“Surely, no gentleman would send you such a thing,” said Miss Tremley; “most likely it came from some lady-rival, jealous of your probable success.”

"I don't know," said Mrs. Richardson, with an air half-flattered and half-vexed; "of course I'm not familiar with his hand-writing, but there's no knowing what a man so cold and so cruel might do. Why, don't you think, when he is to speak, the galleries are so crowded a mouse couldn't put his foot out, and yet he has never been known so far to forget his bachelor dignity, as once to look up at the thousand and one pair of pretty eyes that are looking down upon him so admirably."

"Isn't it a little singular," asked Virginia quizzingly, "that those of our sex will acknowledge themselves so easily influenced in favor of one so insensible to their attractions as you describe them to be?"

"Ah, you may think so now and talk so too," replied her lovely companion, "but just wait till you see and hear him, and judge for yourself if he be not such a man as a woman can very easily admire and love too, for that matter."

"Very probably he is under a matrimonial engagement at home."

"No indeed. Several of the Kentucky members know him at home, and they say 'tis just the way he neglects the ladies there. He has made a large fortune by land speculations and has a practice in the Supreme Court worth five thousand a year. Isn't it a sin that such a man will behave so? I'm so vexed you won't see him to-night. You may not have another chance while you are here. 'Tis only about twice in a season that he'll show himself at a private house. He must come to-night, because Mrs. Z. is the Duchess Devonshire of our party, and it won't answer to neglect her invitations."

"I am going to the House to-morrow or next day, as I understand he is to speak, and then I shall both see and hear him."

"O, it is to-morrow, and you must be there early or you'll find no seat. I'll call for you if you will permit me?"

"With much pleasure and many thanks."

"Well, good bye coz, it is after seven. I must go and dress.—Heigh ho, what a bore!" And the lively widow ran off.

## LEAF V.

At an early hour of the following day, the crowd of equipages and pedestrians that thronged Pennsylvania Avenue told even the stranger that a favorite speaker would that day address the national legislature.

Of all the multitude of beautiful forms and faces that crowded the galleries of the Representative Hall, perhaps no two attracted more attention than those of Mrs. Richardson and Miss Tremley. The one showy and restless, nodding gracefully to her acquaintances here and there, and manifesting how perfectly she was aware of her own claims to admiration; the other quiet, dignified and listless, as though utterly unconscious of the surpassing loveliness of form and feature, which not even insidious disease had been able to destroy or much to diminish.

The morning hour passed in the dispatch of the usual miscellaneous business, exciting little or no debate among the members, who seemed all to share the anxiety with which the spectators awaited the taking up of the order of the day, on which Mr. Mayland had the floor.

From the position of the seat the ladies had taken, nearly in front of the speaker's chair, (even at the early hour when they had come, the choice of a seat was scarcely voluntary, for the house was then well filled,) it was scarcely possible to see the faces of most of the members. But Virginia's talkative companion quickly pointed out to her the seat occupied by Mr. Mayland, around whose chair a knot of members, engaged in earnest whispered consultation and the evident deference with which they listened to him, showed that he was already considered a leader in the House.

When Virginia's glance, following the direction of her companion's finger, first fell upon Mr. Mayland, her thoughts were, of course, of her dead lover, for the identity of name compelled this; though, as she knew that the Mayland's of Virginia had in Kentucky no nearer relatives than second or third cousins, she scarcely expected to find much resemblance between the man before her and him whose memory she still so fondly and sacredly cherished. But though the member's face was turned completely from her, for he was almost directly between her and the Speaker's chair, still, even with what she could see of him, a strange indescribable feeling began to creep over her as she gazed.

Was it possible that the fact of her thinking of her lost lover, or that the expectation, perhaps wish that there should be some similarity between them, personally as well as nominally, could have originated the conviction she now began to feel that there was indeed a strong resemblance?

She gazed as if at a basilisk; she could not withdraw her eyes. The shoulders were broader, the figure better developed, but the head, the peculiar curve of the neck, the color of the light curling hair, and the graceful nod of assent he gave occasionally to the whispered remarks around him,—all these were recognized. But more than all these, the strange, inexplicable feeling that came involuntarily but resistlessly over her, and the thought, that had *he* lived, just about so much difference would eight years have made in his appearance,—made her heart throb with emotions painful from their very intensity. It was like the indescribable sort of expectancy with which a person in a night-mare awaits the termination of his terrible dream.

And as the moment approached—which she felt was approaching, though paying no attention to the business before the House.—when she would hear the sound of his voice, her emotions became almost uncontrollable. She trembled from head to foot, and when the Speaker's hammer fell and the order of the day was announced, followed by the stillness of death all over the hall, she seemed, for a moment, to forget even to breathe.

At length Mayland arose, slowly, as if overwhelmed with the magnitude of the subject and with diffidence of his own ability to do it justice or fulfil the expectations of the breathless hundreds around him.

The last sound of young Edward Mayland's voice, in his passionate call to his mistress on that last fatal night, hushed though it had been to her ever since in the unbroken silence of the grave, was still even at this moment ringing in her ears; and when the orator first uttered the words "Mr. Speaker!" she almost started from her seat with a feeling akin to absolute terror. The tones of the voice, as he proceeded, that never deceiving criterion of identity seemed exactly the same. Full, rich and musical, they rang through the house, like the notes of a silver bell, in the utterance of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," enchaining every ear in that vast audience, as with the spell of a magician.

Lingering but for a moment in the exordium, to brush away the cobweb mists of sophistry thrown cunningly by his antagon-

ists around the subject, he dashed at once at its most difficult points, untwisting, as without an effort each tangled knot of doubt, and by the application of the simplest syllogisms in political logic, solving the national problem involved in the question, with a course of reasoning that any man could follow, and presenting conclusions that a child could comprehend.

Nothing but the absorbing interest in the orator's words, and the impossibility of removing one's eyes for a moment from the charm of his gestures, prevented notice of the singularity of Miss Tremley's appearance. Pale and immovable as a statue of living Parian she sat, leaning forward, with fascinated eye, dilated nostril and a bloodless lip, whose compression, as well as the tight clasping of her fingers over her bosom, showed her powerful effort to restrain feelings that threatened to prove too strong for control.

Size, figure, voice and manner all told her, spite of all she could plead to herself of the possibilities of family resemblance, that the man before her was her lost lover. But she would not be deceived, for she felt in her inmost heart that the revulsion would kill her. No, it could not, could not be! When, O when did ever the unpyting grave give up its dead! She dared not, for her soul's sake, trust the possibility of the identity, even for one single moment.

But still, spite of every effort to the contrary both of her reason and her resolution, the conviction crept over her step by step. Her nerves, weakened by disease and long attrition, began to give way, and feeling that she must yield to the impression, though yielding would be deception and deception death; she awaited but for one evidence farther which should be decisive,— she must see his face.

Meanwhile the orator, all unconscious of the terrible struggle of apprehension and hope in the bosom of his auditor, had reached that part of his subject most exciting to him and most important to his argument; and here he surpassed himself, as ordinarily he surpassed others. His stature seemed more than human, his voice like that of a prophet, and accompanying one of his aphorisms in favor of the universality of legislation, "the greatest good of the greatest number," by a graceful and sweeping gesture, appropriate to the sentiment, he turned toward the members behind him and presented to the concentrated gaze of Virginia's fascinated eyes, that noble countenance, every linea-

ment of whose features, under the excitement of his own eloquence, seemed blazing with the light of intellect.

It was for one single instant, but that was enough; and with the confirmation of all her hopes and wishes, the realization of the wildest dream that ever unreasoning enthusiast indulged, the return of the dead to life, she uttered a faint scream and swooned away.

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#### LEAF VI.

In her invalid condition of health, the terrible excitement she had undergone, the tense straining of the nerves and the shock under which she had fainted, had well nigh proved fatal.

When at length she did recover, it was in her own room, with her father, Mrs. Richardson, physicians and others by her side. To her distressed father, the cause of her fainting was a mystery, for without love's memory—sharpening evidences, so many years of absence and change had destroyed all identifying recollections, and he little imagined that the Hon. Mr. Mayland of Ky., one of the most brilliant orators in the House and among the most promising men in the country, was the poor drunkard's son, whom, eight years before, he had so insultingly ordered from his grounds.

Mr. Tremley's call upon Mr. Mayland at his boarding-house in the afternoon, astonished the latter gentleman little less than Virginia's explanations had amazed her father, a few hours before; for engrossed in weightier matters, Mayland had small leisure to examine the newspaper lists of hotel arrivals, and to his woman-neglecting ears the fame of the Virginia heiress would scarcely reach in the space of a single week. He had not even been aware of the Tremley's presence in Washington.

Listening willingly to the old man's earnest and now really sincere assurance of personal esteem, and still more eagerly to those of his daughter's constant remembrance and regard, and receiving gladly, the father's consent and even solicitation to his acceptance of his daughter's hand; Mayland returned with Tremley to the hotel of the latter, his heart-throbbing with sensations such as those only who have passed through a probation

such as his, can fully appreciate. Over the meeting of the lovers we must draw a veil.

For the first time during his term of public service, the member from Kentucky seemed to think his presence unnecessary at the House during the afternoon session. The truth is he was very busy and no doubt very eloquent too—though not in presence of quite so large an audience as in the morning,—giving to his mistress an account of his eight years adventures.

Commencing with the night when arrangements were far in progress for his funeral, he told her how he had wakened from his death-like trance, sometime after midnight, to find himself in the coffin, and how he had lain there with the full possession of consciousness for more than an hour, considering the circumstances of his position and the course best for him to pursue, for the awakening from the trance seemed to be accompanied not only by the restoration of his mental faculties, but also by the disappearance of every trace of his disease, save a weakness of body.

He should of course leave the country and carrying out his former plans, endeavor to carve out, in the lonely and unpromising path before him, a name and fortune, the prestige of which he felt within him. There was but one thought that caused hesitancy or doubt in his mind, and that was, if he should attempt, before his departure, to communicate with Miss Tremley. But she had recalled her vows, had refused him in parting one single look of farewell, and during his long—he knew not how long—sickness, had appeared unconscious or careless of his existence; and mortified and disheartened by her seeming abandonment of him, he had felt at the moment as if all ties between them were sundered forever. With separation from her came the snapping of every tie that bound him to Z., among the living, and he determined by withdrawing himself undiscovered, to leave all these in uncertainty as to his life or death.

Deciding upon his course and sure of success, from the very audible slumbering of those who should have been watchers, in the next room, he had quietly withdrawn himself from the coffin and escaped through the open window, whose unlucky fall had nearly betrayed him; though the delay of searching the room before going out gave him an opportunity of temporary concealment. Proceeding to the river he had walked down its banks till too tired to proceed farther, and then hailing a passing flat-boat he was taken on board, and so by different conveyances he

had reached the city of Louisville, without a cent in his pocket. Thence striking inland, he had finally reached the town he had chosen as a residence. He was already master of a good knowledge of Law; an office was opened with a little assistance from his Kentucky relatives, and industry, perseverance and the blessing of Providence had done the rest.

Faithful in heart to his mistress, he had devoted every energy of his mind to the acquisition of such wealth, position in society and reputation among men, as would entitle him to claim from Mr. Tremley the gift of his daughter's hand. At his last unfortunate interview with Miss Tremley, he had named ten years as the probable period of his probation, but eight had proved sufficient, and as far less than even that time had removed from his mind and heart all voluntary recollection of their regretted quarrel, and left the memory of his mistress unconnected with aught save the purest and tenderest attachment; he had already resolved to visit, at the close of the present session of Congress, the place of his birth, where his heart still lived, though his mind and person might be far elsewhere.

It need scarcely be told that at the points of his narrative which seemed to impeach the kindness of his mistress, he had been interrupted by her with explanations, of which the reader is already in possession.

There was but one part in his narrative with which Virginia expressed herself utterly dissatisfied, and that was, why he had kept his existence so strictly and so cruelly a secret from her?

In extenuation of this he plead first, his own despair in the belief that she had really abandoned him; then, when time and second thoughts had reassured him in the conviction that she would not thus, for a momentary and hasty disagreement, tear asunder ties, whose strength in her heart he estimated by the tenacity with which they clung to his, still a lurking resentment remained. And when this too faded in the reviving strength and tenderness of his regard, he confessed the vanity of having desired that she should hear of him through others, before she heard from himself.

Though perhaps mortifying to the profession, candor compels me to acknowledge that Edward Mayland proved himself a more successful physician in Miss Tremley's case, than any of the regular Faculty. The father's illness too had been caused chiefly by anxiety and regrets at his daughter's decline—of which he felt himself to be the primary, if distant cause—by his own dis-

appointment and bitter because unavailing repentance. The opportunity for reparation, especially when restitution could be made in the form of a daughter's dowry and therefore without injury to his own character, soon restored to him both spirits and health.

The journey to Havana was dispensed with as unnecessary; in lieu of which, in a few weeks, a wedding took place at Washington, hastened as much by the anxiety of the father as of the lover; and at the close of the session, a trip to Virginia and thence to Kentucky seemed fully to restore, if not already done, the health of the beautiful bride.

THE END.





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