

May



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES





THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET



CORA AND THE DOCTOR;

OR,

REVELATIONS

OF

A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

Baker, Marquette Newell (Wass)

FOURTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON.

NEW YORK: SHELDON, LAMPORT & BLAKEMAN.

LONDON: TRÜBNER & CO.

1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ANDOVER: W. F. DRAPER,
STEREOTYPER AND PRINTER.

PS
1059
B1688c

TO

DOCTOR JOHN JEFFRIES,

MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED PHYSICIAN,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES,

BUT WITHOUT HIS CONSENT,

FROM A DESIRE OF THE AUTHOR

TO REMAIN STRICTLY

INCOGNITO.

1118567



CORA AND THE DOCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

“Dear Mother — between friend and friend,
Prose answers every common end;
Serves in a plain and homely way,
To express the occurrence of the day,
Our health, the weather, and the news,
What walks we take, what books we choose,
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind.” SOUTHEY'S COWPER.

Ship Castor and Pollux, off Staten Island, 9 o'clock, Monday morning, June 1st, 1835.

DEAREST MOTHER,—We are fast nearing land. The pilot is already on board; and I shall soon set my foot upon the new world which is henceforth to be my home.

In fulfilment of my promise, I begin thus early my journal of daily events, which I shall transmit to you from time to time as opportunity shall offer.

A torrent of emotion rushes through my mind, pleasure mingled with pain — pleasure at the prospect of the happiness, I may reasonably expect in the society of a beloved husband — and pain at the thought of the long time which will probably intervene before I shall see the loved members of our home-circle, and also from the assurance that when I set my foot upon the shores of the Western continent, the broad Atlantic will roll between us.

But I must turn from these sad musings to the scene around me. The passengers are all wide awake; Some are hurrying to and

fro in search of baggage, while others, having succeeded in getting their trunks brought on deck, are sitting upon them and awaiting their search by the Custom House officers. But by far the greater part are standing in groups, leaning over the railing of the ship, eagerly gazing at the shore, talking earnestly of friends whom they expect to meet, or expressing curiosity at the sight of America, the birth place of the immortal WASHINGTON.

My dear Frank pointed out to me the harbor with the skiffs flying in every direction — the forest of masts with their national flags — the lofty spires pointing heaven-ward — and the stately domes looming up to view, while directly before us are the wharves lined with extensive ware-rooms and store-houses. But I must close the first page in my journal.

Crawford, Tuesday, June 2d.

We reached New York in season for dinner at the Astor House, and for the evening boat to Providence, from which place we took the stage-coach for Crawford; and arrived here about noon. At the public house, which I should judge was a mile distant, we alighted; and I saw a broad-shouldered, well-dressed colored man come eagerly forward and seize the Doctor by the hand, while he cast a glance of curiosity at me.

“This is your young Mistress, Cæsar,” said Frank.

Cæsar took off his hat, bowing and scraping in the most approved style; and when I gave him my hand, he exhibited a splendid set of ivory, extending almost from ear to ear.

My husband went with me into the public house, where I remained until he and Cæsar had attended to the baggage. I spent the interim in picturing to myself a rural cottage with a luxuriant vine running over the door. This same vine had always figured largely in my imaginary home, but my fancy had not advanced to the interior, when Frank came to call me.

I cannot account for the impression I had formed, that the Doctor was not a man of wealth; I had even pleased myself vastly

with plans of industry, prudence and economy, by which I intended to provide necessaries and even luxuries for the family. The Doctor had carefully avoided all description of our future home, answering me only by smiles, if I ventured to point out a pretty cottage, and to ask whether it resembled ours.

During the drive, Cæsar was eager to tell all the news. He said, "I'se driven de carriage down to meet Mass'r Frank ebery time de stage hab come in for two days. I told Missus," he continued, "better go ebery day for a month, than have young Missus come, and nobody pear dere to welcome her to dis yer home."

Frank laughed heartily as he said, "Your young Mistress will be obliged to you for sustaining the honor of the family."

I was so much interested in looking about me, and in listening to Cæsar's talk with his master, that I had no time to reconcile the idea of a handsome carriage, span of horses, and colored driver with my husband's supposed circumstances — a train of thought which had been started before I left the Inn. But now we were drawing near my new home; and my heart began to beat very fast. I put my hand into Frank's, who pressed it tightly in his.

I was about to go through a very trying scene, to meet a mother and sister, while yet a perfect stranger to them. I feared they would deem me unworthy of their son and brother. My color came and went, if I can judge from the burning of my cheeks. It was with great difficulty, I could keep from weeping. I am sure Frank understood my feelings, for he very gently kissed my forehead, and whispered, "Cõra, you will love my mother, and I am very sure she will love you."

I forced back my tears, and tried to show him that I meant to deserve their love. I gave such a start of surprise, when the carriage stopped at the door of a noble mansion that Frank laughing asked, "What?"

"Surely, this is not your house," said I.

"It is *our* house," he replied in a low tone, as he handed me from the carriage. I had hardly reached the ground, before I was

caught in the arms of one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. She kissed me repeatedly; and then sprang to her brother, saying, "now, Frank, that's just like you, not to tell us what a darling she was!"

By this time we had ascended the steps leading from the front entrance, where stood a fine looking woman, (of course she is, for Frank is the image of her), who folded her arms about her new daughter with such a motherly embrace that my heart was at rest. The tears filled my eyes at the melting tone in which she said, as she held our hands joined in hers; "Welcome, my dear son and daughter!"— as if she would fain have blessed our union. She evidently restrained her feelings, and taking my hand under her arm, led me into a large parlor, where there had been a fire on the hearth.

"We hardly expected you to-day," she said, after we were seated; "but Emily would not rest until we came over here from the cottage."

"Don't you reside here?" I asked in surprise.

Mrs. Lenox smiled, and looked at her son, who said pleasantly, "You see, mother, there is very little of Eve about her."

"More than you imagine," I replied; "but I was constrained to suppress my curiosity, as I received such indefinite replies to my questions."

"After to-morrow," added he, "I will answer as many as you please; till then I see one who is ready to answer before she is asked."

Just then, Emily had stolen beside me, and putting her arm around my waist said, "Come with me, if you are not too tired; and I will show you your room."

I went with her; and, my dear mother, I ought to be very happy, and grateful to God for casting my lot in such a pleasant place, and among such kind friends. As soon as we were alone, Emily again embraced me, and said, "I shall love Frank better than ever, for bringing me so dear a sister; now he will be con-

tented to remain at home, instead of roving all over creation." She spoke of her brother with great affection, and said with enthusiasm, "Everybody loves Frank!"

She then pointed out one thing after another, each dear to me as an expression of his love, and his desire to render me happy in my new home. To-morrow I hope to give you a description of the house and grounds, over which, after dinner, I was duly installed mistress.

I have written a long time ; but my heart is full, and I find it a relief to tell you how kind my Heavenly Father has been to me.

CHAPTER II.

“Here blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy’s visits when most brief.” BERNARD BARTON.

Wednesday, June 3d.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have just returned from a pleasant drive with Mother, Frank and Emily. You will wonder that I can so soon address any other but yourself by that endearing word, *mother*; indeed it cost me an effort. But this morning, she came in soon after breakfast, and when I said, joyfully, “good morning, Mrs. Lenox,” she kissed me tenderly and said, “can you give me no dearer name, my child?” I looked up in her face, and felt that I could call her “mother.” I wish, I could describe to you the impression, she makes upon me. She is very gentle and tender in her manner, particularly so to her only son. She is also cheerful; but I think she must have known what sorrow is, heart-felt, abiding sorrow. Though the expression of her countenance is placid and touchingly sweet, yet, as I watched her yesterday, I could see her eyes fill with tears as she looked at Frank.

I never saw a son more affectionate and respectful to his mother. There is a perfect understanding between them. It was his earnest wish to have her and his sister live with him, as the house is very large; but she thought it not best. The property was left him by his father, and he has put up for her a beautiful English cottage, separated from his dwelling only by the garden, while the carriage drive passes from one to the other.

I promised you a description of my new home. Imagine

yourself entering from the street an avenue lined with trees, (linden I think) and winding for about twenty or thirty rods up to a stately mansion. From the carriage drive, you ascend ten or twelve steps to the front entrance, over which is a very fine portico supported by large pillars which are completely covered with a running-rose vine. Entering the outer door, you stand in a spacious hall, which runs directly through the house and opens in the rear upon a piazza extending the entire length of the building. From this piazza there is a most enchanting prospect. Blue mountains skirt the horizon, while a beautiful lake nestles in their bosom.

There are four large rooms on the ground floor, two parlors in front, a dining-room and a sitting room in the rear. In addition to these there are wings on each side of the house. One is entered from the sitting-room, and is devoted to Frank's library and cabinet; the other enters from the dining-room and is occupied by Mistress Phebe Lenox in her culinary department.

In the second story there are five chambers, together with two in the attic. Caesar has a neat room finished off over the carriage house, which he and Phebe appropriate to themselves.

The fifth room on the second floor I shall not forget to describe. It is over the rear hall, opening from our room; and my kind husband has fitted it up as my boudoir. I can't conceive how he knew so exactly what I should like. Emily says he selected everything himself, and that it has been a subject of mirth for her that he should know the minutiae of a lady's toilet. There is one large French window which opens like a door upon the balcony over the piazza. Rose-colored curtains are draped from it, so that I can be secluded at pleasure. Before the window stands an elegant easy-chair, large enough for both of us, and near it a table holding a desk, with every convenience for writing. At this I am now sitting, and I prophesy it will be a favorite resort.

Two-thirds of the length of the room opposite the window is

occupied by a wardrobe of the most convenient kind, containing fixtures for hanging dresses, also shelves and drawers.

Opposite the door leading from my room, is a dressing table standing before a long mirror. This table is furnished with everything which even a French lady can wish in the making of her toilet, and is equally tasteful and convenient.

In the corner beyond the wardrobe, stands a beautiful piece of Italian statuary, representing a young girl bearing a basket of fruit. She has such a touching expression upon her lovely countenance that I can hardly persuade myself she is not imploring my sympathy.

I have described my own little boudoir more particularly than any other apartment, that you may be able to think of me where I shall spend most of my time.

Here I may court the muses. Indeed, I feel more than half inspired already, by the magnificent landscape before me.

Afternoon.

I did'nt quite understand, yesterday, what Frank meant about answering my questions to-day; but while I was busily writing this morning, I heard a gentle knock at the door. I sprang up and opened it for my husband.

He smiled when he saw how I was engaged, and wheeling the chair from the table to the window, sat down and took me on his knee.

“Well, Cora, how do you like your new home? Phebe has just expressed her opinion that ‘you’ll be wanted soon.’”

“Oh, it’s beautiful!” I exclaimed, “why did n’t you tell me, that I might have the pleasure of anticipating these beauties?”

“I could not be quite sure what fancies floated in your mind, and I had rather surprise than disappoint you.”

“Oh, Frank, you surely know me better than that! but look there,” said I, pointing to the beautiful lake before us. We

looked in silence for a moment, when he laughed, and inquired if I had no questions to ask him. "I am ready," said he, "to undergo a regular catechising."

In an instant all my former fancies of my husband's poverty, and of my assisting him darted through my mind. I suppose, I looked rather sober, for he turned my face toward him with a questioning look.

"I imagined, you were poor," said I, hesitatingly.

Oh, what a merry peal of laughter rang through the room! It was a minute or more before he could recover himself, while I did n't know whether to laugh or cry. But laughing is contagious, and soon the absurdity of crying because I had the best husband in the world, and with him everything that heart could desire, caused me to join cordially with him.

However, he soon took both my hands in his, in a manner peculiar to him when he has anything special to say, and resumed, "It is high time, my love, you should know *who you are*." I will give you the substance of his story.

His father was a man of independent fortune, who died about eight years ago, soon after Frank reached his majority, and a few months subsequent to his graduation from college. Frank had always desired to be a physician, though his father and mother had hoped he would become a minister. The property was by will equally divided among the three, his mother, sister and himself.

Five of the years since his father's death he has spent in Europe, studying his profession, and travelling. During this time he returned twice to see his mother, and to direct about the estate. After this he passed eighteen months in one of the southern cities, practising medicine. Then determining to go abroad again, he passed the winter in Paris, where you remember, I first met him.

"I hardly know," said he, "where I should have been now, if you had said *nay* to one question, I asked. But I thank God

for giving me my sweet wife." This, he said so seriously that I hid my face in his bosom to conceal my tears.

Then in a few words he delineated the person and character of his father, who was a very godly man, distinguished throughout the country for sound judgment, patriotism and benevolence. Frank described the heart-rending affliction of his mother, the asperities of which time had somewhat softened. She is but forty-eight years of age, though I had supposed her much older. She has received frequent proposals for a second marriage; but never for a moment could think of entering the matrimonial state, while her heart was so full of precious recollections of her deceased husband.

The Doctor looked quite serious, as he always does when his countenance is not lighted with a smile. But I diverted his thoughts with the request, "tell me about Emily."

"She is in temperament like my father," he replied, "full of life and spirit; ever ready to weep with those that weep, and to rejoice with those that rejoice; she is just one month older than you, Cora; time will prove," he added pleasantly, as he smoothed back my hair, "which is the wiser."

Thursday, June 4th.

This morning, invitations have been sent to friends of the family for a levee at mother's cottage, in honor of the bride. Frank says my associates in town will be likely to be of a very promiscuous character. To-morrow evening I am to be introduced to the aristocracy, and afterwards to my husband's poor patients, of whom Emily affirms there are no inconsiderable number.

This is a shire town, and a court is in session here, which brings many distinguished members of the legal profession to the place. I am told it contains from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. I have seen some very beautiful country seats; and I should think it well laid out.

There is a principal street running through the centre, lined

with houses. Upon its private dwellings are interspersed with shops, stores, ware-rooms, and other places of business. The main street is very wide, and at this season looks finely, with its splendid rows of shade trees.

Within a few years many persons have left their residences in Broad Street, and have built cottages and villas on the forest heights overlooking the village and the surrounding country.

The Doctor was summoned this morning to a sick woman. This is his first professional call since his return; but now I must be reconciled to his leaving me often, as he has a very large practice.

There are more than half a score of regular practitioners in the place, all of whom are invited to mother's levee. Oh, if my friends from home could be there! I find writing a very poor substitute for talking with you. With what delight shall I read your letters. Isabel and Nelly must write about everything, as they promised. Beloved home, parents and sisters, how my heart longs for one more look, one fond embrace.

Friday, June 5th.

My services have been put in requisition at the cottage, or rather my *advice* (don't laugh, Bell!) has been requested with regard to the arrangements for the table, fruits and flowers. Emily says, I know everything, or ought to, as I was educated in France.

I told her, all I knew was heartily at her service; and straightway the lively girl pulled off my bonnet and gloves, and set me to work, making bouquets for the table.

After this, we entered right merrily into the preparations for the evening, while mother was busily engaged with the cook. We had all things arranged to our minds, and had resolved ourselves into a tasting committee of the various luxuries for the entertainment, when Frank came in and took me home with him.

I had been deliberating about my toilet for the occasion, when

he presented me an exquisite bouquet of white flowers, together with some beautiful white moss-rose buds for my hair. I fairly clapped my hands with delight, they reminded me so much of home. I could say nothing in reply but "dear Frank!"

CHAPTER III.

“If ye court society for pastime, — what happier recreation than a nurseling. Its winning ways, its prattling tongue, its innocence and mirth.” TUPPER.

Saturday, June 6th.

OH! Mother, if you could sit by me for an hour it would be so delightful, for I have much to tell you, and my pen will not move fast enough. But I will begin my story. I dressed in due time. The girls will be pleased to know that I wore my white lisse crape, with no ornaments but the flowers in my hair, and a small bunch in my bodice. When I descended to the parlor, Frank was awaiting me, and his eyes expressed satisfaction with my toilet.

We repaired to the cottage early, by mother's request. Soon after carriages began to roll up to the door. I was presented first to the clergyman, Mr. Munroe, who has been settled in Crawford but a short time. He is very free and social in manner, dignified and graceful in person; I think he will prove an agreeable friend. Mother says, he loves the work in which he is engaged.

There was also a younger minister present, from an adjoining parish, about whom I must make some farther inquiries. He was quite too devoted in his attentions to my fair sister Emily; and when I asked of her an explanation, a blush was her only reply.

I cannot begin to describe one half the persons who were present, but I will mention a few, who, from different causes, interested me.

A tall portly man, hardly a gentleman, with a self-important air, a very large pattern to his vest, with heavy chains and seals,

which he dangled incessantly, addressed me in a patronizing manner. He asked me how I liked "living among Yankees," and said I must come round to his place before I made up my mind about it. He then bowed himself away. Emily said, in a low voice, "that is our nabob, Squire Lee."

Next came an elderly gentleman, who, in figure and conversation, formed a striking contrast to the one who preceded him. This was Mr. Marshall, a distinguished attorney. He was accompanied by his wife, a very handsome lady considerably younger than her husband. They both expressed much kind interest in the young stranger.

Then came a lovely young lady with her brother, children of Squire Lee, the distiller. The young man seemed cast in the same mould as his father. He was dressed in the height of fashion, but without taste, with a flaunting neck tie, a gayly embroidered vest, and full pantaloons. He was rather below the medium height, but of very full habit. His face was flushed, and when he bowed the blood rushed violently to his head, rendering his face red as crimson. But his air was so consequential, and his talk in a style so pompous and imposing, I could scarcely suppress my mirth. This was the more noticeable by the contrast of his whole appearance with his sister, a very modest, amiable looking girl, who evidently feared lest her brother, in his desire to impress me with his *dignity*, should disgrace both himself and her.

After these, came the Mansfields, the Harrisses, Justice Wilson and family, the Johnsons, Mr. Willard, Dr. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Whitney, and a great many whom I cannot remember.

When this procession had passed with a word of salutation from each, with now a bow, and then a smile, Mrs. Marshall introduced to me a lady whose countenance I shall never forget. I should think her near fifty years of age, not handsome, but with a kind expression, full of mildness and benevolence. Frank addressed her very cordially, saying to me, "Miss Proctor is my

particular friend." I gave her my hand again, and asked a share in her friendship. She was evidently much pleased, and pressed my hand at parting.

Near the close of the evening, I met Mr. and Mrs. Russell, a very delightful couple. His manner reminded me of Frank's; dignified and rather reserved, yet easy and graceful in conversation. His wife, on the contrary, was full of life and spirits, original and witty.

While we were in the refreshment room, I overheard several persons, talking about a woman lately deceased in the village. She was a French woman, and by her death her child was left without protection. I became quite interested for the poor foundling, and was glad to learn that Miss Proctor was to pass the night, in the hope of being able with mother, to provide for the little orphan.

It was quite late; but Frank stopped at my request to hear more of her history. On Tuesday of this week, the day of our arrival, the French woman called at the public house, saying, in broken English, that she was ill and wished for a bed. The landlady attended her, and soon found it necessary to summon a physician. She grew rapidly worse and died the next evening. She had informed the landlady that the child was not hers, but entrusted to her care by its mother, to be conveyed from France to England. The vessel in which they sailed was wrecked. But they, with a few other passengers and some of the crew, were taken on board an American vessel and brought to New York. Beyond this nothing is known.

I have quite an idea of adopting the foundling if Frank will consent.

Evening.

Dear, DEAR MOTHER. — On my way to see the little French girl, I told Frank it would please me to take the orphan. He smiled as he replied, "I shall certainly make no objection."

I expected to see a poor, disconsolate child, weeping for its

mother. Judge then of my astonishment, and delight, when I found a perfect little fairy. She is a brilliant brunette, with magnificent eyes, fringed with long black lashes, which rested on her cheek as she looked timidly down when I entered. I was so impressed with her appearance that I instinctively held out my arms, and said "*viens a moi, ma chere!*"

The blood rushed to her face, as with a bound she sprang toward me, and laying her curly head on my breast, said, "*ma chere maman, je t'aime beau coup, beau coup.*"

This decided me; and I adopted her in my heart. Frank was desirous to ascertain all that was known about my little protegee. Mrs. Morrison, the landlady, left me holding "Ina," as she called herself, tightly in my arms, while she led my husband to the room where the body of the woman was decently laid out for burial. He told me when he returned that the child bore not the slightest resemblance to her attendant.

After looking at the corpse, the landlady gave him a small packet, which she had found in the pocket of the deceased; also a necklace and locket taken from the child's neck. The locket contained a miniature to which Ina bore a close resemblance. Frank looked eagerly for an inscription, but found only the words "*Maman à Ina.*"

"I think these ought to be preserved for the child," said Mrs. Morrison. "Who knows but they may bring out some day who her parents were?" Frank assented, and assured her that the articles should be sacredly preserved.

"Your wife seems to take a great liking to her."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "as they are both strangers in this country, she thinks the little girl has rather a claim upon her."

"Is she a Frencher too? I always heard she was English."

"Mrs. Lenox was educated in Paris," he replied.

"La now!" exclaimed the woman, covering the face of the corpse, "I didn't think of her being so learned."

Frank then inquired whether the deceased woman left any prop-

erty, and offered to pay the expenses they had incurred. Mrs. Morrison brought forward an old pocket-book containing a few dollars, which she said would cover all the expenses. "As to the child," she continued, "I could n't think of charging anything for her. Somebody may one day have to be looking after my little folks ;" and this thought brought a tear to her eye.

I was talking merrily with mysweet charge, when they returned to the parlor, and having thanked the warm-hearted landlady for her kindness to the child, we took our departure.

I was so impatient to go home, and show my treasure to mother and sister, that I begged to be excused from a drive, Frank had promised me. Emily was quite as enthusiastic as I wished, in her praise of my Ina, and tried playfully to induce me to resign my *protégé* in her favor. The little one, however, was fully persuaded I was her mamma ; and I felt no desire to undeceive her.

She is now safely asleep in her crib ; the same in which Frank and Emily were rocked. I have crept softly into the room two or three times. The whole affair appears like a pleasant dream. Miss Proctor has made a night-dress ; and Monday I must commence vigorously upon her wardrobe. Emily has promised to assist me.

Sabbath evening — June 7th.

THIS is my first Sabbath in America. It has been a delightful day to me ; and I think I can say, it has been blessed to my soul. Though far away from country, home and friends, yet I could meet you all at the throne of Grace. I prayed for every dear member of the home-circle, and for my beloved husband, myself and my precious charge.

I went to church morning and afternoon, and was much impressed by the services. There is a seriousness and solemnity about the audience, which I have seldom witnessed. The sermons were chaste and in some passages even elegant in style. But what pleased me more than all, was the fervor with which Mr. Munroe

delivered them, and the love which he manifested for the souls of his people.

In the morning the text was 1 Cor. 15, 22 : " For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." He dwelt upon the death which reigns in consequence of Adam's sin ; and in the afternoon, upon the resurrection-life which all receive from Christ.

The singing was performed by a choir in the orchestra, accompanied by a variety of instruments.

When I returned from Church this morning, my little Ina was still asleep, as I had left her. But this afternoon as I went in, she came bounding toward me, clapping her hands, and saying "*chere maman! chere maman!*" I had to take her to my boudoir to put off my bonnet and shawl, for she would not leave me. She was willing while in my arms to play with Frank ; but if he attempted to take her from me, she hid her face in my neck. I like to have her call me *mamma* when we are alone ; but it makes Emily laugh, and I see Frank is inclined to follow her example, only that he sees it makes me blush, and embarrasses me. Sweet child ! I wish she were my own ; I cannot bear the thought of parting with her. Yet it may be that her mother is mourning her loss.

Do you remember Pauline De Lacy, my dear friend and school-mate, in Paris ? Ina looks so much like her, one would think they must belong to the same family ; indeed, sisters seldom resemble each other so exactly. To-day, this has occurred to me so many times, that, with the consent of all parties, I have decided to call her Pauline De Lacy Lenox. " Quite a romantic name," Frank says, gravely ; " but as you are a very romantic lady, it will be in good taste."

I looked up quickly, intending to deny the charge, when I saw that roguish twinkle in his eye, which I begin to understand.

After an early tea, the servants were called to family prayers.

mother and Emily being present, who are hereafter to return from church and spend Sabbath evening with us. In addition to the usual services at the domestic altar, the good old Puritan custom of catechising the household is observed. It was truly a *family* service. The scene was novel and interesting to me. All joined in singing a hymn, and then the Doctor expressed our individual wants in prayer. I was a little fearful that Pauline would not be quiet; but there was a charm in Cæsar's devout face which occupied all her attention. Perhaps a very little fear was mingled with her wonder, as she nestled herself very close to me. But the good man took no heed of the large eyes fixed on him with such seriousness. His soul was drinking in the Word, while he regarded his young master with fond respect.

When the rest of the servants retired, he remained, and the Doctor asked him, "Well, my good Cæsar, how have you enjoyed the day?"

"Oh, Mass'r! dis yer pears like good old times when old Mass'r live. Dem good old days, berry!" Cæsar wiped his eyes with his coat sleeve as he left the room; and his was not the only eye moistened by this allusion to the past.

I don't know as I told you that Cæsar and Phebe were purchased by Squire Lenox from the south, where they were about to be sold separately. He brought them to the north, where, of course, they are free; and they have ever since constituted an important part of the family. Taught to read and write, they have for many years been members of the same church with their master and mistress.

Monday Morning, June 8th.

FRANK has just left me for his morning calls. He came in from the garden when Cæsar brought the carriage to the door, and not finding me below, he sprang up the stairs to bid me good bye. Pauline looked up quickly and pointed with her finger to direct my attention, saying, "dere Frank."

We both laughed heartily. He patted her cheek, "So little miss, she's mamma; and I, only Frank. I rather think you'll have to take me for a papa for want of a better;" then turning to me, "it would sound oddly enough. Now to you the name mamma seems natural as life, only it makes you rather rosy." He bade mother and daughter good bye, and ran away in haste.

I am constantly haunted by the thought that she is in some way connected with my school-mate Pauline De Laey. I have in vain tried to remember if she had a married sister whose child this may be.

But I must leave this subject and finish my story about Cæsar and his wife. It was a great trial to them when mother and Emily left the old homestead, even to go across the garden to their cottage-home, and they desired to go with them. But mother overruled their objections and retained Ruth, their only child, a capable girl of twenty.

I believe Cæsar trembled not a little at the idea of a new mistress, who he feared would disturb the harmony of the family. I have, however, gained his good will. He treats me like a toy which he is exceedingly apprehensive of injuring.

As for Phebe, such is her pride in the glory of "our folks," that as I am a Lenox, the wife of Mass'r Frank, nothing can be too good for me. I think, she likes me better because I am young and inexperienced in household affairs, and, therefore, shall not be likely to interfere in her department. There is, indeed, no occasion for me to do so. She has been well and thoroughly trained by mother, and is fully competent to perform the duties of her station, while Ann, the chambermaid, is equally so in her appropriate sphere.

To tell you the truth, I did not know exactly what was expected of me. One day last week, I waited upon madam in the kitchen, and in a very hesitating manner began to say something about dinner, when she soon interrupted me, "Laws, missus, don't you, honey, trouble your precious head 'bout sich kind. I'se feel shamed

to look Mass'r Frank in de face, and den pears like make me blush to have it told down town ; little young missus spending her blessed time in de kitchen."

I presume, I looked, as I felt, delighted to be relieved, and was running away, laughingly, when she continued, "Dere missus, go long, please, and play on de pianny." I came gladly away, but spent the time writing in my journal. Now I have enough to occupy me in the care of my little Pauline.

After Ann had put her to bed last night, Frank showed us the little parcel given him by the landlady. It contained part of a letter addressed to a domestic, giving strict directions concerning the child. It was written in French, in a delicate female hand, but gave no clue as to the name or place of the writer. A mother's heart evidently dictated it, from the numerous directions about clothing, diet, and the like. The packet contained, in addition, a child's dress, with elaborate embroidery upon the neck and sleeves ; also a pair of coral and gold sleeve clasps to match the necklace.

Many conjectures were formed by Emily, respecting the parentage of the child, after which the articles were returned to Frank to be locked up safely among his treasures. His sister mischievously recommended him to deposit them in a certain trunk, containing nothing but old letters, saying, with an arch look at me, "I suppose now they are worthless."

The Doctor deigned no reply. This amused Emily so much that she whispered to me, loud enough for him to hear, "Oh, the deceitfulness of man ! He tries, beneath that solemn look, to make you believe that he does 'nt value those letters above rubies. I'll manage very differently if I ever get in love, which to be sure, is very unlikely. I should wish my husband to tell me once in half an hour that I was dearer to him than all on earth. I've no doubt Frank feels as I do, for each one of those letters used to make him bright for a week ; and he hurried the poor carpenters

and masons, as if his very life depended on our moving away from the house as soon as possible."

"Emily," called Frank in a serious tone, looking up gravely from the book he was reading, "did I not hear something of an exchange of pulpits between Mr. Munroe and Mr. Benson?"

It was now Emily's turn to be silent. She hesitated, blushed, and finally retired from the room. After she left, Frank asked mother, "Do you think Emily loves Mr. Benson?"

She replied, "I really cannot tell. Beyond his coming often to the house, and Emily seeming rather pleased with his visits, I know nothing." —

Sister has just returned from town, where she has been to make purchases for Pauline's wardrobe. Now I must drop my pen, and go to work with my scissors and needle.

Tuesday, June 9th.

Though very busy, I must write a few lines while Pauline is asleep. Emily and I went to the garret this morning — the receptacle for all things not in use, and found a great supply of play-things for Miss Pauline. Among them are a large wax doll, and her furniture, which with sister's permission, I shall lay by for future use. With a basket of these toys, the dear child has amused herself on the floor, while mother, Miss Proctor, Emily and myself have been plying our needles. We have one suit nearly completed, and shall take her to ride in it this afternoon. We are to go in the double carriage, and after procuring the young Miss a suitable covering for her curly head, we are to drive as far as Waverley, the parish of Emily's friend, though this part of our plan has not yet been disclosed to her ladyship.

Evening.

The doctor was summoned to a patient after tea, but will, I think, be back soon, when I must devote myself entirely to him.

Do you know, dear mother, he is trying to make me think him jealous of the young lady I have honored with my protection : really, he says my thoughts are so full of Pauline that I have hardly looked at him for two days. I believe after all he is as bad as Emily, and wants me to tell him "every half hour what a darling he is." I must look to this, for I think I have been to blame, and he shall see my heart is large enough for both. He knows, however, he occupies his full share in my affections.

I remember once before my marriage hearing him say to a lady in England, he would never accept half a heart ; no, hardly one that had loved before. He wanted the fresh and warm gushings of affection. She inquired if he had such a heart to give in return. He answered proudly, "I shall ask for no more than I can bestow."

I hear the carriage, and will run to meet him.

Wednesday, June 10th.

Last evening, Frank laughed, as I stood at the door, and said jocosely "I suppose Miss Lenox is asleep, and that you are glad even of my company when you have no other."

Though he was laughing, the tears instantly filled my eyes, and I said, "oh, Frank! you know how much more I love you than all the Paulines in the world." I spoke earnestly for I thought his words implied a distrust of my love.

His manner changed at once, and very tenderly taking my hand, he led me to the sofa. He turned my face to his, which I had vainly endeavored to conceal. "Now, my love," said he, when he had kissed away the tears, "let us have a full understanding."

"Yes, but I want you to forgive me first, if you think I have been too much absorbed with Pauline."

"My sweet wife, you have never offended me. It is I who ought to ask forgiveness for making you weep. Perhaps you will think me selfish ; but I want you to promise to ride with me every day when I can be at liberty, and to leave Pauline with mother,

or with Ann. When I am not at liberty, Cæsar will take the large carriage and drive you all, Miss Lenox junior among the rest. Will you promise this?"

"With great pleasure; but why not take her with us; she would be quiet?"

"Because, I want to take you to visit my poor patients. I have laid out a great work for you, Cora, and if I do not mistake, you will love it. Then it will be a good discipline for Pauline, to have you leave her occasionally. By the way, have you settled the question with her who shall be mistress?"

I looked at him in wonder. "I have noticed several times," said he pleasantly, "when your wishes and hers were at variance, that you yielded to her, instead of insisting that she should yield to you. Now, my dear Cora, as we have taken this child, we are responsible to God for her proper government and education. She is not a mere plaything which can be thrown aside at pleasure. She has a soul to be fitted for happiness or misery. Have you thought of this? Have you counted the cost, the care, and effort, and patience which all this requires?"

"Yes, Frank, and I have prayed for wisdom to guide me. I know well I am not fitted for such a charge."

"Then, dear wife, I have no more to say. I will do anything to cooperate with you; and if you enter upon it with such a spirit you will have both Divine help and reward."

I thank God, dear mother, for such a kind husband; so faithful to point out my faults, and so ready to help me overcome them. He feared I did not realize the care and responsibility of the work I had undertaken. I intend at once to commence a course of reading on education. Heretofore I have thought little upon the subject; only that children should be taught to be obedient, truthful and affectionate. Now I understand why Frank wished me to allow Ann to put Pauline to bed. The child cried every time I left her, and would only be satisfied with my waiting upon her in person. I had in two or three instances yielded to her for

the sake of peace, without realizing that the principle was wrong, or that she was forming a bad habit. Frank saw she grew more and more imperative in her demands and hence thought it necessary to speak to me of the exposure.

I believe I have not given you an account of our ride to Waverley. We were about a mile on our way, when, whom should we meet but the very Mr. Benson on horse-back, and going to the cottage. I whispered to Emily that we could easily return and leave her at home while we continued our ride. But to this she would by no means consent, and turned indifferently to the window the opposite side of the carriage, where she was intently occupied with the prospect, which in that place consisted of a fine growth of forest trees.

Mr. Benson addressed some words to me, and then rode round to ascertain what was so charming in the opposite view. I really pitied the poor man, for Emily was almost rude to him. I don't yet understand them; but I think I can see that he is a little wanting in tact, and does not quite understand all the crooks and turns in a woman's heart.

Frank very politely invited Mr. Benson to accompany us, who said it would give him pleasure to do so, if agreeable to our company. He looked at Emily; but she deigned no reply, appearing wholly engaged in a frolic with Pauline.

I began at once to be very polite, determined to do my part toward making amends for Emily's indifference, which I saw pained him. It is difficult conversing from a carriage with a gentleman on horse-back; but as we rode slowly, I endeavored to be very interesting, until after a time the young clergyman, perceiving he had no attention from the object of his special regard, resumed his place at my side.

I really like Mr. Benson, and should be glad of him for a brother. I cannot help thinking sister likes him too; when he is not talking with her; for I noticed she kept Pauline very quiet and listened with interest to our conversation. When we returned

home, I earnestly invited the gentleman to remain and take tea with us, and had to bite my lips to keep from laughing to see Emily's amazement at the turn affairs had taken.

The suitor, after looking very much embarrassed, as if expecting an invitation from another, accepted mine, and we entered the house. Mother stood quietly by. I suppose she is determined to leave Emily to act for herself. When he consented to remain, she said, "now you will excuse us;" but I insisted they should fulfil their engagement to tea, when, at least, one of the company became decidedly more cheerful. "I wish he would 'nt speak to Emily again this evening," was my thought, as he continually tried to engage her in conversation.

Notwithstanding all my efforts, the evening passed away slowly; the Doctor having been called out soon after tea. The occasion ended sadly for the poor suitor, who, toward the close of it, requested a few moments' conversation with Emily. In this interview, she decidedly refused him, and then cried all night after it.

Foolish girl! But I persuaded her to unburthen her heart to me. She confessed, she did not know whether she loved Mr. Benson or not. Many traits in his character she admired; but others suggested serious objections. The latter, however, I could not induce her to name, and indeed, I doubt whether she had herself any distinct idea of them.

After a pause, during which I tried in vain to think of something which would comfort her, she looked at me earnestly and said, "Cora, tell me truly, don't you think he's rather *soft*?" "I think," I replied, trying to conceal my mirth, "that he has a very strong affection for you; and that sometimes it would be more pleasing to a delicate, modest girl, if he did not exhibit it so openly."

"That is exactly my feeling, but I could n't express it. Yet what is the use of talking?" she asked, with a profound sigh; "the question is settled, and there the matter rests."

CHAPTER IV.

'From the light ills of infant age,
Up to the plague's destructive rage,
Pains come and go at thy command,
True to the sceptre of thy hand.' EAST.

Thursday, June 11th.

WHEN the Doctor left for his morning duties, he said, "Please bear in mind, Cora, that you have engaged yourself to me for the afternoon."

"For *life*, I understood it," said I, trying to speak gravely.

He was much pleased, and turned back to give me another embrace, and whispered, "my darling," in such a loving tone, that my heart felt very warm all the forenoon.

I wish I could describe to you the view from my window. It rained all night, and this morning was very foggy; but now the sun is beginning to dispel the mist; and the mountain—oh, it is beautiful! I keep stopping to look, and to inhale the balmy air. Now I can see the summit quite distinctly; the sun is shining upon it, while the fleecy clouds roll off and settle on the lake, from which they arise in thick mist.

Before we left our room this morning, Frank gave me a subject for thought which rather troubles me; but I think I know what you and dear father would advise; I know also what is right; but courage, *courage* is wanting. We are constantly liable to be interrupted while engaged in family devotions; or Frank is away at the regular time. He asked, this morning, as a great favor to himself,

that I would, in such cases, call the family together and read prayers.

I started at the proposition, and was about to say, "I cannot," when he said, "do not decide hastily. Think upon the subject, and tell me to-morrow." After a pause, he continued, "the time of a physician is not at his own command. I may be called away day after day; and our family services lose half their interest and profit through the want of regularity."

"How was it before I came?"

"Mother always conducted the service in my absence."

My mind was in a perfect tumult. At breakfast I thought I had found a good excuse; at least, it then appeared so to me; and I tried to be cheerful and to dismiss the subject. After prayers, as my husband was leaving the room, I detained him; "Frank," I asked, "don't you think I'm too young?—Cæsar, Phebe and Ann are so much older than I am. Does it appear to you quite proper?"

"Well," said he, coming back and shutting the door, "I didn't think of it in that light. You *are* rather young, to be sure; only eighteen the fourth day of February." I was surprised that he remembered the exact day. "How soon do you think you will be at the proper age?"

I had thought, when he commenced, that he certainly considered this a valid excuse; but the moment he asked that question, though there was not the slightest touch of irony in his tone, yet I felt mortified in the extreme, and the blood rushed to my very forehead. I turned quickly away, as Emily entered the room.

And now what can I do? My heart almost stands still at the bare thought of it; *I*, who have never audibly lifted up my voice in prayer to God, save only in the presence of my little Pauline. *I cannot do it*; and I think my husband almost hard to ask it of me. He is always so calm and self-possessed, he little knows how my heart throbs.

Noon.

As Frank has not returned, I will add a few lines. I have taken Pauline for a walk through the garden, and made a call upon mother and sister. How we all laughed when the little thing lisped "grandmamma," in obedience to my wish. Before we came out, mother remarked that I looked quite pale. I longed to ask her advice, but conscience whispered, "you already know your duty;" and I concluded to say nothing about my trouble. "Emily," I replied, "can sympathize with me; she is looking very unwell."

As I spoke, her face and neck were covered with a burning blush. "Emily is not well," said mother gravely; "She scarcely eats at all."

"O, mother!" exclaimed Emily, "I'm well enough, only a head ache," and she went to the closet to get seed cakes for Pauline.

As I returned home through the kitchen garden, to give the child a longer walk, I heard Phebe, who stood at the back door, call to Caesar.

"Look dere now! see de young Missus. It's enough to do your old curly pate powerful sight o' good just to see her a leading dis yer baby."

Evening.

I obtained permission from mother this morning to leave Pauline with her, while I rode with Frank. When the time arrived, Ann put on her bonnet, and then it was very easy to induce Miss to have hers put on for a walk to grandmamma's.

It has been a delightful day after the rain; and if my heart had been at rest, I should have enjoyed the ride. I imagined my looks troubled Frank a little, for he said he had intended taking me with him to visit one or two families in the outskirts of the town; but if I did not feel inclined, he would postpone it until another day. I assured him my health was perfectly good, and I had anticipated the calls with much pleasure. So we rode on through

the village, he being more than usually social and interesting, and giving me no time to think of myself until we came to the border of the town, near the lake I have mentioned.

Here stood a number of small cottages, one story in height, with the grounds about them enclosed with low fences. I noticed one of these bore marks of more taste and refinement than the others. It had a pleasant little patch of flowers along the side of the beaten path to the entrance, while a beautiful rose bush was trained upon a trellis by the side of the door, which run upon the house nearly to the roof, and furnished a complete shade to one of the windows.

This was the home of the Doctor's patient, and I followed him to the door, which stood hospitably open. A light knock brought a modest woman to the entrance, who, in her tabby muslin cap, and her clean checked apron, appeared very neatly. She courtesied as the Doctor introduced me, and invited us to walk in. The patient is a young girl in her sixteenth year, who is gradually wasting away with consumption. Never shall I forget the bright expression of love and respect which beautified her countenance, as Frank took her hand, and tenderly inquired how she had passed the night. "I have brought you another friend," he added; "one I am sure you will love. I think I can safely promise she will be happy to do anything for your comfort." This promise I cheerfully confirmed.

Hers is a case requiring little medicine. Her sufferings are comparatively slight, except from exhausting fits of coughing. She appears to be passing gently away. The bright color which burned in her cheek had now faded, leaving her face perfectly colorless. The only relief to the marble whiteness was the long black lashes which lay upon her cheek when she closed her eyes. Propped up in her bed by pillows, she looked with her whole soul at the Doctor, who sat at her side, speaking to her of God's rich mercy. She assented to what he said by a slight inclination of the head, and sometimes repeated after him part of the verse of

Scripture, he quoted, as if to impress it upon her own mind. But I could see plainly that she was under restraint by the presence of a stranger.

When he arose, she held out her hand and whispered, "will you please to pray with me?" Frank immediately reseated himself, and taking a little pocket Bible from his coat, read a few verses from the fourteenth chapter of John; and then prayed. I felt borne on wings of faith to heaven as my dear husband praised God for the love which had sent the Saviour into the world, that we might have pardon and eternal life; that we might be elevated to seats at his right hand in heaven, and be joint heirs with Christ to immortal glory and honor. He besought Jesus to bless and comfort with his Divine presence, the dear child who was approaching the dark valley; to give her the victory over sin and death, and to receive her through faith in him into the kingdom of heaven, where her eternity might be spent in singing "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

As I approached the bed to bid her farewell, I was struck dumb, with the heavenly smile of peace and joy which shone in every feature. Surely, thought I, she has the seal upon her forehead; she already breathes the air of heaven. I lifted her thin white hand to my lips, and bowed my head in silence; I dared not trust my voice to speak.

The Doctor called Mrs. Leighton aside and gave her a few simple directions before we left. He conducted me silently to the carriage, turned the horse down a shady lane toward the water, and drew me to him until I could lay my head upon his shoulder, when my excited feelings found relief in tears.

When I had become more composed, Frank asked, "Is she not to be envied?"

"Oh, yes! *yes!*" I replied, "Would, I could feel the assurance of faith and love, which lit up her face like that of an angel!"

He then, at my request, told me something of her history. Her

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, are respectable, pious people, who have been deeply afflicted by the loss of two daughters and one son by the same disease which is now wasting the frame of their only surviving child. Naturally amiable and intelligent she has been too much indulged by her fond parents, who cling to her as their last and best beloved.

So insidious was her disease, that, when summoned to her sick bed, Frank found no skill could save her. He therefore endeavored to direct her to the great Physician, to cure the disease of her soul.

“What was the state of her mind at that time?” I asked.

“Very rebellious. She was unwilling to hear a word of discouragement, and talked constantly of pleasures and parties, in which her mother had allowed her to mingle. She was a very handsome girl, lively and agreeable in conversation, and had excited unusual attention for one so young.”

“How soon did she become reconciled to death? She seems now to look forward to it, as the consummation of her hopes and joys.”

“Not for many months; but she will give you an account of the change in her feelings. I hope you will soon see her again; she has not long to stay with us.”

As we passed the house on our return, we noticed Mrs. Leighton at the door watching for us. Frank, thinking she wished to call him, sprang from the carriage. But she only put into his hand a little bouquet, saying in a suppressed voice, “Caroline,” at the same time waving her hand that it was intended for me. I was very much affected at the simple gift, and sent my thanks to the sweet girl. There was exquisite taste in the selection — a moss rose bud — a white rose half blown, with dark green myrtle leaves, — and a sprig of mignonette.

“It must have been hard for her,” I said, “to give up this beautiful earth, she is so fond of flowers and everything tasteful.”

“Ah! but she gains heaven,” was Frank’s reply. This sug-

gested to me the following lines from a favorite poet, which I repeated to my husband.

“ Once when I look'd along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept, and thought how sad for one so young,
To bid farewell to so much happiness.
But Christ doth call me from this lower world;
Delightful though it be.”

We next stopped at a house of moderate size, in which the Doctor told me, four families found their home. Having tied the horse by the little gate, we entered a room on the right, where a poor man lay on a bench, or, as I afterwards saw, a long chest, upon which some quilts had been spread to make it soft. The chest was pushed to the corner of the room, so that, with pillows behind him, the invalid could sit almost upright.

Watching by his side was a very pretty woman, who, from her dialect, I perceived was Welsh. Near her was a small boy of about three years of age, sitting on a low cricket; while in a shed, opening directly out of the room, there stood a young girl of eleven, washing.

After putting two chairs near her husband, Mrs. Lewis resumed her seat and her sewing, as it was only by *her* industry, the family were supported.

Frank inquired particularly about the symptoms of his patient, and prescribed for his relief. He then said, “I have brought my wife, as I promised to introduce her to you.” Here Mr. Lewis put out his emaciated hand, and expressed pleasure at seeing me. Frank continued, “Mrs. Lenox will come and read to you, if you wish, while your wife is busy.”

The sick man regarded me with a look of gratitude, while his wife replied, “I am sure t'would be a great comfort to us both, to hear a bit of the Word. My man,” she continued, “is not able to

read; it makes his eyes ache badly. I have so little time, I can only repeat a verse now and then, to give us something to think of."

The Doctor asked Mr. Lewis if he had enjoyed more peace of mind since his last visit.

"Sometimes," he replied in a whisper, "I can feel willing to trust myself in the hands of God; but again all is dark, and I can't come nigh to him. He appears a great way off, and I seem to be praying into the air." As he closed, his breast heaved a deep sigh.

I became so much interested in him; and he so exactly described my own feelings, at times, that I forgot any one else was present, and said, "Oh, sir! I have often felt so; and the only way I can do, is to keep praying, until God reveals himself to me. He does hear, and he will answer if we keep asking, and if he sees we are in earnest."

I stopped suddenly, in great embarrassment, when Frank immediately added, "This is the case with most Christians. Sometimes while we are yet speaking God hears, and grants an answer of peace. Again he delays, to try our faith and patience."

"But the prayers of the wicked are an abomination," said Mr. Lewis feebly. "I can't feel sure that he has accepted me."

"Has his promise ever failed?" inquired the Doctor. He says, 'call upon me and I will answer; knock and it shall be opened.'

The poor man put his hand to his breast, as if in great pain. Frank feared lest we were prolonging the interview beyond his strength, and rose to leave.

"Surely you won't go without praying for me," said Mr. Lewis.

"If you feel able to attend, I will do so with pleasure," replied the Doctor. I was very much affected to see the sick man rise feebly, and kneel during prayer. He wept much, and when we arose he was so exhausted by his emotion, the Doctor and his

wife were obliged to raise him to his feet. But when he had taken some drink, he became more composed, and said, "Thank you." "Come soon," he said to me, with a smile.

Mrs. Lewis followed us to the door, where Frank put into her hand a bank bill; and in addition, requested her to send to our house in the morning for some chicken broth of which he wished her husband to partake freely. Her eyes filled with tears, and she could only look her thanks.

It was now becoming late, and we returned home. I cannot help thinking how much good a pious physician has it in his power to do. He gains the affections of his patients; and they will listen to religious conversation which they would not hear from a stranger. Frank cares for their souls as well as their bodies, especially as the one commonly affects the other.

CHAPTER V.

“Wretch that I am, what hopes for me remain,
Who cannot cease to love, yet love in vain?” COWPER.

Sabbath morning, June 14th.

DEAR MOTHER, — I must write you a few lines to tell you how happy I am. Yesterday, you remember, I was to decide whether I would conduct the family devotions when Frank is absent. My mind was so much occupied during the afternoon, I hardly thought of it; but in the evening, I retired to my closet, determined to ask for strength from one who is ever ready to help the weak in the performance of duty.

When I arose from my knees, my fear was all dispelled. It appeared almost like a privilege to do what I had so much dreaded. While I was yet speaking, God answered.

This morning, when I was dressing my little daughter, an employment in which I delight, Frank came in and inquired, “Have you thought upon the subject I proposed yesterday?”

“Yes,” was my reply.

“And what have you decided?”

“I will, at least, attempt the duty.” My hand trembled so much, I could scarcely button Pauline’s dress; but I think he did not notice it, for he walked quickly out of the room. I was taking her to Ann for her breakfast, when he returned, and with such evident marks of strong feeling on his countenance, I looked at him anxiously.

He took my hand, and pressed it to his lips, saying, “Will you soon return to your boudoir?” I rang for Ann, and then followed him. He clasped me in his arms, as he exclaimed, “my own

Cora, you were never before so dear to me. You little know what a struggle it has cost me to see the conflict in your mind, and neither say or do anything for your relief. I have blamed myself severely for expecting so much of you, my dear child. Many times yesterday I was on the point of withdrawing my request; but I hesitated. I felt sure you would decide aright, and that I should rest satisfied with your decision. It is not the first time you have set me an example. When I heard your decision, I considered it a great triumph of duty over inclination."

"But you do not know all the naughty thoughts I had," said I, raising my eyes for the first time. "I even wished," —

"My own wife," said Frank, pressing me to his heart! — "And have all these hard thoughts of your husband gone? Did you wish," he asked, turning my face to his, "that you had never left home to live with such an exacting man?"

"Oh, Frank! I never wished so; I did not say that. How could I be happy as I am, if I felt thus? I wished something worse; which I had rather not tell."

"You had better make a clean breast of it," said he, smiling.

"I wished," said I in a low tone, "that you were not quite so good; and then you would not expect so much of me."

Frank looked very much amused. "That's the last thing in the world, I expected my wife to complain of. But seriously, Cora, I have learned many a lesson from you. One of your looks of wonder, a year since, upset my favorite theory, and in the end secured to me the most precious wife in the world."

Monday, June 15th.

Poor Emily! I wonder if she knew Mr. Benson was to exchange with Mr. Munroe, yesterday. If so, she did not speak of it. I never saw a man so changed; he looked as if he had had a severe fit of sickness.

"He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man."

But his sermon was really sublime, and lifted me above myself. The text was the last verse of the forty-second Psalm: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Trust in God, was his subject. Amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life, trust in God is the only sure source of happiness for the Christian. Trust him to bring good out of seeming ill; to make these very trials "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If he withdraws the light of his countenance; if our beloved friends sicken and die before our eyes; if our worldly estate takes to itself wings and flies away; if our fondest hopes are suddenly dashed to the ground; if we are ever left to call out in agony of spirit, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" we may, by Divine grace, also exclaim, "hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

In the pale countenance of the speaker, I could read the struggle, and the victory. I was actually startled at Emily's looks, as we turned to come out of the pew. She caught my hand to save herself from falling; and from the motion of her lips I understood her to say, "*faint*," though no articulate sound came forth.

I whispered, "Dear Emily! lean upon me; don't faint here; try to arouse yourself."

Never was I more thankful than when we reached the carriage and had assisted the poor girl into it, without attracting notice. There was not a particle of color in her face or lips. I drew off her gloves, and chafed her hands, while mother loosed her bonnet strings, and applied the smelling drops to her nose.

With a deep sigh she recovered her consciousness, and was ashamed and mortified that her feelings should have been betrayed even to her loving friends. She tried to conceal them with the flimsy excuse, that she arose in the morning with a headache, and the heat of the house had overcome her.

I wonder if Emily thinks, she really deceives us, or is she deceiving herself? In the afternoon, she declared that she was fully able to go to church; and when, at the last moment, she was forced to acknowledge herself sick, and mother was removing her own bonnet to remain with her, she insisted that she had rather be left alone, and mother very reluctantly left her.

"Poor girl!" I exclaimed, as mother related the circumstance, "my heart aches for her."

"I never saw a child so changed," said mother sadly; "I cannot but think, she regrets her hasty decision. I have never before known her to be irritable. It seems to annoy her exceedingly to have me notice her languor or want of spirits. Frank," she continued, "I wish you would persuade Emily to take an anodyne. I think the want of sleep is partly the cause of her head ache." Frank asked if she would be likely to come over to the house to tea; but mother could not tell; she was so changeable in her feelings.

I could not help thinking, Mr. Benson noticed sister's absence. He looked very sad. I was so anxious about the poor girl, that I must confess, I could not confine my thoughts to the discourse. Frank, too, was called out; and mother looked pale and troubled. Altogether, I worked myself up into quite a fever of excitement; and was glad when the services were through.

While we waited a moment in the porch for Cæsar to bring the carriage to the door, Mr. Benson passed down from the pulpit and came out. He would evidently have avoided the meeting, if possible; but mother stepped forward with much kindness and thanked him for his faithful discourses. He unbent at once, and inquired for my health and that of the family.

I told him, I was well, but quite anxious about my sister, as she had a severe head-ache which detained her at home. What could have come over the man to look so pleased that she was ill?

Fearing I had said something to compromise her delicacy, I

added, "she has had the head-ache for several days." Now I think of it, I only made it worse. He spoke, as he conducted us to the carriage, of his sorrow at the intelligence, while he looked perfectly delighted.

When we reached home, Phebe met us at the door, and said "Misse Emily here, and my pinion is dere's mighty smart chance for her to have a fever if Mass'r Frank don't doctor her."

As we entered the parlor, sister started up, and looked cagerly for a moment as if expecting some one with us; and then sank back again on the sofa pillow, evidently disappointed. Could it be that she thought Mr. Benson would return with us?

Cæsar went toward the village to meet his master, and soon returned with him. The Doctor had been called to a child in a fit from indigestion. That reminds me to tell you that in accordance with his wish, I have restricted Pauline's diet to bread and milk, which she eats heartily, sitting in Ann's lap.

Emily's sickness touched the little girl's heart; I held her in my arms, and let her put her soft-hand on "Aunty's head to make it better." Frank came behind and put his on too, with the tenderness of a woman. He sat down by her side and held her head while she covered her eyes as if she feared, he would read her thoughts.

"Emily," said he, gently, "you have too much heat; I fear you and Cora have lately been unduly excited. I thought yesterday, she was going beyond her strength; and such is also the case with you. I must give you a little powder, which, I hope, will soon afford you relief; does it ache less when I hold it so?" he asked, as he pressed the throbbing head between his hands.

"Oh, yes! sometimes it feels as if it would fly to pieces."

"Poor girl! how it throbs. Cora, will you hold her head while I prepare something for her?"

He soon returned with a wet bandage, which he bound tightly around her head, and then gave her ammonia. I had finished

my tea and was returning through the hall, when Cæsar answered the door bell, and to my amazement announced "Mr. Benson."

In my confusion, I ushered him into the parlor where Emily lay upon the sofa, with her face toward the wall. I hoped, she was asleep, and was just coming to my senses, and intending to invite him into the library, when he asked, "Is she then so ill?"

At the sound of his voice, Emily sprang upon her feet, tore the bandage from her head, while the light actually flashed from her eyes at what she fancied an intrusion. But perceiving his ghastly pallor, she sank back upon her seat, saying, "Frank has been making a great fuss over me, as if I were sick." Truly, one would never have thought so at that moment. She was perfectly brilliant with excitement. The fever lit up her cheeks, while her eyes even dazzled my sight.

How I pitied the young suitor! He stood where he did upon his first entrance, with his hat in his hand. His countenance changed as he gazed at her until her eyes fell; then with an air which was almost haughty, he said "Farewell! FAREWELL, FOREVER!!" and left the room.

I followed him silently to the door, my heart being almost paralyzed. He stopped, took my hand in both of his, pressed it warmly and said, "I appreciate your kindness, but you are mistaken." The last words he uttered in a cold, bitter tone, and was gone.

I started to run to my chamber, but remembering my poor, strange sister, I turned back to the parlor, where I found her prostrate upon the floor. I screamed, "Frank! mother!" and soon the whole household came rushing into the room. The Doctor dismissed the servants, and taking Emily in his arms carried her up stairs to the room, she formerly occupied.

It was some time before she revived. When she perceived where she was, her woe-begone look penetrated my heart. Poor

mother ! How quietly she goes about everything that ought to be done, with an expression of patient suffering ! How can Emily make herself and all of us so unhappy ! She lies this morning in a deep sleep, and, I hope, will awake refreshed. I have been sitting by her while mother went over to the cottage on some business. She has now returned, and I have persuaded her to lie down on the couch in sister's room. She was so anxious, she scarcely slept at all.

Dear Pauline, what a comfort she is to me ! She is the most affectionate little creature I ever saw, and has already woven herself closely around our hearts. Even Frank laughs merrily at her cunning ways.

Phebe wears a turban, generally made of a bandanna handkerchief, or something equally bright. Miss thought, she too must wear one. So she watched her opportunity when Ann laid down her duster, which happened to be an old silk kerchief of similar colors to madam's turban, and tried to weave it round her head. Ann observed her unsuccessful efforts with silent amusement, and perceiving that when one side was arranged, the other came tumbling down, offered to assist her.

Pauline shouted with delight : " Mamma, see ! mamma, see ! ! " The kind hearted girl brought the child to me. I laughed well at her grôtesque appearance. Her head was top-heavy with the turban, while the dark short curls peeping out here and there made her look like a boy. She evidently thought it a good joke, and was unwilling to have it taken off. You see, we make a great pet of her ; but since I began to manage her aright, she obeys instantly. Sometimes her lip quivers a little, and she looks as if she were about to burst into a hearty cry ; and then, with a sigh, restrains herself.

Almost every morning, from eleven till two, I have received calls ; and shall have business enough for the fall and winter if they continue. Many of them are formal and ceremonious ; others, I suppose, are prompted merely by curiosity to see the

stranger. I find the report of my three years' residence in Paris creates quite a sensation. People look at me as if I ought to be something more than Americans who have never been out of their native land, and appear somewhat disappointed to see in me nothing more than a simple, frank girl, just like their daughters or sisters at home.

A few have called whom I like exceedingly; who entered into conversation upon subjects profitable and interesting. You, my dear mother, have spoiled me for enjoying the society of persons who cannot talk, except of individual character and conduct; as for instance: "I suppose, your husband has told you of the trouble in Squire Lee's family. He attends there, I believe."

"No," I replied.

"Ah, indeed! Well, Lucy has had to break her engagement with young Mansfield just to please her brother, who is no better than he should be." I remained silent simply because I had nothing to say, and was glad when the entrance of other company put a stop to such gossip.

Of the more select class, are Mr. Munroe, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Proctor, — Frank's favorite, — and I must not forget Friend Estes, who frankly said, "I came, my dear, to see thee out of the regard I have for thy husband."

I rather think, she was well enough acquainted with human nature to know, that she was making her way directly to my heart.

"How is Susan, thy mother?" she asked. I stopped and hesitated a moment, before I remembered that the Friends always use the first name. She was overflowing with love and good-will to everybody; and before she went away we grew so friendly, that she kissed me twice and said, "I must bring Jotham to see thee, my dear" — "Cora," I said, seeing she hesitated for the name, — "and thou wilt come with thy husband for a visit to our house." She warmed my heart finely by her praise of Frank.

After all, there are a great many pleasant people in the world. I wish, you could see how kindly her deep blue eyes looked out from her drab poke upon your Cora. Your heart would come across the water to meet hers.

The more I see and hear of Miss Proctor, the better I love and esteem her. She is truly a "Dorcas," in whom the sick and afflicted always find a friend and helper. She has been an efficient aid and cooperator with Frank in his gratuitous practice.

Speaking of this class, I must relate to you an incident, Emily told me. A short time since, when Frank had fairly established himself in his profession, and had collected a good practice, a young physician came to the place, rather to the annoyance of some of his brethren of the profession, who took no pains to call upon him. The Doctor, however, embraced the first opportunity to visit him at his office, to which there was little more than a showy sign, announcing to the public that "Dr. Clapp, Physician and Surgeon, was ready to extract teeth and cut off legs at the shortest notice, and for the lowest price imaginable."

Frank entered into conversation with this young son of Æsculapius, and found, he was well learned in his profession, and had high recommendations from his professors as to his qualifications for his office. My good husband encouraged him to persevere, and offered to recommend him wherever it was in his power.

"I shall never be displeased," he added, "if I hear, you are taking my practice, except in the case of my poor patients. Most of these have grown up with me, and I flatter myself, I am, with them, an exception to the general rule, 'a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.'"

The sequel to this visit is quite romantic. Dr. Clapp, who is about twenty-four years of age, walked to the window, where he vigorously plied his handkerchief, as if afflicted with a sudden cold. After this operation he was relieved, and came

back offering his hand to Frank. He said, or tried to say, for his voice was rather husky, "Your kindness, Dr. Lenox, inspires me with new life and courage. I am yet waiting for my first patient." Then, encouraged by Frank's kind interest, he unburthened his heart, and asked advice with regard to a little private affair of his own.

It appears that, like a great many foolish young men, (I don't say it was foolish in *his* case, not knowing the circumstances,) he had fallen in love, while in college, with "the most amiable girl in the world." That was five years ago, so that their courtship had been quite protracted. To the ardent lovers, at least, it had seemed sufficiently so.

Harriet Phillips, who, at the time of their engagement, was but fourteen, had now arrived at the mature age of nineteen years, — "Quite old enough," he added, with an inquiring look at the Doctor, "to take charge of a family."

The decided tone in which Frank replied, "*Certainly*," gave the suitor new courage. To marry, or not to marry, that was now the question; and the judge who was to give the important decision, acknowledged that he found himself in rather a novel predicament. However, he shielded himself as many judges do, behind general principles. He acknowledged the great propriety of a physician being a man of family, and as soon as he could support a wife in comfort, he certainly advised him to marry.

"This," said Dr. Clapp, "is exactly the way I view the subject."

The young man soon after returned the call in the Doctor's absence. With a frankness which seems rather peculiar to him, he told Emily all the first part of the interview, and more than hinted at the latter; so that she, who has a considerable share of curiosity, coaxed Frank to tell her the rest, saying, "I'm sure Dr. Clapp wants me to know about it."

Now she says, "I shall advise him to bring his Harriet without

delay. I fancy, he thought her old enough when he saw you at mother's levee. Besides Frank is so much older than he is."

Emily insists that I do not look more than sixteen, and that I keep blushing like a girl of twelve. I wish I could break myself of this habit; but the more I try, the more the blood will rush to my face. It is very disagreeable, and sometimes places me in awkward situations.

But to return to my story, Dr. Clapp intends to profit by the excellent example set him by an elder brother of the cloth, and will soon be joined in the bands of Hymen to his beloved Harriet,— when he will bring her to the goodly town of Crawford, here to make up to her, by every means in his power, for the trials and sacrifices, she has, for a series of years, been called upon to make as the eldest sister in a large, and not very prosperous family.

Poor Emily, I wonder when she will laugh again, as she did when she related that to me. I must go and see if she is awake. I have not heard the least sound from her room all the time I have been writing. Ann carried Pauline about the garden until she went to sleep, that the house might be quiet.

CHAPTER VI.

“ Nought shall prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.” WORDSWORTH.

Tuesday, June 16th.

LAST night when I sat writing busily, a hand was put upon my paper. Starting up, I saw Frank with one of his very grave looks. I hastily shut my desk. “How is Emily?” I asked quickly.

“Emily is asleep; and I thought you were, long ago. I really must restrict you to certain hours of writing. Do you know how late it is?” He held his watch toward me, and to my amazement it was near midnight.

“I took no note of time,” I replied, “I was so absorbed in writing. It is almost like talking with my own dear mother.”

“Well,” said Frank, touched a little, I suppose, by my sad tone, “you shall write as much as you please, only don’t take the time from your sleep.”

Tuesday Noon.

Dear, *dear* father, mother and sisters, how happy you have made me by writing so soon. Frank came home in the middle of the forenoon, and beckoning me out of Emily’s room into my own, stood with his hands behind him, and asked, “How many kisses will you give me for something I have brought you?”

He looked so pleased and mysterious, I could’nt think for an instant what it could be. When I did, I gave a bound behind him, and caught the letters before he was aware. “But,” he said, “I won’t be cheated in that way. I’ll sue you.” I told him, I

would give him a thousand kisses after I had read my letters. My hands trembled so much with joy and excitement, that I had difficulty in tearing off the covering; when such a dear packet presented itself, I almost danced with delight.

Frank looked as pleased as I did. I made him sit down while I read dear father's letter, the last in order; when I had finished, Frank said, "I must tear myself away, and hear the rest after dinner. My patients will wonder what has become of me.—" "But," he added with a very demure look, "can't you pay me part of my bill, and let me endorse it on the account?"

I sprang up, and with my arms around his neck, gave him such a shower of kisses, as certainly he never had from me before; and I sat down quite out of breath.

"There, now, I've found out what you can do!" he said, laughing merrily, "you have kept me on very short allowance heretofore; I never supposed you capable of such exertions." He then slipped quietly into Emily's room, and soon I heard him drive away.

Isn't he a darling, mother? though I fear, it won't do to tell him so, for he is getting really to think too much of himself. He used to be so grateful for the least favor shown to him; and thought it such a privilege to be allowed to kiss my hand. Now he grows more exacting in his demands; and nobody knows what he'll expect after this.

He heard of the arrival in New York of the packet ship "Eleanor," and has been watching the mail for my letters.—Cæsar happened to-day to go to the office before him; but Frank drove rapidly home to have the pleasure himself of giving them to me. All this Cæsar was delighted to tell me, while his eyes shone like two stars through a cloud.

The whole family sympathize with me in my joy at hearing from my dear, sweet home. Even Emily brightened up a little, as I read mother Lenox part of Bell's letter. She lies quietly in bed, and says she is free from pain; but she cannot make the least

exertion without fainting. Frank says, she has a slow fever. The cottage is shut up; and Ruth has come over to aid Phebe while mother and sister are here. I feel very glad that Emily's sickness occurred here. Mother says, it was all wisely ordered. I know, she feels relieved at night by this arrangement.

Tuesday evening.

Frank says, I may write half an hour, to pay for my liberality to him this morning; and he will sit up and read his papers. This has been an eventful day to me;—first my letters from home;—then I had a note from Mr. Benson, informing me, that, situated as he was, (with regard to Emily I suppose), he could not give proper attention to the duties of his profession, and that as tutor and companion, he had accepted an offer made him some months ago, but then declined, of going to Europe with a young man.

What will Emily say? I shall not be the one to tell her. I read the letter silently, and then passed it to my husband. He looked very, *very* grave, almost stern.

"Cora," he asked after a long pause, "do you think, Emily has trifled with the affections of this young man? Women seem to have an intuitive perception on such subjects."

"I think that she loves him far more than she will acknowledge; but I don't believe, she ever gave much encouragement to his suit. When I have been present, she has treated him with indifference, almost with rudeness. Perhaps I ought not to express a mere suspicion; but I have thought, Emily's conscience troubled her on account of the manner in which she treated him. From her casual remarks, I fear, she dismissed him rather haughtily."

"Worse and worse," exclaimed Frank, with such severity, I was almost frightened. "For one situated as she is, with regard to wealth, to conduct herself in such a manner toward a gentleman of his worth and education is really unpardonable. It would sting him to the quick; and I respect him all the more for the

course he has pursued. If she were poor and friendless, it would not be half so censurable. But for her to take advantage of her station to insult him — pshaw — I cannot bear to think of it.”

“ Oh, Frank! don’t speak in such a severe tone. I was wrong to say what I did.”

“ Well,” said he, hastily withdrawing his hand from mine, “ I wish, she were as ready to acknowledge her faults as you are,”

“ But it may be all my suspicion. I may not have understood her aright.”

“ What did she say? ”

I replied reluctantly, for he was already much excited. “ She did not say so in words. Only I received the impression, that she had given him to understand, she was astonished, he should presume to think, she would be the wife of a poor country clergyman.”

“ Cora,” exclaimed Frank, starting up and walking across the room. — I burst into tears. I had never before seen him so excited; and I had no idea, he could look, or speak, so severely. It makes me almost cry even now to think of it.

Frank just now says, “ my love, you ’ve exceeded your time; ” so good night, dear mother.

Wednesday, June 17th.

My husband told me last night that a packet was advertised to sail for Liverpool, and that probably it would need ballast, and therefore it would be a good opportunity for me to send my journal. It amuses him that I find so much to write about. He little imagines how much I write respecting him, my lord and master. He has never asked to see it; he has too much delicacy to do that.

Emily had a comfortable night; and mother slept quite well, and feels refreshed. I asked Frank, if Cæsar would be at liberty to take me to ride this morning.

“ Certainly,” he replied, “ I hope you will call upon him whenever you wish. He will be proud to drive you.” So I dressed my little miss in her best suit, and having taken her in for a morning

call upon aunt Emily, we started off in the cool of the day. I wanted to return before the time for Pauline's "*siesta*."

As we drove down the hill, I asked Cæsar if he knew where Caroline Leighton lived.

"Oh, yes Missus! I goes dere berry often for Mass'r Frank."

"And do you know where Mr. Lewis lives?"

"De man what's dying wid consumption?"

"Yes."

"Well den, I knows dat too. Where you go first, Missus?"

"To see Caroline." As we rode on, I asked, "Can you spare the time from your work to wait for me, and let Pauline sit in the carriage? I don't like to be in a hurry when a person is sick."

Good Cæsar's face fairly shone as if freshly anointed; and he replied, "I 'spects so, Missus. Mass'r Frank told me, allus leave ebery ting, when young Missus wants to go. Mass'r Frank sets mighty store by young Missus."

Just then we stopped at the gate; and I was prevented the necessity of replying to the complimentary speech, which, however, being the conviction of his large, honest heart, gave me more pleasure than almost any one, I ever received. He let down the steps and lifted me out as if I were a wax doll. I verily believe he wanted to take me in his arms and carry me to the house, as he would Pauline. She wished to go with me; but he sat in the carriage holding her in his arms, saying, "mammy come back."

I had brought with me two beautiful bouquets, one for each of my sick friends. With Caroline's in my hand, I knocked gently at the door of her apartment, though I could have entered, as the doors were open to admit the fresh air. She turned her head at the sound, and was very much pleased at my early call. She said, she would ring her little bell for her mother; but I told her on no account. Indeed, I was glad, she was alone.

I laid off my bonnet, saying as I did so, "You see, I intend making a long call." I then took a tumbler, and having filled it with

water from the pitcher on the table, I put the flowers in it and set them near her.

She smiled, and seemed pleased that I made myself so much at home. I drew a chair to the side of the bed, and taking her thin white hand in mine, asked, "do you feel strong enough to talk with me a little?" She bowed assent.

"Does it not seem hard for one so young to be called to die? Do you feel willing to give up this beautiful world, your mother and friends?"

"Heaven is far more beautiful;" and she added, with a devout expression, "my Saviour is there."

"How long, dear Caroline, have you loved the Saviour?"

With a deep sigh, and a look of profound sorrow, she replied, "only a few months. Oh, what a hard heart mine has been!—to turn for so long a time from a loving Saviour."

"Can you, without exerting yourself too much, tell me about the change in your feelings?"

"Has n't the Doctor told you?"

"No, he said perhaps you would do so."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then gave me the following account. "I lived a life of gayety and pleasure. The world looked bright; not only the things of nature, to which you referred, but gay people, fashion and pleasure in every form. I suppose it will do no harm for me to say now, that I was praised for my personal beauty, and for my graceful manner. But I forgot that "we all do fade as a leaf." Yes, I forgot it, though I had lost two sisters, since my remembrance.

"In the unwearied pursuit of worldly enjoyment, all other things faded from my mind. Yet there were times when conscience sounded an alarm, and the thought that perhaps I too should be cut off, as my sisters had been, in the morning of life, made the blood stagnate in my veins, and my heart cease to beat.

"I was a regular attendant at church, and one of the prominent

members of the choir. But I never listened to the sermons. I studiously avoided hearing them; especially when they treated of death, the judgment, and eternity. I have often sat in church, very devout in the eyes of those about me, but engaged in making all my plans for the coming week; and then quieted myself with the thought that I had not sinned half so much, as if I had heard the sermon, and not profited by it. I was often praised for my regular attendance. Alas! He who looks into the heart knows I went to the sanctuary far more to exhibit myself, to hear people say of me, 'how handsome! what a fine voice!' than to worship my Maker, who had bestowed these gifts upon me.

"About a year since, I took a violent cold upon my lungs. I had previously felt languid and unwell, but would not acknowledge it to mother, lest I should be kept from singing school, and places of amusement. Soon after this, the Doctor was called, and never was there a harder or more rebellious heart than mine, when he, in the kindest, most fatherly manner, told me that the disease would probably prove fatal. It was not in the power of man, he added, to effect a cure. He said that possibly I might be better, and live for years; but the disease was upon me and could not be shaken off.

"That was the thought that twinged every nerve in my body. I hated my Creator for making me sick. I hated my physician for telling me of it. I hated my parents and every one who believed it. But oh! I hated myself more than all, when I began to see a little into my own heart.

"I had always been called amiable; and I believed myself to be so. But now I was actually frightened at the tumult of hard and angry thoughts in my awakened soul. In the night, I frequently awoke, trembling with affright; an angry God seemed ready to consume me with his fierce wrath. This state of mind continued with some abatement for several months; and the conflict of my feelings operated injuriously upon my health.

"One day your husband came in, when he could stop longer

than usual. He sat down by my bed and tried to talk with me. But I would not speak. I pretended not to hear what he said. Some of his words, however, arrested my attention, and without intending it, I turned my face toward him. He understood the whole of my hardness and guilt. He asked me if I had ever realized how great was the love of Jesus, who left the blessedness of heaven, to suffer and die for us, and who having made atonement, now endures neglect and reproach from the guilty souls, he came to save. It is human, said he, when man offers a favor to his fellow, and is treated with neglect and scorn, to withdraw the offer. But the Divine Lord who endures indifference, ridicule and contempt, still says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Oh, those blessed, *blessed* words! I listened as if I had never heard them before. Was I not weary with wrestling with the Almighty? Oh! was I not heavily laden with sins, more than I could bear? Why may I not come? For the first time, tears of real penitence filled my eyes, and with a subdued voice, I said, 'Will you pray for me?' He did pray, as he had done many times before; but I never heard till then. He wept as he besought God earnestly in my behalf. God in mercy answered.

"When he arose, Christ had taken my burden, and I was at rest. I had never disbelieved the Bible. But now its truths came home to my heart, and I was made free.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost in rapture, "the goodness and long suffering of God, to me a poor lost sinner."

The excitement of speaking had carried her beyond her strength; and as she lay with her hands clasped, and eyes closed, she looked so pale, I feared she had fainted. But she presently opened her eyes, while a heavenly smile played around her mouth. I kissed her forehead; but I could not speak.

Her mother, not hearing the bell for some time, looked into the room to see if she were asleep; but perceiving me, she returned to her work.

“Dear Mrs. Lenox,” said the sweet girl, “you’ll pray with me.” I hesitated. “For your husband’s sake, please.”

I could not deny her, but saying I would return after a moment, I left the room. I had seen from the window that Cæsar had difficulty in keeping the horse quiet on account of the heat and flies. I told him to ride on a short distance and call for me in about ten minutes.

When I returned, and was about to close the door, Caroline said “no one will disturb us, and the room is very warm.”

With my hand in hers, and my face on her pillow, I for the first time addressed my Heavenly Father in presence of a fellow creature. But I was not embarrassed. He who looks from above, put words in my mouth and was near me.

As I arose and stood by the bed, I was startled by the moving of a shadow; and turning quickly to the door I saw my husband standing on the steps with his face buried in his handkerchief.

Passing through this part of the town to visit a patient, he had stopped this morning instead of returning here this afternoon. I do not think he heard me; and if he did, I ought not to feel ashamed, when I dared speak in the presence of the High and Holy One. But I must confess it. I felt for the first time in my life sorry to see him.

“How came you here?” he asked in surprise.

“You forgot you gave me permission to ride out.”

“And Cæsar, where is he?”

“There,” said I, pointing to the carriage, which was just stopping at the gate. “You must not talk much with her,” I said smiling. “But you may talk a little *to* her if she will be very quiet. I fear she has already had too much company.” Promising to visit her again as soon as possible, I went with Frank to the carriage, when he returned to his patient. I found Pauline struggling hard to keep her eyes open, and on consulting my watch, concluded to postpone my call upon Mr. Lewis until another day. So I merely

left the flowers in passing, saying to his wife that I would endeavor to make him an early call.

“He has been lotting upon seeing you, maam. He says of the two, you better understand his feelings, seeing you’ve had the same.” We hastened home, where the sleepy girl was glad to drink some milk and go to bed.

And now, dear mother, with remembrances of affection to the dear home-circle, I close this part of my journal, which I hope will interest you. I intend writing to Bell and Nelly in answer to theirs just received.

Thursday, June 18th.

I gladly resume my journal; I feel lost without my writing. Emily appears really better. Of course she knows nothing of Mr. Benson’s intended departure. I have not been able to learn when he sails. He only says in his note, “as soon as his arrangements can be made.” Emily seems indifferent to every thing; and, when mother and I talk cheerfully, turns her face away. But I have seen the tears trickle through her fingers when she thought herself unnoticed. To-day, however, she is brighter, and though not by any means as she once was, she appears to have made her mind up to some course; and to feel better for her decision. But this is mere suspicion. Time will show whether I am correct. This afternoon she sat up in the easy chair more than an hour, and amused herself with Pauline, who looked at her very seriously at first, as if she did not quite understand all these changes.

Early this morning, I begged a ride with Frank as far as Mr. Lewis’s, and told him my intention was to walk back. To the latter part of my proposition, he very unwillingly consented, as it is half a mile, and the heat is great. But with my parasol I thought I might venture.

Mrs. Lewis came into the little entry to receive me, and told

me in a low tone, her husband was failing fast, and she thought, could not live many days. "He will be right pleased to see you. He has set his heart upon it." I then followed her up-stairs to the room. He is now wholly confined to the bed.

Every article of furniture, I observed, was scrupulously neat; and something in the appearance and conversation of the family reminded me forcibly of the household of the Dairyman, as described in Legh Richmond's well known tract entitled "The Dairyman's Daughter." There was an air of respectability, which is often felt, but which cannot easily be described.

Mr. Lewis was sitting bolstered up in bed. He could not breathe when lying down; and could only speak in a broken whisper, with long intervals between his words. Sitting with him was a married sister, who had followed him to this country, and who had now come to remain with him until after the closing scene.

I took my seat near the bed, and begged Mrs. Lewis to allow me to pass him the cordial with which he was constantly obliged to wet his lips. With a courtesy she thanked me and resumed her sewing, while I addressed a few words to the poor sufferer.

"I am afraid you are too sick to hear me talk, you seem very ill this morning.

"All — peace — here," he whispered, laying his emaciated hand upon his breast.

I expressed very great pleasure that God had heard his prayer, and asked whether he felt any of the fears with which he was troubled at my last visit.

He shook his head; and when I held the cup to his mouth said, "I — can — trust — him. He — will — do — right."

This, then, was the source of his peace. My eyes filled with tears as I quoted the passage of Scripture which came into my mind. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose soul is staid on Thee." I noticed that he looked exceedingly faint, and motioned to his wife, who immediately held some camphor to his

nostrils, saying as she did so, that he could take no nourishment.

When he revived, I thought I had better retire ; but he looked wistfully first at me, then at his wife, who caught his meaning and said, "He would like to have you read and pray with him as the Doctor does."

I made no reply. What could I say? She arose and gave me an old, well-preserved family Bible ; and turning to the fourth of Hebrews, I was just commencing to read about "the rest that remaineth to the people of God," when a gentle knock at the outer door called Mrs. Lewis from the room. I went on, however, in compliance with a wistful look from the invalid, and read through the chapter, having in the mean time come to the conclusion, that if the sister would leave the room, I would try to comply with the dying man's request. Just as I closed the book, she stepped softly behind me, and desired me to go below for a moment. Explaining this in a word to Mr. Lewis, I complied with her wish.

Entering the lower room, I found Mr. Munroe, who had been requested by the Doctor to call. I was much interested in the account given by Mrs. Lewis to her pastor ; and which she narrated in language above her station. I have often noticed that persons in humble life when speaking upon religious topics, are elevated by their theme, and by their familiarity with the language of scripture.

Mr. Lewis was born of pious parents who early dedicated him to God, and sought prayerfully to educate him in the fear of his Maker. He had lived a perfectly moral and peaceful life, having been able to support his family at least in comfort, until laid low by disease. When he was unable longer to work, they had moved to Crawford, as a place where his wife could find employment for her needle.

They had three children, the girl and boy I mentioned, and one between the ages of these two, who was at school. Mrs.

Lewis felt that her husband was a Christian, and had been, for many years. But he was of an eminently timid spirit, distrustful of himself, and as he could not tell the exact time of his conversion, not having been exercised in mind like his wife, and many others whose experience he had heard or read, he had been unwilling to make a public profession of religion. He had, however, been in the daily habit of secret prayer, and of reading the scriptures; had taught his children faithfully, not only the practical duties of religion, but had endeavored to instil into their young minds the sacred doctrines of the gospel, as he had been taught them by his parents.

During the visit of the Doctor on Tuesday, the patient had given evidence of a saving change; and he had urged the sick man to give glory to God, and to hope in his mercy. This view of his case led the poor man to a train of reflection, which ended in the calm but complete trust he put in his Heavenly Father.

He had none of the rapture with which Caroline was sometimes borne as on angel wings, to heaven; but there were reasons to hope he was as truly a monument of grace. At the Doctor's last call, he had humbly but earnestly expressed a desire to unite himself to the people of God, and to taste, at least, once on earth, of that feast of which our risen Lord has said, "Do this in remembrance of me."

The Doctor had requested our pastor to call and converse with him upon this subject. I expressed my fear that the invalid was too much fatigued; but Mr. Munroe said he should be very brief.

I waited below for about ten minutes, when Mrs. Lewis invited me to go up and join them in prayer. The regular season for the administration of the ordinance here will be the first Sabbath in July, but as Mr. Lewis will not probably live so long, it was concluded to have the service privately administered to him next Sabbath afternoon. Mrs. Lewis invited me to be present with

the Doctor, which I promised to do, and left accompanied by Mr. Munroe, whose house lay in the same direction.

Mrs. Munroe has been absent ever since my arrival in Crawford, on a visit to her father's. I told her husband, I anticipated much pleasure in her acquaintance.

He says, he is under great obligation to the Doctor, for informing him of such cases as the one we had just witnessed. He is still so much of a stranger in the place, he has not found out who are the members of his parish. He enlarged particularly upon the great aid it was to a clergyman, as well as upon the great advantage it was to the town, to have a pious physician. He said it was often the case when physicians were otherwise, that they were unwilling to have a pastor visit their patients, vainly imagining that they might frighten and injure them. Here he said, he everywhere met with evidence of the Doctor's faithfulness to the souls as well as to the bodies of those to whom he was called.

This exactly accords with my own observation. I thank God that he has made my dear Frank an instrument of good.

As we were approaching Mr. Munroe's house, he said, "I have been much surprised to hear that our neighbor Mr. Benson intends to leave his people, and to go to Europe. He said nothing to me upon the subject," he added, "when I met him on Sabbath morning. I should have supposed that he would have wished to spend the last Sabbath among his own people. There is some mystery about it."

I made no reply; and after a pause, he inquired "Is he out of health?"

"He certainly appeared so the day he preached," I replied. I did my best to appear unembarrassed, but cannot say that I entirely succeeded. He looked intently at me for a moment, but said no more.

When I left him, he added, he should not be surprised if Mr. Lewis did not live until the Sabbath, but he thought him prepared to die.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope ;
Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firm-
ness.

Above all things, graft on him subjection, yea in the veriest trifle.” TUPPER.

Friday Evening, June 19th.

EMILY continues convalescent, and her eye begins to have its former lustre. She has sat in the chair nearly all the afternoon, while mother and I were sewing and Pauline played with her toys upon the floor. I am more than ever convinced that Emily's sickness is connected with her mental trouble.

I am likely to have full employment for my needle. Little girls need so many changes, and Miss Pauline had none, on her arrival, however large her wardrobe may have originally been. Mother wishes to assist me ; but I declined her kind offer.

Poor little Pauline ! she had a hard time this morning, and so did her mamma. We had quite a controversy ; but I will explain. Cæsar was going to market in the village ; and I told him if he would take the carriage, I would ride with him, as I wished to make a few purchases.

It is very warm ; and I did not think it best for Pauline to accompany me, as she had generally done of late. She thought this very hard, and began to cry. I stepped back, and said, “ Auntie sick ; Pauline mus n't cry,” when she fairly screamed, and showed a very naughty temper. I saw there was to be a contest ; and I told Cæsar not to wait. “ I must postpone my ride until another

time." Then taking her in my arms I carried her to a room the farthest removed from Emily's, and laying off my bonnet, attempted to take her into my lap.

But no, she would not come to me. She ran across the room and threw herself down on the floor, kicking and screaming. I was astonished, and did not know what to do. I was afraid if she cried so, she would make herself sick ; at the same time I knew that she ought to be made to obey. It was in my heart to take her up and coax her to be good ; but this I knew would injure her, and destroy my authority. In a low firm voice I said, "Get up, Pauline, and come to mamma." She only kicked the more, and screamed the louder. I had not supposed the child had half the strength of limb or lungs. This was her first exhibition of temper. Till now she had been uniformly yielding and mild, though to be sure, as Frank says, this was the first time her wishes were ever crossed.

I never was so perplexed ; and if Frank had been in the house I should have left her with him, and ran off where I could n't hear her scream. I kept repeating my commands ; but she paid no attention, though I spoke as gently and caressingly as I could, and asked her to be mamma's dear little girl. She would stop screaming a moment and look at me ; and when I thought she was going to yield, she would begin afresh.

I tried to think she did not understand me, and was thankful for any excuse for her. But in this I soon found I was mistaken ; for I told her to pick up a block and put it in the chair. This she did readily ; then when I told her to come to me, she lay down and began to kick and scream with all her might.

I left her on the floor, and calling mother out of Emily's room, told her in a whisper my trouble, and asked her what I could do. I even begged her to go in, and try her skill. But she said that would not answer the purpose ; Pauline must be made to submit to me, as her parent. She encouraged me by saying, "I once had just such a contest with Frank ; but when he yielded, it was for life."

I therefore returned to the room, with a heavy heart, where the noise had entirely subsided. Finding, however, that she was no more ready to obey, but had stopped from sheer exhaustion, I kneeled by the chair, and asked God to give me wisdom and strength for this emergency. And if chastisement were necessary, I prayed that it might be administered in a right spirit.

I arose and took my seat. "Pauline," said I, "if you do not come to mamma, she will have to punish you." She looked at me earnestly, attracted by the tone of my voice, which was very decided; but she did not seem to know what punishing meant. "Will you come?" I repeated. She shook her head decidedly. I went to her and taking her hand struck it with mine. Oh, dear, how it made my heart ache! Her lip quivered, and then she burst out afresh. Both the command and the punishment, I had to repeat five or six times; but at length, when I resumed my seat and asked, "Now will my little Pauline come to mamma?"

She ran and threw herself into my arms. The contest was over. I carried her back two or three times, and then called her, when she readily obeyed. Now I could act out the impulses of my heart; I kissed her, and wept over her. Then I pressed her tightly in my arms, while I told her mamma was sorry, her little girl had been so naughty. She took her apron to wipe away my tears, and seeing me still weep, she sobbed aloud.

When she became composed, I carried her to mother, where, though her lip still quivered, she was Pauline again. She kissed them all, and told them, "mamma sorry," which she repeated to papa, and Ann. My grief made a great impression upon her tender heart.

I know, dear mother, you will sympathize with me in this trial. I think, however, it will do the child good. Frank remarked at dinner, that I looked very pale, and I certainly felt worse for the excitement; but he, and all the rest, rejoiced with me in the happy termination. Pauline sobbed a long time after she was asleep; but this afternoon she has been like a little lamb, coming every

time she looked up from her play and met my eye, to give me a sweet kiss.

Saturday, June 20th.

This morning I went to the village, and though I trembled for my daughter, lest the scene of yesterday should be repeated, she behaved well; and I promised her a ride this afternoon with papa. Did I tell you, I had taught her to say "Papa?" I had no idea of being her *only* parent.

During the forenoon, I received a very pleasant call from Lucy Lee, the daughter of Squire Lee, our richest citizen, who made his money, as I have told you, by his distillery. She is a beautiful girl, modest and sweet in her manners, but looked to-day very pale and careworn. My thoughts recurred to what I had heard of her domestic trials. I was glad she was unaccompanied by her brother, who is very disagreeable to me with his talk of "*our* place, *our* horses, *our* store." It seems hardly possible that he can be her *own* brother.

Lucy is said to be like her mother, now deceased. Joseph is like his father, and has been so much indulged, especially since his mother's death, that he is now the master. Emily says the whole family are afraid of him; and that Lucy, with whom she is intimate, lives a very sad life in the midst of all their splendor.

I invited the dear girl to come to tea next week, to which she cheerfully consented. I hope, by that time Emily may be down stairs.

This afternoon I persuaded mother to take my place with Frank for a drive. She has confined herself closely for the last week. Pauline was delighted to accompany them, though she did not like to leave mamma. I took my sewing into sister's room, where we were soon busy in conversation. After a little time, she interrupted me, as I was beginning a remark, "Cora, I want to say something to you while mother is gone. I wish your advice and assistance."

"Well, dear Emily, it is very easy to give advice;" but while

I spoke, my heart began to beat very fast. I feared it would be something about Mr. Benson, and then the truth concerning him would have to be told.

Emily suddenly covered her face with her handkerchief, "I have treated him shamefully."

"Who?"

She looked at me as if she wondered that I should not know of whom she was speaking, and could not bear to mention his name. As I still looked inquiringly, she added, "Mr. Benson," and blushed crimson. "He made proposals of marriage to me the evening after our ride to Waverley, and I indignantly refused him. I treated him as no lady should treat a gentleman under such circumstances, even if she cannot love him. But I *did* love him! I *do* love him *now*!" she repeated earnestly, again hiding her face.

"Then why, dearest Emily, did you treat him so cruelly? I think you were very much in the wrong."

"I know it, I confess it," she replied, beginning to weep.

"I can't understand you, Emily. You loved him dearly?" She bowed her head; "and yet refused him with scorn?" She bowed her head still lower. "Why?" I again asked.

"Because," she said passionately, "he seemed so certain I should make a courtesy, and say 'Yes, sir, I thank you.' I suppose he expected I should fall right into his arms the moment he gave me leave. I loved him when he was away, yet there was something in his manner toward me which roused all my pride, and more ugly feelings than I knew I possessed. He showed his love too openly, as if he were sure of success."

"I thought," said I with a smile, "that you wished the one you married to be very loving and often assure you of his love."

"Pooh!" said she, trying to laugh, "that was all my nonsense. I would rather a dozen times, that he would be like Frank. Now he almost worships you; but he is not always talking about it, and showing it in such silly ways." I now began to blush in earnest. "But it is foolish to talk of all this now. The die is

cast, and I have no one but myself to blame. I have been thinking it all over, and have brought down my pride to asking his forgiveness for my haughty manner; mind, I say for the *manner* of my refusal. But it has cost me a hard struggle."

"What made you treat him so the night he called when you were sick?"

"I don't know," she replied, sadly; "I believe I was possessed with some evil spirit. If he had come in an hour earlier, he would have found me humble enough."

"Did you expect him?"

"I half expected he would call," covering her face to hide her blushes. "But my mind was all worked up, and my head ached so, and — and I thought he'd think I was mourning for him. But I've suffered enough for my foolish pride."

"Poor girl!" I thought; "if she knew what I do, she would suffer more." "Emily," said I, rising and taking her hand, "I pity you sincerely; but I cannot help telling you, I think you have been greatly to blame."

"Well, I'm willing to hear that from you; and I have acknowledged it."

"In the first place," I continued, "it was entirely your imagination with regard to him. His manner, as far as I saw it, was uniformly respectful and tender, perhaps too openly the latter to suit my taste; but not the least bordering on undue confidence in your attachment. Indeed, I thought he did not sufficiently respect himself, and was too distrustful. Then I can't understand how you could love him, and yet give him such pain. You saw how very pale he looked."

"Oh, don't repeat it! I have thought of nothing else;" and the poor girl wept bitterly. Suddenly she looked up, as she heard the carriage, and trying to wipe away her tears, said quickly, "Not a word of all this for the world. I want you to take charge of a note from me, and send it to him."

"When shall you write it?"

"Some time next week," she answered, putting her finger on her lip, as she heard mother at the door.

I was glad to escape from the room; and ran down to take Pauline from papa. My head was all in a whirl. I am glad I did not promise secrecy, for I must tell Frank the first chance I get. He will know what to do.

Sabbath Evening, June 21st.

I remained at home with sister this morning, while mother went to church. It is a rainy day. I suppose we ought to be thankful, for the earth was very dry and dusty; but I do love a pleasant Sabbath. This afternoon I went with Frank to church, and from thence to the house of Mr. Lewis. Mr. Munroe and Deacon Jackson rode with us, and after the horse had been driven under a shed, we all proceeded to the sick room, the deacon carrying with him a basket containing the sacred elements.

One of the tenants of the house had opened her room opposite, for the convenience of the company; and I was surprised as I passed up the stairs to see that it was crowded with people; many of them, I suppose, members of the church who came in to unite in the ordinance.

A clean white linen cloth was spread over the table at the foot of the bed, upon which Deacon Jackson placed two cups of wine and a plate of bread, covering the whole with a napkin. In the midst of intense feeling, I noticed all this, with pleasure, as evidence of the reverence and awe with which he handled the elements which were to represent the body and blood of our Lord.

The poor dying man, in clean clothing, lay on his bed with everything about him spotless and white as snow. Though he looked exceedingly pale, yet there was an elevation and glory in his face, which showed that his soul had communion with his

Saviour, and that the gracious Spirit was strengthening him for this solemn occasion.

Though it rained very hard, yet the window near the bed was open to give the poor man fresh air, while his wife stood near him with a fan. I was affected to see that she had reserved two seats near the bed for the Doctor and myself. Mr. Munroe occupied a place at the door that he might be heard in both apartments. Frank gently moved one of the chairs toward her, motioned her to sit in it, and stood by my side.

The solemn service commenced with an invocation, after which the covenant and creed of the church were read, and heartily responded to by the invalid, if I may judge from his rapt attention; then a short prayer consecrating the elements, which were distributed. The Doctor took the cup from Deacon Jackson, and gently raising the sick man, held it to his lips. There was truly a sublime expression on his countenance. With uplifted hands, he whispered, "Dear — *dear* — Jesus — died — for — me — glory — *immortal* — GLORY!!"

In a moment the expression changed, and Frank, who was closely watching him, stepped to Mr. Munroe, and told him he feared Mr. Lewis would faint. The clergyman immediately pronounced the benediction, and requested the friends quietly to withdraw.

I stepped to the backside of the room, while the Doctor opened the other windows for a moment to change the air, and with the help of strong restoratives, the patient soon revived, and was able to swallow a little of the wine and water the Doctor had prepared. I went toward the bed to bid him farewell, doubting whether I should ever see him alive again. He looked at me affectionately and gratefully, and pointed up, as if he would ask me to meet him in heaven. I pressed his cold hand to my lips and silently left the room.

Mrs. Lewis followed us to the door, where she took Frank's

hands in both of hers, and burst into tears. The most ardent desire of her soul for her poor dying husband had been realized; her prayers for years, answered; and though he was to be taken from her, she trusted she should meet him in a better world, to part no more.

I was deeply solemnized and impressed by this scene. It is the first time my dear husband and I have together tasted the memorials of our Saviour's love. I think I shall not soon forget it.

Monday Morning, June 22d.

Mr. Lewis breathed his last this morning soon after eight o'clock. The Doctor reached there a few moments after, and made all the arrangements for the funeral, which is to be on Wednesday afternoon in the chapel near the church.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies the life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own'”

WORDSWORTH.

Monday Evening.

EMILY is so much better, we think she can go down stairs tomorrow. As I have had no suitable opportunity to talk with Frank, I have avoided, when with her, the subject of our late interview.

I went with my husband this afternoon to visit the most charming old lady I have ever seen. I wish you could see her; she is over eighty, but just as fair as a young girl, and from her being of full habit, she has scarcely a wrinkle on her face. She has the most gentle, loving blue eyes, and her gray hair is nicely combed down under a plain muslin cap. Many a young girl might be envious of the beautiful peach bloom of her cheeks. But these are not her greatest charms. It is her manner, her heart overflowing with love to all. I believe everybody loves her, because she loves everybody; and she doesn't hesitate to show it. She is the mother of Mrs. Squire Wilson, to whom the Doctor was called for a sprained ankle. I could soon understand why he was so pleased to take me there with him.

When she heard the carriage, Mrs. Low, or “Aunt Susy,” as every one calls her, came to the door, and shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, stood looking until the Doctor alighted.

"Well now, Dr. Frank, that's you," (she had known him from a baby,) "I reckoned you'd be here before long."

Frank led the horse to the steps and lifted me out.

"Who's that, now, you've got with you?" she asked, looking at me.

"Somebody else for you to love," said he laughing, for she had taken possession of his hands.

She started, and holding me by the shoulders in a most loving way, said, "La, now, Doctor! this 'ere little thing don't b'long to you, does she? Is she your wife, I heard tell about?" at the same time she gave me a most hearty squeeze.

Frank laughed as he bowed his assent.

"I reckoned," she added, "you'd pick'd out one a proper sight older'n this little gal, you was allus so stiff."

As she continued to press me in her arms, and then push me off to look again, my husband began to look as if he was afraid he never should get me away again. All this time with a true delicacy, she had not kissed me, as if she were not sure I would like to be kissed by so old a person. But I soon relieved her on this point, and then we all walked into the sitting-room where her daughter, who was evidently used to such scenes, was patiently awaiting us. After being introduced to Mrs. Wilson, whom I recognized, (as I had met her at mother's levee,) the Doctor proceeded to examine her ankle. Aunt Susy and I took seats on the little sofa which was covered with bright chintz. She sat very close to me, and with a press of my hand which she held, she motioned with her head toward the Doctor, saying in what she meant for a whisper, "he's a real nice man to live with, I'll be bound." I only laughed and nodded.

"Them stiddy ones, sometimes turns out the greatest rogues," she continued in a comforting tone, "now I calculated, he'd court a prim, proper kind of a woman, a reglar old maid, that'd be company for his mother; but there's no telling what people will do, times changes so, since I was a gal."

I was well convinced by the spasmodic motion about Dr. Frank's mouth, that he was not so absorbed in the examination of Mrs. Wilson's foot that he did not hear every word of this *confidential* talk, I therefore thought, I would try to change the subject of conversation. As I could think of nothing else, I told her what a dear little girl I had found. She was almost breathless with interest, and when I stopped she said:—

“Now I never heard the cap to that! Now do tell if you're gone to keep her for your own, or if you're gone to kind o'make a servant of her?”

“Oh, no indeed!” I answered quickly, “Frank loves her as well, or almost as well as I do, and we have adopted her for our own.”

“And she's nothin to you, by blood I mean?”

“Oh, no, we don't know whose child she is.”

“Well, that is the beater!” she exclaimed, and for the child's sake I suppose, gave me another squeeze and kiss.

“Betsey,” said she to her daughter, “Did you ever hear tell what Dr. Frank's been and done?”

“No, mother.”

“Well, he'd no more'n got his little young wife safely housed, than he was so impatient for a darter, that he went and picked up one out of the streets, and gin to her to take care on.”

The Doctor and I laughed heartily at this curious exposition of our domestic affairs, while she evidently thought she had stated the case exactly. She ended with, “There now, I never was so beat. To think of Dr. Frank starting off on sich a rig. However, I hope good luck'll come on't, and mabby you'll soon find out who the child b'longs ter.”

“Oh! no,” said I, interrupting her, “that is the only thing I'm afraid of, I couldn't give her up.”

“Look there, now!” said Aunt Susy, turning in surprise to the Doctor, “an't it mazin how these young critters takes to children.”

We both rose to go ; but she just took my hands, and set me down again. "Sit right there, till I bring you some luncheon."

I told her I preferred not taking any ; but she would hear no excuse. She went out into the kitchen, and very soon brought a waiter, covered with a clean napkin, holding two tumblers of rich milk, and some nice sponge cake. It was really delicious. Mrs. Wilson addressed a few words to me ; but I was not at all drawn to her as to her mother. The Doctor says she is a woman possessed of a very good mind, and has been a great reader, but has never had children to develop her affection and modify her character.

When we had disposed of the lunch, and Frank had given his directions to his patient, we prepared to take leave, receiving one or two extra kisses, and a good squeeze of the Doctor's arm for his part.

"Bring her here when you come again," said the old lady, pointing to me. "She's a pootty critter." Aunt Susy is a little deaf, and seems to think everybody else so. "I think so too," whispered Frank in her ear, loud enough for others to have the full benefit, when, after receiving a loving pat on his arm, he jumped into the carriage.

I told the Doctor on our way home, how disappointed his old friend was, that he had not married a more suitable person, — one that could be a companion both for him and his mother. He laughed so heartily, that I had to hush him several times, for fear some one would hear.

"Yes," he said, when he could speak, "I know who the old lady wanted me to have ; but in the choice of a wife I intended to suit myself. So if you are satisfied, I prophesy she will soon be reconciled."

Now, my dear mother, if you have any idea from what I have written, that Aunt Susy has anything coarse about her, I have not described her well at all. She is truly refined in her feelings. I wish all the ladies I have met in high life were as much so. She

is a dear, old-fashioned, warm-hearted woman ; and it makes one's heart warm just to hear her name. Mother says, her husband was one of the most highly respected men in the state, — a justice of the peace, and lived independently on his farm, where he was monarch of all he surveyed. Mrs. Low had considerable property which she has made over to her daughter, who takes care of her.

Tuesday, June 23d.

This has been a very warm day, and I have not been out of the house, though I wished much to see Caroline Leighton. She is quite comfortable again, and sits in her chair two or three hours at a time.

Last night after we retired to our room, I told Frank I wanted to ask his advice upon a very important subject. So we sat down in the bright moonlight, while I told him about Emily. He said not a word, but heard me with interest. I fancy he controlled his feelings, as he frightened me so much the other night. "Now you see, Frank," I said, "you did Emily injustice. She has acknowledged she did wrong ; and she intends to confess it to Mr. Benson."

"Ahem !" was all the reply.

"What can I do ?" No answer.

"After all," said he, starting up to walk across the room, "it is quite a triumph for Emily to confess her error to him. She has her full share of the Lenox pride ; and we all have enough of it. It must have cost her a great struggle. But that does n't help the poor fellow. I should wish no farther acquaintance with a lady who had treated me so rudely."

Frank seemed to be soliloquizing, and I interrupted him by asking again, "My dear *husband*, what shall I do ?"

"I can tell you, my love, what I shall do, very quickly," he replied, coming and taking my hand, while he kissed me repeatedly. "I shall love you with all my heart for calling me by so dear a name." I had never before addressed him as my "husband."

I felt very courageous in the moonlight, and said, "Why, Frank, I understood you to say nearly a year ago, that you had lost your heart. Have you found it again?"

"Not exactly; but I've found the warmest, largest, most precious heart, to put in its place."

"But," said I after a moment, "to return to Emily. She intends writing a note, which she wishes me to send."

"I don't see how that can be done. We don't know where to direct. Did he mention the name of the family he was going with?"

"Yes, Mr. Karswell, a merchant in New York. Mr. Benson goes with his son, who has just graduated, or is about to graduate."

"Then I think we might reach him through his patron. Address it to the care of C. M. Karswell — I know the firm. Charles does not leave college until sometime next month. I suppose arrangements will be made for them to sail soon after his graduation. I will confess to not a little curiosity to read Emily's epistle. Will she show it to you?"

"I think it doubtful," I replied.

CHAPTER IX.

“He loved — loved keenly; and he could not bow
To what seemed tyranny, and so he sought
His wonted happiness, at least the bliss
Of mutual tears, and vows of tenderness,
Never to leave their loves, but always cling
To the fixed hope, that there should be a time,
When they could meet unfettered, and be blest
With the full happiness of certain love. PERCIVAL.

Wednesday, June 24th.

I FORGOT to mention last night that the services of the Doctor had been requested at the Nabob's mansion, or “Lee Hall,” as Joseph styles it. In other words, when Frank went to his office in the village yesterday morning, he found the following request upon the tablet. “Will Dr. Lenox call at Squire Lee's residence this forenoon, to afford medical advice and relief?” This was written by Joseph in a bold flourishing hand.

The Doctor called, and found Lucy was the patient. *Patient*, she certainly was in one sense of the word, though not much sick. Frank says, her trouble is beyond his reach. It is sorrow of heart. Lucy has from a child been intimate with sister, and is of course well acquainted with the Doctor. When he kindly enquired the symptoms of her complaint, she did not speak, but just placed her hand upon her heart with a sorrowful expression. He asked if there was nothing he could do for her relief. She shook her head

with such a woe begone look that he was deeply moved. He could do nothing but recommend nourishing food, and free exercise in the open air. He did not leave until she promised to fulfil her engagement to take tea with us on the morrow, when he wishes us, if possible, to cheer her spirits as the best means of restoring her health.

Thursday, June 25th.

Directly after breakfast I went with the Doctor to see Caroline, and spent a delightful hour in reading to her, and in conversation on religion. The Bible and subjects relating to it are her meat and drink.

Directly after my return, I wrote a note to Lucy Lee, begging her to come to us at an early hour; and in consequence of my invitation, she made her appearance about three o'clock. We were all moved by the expression of meek and patient endurance upon her lovely countenance.

I purposely left her alone with Emily, for I thought that she might talk more freely with her, and perhaps find relief from her sympathy and affection. I had just returned from the cottage with Pauline, where mother was occupied with Ruth in preparing for their return, when Emily requested me to go into her room, to which she had invited Lucy, that they might be free from interruption.

I found Emily in a state of great excitement, and poor Lucy with her handkerchief to her face silently weeping.

"I say," exclaimed Emily passionately, "it's a disgrace to the town, for such a system of persecution to go on, as has been, and is still pursued toward her," pointing to Lucy, who had not looked up, "and not have it inquired into and prevented." Emily had, for the time, forgotten her own trials, in her indignation at the greater ones of her friend.

I sat down by the weeping girl, putting my arm around her waist. She thanked me by a press of the hand, while Emily,

who sat in a rocking-chair opposite, (she was too excited to keep still a moment,) continued, "Only think, - Cora, of that rascally fellow Joseph." Poor Lucy looked imploringly.

"Excuse me, poor girl; but much as I love you, I have always detested your brother. He has nothing of the gentleman about him. But I never could have believed he would have acted so cruelly."

I had been waiting in vain to hear the occasion of this ebullition of feeling; and I interrupted my indignant sister, by saying, "You forget, Emily, that I know nothing of the circumstances."

She then gave me, in substance, the following narrative:

From a child, Lucy has been attached to Allen Mansfield. In fact, they can hardly remember the time when they did not love each other. While Mrs. Lee lived, all went on well; and although a very gentle, loving woman, she exerted a considerable influence over her husband, and persuaded him to consent to their early betrothal. Allen's father, Mr. Mansfield, is a merchant in this place, carrying on a prosperous business; and, at the time of their engagement, his son was considered, in point of wealth, a suitable match for Lucy. Allen was everything her mother desired; honorable, upright and virtuous, of generous heart, and noble principles. More than all, he and his beloved were united in the most enduring tie of Christian friendship, and had together made a public profession of religion.

Since that time, however, Squire Lee, by means of his horrible traffic in ardent spirits, has added house to house and farm to farm, until he has been easily persuaded by his son, that his only daughter ought to look higher in her choice of a husband. Not that brotherly affection was so strong in Joseph. Dislike to Allen was his ruling motive. They had been schoolmates; and though from love to the gentle sister, Allen had tried to show, at least, kindness to her brother, yet he could not always conceal his displeasure at Joseph's conduct. A slight or neglect this haughty young man never forgot. He only waited his time to make sure

his revenge. Since Allen's intimacy with the family, he had indeed treated him with outward politeness; yet he hated him on account of his strong, and oft expressed disapprobation of the course he was pursuing, and the character of his companions. In this way he had gradually worked his mind into such a state, that there was no calamity too great for him to visit upon Allen, had it been in his power.

Such was their relation, when it occurred to the poor drunken creature, (for no less was he a drunkard because his wines were imported from Europe at four dollars a bottle; and his Cogniac the best which could be obtained,) to revenge himself upon Allen by depriving him of Lucy. He neither thought, nor cared for the sorrow it would cause her loving heart. He went to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause. By speaking in a disparaging tone of him to his father, he gradually led him to view the young man as no longer suitable in rank or station to be allied to a daughter of their house.

Poor Lucy! At first she gently tried to defend her lover from inuendoes, and insinuations which her brother took care should be in such general terms, they could not be met and refuted. Every one is aware how much worse than an open accusation are implications like the following:—"If I were to tell what I know, Allen Mansfield would be hooted out of good society. He is called clever, but I would n't ensure his honor nor his virtue."

It was not strange that Squire Lee, who had long suffered himself to be guided; nay, almost governed by his son, and who was much enfeebled in mind by the free use of brandy, determined to break the match, nor that he one day, when he had drunk so much that he could hardly stand, almost broke her heart by commanding her to dismiss Allen, or he himself would do it.

The wretched girl had had many doubts and misgivings whereunto these things would grow, and had shed many bitter tears in secret; but as she had no idea of the extent of her

brother's malice, nor of the strength of his determination upon revenge, she had never conceived so dreadful a result.

For a week, she was obliged to keep her bed, being almost overwhelmed with sorrow. Dear girl ! the thought never entered her mind that it could be possible to resist so unjust a sentence. Allen, however, was of different temperament. Naturally gentle and kind, yet when his indignation was roused, he had the courage of a lion.

Having heard that Lucy was sick, he hastened to inquire for her. It so happened that he went to the house when Squire Lee was alone, and more than usually under the influence of reason. Though he forbid his visiting Lucy, or having anything more to say to her, as he expressed it, yet he did so in a less offensive manner than on the occasion of his interview with his daughter.

The consequence was that the young man did not feel called upon to obey him, but in a day or two called again, having waited in vain for an answer to several letters, he had written to Lucy. On this occasion, however, his visit was not so well timed. Joseph was with his father, who had not yet recovered from his heavy potations of wine and brandy at dinner, and who, therefore, was easily strengthened by his son in his cruel purpose.

A dreadful scene ensued. Allen, whose heart-interest was at stake, determined, for the sake of her whom he loved, to be respectful to her father. But he was not prepared to withstand the perfect torrent of wrath which burst upon him. When he entered and inquired for Lucy, Joseph sneeringly said, " My sister shall never marry a mean scoundrel like you."

Paying no attention to this, which, however, made his blood boil, he turned to the old gentleman, saying, " You surely cannot be in earnest in trying to separate your daughter and myself. Your deceased wife was my friend ; and she as well as yourself gave a ready consent to our union." In the midst of his wrath Squire Lee was a little softened by the tone and manner of the

young man, as well as by the mention of his wife, whom he had loved next to himself. He was about to speak more kindly, when Joseph, perceiving his intention, interrupted him.

“Lucy Lee will be an heiress; no wonder you are loath to give up her wealth.”

Allen turned deadly pale from suppressed emotion, but controlling his feelings, said, “Squire Lee, I ask again the hand of your daughter. I will gladly take her without one farthing of your hoarded wealth.”

Joseph whispered something in his father's ear, who replied, “all very fine, young man — *very fine* talk” (hiccough) “indeed; but you — can't have her. You see” (hiccough) “we've,” with a cunning look at Joseph, “other views for her.”

Allen could contain himself no longer, and in a terrible voice denounced both father and son as inhuman and brutal in their conduct. “The time will surely come,” he added, “when you will bitterly regret your cruelty toward her, and your abuse of me.”

Were these prophetic words?

Joseph, who was beside himself with rage, flew at Allen, and aimed a violent blow at his head, which the young man dexterously warded off.

Poor Lucy, who had been attracted by the noise below, sprang from her bed, and having thrown on a loose robe, rushed wildly into the room. All stood for one moment speechless with astonishment at her presence, and frightful pallor. She threw herself at her father's feet, begging him not to break her heart. She frantically invoked the spirit of her departed mother to intercede for her, but alas! to no effect. Squire Lee sat motionless while Joseph in a fury rang the bell, and said to the porter, “turn that rascal out of the house.”

Allen, seeing there was no hope for him or his dearly beloved Lucy, suddenly caught her in his arms, held her for one brief moment to his breast, bade her farewell, and left the house. There

was a sincerity in his grief, a dignity in his manner, which made even the hard hearts of both brother and father quail.

Here at Emily's request, Lucy continued the narrative. "I cannot remember what immediately followed; but when I recovered my consciousness, I was in my own room. Mrs. Burns the house-keeper, almost my only friend and confidant, stood bathing my hands and face. From that time I gave up all hope of happiness with Allen, though he has never ceased to write me the most tender letters, urging me not to despair, but to hope on, and hope ever."

"Love in the earnest mind is not a dream,
To fade in sorrow, or grow dim by age,
But a most true outpouring of the soul;
A pledge of faith, that looking from the past,
And through the present — sees beyond it all
Hope unaffected by earth's weary change."

"I have never written in reply, but have sent messages of unchangeable and undying love. I begged Mrs. Burns, through whom alone we could communicate, to tell my dear Allen, that though I could not marry him in defiance of my father's command; yet I would not marry another. He would never cease to be dearer to me than life."

The distressed girl wept so much, that Emily resumed. Weeks passed on, and Joseph encouraged by her passive obedience, began to think he could now bestow her hand to his own advantage.

Among the vile acquaintances which he had formed in a neighboring city, was Mr. William Arnold, a man about thirty years of age, of whose elegant dress and accomplishments Joseph was never tired of talking. He was often at the house, and Lucy from an instinctive feeling of dislike avoided him as much as possible. She was obliged to meet him at the table, and to treat him with civility as a guest. She says she has sometimes ques-

tioned herself as to the ground of her prejudice against him. He is tall, of an elegant figure, and very free, easy manners. He converses well, and has rendered himself a favorite with the old gentleman; but there is a look in his eye which she says cannot be trusted. Then the fact of his being so intimate with her brother is strongly against him.

But when Mr. Arnold began to exhibit a fondness for her society, and whispered soft nothings in her ear, she says "she absolutely loathed him."

"His passionate eye," exclaimed Lucy, starting from her seat in great excitement, "actually makes all my bones to shake. I would willingly have confined myself to my room; but this I was not allowed to do. My father," she added with a deep sigh, "no doubt instigated to such a course by my brother, commands me to appear, as he says whatever company he chooses to invite to the house is only too good for me. I pined and wept in secret, but was required to appear cheerful in the presence of my now avowed admirer."

With a look of horror, the wretched girl said "I had rather die than marry him." She acknowledged, however, that she dared not openly resist her brother's wishes. "When he has been drinking he is—" she checked herself, "very unlike a brother," and she shuddered with fear at the thought.

"I am willing to give up Allen, though he is so *very* dear to me; but why need they force me to marry this vile man." She said when the Doctor called she longed to ask his advice; but fear restrained her; and then she knew it could do no good. This was said almost in a tone of despair.

In her indignation, Emily was for sending a police officer to take father and son and lock them up in jail. I was silent from astonishment; I had known of cases in France where children were forced to marry against their will; but can it be so, thought I, in this free country? Why then this boast of liberty?

I am so much interested in this sweet girl that I have given

you a full account of her trials, embracing what was told me during this interview, and what I learned from mother and Frank after her departure. I gave the poor girl all my sympathy, while Emily was very free with her advice, some of which from Lucy's shake of the head, I foresaw it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her to follow. But we both urged her to be firm in refusing to give her hand to one whom she did not respect, and therefore could not love. In this advice we were joined by my husband and mother.

After she left, we sat late talking about Squire Lee. I gathered from what they said, that when the old gentleman first came to the village, he was a poor boy, and was employed as a clerk in a grocer's store. Being a shrewd, active lad, he had worked his way up to be a partner in the firm. Then he married his partner's daughter, at which time they increased their business, and built their distillery. This proved so much more profitable than their grocery, that they sold out their store and devoted themselves entirely to the manufacture of New England rum.

When his father-in-law died, the whole manufactory and trade fell into his hands ; and now he is possessed of great wealth. It was certainly known that many houses and farms had passed into his hands ; and that a large number of families had been reduced from independence and comfort to beggary through their connection with this ruinous business ; this soul-killing establishment.

Frank said his father had often remarked the deplorable effect this traffic had upon the mind and character of his neighbor. From being apparently a kind hearted man, he had gradually become hard, unfeeling and inhuman. Mammon and Bacchus were his gods. Personal ease and domestic tranquillity, neighbors and friends, family and home, his body and his soul, he had sacrificed to these divinities.

Friday, July 3d.

Great preparations are making for the celebration of the

Fourth of July, which is the anniversary of the national independence.

I really think Lucy's visit has been of service to Emily by taking her mind from herself. She gave me a sealed note to-day directed to Rev. Frederic Benson, which Frank has enclosed in a wrapper to Mr. Karswell.

Saturday, July 4th.

On many accounts this has been a trying day to me. I suppose I do not yet feel patriotic enough to bear the noise patiently. This morning we were awakened with the first streak of light, by the booming of cannons on a neighboring height. My poor little Pauline screamed and cried. When I took her from her crib into my bed, her teeth chattered from her affright. I tried to talk with her and soothe her; but in truth I had as much as I could do to calm myself. The continued roar made me tremble so much that I could easily sympathize with the frightened girl.

Doctor Frank expressed much sorrow for us, and would gladly have prevented it, if possible; but he said there was no help for it but patience. He comforted both Pauline and myself, by saying he would hurry through his morning calls, as he has no very sick patients, and take us all out into the country beyond the reach of the noise.

After an early dinner we started to rid ourselves of the noise of cannons and bells, which were to commence again their tumult at noon. We had a delightful ride and picnic in a grove. We carried cold chicken, ham and condiments in a basket, and spread them out on a cloth under the trees. Pauline forgot all her troubles, and amused us much by her gayety. She danced and tried to sing in her delight.

When she was tired, she went to Frank and turned her back for him to lift her up. He pretended not to know what she wanted, so as to have the pleasure of hearing her say, "please, papa, take Pauline." It is really amusing to watch them to-

gether. She goes quite as a matter of course to him when he sits in the library, and asks him to "take her," waiting patiently for half an hour, it may be, for him to finish reading his paper. Then she is sure of a frolic.

It often makes me laugh till the tears run down my cheeks, to see him dancing about the room, with Pauline perched upon his shoulder, holding tightly to his hair. It is fortunate for the young miss, it is curly, else her hold would not be quite so firm. I wonder what Madame Le Row or Mademoiselle Blanche would say to see Dr. Lenox, "the graceful, refined, but rather too serious Dr. Lenox," capering about the room in that style.

"He will not blush that hath a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part."

CHAPTER X.

“If a soul thou would'st redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;—
Would'st thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod,—
Go kindly to him, — take his hand
With gentlest words within thine own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till all the demons thou dethrone.” MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Monday, July 6th.

THIS afternoon, I rode out with Frank to visit an elegant residence, about three miles distant. The house stands on an elevation, and has a beautiful lawn in front, descending toward a small lake or pond; on the shore of which stands a neat but tasteful boat-house, with accommodations for boating or fishing.

I saw a young girl rowing herself in a light skiff. She appeared to me to be about to upset every minute; but Frank told me it was an Indian canoe, which, being very light, can be paddled about with great ease and safety.

On our return, a woman came to the door of her house and requested the Doctor to call at Jones's, where a child was sick, intimating that she wished to say something more, but did not like to do so in my presence. I immediately proposed to alight from the carriage and proceed to the house of the patient, which was but a few steps distant.

Both the outer and inner doors were open, and nothing could be more appalling than the sight presented to my view. The room itself was capable of being made comfortable, if proper

care had been bestowed upon it. But at present poverty and filth ruled without restraint.

The sick child lay upon a tottering bedstead, which was covered with pieces of carpet, torn quilts, or anything which could be procured from the floor or elsewhere. A part of an old rag-mat was fastened by two forks to the window at the side of the bed, to serve the double purpose of keeping out the wind and light, as there was hardly a whole pane of glass.

Chairs without backs, and a table under which a barrel had been pushed to serve in the place of a missing leg, made up the inventory of the furniture. On the floor, in the farther corner, lay the remnant of an old straw bed, and upon it was stretched in brutal unconsciousness of all around him the father of the family; the husband of the woman who was weeping over the sick child.

I announced myself as the wife of their physician, and was received by her in a way which led me to suppose she had seen better days. I felt of the little hand, lying over the side of the bed, and found it burning with fever. The sufferer lay with her eyes and mouth partly open, and her hair in a tangled mat about her face and neck.

"How long has she been in this stupor?" I asked, as the child took no notice of me.

"Since early in the morning."

"And have you given her no medicine?"

"Oh, yes! I have tried to force down a little spirit; but her teeth seemed set, so that she could not swallow."

I was never more rejoiced than to see Frank enter, as he did at this moment. He bid the woman get him a clean cloth, and some warm water. The latter she procured from a neighbor's kitchen, while a part of an old apron sufficed for the former.

The Doctor then proceeded to bathe the face, neck, and arms of the child. Afterwards he administered a cooling draught, which the poor, parched mouth eagerly swallowed. He forbade

Mrs. Jones to give her any spirit, and left, promising to bring powders for the night.

As we rode home, my heart was full of admiration of my husband, while shame, that disgust had rendered me useless, and pity for the suffering family, alternately occupied my mind. At length, sympathy prevailed, and I said, "Frank, I shall watch with that sick child to night."

"Not for the world!" he replied, quickly; and then continued, more calmly, "The child will do well enough; or rather, she will not be the one to require most attention. I wish she were away from there; but I hardly think," he added, after a pause, "it will do to remove her."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Did you not see the man lying in the corner? He is a poor drunken fellow; and, if I'm not mistaken, will require more care than the child. I shall engage Mr. Ferris, a kind neighbor, to watch with them."

Perceiving my interest, my husband gave me a short account of the family, which he had known from childhood. "When Esther Holmes was married, her father furnished everything necessary for comfortable housekeeping. She had received a good common education, had been a few terms to an academy, and every one thought her well and happily settled in life.

"Her husband, Thomas Jones, is the son of pious parents; a capable man at his trade, and fully equal to supporting his family in comfort. He earns, at times, a good deal of money; but it is all spent for rum. Never was slave more under the influence of a tyrannical master, than he is under the power of his incessant appetite for intoxicating drink.

"In his Bacchanalian revels and fits of fury, he has broken and destroyed the furniture until now scarcely a piece remains. Sometimes, after an attack of delirium tremens, he endeavors to reform, and works steadily for two or three months. But then he is again overcome, and drinks worse than ever. His wife has

gradually lost all hope, and seems to give up and let everything go. I fear she does not try to make home comfortable and pleasant to him, when he is himself. Everything is filthy in the extreme. It is only as a matter of stern duty that I can sit down in the house.

“For a day or two Jones has been sick, but he drinks all the time, he is awake; and I fear he will be wild to-night. It makes me sick at heart to think of him. He has some noble traits; but rum, rum, has changed him from a kind husband and a tender father into a creature worse than a brute.

Tuesday, July 7th.

About midnight a messenger came for the Doctor to hasten to Jones. The watchers could do nothing with him. He raved and swore that devils were at the foot of the bed, waiting to catch his soul, and carry it to hell. Frank went at once and did not return until near daylight. At breakfast, he relieved my anxiety for the sick child, by saying, she had been removed to a room in the other part of the house, and was now much better. But Thomas, he said, had passed a dreadful night. He had seemed to suffer the torments of the lost. He enumerated his sins from his childhood, disobedience to his parents, Sabbath breaking, profanity, intemperance, and almost every form of iniquity. These came up to his remembrance with the distinctness of the judgment. Then he told how he had turned from the Saviour, refused His offers of mercy, quenched the Spirit's influence, ruined his own soul, and the souls of his wife and children, *all, ALL for RUM!!*

This he screamed out; and when those around tried to soothe him, he said that he would scream so loud that every drunkard in town could hear. “If ten thousand devils pursue me,” shrieked the insane man, “I will warn all to beware of RUM!!”

His attendants listened in wonder, and even Frank was astonished, as he had never heard him talk in this way before. Nor could he understand it until this morning, when Mrs. Jones told

him that they had been to hear the new minister preach ; and it appears their consciences had been aroused by his faithful presentation of truth.

Afternoon.

As Frank would not consent to my visiting little Susan, I contented myself with making her some nice porridge which Ann carried to her. My husband came in soon after, and told me two men could not hold Thomas in bed ; and they had been obliged to confine his arms. He knows no one but his physician ; and this afternoon appealed to him in a hoarse whisper, "take them off," pointing to the men who stood at the side of the bed. "Oh, hide me ! *Hide me!* they tear my soul !

The Doctor motioned them out of sight, and tried to soothe him. "Thomas," said he in a calm voice, "do you remember when you and I went to the Sabbath school ? "

"Yes, oh *yes!*" gasped the poor fellow.

"Where did Mr. Goodrich tell us to flee for safety ? " Thomas looked up eagerly, but made no reply.

"He told us to go to Christ. He would save us from all our enemies."

"If he would but take me ; but oh, he wont ; *he wont!* I've been too wicked ever to expect that," and hiding his head under the clothes, he cried aloud. Frank succeeded in persuading him to take some medicine, which the attendants could not do, because he thought they meant to poison him. He was calmer before Frank left.

Thursday, July 9th.

Last evening, my dear husband hurried through his calls, and took Mr. Munroe with him to see poor Thomas. He found him so exhausted by the violence of his fits, that, unless soon relieved, he cannot live long. The agony of his mind makes him much worse

than ever before. When they went in, he had fallen asleep, and they sat down quietly to wait until he awoke. Frank says, as he sat by the bed and looked at the miserable man, so haggard and ghastly, he prayed that God would have mercy upon his soul, even at the eleventh hour.

When Jones awoke, he stared around him a moment, as if trying to remember where he was, while the Doctor quietly liberated his right hand, with which he immediately covered his face. After he had taken some gruel, he sighed, but would not speak.

Frank told him Mr. Munroe had come in as a friend to see him. He suddenly pulled away the clothes, and said, "No, he'll mock me! He knows how wicked I am! The last time I went to meeting he told over all my sins. He knows I can't be saved, and he'll only mock me." Here the poor creature burst into loud crying.

Mr. Munroe moved nearer, and took Thomas's hand in his; "My poor friend," said he, in a very gentle voice, "It would ill become me, a sinful creature as well as yourself, to make a mock at one for whom Christ died. I have come to remind you of his love, of his desire for your salvation. He has knocked at the door of your heart again, and again, and you have turned away from his pleading voice. Will you?—dare you turn from him now? When the Holy Spirit is striving with you, will you resist his gracious influence?"

He was interrupted by loud sobs, and Mrs. Jones, whom they had not perceived, hastened from the room, holding her apron to her face. Thomas had not noticed the interruption, but was looking so intently at Mr. Munroe that the Doctor almost feared the excitement, and placed his fingers on the brawny wrist.

But our good pastor perceived the workings of the spirit, and hoped and prayed that peace and joy might take the place of the dark despair which was killing body and soul.

No one spoke, but still Thomas gazed. His whole mind was

filled with wonder. At length, he gasped, rather than spoke, "I will, *I will* receive Him as my Saviour, but oh, it is too late!"

The last words were spoken in such a tone of utter wretchedness and despair, that his hearers could not refrain from tears.

"Thomas," asked Mr. Munroe, "Do you remember the thief on the cross? Up to the moment of his conversion he had probably reviled his Lord. Take care then that you do not limit the power of the Almighty, whose voice of mercy saith 'He will save to the uttermost all that come unto Him.' He also adds for your encouragement, 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

The poor man looked from one to the other, as if exhausted by the dreadful conflict within him, and said in a broken voice, "you will not deceive me with hope, when God has left me to despair."

Frank said, "While there is life, there is mercy if you will believe;" and not wishing to prolong the interview, they knelt in prayer. The poor wife came in and threw herself down at the foot of the bed. Mr. Munroe in a fervent manner commended them to God.

He prayed that from eternity they might look back upon this hour as the most blessed of their lives, as the hour when they had chosen Jesus for their Saviour, and heaven for their everlasting home. Before he arose from his knees, the poor humble penitent said, in a voice choking with tears, "Lord, I believe. Have mercy upon my guilty soul!" Mrs. Jones sobbed aloud.

From earth to heaven the tidings flew,
Two guilty souls are born anew.

Friday, July 10th.

This morning Doctor Frank has been to see Thomas. I waited with no little impatience for his return. He found his patient decidedly better, though very weak. He had but one fit during the night, and that much less severe in its character. He had a touching expression of humility which made him look like a different man. He has most clear views of the sinfulness of his

own heart, and of the abounding grace of God in providing a Redeemer for one so vile.

Frank was much pleased with one expression he used; "I dare not hope that God has accepted me; but I feel willing to be in his hands. He knows what is best for me. I feel safe to trust him, and think when he sees how strong my desire is to do right, he will help me."

Oh, that Thomas may be able to withstand temptation, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. I hope Christians will encourage him and pray for him. I was grieved this morning to hear a professing Christian speak distrustfully of the change in poor Thomas, and say, "persons in delirium tremens, are often very pious, but when they recover, their goodness vanishes like the morning cloud, and early dew."

Surely it is infinite condescension in God to visit the abode of drunkenness and filth with the rich blessings of salvation; but who can doubt his ability, and willingness to do it?

Monday, July 13th.

I have not been quite well for a day or two, and have only received permission to write a few lines. Frank blames himself for allowing me to do so much; but I have really done nothing which could injure my health. The weather was very warm yesterday. I lay upon the bed the greater part of the day. Frank insisted upon staying from church to nurse me in the afternoon. He was obliged to visit his patients in the morning. It is quite sickly now in the town, especially among children. May God preserve our dear little Pauline!

After her return from church in the afternoon, madam Phebe came to my room to make inquiries about my health.

"Well, Phebe," I asked, "Did you enjoy the sermon?"

"Oh, yes, missus, ole Phebe hab blessed time. Mass'r Munroe quite undo hisself dis yer day."

"*Out do* you mean," said I laughingly.

"Laws missus! dere aint no kinder difference. He go long farder in the broad road dan I eber heard him afore. I 'spects, I'se can stand de meanin if I'se don't use de right words."

"What was the text?"

"Dere now, I'se can't jist tink ob de text all in a minit. It has popped right off all in a suddent, but 'twas a blessed un, all bout God."

"Well, Phebe, if you can't remember the text, you can tell me about the sermon,—it pleased you so much."

"Oh, yes, missus, pleased me berry much, powerful good discoors dat ar. Wall now, how kinder curis dis yer chile, can't jist tink ob nothing, only jist when don't want ter. Now I declar," said the perplexed woman, putting her hand to her head, "when I'se getting de supper de hull discoors 'ull come pouring into my ole brain, when I can't no way stop to 'tend to it."

"Can't you tell me the subject?" I asked, trying to repress my mirth.

"Oh, laws, yes, missus, 'twas all bout piousness, and serousness, dat's de idee. I'se glad," she added complacently, "I'se got some o' my senses left, 'twas a blessed discoors dat ar."

Tuesday, July 16th.

Dear Mother, I am up and dressed for the first time since Monday. I feel a general prostration of the system. My husband ascribes it to over excitement. Nothing could surpass the kindness of every one in the house. I fear Frank will make himself sick from anxiety. He returns home once or twice in the forenoon, runs to my chamber for a few minutes, and then off again to another part of the town. Phebe does wonders in her line, trying to make something "Missus will relish a bit." She complains that I do not eat enough to keep a canary bird alive, and indeed I have not much appetite. Frank would not allow me to arise until after dinner, when Ann came in with a dish, which would be very tempting to a person in health. I readily

recognized the kind hand which selected it for me. The breast of a fat pigeon, with a nice slice of crisp toast, and an excellent cup of tea. I almost relished it.

While I sat in bed bolstered by pillows with the waiter before me, madam Phebe came from the kitchen to pay me a visit. She wished to see with her own eyes why I did not eat.

CHAPTER XI.

Low at his feet his daughter lies;
Dear father, let me stay!
But no, the cruel wretch replies,
Away, begone, away!

His heart was crusted o'er with years
Of guilt, and shame, and sin;
But still his wretched daughter cries
Oh! father, turn again!

I'll give up all I've dearly loved,
On thee my cares bestow;
With scorn the gray-haired sire thus proved
His hate. Go, daughter, go!

Friday, July 17th.

I FEEL a little stronger to-day. My husband came in yesterday while I was writing, and put his lordly veto upon my penning another word. I asked him if he had heard anything more from Lucy, or had received an answer from Mr. Benson.

He shook his head and said, "your first business is to get well." I think Emily is disappointed in not hearing from him; and she must be surprised that he does not write, as she supposes him to be only three miles distant. She asked me in a whisper yesterday if I had sent her letter. I told her, I sent it at once, and asked, "Has he replied?"

She shook her head.

“He may be away, and not have received it,” I suggested. “I think,” I added with hesitation, “I remember to have heard he was going a journey.” She brightened at once, and I turned away from fear lest she should ask more. I am glad to have escaped her scrutiny.

Friday, July 24th.

It is a week since I wrote you, dear mother. How I have longed to have you with me! I shall soon begin to expect another packet of letters. I desire to tell you about poor Emily; but my hand trembles so much, I don't know that I ought to enter upon it.

On Monday last I felt stronger than I had done for a week or two. Frank lifted me in his arms, and carried me down stairs for a short drive. The air was delightful, and I returned much refreshed, and invigorated. I wanted to walk up stairs, for fear Frank would injure himself carrying me. Cæsar stepped eagerly forward; but the Doctor only laughed, and said, “No, Cæsar, I claim this privilege, I can carry her as easily as I could carry a child.”

I felt quite an appetite for my dinner, and was resting in my easy chair after it, when Emily came up to my room and walked toward me in such a calm, unnatural manner, I looked at her in alarm.

She seemed to be changed into marble, so colorless and rigid were her features. She silently put an envelop in my hand. I did not recognize the writing, but opened it, and took out a note, which, though written almost illegibly, either from emotion or haste, I saw was from Mr. Benson. It contained but few words, which were exactly these:—

“~~Miss Lenox,~~

“Beloved Emily,—

“I have this minute received your note, which has completely unmanned me.

“I am already on my way to Europe, where I shall probably

stay several years; and where, until the last few minutes, I had hoped to spend the remainder of my life. It is only by the kindness of Captain B—— I am permitted to detain the pilot, while I write these few words.

“We are already out of the channel. May God bless and forgive us both! Dearest, *farewell!*”

“FREDERIC BENSON.”

Saturday, July 25th.

I must finish telling you about my dear sister. Frank told mother as he came into my room, he should have thought that I was the one who had received sad tidings; for I sat holding Emily's hand tightly in mine, while the tears were streaming down my cheeks. Emily was calm and unmoved. I don't know how she feels; but she appears to be petrified. This appearance made such an impression upon me, that I had a dreadful dream after it. I sprang out of bed with a horrible shriek, thinking my distressed sister was insane, and I was trying to save her from some impending danger.

The next morning Frank looked very grave, and I heard his voice in the next room conversing with mother. The result of which conversation is, that she and Emily have gone for a few weeks to a town about a hundred miles distant, to visit some relatives.

In all the arrangements, sister was entirely passive, exhibiting neither unwillingness, nor interest. I hardly thought she could have left me so coldly. Not a muscle in her face moved as she kissed her farewell. Her hand remained passive in mine, and was cold and clammy. I know her brother is very anxious about her; and I expressed my fear that he had sent her away on my account.

“The journey will do her good,” he replied.

Monday, July 27th.

Pauline is taking nice care of me, while Ann is busy about

her morning work. The dear little thing is so proud to do anything for mamma. Sometimes she tries to help too much. After Ann curled her hair this morning, she accidentally left the brush on the dressing table. Pauline soon espied it, and stepping softly across the room made herself look like a fright. Her hair needs to be wet before it can be combed, and now being brushed when dry, it stood out like a broom all over her head. I told Ann not to laugh so much, lest the child should be encouraged to do it again, and should give us great trouble.

I asked Frank this morning, if he thought Lucy would come and sit with me. I feel rather lonely without mother or Emily, as I can neither read nor write but a few minutes at a time. He answered, "No!" decidedly.

"I want to see somebody," I said.

"How should you enjoy a visit from Aunt Susy?"

I almost jumped from my chair. This made him decide at once that she would not do. He said "You must rest, mind and body, in order to get well."

Tuesday, July 28th.

Yesterday afternoon I had arisen from my bed after a refreshing nap, and was seated in my easy chair by the window, when Frank came up stairs talking with some one whose voice I did not recognize, until she said, "I had hoped ere this to see thee at our house. Thee must come before Elizabeth goes;" and Friend Estes kindly advanced toward me, "I am truly sorry to see thee ill, my dear."

I tried to rise, and take her bonnet; but Frank said, she was his company, and he would do the honors. He took the friendly "poke," and carried it to the bed, where he spread a napkin carefully over it.

I looked in surprise; but the good lady smiled as she said, "Thy husband is well acquainted with friendly ways."

"I am sorry to leave such good company," he said, "but I have

work enough for the afternoon." He was just leaving the room, when she detained him a moment, to ask whether Thomas Jones had recovered, and whether his family were in need of assistance. Frank replied that Thomas would soon be able to go to his work ; until then, they were supported by charity.

There is something composing and soothing in the very voice and manner of the Friends. Certainly this is true with regard to my dear Friend Estes.

"Does thee like to have thy hair smoothed, my daughter? because I should love to do it for thee."

I said, I should like it very much, if she would let me sit before her, as I used to sit before my dear mother. She brought me a cricket, and I sat down and laid my head in her lap, where, for nearly an hour she passed her smooth hand lovingly across my forehead and hair. At the same time she discoursed so sweetly, that the afternoon passed too quickly away. If her conversation had not been so interesting, I should certainly have been lulled to sleep.

She told me of her daughter Elizabeth, who is soon to be married to a worthy young man every way approved by her parents, and the meeting.

"Is she to marry a Quaker?" I asked.

"Yes. He is now of our persuasion ; but he was not educated so. He became a Friend by 'convincement.' The wedding is to take place in P——." And she invited us to be present, kindly offering me a seat in her carriage, if Frank could not spare the time to accompany me.

Before she went, she said something which sent the blood to my cheeks, but which makes me so happy I must tell you about it. I was sitting with my head in her lap, looking up into her kind face, when she remarked, "Thee has a kind, loving husband."

"O yes! I cannot think of one thing in which I should wish him to be different." She smiled a moment, and then said, "I

am pleased thou art so well suited. Would thee like to hear what he said of thee?"

"O, please tell me!" I said, before I thought, and then my cheeks burned. I hid my face and added, "If you think it would be proper, and he would like it."

She laughed merrily at my embarrassment, as she said: "I presume, dear, he has told thee the same, many times. He said, 'If I had searched the world through, I could n't have found one so exactly suited to my idea of a true wife.' He concluded, being quite warmed with his subject, 'She is a perfect little darling, and I thank God for her every day of my life.'"

O, mother, you can't tell how happy she made me. I could n't lift up my head for a long time, for fear she would see the blissful tears. She kissed me tenderly, and when she left, my mind was fully determined on one point,—if I ever am sick and need a nurse, I shall desire of all others a Friend, if I can get one anything like her.

I know, dear mother, you will be glad that your Cora has not so far, disappointed the expectations of her husband.

Friday, July 31st.

Miss Proctor is here, spending a few days with me. I enjoy her society exceedingly. As we sat together in my room, I did not like to spend the time in writing. This afternoon Cæsar has driven her in the carriage to Lee Hall, and Pauline accompanied them.

I sent Lucy a magnificent bouquet, which Cæsar made me for the occasion, with a little note expressing my affection and sympathy.

I had a call from Mrs. Jones this morning. Frank sent her here to see Miss Proctor, who is making some clothes for the children.

She appears truly humble and devout. Thomas has not tasted a drop of spirit since he recovered, and is now beginning to work.

She took Miss Proctor's advice very kindly with regard to neatness and economy; that her husband might feel that he had a respectable and decent home. She said, "I have now more heart about him than I have had for many years, because he distrusts himself and looks above for help and strength."

Monday, August 3d.

Lucy Lee sent by Miss Proctor a note requesting me, if able, to call upon her in the course of a few days; and if unable, begging me to ask the Doctor to call. He went early this afternoon, when she showed him a letter, she had received from Allen, and asked him what she should do.

The letter stated that Allen, feeling a strong desire to know the character of the man, rumor had affianced to his Lucy, had placed himself in the way of one of Joseph's associates, an old school-mate, who had told him some astonishing facts. These, Frank only related to me in brief, and, indeed, would have wholly kept from me if possible.

When Mr. Arnold was first introduced to Lucy, it had not occurred to her brother to force him upon her acquaintance. But when that gentleman told him of his love for his beautiful sister, and solicited his cooperation and influence in winning her hand, he had willingly consented, out of hatred to Allen. While, however, Arnold's passion increased, her aversion became every day more evident, until, in a fit of exasperation, he had made a contract with her brother, that on the day she became his wife, he, as her husband, would make over to him one half of his property. This contract Allen's informant was called upon to witness.

The reason of Joseph's cruel determination to force Lucy to a marriage with his friend was now evident. Allen begged her to be firm in refusing to be sold in so vile a manner.

The Doctor requested to see Joseph, being determined to appeal to his affection as a brother, and his honor as a gentleman, if, indeed, he had any such feelings. But he was informed that

he had gone with Mr. Arnold to the city. Frank then advised her to embrace this favorable opportunity to impart to her father her decided refusal to marry Mr. Arnold. With this advice poor Lucy, with a shudder, promised to comply. She is too fearful.

Tuesday, August 4th.

I long to hear from Lee Hall. If I do not in a day or two, I will try to persuade Frank to allow me to call there.

To-day we received wedding cards from Dr. and Mrs. Clapp. I shall take an early opportunity to visit them. We also received a letter from mother, and can you believe it? Frank almost refused to let me read it. I felt so hurt, I could only say, "Dear husband, would you like me to conceal anything from you?"

Without another word, he read it aloud. Emily remains exactly as she was when they left; neither better nor worse; she talks, walks, and acts like an automaton.

Mother fears insanity. She says this state cannot last much longer,— a reaction must take place. She closed with the kindest messages to me, and particular inquiries about my health.

"Frank," I said, when he had finished, "will you please to do me a great favor?"

"Certainly, my love, I shall be most happy to do so."

"Well then, please write to mother at once, and ask her to bring Emily home. I know she longs to do so; and I am almost well now." He hesitated what to reply. "You have promised," I said.

"Well, be it so," he answered, "but I am convinced that it is not safe for a man to promise so blindly."

"*Blindly!*— a wife! oh, Frank! I would promise to do any thing in the world, you might ask. I have such entire confidence in you, I *know* you would not ask me to do wrong."

He looked very, *very* much pleased and drew me to his side. "Dear Cora, you have unconsciously given me the strongest proof of entire love; but I do not deserve it, though I shall

endeavor not to forfeit so precious a token of your affection. This is the feeling, sweet wife, we should cultivate toward our heavenly Father. He knows what is best for us; and it is safe for us to confide in him. He sometimes leads us through dangerous paths. Let us trust Him, though clouds gather and break over our heads."

Thursday, August 6th.

We were aroused from sleep last night by a thundering knock at the door. Frank threw up the window, when a man called out, "Doctor, won't you come as quick as you can to Squire Lee's. He's had a fit, and they think he is dying." Frank dressed and was gone in a moment. I could not sleep, but lay revolving in my mind Lucy's situation. I thought how I should love to offer her a home, where Allen Mansfield could come to see her. I went through all the marriage ceremony, thinking what a lovely bride Lucy would make when the heavy cloud had passed away, and her heart was free from sorrow or care.

Frank did not return until after I was seated at the breakfast-table. He looked very serious and only shook his head in answer to the question, whether the old gentleman was better. "He will probably never be better." I was shocked. "And Lucy?" I inquired.

"She has passed from one fainting to another."

"Horrible! But how is she now?" I really shuddered at the thought that she might not be living.

"She is conscious, but very much exhausted." After prayers he took my hand as he sat by me on the sofa. "Cora," he asked, "can you control your feelings?"

I quickly answered that I could, and would.

"Squire Lee received a letter from his son which so enraged him against his poor innocent daughter, that he sent for a lawyer to his office and disinherited her unless she would consent to marry Arnold, and that too without delay. With this legal document in

his hand he summoned her into his presence, where with horrible oaths, he told her what he had done.

“She begged him to allow her to take care of him in his old age. She would promise never to see her dear Allen; but she could not consent to marry Arnold. She had rather die. She threw herself at his feet, when he cursed her and spurned her from him with scorn. A heavy fall caused Mrs. Burns to rush into the room. She had followed her dear young mistress to the door and had heard all that passed.

“The sweet girl was insensible. The kind woman rang for Jacob the porter; and they lifted her gently, and carried her to her bed. Her father soon after was seen going to his room.

“About eleven o'clock, one of the servants was passing through the apartment next that which he occupied, when she was startled by loud snoring. She stopped to listen, when finding it continue, she hastily called the housekeeper, and together they entered the room. The Squire lay in what seemed to them a heavy slumber; but they could not arouse him. The sound was like the snorting of a brute, more than like the breathing of a human being.

“By this time they were thoroughly frightened, and sent in haste for the Doctor.”

Immediately after he had told me this, he returned to the wretched house, *wretched* in the midst of luxury and splendor! I waited in vain for him to return to dinner, but received a note toward night, telling me not to be alarmed, if he did not return until morning. Lucy was rather better, but would not consent to his leaving the house, while her father lived. He would probably not survive many hours.

Dr. Clapp called in the evening, and told me he had received a hasty note from the Doctor, requesting him to take the care of his other patients, with a list of those upon whom it would be necessary to call.

Friday, August 7th.

Contrary to the Doctor's expectations, Squire Lee is still liv-

ing; and there is slight hope that he may be better. Frank pursued the most vigorous course of treatment; applying cups to the temples, and blisters to the back of the neck. He left him in a natural sleep.

Lucy has been carried to the room where she sits near the bed. She wishes to be near him when he recovers his consciousness, hoping before his death that he may revoke his dreadful curse.

Tuesday, August 11th.

Mother and Emily returned last Saturday, and as mother feared, a terrible reaction has taken place. Sister is now as excitable as she was impassive. She laughs so merrily that the sound rings through the house. Then with as little reason, she weeps violently. I led Pauline to the cottage to try and amuse the poor girl; but the little creature was afraid of her aunt, and clung convulsively to me, if Emily tried to force her from my arms. There is a dreadful wildness in her eye, which alarms me.

Squire Lee is so much better, Frank is of opinion that, if he has no relapse, he will soon be able to leave his bed. Lucy is with him constantly; indeed he cannot bear her out of his sight a moment. Sometimes he mistakes her for her mother, and calls her "*wife*," and "*Mary!*"

The Doctor has insisted that he shall have watchers, so that she may have regular sleep; and that she shall take exercise in the open air, at least an hour every day. Joseph returned Saturday, but as the Doctor would not allow him to go into the sick-room, telling him he would not be responsible for the consequences, the young man left again for the city early Monday morning.

Frank also told him, Lucy had informed her father of her determination not to marry Arnold. Joseph swore dreadfully, that she would be the death of her father yet. All his object now was

to see if "the old fellow," as he called him, had acted upon his suggestion.

Mrs. Burns had picked up the paper which lay upon the floor, after the dreadful interview between father and daughter, and having glanced at its contents, and seen that he had indeed left every cent of his property to Joseph, was strongly tempted to destroy it; but knowing she had no right to do this, she carefully locked it in a private desk where she had sometimes seen her master put his papers, and kept the key. She told Frank of the fact, who strengthened her in the resolution to restore it to no one but her master.

After Joseph's departure on Monday, however, it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that he had taken the desk with him.

CHAPTER XII.

. "No, I'll not weep ;
I have full cause for weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep ;— O fool, I shall go mad ! "

SHAKSPEARE.

Thursday, August 13th.

DEAR MOTHER,— Yesterday was a fearfully exciting day. About noon mother Lenox came over from the cottage to go back with Emily.

I asked where sister had gone. She looked at me with fright and wonder. "Emily," she exclaimed, "started for the house early this morning, purposely, as she said, to see her brother before he went out upon his calls."

"She has not been here to my knowledge," I replied. We instantly went to the kitchen to ascertain whether Phebe or Cæsar had seen her. Cæsar was absent ; but neither Ann nor Phebe had seen anything of their young mistress. We were now really alarmed, and waited with impatience for Frank's return, while the women searched the house and grounds.

Cæsar was soon heard coming up the hill with the wagon, when his wife ran to meet him. He stopped the horse to hear what she was in such a hurry to say, but mother beckoned for him to come to the door. He said "I'se heb seen missus 'bout seven or it might be nigh upon eight. She be all dressed out for

de walk, and was g'wine down de hill. I'se stopped de wagon, and axed missus if I'se go back and take de carriage and carry her where she was g'wine. But missus say no, she only g'wine on a piece for ole missus. She 'peared in mighty hurry," ended the old man.

Mother went back to the library, sat down in a chair, and covered her face with her hands. "I will send Cæsar to find his master," said I, earnestly.

Phebe, however, had anticipated me, for when I heard Cæsar, as I thought, drive to the barn, he had only turned back and gone to the office in the village. In a very few moments, we heard Frank's welcome voice. I sprang to meet him and led him to our distressed mother.

"Emily is gone!" she repeated after me; but oh! I cannot describe the mournfulness of the tone.

"Dear mother, don't be alarmed," he said, in a cheerful voice, "I will soon find the runaway and bring her back." I looked earnestly at him to see if he really were so hopeful, but could detect nothing to make me think otherwise, except that he was very pale about the mouth. He then ascertained from Cæsar the direction she had taken, and rode hastily away.

In about two hours, which had seemed equal to a whole day, I received the following hasty note by a messenger:—

"DEAR CORA,

"I regret to say that I have so far been unsuccessful in my search. Let Cæsar procure men and horses from the village, and start off in every direction. I am on my way to Waverley, where I have slight encouragement to hope I may find her. A young woman was seen hastily running in that direction, and was observed to look frequently behind her, as if apprehending pursuit.

"May God in mercy grant this to be our dear distracted sister. Pray for us; but this I know you will do. I am stopping for ten

minutes to rest and water my horse. Sweet wife, take care of yourself and our dear mother.

“YOUR FRANK.”

I instantly rang for Cæsar, and gave him his master's orders, directing him to send in every other direction except that taken by the Doctor, and make inquiries at every house. Mother was so distressed, I felt that I must not give way to my feelings. So I walked the room holding Pauline tightly in my arms, or leading her by my side.

Not a tear did mother shed. She knelt by the sofa, with her face buried in her hands, for half an hour at a time. At the least noise, she would start up and look eagerly for a moment, and then relapse into her former state.

I tried to pray, but could not command my thoughts; I could only lift up my heart, as I walked the room. “O God! restore unto us our dear, lost one!”

I cannot describe to you the intense grief of mother, as hour after hour passed away, and we still heard nothing from the fugitive. By this time, the whole village was aroused, and messengers were continually coming to the house to report their want of success, or to make inquiries whether the poor girl had been found.

From the remark of one of them that they had been “*dragging the pond,*” I for the first time realized what must be the agony felt by my dear, distracted mother, who with a low wail put her hand suddenly to her heart. I sprang to her side, and clasping my arms around her neck, wept bitterly. That dreadful thought had never before entered my mind. But it was what had distracted her.

Alas! what torment in that fear! I trembled at every sound. Dear, kind Miss Proctor, who instantly came to us in our sorrow, begged us to go up stairs, where we could be more retired. She promised to come to us with the first intelligence.

Ann came to put Pauline to bed, and brought tea on a waiter; but I shook my head, I could not swallow. Mother seemed not to see or hear her.

It must have been nearly nine in the evening, when I heard a faint sound in the distance. I listened eagerly, and then again I heard a shout. This time it aroused mother, who looked at me with dreadful apprehension and horror of the cause.

“Hark!” said I, as the sound was again borne on the breeze, “what do they say?” and now, as they approached nearer and nearer, we distinctly heard the words, “*She’s found!* SHE’S FOUND!!”

We stopped but for one convulsive embrace, and then started quickly to go below; but the sudden relief was too great for mother’s overborne heart; and she fell prostrate upon the floor. Miss Proctor, with Ann’s assistance, raised her, and soon restored her to consciousness, having motioned me to go below.

The carriage stopped at the door. A boy was sitting on a cricket driving, while Frank held his unconscious sister in his arms. With Cæsar’s assistance he carried her to her bed, from which I fear the poor girl will not soon rise. She was very wild all night, during which her devoted brother never left her. This morning he pronounces her suffering from the worst form of brain fever. God only knows the result.

Dear mother shared my room with me, and in compliance with Frank’s earnestly expressed wishes, forced herself to remain in bed. But I hardly think she closed her eyes. This morning he has procured an excellent nurse, and will himself remain most of the time with her.

He will not allow me to be in the room, and says he has no desire to multiply such patients. He confessed to me this morning that for many hours yesterday he feared a more dreadful result; and added, “God only knows what I suffered in the thought that she had rushed into eternity unprepared.”

I will go now and see if I can prevail upon mother to eat

something and lie down. "For Emily's sake," is the only successful plea.

Wednesday, August 19th.

This is truly a sad house. Scarcely a sound is to be heard in it from morning to night. The door bells are muffled, and the outer gates are barred; no carriage enters the enclosure, and even neighbors and friends, who come to inquire, tread lightly as they pass round to the back door. We meet and pass each other in the halls, or sit at table one at a time, often in the vain attempt to eat; but we dare not trust ourselves to speak, our hearts are too full. Each of us pour out in secret the overflowings of a burdened heart. We cannot even meet around the family altar. God, who reads our thoughts, knows our only hope is in his rich mercy, and that, from morning till night, our desires go forth to Him in whose hand life and death are.

For several days our darling, precious sister has lain at the point of death; and we have no well-grounded hope of her preparation to meet her God. Oh, dreadful thought! It is this which makes our hearts sink within us. Surely, "the sting of death is sin." If we could feel that Emily, *dear Emily*, was prepared to die, I think I could say, "it is well;" but my heart cries out with Esther, "How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred!" O, may God, in infinite compassion, restore our darling to reason, ere she goes hence to be here no more! She has lain for two days unconscious of all around her. I dare not ask Frank whether there is hope. There is none in his pale, mournful face.

Friday, August 21st.

Dearest mother, rejoice with us! We are permitted to hope. My own dear Frank, who had not left the sick room for many weary hours, came noiselessly out of it this morning; advanced toward mother and myself who sat silently hand in hand, awaiting the long feared, and long expected summons.

“Can you command your feelings?” he asked in a hoarse whisper. We bowed our assent. He led us to the bed-side of the pale sufferer, where, with emotions of joy and gratitude which I cannot describe, we saw her, ghastly and pale indeed, but in a calm and natural slumber.

With a finger on his lip, Frank pointed to the sweet expression of the mouth, and the calm serenity of the brow, which had taken the place of the previous signs of intense suffering. Leaving the sympathizing nurse with her, we stole softly from the room. I wanted to get into the air. My heart was swelling within me, and the tears, which I had forced back, were choking me. Frank accompanied us to the library, where we knelt together to express our gratitude and praise.

How easy now to feel submissive to the will of God! When we arose, mother clasped her son's hands in hers, and burst into a flood of tears; the first she has shed. I know they will relieve her poor bursting heart. I feel that if Emily is restored to health and reason, I can never again be unhappy. I love every body. I want to sing — I want to scream for joy! I must have my sweet Pauline home, and relieve myself by embracing her. She has been with Miss Proctor every day for a week, only returning at night.

Saturday, August 22d.

Emily recognizes us. We have been in one at a time. She looked at us sweetly, and smiled. “O, Emily!” I even carried Pauline to her room, who just pointed her little finger at aunty, but did not speak.

The Doctor allows not a word of conversation. Now mother has been in, she will not leave, though Frank tells her the nurse can do much better. Her pale, anxious countenance will do his patient no good.

Monday, August 24th.

Still encouraging prospects! For the first time since Emily's

sickness, Frank passed an undisturbed and quiet night. Strange as it may appear, my mind has been so occupied with sister's immediate danger, I have never thought to inquire of her brother where he found her. It now appears that the young woman, he mentioned in his hurried note to me, was in reality the insane wanderer. But he lost all trace of her after dark, and was about to return home in despair of success in that quarter, when he overheard two women talking earnestly at the door of a house. His attention was arrested by hearing one of them say, "She is every inch a lady." The reply was in a lower tone.

"Well, I can't tell as to that," added the first speaker; "Here she is, away from all her folks, and what is to be done with her?"

Frank says, his heart sprang into his mouth as he rode up to them, and asked if they had seen or heard anything of a lady who had escaped from her friends in a sudden fit of insanity.

"She is here! she is here!!" they both exclaimed.

Frank speedily made arrangements for a driver, and for shawls to wrap around the poor girl, who was alternately shivering with cold or consumed with heat.

Tuesday Morning, September 1st.

The nurse left us this morning. She was summoned to a family where she had been previously engaged, and we could not detain her. Mother, Miss Proctor, and I take her place. We succeed admirably. Each of us take our turn in sleeping on a couch beside the bed. Frank wished to take my place, but I decidedly refused. He is often called out during the night; and though he says he is used to it, yet I know he needs sleep when he can get it.

Emily requires but little attention. Only toast-water or arrow-root once in a while. She sleeps most of the time.

I rode to-day with Frank to see Caroline, who fails very fast. I was shocked to observe the alteration. She longs to depart, and wished the Doctor, when he was about to pray, to ask God to

give her patience to wait her appointed time. Her mother appears deeply affected, and when Frank addressed a few words of consolation to her, she wept aloud. Then, after a short pause, "I am willing to give up my beloved daughter, if it is God's will; but it comes so suddenly upon me, I am not prepared for it."

As we passed Squire Lee's, I begged my husband to stop and let me speak to Lucy. Mrs. Burns came to the carriage and said if I would alight and go into the parlor, she would take Lucy's place with her father, and request her to come down. I imagined the dear girl looked happier than she did when I saw her last. She said "Though my sad duty at home has prevented my going to you in your trouble, yet I have constantly thought of you."

Joseph is still away, and the Squire continues about the same; but Lucy hopes he will soon be better, as he takes neither wine, nor brandy. It was melting to me to hear her speak of him with such affection. What a dutiful heart he has trampled upon!

When I returned to the carriage, I asked Frank what he thought of the old gentleman's case.

"If he abstains entirely from the use of stimulants," he replied, "he may live for years. But his mind is very much enfeebled, and probably he will not be able to transact any business, hardly to leave the house. Any sudden excitement would terminate his life. This I have tried to impress upon Lucy and the servants."

"Dear girl," I replied, "she seems perfectly happy in devoting her life to the comfort of her miserable father."

"Yes," added the Doctor, "and God will reward her."

CHAPTER XIII.

“The peace which passeth all understanding disclosed itself in all her movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight.”

COLERIDGE.

Thursday, September 3d.

WE assisted Emily up into her chair to-day while Ann put fresh linen upon the bed. How she has changed! What a softened, subdued look there is about her! Mother was the first to notice it. Sister is very grateful for every attention, and has asked us to forgive her for causing us so much anxiety. Yesterday she called her brother to the bed, and asked him in a low voice if it would be too much trouble to call the servants to her room, and have prayers there. He was much affected during the service, while Cæsar and Phebe sobbed audibly. She spoke to each one as they passed out of the room in a most affectionate manner.

Sabbath, September 6th.

I have been to church all day. I intended to remain with sister this afternoon, but at her special request her brother staid with her, and I went again with mother. A note was read requesting prayers for Caroline Leighton, lying at the point of death; that she might have the presence of her Saviour through the dark valley, and arrive safely at her heavenly home. This was her own dictation. Such notes are common here, and I think very appropriate and salutary.

When I returned from church and was passing into Emily's room, Frank came out and led me to my boudoir. His eyes were inflamed as if he had been weeping. He sat down by me when

I had laid off my bonnet, and said softly, "I know, dear Cora, that you will join me in giving God the praise, for salvation has come to this house." He then told me that soon after we left, Emily requested him to bring the Bible to the side of the bed, and read the parable of the prodigal son. He did so, and read in a low tone until he came to the eighteenth verse, when she interrupted him, and with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped as if in prayer, she repeated the words, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child." She remained in the same attitude for a few moments, when she put her hand into her brother's, saying, "dear Frank, God, my Heavenly Father, has forgiven me." He sank down by her side and buried his face in his hands. "Dear brother," she whispered after a short pause, "will you ask God to enable me to consecrate my life to his service? — My life, which has been heretofore worse than wasted." It was some time before he could pray audibly, though his whole soul was filled with gratitude and praise. He had subsequently some delightful conversation with her, in the course of which she exhibited evidence of a regenerate heart.

Wednesday, September 9th.

I have been with my dear husband this afternoon to attend the funeral of Caroline Leighton, who died on Monday evening full of peace and trust in her Saviour. Her last words were uttered but half an hour before she expired, and were, "For I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." She had previously left messages of love for all her friends, together with some little parting token of affection. She begged her father to tell the Doctor what comfort and joy she had experienced in her dying hour; and when he suggested that she should send her thanks for all his attention both to her spiritual and temporal wants, she looked up to him with a smile, and said, "tell him no thanks

of mine can repay him, but God will reward him." With a true refinement of feeling she presented me with a little collection of hymns which Frank had given her, and in which she had marked those which best expressed her feelings.

"Oh, Death!

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee — but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey."

Thursday, September 10th.

Frank is trying to arrange his business for a journey with me as soon as he can leave Emily, who gains daily. A very free conversation passed between her and mother, relative not only to the new feelings and hopes which fill her soul; but also to her affection for Mr. Benson. On the latter of these subjects, she has heretofore maintained the most rigid reserve, excepting only the passionate expressions which I heard. Since that interview a new tie seems to be formed between them. Mother no longer feels obliged to restrain the outward manifestation of affection for her child, while sister in her softened, subdued state heartily reciprocates her feelings and expressions.

Saturday, September 12th.

I went yesterday with the Doctor to make a call upon Mrs. Dr. Clapp. From a variety of reasons I have been prevented from calling early, as I intended; but with these reasons both the Doctor and his wife were well acquainted. They have rented a little bird cage of a house, where the young bride performs the offices of cook, house-keeper and chambermaid. The proud husband, who is still so unfortunate as to have plenty of leisure, showed us all their conveniences, and evidently thought himself the happiest man, and his wife the dearest woman in the country. She is obviously a keeper at home, shrinking like a sensitive plant from contact

with strangers, but unfolding and expanding in the congenial atmosphere of home, and home friends. No doubt the grateful Doctor had set forth in glowing terms "the unprecedented kindness of Dr. Lenox." With many blushes she thanked me cordially for the kind interest we had taken in his welfare. Frank made satisfactory arrangements with Dr. Clapp, as to leaving his business with him during our short absence, and when he began earnestly to express his thanks, my husband cut him short by saying, "I regard myself altogether as the obliged party." We enjoyed the visit much. After returning a few of the many calls made upon me, I was glad to be at home again. "There is no place like home."

Monday, September 14th.

We have decided to leave home on Wednesday morning, in order to take P—— on our way, to be present at a Quaker wedding, when Elizabeth Estes will become Elizabeth Nelson. We expect to go to B——, a flourishing town in the western part of New York. I pleaded hard to take Pauline with me, as Ann could well be spared for nurse ; but the Doctor was inexorable. When he is decided, one might as well undertake to remove the mountains into the sea, as to change his determination. Yet I must confess his decisions are generally wise. Respectful as he always is to his mother, and ready to yield to her wishes, yet when she sees he has fully made up his mind upon a point, she never tries to change his decision. Pauline will remain under the care of mother and Emily. Frank is determined that I shall reap great benefit from this journey, and so I suppose I shall. In truth, my health is his great motive for going. I have grown excessively nervous and low-spirited. I want to sit on a cricket at your feet, and lay my head in your lap, dear mother, and have you comfort and cheer me. I try to reason with myself that I have no occasion to feel thus, but I cannot help it ; the next morning I am as bad as ever. Frank tries to comfort me by saying that it is owing

to my state of health and to my loss of appetite, and that I shall soon be better.

Tuesday, September 15th.

This morning Ann knocked at my door, and said Phebe begged I would go to the kitchen. I went and found a little girl and boy hand in hand awaiting me. The girl I should judge was six or seven years of age; the boy was not more than four. He kept his eyes fixed upon me, with an earnest, serious expression, while his sister explained her errand, as if the business they came upon, was in their opinion of great importance and magnitude. The little girl, in a singularly sweet voice, asked me humbly if I had any work I wanted to have done. I smiled as I inquired, "is the work for you or for your brother?" She understood the smile and said quickly, "I can weed in a garden, or run of errands, or," turning to Phebe with rather a doubtful look, "scour knives and wash dishes. I'll be very careful not to break them, ma'am."

"Where are your parents, Anna?" I asked when she had given me her name.

"My mother is sick in bed," she replied sadly.

"And your father, is he dead?"

"No, ma'am," she answered, timidly dropping her eyes to the floor, while a burning blush flashed over her pale wan countenance, extending even to her very temples. Her little brother looked at her, and then at me. Encouraged, I suppose, by my sympathy, he said, "Pa aint good. *Pa's a bad man*, he licks ma when she's sick."

I hastily inquired where they lived, and requesting Phebe to give them some breakfast returned to my room, where Frank was shaving. I told him what I had heard, when he interrupted me, "Ah, Reynolds has been having another spree! I'm sorry for his poor wife and children. This man," said he, turning from the mirror to look at me, "is another of Squire Lee's hopeful *protégés*. Oh!" he continued after a moment's pause, while he went on with

his shaving, "the misery that distillery has caused in this place, would if written down fill volumes."

"What can I do for the poor children," I asked. "They want work."

"Well, give them something to do, and pay them with a basket of food. Mrs. Reynolds would hardly accept it as a gift. I will ride around that way when I am out, and see what can be done."

As I returned to the kitchen, I fairly taxed my ingenuity to find some employment suited to their capacities; but in vain. So I determined to appeal to Phebe. "My good Phebe," said I, "have you no work for these children who are so anxious to be employed?"

"Laws now missus!" answered Phebe, "It's no kinder use settin sich babies to work. There's heaps on em comes here a beggin. If missus would give em a cold bite now to carry to their sick ma, 'pears like dere 'd be some use in dat ar."

I wish I could describe to you the anxious expression with which these poor little creatures regarded Phebe as she replied, as if they would implore her to answer more favorably. I saw that the good woman had no idea of the real state of the case, and taking her into the hall I explained to her that they had not been used to begging, and I did not like to break down the independence and delicacy of feeling, I so much admired. With a toss of her turban the truly kind-hearted woman signified that she fully understood me, and when I told her farther that her master was going out directly to the aid of their mother, she was ready to do her full part in assisting them. She stood one moment to think what she should set them about, as she expressed it, when her countenance brightened as she exclaimed, "Wal now, if that ar aint kind o' curus. There's me's been a tellin my ole man how desp't bad I wanted de brush picked up clean out dar in de orchard fore eold wedder comes; but laws, he never has no time for notting." When we returned to the kitchen, the brother and sister had finished their breakfast, and sat awaiting the important decision.

I suggested that it would be well for them to carry something previously to their mother, and obtain her consent to remain through the day. She would thus be relieved from all anxiety concerning them.

As I committed the basket of food to the eager hand stretched out for it, I was struck with the expression of the child's countenance. It shone like that of an angel. Nor did I wonder at it, when gently pulling my dress she reached up to speak to me, and said, "I felt sure, ma'am, we should get some," glancing at the basket.

"Why, my dear?"

"Because this morning, I said, please God give me some bread for my poor sick ma."

"Were you sure, God would hear you?" I asked, wishing to hear farther. Looking up in surprise, she answered, while her eyes grew bright, "why you know ma'am, he says, 'ask and ye shall receive.' Ma told me that he says so in the Bible."

What a beautiful lesson of trust! I kissed them both and let them go. Phebe, whose sympathies were now thoroughly enlisted, followed them to the door, saying, "tell your ma, she shan't want for vittles while mass'r 'lows ole Phebe to save em for yees;" and then remembering what I had told her, she added, "tell her thar's heaps o' work o' waiting for yees."

Afternoon.

As I have finished my packing, I will tell you that Phebe's *protégés*, Anna and Willie, soon returned and went to work with such good will upon the brush that madam was enthusiastic in their praise. They brought me word that their mother was very much obliged to me for letting them earn the food. The Doctor found her sick with a cold. In a fit of intoxication her husband turned her out of the house, where she was obliged to remain until chilled through. Frank advised her to complain to the public authorities and have him confined for a time. "Oh,

Doctor!" she replied, "he's not himself when he treats me so ill. He never would do it if it were not for rum. Oh, dear!" she continued, beginning to cry, "we were so happy until he went to work in that horrid distillery."

How many poor distressed wives and children have said the same! Happy indeed should we be if it were not for *rum*! I have become so much interested in the family, that I would gladly postpone my journey another day, for the sake of visiting her, were it not for my desire to be present at Elizabeth's wedding. Mother Lenox needed no urging to attend to the wants of the family while the Doctor is absent. I requested Frank to give me the history of the Reynolds' family; but he smiled as he said, "you are so systematic a person I should be obliged to begin at the beginning, and relate every fact in due order, which would take more time than I can well spare." He promised, however, to gratify my curiosity at another time. Dear little Pauline has no idea that I am to leave her. But she will be taken good care of I doubt not. Emily pets her rather too much.

CHAPTER XIV.

“ On thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew ;
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.”

ROGERS.

Monday, October 19th.

It is six months to day since I was married and left my beloved home. What would you say to your daughter if she were to tell you that sometimes she has been so unthankful for all her mercies as to wish she had never left the shelter of the paternal roof or the warm embrace of parents and sisters. But so it has been, and I have determined to confess it to you. I think it will guard me from ever indulging again in distrust or jealousy. But I forget that I have told you nothing of our journey and return. I have enough to fill many pages of my journal.

We started on a clear, bright morning in September, and in two or three hours reached P——. We went directly to the house of Friend Shove, where we met by appointment Friend Estes, her husband Jotham, and her daughter Elizabeth. I suppose Jenny, our old nurse at home, would have told me as she used sometimes to do when I was a child, that I had “got out of bed wrong,” for I felt cross all the morning. And when as we rode on, (we were in our own carriage, and some of the wedding party were to take it back,) Frank tried to cheer me, and said kindly, “You must expect sometimes to feel a little out of tune,” I only felt worse. When, however, I saw the smooth, placid face of Friend Estes, and her bright, smiling, blushing Lizzie, as she

is affectionately called, I began to think there were pleasant spots in the world after all. And when I had sat down at a neat table covered with everything to tempt one's appetite, and had taken a cup of delicious coffee, and a slice of ham, I felt decidedly more reconciled to life. I could eat nothing before I started. After waiting half an hour, we all walked to meeting, where, as in England, among the same denomination, the males occupy one part of the house and the females the other. Josiah Nelson and Elizabeth Estes sat on the high seat in front of the audience, and in sight of all of them. After sitting for some time without a word being spoken, Josiah arose and took Elizabeth by the hand, saying, "In the presence of this assembly, I take this my friend Elizabeth Estes to be my wife, promising through divine assistance to be unto her a faithful and affectionate husband until death shall separate us."

Then Elizabeth in a sweet voice which she vainly tried to keep from trembling, said, still holding her friend by the hand, "In the presence of this assembly, I take this my friend Josiah Nelson to be my husband, promising through divine assistance, to be unto him a faithful and affectionate wife until death shall separate us."

They then subscribed their names to the certificate, which was as follows:—"Whereas, Josiah, son of Samuel and Hannah Nelson, and Elizabeth, daughter of Jotham and Elizabeth Estes, have declared their intentions of taking each other in marriage to P—— monthly meeting of the Society of Friends held in P——, according to the good order used among them; and their proceedings after due inquiry and deliberate consideration thereof being allowed by the said meeting; they appearing clear of all others, and having consent of parents, these are to certify to all whom it may concern, that for the full accomplishment of their said intention, this sixteenth day of the ninth month, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, they, the said J. N. and E. E., appeared at a religious meeting of the aforesaid

society in P——, and did declare," etc. [See marriage contract as above.]

After this novel and interesting ceremony had concluded, we returned to a most bountiful dinner with the hospitable family of Friend Shove; and soon after bidding our friends "farewell," we proceeded on our journey.

CHAPTER XV.

“Foul jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, or mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart;
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

SPENSER.

Evening, October 19th.

• WE reached B—— on Tuesday evening, September 22d, where we were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Morgan, a sister of Frank's father. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, and their son Joseph Lenox, named for his uncle. There was also Mrs. Fidelia Schuyler, an orphan niece of aunt Morgan, who had been married but a few months. She is a child of aunt Morgan's brother, who has been deceased many years. As I shall have much to say of her, I will describe her as she presented herself to me at the time. She appeared to be about twenty years of age, with very light flaxen hair, hanging in loose curls at the side of her face. She had blue eyes, and a somewhat fair complexion. At the first glance I thought her a very little like Emily in expression; but afterwards wondered how I could have thought so. Emily's eyes are a splendid gray, fringed with long, black lashes, and her hair is the darkest shade of auburn, like Frank's.

Fidelia received me cordially enough; as I was a stranger, I could not expect she would be as glad to see me as she was to see her own cousin. I felt almost hurt that Frank did not more fully reciprocate her joy at their meeting. There was a perfect

fascination to me about this young bride. She was constantly changing like the colors and figures in a kaleidoscope. Sometimes she would introduce conversation with the Doctor upon politics, and really talk very sensibly, so that I felt ashamed that I was ignorant of such subjects. Then she would talk of old times in a manner I did not at all understand. I fancied once or twice that Frank, to whom all this conversation was addressed, looked rather annoyed, and supposed it was in consequence of my listening so closely; I therefore turned to my cousin Joseph. He claimed me as such, before I stepped from the carriage. He is a fine intelligent youth near my own age I should imagine; and though he made many inquiries about his aunt and Emily, which I was occupied in answering, yet I could not wholly withdraw my attention from the cousin near me. Her voice would often drop to so low a key that I could not distinguish the words; but its intonation was soft and languishing, and her whole appearance, to say the least, as she sat upon the sofa with Frank, was certainly *peculiar*. Joseph observed my frequent glances in that direction, and he whispered, "The greatest coquette," motioning with his head towards his cousin, "in the known world."

"Is she a widow then?" I asked eagerly, "I understood aunt she was *Mrs. Schuyler*; if so, I should hardly think, she would waste her energies on a *married* man. You would be a better subject." He laughed so heartily that for a minute or so, he interrupted the conversation on the sofa, when I heard Fidelia say to Frank, in a voice hardly raised above a whisper, "Your wife seems very free and easy; I suppose it results from her being educated in Paris. One would think from her manner, she had been acquainted with Joseph a long time."

I could hear no more, for at that moment Joseph commenced again.

"My dear coz, how old do you take me to be?"

"About as old as I am," I replied.

"Ah! now, I shall have a fine chance to find your age. Doc-

tor," said he, breaking in upon their conversation, "will you favor me with the exact age of your wife?" The Doctor looked as if he did not quite understand.

"She thinks," he continued, "that I am about as old as she is. Now to ascertain the correctness of this judgment, I apply to you for the year, month, and day, of her birth."

"How vulgar," whispered Fidelity.

I laughed at the mock gravity of his manner, and should have been entirely deceived by it, had it not been for a merry glance from his eye. "I could easily have answered the question," said I, "if you had applied to me; I was born, as I have been informed, on the fourth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, and am therefore, at the present time, eighteen years, seven months, and eighteen days." I imitated his manner as I replied. He bowed almost to the floor, and resumed his seat.

"Astonishing!" murmured Fidelity, "she is very free to tell her age, now she is *married*."

Frank started to meet his aunt who was returning to the room after having attended to her evening duties. He led her to a distance, where they were soon absorbed in an interesting conversation, in which they were joined by uncle Morgan, a thorough gentleman of the old school, perhaps a little too formal in his extreme politeness, but a very excellent husband and father. He is a lawyer, and a man of considerable wealth. Fidelity often looked that way as if wishing to follow her cousin, but at length left the sofa, and took a seat near us; but not before Joseph had asked me in a hurried manner how old I thought she was.

"I will 'guess,'" said I, "she is nineteen or twenty."

"Add ten to that," he replied quickly, as she approached.

After half an hour, during which time Joseph did most of the talking, aunt came to me remarking that I looked very tired and had better retire. This I was glad to do, and she said she would accompany me; but Fidelity begged so earnestly for the privilege, that I requested aunt to remain with Frank. Contrary to my

expectation, and indeed to my wish, she entered my room, and remained so long I had no excuse for not undressing; and at length was obliged to do so in the presence of an entire stranger. She continued talking, however, in a most confidential strain. "I suppose you don't wonder," she commenced, "that Frank, (the rest of the family called him Doctor,) and I are so glad to see one another, considering,"—she stopped.

"Considering what?" I asked in surprise at her manner, which implied far more than her words expressed.

She hesitated, "why *considering* that we were brought up together. Aunt Lenox adopted me when mother died, and I always lived at your house. What room do you occupy?" she asked.

I answered reluctantly, though I could not tell why. There was something very unpleasant about her conversation. It always, unintentionally perhaps, left a sting. She went on to inform me in the strictest confidence, that she and Frank had been fondly attached to one another.

"Why," I asked, "was this friendship given up?"

"*Friendship*," she repeated in a theatrical tone, "say rather ardent *love!*" I could not prevent my voice from trembling a little as I repeated my question.

"Oh!" she replied with a mysterious air, "aunt Lenox—peculiar reasons."—She suddenly started on hearing a step; and whispering, "not a word of all this, my dear," hastily left me.

I don't think I could have endured it a moment longer. I never felt so thoroughly "worked up," as the Yankees say; and for five minutes I would have given every thing I possessed, could I have been safely at home under my own dear mother's roof. When Frank came up, I could only feign sleep in order to conceal my new and strange emotions of distrust and jealousy, Fidelity had awakened in my mind. I forced myself to be quiet until Frank was asleep, when I could contain myself no longer. With

my face buried in the pillow to stifle my sobs, I wept until I could weep no longer. I lay awake all night, revolving the dreadful deception which I fancied had been practised upon me. I could well understand, I thought, why mother Lenox had never even mentioned Fidelia's name in my presence. Nor could I account for the fact that Frank had not, except upon the supposition that what she had told me was true. Indeed the truth of her story I did not for a moment doubt.

Tuesday, October 20th.

When I awoke the next morning, which I did from a troubled nap after day-break, I could not at first remember what had happened, such a heavy weight was upon my spirits. If any one had told me then, that I was not the most unhappy person in the world, I should have considered them very unkind.

Frank actually started when I tried to rise, and would have persuaded me to lie down again; but I was determined to do as I chose, and persisted until a sudden fit of faintness compelled me to return to my bed. I felt so severely the effects of my night's excitement, that I began to be really anxious about the result. If Frank spoke to me, I averted my head. I could not endure to meet his eye; and when he kindly went below and brought a cup of coffee to the bed, I refused to take it. I could only sob and say, "I want to go home. I must see my own mother."

The Doctor was now seriously alarmed, and went for aunt. With true motherly kindness, she administered to me, persuaded me to drink the coffee and eat a slice of dry toast. She then smoothed my pillow, darkened the room and left me, after a promise that I would at least try to sleep. She left a small bell upon the table, and said, "no one shall come in until you ring."

To my surprise, when I awoke, the sun was shining high in the heavens; and on my consulting my watch, I found it was near noon. I arose quietly and dressed, and not a little astonished the company sitting in the parlor below, by my sudden entrance. It

made me feel no better, however, to perceive, as I did at a glance, that my husband and his cousin occupied seats near each other on the sofa, as on the previous evening. But the Doctor was busily engaged in reading, and did not perceive me until I had advanced to the middle of the room.

"There, Frank," exclaimed Fidelia, as he sprang up to give me his seat, "I told you, you were unnecessarily alarmed. Now, sweet cousin," said she, turning to look up in my face, and mincing her words, "confess you were only shamming."

"Fidelia," said my aunt, in a stern voice. I did not look to see what Frank thought; I did not care. I covered my eyes to prevent the tears from being seen. I wanted to keep them covered forever rather than to see Fidelia's face again. In justice to myself, I ought to say, that probably this state of mind, which was greatly aggravated by the condition of my health, would soon have passed away, had it not been for the continual suggestions and insinuations of Fidelia. Sometimes by a word, sometimes by a significant shrug of the shoulders; then, again, by a glance of the eye, she gave a false coloring to the most trivial words or actions, and

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

All this time, the Doctor grew every day more and more grave, almost stern. Now and then, when I looked up suddenly, I met his eye fixed upon me in a serious, inquiring manner, as if he would read my very thoughts. Though I felt that I was innocent of any wrong toward him, and that he had deceived and wronged me, yet I could not help looking very much confused.

Joseph, good kind Joseph, was the life of the house. He devoted himself to my comfort. He read to me, told me stories, and was never tired of hearing me talk about my sweet little Pauline. Oh! how in imagination, I hugged the little thing to

my heart, as the only one on earth in whom I could repose entire trust. Joseph wove many a tale out of her romantic story, in which by turns she figured as a Countess, a Duchess, or, at least, as Lady Pauline. I told him, I was entirely satisfied to have her plain Pauline Lenox. Then the merry fellow asked me to educate her for a wife for him. "That would be just the thing, and your desire could be satisfied by having her name unchanged, I would merely add Morgan to it.

"Now, Coz" said he one day, "I'm serious about this matter; I've been looking about for a year or two; and I have seen no one whom I should wish to honor with my name and title. I lay awake all last night thinking what a fine thing it would be to have her educated for me."

I could not help laughing as I replied, "I should shrink from so responsible an employment."

"Why, Coz," he said earnestly, unconsciously raising his voice, "Make her like yourself. I ask no greater joy than to possess the hand of one in every respect like yourself."

At the last sentence, I noticed that Fidelia gave the Doctor a quick glance to direct his attention to us; and I heard her say, "quite sentimental." Frank started from his chair with a terrible look, such as I had never seen but once before, and that was when I told him of Emily's treatment of Mr. Benson. He walked quickly across the room, but appearing to recollect himself, he took a book and resumed his seat. I detected a smile of exultation on Fidelia's face which in vain I tried to account for or understand.

Joseph bent down over me, taking my hand as he did so, and while he played with the rings on my fingers said, sinking his voice to the lowest key, "What can the matter be? You may always be sure there is mischief where Fidelia is."

I started; — how true this had been in my case! I fell into a long reverie; so long that Joseph took up a paper to read. I thought over all she had told me from our first interview; look-

ing at this subject and that by the light of the new revelation, I had of her character. But there were stern facts to be met. She had passed all the early part of her life in the closest intimacy with my husband; they had loved each other ardently; nay, she had hinted that at one time they were affianced. And yet this had been sacredly kept from me, while he had often told me I was the first object of his affection. Then I could not shut my eyes to the fact that Frank was entirely different in his manner toward me. I could hardly believe him to be the same man. As day after day passed he grew more and more polite; but it was a *frigid* politeness, which chilled my very blood; and this, too, at a time when my health demanded unusual tenderness. I sometimes wonder even now, how all this could have happened, and Aunt Morgan not have noticed it more particularly. But then I remember that she had not known her nephew intimately for many years; and I was a perfect stranger to her. She knew not that, until we arrived at her house, we had been all the world to each other.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Schuyler arrived. He is of German origin, rather abrupt in manner, but possessing naturally, I should imagine, a warm heart and capable of making a loving wife happy by the strength of his affection. But I had not been in company with them many hours before I saw that Mrs. Schuyler was recklessly throwing away her own happiness, and that of her husband. By every means in her power, she contrived to render him she had sworn to "love, honor and obey," uncomfortable, nay, even *wretched*. He had some slight peculiarities of person to which she referred in the presence of the family, in a manner so unbecoming and unlady-like, that my cheeks burned with shame and indignation. I could see that it was with difficulty that he refrained from giving her a tart reply.

But all other annoyances were slight compared with the one great desire which had taken possession of her soul, which was to render her husband jealous of the Doctor. To this one purpose

she bent all her powers. I cannot describe to you the variety of conflicting emotions struggling for mastery during the hours of that never to be forgotten Sabbath. I had slept little the night previous, but had lain awake revolving the character of my cousin, and, for the first time, doubts of her truthfulness began to intrude themselves into my mind. I acknowledged her fascination, her great conversational powers, but I could not shut my eyes to the fact that all these gifts were perverted to unlawful purposes, such as would surely destroy not only her own, and her husband's happiness, but the happiness of all with whom she associated. Even in my troubled sleep she was before me, and appeared like the serpents I had read of, who fascinate and charm but to destroy.

On Sabbath morning, Fidelia appeared elaborately dressed and really looked beautiful. Frank's eyes rested upon her with such a singular expression that I looked at him with wonder. I had before thought her free in manner with him, but now I was amazed. I had never even imagined any person so artfully insinuating. Sometimes I determined to leave the room, unable longer to endure the annoyance and excitement; but the next moment I was restrained by a desire to see what would follow.

Directly after family prayers, she availed herself of a seat near the Doctor, and, leaning familiarly on the arm of his chair, said, "Dear Frank, I've so often longed to talk with you upon some subjects connected with my spiritual interests! You, dear cousin, always understood my inner nature, my better feelings. Oh," said she, slightly raising her voice, and sighing heavily as she glanced toward her husband, "how I have longed for a congenial spirit — for some one who could appreciate my aspirations after higher good. Dear cousin," she added, laying her hand on his, and gazing up into his face with an expression of languishing fondness, "those were blissful days when we scarce called a thought or wish our own, until we had imparted it to each other."

Frank started from his seat, and I was sure there was a strong expression of disgust upon his countenance. But the indignant husband saw not this. He had caught his hat and rushed from the house.

Fidelia remarked with a sneer, "it is a great grief to me that I have never been able to prevail with Mr. Schuyler to keep in toors on the Sabbath. It is really disgraceful to see any one so openly profane the day."

"Fidelia," said the Doctor, in a reproving tone, "The God of the Sabbath requires not only an outward observance, but a regulation of the thoughts and feelings of the heart. We may offend Him as truly by indulging in unkind thoughts or improper feelings, as by any outward violation of the sanctity of the day."

I expected Fidelia would be offended by the plainness of this speech; but to my surprise she caught Frank's hand, and pressed it again and again to her lips; and with her eyes, which were humid with tears fixed lovingly upon his, she said in a sad tone, "Oh, Frank! if I could only have had you near me to point out my faults kindly and tenderly, I might have been happy and good. Don't blame your poor Fidelia, who, connected with a man with whom she has not a single feeling of communion, is indeed very miserable."

The Doctor appeared much perplexed and annoyed, while Uncle Morgan walked angrily out of the room. Joseph came and sat down by me, and began in a low voice to talk of his wonder that the Doctor did not see through and despise her hypocrisy. "I can endure anything else," said he, while an expression of intense abhorrence passed over his countenance; "but when she gets on to one of her *pious* strains, I have to call to mind all the consistent piety of my parents to keep me from thinking religion a farce."

"Dear Joseph," said I, "it distresses me to hear you speak so lightly upon religious subjects. It is the want of religion your reason disapproves. Believe me, true piety never repels in the

way you mention." I looked up to meet the eyes of my husband fixed upon me with such sadness that the blood burned in my cheeks. I felt, from Fidelia's looks, there was something wrong ; but what, I could not imagine. The Doctor left the room, and soon his cousin retired to dress for church. Joseph wished to remain with me, but this I would by no means allow. I intended to retire to my own apartment, and spend the time in a manner befitting the sacredness of the day.

When the church bell rang, the family assembled in the parlor ; and as Mr. Schuyler had not returned, Fidelia put her arm in Frank's before they left the house. I could not resist the inclination to look at them from the window. She hung heavily on his arm as she lovingly turned her face to his. I pressed my hand to my heart to still a rising thought prejudicial to my husband, and returned for a moment to my seat. Before I had recovered myself sufficiently to go to my room, the outer door burst open, and Mr. Schuyler entered, in no enviable frame of mind. He had met his wife and Frank on their way to church, and had only needed the look of unmistakable affection with which she regarded her companion to raise his jealousy to the highest pitch.

He appeared wholly unconscious of my presence, but walked with hasty strides across the room, soliloquizing in an angry manner : " A pretty life she leads me ! She says, they were formerly engaged to be married. Upon my soul, I believe it ; though I've found out long ago she has no more regard for the truth than that," vehemently snapping his fingers. " Fool that I was to marry her — to be so taken in by a pretty face and languishing looks ! Bah ! it makes me sick to see her fawning round the Doctor."

He walked to the mantel piece and stood for a moment looking into the fire, when he commenced again, " I thought her an angel of goodness. If it had been real she might have moulded me into what she pleased. Upon my soul," with a half uttered oath between his teeth, " I believe she's possessed of all the devils that

were cast out of Mary Magdalene. I've made up my mind what course to pursue." After a short pause, he added with a sigh of relief, "Yes, I have it! She was poor — she married me for my money, — well — yes, that will serve her right," and his hollow laugh made me shudder. "And yet," he added, in a softened tone, while his good spirit again seemed pleading, "how I loved her, — how happy we might have been — well, we shall see, — *we shall see!*"

Many times since the entrance of Mr. Schuyler, I had started from my seat intending to say something to soothe his anger, but as often had sunk back powerless. I was myself suffering, and what could I say? But the agony he endured; the jealousy and desire for revenge exhibited by him opened my eyes to the fearful brink upon which I stood, and I firmly resolved by the help of God, to give no sleep to my eyes until I had unburdened my heart to my husband, and besought a return of his confidence and love. I saw plainly where I had sinned, in the coldness and reserve which was creeping between us; and I said to myself, "*God helping me, it shall be so no longer.*" I arose silently and retired to my room, where I prayed fervently for strength to tear up every root of unkindness, distrust and jealousy which I had cherished toward my dear husband. I was happier already.

Long before I had begun to expect them, the family returned from morning service. I heard the outer door open, and Frank, after ascertaining that I was not in the parlor, hastened up stairs. I smiled as I held out my hand to him, and said, "I did not expect you so soon."

He did not return the smile, but pressed my hand against his heart, and said with emotion, "Oh, *Cora! CORA!!*"

At that moment the bell rang for dinner, and Frank putting my hand in his arm led me below. Oh! how my heart bounded at this simple act of tenderness! I felt strong to endure whatever insults Fidelia might offer. "If I only have my husband's love," I said to myself, "I defy you to injure me."

When we were seated at dinner, Joseph said, "what have you been doing, Cousin Cora? I never before saw you look so happy." All eyes were turned toward me, and I caught one glance of love from my dear Frank which certainly did not diminish my color.

Fidelia noticed it, and looked at Frank as if she thought herself personally aggrieved, while the next moment she cast a glance of defiance at her husband in reply to the scornful sneer with which he regarded her. The Doctor persisted in being silent, and kept his eyes fixed on his plate, notwithstanding all his cousin's attempts to engage him in conversation, while Joseph bit his lips to keep from laughing to see her for once so completely foiled.

The moment dinner was over, Frank turned to leave the room, after giving me an imploring glance to accompany him; but not before his cousin had stepped forward and laying her hand on his arm detained him while she said something I could not hear.

"Impossible!" he replied aloud, "I am otherwise engaged;" and he led me from the room. A malignant scowl darkened her face; but I think Frank did not see it. We entered our room, but had hardly closed the door when some one knocked. With a gesture of impatience he opened it, when to my surprise Mr. Schuyler stood in the passage pale and trembling from suppressed excitement.

"Can I speak one word with you, Doctor?"

"Certainly, walk in."

"Perhaps you will think me strange; but you will excuse my asking you if you love my wife?"

Frank started forward with the simple word, "Sir," in a tone which implied that he considered the question an insult.

"Yet," continued Mr. Schuyler, "My wife affirms that such is the case; and that during the last few days you have repeatedly told her so."

I had fallen back in my chair when Frank's looks arrested my attention. There was not a particle of color in his face or lips,

and for a moment there was a terrible struggle to control his anger; but at length he said, in a low, firm voice, "She has deceived you. I have never loved her. From a boy I have loathed her character. God forgive me," he added in a hoarse voice, "but I can hardly hear her name with patience. She has even endeavored to" — with a quick glance of sorrow at me, he checked himself, and then exclaimed, turning to the window to conceal his feelings, "Oh, why did I believe her?"

"Enough," said Mr. Schuyler, whose countenance had gradually assumed a fixedness of expression dreadful to witness, "I see you are aware of the intrinsic beauty, and loveliness of the character of the woman I have the honor to call my wife." These words were said in a tone of bitter irony which it is impossible to describe; but he immediately added, lowering his voice, "Dr. Lenox, I have foolishly distrusted your honor. I ask your forgiveness."

Frank wrung his hand as he said, "Mr. Schuyler, from my very soul I pity you."

"I rather think, sir, you'll have a call for your pity in another direction," pointing compassionately toward me; "mine eyes have not been so blinded by my own misery, that I have not seen how your wife suffered."

Frank shook with emotion as he hastily bolted the door, and took a seat near me. I had covered my face with my hands, and was trying to force myself to be calm.

"Cora," said he, in a voice which trembled in spite of himself, "won't you look at me? Oh, Cora, you used to love me!"

"Dear, *dear* Frank," I said, throwing my arms around his neck, "I love you now. I have always loved you."

He pressed me silently to his heart. "Cora," he asked, turning my face where he could look into my eyes, "tell me truly, do you not love Joseph Morgan?"

O, what a world of light that one question let into my soul! I sprang joyfully to my feet, and looking him fully in the face, "My dear husband," I answered, "as I love, honor and fear my

Maker, I have not, and never have had one thought or feeling toward him unfaithful to you as my wedded companion, nor has he ever given me reason to suspect that he felt toward me otherwise than as he would feel toward a dear sister, or cousin. Oh, Frank! how could I, when I loved you so dearly?" I could endure it no longer, but burst into tears.

"Then, may God forgive me," murmured he with a convulsive sob. "But I can never forgive myself."

It was a long time before I was composed enough to hear him explain; and he had hardly entered upon the subject, when he was seized with giddiness, and in attempting to reach the table for some water, was obliged to catch hold of the bed post to save himself from falling. I forgot everything else in my anxiety for him. I knew that he had been dangerously ill with attacks of this kind in former years, and after assisting him to reach the bed, I ran below for Aunt Morgan. She and Joseph immediately went to him. When they approached the bed the Doctor held out his hand to Joseph, while with the other he pressed his throbbing brow. "Cousin," he said humbly, "I have wronged you, greatly wronged you."

"In what?" asked Joseph in surprise.

"I have been led to believe that you and Cora loved each other; loved as you ought not. Can you forgive me?"

The hoarse voice, and suppressed breathing showed cousin, that this was no time for a joke, and he answered gravely, "truly and fully."

"Thank you," replied the Doctor in a whisper.

"Frank," I said, as his paleness every moment increased, "I shall send for a physician, or can you prescribe for yourself?" He requested Joseph to go across the street to the druggists and procure some medicine which he named. He then said to aunt, "I used to have these turns long ago, but have not for a year or two."

When cousin returned with the phial I administered the medi

cine according to his direction, when he told aunt, if it would not be giving too much trouble, he should like some strong mustard draughts for his feet.

After half an hour, a fire had been made in the room, and the poultices had begun to take effect. He felt his pulse, and asked me to administer another dose of the medicine. Seeing that I looked very much troubled, he said gently, "try, my love, to compose your feelings. It is true I am very sick; but I tell you the truth when I say, there is probably no danger, provided I keep perfectly free from excitement, and the medicine operates favorably. I know exactly what to do."

I was turning away to hide my tears when he drew me down to him and whispered, "say once more, dear Cora, that you forgive me!" It was almost more than I could bear; but I choked back my sobs, and assured him again and again of my love and entire forgiveness.

I had been moving quietly about the room preparing for the night, when aunt came in, and said she or Joseph would watch with Frank. But I told her nothing should induce me to leave him. This was said in a whisper, but Frank heard it, and said, "let her stay. I am already relieved, and shall need nothing. I shall rest far better if she is by my side."

Aunt put her hand on his head. "Doctor, you are very ill, I shall send for a physician immediately. Your head is burning up, and fairly throbs with violence."

Frank's face lit up almost into a smile, as he said, "It is easy to bear that; the pain is all gone here," putting his hand to his heart.

"Dear husband," said I, "don't think of that now; only remember that I am your own Cora, and try to go to sleep." Dear aunt had to take off her glasses and wipe them twice before she could see; and she would not be contented until she had brought him some hot herb tea, which he consented to take, as it might hasten the operation of the medicine.

CHAPTER XVI.

“O, women, men’s subduers!
Nature’s extremes, no mean is to be had,
Excellent good or infinitely bad.” DAVENPORT.

“O, jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave! what ravages
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!”
MALLET.

Saturday, October 24th.

By half past eleven on the evening of this attack, Frank was so much relieved, that I felt it safe to go to bed, and slept sweetly for the first time for more than a week. The next morning he pronounced the difficulty entirely removed, but confessed that the powerful medicine, he had taken, made him very weak. I carried him some breakfast to the bed, after which I took my work and sat by his side. I would not allow him to talk, and was only too happy in the thought that all the coldness and reserve which had caused each of us so much unhappiness had passed, and now only appeared like a troubled dream. My heart was buoyant with hope and happiness, and as I ever and anon looked up from my work and met the eye of my husband fixed upon me with its former look of love, I felt that my Heavenly Father had answered my prayers, and restored unto me the heart, I feared, was estranged from me forever.

Aunt came up and sat down on the foot of the bed. After

Frank had assured her that all the danger had passed, and that, with the exception of being weak, he was as well as ever, she began to say something of Fidelity. I had taken my breakfast late, and had not seen her since we parted at the dinner table yesterday. Now I thought I recognized her step in the entry, and looked with dread at the door. Aunt perceived my agitation and asked me what was the matter.

"I can't see Fidelity," I almost screamed, as I heard the latch move. Aunt stepped to the door and locked it, while Frank said, "There is more in this than I thought. There must have been some underhand work here." He stopped suddenly at a quick look from aunt.

"You will probably not see her again," she said gravely, "she has returned home."

"Would to God, she had never left it!" murmured Frank.

"When did she go?" I asked joyfully.

"About an hour since," was her reply. It was hard for me to conceal my joy at her unexpected departure.

About noon Frank arose and went below. Uncle and Joseph were very glad to see him; and when my husband sat down by me and put his arm about me, uncle said, "that is as husband and wife should be." He was obliged to get up and go to the window to wipe his glasses, before he could go on with his reading.

Joseph did not let the Doctor off quite so easily. "Cousin Frank," said he familiarly, "I've found out that if I don't want to be jealous of my wife, I must be so attentive to her as to exclude all others. Now if you had appeared like that all the time, why you see" — he hesitated — "I should have lost all the fun."

We all laughed at his comical manner, though I saw that Frank felt it keenly. "We'll talk of that by and by," he said gravely.

"Excuse me," resumed Joseph, "I really did n't mean anything, 'twas only a foolish way I have of turning everything into a joke."

"Yes, my son, you're very foolish," said aunt's voice; but her

eyes told a different story as she looked over her glasses with the most tender affection upon her only child.

“By the way,” continued the young man, coming and occupying a seat on the sofa near me, “have you plead my cause yet, Cora?”

“What cause?”

“Why in regard to the fair hand of your daughter Pauline.” He then begged the Doctor’s consent, saying, “if it will make any essential difference in the case, I will get on my knees before you ; but if you could excuse it, as my pants are new, I shall be under the greater obligation.”

Uncle and aunt laughed till they cried as he went on in the most ludicrous manner possible ; sometimes standing before the mirror prinking and talking to his own image ; and then practising “courting” upon his mother. Entirely forgetful of the newness of his pants he knelt before her, and in heart-rending tones besought her to be gracious to his suit ; and when she nodded assent to his wishes, rapturously kissed her hands. Then with a low bow to the company, while brushing his fingers through his hair, he said in the gravest tone, “I find it necessary, ladies and gentlemen, to practise occasionally. There is nothing in this business like keeping one’s hand in. Practice makes perfect.”

After dinner, Frank told uncle he was desirous of seeing the family together at some convenient time, and uncle replied that he would arrange his business so that he could spend the evening at home.

Frank had told me before, that he wished to explain some things in his conduct, and thought he ought to do so before the family, as they had witnessed what had passed. During the afternoon he was so tender and devoted to me that I more than half determined to tell him all Fidelity’s story to me, and have it settled at once, but before I had really decided, we had taken tea, and having attended prayers were all seated around the social hearth waiting for Frank to say what he wished. He commenced with the remark, it was extremely painful to him to be obliged to

say anything unfavorable to the character of another; but, he continued, "in order to explain, I do not say extenuate, my conduct toward my wife, I must inform you that on the very first evening of my arrival, Fidelia succeeded in planting a thorn in my heart, and from that time until yesterday, she never ceased to suggest or hint at, ideas which made me fear that the affection of my wife for me, if not her very virtue, was endangered by her intimacy with her cousin."

Joseph started upon his feet, and I covered my face; but Frank said, "sit down, Joseph; you can well afford to hear; your conscience is at rest, while mine"—he stopped, he had evidently schooled himself for the interview. "After this," he continued, "it was astonishing how many trivial events occurred which appeared at the time to corroborate her story; and she failed not to make use of them. For instance, I saw you, cousin, take Cora's hand in what to my inflamed imagination seemed too familiar a manner; at another time I heard you say, you should wish a wife in all respects like her, and various other things which I should not condescend to name, were it not to show you that with her whisperings and hints, these had grown to such a magnitude in my mind, that I was prepared to believe anything."

Joseph interrupted him and began to make some explanations, but Frank would not allow a word to be said. "My dear cousin," he continued, "I know you will not insult me by offering an explanation for what existed only in my heated imagination, and which now that I have recovered my reason, I loathe myself for indulging. I thought it over in the night, and was astonished at my blindness; for you both were so perfectly open in your conduct, I do not at all wonder that my little Cora feared me as she did."

"Ah," said I, determining bravely to tell my story, "there is another side to that." They all looked at me in amazement, as I began at the beginning and related all I had felt and suffered. I confessed all my hard feelings toward Frank, and all my jealousy

of Fidelia. It was now the Doctor's turn to start up in awful indignation. I told him how I had been led as in his case, to see everything through a false medium, and I had feared that the affection, she told me they had formerly felt for each other, had revived to such a degree as to make him regret that the marriage of both prevented their union.

The intensity of Joseph's feelings kept him silent. "Well," said uncle, at length, "Fidelia is rightly punished for her fiendish plot in trying to alienate your affections from each other."

"How?" I eagerly inquired.

He turned to aunt, who said, "I thought it best at the time to say nothing about it. I merely told them she was gone."

Uncle resumed his seat, and sitting very erect in his chair, said, "Mr. Schuyler went out soon after you were taken sick, and has not yet returned. His wife insisted that we should take no pains to bring him back. She said she wasn't going to have him think, she would run after him. But I could see, as hour after hour passed away, she grew anxious and impatient for his return. This morning, when we were seated at breakfast, a boy brought a note from him directed to me, in which he said that before that letter reached us he should be on his way to Germany, where he intended to pass the rest of his life. He enclosed fifty dollars for his wife, which he said was all she should ever have from him, and closed by saying it was her own fault that she had not a happy home and a devoted husband; and that if she had been willing to accede to his wishes, she would at least have been the owner of a handsome estate. That was true," added uncle, "he wished to buy a beautiful place on the Hudson which he offered to settle upon her, but she would not consent to live in so retired a situation. I used all my influence with her to no purpose."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"When she received the note, or rather when I read it to her, and gave her the money, she was at first very angry, and thought he only wrote it to frighten her; but I soon convinced her that

I thought otherwise, when she suddenly started for New York, where they had been boarding since their marriage, in the hope of detaining him."

Frank looked very thoughtful, but said nothing; and we all sat for a few moments thinking of the probabilities of her overtaking him, and of her success in obtaining his forgiveness. I who knew more of his feelings than any one present, doubted it, but I wisely concluded to keep my knowledge to myself.

At length Joseph jumped up, saying, "I should think we were in a Quaker meeting; let's play 'button, button, who's got the button?'"

"Wouldn't it be more pleasant," asked Frank, smiling, "to have Cora give you an account of a Quaker wedding we attended on our way here?"

"Yes, *yes*, that's just the thing; come let's act it out! Here, Cora, take my arm, tell me what to say, and I'll repeat it off just like a book. I believe they always kiss their lady first, don't they? Come, why don't you stand up and begin. It's placing a bashful young fellow, like me, in a very embarrassing situation, when his wife that is to be won't stand with him at the altar."

Though I could not help laughing, yet I would not consent to "act it out," as he said, unless Frank would officiate as bridegroom, but as uncle and aunt both joined in the request to see the ceremony, I persuaded my husband to gratify them. When we were through, Joseph said, we were so solemn about it, he felt just as thirsty as if he had been to a real wedding, and asked if there were not some wine in the house. Aunt shook her head, but he went out and soon brought in a waiter of wine glasses, filled however, with lemonade, after which the conversation passed naturally to other themes.

The remainder of the week passed delightfully; I gained every day in health; and the Doctor took me with him to many places of interest in the vicinity. Fidelia's name had not been mentioned in the week which had intervened since her departure, ex-

cept in one remark Frank made to me on the Monday evening previous. He said, "You probably noticed that I gave no explanation of many of her statements; and though I deny ever having felt any affection for her, such as she describes, and hardly what the relationship warranted, yet I wish to defer any farther conversation upon the subject until we arrive home."

I told him, I should be glad to do so, but that I wanted him to promise me one thing; I was proceeding to tell him what, when he said "Anything, *everything*; I have the most entire confidence in you, my love." So we promised each other, that the past should only be remembered as a warning; we felt that our only security for happiness in the married relation was, next to our God, in entire confidence in each other, and we resolved never to lie down at night with one unkind thought treasured up, which each had not given the other an opportunity to explain.

On the day before we left aunt Morgan, a letter was received from Mrs. Schuyler, in which she said, she found on her arrival in New York city, that her husband had indeed taken passage for Europe, and that on the whole she considered it the most fortunate thing which could have happened for her, as his jealous disposition had always prevented her having any enjoyment. In a postscript she added, that she had been invited to go to the South and pass the winter with some delightful acquaintances, she had formed, and that she anticipated great pleasure in their society. She said, she now considered herself in every respect as a widow, and hoped her friends would never mortify her by any allusion to the man, she had called her husband. In a second postscript she requested that her trunks should be sent to the care of William Arnold, Esq.

When aunt had finished reading, Frank and I exchanged glances. That was the name of Lucy Lee's suitor, and we knew too much of him to expect she would profit much by his society.

We left our dear friends early on Tuesday morning, having obtained a promise from Joseph to make us an early visit. A

day or two after we reached home, I noticed Frank in earnest conversation with mother; after which he requested me to go to her in the library. I went reluctantly, for indeed I was now so happy, I cared for no farther explanation. But as I saw Frank attributed my unwillingness to a wrong cause, I took Emily's arm and went at once to the library, where mother gave me the following account.

“Fidelia Lenox was left an orphan at the age of fifteen, and was immediately received into her uncle's family, and treated in all respects as their own child. She was one year younger than Frank, and of course they were constantly in each other's society. But it was not long before mother perceived that from being willing and apparently pleased to be with his cousin, Frank avoided her as much as possible, and often refused positively to accompany her to parties of young people. Mother did not at first pay much attention to the circumstance until her son's conduct became so marked as to require a reproof, especially as she could perceive nothing in the deportment of her niece to elicit such dislike. She therefore appealed to him as a gentleman that it was in the highest degree impolite and unkind to treat his cousin otherwise than he would treat a sister.

For a long time Frank refused to give any explanation of his conduct; but at length told his mother that he would agree to treat her as a sister, if she would be content with that.

“What can she ask more?” inquired mother, in surprise.

Frank, like any boy of sixteen, blushed crimson, as he replied, impulsively: “She is altogether too sentimental for me. She can talk about nothing but love, and such nonsense. When the time comes for me to be married, I mean to do the courting myself.”

Mother was silent, from amazement, and tried to recall a single circumstance to corroborate his statement. “I hardly know how to believe it of Fidelia,” she at length replied.

“Mother,” said Frank “if you do not believe me, enter suddenly

and unexpectedly into the library or anywhere we may chance to be left alone a moment, and you will see enough."

"What?" she asked, under her breath.

"Why, she runs her fingers through my hair, and she sits by me and looks up in my face in a fawning manner. Bah!" he continued, "it's too disgusting. If she hears the least sound, she darts back to her seat, and there she sits as demure and proper as any old maid. I often wish," he added, half laughing, "she'd get caught at some of her fooleries."

After this, mother kept a strict surveillance of the conduct of her neice, and soon became convinced that she was a dangerous companion for her son, especially as she paid not the slightest regard to truth. She therefore sent her away to a family-school, where she was under the constant watch of her teacher. But she could not prevent Frank meeting her occasionally, as they both spent their holidays at home; and she confessed to me that she should have shuddered for the virtue of her son, had he not exhibited such a loathing for the character of his cousin. The time came when she must leave school, and her conduct had become so reprehensible that mother would not consent that Emily should be under her influence; and she has resided, until her marriage, with a distant relative in the State of New York.

It was thus that Frank had not met her for several years, and as they were both married, he had been willing to forget the past, and treat her at least with kindness. But having had reason to know her want of principle, he feels he had no excuse for giving heed to her cruel hints and falsehoods. We have tacitly agreed to let her name be forgotten, and I devoutly hope I shall never have occasion to remember it.

Tuesday, October 27th.

My dear, dear mother, now that I have told you all the sorrows, trials and follies of the past month, I will turn to other and far

more pleasing themes. My dear little Pauline was almost wild with joy to see papa and mamma at home again. I found her looking very chubby and rosy, having gained in strength since the cool weather.

This season is perfectly charming. It is called the Indian summer. I can give you no just description of the gorgeousness of the forest trees with which we are surrounded. As I was riding through a thick grove yesterday, on my way to Waverley, I could almost imagine myself in fairy land. The air was mild and balmy as in June, and there was a freshness and dryness in the atmosphere which was perfectly exhilarating.

I think I remarked to you near the commencement of my journal, that Mrs. Munroe, the wife of our clergyman, was absent from town. She returned while we were away. I called there yesterday, in company with Emily and Pauline. Mrs. Munroe is rather above the medium height, with a very intelligent, not handsome, countenance; and a splendid set of teeth. She impressed me as a very superior lady; there is a dignity, a quiet repose in her manner which I admire.

After conversing a few moments, I expressed a wish to see her infant; when she immediately went out and brought it to the parlor, accompanied by a sister who is visiting her. I don't think Pauline ever saw a baby before, and she looked at the little creature with a serious, thoughtful expression, frequently sighing from the intensity of her feelings. We all joined in a laugh at her expense. But when the baby began to cry, poor Pauline started, and grew very red. I didn't like to have her feel so, and I took the infant into my lap, and put its little soft hand in hers. When she had felt the velvety flesh, and came to the conclusion that it was really alive, she was pleased enough; and had to make a great effort to keep from crying that I did not bring it home with me.

I made early inquiries on my return as to the present situation of Squire Lee's family; and was happy to learn that in many respects Lucy's situation is far more comfortable than formerly.

Her father still continues feeble in body and mind, but he has grown so dependent on his daughter, and is so pleased with her tender care, that he can hardly bear her out of his sight. She reads newspapers to him, combs his hair, and soothes him by the hour together. She hopes soon to interest him in the Bible, by reading daily, delightful selections from it. I fear the poor old gentleman has not enough sense to understand, as he often falls asleep in his chair, lulled by the sound of her sweet voice.

Joseph Lee has taken up his residence in the city, only returning occasionally to obtain his father's signature to a check. He swears that the house is just like a tomb ever since the "old fellow" was taken sick. As he has the last will safe in his possession, he gives himself no concern about Lucy.

A few mornings after my return I requested Ann to build a fire in my room, while I gave Pauline her morning bath; when she brought up a great quantity of brush which would light quickly. The sight of this reminded me of the children, Anna and Willie. I am ashamed to say, that with so many other subjects to occupy my thoughts my *protégés* had passed entirely out of my mind. I inquired concerning them of mother, and learned that they had made great advances in Phebe's good graces, by having completely filled the wood shed with the brush, which Cæsar had chopped early in the season, and had left in the orchard to dry. They had come regularly day after day, had taken their dinner at the house, and returned at night carrying a basket of food, or some useful article to their mother.

Frank and I are more delighted than we can express with the change in Emily. To be sure, she never has such high spirits as formerly; but she is cheerful and affectionate to mother and all of us.

When I recall to mind the sad forebodings, I had while in B——, thinking my happiness had gone forever, and then realize what a united, happy family we are, my heart is ready to burst with gratitude.

Our

“Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

Saturday, October 31st.

Now that Frank knows my whole heart, I hope he will cease from self-accusation for what passed at B——. I was sitting at my desk writing when he came in. I looked up with a smile; but he only made a faint attempt to return it. I instantly shut my desk, and went unbidden to sit upon his knee. He put his arm about me, but did not speak. To divert his thoughts, I asked him about his patients.

“Cora, my dear wife,” said he interrupting me, “I would give all I possess,” (‘including *me*,’ I whispered,) “if you could open your heart to me as you do to your mother in that journal.”

“Why, Frank, I will tell you all you would like to know. I can’t think of anything I wish to conceal from you.”

“Isn’t there,” he asked in an agitated voice, and hiding his face behind me, “Isn’t there, away down at the bottom of your heart a feeling, which if brought out to the light, would read, ‘I think I have been cruelly insulted by my husband, and I can never love and respect him as I once did?’”

“Frank,” I exclaimed, starting to my feet, “let me feel your pulse. I will order draughts for your feet. You surely have had a return of your giddiness, or you would not insult your wife by such suspicions. When you are sufficiently recovered to bear it, you shall take the said journal of which you are so jealous, and retiring to the privacy of the library, you shall then and there learn all that your wife thinks of you.”

“Dearest,” he replied, “you will do me the greatest favor by allowing me to peruse that part of it relating to ——.” I put my hand to his mouth, which he held there. Then I went to my desk, and separating the sheets containing the account of our visit to

B——, I put them into his hand. When he had left the room, I could not help smiling at the look with which he took the papers. It was something like that of a boy who anticipates a pretty severe whipping. I began to feel sorry, I had written so much about jealousy, and feared he would think that I attached more importance to it than I do; for indeed I love my husband, if possible, better than ever.

It was four or five hours before I saw him again, and I started to go to him, when I heard Cæsar knock repeatedly at the library door without receiving an answer. I therefore waited with great impatience. At length my husband came to my room, where Pauline was playing about the floor, and I knew by his looks, he had been much agitated. I sprang to meet him, when he clasped me in his arms, saying, "Dearest and best of wives, tell me again, that you forgive me. How very inhuman I have been!"

"Are you sorry you read it," I asked?

"No, *no!*" he replied eagerly, "I thank you more than I can express."

"Well, then, will you promise never to think of it more?"

"Yes, except as a powerful motive to be a better, and kinder husband to the most affectionate and forgiving of wives." He added, "I have prayed, with the record of your sufferings before me, for pardon and strength for the future."

"Dear Frank, did you pray for me too?"

"Yes, love, I prayed that we might be spared many years; and that each year we might be increasingly happy in each other, and useful to our fellow creatures." Then lowering his voice to a whisper, he added, "I prayed too for one who endeavored to injure us, that she might find space for repentance."

CHAPTER XVII.

“Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.” SHAKESPEARE.

Wednesday, November 4th.

I HAVE been to the little hut occupied by William Reynolds and family, to see what had become of the children. Frank thinks it would be well to put them to school. It shall be my care to provide them suitable clothing. This, I can depend upon Miss Proctor to assist me in making up.

We found the poor woman seated in an old rocking-chair, and looking very miserable. Her husband beat her badly a few nights since, for interfering, when he was, as he said, administering proper chastisement to Willie. Since that time, she can hardly turn her head or see out of one eye. Her nearest neighbor, hearing a great noise, ran to the house, and secured William. The next day the same man brought a complaint against the inebriate for abuse of wife and children, and for refusing to provide for their support. He is now in the county jail, from which he is to be carried to the House of Correction for three months.

In the midst of their poverty, the children are really uncommonly prepossessing and intelligent. It is easy to see what they would have been if nurtured in a home of competence and comfort. At the time we entered, Anna was standing on an old stool behind her mother's chair, trying to smoothe out the long auburn tresses, and twist them under the cap. I felt no repugnance to the act when I took the broken comb from her hand, and made a

beautiful knot at the back of her mother's head. I then bathed her poor bruised temple ; and promising to do something for her immediate relief, we left her.

I have become much interested in the history of this unfortunate family. Anna, the mother of my *protégés*, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ryland who lived in Waverley. Anna was the elder of four children, two of whom died in infancy, leaving only the subject of this sketch and Edward her younger brother to crown the hopes of their afflicted parents. Mr. Ryland was in the possession of a valuable farm, part of which was left him by his parents ; but which he had greatly enlarged and improved by his own exertions. A new house had been erected on the site of the old one, and everything in and about it exhibited the appearance so common among the farmers of New England, of independence, comfort and respectability.

Anna and her brother had been educated with care, and after enjoying and improving the school advantages of the place, they had been sent in turn to academies at a distance.

Early in life Anna had become attached and affianced to William Reynolds, son of a neighboring farmer who was regarded as one of the most intelligent and enterprising young men in Waverley. Certainly his noble figure, and bright handsome face, made him a welcome guest, not only at the Ryland farm, but in every place where he chose to visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland looked upon William with no little pride as the betrothed of their daughter, while she was at the same time the admiration and envy of the young people of her acquaintance. William Reynolds waited only long enough to be able to erect a neat comfortable cottage upon a spot of ground in Crawford, which had been his inheritance from his father's estate before he brought his Anna to be its presiding genius.

With Anna, there came to Rose Cottage, as the young bride styled her new home, wagon loads of the neatest of furniture purchased by her father. From the neatly finished attic to the

well stored cellar, each apartment received its appropriate part of the new goods. White fringed curtains nicely looped aside with ribbon, were hung in her spare chamber, or the one set aside for company, while a gay carpet covered the floor of the parlor. Beside these two rooms on the lower floor, there was also a spacious kitchen, and a bed-room opening from it, which they intended for their own use, while beyond was a large shed connecting the house and barn. This, the neat housewife secretly determined, should, at least in summer, serve them for a kitchen, so that that apartment could be kept more tidy for the eating and sitting room.

As soon as they were settled, Anna's brother Edward was to constitute a part of their family. Not at all desirous to pursue the calling of his father, Mr. Ryland wisely concluded to allow him to follow the bent of his inclinations, justly supposing he would rise to greater usefulness by so doing. It must be supposed, however, that it was no small sacrifice for these excellent parents to part with their son from under the parental roof when he obtained a situation in Crawford, even though he would be under the care and influence of his sister.

Time passed on. The roses which had been transplanted from the old place, and which had given the name to their home, grew as if by magic. In his leisure hours, William under the direction of his tasteful wife, had made trellises a few feet from the window; and now the luxurious roses and vines almost reached the top. But within this sweet abode, in a cradle which had rocked her own infancy, there was indeed a new blown rose, unfolding its sweetness amidst the most tender care and love.

William, ever active and industrious, was accounted one of the most thriving farmers in the place; while Anna by her neatness, and good housewifery, had so won upon the good will of their employers, that whoever else returned from market, heavily laden as they went, with their own produce, William never failed to find

customers, eager to purchase at an advanced price Anna's butter and cheese.

But about this time a little cloud arose in their horizon. Edward, who had been rapidly gaining upon the esteem and confidence of his employers, was by the sudden death of the head of the firm, thrown out of employment. His services however were eagerly sought as accountant, and book-keeper, in the great warehouse connected with the distillery, and belonging to Squire Lee. For a time nothing could be said but in praise of the new clerk; and the old gentleman, warned by the early dissipation of Joseph, that he could expect no aid from him, often hinted to Edward the promise of rapid advancement. But after a few months, Squire Lee noticed that Edward never tasted spirit of any kind; and he vowed to himself that he would get rid of a fellow whose conduct was a standing reproach to his own intemperance and to his business.

In fact, Ryland would have preferred a different situation, and had inwardly determined never to be a partner in an employment he could not approve. At that time, he did not realize as he did afterward, the curse that would surely follow those who engaged in the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits for unrighteous purposes. A great press of business about this period, postponed both in master and clerk, the separation contemplated.

Late one Saturday evening, Squire Lee visited his counting-room, where Edward was busily employed in making up the accounts for the week, that he might leave them in a state proper for inspection.

"That's a fine fellow!" said the Squire, clapping his clerk upon the shoulder, after he had watched him turning over the journal and ledger, and transferring accounts from one to another with great neatness and despatch. "That's something like, now!"

Edward made a passing remark about the amount of business the past week, and went on with his work.

"Yes," resumed the Squire, "that's exactly what I came to see

you about. We've engaged a large amount of rum, our very best, to go out Monday morning; and as we shall make a great profit on it, I must n't disappoint the man. He wants it for a new tavern somewhere down in ——."

Edward looked from his work a moment, as the old gentleman continued, "I know you like to go home and spend Sunday with the old folks. Some bright eyes watching for you, I suppose," said he, with a leering expression, and trying to be facetious, "but the fact is," bringing his heavy fist down on the desk, "them bills of sale have got to be made out; and you must give up going home this once, and take an extra day or so another time to give your gal a ride."

Young Ryland quietly laid the books upon the table, and turning round to look his employer full in the face, he said in a firm but respectful tone, "Squire Lee, I will remain here until midnight, and return at the same hour to-morrow night; but I have been taught to fear God and keep his commandments; and nothing could induce me to violate the Sabbath in the way you mention."

"Very well, sir," replied the Squire, in a voice of suppressed rage, "we shall soon see how that is. Don't the Bible teach young men to obey their masters?" he asked in a sneering tone. "Your parents had better have taught you *that* before they sent you here."

Edward stood perfectly calm and unmoved.

"If you do n't recant, young fellow, and pretty quick too, you've earned the last dollar you'll ever earn in my store;" and with a horrible oath he brought down his fist again upon the desk.

"In that respect, sir, I can never change," said young Ryland; "I have endeavored faithfully to do my duty since I have been in your employ. But, sir, to tell you the truth, I have stretched my conscience in your service by consenting to be employed in an establishment where liquors are manufactured; and it will be no disappointment to me to leave at this time."

Squire Lee in a frenzy, turned upon Edward with uplifted arm to strike him to the floor; but there was something in the expression of the young man's eye, which had not for a moment quailed, that restrained him; and he contented himself by pouring upon him a volley of abuse, intermingled with oaths and curses, such as it made Edward shudder to hear. He calmly turned, closed the books, placed them in the safe, passed the key to the old gentleman, saying, "In a few moments the business for the week would have been accounted for. I think you will find all correct, as far as I had gone." He took his hat and left, before the Squire had recovered his breath.

Whether the bills of sale were rendered in due season, or what he thought of Edward's conduct at that time is not known; but it is certain that after having in vain tried to fill Edward's place to his liking, the Squire took pains to ride out to Rose Cottage. He inquired his whereabouts, expressing a strong desire to get him back. "He was rather too fanatical about his religion, and all that sort of stuff, but a smarter, more faithful or accurate book-keeper I never had."

Mrs. Reynolds informed him that her brother, after leaving his store, had obtained recommendations from individuals acquainted with him while in the employ of the other firm, and had gone directly to New York, where he had speedily procured employment.

Squire Lee was so much disappointed, that Mrs. Reynolds added, that she would write to her brother whom it would be very pleasant to her to have again in her family.

"Tell him," resumed the Squire, "that I will make his salary just what he says."

This visit was the small cloud which gradually overspread the whole horizon of the gentle Anna Reynolds. That night when her husband returned home more than usually fatigued from his work, she communicated to him the purpose of the Squire in his

call, expressing at the same time her conviction that her brother would never consent to return to his employ.

"Why couldn't I get the situation?" flashed through William's mind, but he said nothing to his wife until he had finished his outdoor work; and Anna had soothed her baby to sleep, laid it in the cradle — swept the hearth, and sat down to her sewing, with her foot upon the rocker.

"What are you thinking of, Willie?" she asked playfully. "You seem to be looking as earnestly into the fire, as if you were expecting your new cart and oxen to come walking out of it into the room."

William smiled as he turned to look at her; and after a moment's hesitation said, "Wife, I've been thinking it all over, about what Squire Lee said, and I've about come to the conclusion, to apply for the situation myself. That is," he continued, seeing her look of astonishment, "if Edward does not choose to come back."

Anna gazed intently at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, "William Reynolds, I really believe you are going mad. Are n't you well?" she asked, changing her tone.

William made a faint attempt to laugh as he said, "I expected you'd be astonished at first; but the fact is, you know I haven't felt well lately." Anna looked anxious, as this was the first intimation she had received of his sickness. "And to tell the truth, I always thought it was a foolish move in Edward to give up such a good place for so trifling a matter, and it was so pleasant having him here."

"It was, indeed," replied Anna with a sigh.

"If the whole must be known," resumed William, "when I went to market, and had been hawing and geeing all day, and called at the Squire's and saw Edward sitting there so cozy and comfortable with nothing to do, but just to write from morning till night; his salary sure, rain or shine, crops good or bad; I almost envied him."

“But what could you do with the farm?” interrupted Anna.

“I could get a man to take care of it. There’s Joe Clark would take it to the halves, and be glad of the chance. I heard him talking so to a man not more’n a week ago.”

Anna, however, was not easily convinced of the wisdom of this new movement; and it required all her husband’s arguments to induce her to consent to his making the trial, in case he succeeded in obtaining the situation. He had when a boy, been at the head of the school in book-keeping, and had often assisted Edward in his accounts when obliged to be up late in the employment of the other firm. In representing to his wife, all the inducements to quit the farm for the counting-room, he did not mention the fact, that the hands employed by the firm, were allowed free access to the barrels of New England rum and whisky, piled up against the walls around the building. Indeed there were generally kept kegs especially for their use; and for them to treat those who came in upon business. - It was during the frequent calls he had made upon Edward, that he had imbibed a taste for ardent spirits. Perhaps he thought this argument would not have much weight with his wife. Perhaps he was not himself aware of its power over himself, nor of the strength of his appetite.

True, it is, that having received a note from his brother-in-law, positively declining the offer of the Squire, accompanied by a note recommending him as competent to fill the place, and also a recommendation from the teacher of the school where he learned the art, Reynolds sallied forth in quest of Squire Lee. He did not think it necessary to exhibit to that gentleman, neither did he intend to show his wife, a kind note from Edward accompanying the other, begging him, by every motive he could urge, to avoid a place so fraught with danger. In the most brotherly manner, Edward told him that he had noticed with fearful anticipations the relish with which, on occasions of his calls at the distillery, he had accepted invitations to a glass from the workmen. He also added, that since he had been in New York, he had ascer-

tained that public sentiment was farther advanced upon the subject of intemperance than he had supposed, and that the distiller was beginning to be regarded as an enemy to his brother man.

"If," he added at the close, "Squire Lee had proposed to take me as an equal partner into the firm, instead of the offer he made, I would not for an instant think of accepting it."

"All this was no doubt well meant in Edward," soliloquized William, as he walked to the counting room; "but I always knew he was too stiff in such matters; even Anna says that." But he could not help acknowledging that his wife, and her parents would view the matter in the same light as the writer, should they read the letter. So he considered it more prudent to say nothing about it, as he had made up his mind to take the situation if he could obtain it.

Unfortunately for him, and for all connected with him, he did obtain it, and entered at once upon his new duties; Joe Clark taking his place on the farm.

"Somehow," said Anna, "from the very first, everything seemed to go behind hand. Joe was not so much interested, or at home on the farm as my William; and then his pay had to come out of the produce, whether we made little or much; and though my husband satisfied his employers, and received a good salary, yet I didn't realize much help from it at the cottage. It also weaned him from home, and got him in a way of staying out very late at night; and at length *all was gone*; and he mortgaged our beautiful home to the Squire, when Willie was a baby, telling me he should soon work and get it back again. But every thing went and *went*, until I and my babes moved to this old shanty, with little more of my nice furniture than the bed on which I lie. Even this, I could have borne, had my husband been left to me. I could work, I would do anything for them; but I *have no husband*. A man calling himself William Reynolds lives here; that

is, when he is not off on a drunken frolic; but he is not *THE William Reynolds* I married."

It will be readily seen that though William and his wife were, at the time of their living in Rose Cottage, moral, and upright in their characters; yet they were not actuated by the religious principles which were the governing motives of their brother's conduct. But it is to be hoped, that the death of her parents, together with the sad change in her own circumstances, had been blessed to the afflicted woman. Certainly she has been most careful to instil religious principles into the minds of her children.

"But where," I asked, "is Edward, her brother?"

"He has never been to Crawford since the death of his parents. William was very angry at his brother's interference, as he termed it, in matters which did not concern him; and Anna has not heard from him for several years."

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ There are smiles and tears in the mother’s eyes,
For her new born babe beside her lies;
Oh, heaven of bliss! when the heart o’erflows
With the rapture a *mother* only knows.”

HENRY WARE, JR.

Tuesday, April 19th, 1836.

DEAREST MOTHER,— Though it has been many a long month since I have had the heart to write in my journal, I cannot let the anniversary of my marriage and departure from home pass away, without at least a few words to the dear family at home. My breath comes quickly, and my tears blind me when I think, they may be *my last*. Often my heart sinks, and my spirit faints, as I look forward with an undefined sense of dread to the future. Sometimes I am enabled to look up with trust and confidence to “ Him who doeth all things well;” and by faith to take hold of the precious promises peculiarly addressed to me.

I am blessed with a devoted husband; a watchful and tender mother, and an affectionate sister. When I think of these mercies, I can only say, “surely my cup runneth over.”

Dear mother, I need not ask your prayers for your daughter. I know that I am remembered whenever you approach the throne of grace —

My pen dropped from my hand. I was with you in spirit at the hour of family prayer. I saw again my own loved and honored father in his arm chair, near the table, where open before him lies the sacred page. Near by sit my dear mother and sisters, while on the opposite side of the room, are our faithful Jen-

nie and her associates, waiting for the daily instruction, they are in the habit of receiving. When all is still, a chapter is read. Isabel strikes softly the notes of the organ, while all join in a hymn of praise; then my dear father in a simple, trustful manner, lays the wants of each one of the bowed circle before our Heavenly Father.

“The voices of my home! I hear them still!
 They have been with me through the dreamy night—
 The blessed household voices, wont to fill
 My heart's clear depths with unalloy'd delight.”

Ah! beloved mother, my spirit melts as I feel assured that I am not forgotten; the dear child who has gone out from the shelter of the parental roof, who lives beyond the mighty waters; for her and her husband, are invoked the choicest of heaven's blessings; strength, support, and comfort, for every hour of need. Thus let me feel, your prayers ever ascend. Father, mother, sisters, *farewell!*

“*Crawford, May 2d, 1836.*”

“HONORED PARENTS,

“I am most happy to inform you that after a protracted, and somewhat dangerous illness, my dear wife gave birth to a fine boy, at half past six this morning. My heart is full of gratitude for the mercy which has spared the life of my beloved Cora, and given us so precious a treasure.

“Dutifully and affectionately your son,

“FRANK LENOX.”

“*P. S., May 6th,*—Mother and child are doing well. Cora looks very smiling, as she lies gazing at her sleeping babe. She says, tell them I am very, *very* happy.”

Thursday, November 10th.

Beloved mother, how I long to exhibit to you and to all at home,

my beautiful boy, my chubby, rosy Walter. He is everything a mother's heart could desire, gifted with every faculty of body and mind, to make him a useful member of society. Yet when I realize that I have given birth to one whose soul can never die, I shrink from the fearful responsibility. Yet I am not alone. There is a fountain of wisdom and knowledge from which I am permitted freely to draw.

I am almost too happy. I have a dear husband whose steps become more quick and elastic; whose eye grows more bright whenever he approaches his home, his wife, his sweet little daughter Pauline, and his darling, frolicsome *boy-baby*. Walter knows his father's step right well, and almost springs out of my arms as he opens the door and advances to take him from me.

Nothing can be more tender than Pauline's fondness for her little brother. Without a word, she yields her choicest toys, or stands for him to pull her curls. This is master Lenox's richest sport. It is sport, however, which I have forbidden. He must learn, even thus early in life, to respect the rights of his yielding sister, or he will tyrannize over her. I prophesy no small trouble from this source, for not only is she willing to be deprived of whatever she has in her hand, but if I say "*No*, Walter, that is sister's," the affectionate child, in her rich musical voice, pleads, "Please, mamma, let Pauline give brother. Pauline don't want now."

Mother, and sister, are very proud of the young Lenox, who, they fondly imagine, will add much to the honor of their name. Indeed he is a true Lenox, and already asserts his authority over every one of the family, most of whom yield obedience to him far too readily.

Friday, December 30th.

For a few days Pauline has not been well. I feel quite anxious; she has heretofore enjoyed uniform health. She coughed very hard last night. Her father thinks she has taken a cold which

will soon pass away. I have allowed Ann to take most of the care of Walter, so that I can devote myself to my little girl.

Walter has gained a great victory over Ann, of which he does not fail to make the most. He now appears to realize that she is completely under his control, and insists upon having his own way whenever with her. I wish she were more decided with him. She would have far less trouble. When his wishes conflict with mine, he yields at once. Instead of the loud crying, and throwing his head back which so frightens his nurse, he looks in my face to see if I am in earnest, and then pleasantly turns to something else. I have been telling Frank, it is high time for him to assert his authority; but he begs off. He drives into the yard, springs up the stairs to the nursery, catches up his boy and gives him a ride upon his shoulder, or upon his back, gets him into a great frolic, and then he is off. Sometimes it takes me half an hour to restore quiet. Frank says his mother always managed him, and he thinks such duties belong to the mother.

I told him, I really believed he dared not make the attempt for fear he could not carry it out. He only laughed and went out of the room, saying he would try his skill on Pauline. Dear child, she loves her father so dearly that the thought of displeasing or disobeying him, would never enter her heart. She is now quietly sleeping, and I hope will awake refreshed.

CHAPTER XIX.

“Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.” ROCHESTER.

Saturday, December 31st.

DEAR MOTHER,—I must not forget to tell you that I received a call in the parlor yesterday from Mrs. Thomas Jones. She was dressed so differently that at first I hardly knew her. Thomas and his wife after a suitable time for examination and trial, made a public profession of religion in our church; and have since conducted themselves and their household in such a manner as to give the strongest evidence of the sincerity of their profession.

Mrs. Jones called to see me with reference to William Reynolds, for whom both she and her husband feel a lively interest; and from her I received these incidents. Mrs. Reynolds with her interesting children, was long ago removed to a decent tenement in the village, where she has supported herself comfortably by her skill as a tailoress. During the past year she has seen nothing of her husband, who wandered away when released from his confinement.

Now he has returned, pale and haggard, worn out in body and mind. He loitered around the streets all one day, not daring to ask for his family. At length, Thomas met him and took him to his own home.

“I could not but think,” said the kind-hearted woman with tears starting to her eyes, “of the time when my husband used to return from a drunken frolic, looking pretty near as forlorn as

he. But Thomas brushed him up, and we made him look as smart as we could, though we could n't restore the ruddy cheeks, or the bright eyes he used to have; and then I jest stepped over to Anna Reynolds's. She was a sitting so kind o' comfortable hearing her little girl read a nice book, she got from Sabbath-school, while Willie was whittling into a basket, that I could n't help feeling kind o' guilty, to think how soon the errand, I'd come on might destroy all her peace. For you know, her husband had been gone so long she'd got settled like to have him away. But I knew who was waiting at home, and so I made bold to walk in.

“‘Good evening, Miss Reynolds,’ I says.

“‘She looked up as pleasant as could be, and says she, ‘good evening, Miss Jones,’ and then she got up and set me a chair by the fire. I allus said she was a born lady, and so is her little Anna. After all I did n't know how to bring in my message, and I begun to wish I had n't come, for fear she'd faint away or something. She looked up from her work while I was trying to think how I could begin, and says she, ‘can't you stop and spend the evening?’”

“‘Oh! no,’ says I, ‘I'm expected home. Miss Reynolds,’ says I, my heart beating so I was feared she'd hear it, ‘who do you think's over to our house?’”

“‘I can't say indeed,’ says she. Then she smiled and asked, ‘has Samuel returned?’”

“‘No’ says I, ‘but your husband has’ and with that I burst right out a crying, I could n't help it, I'd tried to keep in so long. Miss Reynolds turned jest as white as a sheet; and her work fell out of her lap to the floor. ‘Oh, dear!’ says I, ‘I did n't mean to tell you of it so sudden.’”

“‘Is it true?’ says she, whispering with her white lips; her voice was clean gone.

“‘Yes, 'tis true,’ says I, ‘Thomas brought him home when he came from work,’ and then I was jest a going to tell her that he

was a sitting with one of Thomas's coats on a waiting to see her; but somehow I thought that would n't be just the thing.

“‘Is he himself?’ she asked.

“‘He's all right,’ says I, meaning here, raising her hand to her head, ‘but he is n't very well.’

“She started right up, and took her bonnet and shawl down from a nail, and said, ‘come’ before I could hardly think what to do next. She almost flew across the road and up the lane. I had to run all the way to keep up. She stopped a minute in the entry to kind o' prepare herself, and then I opened the door; and them two sprang right into each other's arms. I declare, I acted like a fool, and stood behind the door crying as hard as ever I could, I was so astonished. She started and pushed him off a little to see if it was really her own husband, and then she hugged him tighter 'n ever.

“‘Anna,’ says William, when he could speak, wiping his eyes with an old rag of an handkercher, ‘can you forgive me all?’

“‘Yes, *all*,’ says she, ‘if you 'll only be my own William again,’ and then she took his hand to lead him home. ‘You'll hardly know the children,’ says she.

“He put on the old slouched thing, he called a hat, when he suddenly bethought himself he'd got on Thomas's best coat, almost bran new; and with that he begun to pull it right off. But Thomas would n't let him. ‘Reynolds,’ says he, ‘if you'll promise to be a good husband to her, as I know you will be, if you'll let rum alone, I'll make you welcome to it.’

“William snatched hold of his hands as if he was going to cry, and says he, ‘I don't dare to promise, oh, how I wish I could!’

“‘Well, *well*,’ says Thomas, ‘I'll see you again,’ for he thought 'twa' n't just the time to say more. I could n't help feelin proud o' my man, then, though I'm 'fraid 'twas kind o' wicked.’”

Kind Mrs. Jones! she was obliged to stop and find her-pocket-handkerchief. The tears were streaming down her honest face, and I must confess, I wept with her. She resumed, “The next

morning Anna came in and brought the coat all wrapped up in a towel, and says she, 'I thank your kind husband, Miss Jones, but William will soon be able to earn himself a coat with my help.'

"I urged her to keep it, and told her we both made her welcome to it, for I know what it is to want help and to *have* it too. But no, she would n't take it, and with that I asked her to wait a minute, and I ran up garret where Thomas had a good warm overcoat a little too small, and I'd laid it by to make Samuel one out of it. 'Here, Miss Reynolds,' says I, 'is a coat, 'tain't no kind o' use to Thomas, 'cause it's too small; and I want the nail desprit bad, where it hung, so I'll be behoven to you, if you'll give it house room.'

"'Oh, Miss Jones,' says she, 'I can see through your kindness, and I shall be very grateful for the coat,' and so she took it and went home. Now Thomas and I have been putting our heads together to get some work for Reynolds, so he wont have to go to the distillery for it. And at last we concluded to ask the Doctor's advice."

Monday, March 6th, 1837.

How little I thought when I wrote last that so long a time would pass before I should write again. I should hardly prove a very good correspondent, did not Frank fill up and make amends for all my deficiencies.

The sickness of Pauline, which, I think, I mentioned in my last, and which probably reached you more than a month since, proved to be the worst kind of measles. We were very much alarmed for a time, as they did not come out; and the poor child was burning up with fever.

I kept Walter over at mother's for more than a fortnight, while Emily remained here to assist me in the care of the little sufferer. Even when her face was so much swollen as to close her eyes, she was patient and gentle as a lamb. "Dear mamma," she would say, "will God let me see my little brother again?" Please ask

God to make me well quick ; this do n't make Pauline's face feel nice."

When she had repeatedly begged that Walter might be brought to the bed where she could hear his voice, I explained to her that we feared, if he came, he would be sick too, and his eyes just like hers. After this, the patient sufferer with true self-denial, said, "Mamma, won't you be sick too? I will try to lie still if you can't come. I want to get well to see my brother, but he must n't come here, because he will take the sick too," she repeated to every one after this.

Frank began to grow seriously alarmed, as week after week passed away, and she had nearly recovered from the effects of the measles, to find that her cough still continued. He feared lest her lungs might be affected. From being a very plump, rosy child, she had become extremely pale and thin. Her eyes looked unnaturally large and thoughtful. Her complexion which in health is the richest brunette, was almost sallow. I felt that she was growing too mature. Her questions were so serious and showed so much thought, that I would often catch her in my arms, and feel that I could not give her up. I saw that Frank watched her very closely, and administered to her with the tenderest care. But I dared not ask him what he thought.

"Mamma," said Pauline one day, "will you please teach me a little hymn?"

"Why, my love!" I asked, struck by the expression of her countenance.

"I want more hymns to say in the night. I have said 'Mary had a little lamb,' and 'I knew a little cottage girl,' and all my other hymns, and then I say 'Now I lay me' a great many times over, because that's so short, and I want to learn more."

"But, Pauline, why don't you shut your eyes, and go to sleep?"

"I do shut my eyes, mamma; but they won't stay shut, and the moon looks so bright, I like to see it. Then I say, 'God

made the sky that looks so blue.' Is there a hymn, mamma, about the moon?"

I taught her "twinkle, twinkle little star," but with a sad weight at my heart. That night I took Frank alone, and asked him if he knew Pauline lay awake at night repeating hymns.

He tried to turn away as he replied that he had often heard her whispering to herself.

"Frank," said I, detaining him, "tell me, do you think her dangerously ill?"

"Oh, no, not now!"

But I insisted upon knowing the worst, and seeing my fears were fully aroused, he confessed that he had been anxious about her cough. "I would give a good deal to know," said he, as if speaking to himself, "whether her family were consumptive."

"Husband," said I, catching hold of his arm, "I had really forgotten that the child was not my own;" and then the word *consumptive* struck like a fearful knell upon my heart.

"Cora," said the Doctor, "you take it too seriously. Pauline has always appeared to have an excellent constitution; I really am not at all sure that this is not the remains of the measles, only aggravated from other causes. I intend to take her out in the open air, just as soon as these bleak winds have gone." On the whole I felt relieved by this conversation.

Tuesday, March 7th.

Joseph Morgan has come to make the long promised visit. He has become very much attached to his cousin Emily, and seems to feel that as he must have fun with somebody, it will be safer to take one who has no husband to call him to account. Sister, I will venture to say, has not laughed so much for a long, *long* time. He has evidently indulged no small curiosity to see Pauline; but though he will not of course say anything to wound my feelings, yet it was plain enough to see, he thought much more of a lively game at romps with Walter, than he did of trying to

draw out Pauline, timid and retiring, as she always appears before strangers.

The little fellow will not allow his cousin one moment's peace when in the house. He creeps across the floor in a twinkling, climbs up to Joseph's knee, and by expressive pulls and gestures, signifies his wish that his cousin should instantly get down upon the carpet for a play. If this goes on, I shall soon be obliged to have new furniture. Chairs and lounges tumble over, and my work-basket has received a terrible wound in the side, through which I am constantly losing seissors, thimble, and cotton. Joseph expresses great sorrow, but in ten minutes does the same again. I try to look grave, and call Ann to put the room in order; but before I am aware, I am laughing until the tears roll down my cheeks.

Monday, March 20th.

Pauline has become quite free with her cousin, and goes directly to him when he calls her to sit on his knee. It is amusing to hear him talk with her. While with every one else he will have his joke, so that Cæsar opens his mouth to its fullest extent in anticipation, yet with Pauline he is grave and gentle, and never makes fun of what she says. He told me once, when she was absent from the room, that he must mind his ps and qs, for he heard her telling Phebe part of a foolish story, he had told Emily in her hearing. Phebe laughed as if she did not believe it, when Pauline said earnestly, "You must n't laugh, Phebe, my cousin said so."

Phebe said, "Oh! misse, he's only fooling."

Pauline didn't understand that, and turning around saw him. "Here he is!" she exclaimed triumphantly, "will you please tell Phebe, you did say that."

Joseph confessed he was decidedly confused. "She looked so earnest and solemn with those large eyes of hers. I wouldn't like her to catch me fibbing. I couldn't look her in the face for a

month. By the way, coz, have you ever found out her parentage? She speaks when occasion requires, like a princess. You should have heard her reprove Phebe for laughing."

I hinted to Joseph that I disliked to hear any allusion to Pauline's parentage.

"It is a great wonder," said he, "that I did not blab it right out."

Tuesday, March 21st.

To-day has been mild and pleasant as summer. Joseph, who is a skilful equestrian, rode up to the door, waiting for Cæsar to bring the riding whip. Pauline stood with her little face pressed close to the window, at the imminent hazard of flattening her nose. Joseph motioned to me to throw up the sash. I did so, setting down the child from the chair.

"Let Pauline come," said he.

I shook my head.

"It will do her good; the day is delightful; dress her warm, and let her come. I'll bring her back safely."

I turned in doubt to the child, when she put her hand in mine, while a bright flush passed over her face. "Please, mamma," she said, "I should like to go with my cousin."

This decided me, and nodding assent from the window, I hastened to prepare her for the ride. Cæsar took her in his arms and gave her to Joseph; but he was not yet ready. He asked Cæsar, if there were not somewhere about the premises, a soft cushion suitable for a princess to ride upon.

Pauline gave him a quick look from under her long lashes.

"Well," said he, correcting himself—"for a nice little girl." He gently placed her before him, held her tightly with one arm, and nodding adieu, they rode away. But Joseph forgot himself again before he reached the gate, and shouted back, "You need not expect us till night."

"Oh! please cousin don't stay so long, mamma would be very anxious," and she looked distressed.

Joseph turned the horse at once, rode back to the door where we still stood looking after them, and motioning me to come to the step, said, "We shall probably be absent about half an hour."

I smiled.

"Dear coz," he resumed, "I hope you'll have something warm for me when I return. I fancy, I shall be black and blue inside here, trying to conform my conversation to my companion's strict sense of propriety."

It was nearly an hour, however, before they returned, and Pauline's eyes were so bright, her cheeks and lips so red that I gazed at her with admiration. When in answer to my question, whether she had enjoyed herself, she replied that she had had a beautiful time, and that her cousin "talked to her so good." He said with a bow, "I am more than repaid for all my efforts at self-control."

Thursday, March 23d.

Another beautiful day, and another ride for Pauline. Her father is much encouraged already. She ate with more appetite yesterday than since her sickness. We have elected Joseph assistant physician to the Doctor, and he is to take the patients to ride when that is prescribed.

He said, "I always knew that sometime or other, the right kind of employment would come to me, if I only had patience to wait for it. Now duty and inclination point the same way, my course is clear." Instead of a sign, Joseph is to take Pauline upon the horse, and ride back and forth through the town, when he has no doubt applications will flow in upon him like a flood.

Though this dear cousin is to appearance such a harum-scarum sort of a fellow, yet I feel assured he is not without his serious moments, when he realizes that it is "not all of life to live." How can it be otherwise, educated as he has been. From his birth, daily prayer has been offered in his behalf. I am well convinced,

that he often puts on this kind of foolery, as he calls it, for a cover to deeper feelings. I told him to-day that Pauline, (who always frames her own petitions,) had prayed for him, and thanked God for giving her such a nice cousin, and letting her take such beautiful rides. I told him I sometimes heard her whispering to herself when she took a tiny chair, her father gave her, "thank you God for my pretty chair."

Joseph looked very serious and said, "I should value her prayers far more than those of many professing Christians I could name. Why, coz," he added after a pause, "I never saw such a little matter of fact thing in my life. If she goes on so, I prophesy people around her will have to walk straight. I thought at first that she was tame; but she has plenty of spirit, only that she keeps it under control. Yes," he added, warming with the subject, "I have seen her eye flash, and her cheeks burn for an instant, and then it would all be over, and she would speak in the gentlest, sweetest voice imaginable. It sounds like Italian music."

Friday, March 24th.

This morning after prayers, cousin came to the nursery door and knocked. I was hearing Pauline repeat her letters, after which I often tell her a Bible story. He sat down quietly until I had finished. "Cousin Cora," said he, "I don't believe I shall ever be good; I've tried, and tried, since I have been here; I resolve every night I will be better, but I go on just the same."

I confess that for a moment, I did not know what reply to make. Pauline had not left my side; she opened wide her large eyes, and looked first at me and then at her cousin. After a moment, she walked across to the place where he sat and put her hand in his. "Dear cousin, if you pray to God, he will tell you how to be good, and mamma will pray for you."

The tears started to Joseph's eyes, as he kissed the little hand in his, and went quickly out of the room.

An hour or two afterward, two young gentlemen from the village called to invite him to join them in an excursion to the lake. I was much pleased with this attention to my cousin, and accepted their invitation in his name. But to my astonishment Joseph, when sent for from the cottage, declined the courtesy with many thanks, upon the plea of a previous engagement. I looked at him for an explanation, little thinking the promise of a ride he had made Pauline, would be in his mind a sufficient excuse.

He read my look. "You know, Cora," he said, turning to me, "it would be awkward for me to be sued for a breach of promise."

The young gentlemen soon departed to join their party, and he turned to leave the room. "I cannot bear to have you give up so pleasant an excursion," said I, detaining him, "especially on Pauline's account. I had just before you came in, told them you would be delighted to accompany them."

"I should be far more delighted," he answered, "to give my sweet little cousin pleasure, and I had promised her the ride." No more was said at the time. Cæsar led the horse around to the door, ready saddled and cushioned; and the child was almost in an ecstasy of delight. She had really begun to look like her former self, and my hopes rose high for her permanent recovery. She looked really brilliant as she stood equipped waiting for Joseph; her eyes danced with joy, and her whole face was radiant with happiness.

"Am I not well paid, coz?" said the young man glancing at the little figure before him.

"You are very kind," I replied, "I shall not soon forget it."

A shade passed over his face, and he turned back as if about to speak, but checked himself, and taking Pauline in his arms, placed her on the horse, then with a light bound sprang to her side and rode away. The weather is still mild and warm, and as Ann was busy, I took Walter in his wagon, and drew him around the garden, calling at grandmamma's. The young lad began to

be very sleepy, and I was about returning to the house, when the equestrians returned. Joseph left Pauline inside the door; and Cæsar coming forward to lead the horse, he hastened to meet me.

Quietly taking the handle of the carriage he said gravely, "Cousin Cora, I fear you will despise me for what I am going to say, but I can't help it. I sha'n't feel right until I've made a clean breast of it."

As I looked inquiringly, but made no reply he went on, "I deceived you this morning by allowing you to suppose that I was so careful to redeem my promise to Pauline, that I denied myself the pleasure of an excursion upon the lake. Now, I suppose if I had felt inclined to go, I should not have hesitated a moment on that account. But to tell you the truth, I was heartily glad of an excuse."

"But why? I should have supposed that you of all others would have entered into such a frolic."

For a few moments he made no reply, and we reached the door. He intimated that he would like to go the round again; and putting my arm in his, we walked silently on, as master Walter was soundly sleeping.

"Cora," said he at length, "for a few days I have been more miserable than I can tell you. I want to begin life anew; but I don't know how. All connected with this dear family are usefully and happily employed while I have only lived heretofore to please myself. Though I resolve, and *re*-resolve, I am no better. Even little Pauline has a principle and strength within her to which I am a stranger. Can't you help me, Cora?"

I had never seen Joseph so earnest, and I lifted up my heart for wisdom to direct me, that I might speak a "word in season." I then endeavored in my feeble, imperfect way, to direct my inquiring cousin to the fountain of all strength. I told him while he depended upon himself to keep the resolutions, he formed, he would necessarily fail. But aware as he expressed himself to be

of his inability to help himself, if he would humbly and earnestly beseech God for Christ's sake to help him, God would certainly answer his prayer.

"I have tried to pray," he replied, much agitated. "I have always been taught to repeat prayers, but last night I could not sleep, and I got up and tried to pray, but I found no answer. Nothing assured me that I was heard."

"Do not despair, dear cousin. Pray again. I wish you would talk with the Doctor. He would direct you so much better than I can." This, I said, as I saw Frank approaching, having looked in vain through the house for us.

"As you please," he replied with a deep sigh, "but I fear it will do no good." I left him with the carriage, and approaching my husband told him in a few words the substance of our conversation, and requested him to invite Joseph to the library. I then ran forward to call Ann to take Walter up to his crib.

Joseph looked very much embarrassed for a moment; but I knew the Doctor would deal very tenderly with him, and at the same time that he would go to the root of the matter, and I anticipated much good from the interview.

Frank came to my room but for a moment, before he rode away. I saw that the time had not passed without strong emotion on his part. I have as yet had no opportunity to ask him about it.

Monday, March 27th.

Yesterday I was glad to notice the unusual solemnity of Joseph's manner at church. He is a dear, noble-hearted fellow, and I cannot but hope the prayers of his pious parents in his behalf will be answered. I must confess, I have sometimes thought they were too indulgent in their training, and allowed him altogether too much money. Considering how entirely he has been for many years his own master, and how much he has been petted at home, I think he is wonderfully free from faults, especially from that

selfishness, prodigality, and disregard of the wishes of others which is too often the result of such training.

Tuesday, April 4th.

Our dear cousin Joseph has this morning left us. I trust his visit here will be of permanent use to him. He expressed his determination to enter at once into some useful employment, saying he had idled away quite too many years of his life. I was struck with the difference between Pauline and Walter in expressing their sorrow at his leaving. The latter screamed as loud as his lungs would allow, and would hardly leave his cousin to come to me. Pauline with a tearful eye, and flushed cheek, stood quietly by until he kissed her farewell, when her lip quivered, but she made no noisy demonstration of her sorrow. I saw that this silent grief went straight to Joseph's heart. He turned back, pressed her tightly in his arms for a moment, said something to her in a low voice and was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

“The feeling of a parent never dies
But with our moral nature; all in vain
The wretch by cold and cruel spurning tries
To change that love to hate.” PERCIVAL.

Afternoon.

EMILY received to-day a hastily written note from Lucy Lee, requesting her to call as soon as possible. I long to know what has happened. The Doctor visits the old gentleman once in a few weeks. Perhaps I have not told you that he has several times met Allen there. I am afraid Joseph has come home, and found out that he has renewed his visits.

Wednesday, April 5th.

I was entirely wrong in my fears about Luey. She had received a letter from a physician in the city who was called to Joseph, and who says he is now so ill, that he deemed it advisable to notify his family. Lucy inferred from the account, which was rather guarded, that it was an attack of the delirium tremens, brought on by his late excesses, hastened perhaps by the fact of his leaving home the last week extremely angry because his father refused to advance him any more money. Joseph ascribed it to Lucy's influence over the old man, and vowed revenge.

The forgiving sister no sooner heard of the dangerous illness of her brother, than she wished to go to him. She could not endure the thought of his being left alone in his sickness. Emily encouraged her to go at once, and offered to remain with her father, to which her friend gratefully acceded.

The Doctor whom they consulted, advised them to tell the Squire frankly where she was going, as if it resulted as they feared, he must then be told.

During the long, *long* months of his confinement, Frank had observed a gradual softening of the old gentleman's feelings, not only toward his daughter, but upon religious subjects. He thinks that the daily reading of the Scriptures by Lucy and also witnessing in her every-day life the religion of Jesus so beautifully exemplified, has produced a good effect on the heart so long hard and obdurate. Frank readily undertook to prepare his patient for the temporary absence of his daughter, while Emily assisted her in making arrangements for her immediate departure.

Nor was the Doctor disappointed. Squire Lee was indeed shocked at the dangerous condition of his son and heir; but he instantly sent for Lucy, and desired her to consult her own feelings and sense of duty relative to joining him. She took a most affectionate leave of her father, whose sorrow at parting with her might seem uncalled for, were it not remembered that the dear girl had been for a long time his sole companion, his nurse, daughter, friend and comforter. Her couch occupies a room where she is within the sound of his voice; and it is not at all unusual for her to arise at midnight to administer to him or to read a few soothing words to allay the restlessness which is almost invariably an accompaniment of a complaint like his.

Thursday, April 6th.

Mother will remain with me during Emily's absence. Pauline continues to gain in health and strength. I was very much affected last night at her tenderness of feeling. She was kneeling by my side to say her prayers before retiring, when all at once she stopped and began to sob.

"My dear little daughter, why do you cry?"

"Dear Mamma," she replied, still sobbing, "my cousin told me when he was going away, that I must pray every night, that God

would help him to become a good man; and when I was going to ask God, I remembered that Joseph had gone, and it made me cry." She looked very earnestly at me as she inquired, "Is n't my cousin good, mamma?"

"I hope he is, my love," I answered, as I thought of his parting request to the dear child.

I was making a few purchases in the village this morning, when I felt some one slightly pulling my dress. I turned around and saw the sweet face of Anna Reynolds, lighted up with such a joyous expression, that it sent a warm gush of feeling through my heart.

"Please, Mrs. Lenox, excuse me," said she in a low tone and with far more than all the grace of a lady of the court. "I saw you here, and I desired to tell you how very happy we all are at home. My father has come back;" and she reached up to whisper, "he never drinks rum now, and we all go to church together. Mother says, who knows but Willie and I may live in Rose Cottage yet? You know that was once our home."

I requested her to wait a moment while I paid for my purchases, and then I took her hand and walked part of the way with her.

From her simple story, I learned in addition to what I already knew, that through the kindness of Thomas Jones, her father had procured steady employment for the summer with a farmer in the neighborhood, where he was entirely free from temptation. I warmly sympathized with Anna's delight at having a father. She had never before known the happiness.

I came home and told Frank the good news of the happiness of the Reynolds family. When I informed him that Thomas Jones had procured him work away from temptation, and had given him a whole suit of clothes so that he could go to meeting, he was very busy reading; but he looked up in a minute as if he had heard all, and with a queer look, said he was glad I knew how to rejoice with those that rejoiced, as well as to weep with those that weep.

Saturday, April 8th.

Lucy Lee returned rather unexpectedly last evening. Her brother Joseph did not know her; and the physician thought it not safe for her to be there. To say the least, it was exceedingly unpleasant to the dear girl. There were no women to be seen in the establishment. It required the strength of two men to manage him during his fits of frenzy. Lucy wept as she confessed she could have submitted to every inconvenience to be with him, were it not for his horribly profane and lewd conversation. He seemed living over again midnight scenes of debauchery. "Oh! Oh!!" exclaimed the poor weeping girl, "I never imagined anything half so awful." She only saw her brother twice, once on the morning and again in the afternoon of the day of her arrival. She said, even the attendants who were used to such scenes, confessed that they had never witnessed one half so bad.

Emily came home early this morning, and has interested us much in her account of Squire Lee. She says, it is hard for her to realize that he is the same man who so cruelly spurned his innocent, trembling daughter from his feet, so lovingly does he now speak to her.

At the usual hour for him to hear reading, Emily brought out the Bible and began the story of Christ's sufferings and death. Chapter after chapter was called for and listened to with breathless interest. When Emily closed the book, he looked around as if missing something, and sister saw his eye rest on a book of prayer. She arose and brought it to him, not exactly understanding what was expected. He shook his head.

"Would you like to hear a prayer?" He bowed his assent, and turning to the prayer for the day of the week, and kneeling near him, she read aloud.

His right hand supported his head, and when sister arose, the tears were trickling through his fingers and down upon his cheeks. Several times, she heard him say, "poor Joseph, soul and body —

lost by rum — God forgivé me." Many similar expressions fell from his lips.

Allen came in every day during Lucy's absence, and Emily thought that the old gentleman received pleasure from his visits. He was a great assistance to her in changing the position of the sufferer, whose left side is so paralyzed as to render it impossible for him to raise himself from the easy chair in which he sits.

One incident which occurred I must not omit. Squire Lee made a remark to which Emily naturally replied, "from what I remember of Mrs. Lee, Lucy very much resembles her mother."

This led to the mention of the portrait in the parlor. The old gentleman sighed, for he remembered how touchingly his kneeling daughter had appealed to it when he was last below. "I should think," said Emily, "Lucy would have it hung there, where you can see it from your chair," pointing to a vacant place on the wall.

After a moment's pause, he replied, "since it has been changed to the new frame I have not thought it as natural." Joseph had purchased and brought from the city some years since massive and heavy frames, and the sweet face so subdued and tender looked out of keeping with its surroundings.

After a few moments, Emily called the attendants to remain with her patient, and hastening to Mrs. Burns, asked if the old frames to the portraits were in existence. Together they ascended to the garret, found the very article for which they were searching, packed away with old rubbish. Almost trembling at her own daring, she carried it below, removed the picture from its massive frame with the ready assistance of the house-keeper, and soon had it replaced in its old case. The question now was how to get it into the room.

Mrs. Burns said, "Lucy would never dare to propose the thing to her father. She has been trodden upon so long, she has no will of her own." Determined to carry out her plan, now that she had gone so far, Emily arranged the cord and tassel so that she could hang it up in an instant, and setting it down at the door of

the room, returned to her charge. She playfully suggested to him the idea of a look from the window, and wheeled the chair around for that purpose, when quickly catching the frame from its hiding place, she suspended it from the nail before the sick man had noticed her absence from his side. She stood by him combing his thin, gray locks until her heart began to beat more freely, and then wheeling the chair back to its usual place, awaited with no little trembling, the result of her project. She now magnified in her own mind the oft repeated necessity for perfect quiet and freedom from excitement.

She took a book, and sat down, when she saw her patient give a start that almost threw him out of his chair, saying in a half frightened, though joyful tone, "My wife! *my wife!!* my own dear Mary, do forgive me!"

Emily hastened to reassure the old gentleman who did not attempt to speak again for some minutes; but when she playfully told him of the pleasant surprise, she intended, he confessed that for a moment he thought his wife had appeared to him to upbraid him for his cruel treatment of her daughter. But now nothing could induce him to have her portrait removed.

CHAPTER XXI.

* * * * * "Thy natal day,
Love bids it welcome, the love which hath smiled,-
Ever around thee, my gentle child!
Watching thy footsteps and guarding thy bed,
And pouring out joy on thy sunny head.
Roses may vanish, but this will stay,—
Happy and bright is thy natal day." MRS. HEMANS.

Tuesday, April 11th.

WALTER has to-day taken his first exercise in walking alone. He is very proud of his achievement, but no more so than his little sister who stands at a short distance with outstretched arms and utters the encouraging words, "Come, dear brother; *come* to sister!"

He makes the attempt, but is so elated that he does not regard the good old-fashioned precept, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall," and straightway he lies prostrate on the floor. But sister is not discouraged, and amidst shouts of delight on his part, and sweet musical tones on hers, he is placed against the wall and prepares for a new triumph. Pauline is not satisfied that there should be so few present to witness the astonishing feat. She runs to the library for her father. "Oh! papa, come quick, and see what Walter can do!" She soon assembled the whole household. Papa looked on with the most complacent of smiles, hardly knowing which to admire more, the new use to which his first-born son was determined to put his understanding, or the

unselfish triumph of his little daughter. Cæsar, Phebe and Ann loudly applauded the little fellow. This, as is often the case with persons of riper years, only made him top-heavy and brought him sooner down to his proper level. But nothing daunted, he started again, rendered almost wild by the hearty cheers of those around him. At last, mamma came to the rescue. The young hope of the house must rest for a season, in anticipation of new trials and new victories.

Evening.

Emily called to hear the last advices from Joseph Lee. The latest intelligence was quite encouraging. The patient is much more calm and sleeps well under the influence of powerful anodynes, and if nothing new occurs, bids fair to recover. If he were the most affectionate of brothers, Lucy could not feel more grateful. She wrote to his physician to spare no expense for the comfort of her brother, who would ere long, she hoped, be able to return home.

Wednesday, April 19th.

This is the second anniversary of my wedding. How much happiness has fallen to my lot! My own Frank grows every day more dear to me. How fervently he prayed this morning for me and for himself, giving thanks to God for our happy union and the various blessings with which divine mercy has crowned it, and seeking for us still larger supplies of grace, that increased fidelity to its duties may perpetuate and multiply our joys. May God give me grace to prove myself a worthy help-meet! I often fear that I am too much engrossed with my earthly treasures. My husband, children and friends occupy too much of my time and thoughts, while I am liable to forget the Giver of these rich mercies. Oh, that I may not in this way bring upon myself his chastening rod! Oh, that all my earthly affections may be so sanctified as to be acceptable to my Father in heaven!

Tuesday, May 2d.

This is my dear Walter's birth-day. Through how many scenes have I passed in one year! This was indeed the hour of nature's trial. But oh! how richly is the agony of the mother repaid by her joy at the sound of the sweet voice so soon calling her *mamma!* Next to *home*, the embodiment of all earthly joys, this is to me the sweetest word in all our language. From the bottom of my heart I pity the Stoic who cannot comprehend the full and precious import of the word *home*.

Evening.

We have had quite a little fête in honor of our young Lenox. Phebe exercised all her skill in the preparation of a birthday cake, which was however intended for the guests, the children being perfectly content with a piece of the frosting.

Pauline's tiny set of china was brought in requisition. This was a present from her father on her own birth-day, which we celebrate on the sixth of June, the day on which we received her as a precious boon from heaven. The dear girl, with Ann for an assistant, arranged the table in the dining-room, and issued the invitations in behalf of her brother; and when her feast was ready went round from room to room to lead in her guests.

None of the household were omitted, though Ruth was obliged to excuse herself as she had been previously invited to officiate as ^{per}bridemaid in the village. Papa and mamma were permitted to occupy seats together on one side of the table, a privilege which the gentleman acknowledged by a low bow. Grandmamma and aunt Emily sat opposite. Master Lenox was in his high chair at the head of the table, with good Cæsar and Phebe beside him. Pauline took the seat which I usually occupied, with Ann by her side.

Our sable friends had joined in the birth-day sports of Mass'r Frank and Misse Emily, and felt no embarrassment in sitting with us on such an occasion, in honor of which Phebe had donned

a new turban of brilliant hues, and Cæsar had given his face, eyes, and teeth an extra shine. But Ann felt it necessary to apologize for the liberty, and said "Miss Pauline would have it so."

The Doctor replied pleasantly, "All's right, Ann, Pauline knows what is proper." As for the child, her duties became rather onerous. She flew around the table, moving one here and another there, until at length her guests were arranged to her satisfaction. Then she resumed her own seat.

Thinking that he had waited quite long enough, Walter, with a quick motion jumped up in his chair, and helped himself to a large piece of the sugared cake which stood before him. Pauline was shocked, and said "Please, brother, don't do so, I was just going to ask papa to say grace." But her papa was laughing so much that he declined to officiate as chaplain, and advised her to distribute her treat at once.

To tell the whole truth, the young gentleman, in honor of whom the invitation was given, did not get to himself much credit by his conduct on the occasion. He upset everything within his reach, and was only appeased when his obliging friend at his side allowed him the free use of his curly head for a plaything, when he soon had his little fingers so tangled in the wool as to allow the rest of the company an opportunity to enjoy themselves in peace.

If all the truth must be told, the grave Doctor, from whom we should least have expected trouble, did not certainly distinguish himself by sobriety. Indeed I was obliged to request his mother to dismiss him from the table, unless he could control his risibles.

Never was matron more perplexed and annoyed by the conduct of guests than was our hostess. Flushed with excitement, her brow knit with anxiety lest some one should be overlooked, she flew around, and then remembering that this was not mamma's manner, she returned to her seat and there tried to do the honors in the most approved style.

Friday, May 12th.

Lucy has received a letter from Joseph in reply to one from her, urging him to come home. In it he manifests the most horrible disregard of his own state, just arising from what appeared to be his death-bed, and also of the gradually dying condition of his father, and refuses ever to go beneath "the accursed roof while the old man lives." The deeply afflicted sister is horrified beyond measure, but of course will conceal the letter from her father.

Squire Lee has often asked, if Joseph is not coming home, and feels grieved that his son left him in anger. He confessed to the Doctor, a few days ago, that the sins of Joseph lay heavily upon his conscience, at the same time repeating a quotation from the morning reading in which the woe was pronounced upon Eli and his house "because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

Saturday, May 13th.

I called at Squire Lee's to-day, and happening to have Pauline with me, I took her up into the old gentleman's room. He appeared extremely feeble, and after I had said a few words to him, and was turning to take a seat, Lucy led Pauline toward the bed. With a look of horror upon his countenance, he screamed, "Who is she? *Who is she?* I don't want her here. Oh, let her go away!"

The poor child began to cry, and I hastily led her from the room, wondering why the sight of her should cause such unusual agitation. Lucy sent a servant to beg me to go into the parlor, where she would soon meet me. I took Pauline in my lap, but it was some time before I could succeed in soothing her. She said, "the sick man makes dreadful faces at me."

Lucy said, her father wished her to apologize to me, and to say, that the child resembled so strongly a lady he had known when in Europe, that for a moment he thought her standing be-

fore him. "But when I told him," she added, "it was your little girl, he was relieved at once. I think," continued she, with slight agitation, "father must have had some unpleasant associations, connected with the lady, he mentioned, for he was laboring under strong excitement, while the perspiration stood in drops upon his brow."

On my return, I related to Frank what had happened; he said I had better avoid taking Pauline there again, since such excitements might prove fatal to his patient. I don't remember that the old gentleman ever saw her before.

CHAPTER XXII.

* * * * * "Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that, after a long darkness,
Are dazzled at th' sudden approach of light;
When in th' midst of fears we are surpris'd
With unexpected happiness; the first
Degrees of joy are mere astonishment." DENHAM.

Saturday, May 20th.

I HAVE been to-day with Emily and Pauline to make some calls. On our return, we drove to the small tenement occupied by the Reynolds family. We found the contented, happy wife busy in the performance of her household duties. She said, she wanted to sing for joy at the reformation of her husband. He was well with the exception of a dreadful faintness at his stomach, the consequence of leaving off the stimulus to which he has been so long accustomed. She said, she had sometimes thought of applying to the Doctor for a remedy; "but," she added with emotion, "after all he has done for us, I do not wish to trouble him."

I answered, "he will take pleasure in rendering your husband relief."

"Oh yes, indeed, we are all aware of that. William would not have had the employment which enables him to support his family, had your husband not gone to Mr. Hunter and presented the case to him. Then it would have been a long time before he could have earned clothes suitable to go to church."

"Mr. Jones knows well how to sympathize with him in his efforts to reform."

"Yes," and a curious look passed over her face. "But he told William at last that he could not keep it from him any longer. Thomas did indeed go with him to the tailor's, and order the garments, but it was by direction of your good husband, who paid the bill."

"Oh! Frank," said I to myself, "you've begun to have secrets and to keep them from me." Yet I was quite delighted that my husband's

"Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver."

As we were leaving, Mrs. Reynolds said, "I walked last evening to our old home, and it made my heart ache to see how neglected the place appeared. But my husband has a purpose, and if God prospers us with health and strength, we shall accomplish it. This is to purchase back the cottage. Do you think," she eagerly asked, "the Squire would refuse to sell?"

Emily fell into such a reverie that I could get no answer to my numerous questions until we reached home. Then she directed Cæsar to drive her to Squire Lee's.

Monday, May 29th.

For a number of days some mysterious project has been going forward. Emily spends half her time with Lucy Lee. The Doctor is implicated in it, as I perceive from sundry whisperings and signs, which are instantly hushed at my approach. Yesterday I came upon them unawares, and heard distinctly mention made of a lawyer, legal instruments, witnesses and the like. I can easily imagine that Lucy is to be married to Allen; and that the Doctor and a lawyer are advising the old gentleman about his will. How astonished they will be at my shrewdness, when I tell them, I was well aware of their secret all the time.

Tuesday, May 30th.

How true it is that life is made up of sun and shade. I was never

more impressed with this idea than I have been to-day. A short time since I called, as I mentioned, upon Mrs. Reynolds, and found her in comfort, with her husband restored to her and to his family, and looking forward with joyous anticipation to the time when they should be the proprietors of their once beautiful home.

Alas! how soon these hopes were dashed! The poor woman came to me this morning, weeping bitterly. It has been their custom when the father returned from his work, and when the labor of the day was completed, for all the now united and happy family to take a stroll for pleasure. Almost invariably their steps have been directed to the place rendered dear by pleasant associations. Last evening when they were approaching it, they were greatly astonished to see that something unusual was going forward, and hastening their steps, they found to their dismay that the occupants had received notice to vacate the premises, as the place was sold. Vain were all their endeavors to learn the name of the purchaser. The tenants neither knew nor cared, for they were perplexed at being obliged to leave their comfortable quarters, though they acknowledged that one month's rent had been given them by the purchaser, in consideration of their consenting to leave at once.

Hardly conscious of what she did, Mrs. Reynolds followed her husband from room to room, rendered desolate by the removal of the furniture while harder and harder grew the face of the bowed man, until at length he sunk upon the steps of the door, and cried aloud. "I did n't know until then," she added, "how much he had set his heart upon having the old place. True it has been our constant conversation whenever he has been at home; and so sure did he feel of going back, that he had promised each of the children a flower-garden equal to any their mother ever had."

I could not keep back my tears at witnessing the unrestrained grief of the afflicted woman. "I could bear it myself," she continued, sobbing, "but William has given up, and says, it is no use now, trying to be anything."

Though I feared, it would be in vain, I did all I could to encourage her and told her the Doctor would inquire about it, and see if the purchaser could not be bought off. "At any rate," I said, "William can put up a cottage like it. You must not allow your husband to despond." She went away with her heart somewhat lightened. When Frank came in, I related her story to him, and was greatly encouraged by his hopeful view of the subject.

He said, "I will see Reynolds immediately." I am often astonished that my dear husband with so large a practice finds time to render so many acts of kindness to those around him.

Tuesday, June 6th.

My dear mother, I have so much to tell you, I scarcely know where to begin. Frank has hinted to me a number of times, that he intended to celebrate Pauline's birth-day in good style, as the poor girl had taken such a burden upon herself at the celebration of her brother's birth-day. But when I inquired for farther particulars, he always turned it off with a laugh. When I went this morning to the kitchen, I found Phebe in her element, saying, "Mass'r Frank gib orders for cake and pies, for twenty people, and Ruth say ole missus is g'wine to make bread and boil meat."

What can all this mean! I walked straight to the cottage to learn what I could from mother. My rising wrath at being kept so entirely in the dark was somewhat mollified by finding her as ignorant as myself. She was, however, busy in preparing dishes for a bountiful supper, according to the wish of Emily. My dear, artless mother did not deceive me, when she pretended not to hear as I eagerly asked, "have you no idea of the meaning of all this secrecy?" I said no more, but walked back, soliloquizing whether it would be wiser for me to insist upon knowing without farther delay, or to allow matters to approach the crisis. I had concluded upon the latter course when I saw Frank drive into the yard. I did not stop, however, for I intended to keep up my dignity, and

to appear perfectly indifferent. So I went to my room and gave Pauline her lesson; but Frank peeped in and beckoned me away.

I put on a very serious air and followed him. "Come now," said he, kissing me, "you can't make me believe you are angry; I see your mouth twitch; I've some good news for you."

In my curiosity, I threw away my reserve, and listened eagerly to his story, which I must go back a little to render intelligible. It appears that Emily's large heart was swelling with "a purpose" when she so suddenly started for Squire Lee's, on our return from visiting the humble abode of Mrs. Reynolds. Undefined, at first, she confessed it was; but a vague idea was flitting through her mind, of persuading the owner to give back Rose Cottage to its former occupants. Sometimes her hopes rose high, and then she was tempted to abandon her project. The thought of expecting "the hardened old man" (as the Squire had universally been called until his sickness,) the thought of asking such a man to give away what he valued at ten or twelve hundred dollars, merely to encourage the reformation of his inferior who had been ruined in his employment, seemed hopeless and absurd. But the image of the patient sufferer, eagerly listening to her praises of his daughter, gave her courage to proceed, and she tapped gently at the door of his room, where she was sure to find Lucy.

After talking pleasantly with the old gentleman for a few moments, Lucy in obedience to a motion from Emily, retired with her to the inner apartment. There she made bold to divulge her plans and wishes, to which there was no want of attention on the part of the listener. She, however, made no reply until Emily had finished, when she took her hand, saying, "Come and tell father."

From this, even the courageous Emily shrunk, saying "No, Lucy, you will do the business far better."

But Lucy only smiled, and pulled her forward, saying, "Tell him just as you have told me. He won't be displeased."

So Emily sat down at his feet and told him all her heart. He

listened with a pleased attention; and when she described the patient suffering of the gentle Anna, the beautiful children cursed with a drunken father, his breast heaved with emotion. Emily grew warm with her subject, and remembering that she was asking more than he had ever done in his life, she burst out, "Dear sir, if you should make this family happy, it would be so delightful for you to reflect upon as you sit here day after day. You would become so interested for them, and Lucy would so rejoice to hear their generous praise of their kind benefactor."

He shook his head while a few tears silently coursed down his furrowed cheek. "You forget that I *made* them miserable."

"Well, then," she continued, "now you have an opportunity to turn their grief into joy, and to render them very happy;" and looking at the portrait opposite, upon which the sun was shining, "how happy she would have been to have you perform so generous an act."

There appeared to be a dreadful conflict between his incruited covetousness and the benevolence which by the grace of God was springing up in his soul. Lucy came and kneeled by Emily's side holding her father's hand caressingly in hers. "Well, daughter," said he affectionately, "Rose farm is yours, give it to whom you please."

The young advocates were overjoyed at their success, and Lucy kissed her father repeatedly, while Emily warmly pressed his hand. In the peace and joy which filled his breast, Squire Lee for the first time realized the truth of the inspired declaration, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Lucy readily promised to keep the whole transaction a profound secret until the proper moment should arrive for the denouement. Emily also promised with the assistance of her brother to arrange all the business.

Wednesday, June 7th.

I had not time last evening to finish Emily's story. Her fre-

quent conversations with Frank were connected with the legal transfer of the estate. How wise I thought myself in having seen through their plot!

At length, all was concluded. The legal instruments were prepared and executed, conveying the property from the Squire to his daughter, and from her to Mrs. Reynolds and her children, reserving the use thereof to Mr. Reynolds, provided he remained true to his pledge of entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks. But in the event of his violating his pledge, the same was to revert to his wife and children.

The family occupying the house, were the next morning notified to leave, as Emily had determined to restore it to its original beauty. The Doctor, however, insisted that I should have the pleasure of giving the furniture, and he put money into her hand for that purpose.

The important day had now arrived for the removal of William and Anna Reynolds to their sweet home, while as yet they knew nothing of the great happiness in store for them. It was for the purpose of carrying me to invite them to Pauline's birth-day party, that Frank had returned. He had left Emily and Lucy busily engaged in setting up the furniture which Cæsar had yesterday carried there. I rode with him to their humble abode, and found Anna sitting at her sewing in rather a disconsolate mood, on account of the continued grief of her husband, at the supposed loss of the cottage.

But she very gladly accepted Miss Pauline's invitation and promised to keep her children from school and to be ready when Cæsar should call for them. Such a bustle of preparation as now went forward, I have hardly seen. The good Cæsar was constantly coming and going, laden with baskets of provisions, crockery and other household utensils. As he passed the door, he stopped the horse, and drawing himself up, said in a consequential tone, "Cæsar knows Misse Emily no do widout dis chile on dis great

'casion. Mass'r Lenox allus powerful good to sich kind. Dis de gemman allus 'prove mass'r plans."

At length, the hour arrived, and Pauline was arranged in a white dress with pink sash and bows to her sleeves. I left her at Rose Cottage with the assembled company, and as requested returned with Cæsar to bring the new proprietors to their abode.

They were all in readiness, William arrayed in his new suit, and evidently striving to appear cheerful; Mrs. Reynolds, Anna and Willie were neatly dressed for the occasion. When we were seated in the carriage, I told Cæsar, I had an errand at the west part of the town; and if Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds would excuse us, we would go there first. Cæsar showed his white teeth so much that I feared, they would suspect something. As we approached our destination, I saw white dresses here and there flitting by the windows, and a little head peeping from the attic to watch for us.

William covered his face with his hands. He could not bear to witness the improvements which he had already planned for himself. Mrs. Reynolds held her husband's hand in silence, while the children eagerly looked, expecting that we should drive past. But when we stopped, and first Lucy, then Emily, followed by mother, the Doctor and Pauline came to the door and bid them welcome to Rose Cottage, it was too much. William sprang upon his feet, and stood with a vacant look, first at one, and then at another, and finally sank back on the cushion weeping aloud. Mrs. Reynolds turned very red and pale by turns, while the children shouted for joy, as they were helped from the carriage into the newly painted hall.

It was not, however, till assisted by the Doctor (for his trembling knees would scarce support him) that Mr. Reynolds could speak. When he with his wife were seated in the neatly furnished parlor, Lucy with moistened eyes presented him with a document, when he exclaimed, "I can't! *Oh! I can't take it!*"

Frank saw that he was laboring under some mistake, though *what* it was he could hardly conceive, and fearing lest the joy would be too much for him, he took the document from the donor, and said kindly, "My good friends, this young lady is the owner of the cottage, and she has invited us here to partake of a little feast in honor of Pauline's birth-day. As this was formerly your home, we thought it would be pleasant for you to meet us here."

"Oh! *no!* NO!! I can't stay," cried the poor man sobbing aloud, and wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat.

"But," persisted Frank, "I thought you were very anxious to see the new owner, in order to ascertain whether you could at some future time purchase it yourself."

"Yes, so I was, and so I am, but not *here*." He soon, however, became more composed.

Mrs. Reynolds appeared to suffer almost as much as her husband; but long sorrow had given her more control over her feelings. "William," she said in a low voice, "our friends who have done so much for us invited us here to give us pleasure. Let us try to enjoy it. They could not know," she continued with a sigh, "how very sad we should feel."

I stood near them, and almost without a thought, asked, "How can you bear to live here then when you have purchased it?"

"Oh! that would be very different," replied Anna. "But will her father allow her to sell?" she inquired, looking most earnestly at Lucy. William also aroused at this question, and with open mouth awaited the reply.

I looked at Lucy with a smile, and she said, "it is with his consent and permission that I now make over to you the right and title to Rose Cottage. Henceforth it is yours."

For one instant, they both seemed stupefied; and then as if actuated by one heart, they sunk upon their knees. Amid tears of joy, we all followed their example, when Frank in a most appropriate prayer thanked God in their behalf and dedicated the happy abode to "*temperance, union and love*."

When we arose, our hearts were somewhat relieved. Mr Reynolds pressed his wife to his heart, and thanked God for such a treasure. When he became more composed, he said, "I am well aware that it is the purity and goodness of my Anna which have thus met their reward; but I hope and believe, this gift will stimulate me to imitate her example."

I cannot describe to you the astonishment as well as delight of the now happy pair as they went from room to room, and beheld the well filled closets, and every convenience for house-keeping. They could not realize such a change in the Squire as that he should voluntarily give up this property. When we sat at the well furnished board, Emily, who presided, playfully asked Mrs. Reynolds to excuse her for taking the head of the table. But that lady could not reply except by a tearful smile. We hurried through supper in order to leave the family alone and give them an opportunity to recover from their excited feelings. As we did so, Lucy put into Mrs. Reynolds's hand the document, her husband had refused.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“ Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;
Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.”

ROWE.

Wednesday, August 23d.

THE Doctor received a hasty note from Lucy, requesting him to call this morning at his earliest convenience. He did so, and found his patient agitated and trembling, who immediately requested to be left alone with Frank.

“ Dr. Lenox,” said he, “ I have sent for you to receive a confession from me, which I little thought would ever pass my lips.” He tried to wipe the moisture which was gathering on his face, but his hand shook so much that he was unable. Frank took a seat near him and performed that office, when he continued, “ I have been a great sinner, Doctor, as you well know ; but there is one crime lying upon my conscience, which I would gladly give all I am possessed of to be free from. Oh, dear !” He gasped convulsively. “ You don’t know, you have never felt the agony of remorse !”

Frank tried to soothe his patient, and pointed him to the Saviour as one ready to bear all our sins. “ I’ve tried to think so Doctor ; sometimes the devil tempts me to believe that there can be no forgiveness of sins like mine. In addition to all my

drunkenness and profanity, all my abuse of widows and orphans, and all my grinding the face of the poor, I have been — Oh! — *Oh, dear!* — I am a MURDERER!”

Frank started involuntarily. But Squire Lee cried aloud, while the Doctor bathed his temples, and endeavored to quiet him, but reluctantly allowed him to proceed. Making a great effort to control himself, the distressed invalid proceeded to say, that while abroad many years ago, he had met a lady who interested him more than any one he had ever seen. Though his wife was still living at home, he had fallen in love with her, and had made the most disgraceful proposals to her, which she repelled with scorn. “She told me,” he exclaimed, “her husband was in India, and that it was well for me that such were the case, for he would revenge to the death such an insult to his wife. Her indignation only added to her beauty; and I was almost beside myself that I could not accomplish my purpose. But I determined to have my revenge. I wrote anonymously to her husband, at first only hinting at her unfaithfulness to him, but subsequently stating the facts more fully. There was a gentleman who spent much of his time in her society and in the education of her child. It was this man to whom I referred in my letter to her husband, though I had abundant reason to know that her character was above suspicion. Sometime later, when my wicked passion had had time to cool, I again passed through the place, and to my horror learned that my letters had been the means of recalling her husband from abroad, and of the death of — of both — of them! Yes, Colonel Shirley killed his friend, and his wife died of a broken heart, leaving her husband to suppose her the guilty woman whom I had falsely represented.”

Squire Lee here groaned heavily and was overcome by his emotions. “Doctor,” said the agonized man when he revived, “a word more; you cannot realize what a relief this will be here,” laying his hand upon his breast. Frank bowed assent. The sick man then earnestly begged the Doctor to take the name of

Colonel Shirley, and to use every means in his power to ascertain whether that gentleman were living; and if he should ever see or hear of him, to communicate to him the fact of his wife's innocence, and of the fiendish revenge which prompted the writer of those letters.

Thursday, September 7th.

The Doctor was hastily summoned yesterday to Squire Lee, who has had another shock of paralysis. But it proved to be slight compared with the first. It was occasioned by his receipt of a bank notice from the city of New York, of a note left there for collection, and signed by his son Joseph as agent for his father, and requesting the immediate payment thereof. The bank notified the father instead of the son, who had falsely assumed to act as his agent, and who was reported to have left the country.

At first the Squire was very angry, and said to Lucy, "I must pay this note, but it is the last he shall ever have from my estate."

Monday, October 2d.

I think Squire Lee supposes himself to be near his end. A few weeks since, he requested his daughter to leave him alone with Allen, when he asked the young man, "Do you still love Lucy?"

"I have never ceased to love her," was the reply.

"Then," said the old gentleman, in a very affecting manner, "my daughter is a good girl, and I should like to see her happily married before I die." He also added, "if you marry her, you will not have a portionless bride."

Monday, October 9th.

Emily has just consented to go to the city to make some purchases for the intended bride, as Lucy cannot think of leaving her

father, who is very feeble. He told her in the presence of Allen, that he did not wish their marriage to be delayed.

The ardent lover persuaded Lucy to name an early day; and the nineteenth of this month is decided upon. It will be strictly a private wedding. The service is to be performed in the chamber of the invalid, with only our family as witnesses. Lucy wished Emily to be her bridemaïd; but as there was no one intimate enough in the family with whom it would be pleasant for her to stand, sister easily persuaded her to dispense with this part of the ceremony.

Thursday, October 19th.

To-day I accompanied the Doctor and Emily to Squire Lee's. He is exceedingly feeble, and Frank almost feared, lest the excitement of the occasion would be too much for him. But the service was very short and informal. When we were seated, Allen and Lucy came in from the adjoining room, a short prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Munroe, the covenant of marriage was administered and received, by which the parties pledged themselves to a faithful performance of the duties of husband and wife, as set forth in the holy scriptures; the benediction was pronounced, and our dear friend was Lucy Lee no longer, but *Mrs. Lucy Mansfield*. In this new character, she stepped forward quickly to her father and kissed his pale brow, while we silently retired from the room, the Doctor alone remaining with the patient. And he joined us in a few moments, leaving the sick man far less fatigued than we had feared.

Frank says, he would give a great deal to know whether Squire Lee has made provision for his daughter. After we all left the room, Lucy sat on a cricket chafing his poor withered hand. He looked at her with melting tenderness, as he said to Frank, who had returned to him, "Doctor, she is a good girl."

Friday, October 20th.

The Doctor called yesterday to see whether his patient had suffered from the excitement of the previous day. Lucy was requested by her father to leave the room, when he asked Frank to tell him plainly how long he should probably live. The Doctor replied that he might linger some weeks; but it would not surprise him, if he did not live many days, and he advised him to set his house and his soul in order to meet the solemn event. Squire Lee thanked him, and said, "I have much to do; I must delay no longer."

Encouraged by his calmness, Frank had a very interesting conversation with him, and was rejoiced to find him in a humble, penitent frame of mind, with a trembling hope of forgiveness through the blood of Christ.

"He wept; he trembled; cast his eyes around,
To find a worse than he; but none he found.
He felt his sins, and wonder'd, he *should* feel,
Grace made the wound, and grace alone could heal."

When the Doctor called again to see his patient, Mrs. Burns said that the Squire had sent the porter out for a man who was then engaged with him, and that she believed them to be making a will, as she had answered the bell, and had taken into the chamber paper, pens and other apparatus for writing; and when doing so she had heard her master, in a feeble voice say something in which she clearly distinguished the words "legal instrument."

The Doctor told her not to interrupt them, and assured her that he would call again. Not long after, Jacob, the porter, came in haste for him to go back, saying that he had been twice to the office in the village to find him.

Frank met him on the road and instantly returned with him. On the way, he was told a lawyer had been sent for who soon went out and returned with two other men. After they all re-

tired, Lucy hastened to the room, fearing the effect of this unusual excitement upon her father. But as he lay perfectly quiet, she supposed him to be sleeping. She sat by his side, when perceiving that he remained for a long time in exactly the same position, she became alarmed and began to chafe his temples and hands. But as he still remained unconscious, she called Allen and sent for the Doctor. When Frank entered the chamber, he found him slightly revived, but unable to speak. He will not probably survive many hours. Lucy is very anxious for the Doctor to remain through the night, and he sent me word that he had consented to do so.

Tuesday, October 24th.

My dear husband did not return home until near noon, as he has many patients whom he was obliged to visit after leaving Squire Lee's. He remained by the bed of the dying man the entire night. Poor old man! It was really affecting to see how hard he tried to speak. He is very anxious to make Lucy comprehend something, but she cannot get the least clew to it. The feeble invalid wept that they could not understand him. At length, Frank put a pencil into his hand and held the paper before him; but in vain. He could not hold the pencil, and shook his head in despair.

About eight o'clock this morning, the Doctor was called from the room by Mrs. Burns, who said to him, "Mr. Colby, the lawyer, is below; and when informed that you were in the house, he requested to see you."

Before they entered the parlor, Mrs. Burns in a low but agitated voice, said, "Dr. Lenox, do ask him if Mr. Lee was making his will yesterday. I know, the dear old man meant to do right by Lucy."

As Frank opened the door, Mr. Colby arose, and bowed, saying, "I have been told by the house-keeper that Squire Lee is suffer-

ing from another attack of paralysis; and I wish the opinion of his physician whether he is in a sound and disposing mind, and is capable of finishing some business transactions."

The Doctor replied, "he is not."

"I hold in my hand," continued the lawyer, looking over a document, a deed of gift of a small house and a piece of land. It is in favor of a widow by the name of Churchill, whose prospects have been ruined by her husband while in Squire Lee's employ. The language of the deed is a little singular for a man of his character. It reads as follows: 'Deeply regretting in the sight of God, before whom I am soon to appear, the various wrongs of which I have been guilty toward Otis Churchill and through him toward his family, and in consideration of his long and valuable services the receipt of which I hereby acknowledge, I do give, grant and convey unto his wife, Mrs. Hepsibah Churchill, her heirs and assigns a certain lot of land with the house thereon, it being the same which I took from her husband in execution of a mortgage thereon, situated and bounded thus —.'"

While Frank was rejoiced that his dying patient had felt disposed to do something to restore the widow and orphan to the happiness which had been destroyed by his influence, he could not help sighing as he feared lest a suitable provision for his daughter had been too long postponed, if not wholly neglected. Mr. Colby was exceedingly interested and anxious to ascertain how long it was after he took leave of him on the preceding day, when the old gentleman was seized with this attack. He asked if it were indeed true, as the house-keeper had informed him, that the old gentleman had not spoken since he left.

Learning from the Doctor that the patient was now in a dying condition, he departed, expressing great regret that the state of the invalid should render it impossible for him to transact the legal business contemplated.

Wednesday, October 25th.

Emily has just returned from Squire Lee's, where she has been

since yesterday. The servants are in dreadful excitement for fear Joseph should be left in possession of all the property, since it cannot be ascertained that a new will has been made. They vehemently declare that they will leave the house when their dear young mistress does. It appears very clear that the father intended to make a new will from what he said to Allen, and also from what Mrs. Burns heard him say to his daughter the morning after the wedding, when she was preparing him to receive the lawyer. Lucy was then smoothing his gray hair, and affectionately kissed his pale cheek, when, holding her hand he said, "you must try to forgive your poor old father for all his cruel treatment of you. You can take pleasure in thinking that by your affectionate care, you have made my last years the happiest of my life." Then after a short pause, during which Lucy could not command her voice to speak, he continued, "I mean to give you this estate and Allen shall —" Here a fit of coughing interrupted him, and he never after renewed the subject.

Emily says, "the dear girl is so affected at the thought of losing her father, that she does not seem to realize that by his death she is to be cut off from everything. Allen, however, is in a prosperous business, and I do not doubt she will be happy.

Mr. Colby called again last evening; but of course no business could be transacted. Allen asked him, if he had transacted business for the Squire heretofore, and thought him slightly embarrassed as he replied that he had done so, but principally through the son. Allen farther asked, if he knew where Joseph was at present, and ascertained that he was on the eve of departure for Europe. Mr. Colby farther stated that a document had formerly been put into his hand which he supposed to be a will.

Thursday, October 26th.

Lucy is very anxious to have her brother come home if possible to see her father once more; and Allen wrote a note to Mr. Colby

begging him to go to New York and detain Joseph from his voyage until after the funeral.

This morning Squire Lee revived from the dreadful stupor in which he has been lying for nearly twenty-four hours, and was able to swallow a few tea-spoonfuls of wine and water.

He again tried to make them understand something. He pointed with his hand to Lucy, then to the articles of furniture, then back to her. The cold clammy sweat stood in drops upon his forehead from his violent attempts to articulate.

"Dear, *dear* father," said the weeping girl, unable to bear it longer, "don't try to speak."

He pointed again.

"Do you wish me to understand that I am to have them?"

His countenance brightened at once.

"Thank you, dear father, all will be right."

He fixed his eyes for a long time upon the lovely countenance suspended from the wall, and then closed them.

Lucy asked in a low voice, "can you trust your Saviour? He has promised to save you if you will but trust him."

The dying man slowly opened his eyes, a bright smile passed over his features, and his spirit took its flight. That glorious smile of triumph through the Beloved still lingers. No doubt his eternity will be spent in singing the abounding grace of God.

Friday, October 27th.

A dreadful accident happened in the village to-day. Mr. Stone, a respectable mechanic, fell from the top of a house where he was at work upon the chimney. The staging gave way, and he was precipitated to the ground, a distance of over thirty feet. He has no family, and has not long been a resident in the place; nevertheless there is great sympathy manifested at his sudden death. The Doctor reached him about twenty minutes after he fell, but found him dying; and thinks that he knew nothing after he struck the ground. He immediately wrote his parents to

ascertain their wishes with regard to the body of their unfortunate son.

How true it is that in the midst of life, we are in death; one moment in time; the next in eternity. The family where Mr. Stone boarded, and where Frank obtained the address of his parents, describe him as a very moral, upright young man who attended church regularly on the Sabbath, and who seldom left the house after he came in from his work in the evening. His landlady was very much affected when the Doctor carried her the intelligence; but said she thought him prepared to die.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ This fond attachment to the well known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it even in age, and at our dying day.”

COWPER.

Saturday, October 28th.

THE funeral services of Squire Lee are to take place on Monday afternoon. Joseph has not yet arrived. Allen is not at all sure that he did not immediately leave the country as they heard, for fear his father would refuse to pay the note he had forged under the false signature of agent of the firm. But Lucy feels sure he would not be willing to leave until their father died, and the estate was settled. Poor girl! she has wept until she can weep no longer. She now begins to realize the trial of leaving her dear home, and all the associations connected with her mother and father.

Mr. Mansfield, Allen's father, has expressed his earnest desire to have them leave the house directly after the funeral, and make their home with him. But Lucy will not consent to leave until Joseph arrives, or until she is forced to do so. Emily thinks she secretly hopes that her brother will wish to share the estate with her, when he knows his father's dying wishes. Her husband has no idea of this kind, and says he is only too happy in the possession of such a treasure as his Lucy. He is now in business with his father; and though not able to live in the splendor she

did before her father's sickness, yet he can give her every comfort, and he is sure he can make her happy.

Monday, October 30th.

I was exceedingly disappointed in not being able to attend the funeral, but I will give you Emily's account of the services. Mother accompanied Frank and sister to the house of mourning. Being the members of the family of the attending physician, they were shown into the room with the relatives. This is the common usage here. The adjoining rooms, hall, and stair way, were filled to overflowing with neighbors and friends. Our pastor commenced the solemn services of the occasion by reading a few select, and very appropriate passages of Scripture. These were followed by remarks, in which he alluded to the change in the character of the deceased, and to his peaceful death. He stated, that during the past year, he had enjoyed many conversations with him upon the subject of personal religion. He had always exhibited at such times, a humble, penitent spirit, and a deep sense of gratitude to a long suffering God, who had not cut him off in the midst of his sins; but had allowed him space for repentance. He then closed with an appropriate and impressive prayer.

When he had concluded, an opportunity was afforded for all who desired to take their last look at the marble countenance of the departed. After this a long procession followed his remains to the place of sepulchral rest.

During all this mournful scene, Joseph, who had arrived an hour before the obsequies, exhibited the most astonishing indifference. Not a tear evinced sorrow at the loss of his only parent; though his affectionate sister was bitterly weeping at his side. He sat a loathsome, bloated form, gazing abstractedly about the room, or yawning as if already weary of this last poor respect to the memory of his deceased father.

In compliance with the request of Allen and Lucy, the Doctor and Emily returned to Lee Hall, to be present at the reading of

the will. As Joseph, the executor, had but just arrived, he was not in possession of the document, and sent Jacob to Mr. Colby to procure it. He soon returned, and after Lucy had summoned Mrs. Burns to the room, Joseph proceeded to read it. This legal document, you will remember, was dated on the very day Lucy refused to marry William Arnold, and had no doubt long been keenly regretted by the testator. By this unrighteous instrument, his affectionate daughter was cut off from any portion of her father's estate, which was all bequeathed to his son Joseph Lee, Jr.

This brought so vividly to the remembrance of the weeping daughter the trials which had long been forgotten, or thought of but as a troubled dream, that she could scarcely support herself. Emily besought her to be comforted, reminding her of the words of a favorite poet,

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

The Doctor had long determined, if an opportunity presented itself, to tell Joseph what he knew to be the wishes of his father; and to state his conviction that he had intended to provide for his daughter in a later will. This he now did, and appealed to him as a son and brother to perform the oft repeated wish of his father toward his sister. He was proceeding to say that Mrs. Burns, who had been present on some of these occasions, could corroborate this testimony when he was interrupted by Joseph, who had waited with ill-concealed impatience for him to finish.

"It's of no use wasting words in this matter," said he, trying to control his angry feelings, "If she whom you call my sister, had acceded to the wishes of her father, (whom she now pretends to mourn) in the choice of a husband, this will would never have been executed. If she had remained single, I, as the executor, and only heir, should have set it aside, and shared the property equally with her. But as she has chosen her path, so she must

walk in it ; as she has married a mean rascal," (for the first time letting his eye rest upon Allen, and with the look of a fiend,) she must take the consequences."

At the first mention of his wife in this insulting manner, Allen had started to his feet ; but the Doctor put his hand gently upon his arm, and he sank back into his seat.

Poor Lucy was spared the pain of hearing his insolent mention of her husband ; she had fainted in Emily's arms.

All was now confusion. Mrs. Burns was flying for restoratives. Emily and Allen chafing her cold hands, while the servants alarmed at the noise were running in from every direction. Joseph walked deliberately into another room, slamming the door after him. The Doctor proposed taking the unconscious bride to her own apartment. Emily indignantly refused, and said, "I will not leave her in the house another moment." But neither her husband nor her physician would consent to have her leave in that condition. Beside the latter, determined to leave nothing undone, meant secretly to make one more appeal to Joseph in his sister's behalf.

After a few moments, the sufferer drew a long sigh, and becoming conscious, stared wildly about the room, and then burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

The Doctor, who knew this scene ought not to be prolonged, sat down by her side, and gently tried to soothe her. He soon drew from her the fact of her strong desire to carry with her the portraits of her parents.

Emily began to urge her afflicted friend to hasten her departure. In truth she says that she feared every moment a fresh outrage ; and Lucy left the room feebly, as if the weight of years had fallen upon her. She wished to go through the house and take a sorrowful leave of the home of her childhood, and more especially of the apartment where she had spent two years in the society and care of her father ; now hallowed by the remembrance of his peaceful death. Mrs. Burns supported her on one side, and

Emily on the other, while she thus took her sad farewell of places and objects so dear to her heart.

It was not the thought of leaving the gorgeously furnished parlors, where the brilliant-hued carpets gave back no echo of the foot-step — where were mirrors the height of the rooms — chandeliers where the light was caught and reflected from innumerable hanging crystals — crimson velvet lounges and divans whose outstretched arms invited repose; it was not the thought of leaving these which overpowered her. No; it was the nursery of her childhood, — the cradle of her infancy — the closet, in which kneeling by her gentle mother, she had first learned to pray — the private sitting-room where her willing ears first drank in vows of affection from her Allen — the chamber in which both father and mother had breathed out their souls to God. These were the places and objects over which she yearned in agony of spirit as she gazed her long *farewell*.

Then came her separation from the old servants who had many of them remained for years solely out of affection for her. And who, when her sorrow for herself was changed to care for her stricken father, had shared her duties and attentions to him during the long period of his sickness. She assured them she should never forget their faithfulness or affection. Mrs. Burns, who had long been regarded as a friend and companion, was to accompany her, and for the present to remain in the house of her father-in-law. The rest crowded around her and wept aloud.

In the mean time the Doctor had taken advantage of their absence to venture into the presence of Joseph; when he asked him if it was indeed his intention to drive his only sister from her home.

The unnatural brother coldly replied, “she must leave, and the sooner the better for all concerned.”

Frank then begged for her the portraits of her parents.

“No, not an article shall she —” but seeing an awful look of

indignation on the Doctor's face he checked himself, and said, "well, I won't object to that; they're no use to me. You may tell her she may take them, — and stay," he added as Frank was leaving the room, "tell her that she may send a servant for all her gewgaws and finery; I shall want them out of the way."

His indignant hearer deigned not a word of reply, but left the room, and told Allen to take the portraits, which with a few articles for immediate use were put into the carriage, and with grateful, though sad adieus to their sympathizing friends they drove away.

Emily would not remain a moment longer. "Get me away! I can't breathe here!" she exclaimed to her brother, as they were waiting for the carriage.

Tuesday, October 31st.

Mrs. Burns returned to-day to Lee Hall, and found it indeed desolate. Not a servant remained but the porter; and he had only been detained for a few days, by a promise of great wages. While Mrs. Burns was packing, he came stealthily to her room, and told her what had taken place after she left. Shutting himself in his own apartment to avoid the disagreeable scenes around him, the new owner of this princely mansion hastened out when all was quiet to order brandy and cigars to be brought in with supper. He rang the bell. There was no response. He rang again. He then walked angrily to the kitchen, but all was deserted. He stamped and swore until the maid servants clung together in their affright, and only wished themselves safely out of the house. Each one of them would far sooner have given up the wages due them, than to have ventured into the presence of this monster in human form.

At length he was heard coming up stairs, and Jacob came out of his room dressed to leave; when really pitying his frightened companions, he determined to turn Joseph's anger against him-

self. After hearing the most abusive language unmoved, Jacob told his master, he would follow him to the parlor, and there receive his directions.

Joseph appeared to remember that he was compromising his dignity by condescending to follow a servant to his room, and he went below.

With a whispered word to his companions to leave their effects with him, and depart, the kind hearted Jacob waited upon his *master*, though he will not call him such; and there was persuaded to remain a short time as mentioned above.

Mrs. Burns told the good man that she would see that every cent of their wages was paid to them, and then with his assistance loaded the wagon with the trunks, and took her leave of the place where she had passed nearly twenty years.

Saturday, November 18th.

We have heard nothing from the proprietor of Lee Hall, except the fact from Jacob, that Mr. Colby has completely domesticated himself in the family; and the new servants brought from the city, have all given notice of their intention to leave. Two of the girls were indignant at their employer on account of his insulting familiarity.

Jacob says the house is seldom quiet until long after midnight; and that alarmed by the uproarious noise in the parlors, he has sometimes ventured below and heard violent altercations between Joseph and the lawyer. But the next morning, when they had slept off the effects of their wine, they appeared as friendly as ever.

Sister Emily went with Allen and Lucy to-day to look at a pretty cottage, with a view to house-keeping. The distance from Allen's business was the only objection, as they do not intend to keep a carriage. The bride has not yet recovered from the effects of the excitement and sorrow through which she has passed. We all

think the novelty of furnishing her house will occupy her attention and be of use to her.

Thursday, November 23d.

After breakfast this morning Frank showed me the following notice in the Crawford Advertiser.

“PROBATE COURT NOTICE.”

“At a court of Probate held in the town of Crawford, county of —, and commonwealth of Massachusetts, November 22d, 1837, whereas there and then appeared Joseph Lee, gentleman, to set up what he claimed to be the last will and testament of one Joseph Lee, deceased, and whereas objections were filed with this court by his brother-in-law, Allen Mansfield, against this instrument from a belief that it was not the *last* will and testament of the testator, therefore notice is hereby given to all parties and persons interested to appear before me at 10 o'clock, A. M., Thursday, the 30th of this month, and show cause if any there be, why said will should not be set up and executed.

— — —, *Judge of Probate.*

November 22d.”

Monday, November 27th.

The Doctor was notified to-day to appear before the Probate Court as a witness for Allen Mansfield against Joseph Lee. His sympathies are of course with Lucy and Allen, and he will testify to what he is sure were the intentions of the father. But he feels quite confident that there is no legal testimony in the case, sufficient to prove that he ever did make a will according to his intentions. It appears extremely improbable that if such a document had been in existence previous to the marriage of his daughter, that he should not have mentioned the fact to Allen. But he only said, “You will not have a portionless bride.” That such a document did not then exist is almost certain from the fact

it could not have been made without the knowledge of some one in the house, since though the old gentleman was perhaps capable of drawing up a legal document, and had the perfect use of his right hand, yet such document being drawn up, would not be admitted in court without witnesses.

Then if executed the day after the marriage took place as was at first hoped, where is it? What motive could there be for concealing it? and for allowing one of former date to be presented and set up?

Friday, December 1st.

Yesterday the Doctor attended the Probate Court. Mr. Willard appeared for Allen Mansfield. After the will had been read, and proved by the witnesses, to be both genuine and authentic, Mr. Willard asked leave to call for the witnesses to the deed of gift to widow Churchill; and endeavored in vain to prove by them that a subsequent will had been made.

One of the witnesses to the latter instrument was not living, being the young man who was so suddenly killed. The other testified that no farther business, except signing the deed was transacted in his presence.

Lawyer Colby corroborated this testimony, while Joseph Lee after being sworn, testified that although Mr. Willard's statements might be true as to his father's intention to make a second will, he had yet to learn that such a will had actually been made.

For want of proof of the existence of a second will, the one then before the court was set up and Joseph Lee duly appointed executor upon his deceased father's estate.

CHAPTER XXV.

“ How may the mother’s heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The Spring’s rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-called to rest!

“ Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears besit earth’s partings! Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where’er he moved — the welcome and the blessed!
Now gaze and bear the silent unto rest!” MRS. HEMANS.

Friday, March 16th, 1838.

MY dearly loved mother, — With a heart borne down with sorrow, I take my pen to communicate the sad intelligence which even as I write my heart refuses to believe. My sweet little Walter, my first-born son; your only grandchild, is, alas! no more on earth!

Evening.

I could go no farther this morning; the dreadful reality overwhelmed me; and I could only weep afresh. My dear, doubly *dear* husband came and wept with me. Then he took that precious book which contains so many words of comfort to poor broken hearts, and read passage after passage. We knelt together, and told Jesus all our sorrow and grief at the loss of our darling; that our hearts were like to burst that we should see

his face no more, — no more hear his merry laugh, or his shout of delight. And Jesus, our elder brother, seemed to stand by us, and weep with us as he did with Mary and Martha of olden time. But at length he pointed to the beautiful azure sky above, while his tender notes fell like low sweet music upon our ears, hushing into peace the waves of sorrow which were roaring and dashing over us. “Beyond those bright aerial regions is the throne of the eternal. Before him are a multitude whom no man can number, of little ones who were early transplanted from this cold and sinful earth to the pure air of heaven. While sinful nations in affright hide their faces from the searching glance of him who sitteth upon the throne, yet upon these little ones he lifts the light of his countenance, and bestows his constant smiles. Your child washed in my blood, purified and sanctified by my spirit, is among them swelling with his infant voice the choir who are ever singing, ‘worthy the lamb that was slain for our sins.’”

Those gracious words from our sympathizing Saviour, soothed our grief, and were balm to our wounded hearts. When we arose from our knees, we felt a new attraction to our home beyond the skies. We were the parents of an angel.

Saturday, March 17th.

I feel a painful pleasure in thinking over every circumstance connected with the sickness and death of my sweet child. While I write, my little Pauline, who has wept herself sick at the loss of her dear brother, is sitting on a cricket at my feet with her head resting in my lap. She is trying to restrain the sobs which ever and anon burst out afresh, from her tender, affectionate heart.

“Mamma,” says the trembling voice, “will you please tell me more about that happy place where my brother has gone? Is he playing on his harp now?” I have quieted her by the promise that when I have written a letter to her grandmamma in England, I will read it to her.

On Thursday, the eighth of this month, our beautiful boy appeared perfectly well. The weather, which had been very windy and bleak, was unusually mild, and the children could hardly contain their joy at being able to be out of doors. Walter was warmly clad and placed in his wagon, while Pauline was only too happy in helping Ann to draw him round the garden. About ten o'clock the sun was so warm that the walks became damp from the melting of the frost, and I called them in. Walter was put into his crib for his nap, which was undisturbed. When he awoke I gazed at him with pride. His eyes were perfectly brilliant with beauty, his lips were red as coral and his cheeks rivalled the blush of the rose. As I held him in my arms and pushed back the curls from his broad, noble brow, so like his father's, my heart said, "what a beautiful boy, and he is my own." I was astonished to find him so ready to sit quietly in my lap while Pauline, by every art of which she was capable, was trying to decoy him away. He laughed aloud at her antics as she danced about the room, hiding behind the door, and then with a merry shout bursting out upon him; but when she said "brother, hide now," he would lay his head on my breast, and lisp, "tay with mamma." He sat thus nearly an hour, which was so unusual that I began to feel a little alarm. Frank laughed at me for indulging such a feeling, merely because he was quiet; and certainly one could hardly realize danger as they looked upon his face, which was the very picture of health and beauty.

After dinner Ann brought him to me in her arms, saying "he wants to lie quiet, and will not eat his bread and milk." Frank then felt his pulse, and said it was too quick. He gave me a powder for Walter to take if he was no better; but in the course of the afternoon, he slid from my lap, and played an hour or two with his sister. He was not as boisterous as usual, and seemed disposed to yield in everything to Pauline's wishes.

When I was putting him into bed she said several times, "Is n't brother a nice boy, mamma?"

When my husband came home, he went directly to the crib, and found him in a gentle perspiration, but still with a feverish pulse. I told him I had bathed his feet in warm water, which he approved, but thought it best to give the powder. When I retired he appeared no worse, and feeling more easy about him, I soon fell asleep.

I was awakened by a loud, shrill noise from the crib, such as I had never before heard. With one bound I was at his side, screaming "Frank, Oh, *Frank!* what can that noise be?"

Alas, no Frank answered! He had been called away. Whether I had forgotten it or never knew it until that moment I cannot tell. But another sound came, more horrible than the first. I ran to Ann's room and told her to ring for Cæsar and Phebe. Then I flew back to my boy, my darling boy. He seemed to be suffocated. I caught him in my arms, and tossed him to catch his breath. Oh! how frightened he looked. Soon Ann and all came rushing into the room.

"Oh, Cæsar!" I cried, "where is your master?"

Without another word he went in search of him. Ann ran for mother and sister, while Phebe hurried to the kitchen, and brought some olive oil which she succeeded in pouring down his throat.

"Don't be scare missus, it's de croup. Mass'r Frank cures heaps o' chilen sick wid it. Ole Phebe knows God not send for dis chile yet."

I wrung my hands. Before Cæsar could have had time to harness I began to expect him back.

Mother soon came in and took my boy from me, telling me to dress. I forgot that I had only thrown on a wrapper. Mother was so calm I began to hope it was not so bad as I feared. She had already sent Phebe for hot water; telling Emily to go to the medicine chest, and procure a bottle of antimonial wine. This she gave at once, and with his little feet and limbs in very warm water, while he was wrapped in blankets, he appeared better.

But he looked at me with such an imploring expression as he said "mamma," that the tone stirred the deepest fountains of my heart.

"Oh, my darling!" I cried, "mamma would help you if she could!" Oh, how the little breast heaved; and he grew worse again,— every minute he grew worse. Mother said not a word, but kept administering to him.

"Where can Cæsar be?" she said at length, and I knew from her looks she feared the worst.

Then I heard a horse come dashing up to the door, and Frank almost flew into the room.

"Thank God!" was all that mother could say. The poor father knelt before his boy. His mother told him in a word what she had done. Oh! the look of indescribable agony that passed over his face as he found he was *too* late!

Our boy was dying!

Frank would not give up even then, but said "while there is life there is hope." But the breast heaved more feebly—the shrill sound gradually ceased—until lying in the arms of his grandmother, with his father and mother kneeling before him—his precious hand encircling my finger, he gave one last, lingering look at each of the group standing around him, and without a struggle or a sigh—only a slight shudder, he fell sweetly asleep.

After a few moments, so calm, so untroubled was that beautiful brow, so sweetly smiled those ruby lips, that as I gazed, I could not believe the spirit had fled. I could hardly refrain from catching him in my arms.

"Walter! oh, *Walter!!*" I cried, "can't you speak once more to poor mamma?" I passionately kissed his brow, his eyes, his beautiful lips!—oh, how proud I had been of those pouting, red lips; but they would never speak again.

I felt a strong arm put around me, and a kind voice told me I must not stay. My dear husband led me to the library, while

mother, with Emily and Ann, performed the last offices for the dearly loved one.

"Oh, Frank!" said I, "why, *why* were you gone?"

He hid his face in his hands, and his bosom heaved convulsively. It is dreadful to see a man weep. I put my arms around his neck, and we wept long and bitterly. It was so sudden, the blow staggered me. It was now morning. Only yesterday morning, and my Walter was well; now, where is he?

I started. "Oh! what will Pauline say?"

Frank went softly up stairs, and found her quietly sleeping, and he did not awake her. How I dreaded her awaking! When I looked up, as Frank came into the room, I was shocked at the pallor of his countenance; his lips were closely shut, and I started to my feet, almost fearing he were about to fall. He pressed me tightly in his arms for a moment, and then we silently lifted up our hearts to God for strength to say, "Thy will be done."

After this, I was, myself, astonished at the calmness which stole over me. I went to my chamber, though he would have detained me; and there I saw my little one more beautiful than ever. The impress of heaven was upon his brow!

By his side stood Pauline in her night dress; her long curls hanging carelessly down her back, her eyes distended, her lips parted as if to speak. With one hand she touched the little fingers laid together upon the breast, then started back, awed by the marble coldness. I sprang toward her and caught her in my arms. So quietly had she stepped from her low bed in the adjoining room, and come to see if her brother was awake, that mother and sister who sat weeping at the farther end of the apartment, had not noticed her until I entered.

"Mamma," asked the frightened voice, "what is the matter with my brother? his hands are very cold."

I put a shawl around her, sat down with her in my lap, and began to tell her, but burst into tears. She heard sobbing, and looked from one to another frightened, and wondering.

Emily came and tried to tell her that her dear little brother had gone to God.

She pointed to the crib, as if to say he was there.

Emily said, "his soul has gone to God."

"And has papa's soul gone too?" she asked quickly, "my brother couldn't go alone; he was too little."

Oh, how my tears burst forth afresh!

"Pauline," said Emily, "the angels came from heaven to take dear little Walter's soul up to God. Jesus wanted him there."

"How long will he have to stay there?"

"Oh, Pauline!" I exclaimed, "he will never, *never* come back, we shall never see him again."

The poor stricken child sobbed aloud. Mother took her from me. "Go to Frank," she whispered, "and I will try to soothe her."

I went below, and softly entered the library, where my dear husband knelt by the sofa, with his face buried in his hands. I went gently to his side, when he put his arm around me. I whispered, "pray for me too." And in a broken voice, interrupted by convulsive sobs, he did pray that we might not murmur at this stroke of our father's rod.

After a while, I heard a gentle knock at the door, and Cæsar's voice asking if mass'r Frank would please eat some breakfast. When he saw me, the poor man cried aloud. Oh! what an idol he had made of his young master! His large faithful heart was swelling with grief, which he had in vain tried to control. I gave him my hand, and found a world of comfort in his sympathizing tears.

"Oh, missus Lenox!" said he sobbing, "I 'spects 'twas God's will."

"Yes, Cæsar, but it's hard for my poor heart to say 'Thy will be done.' You must pray for me, Cæsar."

"Oh, missus!" said he, "we'se all got to pray for dat."

I left Frank walking the room, and went up stairs where mother

was dressing Pauline. Ann I found sitting on a trunk in her chamber, with her head upon the bed, weeping bitterly.

"My good Ann," I said, "will you come in and stay by the side of the crib while we are below?" I tried to compose myself, but broke down again.

"I can't, oh, I can't!" she cried, "don't ask me. I can't see him yet." Finding her in such a condition, I left her, and begged mother to allow me to remain with my boy; but she said, it was my duty to go below to my husband. It was in vain for us to try to eat. Pauline sobbed so violently, that her father was obliged to hold her in his arms to soothe her. I severely blamed myself for saying what I said to the sensitive child.

"My little daughter," said Frank in a most touching tone, "when you say your prayers, do not you ask God to make you a good child, so that you can go to heaven? And then you prayed God last night to make your little brother good, so that he could go; did you not ask this?"

She could hardly speak, but she sobbed out, "I didn't ask God to take him so soon, I wanted us to go together."

Her father could but press her to his heart. How often had we prayed that they might be fitted for heaven; but alas! had not dreamed of such a sudden separation.

Tuesday, March 20th.

Our little one lies buried in a shady knoll at the end of the garden, and there, when I have done with time, I hope to be laid beside him. Many times in the day do we bend our steps to the quiet retreat, and weep over the little grave. Pauline weeps less, and by the deep spiritual light in her eyes, I think she begins to understand something of the glory and purity of that world where her beloved brother has gone.

Our good friends Cæsar, Phebe, Ann, and Ruth, have shared so truly in our grief, that I feel as if they were related to us.

Poor Ann is almost unfitted for everything. Whenever she sees his clothes or toys she weeps afresh.

With regard to myself, I feel at times a submission to the divine will, and even can realize the blessedness of my child in being with his Saviour, freed from sin and temptation to do evil; and then I am calm. But the merest trifle unnerves me. I have not had the heart to put away his clothes, and his little cap and cloak have hung in the hall as heretofore. A day or two since, I missed the cap from the hook, and going into the library I found my dear husband in an agony of grief over it. I was thankful that I was now able to be the comforter.

Thursday, June 7th.

I suppose ere this you have received the sad intelligence in my last, together with one of later date from Frank.

I have but just arrived at home from a journey to B—— and some other places. I was exceedingly unwilling to leave my husband, whose duty detained him at home. But both on my own account and Pauline's, he thought it best to change the scene.

If it were not for the night, I could control my feelings; but I dream of my boy, and awake to find myself childless. Often he seems to stand by me or float before me in the air, and that dreadful, agonized "mamma" he uttered, rings in my ears, and awakes me in affright.

Of late, however, I have been less disturbed, and my dreams of him are delightful. Frank is unwilling to have me dwell so much upon my sorrow, and when I see him, though pale and suffering, going on quietly with his round of duties, I feel re-proved.

I commenced writing of our journey. We went directly to B—— after receiving a very kind invitation from uncle and aunt Morgan. Mother came over to the house to be with her son, and Emily accompanied me. Our journey was shorter than the for-

mer one, being all the way by railroad. We found our thoughtful cousin waiting for us at the station. The sight of his smiling face brought my little Walter so forcibly to mind, that I was completely overcome. Poor fellow! he was much distressed, and tried to soothe me. Pauline was delighted to see him, and put her hand in his, as confidently as of old.

Uncle and aunt received us with parental tenderness. I was glad to hear from them so good an account of their son. He has gone into business in B—, and bids fair not only to be a wealthy, but a useful man. He went unknown to his parents and collected a Sabbath-school in the outskirts of the town, and in a place where the inhabitants had heretofore been regarded as too abandoned to be reclaimed. Here for a year past he has spent all the time he could command from other duties, during the week, as well as on the Sabbath, and now it is called the "Morgan parish."

Many who have known Joseph from babyhood, shook their heads when he commenced this labor of love; and thought, he only intended it for a new frolic, — that the novelty would soon pass away, and he would tire of the confinement. But as they see him more and more interested in his school, comprising now not only children, but parents, they feel a great respect for the young man.

I am quite amused at the way he treats Pauline, a little maiden of five years. He never plays with her, as it would be natural for him to do with a child of her age, but appears to regard her as something sacred; and is as delicate in his attentions as if she had numbered four times five years.

But cousin has not lost his character for fun. He would not be Joseph if he had; but he is very careful in his jokes not to wound the feelings of others. Then his manner of treating his parents is so much more respectful than formerly. Dear uncle and aunt! With what pride do they look upon his fine manly form and his bright happy face. Then they know this is a sure

index of his heart. I found out his age while we were there, which was less than I had supposed. But I will keep his secret.

After a delightful visit at B—— we returned by a somewhat circuitous route to visit other relatives, to whom I was not an entire stranger, having met them at mother's. Pauline was very much delighted with travelling, and Emily took pains to point out to her every object of interest.

I must not omit to mention a circumstance which occurred before we left B——. Joseph was reading various items from a New York paper while we sat around the breakfast table to which we all listened with interest, when he came upon the following. "We learn that the Honorable Mr. Karswell, and family, of the firm of C. M. Karswell and brothers, are about to leave by the packet ship *Cambria* for Liverpool, where he is to meet his son, who has been travelling for a number of years in company with a distinguished clergyman, formerly settled in Waverley, Massachusetts, when they intend to make the tour of Europe and to visit the Holy Land. Mr. Karswell considers himself very fortunate in having been able to avail himself of the company of Mr. Benson in their travels; he being familiar with the languages of the countries through which they pass; and every way a great acquisition."

I could not tell how Emily looked, for I took particular pains to be occupied with Pauline, but I am sure my own face burned.

"Well," said uncle, "pass on to the next," little aware what an interest that small item had to some of the hearers. Emily soon made an excuse to leave the room, and I thought it best not to revert to the subject. In the course of the day I looked over the paper to see if any part of this communication had been omitted in the reading; when to my astonishment it was nicely cut out.

Aunt looked up at my expression of surprise and said, "O! Emily asked if we had done with the paper, she wanted to cut out a pattern of something." I had my own thoughts, but of course said nothing, and so the subject passed. I may as well

say here that on my return, I asked Frank what family Mr Karswell had, and learned that there were two accomplished daughters. He has been a widower many years, and the eldest daughter has kept house for him. The younger one, Gertrude, Frank says, gave promise of great beauty.

Frank was a little troubled about the cutting out of that "pattern" from the paper, especially as Emily did it so secretly. "If she loves him yet," said he, "she has had a severe punishment for her proud dissimulation."

On our return from New York, and when we were within thirty miles of home, the cars were full, and Emily was separated from us by two seats, Pauline and I being together. A gentleman who was a stranger to me took the vacant seat by sister. He was very much browned, as if he had come from a foreign clime, but altogether a noble specimen of man. After a few moments I was astonished to see them in the full tide of conversation, Emily being more interested than I had seen her for many a day. The burden of the conversation at length devolved upon her, while he grew more and more taciturn, until I saw that he put his handkerchief to his eyes and was much overcome by what she said. As she turned a little toward her companion, I saw that her own eyes were humid with tears; and I wondered at the meaning of this emotion. Fortunately for my curiosity, we soon reached a station, and the persons sitting in front of us left. Emily and her companion immediately arose and availed themselves of this seat.

I was not a little surprised, as well as pleased, when Emily said to me, "Do you remember, Cora, I told you about Edward Ryland, brother to your little Anna's mother?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, this is he, just returned from India. He has not heard from his sister for many years. I have been giving him a sketch of her history."

I cordially gave him my hand, which he grasped so warmly, that I did not recover from the pressure during the remainder of

our ride. He begged for all the news, saying, "I am absolutely famished for intelligence from home friends." He was very much affected at hearing of the reformation and peaceful death of Squire Lee; and shocked though not much astonished at the conduct of Joseph. From his frequent inquiries concerning families in Waverley, I more than suspected there was some one in that place whom the thought of meeting thrilled his soul with the sentiment,

"My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the foolish world,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad."

We were so much engaged in talking as to be unaware of our near approach to Crawford, and sprang hastily to our feet as the conductor called out the familiar name. Inviting Mr. Ryland to make us an early call, we took a carriage and drove home, where we had no reason to complain of our reception. I went into the house very gently, and pushing open the library door, I saw my own dear Frank sitting, reading with his back to the entrance. I crept softly across the room, and put my arms around his neck. He sprang to his feet letting his book fall, and caught me in his arms.

"My wife, mine own, I will never let you leave me again. If you go, I shall follow. I am good for nothing without you.—"

"Thinkest thou
That I could live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? — no — no."

We then went to find mother and all the dear family. I had been dreading the return for fear my grief would overpower me; but I was graciously supported. Frank was very kind, and kept us busily talking. I believe Emily told every circumstance which had happened during our absence, (which I omitted I mean) ex-

cept the one unimportant fact of her begging and saving as a choice article, an inch of waste paper.

Monday, September 10th.

Allen Mansfield and Lucy are very pleasantly settled near us. Mrs. Burns, and one of the chambermaids from Lee Hall form their establishment, together with a little stranger a week old, who has already received the name of Emily Lenox. Frank says, Lucy is exceedingly happy and grateful for the sweet treasure.

There is one event connected with this family, however, which has cast a gloom over the whole town, at least the sober part of it. The distillery, which was closed very soon after Squire Lee was taken sick, has been started again, and is now in full tide of operation under the energetic management of an agent procured by Joseph. He is absent and Lee Hall is closed. Report says, he has gone abroad in company with his inseparable companion, Mr. Colby. It is really saddening to think of a young man of good talents, as Mr. Colby appeared to be, so entirely led away and ruined by bad company. For many months before they went away, his office was closed, and he made no pretensions to business. He had his home entirely with Joseph, if home it could be called, where there was drinking and fighting both in the parlors and in the kitchen. Many times the man who professedly kept up the establishment, had to call in help to separate Mr. Colby and Joseph. When drunk, they tried to kill each other; but when sober, or partly so, were apparently the best of friends.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“LOVE! — what a volume in a word, an ocean in a tear!”

TUPPER.

Wednesday, June 10th, 1840.

DEAREST MOTHER, — It is a week since sister Nelly sailed for home. I am so lost without her, that I have determined to resume my journal which has been interrupted for nearly two years.

I can never sufficiently thank you for sparing her to me so long. I sent many messages by her which I could not find time to write. If you are as much interested in my friends as she was, she will give you the latest intelligence from them. She would not be contented until she had received an introduction in person. Many of them exceedingly regret her departure.

The family of Mrs. Reynolds, she liked much, though she could not see Anna, as she was adopted by her uncle Edward soon after his marriage, and lives in New York. My suspicions were very soon confirmed with regard to him, by an invitation to a wedding at his sister's, where I was introduced to a Miss Grant, who in a few moments became Mrs. Edward Ryland.

Miss Grant had waited patiently for her lover all these years; with a woman's true heart refusing to listen for a moment to other proposals of marriage. Even her own parents were not aware of the state of her affections, and had often urged her to give a reason for not wishing to settle in life. All the reason the poor girl could give, was that she did not love the suitor. But her faithfulness is now rewarded, and Mr. Ryland hastened with his

bride to New York to become a partner in the firm for which he went to India.

Mrs. Reynolds was very unwilling to part with Anna, more especially on account of her husband's health, who would, she feared, miss the lovely child. At that time William was very feeble, and it was feared that his exposures in his wanderings from home in former years might bring on consumption. But for a year past he has enjoyed perfect health. I suppose, Nelly will tell you that a little miss has come to take Anna's place, and that she is called Cora Lenox Reynolds. I never liked the name better than when I have seen the little creature come shyly up to me, turning her head one side and the other, and looking out from under her curls to take something I had carried; and heard her lip out her name, "Cowa Lenox." The Doctor makes a great pet of her, and is so much delighted with her name that it would be no wonder to me, if by and by there should be quite a regiment of Cora Lenoxes among his patients. In that case I should find it cheaper to import a quantity of silver cups than to purchase them here.

I have no doubt much as Nelly desired to see the dear home friends, that long ere this she has wished herself back for one more frolic with her little namesake. When I say to the darling, "Baby want to see Aunt Nelly?" she crows and screams with delight. We all think her very like sister; the same deep blue eyes, and fair complexion, so different from her beautiful brother who looked far more like a Lenox. I sometimes smile as strangers notice the striking resemblance of Pauline to her father. I used to fancy the same thing myself when she was a baby.

I long for the return of our dear friends Allen and Lucy, who took sister in charge as far as New York, and saw her safely on board ship. They enclosed me a short note from her, with her last farewell just before she sailed. Emily says, "it seems as if half Crawford were gone." We are all lonely without the lively girl.

Miss Nelly calls and I must obey. Frank says, I am not half as strict with her as I was with Pauline or Walter; and it may be true; I feel so uncertain of her life, since our sweet boy was taken away so suddenly.

Thursday, June 18th.

Allen and Lucy returned yesterday, and we all went in to spend the evening with them. Miss Emily Mansfield was allowed to sit up to welcome her mamma, and could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment. Sister is very proud of her little namesake.

We had been talking of sister Nelly and other topics in a lively manner, when Lucy suddenly started, saying, "Bye the bye, Emily, who do you think we saw on our way to Philadelphia?" and without waiting for a reply, "Mr. Benson, who used to be settled in Waverley. I thought at one time that he was a flame of yours; but he is married now; and to one of the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. She was leaning on his arm and looking up in his face with the most wife-like fondness."

Lucy talked so rapidly, and was so rejoiced to be the first to tell the news, that she did not appear to notice the effect it had on her hearers. If I had done *anything*, I should have burst out crying. I had woven so many pretty romances about his coming home faithful to sister, and all that, and finding out she did love him.

As no one spoke, Frank said with the utmost calmness, "he married Miss Karswell, I suppose, sister of the young man with whom he has been travelling."

"No, not sister," replied Lucy, "but a cousin, who accompanied his sisters. Our informant who knew the family well, told me that Charles was not altogether pleased, as he wished to marry his cousin himself. She is a Southerner; and they were on their way to the south. He is so much altered that I should hardly have known him, if it were not for his mouth and voice. I stood near them in the boat, and heard him say, he wished her parents

were to meet them in Philadelphia instead of Charleston, for it would be extremely warm there at this season. She replied, 'it shall be my endeavor to make it so delightful to you, that you will forget the heat.'

"Did n't you speak to them?" I asked, recovering my voice.

"Yes, but it was just as we were leaving. He seemed really annoyed that I had not made myself known at once. I told him I was not sure for some time whether it were really he."

"'Am I then so much altered?' said he sadly; but at the same time a beautiful smile played for one instant around his mouth, and vanished."

"Then you were not introduced to his lady?"

"No, though she kept tight hold of his arm, and seemed almost impatient that he stopped even that short space. Altogether he was the most distinguished gentleman on board the boat, always excepting my own husband," she added, with a merry glance at him.

When the conversation turned to another theme, I ventured to look at Emily. To my astonishment, she appeared to be wholly engrossed in a new book, she had taken from the table; but on looking a moment I perceived a deadly pallor about her mouth; and suddenly remembered that we were making a very long call upon persons just returned.

When we were at home, I merely ran to take a peep into the nursery, and finding all quiet, I begged Frank to excuse me for a few moments.

"Where is Emily?" I asked of mother.

"She went to her room to lay aside her bonnet."

I followed, and found the poor girl in the very abandonment of grief. She had tossed her bonnet into a chair, and was kneeling by the bed, with her arms thrown over her head, which was buried in the pillow.

I knelt by her side, putting my arms around her. "Dear sister," I said, "don't weep so. Do let me comfort you." But I stopped; what could I say?

After a few moments, she arose and sat by me. "Oh, Emily!" I said, "if you look so, you will break my heart."

"I believe," she replied in a mournful tone, putting her hand to her side, "that mine is broken. I thought I had schooled myself to hear this. I ought to have expected it; but oh! I have deceived myself."

I was never more embarrassed for words to express sympathy, and was awkwardly silent.

"Cora," said she, looking at me, "there is no human being but yourself whom I would allow to witness my" — she hesitated, "my grief at this intelligence. My poor mother would be so pained, if she knew her daughter loved another woman's husband." This last sentence was spoken in her old bitter tone, and carried me back to past years. "And it shall not be. To-morrow you will see me the same as ever. Please, dear sister," she added, in a softened tone, "never allude to my grief. It will soon be over."

It was only when she spoke of herself that her voice was harsh and severe. I looked with admiration at her as she drew up her form, and revealed the Lenox will, Frank sometimes refers to.

Mother looked very happy as her daughter came in smiling and talking of Lucy's improved appearance since her return. My face was by far the sadder of the two. I have never been able to conceal my feelings. "Dear mother," I thought as I bid her good night, "you would not sleep much if you knew what an aching heart lay beneath that smiling face."

Saturday, June 20th.

Cæsar carried me and my smaller treasures this afternoon to see Aunt Susy, who has been rather failing in health this summer. Pauline has been with me several times, and is always delighted to accompany me there. But now I was going to introduce my little Nelly, though not without some fears that the squeezing she would get, would frighten the timid little thing. Aunt Susy is no longer able to watch at the door to see who goes by; but her

heart has not grown cold while sitting in her easy chair. I stepped into the entry and knocked at the inner door.

"Walk right in!" In obedience to this invitation, I opened the door, and with Nelly in my arms, went up to the old lady. She looked over her glasses for a moment as if she did not recognize me with my baby, and before she could say anything, I laid the little miss in her lap.

"Bless its little soul," said Aunt Susy, carefully laying aside her knitting where the needles could n't hurt the child. "Well Miss Lenox, if that don't beat all. I never know 'd you 'd got another;" and to pay for being kept in ignorance, she began in good earnest to squeeze it to her large warm heart. The baby crowed with delight, and as oft as she had a kiss, would give a snatch for the glasses. All this time Pauline and her mother stood by unnoticed, while the dear child had her little red lips made up for a kiss.

"Here, Aunt Susy," I said, "give me the baby, this young lady is waiting her turn."

The good woman went into the business fundamentally, and now that she undertook with Pauline, she was in no haste to get through. When they stopped to take breath she looked in Pauline's face. "La! it beats all natur how she grows like her pa."

The dear soul had forgotten the fact which interested her so much years ago, and really supposed the child to be our own.

"There's — what do you call her?"

"Ellen," I answered.

"There's Ellen now, looks more like you, while Pauline is clear father. I'll venture he sets a sight by her."

Pauline laughed, though she did n't know exactly the meaning of the latter phrase.

"Blessed little soul," she resumed with another squeeze, "what made you think o' that?"

"Because," said Pauline, "you are so kind."

I looked inquiringly at the whisperer.

“La!” said Aunt Susy wiping her eyes, “the dear little cretur says she loves me, and I don’t know what it’s for, if ’taint that I loved your pa long enough afore you was born; and I used to hold him on my lap, and sing ‘Ride a jack horse to Banbury cross,’ and he’d laugh as hearty as the baby did just now.”

At this very moment Mrs. Wilson returned from the garden, when her mother called out, “Darter, did you ever hear tell that Doctor Frank had had another baby?”

“Oh, yes, mother!” she answered, shaking hands with me, “and you knew it too at the time, but you’ve forgotten.”

“Well, p’r’aps I did,” she said with a sigh, “my memory’s grown very poor; but I haven’t forgotten where my Saviour is,” she added, her countenance brightening, “nor he wont forget me; though sometimes I’m almost tempted to fear he don’t altogether remember how long I’ve been expecting he’d send for me to go home. Every morning I ask him if it’s God’s will to take me before night; and every night I pray to go before the sun rises. But he knows best, and I try not to feel impatient o’ waiting for him.”

I cannot describe the holy expression of the dear old lady as she said this.

Thursday, June 25th.

How little I thought when I wrote the last sentence, that I should never more feel that warm embrace; never meet those eyes beaming with love. The dear blessed woman is now where she so longed and prayed to be. Her Saviour had not forgotten her, but came during the silent watches of the night and took her home.

So silently did she resign her spirit to her beloved Lord, that not even her daughter, whose room joins hers, and who heard her whispering her prayers and hymns after she retired, knew aught of the solemn visitor. But he was not unexpected, or unwelcome to the sleeper. She was so impatient to answer the summons, she

could not stop to bid farewell to her earthly friends. Her Saviour called, and she hastened to obey.

In the morning Mrs. Wilson, after waiting beyond the usual time, stepped softly to the bed side of her mother. Struck dumb by the gloriously joyous expression, she went back to the sitting room and beckoned her husband to look before she awoke the sleeper, then leaning forward, said, "mother, *mother!*"

"Oh! wonder not, motherless daughter, that she is deaf to your call. Her ears are listening to notes of heavenly music which ravish her soul. Her eyes are feasting on her Saviour, and she is satisfied, now that she beholds his face in glory!"

I could not resist the wish to see that beautiful countenance once more before it was forever buried from sight; and my dear Frank went with me to the chamber of death. I felt very sad as we approached the house; but when I entered the room where I had always seen her, and looked beneath the linen cloth which covered her from view, I could not weep. I felt as if I had caught a glimpse of heaven.

"Surely," said I, "that wonderful smile is not of earth."

"Perhaps," said Frank, "it was the smile of welcome to the messenger who summoned her home. Death was a welcome guest to her."

As we gazed we could follow her rapt spirit to the mansions of the blessed, and behold her heart ever more expanding with love to her Saviour and her God.

"Thy face

Is all at once spread over with a calm

More beautiful than sleep, or mirth, or joy."

Wednesday, July 29th.

We have heard that there are great preparations making in Waverley for the welcome of their former pastor. It is now more than a year since Mr. Tyler left them for another field of labor; and when the parish heard that Mr. Benson had returned,

they gave him a unanimous call to resettle with them. They have not received a regular answer to their call ; but only that he will be with them, providence permitting, the second Sabbath in August. They seem to feel sure, however, that he will prefer to settle with the people of his first love. And they are ready to offer him a better support than they were able to do formerly. The young men are fitting up the grounds about the parsonage, and the whole village is alive with interest. I can't tell whether to be glad or sorry. Perhaps if Emily were to see him often, she would the sooner conquer any remaining interest she may feel for him.

Since that first night, if she is indulging grief, she deceives even me. Indeed, I told Frank to-day, after she left the room, that I considered her uncommonly cheerful. But he thought otherwise, and gravely shook his head.

Thursday, July 30th.

The parish committee in Waverley have received a communication from Mr. Benson, that he hopes to be with them on Thursday, the sixth day of August, and should be happy to meet any of his old people in the vestry or at any place they may appoint. No sooner did they hear this than they determined that it should be a feast of welcome. They are perfectly enthusiastic in their love for him. I only hope his wife may be a suitable helpmeet.

Mr. and Mrs. Munroe called here to-day to invite us in behalf of the managing committee to be present on the occasion ; I answered vaguely, " that if the Doctor were at liberty," etc., etc.

Friday, July 31st.

I am astonished at Emily — here she has been planning a journey to C—— and has never let us know it until to-day. I went in this morning to give her and mother the invitation left by Mr.

Munroe. She answered gayly, "I should be happy to go, but I shall be far away before that time."

"Where?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, somewhere among the Catskill Mountains; but," she continued, "Ruth and I have made a nice loaf of cake. It is bride's cake," she added, laughing gayly, as she brought from the closet a large loaf beautifully frosted. I forgot to mention, that cake, fruits, and flowers had been solicited for the occasion.

"Cæsar," said Emily, "has promised me two bouquets made in his best style; and remember, Mr. Benson is to hold one and his wife the other." Then, with a low courtesy in acknowledgment of my profound amazement, she deposited the cake in the closet again.

"Emily," said I, as mother answered a summons from the room, "I do believe you're getting crazed."

"Why?"

"Because you laugh so much, and act so strangely."

"Well, dear sister," said she, growing very grave, "if crying will suit you any better, I can easily do that," and leaning her head upon the table, with her arms for her pillow, she gave way to a passionate burst of grief.

"And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears which wait upon our grief."

I stood in the middle of the room perfectly confounded, and was hesitating whether I ought not to run home for Frank, when hearing a distant door shut she started up, throwing her arms around my neck, and said hurriedly, "Dear sister, don't look so very sad. It has been a hard struggle; but it is almost over. I seldom give way as I have done now; that is too great a luxury to be indulged in often."

"At times e'en bitter tears yield sweet relief."

She turned to leave me ; but I persisted in following her to her room. We sat down after I had closed the door. Turning from our late subject, she began to say something in a careless tone.

“Don’t, Emily, don’t speak so, that makes me feel worse than anything.”

“Cora,” she exclaimed in an excited tone, as unlike the other, as if she were a different person, “Cora, what do you think you should do, if after all the years you’ve loved Frank, you should suddenly find out some day, you were committing sin every moment you continued to love him? Supposing you should some day find out he had another wife?”

“Oh! sister,” I answered, “I should die, I could n’t help loving Frank.”

“No, that would be too easy; I’ll tell you what you should do,” drawing herself up to her full height, and looking almost like a queen. “You must tear up your love by the roots; you must never allow one tender thought of him. Drive them out. *Drive them away!* You must keep saying to yourself, ‘*It is sin against God! It is sin against my own soul!*’ Night and day you must do this.”

“Dear, darling sister,” said I, weeping upon her neck, “Is this the way you have to do?” I stood back and gazed at her with admiration. Never had she seemed more beautiful. Her whole countenance was brilliant with excitement; and she looked like one whose mind was made up to conquer or to die. But as I stood, she put her arm lovingly around me. “Dearest sister, I have done wrong to pain you thus; and for my own sake I must avoid such scenes. I must struggle and conquer alone. No, not alone,” she added in a subdued voice, “my Saviour will aid me.”

I took my leave, wondering if Mr. Benson had ever known a pang like hers. I acknowledged to myself a rising prejudice against the man for loving another.

Saturday, August 1st.

Emily is not quite well, and has postponed her journey until the first of the week. How entirely mother is deceived by her calmness. She spoke to me of it with tears in her eyes, and said she was so thankful that the dear girl was quiet in her feelings. How little we know of the misery that is passing before our eyes ! But Emily is a noble hearted woman ; and she will not allow her grief, which she always remembers is the effect of her own insincerity, to trouble her friends. I have no doubt, I should sink under such a blow. My heart aches when I think my tender-hearted, sensitive Pauline may be destined to such a trial. But if she has not the Lenox blood in her, she certainly has a great deal of character, and never will make a tame woman. I wonder what her little sister will be ?

Wednesday, August 5th.

If I can steady my hand sufficiently to hold a pen I will tell you some news. I went this afternoon to the village on an errand for Emily, who is still suffering from an attack of her old complaint, the nervous head-ache. In company with Pauline, I was walking home slowly, as it is very warm, when a gentleman passed me on horse-back. I did not recognize him ; but when I addressed some remark to Pauline, he turned, sprang from his horse, and was by my side in a moment.

“ Mr. Benson ! ” I exclaimed in a glad voice, for at the time I only felt my old respect for him. His manner was very cordial ; and I could not but acknowledge that he was greatly improved by his travels. But as he grew more free, I became more embarrassed, and as he walked by my side leading his horse, I began to wonder what I should do with him. He took great notice of Pauline, in whom he was formerly much interested. He had not yet inquired for sister, and I determined to give him no chance. “ I am surprised,” I said, “ to see you on horse-back.”

"I was always fond of the exercise, and I have almost lived on the backs of horses, or rather mules and camels for the last five years."

"But *now*," said I, hesitating, meaning without his wife.

His countenance brightened with a smile, as he said, "You will find me very little changed in my tastes. I am just the same man."

I blushed with indignation, and wanted to say, "no, you are very much altered, for you are a married man." "Where is your wife?" I asked, after a pause.

He started and looked me full in the face. Seeing I still waited for an answer, he said, "I did not understand you."

"Where is *Mrs. Benson*?" I repeated.

For an instant he looked terribly stern. Then recovering himself, and evidently forcing a laugh, said, "that is a question far easier to ask than to answer."

I made no reply, but looked at him in astonishment.

Seeing me very serious, he said, "I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and are giving me more than is my due. I have not the happiness to be a married man."

I'm sure, I can't tell whether I screamed, or not; I know I felt like it. "And are n't you about to be married to Miss Karswell, from the South?" I asked eagerly.

He bit his lips as he smiled and looked down, but presently said, "I have not even that honor."

"And not to" — I checked myself in much confusion.

"Dear *Mrs. Lenox*," said he, taking my hand, "I see you are the same kind friend as ever," and bowing adieu he sprang upon his horse and rode away, looking back to send his regards to my husband. I had not time or presence of mind to invite him to call. But as soon as we were in our own grounds, I flew along the walks; up the steps into the library, hoping Frank had returned. I must tell somebody. Fortunately he was there. I ran across

the room, and began to caress him so convulsively that he started up to see what could have happened.

"Why, Cora, you're all in a heat. What excites you so?"

"Wait till I can get my breath," said I, "Oh, Frank! I'm so glad! Mr. Benson is n't married!"

"But where is Miss Karswell from the South?" said he sternly.

"You need not look so grave, I *don't care* where she is; only I know he is neither married nor engaged to her."

"How do you know?" he inquired in a doubting tone.

"Because I asked him, and he told me so."

Frank now began to be as much astonished, and as eager for news as I wished. I commenced at the beginning and related all the conversation. "Now Frank," said I, when I had finished, "Emily must n't go to C——. Even if I had not seen Mr. Benson, and found out the mistake under which we were laboring, she is not really well enough to undertake the journey alone; and I feel confident that her only object in going was to avoid meeting him at present."

"I grant all this, my dear, and love you for your enthusiastic interest in your sister; but you are going too fast; and jumping at a conclusion which may be far from true, that because he is not engaged to be married to one particular lady at the South, it necessarily follows that he must be in love with and wishing to marry a lady who haughtily refused him five years ago. I can't say, my dear, I think logic is exactly your forte."

"I don't wish any logic applied to my love nor to that of those with whom I have to do. I want nothing but the outbursting of a full heart which overleaps all the deductions of logic. I should n't think much of any man's love, much less of a woman's," said I proudly, "who stopped to reason and calculate."

Frank smiled, as he saw me working myself up into such an excitement. "Well," said he, "I think I can name one man who reasoned and calculated, as you so indignantly express it, and who,

being well convinced that reason justified and approved his love, he then calculated his chance of success, and finding that a pair of bright eyes grew brighter at his approach, and that notwithstanding all the owner's efforts to prevent it, the blushes burned upon her cheeks, he continued,

'You know, you must have known,
I long have lov'd — lov'd you alone,
But cannot know how dearly.'

'He told her if his hopes were cross'd,
His every aim in life was lost.
She knew he spoke sincerely.'

"Then encouraged by her downcast looks, he allowed his heart free vent, and soon found himself the fortunate owner of the most true, and loving heart that ever man was blessed with."

I was completely overcome, though I tried to conceal it. "Oh!" said I, "if the lords of creation were only not so vain. There might be ten thousand things to make one blush beside" — but I felt my own cheeks burn, and I concluded to return to the original subject. Frank advised me certainly to tell Emily what I had intended, but by no means to encourage in her the idea that Mr. Benson wished to renew his addresses to her.

"You don't know, Emily," I said, "as well as I do. She has as proud a spirit as your own; and I think, she would die rather than to allow any one to suppose, she were sitting meekly waiting his affection."

Thursday, August 6th.

After the conversation yesterday afternoon, I was obliged to own to myself that I had been too hasty in my conclusions; and I determined to be very careful of what I said to sister. I walked over to the cottage, therefore, instead of running, as I felt inclined, and found mother alone in the parlor completing a dress for Emily.

"Where is sister?" I asked.

"She is in her room, packing. I wish you would persuade her to give up this journey, or at least to postpone it. She really is not well."

"That is just my errand. Frank is decided against it."

"Well then, go and talk with the child, and I wish you success."

I peeped into the room, and saw her on her knees at the trunk, while Ruth was passing articles to her young mistress from the drawers, closets, etc. I said, "Ruth, I will take your place," and she went below. Now I had prepared a kind of speech for the occasion; but at the time I could not think of a word of it. "Emily," said I, sitting down instead of assisting her, "I have come to ask a great favor of you. Will you grant it?"

"Certainly, my love, why should you doubt it?"

"Well then, Frank, mother and I, are very unhappy to have you leave in your present state of health, and we ask you to please defer your visit to C—— until another time."

Emily looked much troubled, as she rose and stood before me. "you mean kindly; but believe me, dear sister, it would be far better and easier for me to be away. My head-ache is better, and is only occasioned by the heat."

"Well, darling, will you, to please me, postpone it for one week?"

She stood a full minute, as if calculating her own strength to endure; and then said, "I will, from such a motive, and for so short a time."

"Then," said I, joyfully, "one subject is disposed of. You've granted me one favor, — I want another."

"You're fortunate," she replied, smiling, "in finding me in good humor. However, you're not very troublesome in that way. I think I can venture to promise."

"Well," said I, casting down my eyes, (I could not for my life meet hers,) "I want that beautiful bride's cake."

"Why, Cora," she replied, as I glanced up and met a very

mischievous look, "I did n't know you were so fond of cake. I'll make you half a dozen loaves."

"No, but I want *that* one."

"Why?"

"Because," I answered, my heart leaping into my mouth, "there will be no bride there to need it."

Emily started, and then said calmly, "that makes no difference."

"But," said I, eagerly, "he has no bride. Mr. Benson is *not* married. The report was false."

Poor girl! she fairly shook with emotion, and her face turned deadly pale. She gazed at me for one instant, and then threw herself down by the side of the bed. "My God, I thank thee for removing the awful load of guilt from my heart," was all that I could hear, though she continued a long time in that attitude. When she arose, I put my arm around her, as she sat shading her face with her hand.

"Sister, you will be happier now."

"Yes, dear," she answered quietly, "you have removed a great load of guilt from my soul, and I shall, I must feel happier."

After a pause, I whispered, "you will not object to meet Mr. Benson now."

She started to her feet with such a world of meaning in her tone as she said, "Cora!"

"I mean," said I, hesitating, "he is to be our neighbor again; and it would be so much pleasanter, and better every way, to be on terms of friendship with him."

She looked so proudly as she stood before me, and said, "that is hardly possible; certainly not at all probable. He would not wish it."

"Oh, I am sure he would!" I exclaimed eagerly. "I have seen him, and he says he is just the same man; that his tastes are not changed."

Oh! what a beautiful rosy blush spread all over her cheeks and

brow ; a bright light danced for one moment in her eye, and leading me to the door, she said in a low tone, "you have made me very happy. Please go and tell mother. I must be alone." She put her hand to her heart to still the new and strange feeling of hope that was springing up there.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“ The first fresh love
Dies never wholly; it lives on through pain
And disappointment; often when the heart
Is crushed, and all its sympathies pressed out,
This lingers, and awakens, and shines bright.” PERCIVAL.

Friday, August 7th.

THE visit of welcome passed off delightfully. The guests assembled in a spacious hall which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The tables were loaded with fruits and flowers, intermingled with substantial viands for such as preferred them. It was Emily's desire that mother should accompany us; and we entered early to witness the reception of the pastor. Mr. Benson had requested that there should be as little formality as possible. The services opened by an appropriate original hymn. By whom do you think it was written? By Mrs. Anna Reynolds, who was a native of Waverley. Mr. Munroe invoked a blessing, and then all went forward to shake hands with their beloved pastor, and express their joy at his return.

After allowing his own people their first claim to his notice, Frank walked up with mother and myself. A great crowd had pressed around the traveller, but when the Doctor's tall form approached, he darted forward, eager to express his welcome to us; not, however, without a quick glance behind us, as if missing an absent member of our family.

“ We have come,” replied the Doctor, “ to welcome *you*, though I think my wife has already had that pleasure.”

He bowed over my hand, and expressed his delight at the honor we had done him. Amidst all the claims upon his attention, — and he had a kind word and smile for every one, — he soon made an opportunity to approach the place where our little party stood, and suggesting to the Doctor the awkwardness of a gentleman being without a companion, begged me to take his arm. “I have not had an opportunity,” he said, smiling, “to ask after the health of your sweet little girl, Pauline, I think is her name.”

“She is quite well,” I replied.

“That does not, I think, embrace all of your family.”

“Oh, no! there is a darling little Nelly at home; sister is with her this evening, as she wished mother to have the pleasure of being here.”

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, as if he would fain have asked a question, but dared not. For want of something better to do, he picked up a flower which had dropped from a vase, and began to analyze it, but seeing an arch smile upon my face which I could not repress, he hastily threw it aside.

“You must not infer,” I said at length, pitying his embarrassment, “because sister and Pauline are not here, that they do not wish you a hearty welcome; but Emily has had her trunk packed for a number of days to go a journey, and she only postponed it as an accommodation to me.”

Just then he was called away; but turned back to go with me to my husband, saying in a low voice, “have I your permission to make you an early call?”

“I should have invited you the other day,” I answered, “if you had not been in such a hurry.”

He had a queer look as he smiled and said, “your questions had somewhat confused me, I acknowledge. I must ask an explanation at some future time.”

“Ah,” said I, “I rather think you will be the one who will be required to give an explanation.”

We had been slowly making our way through the crowd to the

other end of the hall, where mother and the Doctor awaited us, for the entertainment to commence; but Mr. Benson seemed not to notice the signs of impatience from the young people, and replied in an impressive manner, "I shall only be too happy to answer any questions you may wish to ask."

While waiting for the company to be quiet, Frank touched my burning cheek, and whispered archly, "I hope Emily is not of a jealous disposition."

"She is a Lenox," I replied gravely.

It took some time for the company to form themselves around the table; when the pastor's voice was heard in prayer for the first time since his return, thanking the Author of all our blessings, for the kind care which had watched over us during our long separation, and brought pastor, people and friends together under such delightful circumstances. The prayer was short, but very tender and appropriate. Many wept for joy at their beloved teacher's return; but soon all were engaged in the business of the hour, and nothing was heard for some time but the clatter of plates and spoons, and the eager voices asking to be helped. It was quite enough for me to watch the others. I smiled as I saw Mr. Benson standing with his eyes fixed abstractedly upon his plate, while his thoughts were evidently far away.

I must pass quickly over the speeches, singing, etc., which occurred when "all had eaten, and were full." We had intended to excuse ourselves early, and return home, but found no opportunity to do so. Frank made a short speech of welcome, which if I am a judge was as acceptable to the traveller as any other. Then all were requested to join in a closing hymn, when we withdrew to our homes.

Frank said to Mr. Benson at parting, that as an old friend, he would always be welcome at our house, and mother reiterated the same. I fancied Frank was slightly embarrassed. "Good night, Mr. Benson," I said, shaking hands from the carriage. "Remember your promise to call soon and renew your acquaintance with — with my little *Pauline*."

He bowed low to conceal a smile, and we started for home by a most serene but bright moonlight.

Saturday, August 8th.

This morning Emily came over to the house as usual to see and frolic with the baby. As Ann was carrying on a great business in the nursery, in the way of cleaning, we took the young ladies to the parlor. Nelly was so noisy that we could not hear ourselves speak. I laughed until I cried at sister, as she threw the baby high over her head, and then tossed her back into her lap. A slight sound made me turn, and there I beheld the elegant, distinguished traveller, whose praise was in every mouth, standing in the door-way with the most complacent of smiles. I sprang up. "*Emily,*" said I quickly; but it was too late. Miss was safely perched on her head again, her tiny feet kicking, and her delighted shout ringing through the room.

In exactly this position was my refined sister when her wondering eyes caught the first glimpse of the intruder. Quick as lightning the aspiring child was brought down from her high position, and set upon the carpet, while Emily looked for an instant as if she were meditating a rapid descent through the floor. But it was too ludicrous. We looked at one another and burst into a hearty laugh. I have my doubts if any foreign ambassador was ever more relieved at the termination of a troublesome embassy, than was our friend Mr. Benson, at this favorable opportunity for renewing past friendship.

"They met —

Whose hands, not souls, had long been parted,

To smile — and in that smile forget

All in the feeling — We have met!"

Emily, like a noble girl as she really is, advanced frankly toward our visitor; and though her hair was dressed in rather an odd style by baby; and her cheeks were rather too rosy from her violent exercise; yet the clergyman did not appear to like her the less on that account. He fixed his deep penetrating eyes for one

moment on hers ; but I don't know whether he gleaned anything very satisfactory from them, as hers were quickly dropped, and her long black lashes were an effectual shield. Emily had too much good sense to apologize for her dishabille ; and I am sure she needed no apology, for though in a simple white wrapper, fastened to the throat by a cameo brooch, and a black silk apron ; yet I thought again and again as I looked, that there was a beauty about her which I had never witnessed before. There was a kind of consciousness or shyness which was very bewitching. I am quite sure there was one beside myself of similar opinion, for he improved well the opportunity her downcast eyes afforded to gaze unreprieved. Nelly, however, was by no means satisfied at the sudden termination of her frolic, and was constantly climbing to her aunt's knee, to recommence the play. She appeared perfectly astonished at the unwonted neglect she received ; but finding at length that she could not accomplish her object, crept quietly away to her toys.

Pauline now came in, having accomplished her self-imposed task of reading aloud to Phebe in the kitchen. It may be doubted whether the faithful woman gained much instruction from information received under such unfavorable auspices. But Pauline was full of zeal ; and though Phebe walked heavily from pantry to sink, and from sink to closet in the performance of her duties, yet as she refrained from talking, the dear child never doubted but she was much interested. With her open book in her hand, she came running into the room, and at a call from Mr. Benson, advanced gracefully toward him.

He took her book, and talked with her of its contents. As I looked at them, I could hardly identify him as the same man who had formerly been nearly as much an object of pity, as of respect. He was now a thoroughly polished gentleman, who had been received at almost every court in Europe, and who had, for the last two years, been travelling in close companionship with one of the most cultivated families in New York. I longed to ask about the

Misses Karswell, but knew that the present was not a suitable time.

Emily had now recovered herself, and the conversation became general. We conversed regarding places of interest in England and France, and found during the two hours he remained, that in whatever else he had failed, he certainly had acquired the art of conversation. Perhaps he might have been more than usually inspired on the present occasion, for he rendered himself a most delightful companion. Sister usually claims for herself a good share of the talking; but at this time was so obliging as to be a willing listener. When Mr. Benson arose, I invited him to remain and dine with us; but he politely declined, saying he must be in his study as he had not completed his preparation for the Sabbath. But he added that he should be happy to pay his respects to mother before he took leave.

"Emily will accompany you to the cottage," I said, wholly unmindful of her imploring glance. She put on her hat, and with a shake of her head at me, she walked with him across the garden, he having secured permission to repeat his call at an early day.

When Frank came home we had a hearty laugh over our morning adventures. "I should have liked to have been present," said he, "and to have seen Emily caught in that way."

Soon after, Frank left; it was about three o'clock, I think, I went over to the cottage to laugh at sister, or, with her, just as she felt inclined, when on opening the parlor door, there sat the gentleman as unmoved, as though two sermons were not lying on his study table waiting to be completed. When he saw me, I solemnly declare the man blushed, and no wonder, when he had declined so polite an invitation at our house. I felt inclined to joke him. "I am very glad, sister," I said, "that you persuaded Mr. Benson to remain and *prepare his sermons here*, where he will not be liable to the interruptions incident to his first arrival at home."

He sprang up and took my hand, saying, "spare me, dear Mrs. Lenox; but I must indeed be gone," and he hastily bid us adieu.

Mother was at a loss to account for his sudden flight, until I told her, he had come in here in order to obtain assistance in preparing for the duties of the Sabbath.

Friday, August 14th.

Last evening we were invited to a select party at Allen Mansfield's. The Doctor, Emily, and I accepted the invitation. Among the first guests came Mr. Benson, whose unexpected entrance brought a bright blush to Emily's cheek. He was quite the lion of the evening, and all seemed interested and profited by the conversation between him and Frank, who had taken nearly the same tour of Europe. But he paid sister very little attention, though I could see that he watched her closely as her lovely countenance varied with her emotion. "Ah," said I to myself, as the evening closed without his having addressed a single remark directly to Emily, "if you are making love, you have considerably changed your tactics during your absence."

Emily was just taking her brother's arm to walk home, as it was but a short distance, when the young clergyman joined us, saying, "I am sure, Doctor, you are far too generous to monopolize more than your share," and he offered his arm to sister. I suppose it is not an uncommon habit for gentlemen of the cloth to be

"Like Isaac with a mind applied
To serious thoughts at eventide,"

and Emily was far too good a girl to interrupt such *pious* meditations.

Thursday, September 3d.

Mr. Benson called to-day with young Karswell, who is about twenty-four years of age. Mother and sister were passing the day here. The young man came on to make his friend a visit; and told us he had lived with him so many years, he could not

well live without him. I saw that he was very much pleased with Emily, and engaged her attention almost wholly, while Mr. Benson directed all his conversation to mother, and hardly appeared to notice that she was in the room. For the last few times he has called, especially if any stranger is present, he is extremely reserved. Even so intimate a friend as the one to-day, rendered him very unlike *the* Mr. Benson when first returned. They made quite a long call, and Mr. Karswell managed to procure an invitation to return, saying that he must see the Doctor, as his father had often spoken of him. I should judge him to be a frank, open hearted fellow; but with nothing very marked in his character. He is rather pretty, than handsome, with features delicate enough for a girl, and somewhat effeminate in manner.

Friday, September 4th.

Young Karswell came again to-day and alone, saying, "it is dreadfully dull at Waverley, and as Mr. Benson was not inclined for a ride, I thought I would take one myself and say nothing about it." He asked for sister, and said he thought her handsomer than any lady he had seen when abroad, because there was so much variety in her expression. I accompanied him to the cottage, where in a few moments he appeared to feel as much at home, as if in his mother's parlor. I never knew one, so entirely a stranger, talk so freely of himself, and his friends. He made quite a confident of Emily, telling her that his cousin Virginia, who accompanied them in their travels, "was dead in love with Mr. Benson."

"We heard," said I, joining them, "that he was married to your cousin from the South."

He laughed heartily, as he said, "it is not Virginia's fault that the report is not true, for she would gladly have given herself and her fortune into the bargain. I have often wondered why he did not take her, instead of settling down in such a tame place as Waverley."

Emily's eyes sparkled as she replied, "Mr. Benson is a clergy-

man, and no place is tame to him where there are souls to be saved."

Young Karswell gazed at her with admiration, as if he would willingly make her angry to see her light up so again. But he only said, "Mr. Benson is not a marrying man. I don't believe he has it in him to fall in love. During all our travels, though we met with scores of beautiful ladies, I never saw him pay them anything beyond the attention politeness required."

Emily involuntarily let her work fall from her hands, but instantly recovered herself, and redoubled her diligence.

"By the way," continued Mr. Karswell, "is Mr. Benson always as cheerful as he was yesterday?"

I thought he was speaking in irony, and made no reply.

"Because," he added, "he is generally the most reserved man, I ever met. I used to think myself very witty if I could succeed in making him laugh; but when he did, it was just like lightning in a thunder cloud. Sister Gertrude was always raving about his beautiful mouth."

I left Emily to entertain the gentleman and returned to my babies. It was a full hour before I saw him riding out of the yard.

Tuesday, September 8th.

Quite a laughable scene took place here this afternoon. Mr. Karswell has been over every day this week; and Emily has become so tired of hearing him talk, that for the last day or two she has invited him to the house with her, for me to help entertain him. I believe the fellow is really in love, or else he is silly, I can't tell which. To-day she came in, having warned me beforehand that she should certainly plead other engagements, and leave him with me. We were hardly seated before Cæsar opened the hall door for Mr. Benson, who had not called since he first introduced him. No sooner did Mr. Karswell hear his voice than he jumped from his seat, and tried to escape from the room; but

not being able, he had only time to secrete himself behind the door before his friend entered with a remarkably grave face. Now you well know how next to impossible it is sometimes to keep from laughing when you ought. And though I bit my lips and tried my utmost, yet the motion had been so unexpected, that I could hardly refrain from being rude. I advanced to the gentleman and told him with a broad laugh on my face, that it was a very long time since he had called. Emily would not look up, but kept her hat which she held in her hand before her face. I could well understand Mr. Karswell's allusion to the thunder cloud, for I never saw a man put on a more terrible frown. I felt matters were going too far; and was determined to get the young man from his concealment, when Pauline ran in, and shut the door after her. Then the cause of my merriment stood revealed. Seeing there was no help for it, he walked out coolly and shook hands with his friend. I was now very earnest to explain, and to do the young man justice; he was willing to take his full share of the joke. Mr. Benson had not yet been seated, and I feared he would leave under a false impression.

Mr. Karswell thought of nothing but appeasing Emily, whom he feared he had offended. He sat down by her in quite too familiar a manner, which I was glad to see she instantly resented. She rose from her chair, and though her countenance was very pale, said, "your friend unintentionally placed us all in a very awkward situation. Please excuse it."

I looked my thanks at her, and we resumed our seats. Mr. Benson turned the conversation by asking Emily if she were fond of riding on horseback.

"I used to be very fond of it," she replied, "but I have not been accustomed to the exercise of late."

He asked her to accompany him this evening; with a heightened color she assented. Mr. Karswell at length rose to go, and Mr. Benson soon followed, though I urged him to stay.

Saturday, September 26th.

Mr. Karswell was called home the very day after his unsuccessful attempt to conceal himself. I was not at all sorry; and I don't believe Mr. Benson mourns very much.

Emily came in this morning with such a conscious manner, that I knew *something had happened*. She whispered to me to send Pauline away for a moment, when she hid her face in my neck and whispered "Cora, I am very happy."

I was curious and inquisitive; but she would only tell me a word, and that with a great deal of blushing. It seems that yesterday Mr. Benson called when mother was here; and after sitting a few moments perfectly quiet, while she was engaged with her sewing, he took a seat by her side, and taking a note from his pocket-book, which she perceived at a glance was the one she had written him before he went abroad, he said, "Miss Emily, (it was always Miss Lenox before) will you tell me with your usual frankness, if you have ever regretted more than the *manner* of your decision on a former occasion?"

With the thought of all the suffering caused by her want of frankness, she replied nobly, though with downcast eyes, "I have always regretted the *decision*, as well as the manner of it." She says, she was really frightened at the effect her words had upon him. For one instant he pressed her hand convulsively, and then walked back and forth through the room. She thought, she had been too free and hasty in answering; and a hundred other conjectures came to her mind; but she will not tell how they were solved. She says, if I am so curious, I must apply to head quarters. But this she will say, that she is satisfied, and *very* happy.

"Well then," I said, "will you please to give me the extract about Mr. Benson, which you cut out of aunt Morgan's paper? I suppose you have done with it."

Emily looked very rosy. "You deserve to be whipped, Cora," she said, laughing to hide her vexation at my discovery. "You must look out how you behave now, for I have a champion as well as you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine? ”

COWPER.

Wednesday, November 4th.

EMILY was married this morning, and has gone to Waverley. The cottage is closed, and mother will spend the winter with us. Emily and I have had our first quarrel, on the question who shall have mother. I think, however, though she will make visits to Emily, that she will live here, because this has for so long a time been her home.

Tuesday, November 10th.

Mrs. Benson and her husband have changed characters since I first introduced them to you. Emily is very frank and free with her husband; and does not hesitate to show him that she loves him, while he is quite reserved, though exceedingly tender in his attachment to her. She is perfectly satisfied that he has given her his whole heart, and a very warm one.

Cæsar drove mother, Pauline, Nelly and myself over to the parsonage this afternoon. I could hardly realize that we were not at the cottage, everything looked so natural. Perhaps I did not tell you that the furniture was removed from that place to

their new home; and sister has been very anxious to make it look as much like the old one as possible.

Waverley people have very generously presented their pastor with a handsome buggy, (he already owned a horse,) that he might have no excuse for not bringing his wife when he comes to see them.

There are nearly two acres of land belonging to the parsonage; and Mr. Benson has promised sister a fine flower-garden next summer.

I must not forget to tell you the appropriate gifts they have received from Mr. Karswell's family. Enclosed in a kind, fatherly note from Mr. Karswell, Sen., was a bank-bill of one hundred dollars to replenish Mr. Benson's library, with an addition of fifty from the son for book-cases, pleasantly remarking, that he had noticed there were none in the study. A large box accompanied the note, with a handsome service of plate for the young housekeeper. The latter was from the Misses Karswell.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“ Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise, that hast survived the fall ! ”

COWPER.

Friday, August 9th, 1844.

SINCE the receipt of your last letter, I have had serious thoughts of taking a trip to England. From what you say of father's health, I fear he is failing fast, and my heart yearns to see him once more. My dear husband sympathizes fully with me in this desire, and were my own health confirmed, he would urge me to go ; but since the birth of my little Frank, my health has been very delicate, and he fears the voyage with the children would be too much for me. He did once suggest my leaving Pauline and Nelly, and taking only the baby with Ann. But I was decided in refusing to leave them. Franky is now six months old, and appears to be a very healthy child. I think, he will resemble his father more than even our dear little Walter did. Mother Lenox has now five grand-children, three of mine and two little ones at the parsonage. The Doctor brought the news of the arrival of the little stranger only two days ago. I sent Emily word this morning, that the baby must be named for me. The eldest is Susy, or Susan, for mother. Mr. Benson is very proud of his babies, and thoroughly appreciates the noble qualities of his wife. He was quite pleased this morning with the name, I had proposed for the little one, but said, he always accorded to Emily the privilege of naming her babies.

Mother has been with sister since June, and will probably remain until cold weather. Frank is not willing to have her away in winter, as she has of late years been subject to a cough. I wish sister Nelly could now see Pauline. The dear child is within an inch or two of my own height, and was eleven years of age last June. Never was a mother blessed with a more dutiful daughter. She has a most delightful influence over her sister, and indeed in her quiet way over the whole household. Phebe, (who has become very "weighty," as she expresses it,) often quotes Miss Pauline's remarks as testimony which no one would dare to question. A few days since she went to the village on an errand in company with Nelly, and on her return I saw her leading a poor, ragged, dirty child, while the woman whom I supposed to be the mother followed a few steps behind.

Leaving her little charge at the kitchen door, she flew up to her room, and then into the nursery ; "mamma," said she in an animated tone, "are you willing I should give my birth-day money to a poor little girl who was crying in the street. She has no clothes, and she is very poor. May I, mamma?"

I arose and went below to ascertain the cause of the poor woman's poverty. Pauline followed, whispering, "Mamma, I had much rather give my five dollars to her, than to buy the work-box, because my old one is very good." I found the woman was a Canadian, and belonged to a company of beggars, who go about with a wagon, once every year or two, collecting clothes and money, while they procure their daily food from house to house. I directed Phebe to give them a comfortable meal, but was sorry to be obliged to refuse my dear Pauline the luxury of clothing the destitute child. I was so much touched by witnessing her tears of disappointment, that I called her to her room, and selected a calico dress, apron and shoes from her wardrobe and allowed her to present them to the child. She hastily thrust her purse of money into my hand, and ran below, where beckoning the poor beggar into the shed, she soon transformed her into a neatly

dressed girl. I endeavored to improve this opportunity to explain to my daughter the necessity of discrimination between the really necessitous, and impostors. It was very hard for her to believe that any mother could be so depraved as to permit her child to appear so ragged and dirty if she could possibly avoid it.

Saturday, August 16th.

During school hours this morning, the thought of the Canadian girl so troubled Pauline, that I was obliged to give her the lesson to review, as it was so imperfectly recited, which is a very unusual event. She is generally very prompt in her recitations, and already is a proficient in music, both vocal and instrumental, for which she has a fine ear. I prophesy that she will by and by far surpass her teacher.

This afternoon I was reading in the library, when she came running in from her walk, in a state of great excitement. "Oh! mamma," said she, bursting into tears, "I have seen the little girl again, and now I'm sure she has a bad mother, for her nice clothes were taken off, and she wore the same dirty, ragged ones as she did before. I don't think," she continued, "that the little girl is wicked, because she hung down her head and was ashamed to see me; but her mother came out of a house with a large bundle under her arm, and pulled her angrily away." As I saw this had made a great impression upon Pauline's mind, I determined to say no more at the time, but take her with me more frequently than I had done of late in my visits to the poor and distressed.

Wednesday, August 21st.

The Doctor requested me this morning to prepare a basket of food for one of his patients; and I determined to take Pauline with me, and deliver it in person to the family. I knew nothing of their circumstances, only their name, and a description of the small house which they occupy.

Cæsar readily found the place. Mrs. Fuller, the wife of the

sick man, was washing out a few clothes in an open shed back of the building, while two children, of about five and three years of age, played in the dirt before the door. The eldest stopped her play to gaze at the carriage as we drove up, and ran to call her mother. We entered the dilapidated building, where a man lay sick of a fever. He was moaning sadly when we entered, and seemed hardly conscious; but his wife assured us he was so, and that he kept moaning and muttering something to himself all the time.

From the wife's account I found that Mr. Fuller, at the time she married him, was a mechanic in good business, and that they lived comfortably for two or three years, though her husband did not seem happy as at first. He gradually grew more and more idle, neglected his business, and would sit moping in the house from morning till night.

"Was he intemperate?" I inquired. "None to speak of," she replied. "He never took to drink." After conversing with her for a short time at the door, I gave her the basket of provisions, and asked her if she were at present in special need of anything. She was very grateful, and said the Doctor had provided all that was necessary, and I took my leave, promising if she would send for it, to supply her with milk for the children.

Friday, August 30th.

The Doctor says Mr. Fuller is much worse, and that he has something upon his mind which troubles him. He is not at all inclined to answer questions, but to-day when Frank went silently in, and bent over him, thinking him to be sleeping, the poor fellow said, "that's all I remember, there's no hurt in that, and if there is, I'm not answerable, 'twas nothing to me."

Frank put his fingers upon the pulse, when the sick man turned upon him with a terrible oath, and said wildly, "What did you hear? I said nothing. You can't take me up for that."

Frank soothed him by saying he had heard nothing of conse-

quence, and feeling much interested for the sufferer, who appeared struggling with remorse of conscience for some crime, he sat long by him, endeavoring to point him to the Saviour, who can deliver from all sin.

Mr. Fuller listened as if for his life, and muttered two or three times, "If I could only believe it! *If I could but think so!!*" The Doctor prayed with him before he left. When he called Mrs. Fuller to the door, and related to her what he had heard, she burst into tears, and told him that for years past, he had at times said over and over the same words, to which she could attach no meaning; but she clasped her hands in agony, "Oh, dear, she said, "I am afraid he has been guilty of some dreadful crime, and that's what harrows him up so!"

"The cause is conscience;— Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews!
Her voice is terrible, though soft,
And dread of death ensues."

CHAPTER XXX.

“For God unfolds, by slow degrees,
The purport of his deep decrees:
Sheds every hour a clearer light
In aid of our defective sight;
And spreads, at length, before the soul
A beautiful and perfect whole,
Which busy man’s inventive brain
Toils to anticipate in vain.”

COWPER.

Wednesday, September 4th.

How true is the old adage, “Murder will out.” It has certainly been verified in our village. But I will not anticipate. It was hardly light this morning, when the Doctor was summoned from bed to Mr. Fuller, who was dying, and had been calling for Dr. Lenox all night. At length, he became very urgent, and said, he could not die in peace till he had confessed the great sin that troubled his conscience. I waited with no little impatience for Frank’s return; but nine o’clock came and there had only been a messenger for Cæsar to drive the buggy to the office.

It was long past the usual dinner hour when Frank returned. When he did so, I saw that something very unusual had taken place, for he hardly spoke, but frequently ceased eating, though he had taken no breakfast, and sat resting his head upon his hand.

Leaving the dining-room hurriedly, he said, “Cora, will you come to me in the library as soon as possible.” I left Pauline

with the little ones in the nursery, and followed him directly. He silently beckoned me to a seat near him, when he related as follows the scenes of the morning.

“Cora, do you remember the account I gave you years ago, of the setting up of the will of Joseph Lee, before the Probate Court?”

“Perfectly,” I replied.

“Well, Fuller, who died this morning, was a witness, who testified that the business transacted by the lawyer, was merely a deed of gift to a poor widow. By his dying confession, however, he has unfolded a horrid plot of villany. Squire Lee at that very time made a *second* will, which no doubt was in Lucy's favor. He did indeed convey away the cottage at the same interview; but that was only a secondary part of the business.” I sprang to my feet, and clapped my hands in an ecstasy.

“But what possible motive could he have had for perjuring himself?” I asked eagerly.

“He was hired to do so by the lawyer. I immediately sent a neighbor who was watching with my patient to a magistrate, and he took down the poor man's confession, together with many circumstances relating to the subject which will throw light on the villany. A writ was at once made out and served upon Joseph Lee and Oscar Colby, for conspiracy, and before nine o'clock, they were before the justice, by whom they were committed to jail to await their trial at the next term of the Criminal Court.”

When the sheriff went to arrest them, Joseph was sleeping off the effects of his intoxication; and when dragged from his bed, and made to understand that he was arrested, he swore and raved so shockingly, that the sheriff told him, he would put him in irons if he was not quiet. Mr. Colby was different; he looked ghastly pale, while his eyes rolled from side to side; but he made no resistance.

Poor Lucy! Little reason as she has to love her brother, this will be a terrible blow to her affectionate heart. Although Joseph

has been living at the Hall since last spring, yet he has never taken the least notice of her or her family, and even seems to have forgotten that he has a sister. The dear girl thought all her trials were over, she has been so contented and happy with her little family. She has a beautiful pair of twin boys. Emily is six years old. Frank says, it was a painful duty to inform her of the arrest of her brother, which he did this morning.

He was very much affected by her first words after he had told her of Mr. Fuller's confession. "Then my dear father did remember me;" and she burst into tears.

Thursday, September 5th.

Allen Mansfield called here this morning to consult with the Doctor, after having in vain sought him at the office. Nothing for years has caused such an excitement in the town; and corroborative testimony is constantly related by one and another, as to the certainty of a will. But *where* is it? That it was destroyed at the time is the current opinion. The vile character of the prisoners — the virtue of young Mansfield's family — the probable result of the trial — the length of imprisonment for such crimes — the motives which influenced Mr. Colby to such an act, are the universal themes of conversation.

Groups of men stand in the streets discussing the latest intelligence of the affair, while Lucy and her husband from being among the most quiet citizens of the place have been suddenly transformed into the lions of the day. Their every word and look is eagerly repeated from one to another. One benefit has already resulted from all this. Public attention and sympathy have been turned to the family of widow Fuller, and she has help flowing in from all quarters. In return, she has only to repeat some two or three dozen times a day the sad confession of her husband's crime. "I had it from the lips of the widow," is enough to draw a crowd of listeners eager for something to fan their already over-excited imaginations.

Even the Doctor is not without his share of attention, from being the one to whom the confession was originally made, and from being a particular friend of the Mansfields.

Monday, September 9th.

The excitement in town is constantly on the increase. Poor Lucy is almost as much a prisoner as her brother. She was riding out with her children a day or two since, when some one shouted, "there goes Mrs. Mansfield, sister to the prisoner," and a whole posse of boys ran shouting after the carriage. Such notoriety is by no means pleasing to her, and she is determined to avoid it in future. Mr. Willard, the District Attorney, who will manage the case for Allen, in behalf of the government, has grown very fast in public esteem for a few years, and is considered an uncommonly shrewd lawyer and an excellent advocate. Report says that Joseph has secured the services of an able and far famed lawyer from the city, and means to spare no expense to procure his acquittal at the coming trial, which does not take place until the fore-part of November. Mr. Willard, being on the spot, has every advantage of circumstantial testimony. He has already obtained a warrant to search the premises, and in company with a man appointed keeper by the sheriff, who served a writ attaching the whole for damages in behalf of Allen, went from room to room, examining every private drawer, desk, shelf, or crevice where such a document could be secreted. But it was all in vain; yet a more thorough search will be made to-morrow.

Joseph is in a shocking condition, caused by the involuntary and sudden cessation of his excess in drinking. His eyes seem ready to start from their sockets; and he is so violent in his demands for brandy, and so furious because he cannot obtain it that the jailor has been obliged to put him in irons. Mr. Colby is in a dreadful state of nervous excitement, and walks from morning till night back and forth in the small cell where he is confined. Upon one or two occasions, when Mr. Willard, in company with a

sheriff, visited him, he would not deign a reply to any question they put to him.

Tuesday, September 10th.

Nothing whatever was found reflecting light upon this dark plot, on the most rigid examination of the whole premises. While Allen was there, a messenger came from the jailer to the sheriff for some clothes for Mr. Colby, who complained of the dampness of his cell.

The sheriff proceeded to the room which had been occupied by him, where various articles of apparel were thrown upon the chairs and around the room just as he left them the night previous to his arrest. Having fully examined a dressing gown and cloak, and ascertained that nothing was concealed in them, he gave them to the messenger.

Friday, September 20th.

Nothing of importance has transpired to throw light upon the all-engrossing topic. A slight suspicion was awakened in the mind of Mr. Willard by the increasing demand for clothes by Mr. Colby, and Hon. Mr. Marshall, the Attorney General, specially retained, gave orders that no more be sent him. Upon a re-examination of every article of apparel in his room and wardrobe at the Hall, he has found nothing to justify such a suspicion.

But he is ever on the alert, and determined, if possible, to ferret out all the iniquitous proceedings. The daily papers are full of the most exaggerated accounts of these transactions, report of which has spread the excitement through the country.

Persons may be seen at all hours of the day walking past Lee Hall, wondering what room the prisoners occupied before their arrest, where the keeper remains, and making inquiries on these and a thousand other points of those of the neighbors and inhabitants whom they happen to meet.

Tuesday, November 5th.

Half past seven o'clock, A. M. The all-important day has at

length arrived. Even at this early hour carriage after carriage from the adjoining towns rolls by toward the court House. Men and women are seen hurrying in the same direction, all eager to gain admission to the court room. For many years, no case has excited such deep and universal interest. The vast estate involved—the great respect for the family of Mr. Mansfield—the daring plot of Joseph and Colby—the horrible cruelty of the former toward his sister, driving her from the home of her childhood, have raised the excitement to the highest pitch. My hand trembles, and my heart goes “pit-a-pat” as I think of being present at the trial. The Doctor has kindly procured a permit for me to be there as a companion of Lucy, whose heart, poor girl, is ready to faint within her. I shall endeavor to take notes that I may give you and father an account of an American trial.

Thursday, November 7th.

On Tuesday morning, at half past eight, the Doctor came for me to go to the court. My hands were numb from excitement, and for a moment I felt inclined to remain at home; but summoning all my resolution, I stepped into the carriage, when Cæsar drove to Mr. Mansfield's, took in Lucy, who looked more as if she were to be tried as a criminal, than as if she were about to inherit an estate worth a million of dollars.

When the Doctor assisted us from the carriage, and I witnessed the immense crowd standing around the ponderous doors of the court-room, my limbs trembled beneath me, and I clung convulsively to my husband's arm.

“All filled up two hours ago!”—“No room!”—“You can't get in!” were shouted by men and boys on every side. Even the constables standing with a pole at the foot of the stairs told us, we could not proceed. But the Doctor paid no sort of heed to all this. With the air and bearing of a Lenox, he walked majestically on, merely bowing to the officer and pronouncing the word “witness;” when he stood one side to allow us to pass and to get

through the crowd as best we could. I can hardly tell you how we were able to make our way up the stone steps to the room above. Sometimes the Doctor was recognized. At others, Lucy's pale face caused the eager crowd to stand yet a little closer and to allow us to press along.

At the inner door, near the head of the stairs, stood a sheriff, who on recognizing the Doctor opened the door, and we stood within the room. Another deputy sheriff came forward and gave us a seat with the witnesses. Here my husband pointed out to me the seats of the judge, and the jury, the boxes for the criminals and the other parts of this temple of justice.

I will describe them to you. The Court-room is large; I should judge, about fifty feet by sixty. On one end of the Hall is a raised platform called the bench, and occupied by the Judges, with private entrances on each side for the convenience of the court. In front of the bench and on an elevation about half as high, is a space enclosed with a railing within which are tables for the Clerk, District Attorney and Attorney General. Before this railing is a table for the reporters, at which are seated a goodly number with pen in hand, eager to catch every word of this terrible trial, and to send the report thereof by the dailies and by bulletins all over the country.

Running along on each side of the room are three banks of seats, resembling long slips or pews, and occupied by the witnesses and jury. A walk or aisle runs along at the foot of these seats. The large open area in front of the reporters and of this aisle, is circled with a railing within which are seats and small desks for members of the bar. Just beyond the railing and opposite to the Judge are boxes for the criminals with sharp iron pickets on the top. All the rest of the unoccupied space was crowded on this occasion with a dense mass of spectators, some of whom had been standing ever since the opening of the Court-room.— Over the end of the Hall was a gallery densely crowded. One by one, the Jurors, Clerk, Lawyers, District Attorney,

Attorney General and Judge entered and took their seats. As the large clock in the room struck nine, officers appeared leading in the prisoners.

I was obliged to put my arm around my distressed friend. She looked ready to faint; but holding strong volatile salts to her nose, she endeavored to control her feelings. Frank and myself regretted extremely that the Attorney General thought it necessary to summon her as a witness.

The court opened. The Clerk read the Docket, from which it appeared that the Grand Jury had found three bills against the prisoners at the bar; for conspiracy in obtaining property under false pretences — for wilful perjury — and for fraud.

On motion of the Attorney General, it was ordered that they should be tried upon the first of these, as it related to the primary, and principal crime. The Clerk called upon the prisoners to arise and attend to the indictment on which they were arraigned.

“COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

“*County of—*. At the Court of Common Pleas, begun and holden in Crawford, within the County of —, on the first Monday, being the fourth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

“The Grand Jurors for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, upon their oath present that Joseph Lee, and Oscar Colby, gentlemen, of the town of Crawford, in the county of —, not having the fear of God before their eyes, and being moved by an evil heart, and seduced by the instigations of the devil, on or about the first day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, in the town, county and commonwealth aforesaid, did wilfully and maliciously conspire together to secrete or destroy the last will and testament of one Joseph Lee deceased, of said town, county and commonwealth aforesaid. And did thereby feloniously and wilfully arrest the course of justice in the settlement of the estate of the deceased Joseph Lee, by

setting up, and subsequently executing as his last will and testament, a will prior to his last, and thereby defrauding his legal heir or heirs, and so the Jurors upon their oath aforesaid do say that the said Joseph Lee, and Oscar Colby then and there, in the manner aforesaid, did commit the crime of conspiracy as aforesaid, against the peace of the Commonwealth aforesaid, and the laws in such cases made and provided.

A true bill.

James Frothingham, Foreman.

John Marshall, Attorney General.

To this indictment the prisoners plead "*not guilty.*" The Clerk then proceeded to impanel the jury.

Moses Willard, District Attorney, appeared and took his seat. The counsellors for the defendants were Edgar Burke, and Sylvanus Curtiss.

Clerk of the Court. "Gentlemen of the Jury, hearken to the indictment found against Joseph Lee, and Oscar Colby."

Here the Clerk read the indictment to the Jury, when he continued: "To this indictment, the defendants have plead not guilty, and have put themselves on the country, which country you are, and you are now sworn to try the issue.

District Attorney. "You perceive, Gentlemen of the Jury, by the indictment that has been read to you that Joseph Lee and Oscar Colby are charged by the Grand Jury of the body of this county with conspiracy to defraud, a crime punishable with the severest penalties of the law, and alleged by the indictment to have been committed by them feloniously, wilfully and maliciously. I need not portray to you the sad consequences which have already resulted from this villany.

"We intend to prove that the prisoners at the bar did at the time and place specified in the indictment, conspire together to destroy the last will and testament of one Joseph Lee deceased, and to set up as his last will and testament, a will prior to his last, and did thereby deprive his dutiful daughter of her patrimony,—

a daughter who had for years administered to her sick father's necessities, smoothing by her affectionate care his passage to the grave; and that they drove her from the home of her childhood and youth on the very eve of her deceased father's burial, rendering her houseless, and shelterless, but for the protecting arm of her newly wedded companion.

"We intend to prove the sad consequences of this crime to the prisoners themselves."

Mr. Curtiss. "Your Honor, I must object to this appeal to personal sympathy, and personal prejudice."

District Attorney. "Your Honor, I beg not to be interrupted. I was only stating what the prosecution intend to prove. I was specifying the consequences of crime to the prisoners at the bar; but I forbear. The bloated face, and blood-shot eyes of the one, and the ghastly pallor of the other, speak far more than any words I could utter.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I have no need to caution you against participating in the popular indignation at this crime, or not to fear the consequences of a faithful discharge of your whole duty. Your oath requires you to decide the question of the guilt or innocence of the prisoners according to law and evidence.

"The indictment charges them with Conspiracy. But, gentlemen, I will not detain you farther, except to cite authorities respecting the nature of this crime, the laws and penalties pertaining thereunto, and also to remark on the confidence to be placed in the confession of a dying man, which will soon be submitted to you."

He then proceeded to read from Roscoe on Criminal evidence, Chitty's Criminal Law, Archbold, etc., etc. After which, he concluded by saying, "This charge we expect to prove by the confession of Hugh Fuller on his death bed, where we naturally expect the utmost sincerity, and where there could be no motive for self-accusation, and a confession of that which must forever tarnish the fair fame of the confessor, — no motive falsely to criminate his fellow men. His testimony is entitled to the

highest consideration, supported as it will be by an array of circumstantial evidence, amounting almost to a moral demonstration."

He then called George Wilson, Justice of the peace, who after being sworn read the Affidavit, as he took it from the lips of the dying man.

AFFIDAVIT.

"COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"County of — ss. Hugh Fuller of Crawford, in said county, yeoman, personally before me, and lying upon his death-bed, on oath declared that he affixed his name as witness to the last will and testament of the late Joseph Lee of said town and county, then lying on his death-bed, on the twenty-third of October, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven. And also at the same time and place affixed his signature to a deed by the said Joseph Lee, conveying property from him to widow Churchill.

"And the deponent farther declares, that the other witnesses of these documents were Oscar Colby, and Edward Stone.

"The deponent also solemnly declares that the papers were then delivered by said Joseph Lee to said Oscar Colby with instructions that the first document should be retained by him, Oscar Colby, until after the testator's decease, and that the second should be immediately conveyed by said Colby to the aforesaid Widow Churchill.

"The deponent still farther declares that the said Oscar Colby enjoined upon him and Edward Stone, now deceased, profound secrecy in respect to the first of these transactions; and that immediately upon the death of the late Joseph Lee, the said Colby came to him renewing the injunction with a proffer of money, as reward for so doing; and that both he and Joseph Lee, son of the deceased Joseph Lee, subsequently came to him to instruct him how to appear, and what to say, if cited before the Probate Court; and at the same time paid him certain sums of money in consideration of his maintaining such secrecy.

"And the deponent also declares that his abetting of this crime

has ever since lain heavily upon his conscience, and has at times harrowed his soul with the most dreadful remorse; and that he cannot die in peace until he has made a frank, and full confession of this sin, and implored forgiveness of God, and his fellow men; more particularly of those whom he has thus injured.

"All this, the deponent declares to be true in the presence of that God before whom he expects in a few moments to appear; and the same was subscribed and sworn to on this fourth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

HUGH FULLER.

"Before me, George Wilson, Justice of the peace.

<i>In the presence of</i>	}	Witnesses.
Frank Lenox,		
Martha Fuller,		
Phebe Andrews,		
Benjamin Hardy,		

Crawford, September 4th, 1844."

In corroboration of this testimony, the following witnesses were called and sworn:

Frank Lenox, Allen Mansfield, Lucy Lee Mansfield, Susan Burns, Jacob Strong, who bore testimony similar to that given by them before the Probate Court, and showing the oft declared intention of the late Joseph Lee to revoke his first will, and to make a second.

They also testified that up to the time of the alleged crime, the prisoners were comparative strangers, and that from that period, they had been leagued together in the closest alliance; first in the house of the late Joseph Lee immediately after his funeral, then in the execution of the will, and subsequently in a voyage to Europe, from which they lately returned together after an absence of some years; and finally that they were together up to the time of their arrest.

To reveal the nature of their intercourse when together, Jacob Strong, steward of the late Joseph Lee, testified, that on the

evening after the funeral of his master, his son Joseph, and Lawyer Colby were together in the back parlor of his master's residence, where they called for wines, brandy and cigars, and where they spent most of the night in drunkenness.

And he farther testified that at sundry times during the succeeding month, he had been often awaked at late hours of the night, by their midnight carousals; and alarmed by their abuse of each other. And that he had often interposed to separate and quiet them.

Here the prosecution closed the presentation of the case in behalf of the government, reserving the right to introduce rebutting testimony.

It being past twelve o'clock, the court adjourned till two P. M.

Two o'clock, P. M. Tuesday afternoon. The Court met pursuant to adjournment.

The defence opened. Mr. Curtiss arose. "May it please your Honor, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, I arise under no small embarrassment to plead the cause of my clients in this important trial, — an embarrassment which arises from the overwhelming tide of public indignation, which in its mighty current, and irresistible force threatens to carry away every barrier of public justice, and public safety.

"Upon the alleged confession of Hugh Fuller this tide deluged the surrounding country, as when the dam of a great river is carried away, and the pent up waters are let loose, bearing down all before them.

"We, Witnesses, Counsellors, and Jurors are in no small danger of being carried away as float-wood whither the mighty torrent shall bear us.

"I cannot resist the conviction that the District Attorney, by his quick sympathies, has so far participated in this popular feeling, that he has not in this case sustained his deservedly high reputation for equity, and impartiality. My great esteem for him

as an advocate led me to expect that he would devote to this exciting trial, his characteristic calmness, and discrimination, that he would carefully weigh the evidence, and avoid all appeals to passion or prejudice. Judge then of my surprise that in the very beginning of his speech, he should appeal to your sympathy in behalf of the daughter of the late Joseph Lee.

“Gentlemen of the Jury, you are here for the exercise, not of sympathy, but of justice. And my astonishment was increased by his attempt to awaken your prejudices against my clients, by reference to any peculiarities in their personal appearance. What honest citizen; nay, what one of you could be suddenly dragged from your bed at night, and committed to prison on such a charge; be brought from your cell handcuffed and strongly guarded, and here locked up in the felon’s box in the presence of so large and respectable an assembly of your fellow citizens without some emotion blanching your countenance, or flushing it with indignation.

“But my astonishment reached its highest pitch, when having waited hour after hour in painful expectation of that circumstantial testimony, which was to amount to “a moral demonstration” of my clients’ guilt, and waiving in apprehension of it my right to cross examine his witnesses, I heard him acknowledge to the court that the evidence for the prosecution was in, and the case was submitted to the defence.

“His citations from legal authors, and his exposition of the laws pertaining to the crime for which my clients are arraigned meet my most cordial approbation, and supersede the necessity of any additional comments on the part of the defence. Of the three crimes charged in these indictments, the two latter are subordinate to, and dependent on the first. If there was no conspiracy, there surely could have been no wilful perjury, no suborning of witnesses in pursuance of that conspiracy.

“Setting aside the confession, what proof has been adduced to support the charge of conspiracy? None that would justify any

honest citizen in cherishing a suspicion of his neighbor; none that would not blast the fairest character as with the breath of calumny. Your verdict, if you find my clients guilty, must depend almost entirely upon the credibility of a deceased witness, upon the affidavit of Hugh Fuller.

“The authorities already submitted to you by my legal friend, teach you that the testimony of a dying man should be received, if at all, with great caution. At best it is *only hearsay evidence*, and this is almost the only form of that species of testimony which is admissible at the bar. Before you attach to it any importance, you are bound to know that the witness at the date of the affidavit was in a sound mind, free from intellectual aberrations, and from bias of judgment.

“Has the prosecution relieved your minds from all doubt on these points? Nay, gentlemen. It has submitted no substantial proof of even the sanity of that witness. I am now prepared to prove by testimony clear and abundant that this affidavit contains nothing more than the hallucination of an insane man. This being established, I shall submit the case, after the argument of my associate, for your decision.”

During the speech of Mr. Curtiss, the vast audience hung in breathless silence upon his lips; and when he resumed his seat, it was very evident that the tide of public feeling had begun to turn.

The prisoners, inspired with hope, rose from their seats, and stood leaning over the pickets of their boxes. Such was the eagerness to catch every word that the sheriff was obliged several times to rap with his pole and call “*order! ORDER!!*”

The witnesses for the defence were next called, and sworn, and examined. First, Frank Lenox.

Mr. Curtiss. “What is your profession?”

“I am a physician.”

“How long have you been in practice?”

“About thirteen years.”

"Was Hugh Fuller your patient?"

"He was."

"What was his disease?"

"Typhoid fever."

"Have you been familiar with that fever in your practice?"

"I have had many cases every year."

"How have you commonly found the reason affected by this disease?"

"The mind is frequently subject to aberration, but more frequently in the typhus, than in the typhoid fever."

"Had you any reason to think the mind of Mr. Fuller was thus affected by his disease?"

"At times his language was strange, and his thoughts incoherent. But he was more free from aberration than patients generally in that fever."

"How near the date of his alleged confession, do you remember to have witnessed any such wanderings?"

"I think his mind was rather wandering on the previous morning."

Mr. Burke. "Had you given him medicine from which unnatural excitement could result?"

"I had not."

Cross examination by Mr. Willard.

"Did you consider him of sound mind and memory on the night of his confession?"

"I did."

"How did he appear after the confession?"

"Very much relieved.— calm and peaceful."

"Are you confident that his mental aberrations resulted from his disease?"

"I considered them in a great measure the result of a troubled conscience."

Mr. Curtiss sprang to his feet, and said, "May it please your Honor, I must object to that question. It calls forth a reply not

legitimate to the profession of the witness. Cases of conscience belong to the Clergy."

Judge. "The witness will proceed, confining himself to facts pertaining to the case."

Mr. Marshall, the Attorney General, asked, "was there any particular subject on which his mind seemed to be dwelling in what you supposed mental aberrations?"

Mr. Burke arose under considerable excitement. "Your Honor, I must protest against the introduction of testimony going to show the subject of a crazy man's thoughts."

Mr. Marshall stood waiting to reply. "Your Honor will consider the special importance of this testimony as showing the state of the confessor's mind, and the subject which principally occupied his thoughts."

After a prolonged discussion of the admissibility of this testimony by the learned counsellors, the Judge decided the question in order, and directed the witness to proceed.

"He often repeated the words, 'that's all I remember; they can't take me up for that. And if they do, I'm not answerable; they that hired me will have to bear the blame,' and so much more of the same general import that I was led to suspect," —

"Your Honor," exclaimed both the lawyers for the defence. The Junior waived, however, in favor of the Senior. "I hope your Honor will remind the witness that he is here not to relate *suspicions*, but facts."

Judge. "The witness may proceed and restrict himself to facts, or to such professional opinions, as are material to the case. He is to give his honest views frankly and fully."

"I was saying that I *suspected*, he was laboring under remorse of conscience, and I urged him, if such were the fact, to seek relief by confession."

Mr. Willard. "What was the date of this conversation?"

"At several different times. The one to which I particularly referred, took place two days before his death."

Dr. Clapp, partner of Dr. Lenox, was called, whose testimony corroborated that of the preceding witness.

Mrs. Martha Fuller was next called.

Mr. Curtiss. "What was your relation to Hugh Fuller?"

"His wife."

"Did you discover anything during your husband's sickness which led you to think him insane?"

"I did."

"At what part of it more particularly?"

"The latter part."

"What did he say that led you to infer that he was crazy?"

"Sometimes he did not know me, called me by another name, talked wildly, and was frequently wandering in his sleep."

"How near the time of this alleged confession did you notice any signs of insanity?"

"On the night and day preceding his death."

Cross examination by Mr. Willard.

"Did you hear your husband's confession?"

"I did."

"Did you consider him crazy at that time?"

Hesitating. "I did not."

"What reasons had you for not considering him so?"

"He called us all by name, and talked rationally about other things, and gave me directions about the children."

"Had he frequently talked with you in this way during his sickness?"

"He had not."

"But during his sickness, had there not been days, or longer seasons, when he appeared rational?"

"There were."

"You have said he was often wild and wandering. Do you mean he was so most of the time, or only now and then?"

"Only now and then."

"Had he ever appeared so before this sickness?"

Witness bursts into tears.

Mr. Curtiss. "Your Honor, I claim the protection of the Court in behalf of this witness."

Mr. Marshall. "Your Honor, we have no disposition to impose upon the witness, who certainly has our tenderest sympathy in these trying circumstances. But the question of my worthy colleague was designed to elicit from the witness, the fact whether or not her lamented husband previous to his last sickness, had ever exhibited signs of insanity?"

Mr. Burke. "Your Honor, I object to the question as irrelevant."

Judge. "The question is pertinent and the witness will answer according to her best recollections."

Witness. "I cannot say that he did."

Mr. Willard. "Did he ever appear depressed in spirits?"

"He did."

"Can you recollect what he used to say at such times?"

She weeps.

"Take your time, my good woman." The sheriff at a motion from Mr. Willard brings her a chair. "Try to recollect what he said at such times."

"He used to fear we should come to poverty and disgrace."

"Did he ever explain the ground of those fears?"

"He did not, when awake."

"What do you mean to imply by that?"

"He sometimes talked about it in his sleep; but I could n't always make out what he said."

"Did the drift of his conversation at such times correspond with that when he was wild and wandering during his sickness?"

"I think it did."

The Court was then adjourned until nine o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"As lawyers o'er a doubt
Which, puzzling long, at last, they puzzle out." COWPER.

Wednesday, November 6th.

Nine o'clock. The Court met pursuant to adjournment. The excitement has much increased. The court-room is crowded to its utmost capacity, and the most intense interest manifested as to the decision.

Mr. Andrews was called and sworn.

Mr. Curtiss. "Did you frequently see Hugh Fuller during his sickness?"

"I watched with him twice."

"Have you often watched with persons in this fever?"

"I have."

"How were their minds affected?"

"They were generally deranged."

"Did you witness any appearance of insanity in Mr. Fuller?"

"I did."

"How was it manifested?"

"He once imagined I was his mother, and that I was instructing him. Another time he thought he was building a house, and called out to his workmen about the work."

Before the cross examination, I noticed Mr. Willard speaking in a low voice to Mr. Marshall, when he took his hat and retired from the court-room.

Mr. Marshall. "Do you mean to convey the idea that Mr.

Fuller was not rational during any part of the nights that you watched with him?"

"By no means, sir. I mean that he was a little out of his head."

"Did he recognize you?"

"He did, and often called me by name, and told me what medicine he was to take."

"When he thought you were his mother, what did he say?"

"He said he remembered my instructing him to tell the truth, and how much happier he should have been if he had regarded my instructions."

Mrs. Andrews was called.

Mr. Curtiss. "Did you see Mr. Fuller during his sickness?"

"I watched with him the night before he died."

"How did he appear at that time?"

"The first part of the night, he took me to be his wife, and talked with me about the children."

"Relate all you remember of his wanderings."

"He was very much excited and wanted to get out of bed and go to see Dr. Lenox—Said he must go, and we had great difficulty in pacifying him."

Cross examination.

Mr. Marshall. "Do you remember what he said to you about the children?"

"He charged me never to let the girls marry a man who had perjured himself."

This reply produced great sensation, and the sheriff again thundered "*order!* ORDER!!"

"Did he appear more calm toward morning?"

"Oh, no! He grew more and more excited until we promised to send for the Doctor."

"Did that wholly pacify him?"

"He seemed so relieved and rational that I staid alone with him while Mr. Hardy went for the Doctor, and he hardly spoke during his absence."

"How did he appear during that time?"

"He lay with his eyes closed, and once I thought I heard the words. 'Oh, God!— Oh, Jesus, forgive me!'"

Mr. Curtiss called *Mr. Hardy*. "Did you discover any signs of insanity in *Mr. Fuller* on the night preceding his death?"

"I did."

"What were they?"

"Substantially those already testified to by *Mrs. Andrews*. He called incessantly for the Doctor, saying he could not die till he had seen him."

Mr. Curtiss, under excitement, interrupted the witness, saying, "you need not repeat the testimony of other witnesses."

Cross-examination by *Mr. Marshall*. "Did he tell you why he wished to see the Doctor?"

"He said, he had something of great importance to confess to him, and he could not die with it upon his conscience."

"How did he appear when you returned with the Doctor?"

"Perfectly calm and rational."

"Who were then present?"

"*Dr. Lenox*, *Mrs. Fuller*, *Mrs. Andrews*, and myself."

"Relate what occurred."

"The Doctor went directly to the bed. When *Mr. Fuller* saw him, he said audibly, 'thank God!' He then added, that he had committed a great crime which he wished to confess before he died, and that it related to the last will of the late *Joseph Lee*. *Dr. Lenox* immediately requested me to go for the nearest magistrate. When I returned with *Justice Wilson*, the Doctor was praying with the sick man. *Fuller's* wife holding her husband and weeping, stood the other side of the bed with *Mrs. Andrews*. Prayer being closed, the Doctor informed *Justice Wilson* of the wish of *Hugh Fuller* to make a confession which it was important to take in a legal form. The Justice then took the sick man's confession in our presence in the form of an affidavit."

Mr. Balch was next called, and as he took the stand *Mr. Wil-*

lard, with a hasty and agitated step, returned to the court room and resumed his seat. Every eye was turned toward him, as he appeared to be under great excitement which he in vain endeavored to conceal. He hastily whispered to Mr. Marshall, who started in surprise, and seemed fully to participate in his feelings.

Mr. Curtiss to Mr. Balch. "Were you acquainted with Mr. Fuller?"

"Intimately; I lived next door to him, and we frequently worked together. I saw him almost daily before his death."

"Did you see him often during his sickness?"

"I was at his house every day to inquire after him, and I watched with him several nights."

"Did you discover signs of insanity in him?"

"I did."

"Relate to the court what you recollect of them."

"He frequently talked with me about business that he had no connection with, and about all sorts of things that he never talked about in health."

"When did you see him last?"

"On the day before his death."

"How did he then appear?"

"He was as wild as a hawk, and kept trying to get off the bed, and pulling the clothes."

"What did he talk about?"

"He spoke of houses, and farms, and cattle, and workmen, and all sorts of things, and run from one to another without any connection."

Here Mr. Curtis rose with an air of triumph and exultation and said, "Your Honor, unless the counsel for the prosecution wish to cross-examine this witness, we shall here close the direct testimony for the defence."

Mr. Willard, who had been sitting during the examination of the last witness, with his face concealed by a book, now rose and

said, "Your Honor, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, we shall waive the privilege of cross-examining the last witness for the defence, that we may hasten to introduce a few items of rebutting testimony at this stage of the trial."

This was said in so low a voice as scarcely to be heard, while he actually trembled with the effort to suppress his emotions. "For this purpose," he continued, "I recall Mrs. Martha Fuller."

Mr. Curtiss objects. "She has been already on the stand."

Mr. Willard. "Your Honor, I recall her to elicit new testimony, not known at that time."

Mrs. Fuller having presented herself, he asked leave of the court to inquire, if any one here present were acquainted with the hand writing of Oscar Colby, of Edward Stone, of Hugh Fuller, or of the late Joseph Lee.

Many voices responded to the call; a number of persons came forward, and having taken the oath, Mr. Willard advanced toward them, and slowly drawing out his large pocket-book, proceeded to take from thence two yellow and time-worn documents. He partially unfolded them, when each of the signatures were identified, with the exception of that of Edward Stone.

While this was going on the prisoners started suddenly from their seats, lawyers and reporters dropped their pens in their eagerness to witness what was to follow; even the counsellors for the defence seemed to hang in breathless suspense upon the issue of the moment.

Then unfolding the larger document, he said, "May it please your Honor, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury: The names of Oscar Colby, Edward Stone, and Hugh Fuller, here appear as witnesses to the last will and testament of the late Joseph Lee, bearing his characteristic signature, and seal, drawn up in the hand-writing of the said Oscar Colby, and bearing even date with the deed before referred to, to wit:—Crawford, October twenty-third, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven."

Here Joseph Lee in a frenzy of rage attempted to spring over his own box into that of his companion, and screamed out, as he met the iron railing, "Perjured wretch, you swore to me it was destroyed."

The sheriff rapped and thundered "*order in court.*" Still he raved and swore like a maniac, and the sheriff could not control him.

Though he was heavily ironed, it required the full strength of several constables to keep him quiet.

Order being restored, Mr. Willard said, "I will here introduce two items of written testimony to rebut the charge of insanity against the author of the affidavit, the principal witness for the prosecution, and to confirm other testimony for the government already before the court. It was not known that these items existed, when we concluded the presentation of the case in behalf of the Commonwealth. I put in as written testimony, first, the last will and testament of Joseph Lee, deceased, which is as follows :

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Lee Senior, of Crawford, in the County of —, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, gentleman, being on my sick bed, and in the near prospect of death, but of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament, hereby revoking a former will made by me, and signed and sealed on the fifth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five.

First. I hereby constitute and appoint my beloved son-in-law, Allen Mansfield, to be sole executor of this my last will, directing him to pay all my just debts and funeral charges out of my personal estate, as soon after my decease, as shall by him be found convenient.

Second. I give and bequeath to my beloved daughter, Lucy Lee Mansfield, all the real estate of which I may die possessed.

Third. I give and bequeath to my faithful steward, Jacob Strong, and to my faithful house-keeper, Susan Burns, each the sum of one thousand dollars.

Fourth. I also give and bequeath to each of my faithful servants, Samuel Dane, Sarah Brown, and Maria Keys, the sum of five hundred dollars.

Fifth. I give and bequeath the sum of ten thousand dollars as a fund to the Pastor, Rev. Asa Munroe, and Deacon Simon Crocker, and Deacon Josiah Hanscomb, of the first Congregational church in this place, to be held in trust by them and their successors in office forever, subject to the advice of said church. The annual income thereof is to be by them expended for the relief of the poor, and for objects of charity; a preference being always given among the poor to those impoverished by intemperance; and among objects of charity to those more immediately under their observation.

Sixth. I give and bequeath all the residue of my personal property to my son-in-law, Allen Mansfield, Frank Lenox and John Marshall, and their successors whom they shall appoint, to be by them held in trust, and at their discretion used for the support, and personal comfort of my son, Joseph Lee, and to his heirs after him; or in the event of his death without legitimate offspring, the same shall after his decease revert to my daughter Lucy Lee Mansfield, her heirs and assigns forever.

In testimony whereof, I, the said Joseph Lee, have to this my last will and testament, set my hand and seal, this twenty-third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven.

JOSEPH LEE. [L. S.]

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Joseph Lee, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

Oscar Colby,

Edward Stone,

Hugh Fuller.

After he had carefully folded the tattered document and

replaced it in his pocket-book, Mr. Willard read the other item of documentary testimony, which proved to be this note of hand.

“For value received, I promise to pay Oscar Colby or order, five thousand dollars annually, on the first day of January, in each year, during the term of his natural life.

Signed, Joseph Lee.”

Crawford, November 23, 1837.

On the back of this note were seven annual endorsements of five thousand dollars each; amounting to thirty-five thousand dollars.

Turning to the Judge, he then said, “May it please your Honor, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, I am instructed by my colleague, the Attorney General, to submit the case in behalf of the Government without argument or comment. This we do from a conviction that after such disclosures, and this array of testimony, a closing argument would be not only a superfluity, but almost an insult to your understanding.”

When he had resumed his seat, Mr. Burke for the defence arose, and said, “May it please your Honor, and you Gentlemen of the Jury, no persons can be taken by greater surprise at these remarkable disclosures, than the counsellors for the defence. And cordially concurring in the remarks of the learned counsel for the prosecution, we have concluded to follow his worthy example, and submit the case without argument, merely invoking for our clients as large a share of commiseration, as may consist with your sense of justice, and with the laws pertaining to their cause.”

The Judge arose from the Bench, and in slow, and grave accents, commended the counsellors, both for the prosecution and the defence for the brief and direct manner in which they had mutually yielded the case to the court. “The same considerations,” he added, “which have in their judgment superseded all demand for a closing argument, lead me, Gentlemen of the Jury, to feel that there can be no occasion for my giving you a prolonged charge. The nature of the crime for which the prisoners are arraigned and

the penalties which it incurs, have been so properly and ably expounded to you by the counsellors as to supersede the necessity of additional comment thereon by the Bench. The trial has been protracted, and your minds must have been perplexed with doubts respecting the importance to be attached to the confession of Hugh Fuller until the introduction of the documentary testimony just submitted, which pours a flood of light upon the case, which of itself would seem sufficient to establish their guilt, and which, taken as a corroboration of the direct and circumstantial testimony previously before the court, amounts to an array of evidence seldom presented. If this evidence has convinced your judgment of the guilt of the prisoners, you will render your verdict accordingly."

The Jury retired, and after a few moments returned. The foreman arose and said, "We have made up our verdict."

By order of the court Joseph Lee was remanded to the prisoner's box to hear the verdict.

Clerk. "Do you find the prisoners guilty, or not guilty?"

Reply. "Guilty."

Judge. "The Court will postpone the proclamation of the sentence until the morning session."

The Court then adjourned till Thursday morning at nine o'clock, it being already past two o'clock, P. M.

Thursday Morning, November 7th. The court met pursuant to adjournment. At nine o'clock the sheriff and his attendants came into the Court, but without the prisoners. Great excitement was manifested. He communicated with the Judge, who exhibited strong emotion, and who, when the sheriff had opened the Court, announced the death by suicide of Joseph Lee, and the dangerous illness of Oscar Colby.

Monday, November 11th.

So ended this horrible tragedy. I intended to have taken notes,

but my all-absorbing interest in the trial prevented me. Indeed I forgot even my intention to do so. The night of Tuesday, I could not close my eyes in sleep ; but lived over and over again the exciting scenes of the day, while the loathsome, purple face of Joseph and the haggard visage of his companion were ever before me.

My dear Lucy was seriously indisposed when we called for her, on our way to the trial, and was glad to remain at home. Allen too bore the marks of the excitement and suffering of the day before, and said he would not willingly go through another such day for all the property in Crawford. But he was destined to a far greater trial during the day on which he had entered.

I have copied from the daily papers a full account of the trial, merely adding to it from my own memory. But now I shall endeavor to explain some circumstances connected with it which have not yet been made public. You will remember that in the report of Wednesday morning, Mr. Willard abruptly left the court-room, after requesting Mr. Marshall to cross-examine the witnesses. The following statement he made to Allen Mansfield, the Doctor, myself and some others after the trial. I will relate it nearly in his own words.

“It would hardly be supposed,” he said, “that I could sleep much at that stage of this exciting trial. I tossed from side to side during the night, and as I reviewed the testimony, came almost to the conclusion that the counsel for the defence would destroy the affidavit in the minds of the Jury and get the case. I thought, if I could only find the second will or some clue to it, this would relieve my embarrassment. I became so much excited by the new train of thought, that I arose from my bed, dressed, and commenced a vigorous walk across my room.

“Plan after plan for obtaining it or some trace of it was thought of and rejected. Morning dawned ; and the duties of the day left me no time for farther speculation. But my midnight thoughts prepared me for what followed, and when I went into Court, a

light dawned upon me. It was connected with a circumstance with which you are already acquainted ; namely, with the anxiety which Colby had manifested to have his clothes brought to him in the jail.

“ During the examination of one of the first witnesses, it suddenly occurred to me to inquire of the jailer whether he had ever mentioned any garment in particular. I left the court-room for that purpose, and was soon at the jail. I began cautiously by asking whether the prisoners had been rendered comfortable during their confinement. To this, the jailer replied, ‘ far more comfortable than they deserved. They are ungrateful rascals. Notwithstanding the pains I have taken with Joseph’s meals, in consequence of the wishes of his brother Mansfield, yet he was always cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner.’ ”

“ And how was it with Colby ? I asked.

“ I can’t say that he did precisely the same. I’ve nothing to say against him except that he was always complaining of cold and sending for more clothes. I have sent twice, and I told him that I would n’t be bothered with sending again ; so I gave him a shawl to put over him.’ ”

“ Did he ever mention any particular garment which he wished ? ”

“ Yes indeed. It’s vests he asks for. The first time, the man forgot about the vest, and brought an overcoat or something of that sort ; but the next time he got one.’ ”

“ Well,” said I, trembling with a mere suspicion that I had got a clue that might lead to the discovery. The jailer seeing me much interested, went on.

“ The very next day, he wanted another vest ; and I refused downright to send again.’ ”

“ Did he specify any one in particular ? ”

“ Yes ; he said he wanted a new checked satin one, hanging in his wardrobe.’ ”

“ I had heard enough ; and bidding the jailer good morning, I

stopped at the court-room only long enough to take a sheriff, and proceeded to Lee Hall. Without imparting my suspicions to my companion or to the keeper of the house, I merely told them that I wished once more to examine the room occupied by Mr. Colby; and notwithstanding the doubt of finding anything new, expressed by the keeper, I walked straight to the wardrobe, and took down every vest hanging there.

“After laying them upon the bed, I proceeded, (not very deliberately, I confess) to examine the pockets and to see if I could discover any inner pockets. But no, the keeper standing by said, as I laid one down after another, ‘them are clothes has all undergone a thorough *castigation*, and there ha ’n’t nothing been found in ’em.’

“Hardly knowing why, I took up again the thick black satin vest, and walked to the window. My heart almost stopped beating, as I saw that a slit had been cut in the lining, and carefully sewed up again. Quick as lightning, I cut the thread, put in my fingers, drew out the very document of which I was in search, and the note of hand within it. I sprang full two feet from the floor, as I discovered the treasure, and my companions echoed and reechoed my shout of delight. I hastened to the court-room with my important rebutting testimony,” said he with a smile, “and you know the result.”

Allen Mansfield was so excited during this relation that he had to sit down two or three times, and then forgetting himself he started from his seat. When Mr. Willard had finished his remarkable story, he found that his circle of hearers had greatly increased since the commencement of his narrative. Not only Mr. Marshall, the Attorney General, the Counsellors for the defence, and a score of Reporters but the Judge from the bench had pressed around him to learn how so important a mystery had been revealed. He then received the warm congratulations of all his associates at the bar, for his success, and at the favorable termination of the suit.

Mr. Mansfield begged the Doctor and myself to communicate the result of the trial to Lucy. We did so, but found her suffering so severely from nervous excitement, that my husband judged it wiser to avoid particulars, and merely to inform her that the suit had resulted in her favor. A deep sigh, with the words, "Oh! my poor brother Joseph!" were all her reply.

It was now past three o'clock, and I hastened to my babies, and communicated the sad story to mother. In consequence of losing my sleep the previous night, I did not rise till quite late on Thursday morning. When I went below, a man was just leaving the hall; and as Frank shut the door after him, I heard him say, "Oh! how shocking!" He immediately prepared to go out.

"My dear husband," I said, "something dreadful has happened, I perceive by your looks. Don't be afraid to tell me. I fear Lucy"—

"No! No!!" said he, interrupting me, "I have heard nothing from her. Don't be alarmed. I shall soon be back."

He had been gone nearly an hour, when a messenger came in great haste for him to go to Mr. Mansfield's—Lucy was in a dreadful swoon. I ran down to inquire more particularly, and to direct him to go to the office for the Doctor, when he told me the horrid catastrophe. Joseph Lee had been found dead in his cell, having hung himself from a large hook driven into the wall and used to hang up a coat or a hat.

With mother's advice, I proceeded immediately to Mr. Mansfield's, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion. Servants were running to and fro; some crying, some trying to soothe others, while Emily and her sweet little brothers were the only ones who remained calm. I stopped a moment to speak to them in the nursery, when the dear girl said, "I'm trying to keep my brothers quiet, because mamma is very sick."

I hastened to their mother's chamber, where my husband was

leaning over his patient, applying the most powerful restoratives, while her agitated husband and Mrs. Burns were putting stimulants to her hands and feet. Not a pulse throbbed — no sign of life appeared. The Doctor repeatedly held a small mirror before her face, but was unable to discover the least breath. But at length, with a deep sigh from her over-burdened heart, she very gradually recovered her consciousness.

All stood back from her view except her physician. Poor Allen, with tears streaming down his cheeks, dared not show himself. The sufferer was soon able to take a little camphor and water, and without letting her see me, I returned to the children. Summoning the nurse, I told her if she would dress her young charge, I would send for them to pass the day with my little ones; and not waiting for my husband, I returned home.

That was on Thursday morning, the time appointed by the Judge, for the prisoners to receive their sentence. When the jailer went to carry them their breakfast, he ascertained that one of them was beyond the reach of any earthly tribunal. He had rushed unbidden, into the presence of his great Judge. Hastening to the other cell, and almost fearing to enter, lest he should find him in a similar condition, he ascertained that he was raving incoherently from a fever, and hastily sent for the Doctor. His disease proved to be a violent congestion of the brain; and it still remains very doubtful whether he will recover.

A coroner's jury was called to sit on the body of Joseph, and rendered a verdict of death by suicide. The Doctor says he cannot see how he could have succeeded in his attempt. He had hooked his cloak around his neck, and then hung it upon the hook on the wall by one of the eyes which fastened it together. He had been dead some hours, and probably terminated his life soon after dark, though from the examination it appeared that he must have been a long time in the agonies of death. His face was almost black, and his hands tightly clenched. *So died Joseph*

Lee! The vast wealth of which he had so unrighteously possessed himself, what now was that to him? It would only fill his soul with enduring agony and remorse.

Friday, November 22d.

Emily Lenox Mansfield, with her twin brothers Charlie and Harry, have this morning left us to go home. I feel quite lonely without them. Emily is a most engaging child of six years of age. Her eyes filled with tears as she parted with Pauline, who has been extremely kind and obliging to her little visitors. I promised that she should soon spend a day with them, now that their mother is getting stronger. Mrs. Mansfield was very ill for several days after hearing of her brother's dreadful end. She recovered from one fainting fit only to fall into another. I think Frank became really alarmed at last; but she is now much better, and able to sit up two or three hours in a day.

She has never asked a question about the result of the trial, and is still unacquainted with the shocking detail. The Doctor fearing lest she should hear of it suddenly, told her yesterday of the death of Oscar Colby, which occurred night before last. My husband has visited him twice every day in his cell, hoping to find an opportunity, if his reason should return, to point him to his crucified Saviour. But alas! no such season presented itself. The poor man never appeared to be conscious, not even for a moment, after he was found so ill the day after the trial.

One fact will interest you much. *The distillery is closed for ever.* Mr. Mansfield intends to convert it into a large warehouse.

Lee Hall is undergoing repairs, and early in the spring, I suppose we shall lose our loved neighbors, who will go to the old homestead. Jacob Strong and Sarah Brown will go back with them. Mrs. Burns and Maria Keyes have always remained in the family. I believe I express the feelings of the whole commu-

nity when I say, that I am delighted that such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield have come into the possession of so valuable an estate. I know, they feel themselves to be but stewards, and that they will hereafter be called to render an account of their stewardship.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“All is not here of our belov'd and blessed, —

Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!” MRS. HEMANS.

Wednesday, October 15th, 1845.

My dearly loved mother, — How can I express words of sympathy to you, when my heart is so full of grief on my own account, from such a loss as I can never experience but once, *the loss of a father.*

To lose a parent under any circumstances is a heavy affliction; but to lose such a father, and to be unable to administer to his comfort, by his sick bed; to receive and treasure the words of love and wisdom which fall from his lips, — to hear his last prayer, and receive his last blessing, is indeed a sorrow heavy to be borne. You, my dear my only surviving parent, have one source of comfort, which though it may at present aggravate the loss you have sustained, will yet be an unspeakable blessing to you; and that is in the precious memories of your dear husband. These remembrances of the past, how will you live in them after the first poignancy of your grief has abated; how greatly will they sustain you.

I can truly say, that not one unpleasant word, not one unholy expression comes up to disturb the hallowed remembrance of my dearly loved father. On the contrary, every hard feeling is softened, every unkind thought subdued, when I think of his meek, loving spirit, and recollect his words of love toward

all mankind. "Dear, *dear* father! And shall I never see thee more? never more gaze into thy mild blue eyes, and see the looks of parental fondness beaming there — never more feel thy warm embrace, or hear thy gentle voice say, "my daughter!"

Ah! in the midnight hour I see *thee* oft,
 And hear thy voice —
 Thy mingled words of love and tenderness.
 And thou dost point me to the promis'd land,
 Where now thou dwell'st —
 The better land of never ending bliss.

My dear mother, if anything earthly could alleviate a sorrow like mine, it is the hope, though yet faint, that I shall ere long look upon your dear face and from your own lips hear the answer to the many questions my heart yearns to ask. Do not disappoint me. Have I not a claim upon you for a few years? I can anticipate one objection you will feel in leaving the spot consecrated as the resting place of your beloved husband. But, dear mother, *he* is not there. He is with his Saviour, and the throne of grace is as near us in America as in England.

My dear Frank is almost as earnest in this request as I am, and will meet you in New York, if Isabel or Nelly will go with you to Liverpool and put you in charge of some one coming direct to that place. I long to show you my treasures. Pauline you will love as if she were your own; and Nelly's face is wreathed in smiles at the name of grand-mamma Gordon. Franky is a merry, joyous little fellow, who wins his way to every heart. He holds out his arms to any one who comes in, and never was the old adage, "love begets love," more true than in his case; for many persons who are not in the habit of noticing children, are so well pleased at the readiness with which the child concludes them to be friends, that they are never weary of praising him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

“In the joy of a well ordered home, be warned that this is not your rest;
For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow.”

TUPPER.

Tuesday, August 6th, 1850.

WE were rejoiced, dear mother, to hear of your safe arrival at home, and the hearty welcome you received from your children and grand-children.

With Isabel's four, and Nelly's two little ones, you really have quite a flock. I wish they could all be together once. I long to have my children acquainted with their English cousins.

Pauline is quite inclined to commence a correspondence with Isabel's Ernest. You were so much pleased with her perfect simplicity and artlessness of character, I will relate a little incident which occurred since you left. The Doctor and myself were invited to a small party at Mr. Mansfield's, and as has often occurred of late, Pauline was included in the invitation.

She met there quite a number of young ladies of her own age, as well as many older persons. In the course of the evening music was called for, and some of the young ladies were requested to play upon the piano or harp. Misses upon whom hundreds of dollars had been expended for instruction in music, and who had been daily practising for many years, now refused to gratify their parents, or friends, by an effort to play.

One young lady "could n't think of it," and with a great affectation of modesty, "never could play if any one was by." This same young lady in the course of the evening, not only *did* play, after being sufficiently urged to do so, but laughed so loud that her rudeness arrested the attention of all present. Another young miss had a "very bad cold;" the cold however subsided after sufficient pleading to sing from a young gentleman near her.

But I was intending to speak of my simple-hearted Pauline. She appeared much astonished at the unwillingness to oblige, which these young girls manifested; and when one of the company said, "here is a young lady, who, I think, will give us some music," she very gracefully walked to the piano-forte, pleasantly saying, "I shall be very happy to oblige you." She played, by her own selection, some simple pieces which she accompanied with her sweet voice.

The lady was moved to tears, while the young people crowded around her, eagerly asking for more. She willingly complied, and played one piece after another as they were selected for her, and with such beauty of expression and even brilliancy in the execution, that I was not only delighted by her sweet manner, but proud of the success of my first pupil.

Mrs. Marshall sat near me, and said with tears in her eyes, "My dear Mrs. Lenox, you have a great treasure in that lovely girl," (and so indeed I have.) "I hope," she continued, "that the young ladies will endeavor to imitate so worthy an example."

Wednesday, August 7th.

I have given the children a holiday, on account of the intense heat. I am richly repaid for all my care in the education of Pauline, by the aid she is to me in the care of her sister and brother.

Franky loves her as a teacher, even better than he does me. I fear, he sometimes imposes upon her good nature and her great love for him, by his inattention and restlessness during school-hours.

But I really cannot blame them such a day as this, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade.

There is a great deal of sickness in the town, and the Doctor has a number of cases of typhus fever. I think such cases have occurred every year about this season. He now realizes the benefit of so efficient a partner as he finds in Doctor Clapp, whose days of leisure have been long ago forgotten, or only remembered to be sighed for. He has removed to a pleasant residence down in town, and his good wife finds ample employment in the training of her numerous little flock, leaving her culinary department, in which she was so skilful, to the aid which her husband's abundant means enable him to provide.

Thursday, August 8th.

The heat still continues unabated. I should be inclined to call myself sick, if it were not for my anxiety for the Doctor, who appears to me to be quite unwell, though he will not allow it to be anything of importance, but only the effect of riding in the heat. I do believe physicians make the very worst patients, and dread the taking of medicine more than any other class of persons.

Saturday, August 10th.

We have had a most refreshing shower, which has cooled the heated air. But it does not appear to have revived my poor husband, who though still suffering from a most violent head-ache, yet persisted in going to visit a few of his sickest patients. I am really very anxious, and will set up my authority when he returns. We have long ago settled the vexed question of *obedience*; I am to obey him when he is well, and he is to obey me when he is sick.

Sabbath, August 11th.

My authority was unnecessary. Dear Frank came home at

noon, pale as a ghost, and went willingly to bed. I sent for Dr. Clapp without consulting him, and a powder which he administered has somewhat relieved the pain, so that he is now asleep, while I sit by him.

Monday, September 2d.

Oh! how much of fear, anxiety and engrossing care has been crowded into the few days which have intervened since I wrote the above.

I have taken my pen, as I sit by the couch of my husband, to relieve my swelling heart. The night succeeding the first call of Dr. Clapp, Frank was perfectly wild with delirium. I was obliged to call Cæsar to help me keep him in bed. He did not know us, and supposed we were trying to keep him from getting home. Oh! how my heart ached, as he entreated to be allowed to go home, saying again and again, "my wife will be so anxious."

Sometimes for a minute, he seemed to recognize mother, and then would talk to her in the strangest manner, thinking her a patient or somebody else. Notwithstanding all the skill of his physician, the unceasing watchfulness of friends, or the action of medicine, my dear, *dear* husband rapidly grew worse. Indeed Dr. Clapp said, he must have had a settled fever for a week before he took his bed. Early on Monday morning, the twelfth ultimo, our kind Doctor sent to the city for Dr. J——, an eminent physician, to come to Crawford for a consultation.

He arrived by the next train of cars. I watched their looks, and hung upon their words, as if they had the power of life and death in their hands. I knew that Dr. Clapp considered my dear husband a very sick man; but oh! I did not realize till then, that there was hardly a hope of his recovery. Dr. J—— looked very grave, and when his brother physician in a low voice, pointed out some of the symptoms, he shook his head.

I went silently from the room; I could contain myself no longer. They soon retired to consult upon the case, after which

I begged them to tell me exactly what they thought of their patient. Dr. Clapp turned hastily away, while Dr. J—— pressed my hand, saying, “My dear madam, we are all in the hands of God.”

I almost gasped for breath, as I tried to say, “but you think he will live, oh! say that he will live.”

The kind Doctor put his handkerchief to his eyes, as he answered, “while there is life, there is hope, but I ought not to deceive you.”

“Oh!” said I, while weeping bitter tears, “I can’t hear you say that I may not hope.”

Dr. Clapp wrung my hand, and wept aloud, “I shall lose the best friend I ever had,” said he, while I sank back almost fainting into a chair. Dr. J—— sat down by me, and tried to compose my feelings, saying that I should be ill myself, and that my dear husband had lived a useful life, and was prepared to enter upon his glorious inheritance; but every word cut deeper and deeper into my heart, convincing me that they had given up all hope. I pressed my hand to my head which seemed to be flying off, and rushed from the room. I flew to the farther end of the house, to a room the most remote from that where lay my sick, and as they thought, my dying husband. I threw myself upon the bed and wept aloud. My heart was in a dreadful state of rebellion against my Maker. The most awful thoughts came into my mind; but I drove them hence; “Why should I lose my husband? I do not wish to live without him. I cannot give him up,” was the language of my unsubmitive heart. But all at once the thought of my horrible ingratitude to my heavenly Father, who had bestowed upon me such a companion, and who had allowed us to live together so many years, struck me dumb. I arose from my bed, threw myself upon my knees, and plead earnestly for pardon, and for a submissive spirit. I knew, I felt, I confessed that I had made an idol of my dear Frank, and I cried fervently for a spirit to say,

“The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.”

Long and severe was the struggle with my hard and undutiful feelings. But the answer came at length, and with tears which were no longer bitter, I arose and was enabled by divine grace to say, “The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” I felt a sweet peace in giving him, whom I best loved to my Saviour, and it seemed but a very short time before I should go to him and dwell with him, where there would be no more sorrow, and no more parting, but where all tears would be wiped from our eyes.

When I went back to the sick room, however, and saw the pale, haggard countenance, the sunken eyes, and heard the labored breath, my heart sunk within me, as I realized that he would soon pass from my sight, without one parting word, one farewell kiss. As I stood gazing at him, the inspired passage occurred to me, “In whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways.” I then remembered that God had power to restore the emaciated form before me, to new life and vigor. The thought that it might be his will to give my husband back to me, even from the borders of the grave, sent the warm blood throbbing through me. I again poured out my heart in prayer to God, not for myself, but for the life of my husband. I renewedly dedicated him to God. I cried out, “Oh! my heavenly Father, give me his life.”

Dear mother also was besieging the throne of grace in his behalf. But he lay unconscious of the agonized hearts throbbing near him, anxiously watching every breath he drew.

Dr. Clapp was to be with him through Monday night. Mother besought me to try to sleep. I wondered if she thought I could ever sleep again? But I only shook my head. The crisis was rapidly approaching. I saw that not a sigh, or a groan escaped the notice of our kind physician; but I was calm. I even

wondered at myself. A strong, but invisible arm was put round about me to strengthen me, and I leaned upon it to sustain my drooping spirit. The night passed slowly away, the morning began to dawn; not a word had been spoken for the past hour. Dr. Clapp sat with his fingers upon the wrist of his patient, where he could scarce feel the fluttering pulse. Ever and anon he would take the candle from the table, hold it before the face of the pale sufferer, and then silently shade it again.

At length he arose, and putting his fingers upon his lips, to enjoin perfect silence, he withdrew from the room. Nothing could be heard but the ticking of the watch and our own loud breathing. It seemed a long, *long* time that the Doctor was absent, and when he came in, I saw he had been weeping. In an agony of grief my very soul yearned for one more look, one more word of love. I hardly dared to uncover my face. When I did so, the Doctor was wetting his patient's lips with a sponge. Then he sat down again, with his fingers upon the pulse.

What had come over the man? I wiped my eyes to see clearer. His whole face was lit up with an expression, to which it had for many days been a stranger; but I dared not hope. Again and again the sponge was dipped in the cup and applied to the parched lips, and still we sat, as though we had no tongues, or knew not how to use them, when feeling that I could not breathe, I silently arose and left the room. The kind watcher followed, and leading me down stairs to the library, shut the door, and in a husky voice said, "My dear Mrs. Lenox, the crisis has passed, and your husband still lives."

I started from my chair. "Compose yourself, my dear lady," he continued. "There is hope that he may recover," and our sympathizing friend wept tears of joy.

But for me the reaction was too great. I felt myself falling to the floor. When I recovered Pauline was bathing my temples. Dr. Clapp had left the room and returned to his patient. I speedily recovered and followed him, and was softly stepping

toward the bed where mother sat holding her beloved son by the hand. But the physician saw me and motioned me back. I withdrew into the hall, where he soon joined me, and leading me away from the door, said, "Your husband is now conscious, and will recognize you. Can you compose yourself? The least excitement may be fatal to him."

After a moment, in which I tried to hush the loud beating of my heart, and to breathe a prayer for strength, I said, "I think I can," and we again entered the room. I walked silently to the bed, and looked at my darling Frank. His eyes were closed and his face closely resembled death; but when he feebly opened his eyes, the light of reason beamed thence, and he knew me. I kissed his forehead and almost flew from the room. My heart was filled with the most delightful emotions of gratitude and joy, "and though my voice was silent, being stopped by the intense-ness of what I felt, yet my soul sung within me and even leaped for joy." The emotion was so intense as to be nearly allied to pain. I pressed my hand to my heart to keep it from bursting. I heard a gentle step, and my sweet Pauline sat by my side, and drawing my head to her breast, sought to soothe my agitated feelings. She had been weeping. "Dear mamma," she whispered, "I am so happy, I have been trying to thank God for making dear father better."

"My love," said I, "will you thank our heavenly Father for me?" As we sat, she breathed out her heart to God like one who was used to going to him, as to a tender father. I pressed her to me and thanked God for so great a treasure.

Wednesday, September 4th.

I was proceeding with my writing, the day before yesterday, supposing Frank to be asleep, when he put his hand upon mine, and said, "my love, you have wept quite enough."

While scarcely conscious of the fact, I had been continually wiping my eyes, to enable me to see the page. Many tears I see have fallen upon my paper.

"They are tears of gratitude," I replied, lifting his hand to my lips. "My heart is so full it overflows." There were answering tears in his eyes then ; "Cora," said he with the utmost tenderness, "while I lay upon this bed, and in the near prospect of death, I saw that I had made idols of the dear ones God has given me ; and I resolved, his grace strengthening me, that I would devote myself more entirely to him. We cannot love each other too much, my own wife ; but let us love God more. While we love each other, and our dear children, let us not forget him, who so loved us as to die for us."

Tuesday, September 10th.

My dear husband gains but slowly. He has not yet been able to have his bed made, but he says, he does not suffer except from weakness. After being absent from the room about an hour to give Nelly her music lesson, I returned and took Pauline's place by her father's side, requesting her to go out with the children for a walk.

He took up the book, she had turned down upon the bed, supposing I should continue the reading. "I hardly know," said he, "which to admire the more, the skill of the teacher, or the proficiency of the pupil. Pauline is a fine reader, and her voice is very musical."

"Yes," I answered, "I have often thought her voice low and melodious as the daughters of Italy."

"She may be one of them," he replied, closing his eyes. "Cora," he resumed after a short pause, "I have had time to think of a great many things since I lay here, and I feel that I have not dealt justly by our daughter, Pauline."

"Frank," said I, interrupting him, "you do yourself wrong."

"Hear me through," said he pleasantly. "I do not mean that I do not love her enough, for there is no difference in my feelings toward her, and her lively sister ; or if any, my love is more deep and sacred to the child of our adoption ; but if I should be

taken away, she could not inherit a share of my property, as a child. If I ever rise from my bed, I will make a will, so that all my children shall share alike." I pleaded long and earnestly with him to allow me the privilege of making over to her my own property, which he had insisted upon settling upon me.

But he said "no," very decidedly, and when I was calm enough to hear, he explained his refusal to my satisfaction.

"Pauline has no idea that she is not of our blood, and I hope, she may never know it—unless"—said he, "but that is very unlikely"—and stopped.

"I know, you are thinking if we should ever discover her parents; but if we do, she is nothing to them as she is to us. They have never inquired for her."

"Softly," said Frank, with a smile, "I do not think there is any occasion for you to distress yourself; your imagination, I dare say, has already pictured her mother standing before you, ready to take her from your arms."

I laughed, "Yes," I answered, "pretty nearly that; but go on."

"If any such event should occur," said he, returning to the subject from which we had digressed, "a difference between her and them might call up feelings and explanations which would be unpleasant to all concerned."

I fully concurred in this view of the case, and then we discussed her lovely character, and heartily agreed that we had reaped a rich reward for our care of her, in the influence she exerted over her brother and sister.

"Frank obeys her," said I, "quite as readily as he does me, though she never exercises any authority over him. She has a charm, I believe; I don't know what I should do without her."

"I fear," said Frank, "you'll have to give her up some day."

"What for?" said I eagerly.

"Why somebody may come along and win her away."

"She is nothing but a child, only seventeen last June."

"And how many years older, and how much taller was my

Cora, when I took her from her mother? You will never know how I loved you for taking the friendless child so closely to your heart. I had looked forward with the hope that God would bless our union, and give us children; but I had not thought of finding one so soon. I have often laughed to myself," he continued, "at the remark dear, good aunt Susy made about my being so impatient 'for a darter I had to pick one up in the streets, and give to you.' Good old soul! She hit pretty near the truth, certainly. Seldom has anything given me greater pleasure than when you taught the little creature to say 'Papa,' and you blushed so rosy too. I dared not say much; I feared you might grow weary of the care. I had not then learned all I have since. But when I saw you give up many pleasures to devote yourself to the little motherless child, and particularly when I witnessed year after year your care of her education, I have felt that you would have your reward."

Monday, September 23d.

Mother and I are now obliged to exert our authority. The Doctor is as hungry as a bear, and says he will not be kept on slops any longer. He spoke so much like a child begging for some cake, or bread and butter, that I had a hearty laugh at him. But though he could not keep from laughing in sympathy, yet he says, "it is a very serious matter; Dr. Clapp has been starving me for a month past, and now I intend to have something to eat."

Mother promised him a slice of toast for his dinner, and he asked half a dozen times in the course of an hour if it were not dinner time. At length I gave him the watch that he might see for himself. When Pauline brought the toast and tea, he entered upon the discussion of them with such a grave face, as if it were of such solemn importance, that Pauline and I had enough to do to keep from laughing aloud, which in the present state of his nerves would never do.

Mother says, "it's always a good sign when children are worrissime."

But the Doctor did not take this speech at all well, and said with a grieved look, "I was not aware I had given occasion for such a remark."

Wednesday, September 25th.

We have had war in the camp. But I must explain. I noticed this morning that Phebe was cooking something very savory, but thought no more of it. Mother, Pauline, or I, have always remained with the Doctor while the others are at dinner.

To-day I thought I would remain; but Frank would not consent. Pauline said, "No, mamma, I'll attend to father," at the same time I saw that she was very much flushed and looked really distressed. Frank insisted she should remain, and I went below, wondering not a little at the meaning of all this. After I had carved for the others, I thought so much of Pauline's looks, that I excused myself a moment, and ran softly back to the room.

Judge then of my amazement when I beheld Phebe standing before her master holding a bowl, while the Doctor was putting spoonful after spoonful into his mouth, as fast as he could. Pauline stood by looking as if she were not sure whether to laugh or to cry.

I sprang forward to take the bowl; but quicker than thought, Phebe had caught it under her apron, hoping I had not seen it, while the Doctor looked like a whipped dog. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that it was with the utmost difficulty, I could keep my countenance. But endeavoring to look very stern, I said, "Dr. Frank Lenox, you will please to tell me what you have been eating?" He had already eaten a hearty dinner for a sick man, not half an hour before.

There was no reply.

"Well then," said I, "there is no help for it. I must give you a dose of castor oil." I proceeded toward the closet, as if I were intending to administer it to him at once, while I was thankful for an opportunity to relax my stern countenance.

"Cora," cried the Doctor, "don't give me any." His voice was feeble, and I could carry the joke no farther.

"Well, then, what can I do?" I asked, returning to him. "Phebe, do you know that what you were giving your master may cause his death?"

Pauline began to cry, "Oh, mamma, I was afraid I was not doing right, but father so longed for some chicken broth."

"Laws missus!" said Phebe, uncovering the bowl, "'tan't got no strength to it. 'Pears like he's powerful hungry. I 'clare your ole Phebe be de last one make the broth too strong for sick mass'r."

I tasted the broth and finding it really weak, I hoped my hungry patient had sustained no real injury. The Doctor put out his hand to Pauline, and in a most child-like tone said, "I was the only one to blame, dear child."

She kissed him, and I motioned her to go below. Frank looked as if he thought he deserved a punishment, and expected to receive it; but some how I never could punish a child who appeared sorry, and just so I felt in this case; and therefore I merely said, "I will help you to lie down, and will read to you. My dear husband," I said, when I rose to go below for my dinner, "if the broth does not injure you, I will ask Dr. Clapp to let you have a dinner of it to-morrow."

He looked his thanks and pressed my hand. I am more than ever convinced that man was made to command, and woman to obey, and that the rule in that good old fashioned book is right, "*wives reverence your husbands — husbands love your wives.*"

Tuesday, October 1st.

Frank is so much better, that he not only eats broth, but chicken and eggs. I believe, he would eat six meals a day, if we would carry them to him. But I think he is growing a little more rational. Pauline came to me the other day, very much grieved at herself for carrying the broth to her father. He had begged

her to ask Phebe up, when mother and I were away, enjoining the strictest secrecy upon her, and the poor child knew not what to do. I comforted her with the thought that no harm had come of it, and she would know better next time.

Frank sits up almost all day, and we are beginning to feel a little settled. School lessons are vigorously learned, Pauline having been duly installed in my place as teacher. I have as much as I can do to take care of my patient, who is, however, rather *impatient* sometimes, if I am long out of the room.

If I leave him with mother, I have to set the exact time that I will return, and give him the watch to mark the minutes. Though often inconvenient, yet it is delightful to have him longing for me to be with him. I would not for worlds have it otherwise.

Monday, October 7th.

I have some wonderful news for you, dear mother. It is our present intention to leave America just as soon as the Doctor is able, spend the winter and spring in the south of France, and return home by way of England.

We should not be able to do this, if it were not for our kind friend and physician, Dr. Clapp. I love him as a dear brother, and there is a most delightful intercourse between our families. I have not time to tell you how this plan came about so quickly; only to say that it is nothing new to the Doctor; but he has been keeping it to himself. Mother will spend, at least, part of the winter with Emily, and Ann will go with her. Cæsar and Phebe will remain here. Ruth is to accompany us with all the children.

Thursday, October 10th.

We hope to leave in the "*Unicorn*," which sails the twenty-fifth of this month. The Doctor has rode out once, and it did him great good. Pauline is much pleased with the prospect of visiting Europe, while Nelly and Frank are perfectly wild with delight.

We may meet Joseph Morgan, who has been in business in France for two years or more.

Friday, October 11th.

I have but a moment to tell you that preparations are going on briskly. Emily Benson has come over from the parsonage and is very efficient assistance. She thinks of everything. Mr. Benson lost nothing by waiting five years for her. She has developed into a splendid woman, and is universally beloved in the parish. "Her husband also and he praiseth her."

Though every moment is precious, yet I cannot refrain from repeating a remark of our good friend, Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Attorney General, in relation to our dear sister. She said, "Mr. Benson's family reminds me of Cowper's description of his friends, the Unwins, 'Go when I will, I find a house full of peace and cordiality in all its parts and am sure to hear no scandal, but such discourse instead of it, as we are all the better for.'"

You would laugh if you could see the quantity of baggage master Franky has collected for the journey, and which he has no doubt aunt Emily will be able to get into his trunks. This moving a whole family for an absence of nine months, which is probably the length of time we shall be away from home, is no trifling matter.

Mother insists that I shall not trouble myself with a thought about home arrangements. She will attend to everything here. My dear husband gains a little every day, and I think would gain faster if it were not for his anxiety to do more than he is able. He has been so long accustomed to take care of all of us, that he can hardly restrain himself until he is overcome with fatigue.

Wednesday, October 23d.

Dear mother, our trunks are packed, and we are on the eve of departure. To-morrow morning we leave for New York, and are to sail on Thursday.

A day or two since the Doctor received a champagne-basket full, not of wine, but of London porter, from his grateful patient, Lucy Mansfield. This we are to take with us, and Frank has already received benefit from it. With love to all the dear ones at home, I must bid you *farewell*. I intend to take my journal with me to New York and mail it from thence.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

“With wild surprise
As if to marble struck devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood.” THOMSON.

Nice, France, Tuesday, December 10th, 1850.

DEAR MOTHER,—After a long, but not tedious voyage, the good ship “Unicorn,” bore us gallantly into the port of Havre, where we arrived on the twenty-eighth of November.

I could almost see my dear husband gain in flesh and strength, so rapidly did he improve. He walks about now as erect and strong as ever. We tarried but two days in Havre, and then proceeded to this place, where we are comfortably established for the winter. That is, we *shall* be, when we can get our trunks unpacked.

I don't know but I shall regret not having taken mother Lenox's advice to bring Ann instead of Ruth. The poor girl appears almost demented, as she cannot understand a word of the language; and whenever I send her to the kitchen to bring water, or anything from thence, I hear a perfect roar of laughter from the servants at her droll talk and signs. She generally comes back empty handed as she went, rolling her white eyes from side to side, while she sometimes laughs, and sometimes cries at her “poor luck,” as she calls it. To-day she came to me in great indignation, saying, “I 'clare, missus, 'pears like I'se could n't bring down my idees to make dem doe heads 'stand anything I'se seb. I'se tink dey find dis chile has been brought up in de way to teach dem manners.”

The weather is perfectly delightful. I only wish all the dear ones I love were here to enjoy it with us. It is quite fortunate for me that I have no household cares, for I have a double portion of journalizing. I promised to write mother Lenox, in the same full, free manner, as I have always written to you. And as the same journal will be passed from mother to Emily, and from Emily to Lucy, and from Lucy to somebody else, I must be especially careful of my style, while in writing to you I merely let my pen travel on at its utmost speed, and with our own poet,

"I feel a certain tingling come
Down to my fingers, and my thumb."

Perhaps you can imagine, but I cannot describe to you, the thrill of delight which I felt when I first stepped upon *terra firma* in Havre; and remembered that though still far from home, and the grave of my dear father; yet I was in the same hemisphere with yourself and my beloved sisters.

No ocean rolled between us.

I was quite amused at a discussion, I overheard between Nelly and Frank, just before I commenced writing. Nelly was earnestly talking of the pleasure she anticipated in going to England, and wishing the time were already come. In both expectation and regret, she was cordially joined by her brother. She then proceeded to give Frank a particular account of aunt Nelly which could hardly be from memory; and ended by saying, "I am the most related to her of any of the family."

This, Frank stoutly denied, saying, "She is as much my aunt as yours." After quite a warm discussion of this interesting point, the disputants agreed to leave it to Ruth, who, after carefully weighing the subject, said in a very gracious tone to Frank, "I 'spects, she is, Mass'r Frank. But then 'pears like its you that 's the nearest to mass'r, 'cause your name be like his." I hope Mrs. Colonel Morton will not be unduly elated at the honor to which Nelly aspires.

Saturday, December 14th.

With the Doctor's efficient aid, we are now reduced to order ; and can find a dress or apron without strewing the floor with the contents of three or four trunks. The same hands have driven up an innumerable number of nails for clothes, of which Ruth and I have made extempore closets by sewing rings to a sheet, and hanging them in front, so that we have only to put aside our curtain, and we are in the inclosure, while coats, dresses, and other clothes are free from dust. Master Franky has a trunk devoted to him for his toys, and so far thinks it much more convenient than his drawers and lockers at home. Another trunk has been assigned to books, slates and apparatus. School commenced in earnest to-day.

The Doctor has sent for a piano, that the children may not lose their practice. He also intends Pauline to take lessons on the harp. I am not, as you know, a proficient upon that instrument.

I have added to my family a little French girl, daughter of one of the peasants, who was very willing to leave her parents for a time, to come to us. Ruth is a very good sempstress ; and I find enough of that employment for her, and in following "mass'r Franky" in his walks of discovery about the town.

My husband chose this location from the fact of its being so healthy ; and because there is a Protestant church here. Nice is a great resort for invalids. There are quite a number of families here at present. One lady, with her husband, child and servant occupy rooms above ours. Frank intends calling with me on the aged pastor, whom we have not seen except at church. Our landlord speaks of him with the greatest enthusiasm and affection ; and ascribes the peace and prosperity of the place mainly to his influence, and untiring efforts for the good of his people.

Friday, December 20th.

There is very little variety in our life, and I fear, I shall not

be able to relate much that will interest you. I give six hours a day to the children, while Pauline recites in mathematics and Italian to her father. I wish, dear mother, you could see our Pauline again. She reminds me of an author, who describing a young lady, says, "she is near that age, sixteen, at which every day brings with it some new beauty to her form." No one can be more modest, nor, (which seems wonderful in a woman,) more silent; yet when she speaks you might believe a muse was speaking. But then her face,

"So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart."

She is silent only when strangers are present. In the company of those she loves, she is all animation, and merriment. Her father says it is a perfect delight to teach her. The remainder of the school hours Frank devotes to reading, which is a real luxury to him, reserving his walks until we can accompany him.

The Doctor and myself called last evening upon Mr. Percival, whose gray locks, and venerable aspect had already inspired us with respect. He received us with the kindness of a father, and related many incidents connected with his flock which were very pleasing. He has established two schools, one for infant scholars, and another for those more advanced. The infant scholars, however, are many of them near a dozen years of age. He accompanied us part of the way on our return to visit an English gentleman, who is very sick and has come here to die. "Perhaps," said the old gentleman, "at some future time, I may communicate some facts relative to his history. His life has been one of no common interest."

We parted from our companion with regret, having obtained from him a promise to return our call at his earliest convenience.

Monday, December 23d.

This morning an incident occurred, which for want of other

excitement, has given us a fruitful subject for conversation. Having observed a retired spot not far distant from the house where the invalid of whom I spoke was stopping, we turned our steps toward it, and found it to be a family burying place containing five graves, upon one of which was a beautifully white marble monument, inscribed with the simple word "Imogen." We stood a while to weave each for ourselves a history of this loved one, whose grave was of the usual size of a fully grown woman. Perhaps she was an only daughter, or a young wife, whose early departure had cast a gloom over a large family.

Pauline and Nelly who started with us had lingered on the way, and came in sight just as we turned to leave the place. Meeting our good friend, Mr. Percival, we walked on slowly together, leaving them to visit the simple grave. It was nearly an hour before they returned. The Doctor and I were enjoying a delightful conversation with our aged friend, who had accompanied us home, when Nelly came bounding into the room, saying, in an excited tone, "oh, mamma!" But seeing we were not alone she checked herself, and was introduced together with Pauline to our visitor. I gazed at Pauline with wonder. Her whole countenance was lighted with animation. Her eyes sparkled, and there was the richest bloom upon her cheeks. I saw at a glance that something unusual had occurred, and said inquiringly, "Well, my daughters, have you had a pleasant walk?"

"Very," they replied, and retired from the room.

Our visitor had no sooner taken his departure than they came running in, eager to communicate their adventure.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Nelly, throwing herself into a chair, "Pauline has had such a scene."

"Yes, mamma," said Pauline, "I never expected to create such a sensation as I did soon after you left. I went to the cemetery with Nelly, and after walking around had thrown myself down before the monument marked 'Imogen.' I was imagining my

own feelings, had the interred been my mother, and thinking if such were the case, how I should love to visit her grave, and plant flowers around it, when I looked up to meet the glance of a young man who was tenderly assisting an old gentleman toward the very spot where I knelt, while in one hand he carried a portable seat. A single glance sufficed to assure me that they were mourners for some beloved friend lying there; and I sprang up hastily and apologized for my intrusion. The old gentleman had not appeared to observe me until I spoke; but then he started back as if he had seen a ghost, and would have fallen to the ground had not his companion hastily thrown down the stool, and caught him in his arms. I opened it, and stepping behind them motioned the younger one that it would be better to let him be seated. He put his hand feebly to his head, saying audibly, 'Oh, my God! support me under this.' Then turning to his son, he said, 'Did you see her, Eugene?'

"'Who, father?'

"'Why oh! I forgot myself. Let us return; I can't stay here. Perhaps she'll come back.'

"'Dear father, your eyes have deceived you. It was only a young lady who happened to be reading the epitaph upon the tomb stone;' and he turned to look again at me.

"I had lost all power of motion, and was so drawn toward father and son, that I had not thought of moving.

"'You have been so very anxious,' continued the young man, 'to come here once more, and the air is so balmy to-day, I fear you will not have so favorable an opportunity again.'

"A deep sigh was the only reply; and the son took a pocket-handkerchief, and tenderly wiped his father's forehead, as he leaned against his breast. 'Perhaps,' said he, addressing me in French, 'you will come around in front of the grave. My father is much agitated at your sudden appearance.'

"I replied, in English, that I was very sorry for what had

happened; and regretted that I had been led by curiosity to intrude upon their retirement.

“No apology is necessary,” he replied.

“To whom are you talking, Eugene?” asked the invalid in a very feeble voice.

“To the lady, you saw, father,” and he made a motion with his hand for me to stand where he could see me.

“I did so, but no sooner did the old gentleman perceive me, than he started forward holding out both his hands as if to embrace me; and then with a dreadful groan fell back into the arms of his son.

“Oh! what can I do for you?” I asked in affright.

“Fly,” said he, “to that house,” pointing to the nearest one, “and call for help. Stay,” he continued quickly, “if you could hold him, I could go quicker.”

“Nelly, I exclaimed, as she came running toward me, after wandering all over the enclosure, ‘Run as quick as you can to that house, and tell the servants their master has fainted by the grave, and they must come directly.’ I knew Nelly’s skill in running would serve a good purpose on this occasion. I gave Eugene, as his father called him, my salts, and kneeling down vigorously rubbed the cold hands in mine.

“I cannot account for it,” said he, “why my father is so much agitated at the sight of you; but as he is so perhaps it will be as well for you to stand aside when he recovers his consciousness.”

“In a very short time, Nelly returned in company with a man and woman. The man brought a chair with pillows in it, and in this they speedily placed the unconscious invalid, and carried him away. Eugene merely said, ‘I shall see you again,’ as he left.”

My dear mother, you who are acquainted with Pauline’s history may judge in some slight degree of our feelings upon hearing of this adventure. I glanced at Frank, who turned very pale, but said nothing. Pauline got up with considerable excitement in her

tone, and manner, and stood before a small mirror which hung in the room, saying, "I cannot conceive for whom the old gentleman could have taken me. I'm sure I don't see as I look like anybody but father." She has often been told of her close resemblance to him.

After she had left the room, Frank and I talked over the singularity of the event; but concluded that we were not called upon to make any inquiries with regard to the old gentleman's agitation, as he is an Englishman, and Pauline was, without doubt, a native of France. He is doubtless the one to whom Mr. Percival alluded in our first interview.

Tuesday, December 24th.

Last night after Pauline's adventure I was so very nervous and excited that I could not sleep. I imagined the most improbable events, until I felt a perfect horror from the possibility that Pauline might be related to these people. I awoke Frank to ask him if he had brought the packet we received with her.

He replied that he had, but thought it was altogether probable we should carry it back as wise as we came. I told him I had not slept, and he quite laughed at me for making so much of a mere accident. He said that my imagination was always running away with me. I tried to think so myself and was soon asleep.

To-day Mr. Percival came in to invite us to attend service in the chapel to-morrow, (Christmas,) and having sent the children out for a walk, the Doctor asked him the name of the English gentleman who was so ill.

"Clifford," he replied, hesitating a moment. "Henry Clifford. He is, or was a colonel in the English army." I saw Frank give a sudden start, and then checked himself and went on with the conversation.

Mr. Percival hinted that domestic trials had brought on premature old age; that after having been for many years separated from his wife, he had come here to die by her grave. "Is it the one marked 'Imogen?'" I inquired.

"Yes, and the house you see from the spot is where she was born. The estate now belongs to her son."

"Was he an only child?" I asked, almost gasping in my eagerness for a reply.

"There was an infant who died about the same time as its mother."

"What was the cause of their separation?" asked Frank.

"I never understood sufficiently to relate," he replied in rather a reserved tone; and feeling entirely relieved from my great burden, I cared not to hear more. When Pauline returned, I somewhat astonished the dear child by the vehemence of my embrace. But recollecting myself, I pressed Miss Ellen also in my arms, that she might not suspect any particular emotion.

"What has happened, mamma?" said Pauline, "you look unusually happy."

"I am so, my dear," I could not avoid saying.

"And lovely too, mamma," giving me another kiss.

After he left, Frank went to his desk, and taking out the card upon which he had written the name of the gentleman to whom he had been entrusted with the dying confession of Squire Lee, looked earnestly at it, hoping the name was the same. But no, that was Shirley. He said while Mr. Percival was here, the thought that this might be the very man concerning whom he had made so many inquiries, flashed through his mind. It had been so long since he had despaired of learning anything about him that he had forgotten the name.

Wednesday, December 25th.

We have had a very quiet Christmas, that is, since Franky has done shouting over the contents of his stocking. Miss Nelly is really growing into a young lady. She came to me last evening, and having drawn me to a part of the room where she was sure her father could not hear, she whispered that she thought she was too old to hang up a stocking, for she had known a long time who

put the presents in it; and that she would as soon have them given directly to her.

I laughed so much at the idea of her thinking herself grown up, that her father insisted upon sharing the joke; and somewhat to the young lady's annoyance, I informed him that she had become too old to be treated like a child. He called her to sit on his knee, and told her he must have her for a baby a long time yet. She was so much better than Franky, who would not sit still a moment.

But Miss only pouted until he whistled, and held up his gold pencil case for her to play with, then saying, "Baby want to hear papa's watch tick, tick?" when she "laughed tears," and Pauline came running in to see what caused all the merriment.

Nelly sprang up from her father's lap, saying, "sister would make a far better baby than I should."

Pauline went and put her arms lovingly around her father's neck, and said as she laid her cheek against his, "I should be contented to be a baby in this way forever."

We took our whole family to church, filling up one entire slip. Franky was particularly polite to Ruth, whom he had requested leave to invite to sit with us on this occasion. He took the book of hymns from his sister, and passed it to his sable friend, a kindness which Ruth fully appreciated.

A young gentleman about twenty years of age sat near us. I could not avoid noticing that his eyes seldom turned from our pew. He was a fine, frank looking fellow, with light, curly hair, and fair complexion. But his principal beauty was a pair of brilliant eyes; very bright, but soft and mild in their expression. I saw that Pauline was confused by the young man's ardent gaze, and I was surprised as we came out of the aisle to see that she slightly returned his bow. But I had not much time to wonder, before Nelly whispered, "mamma, that's Pauline's 'Eugene.'" I saw by a smile on his countenance that the young man had heard her introduction; and we were relieved from rather an awk-

ward meeting, by Mr. Percival, who inquired about his father, and then introduced him to us.

Young Clifford represented his father as very feeble, and said it would be a great kindness if the Doctor would call and see him. This Frank readily promised to do. As we went the same way the young man walked by Pauline, and did not leave her until we reached our own door.

Nelly was delighted with him, and her sister frankly said she thought him uncommonly pleasing.

The Catholic part of the community went early in the day, to their church to attend service, and spent the rest of the time in sports. They are now returning from the visits and places of amusement. Some of them are rather noisy; but generally they appear weary and fatigued.

Saturday, December 28th.

Not a day has passed since our introduction to young Clifford, (or Eugene as Nelly insists upon calling him) without our meeting him either in a walk, or by his coming to our place. The Doctor has also called twice upon Colonel Clifford, who is now constantly confined to his bed. Frank says he is not more than forty-seven years of age, but sorrow has placed a heavy mark upon him. He expressed much pleasure that his son had found friends in our family. I rather think our partial friend, Mr. Percival, has spoken of us in his presence. He is very much depressed in spirits; and says there are periods of his life, he would give a great deal to be able to live over again. He speaks with the utmost tenderness of his son, and says, "If he were an experimental Christain, I could ask no more. He is everything else the fondest father could desire."

After this expression the Doctor conversed with him upon religious subjects. "Ah," said the sick man, "what should I have done but for the support of religion!" He hinted that at times his mental distress had been so great, that if it had not

been for his religious principles, he fears he should have yielded to the suggestions of the adversary, and have put an end to his life. "But God," he added, "has mercifully preserved me; and will preserve me until the end."

Eugene shares not at all in his father's depression; but is very lively as well as gentle. He says he has been obliged to act the part of a daughter as well as that of a son, for his father has been an invalid ever since his remembrance.

Pauline asked, "How long has your mother been dead?"

He replied, "Many years. I have only a slight recollection of her; and it is a subject upon which my father never speaks."

I saw that this remark excited Pauline's compassion. He also noticed it, and made the most of it. I felt really a little jealous of him to-day, she looked up at him with such a simple trust. I must be on the watch. We know so little of him, and there is such a mystery about the family.

Wednesday, January 1st., 1851.

I wish you a happy new year, dear mother. Eugene came early this morning with his bright face to wish us the same. He said his father had sent him out for a walk, and he invited Pauline and Nelly to accompany him. I gave my consent, though with some reluctance. The truth is, he is one of those lovely young men, who when they are present carry all before them. Frank took the opportunity to walk over and see his father.

Colonel Clifford really smiled when told that his son had called and taken off the young ladies for a walk; but a tear stood in his eye as he replied, "Eugene has never had an opportunity to be much in the company of ladies. I am very much pleased that he has chosen such society." He again expressed gratitude for our kindness to his poor boy, who would soon be an orphan. The Doctor, at Colonel Clifford's request, prayed with him. After prayer, Frank told him he was a Doctor, not of divinity, but of medicine. He thought the Colonel was disappointed, but after a

moment's silence he replied, "a pious physician has a great opportunity to do good." The Doctor is more and more pleased with him.

Pauline and Nelly returned in fine spirits from their walk, and repeated to me most of the conversation which had passed. Pauline said their companion had requested them to call him Eugene now that they were so well acquainted; and also that he was entirely reconciled to the plan of his father's spending the winter here, which he at first thought would be dismal enough.

I don't think Eugene realizes that probably his father will not live through the winter.

Thursday, January 2nd.

Eugene has completely won me over. He came in to-day and appeared as glad to see us, as if we had not met for a week. He sat down by me in the most artless manner; and taking a skein of silk from Franky, who was getting it into a sad snarl, said he had a favor to ask of me; and if I would grant it he should be very happy.

He looked at me so earnestly, that I told him with a smile, I thought I might venture to promise, if it were nothing very unreasonable.

For a moment he cast his eyes down; and then said with perfect *naiveté*, "I thought of it last night after the conversation here, about my not remembering my mother; and this morning I told father, and he approves it very much if you are willing."

"You forget," said I, "that you have not yet asked the favor."

"Well," he resumed, repressing a sigh, "You know I have never since my remembrance had a mother. I need one sadly, to tell me when I do wrong. Oh!" he added, with great emotion, laying the silk on his knee, "I have so longed for a mother, or sister who would watch over me, and take an interest in me, as I have seen mothers and sisters in their sons and brothers."

I was very much affected by this natural outburst of feeling,

and said, "I will, my son." Hardly conscious of what I did, I leaned forward, and kissed his pure, white brow.

He grasped my hand, and kneeling, covered it with kisses, while he thanked me in the warmest terms.

Pauline and Nelly looked on with great interest. "Remember," said the former, as she held out her hand to him, while her eyes were filled with tears, "you have now two sisters and a brother."

He was then in a great hurry to go and report his success to his father, who he said would be very much pleased.

Tuesday, January 7th.

Eugene came over for a few moments last evening to thank me in behalf of his father, and to ask if the Doctor would call upon him in the morning, as there had been some change in his symptoms.

Frank offered to go at once; but the young man did not wish it. He went this morning, however, and prescribed a change of medicine.

Colonel Clifford confessed that he had at first been somewhat disappointed in finding that he was not a clergyman; but now considered it a very kind providence which had brought a physician almost to the very door. He added that now the only anxiety he had had in remaining in Nice was obviated. The Doctor remained and read to him for an hour. When he left, the Colonel renewed his thanks for our kindness to his dear boy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

“ A Mother’s love — how sweet the name!
What is a mother’s love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;
This is a mother’s love.” MONTGOMERY.

“ A malady
Preys on my heart, that medicine cannot reach,
Invincible and cureless.” MATURIN.

Wednesday, January 29th.

It has fallen into a custom that the Doctor should pass a part of every morning with the invalid, while Eugene walks with his sisters, as he fondly calls them. Nelly and Frank have been in with their father to be introduced to the Colonel; and received from him some valuable curiosities as presents. The next day he sent Pauline a very valuable token of regard, with a message that he fully appreciated the value of such sisters to a young man destitute of any female relative. It is a little singular that while he converses freely on every other subject, and has drawn from the Doctor much of his own history, yet he has never alluded in the most distant manner to the nature of his own peculiar trials. He is much better in health since the change in his medicine, but Frank told him freely that it was not probable the benefit would be permanent.

The Colonel said he should be sorry to think it otherwise;

though he supposed he ought to desire to live for the sake of his boy.

I could hardly have thought it possible that we should in so short a time have become so much interested in persons, of whose existence even we were till now ignorant. Eugene is a very dutiful son, and has evidently been trained with the greatest care by his pious father. He repeats over and over again the names of mother and sisters, as if he revelled in the very idea of having such relatives. He told me that one day he called me by the name of mamma in his father's presence, when a look of agony passed like a shade over his face; but in one moment, with a faint smile, he said, "I thank God, my son, that you have found a mother, even in name."

Wednesday, February 12th.

When the Doctor visited Colonel Clifford this morning, he found him busily engaged in writing, which he immediately put aside, saying, "I have nearly finished the preparation of some papers which I wish at my death to put into the hands of my son."

The Doctor was about to leave; but the Colonel insisted on his remaining, as he wished to introduce a particular subject of conversation. He began by saying, "I have not inquired so particularly about the American colleges without an object. If in what I say, you consider me as taking advantage of your kindness, both to me and my boy, I must beg the same indulgence to excuse it." He then, assured by Frank's sincerely expressed wish to be of service to him, went on to say, "when I die, Eugene will have no friend or near relative, from whom he has a right to claim sympathy and kindness. I have often prayed that some friend might be raised up, with whom I could feel safe to confide, both his spiritual and temporal interests. I have thought," he added, while a tear trickled down his emaciated cheek, "that perhaps God had answered my prayers, and sent you here to be that friend."

Frank took the wasted hand in his as he replied, "I shall feel honored in being considered as such."

"But do you fully understand my meaning?" he was eagerly asked. "Eugene has more than enough property, and it is well funded; but he needs a *home*, and kind friends to watch over him; just what every young man needs."

"Perhaps you are not aware," replied the Doctor, "that we intend returning to the United States in a few months."

"I am fully so; but Eugene has no particular attachments to England; that is, when I am gone, and he would gladly accompany you. Do not give me an answer to-day. Consult your family, and let me know hereafter; and may the Lord incline your heart to do according to my desire!" He held the Doctor's hand convulsively in his, as he said this, and appearing to be much fatigued by the exciting nature of the interview, Frank took leave.

It was an interesting subject for us, during our long walks; and after being interrupted for a time, was extended far into the night. My husband fully realized that the care would fall upon me; his professional duties so fully occupy his time at home. Then the influence upon our children, we felt it to be our duty to consider. I frankly confessed to the Doctor that I had never seen a young man whom I could more readily take to my heart as a son; and that I knew Pauline and Nelly, as well as Frank, would be delighted with this addition to our family.

"What is the drawback, then? I see there is something you do not bring to the light."

I could at first give no reply. There was a drawback; but it seemed to me so selfish that I could not endure to mention it. It was the fear that Eugene would love my Pauline with a love surpassing that of a brother, and that she would return his love. At length I replied, "no, nothing that need to be a drawback; only I thought that perhaps it might be dangerous to place young people at the age he and Pauline are, in such intimate connection."

“Ah,” said he, laughing, “I might have guessed Pauline was at the bottom of all your trouble. For a girl, good and obedient as she is, she has occasioned you great anxiety. Even if such an event should happen, which I will acknowledge is very probable, you will have the training of him, and you can educate him to suit yourself, instead of training her for a wife for cousin Joseph as he proposed. Eugene appears to be a very pure minded young man. Like our children, he has been educated at home; and that is one reason of his father’s regret and anxiety. He knows nothing of the world, and is as ignorant as a child of the wickedness he will have to meet, and therefore liable to be led away. I have tried to think what I should wish were I in his place, and have concluded with your consent, and full approbation to accept the charge.”

Friday, February 14th.

I had never seen Colonel Clifford until yesterday morning, when I went with the Doctor to tell him of our willingness to take Eugene into our family, if the young man’s wishes in that respect corresponded with his father’s.

He answered our light knock for admittance, after a moment; and I could see that he had been weeping. But he held out his hand as he feebly seated himself; and with a smile, said, “it argues well for me, Doctor, that you have brought your lady.”

We took seats near him, and I could see that he waited with trembling impatience for us to speak upon the subject nearest his heart. The Doctor said, “we have come in to express our willingness to accede to your wishes in regard to your son.”

The Colonel exhibited great emotion, and with a beautiful smile of trust in his heavenly Father which illumined every feature, he said with closed eyes, “My God, I thank thee!” After a short pause he turned to me, “my dear madam, let me hear you say you will be a mother to my motherless boy.”

The last words were uttered with difficulty, as if he had not

been used to uttering the word. "Mother." I replied, "with God's help, I will."

He covered his face with his hand, and wept long; but his tears seemed to be soothing instead of exciting him. We waited for his agitation to subside, while the Doctor rose and walked to the window, and my tears flowed in sympathy with his.

"You are Christian parents," were his first words, "and with such I need no excuse for my tears." Then becoming more composed, he said, "the burden which has weighed heavily upon me for many years is gone. God has graciously answered me," — he broke down again; but instantly resumed, "Doctor, will you express my thanks?"

He rose feebly, and kneeled by his chair; and though I could hear the sobs bursting from his overflowing heart, he arose composed, and refreshed.

The Doctor endeavored to change the conversation for a few moments; but he smiled as he said, "I perceive your kind intention, but I can at present think of nothing else. It will not injure me."

In the course of the interview he said that for many years he had been longing to go home; but for the sake of his son, he had taken every measure to prolong his life. "Eugene's," he added, "is a singular case. I am not aware that he has a single relative on his mother's side; and none nearer than two or three removes on mine. He has a lovely disposition, though perhaps I may be deemed partial in saying so."

"His adopted mother says the same," I added.

With an ardent expression of gratitude, he continued, "but his yielding temper only leaves him more at the mercy of a cold cruel world. Oh! how many hours of sorrow I have spent in imagining his future, and fearing he might be left to suffer like his father. Eugene remembers little or nothing of his early life. I have never been able to converse with him upon subjects connected with his" — The voice was so low I could not distinguish the rest

of the sentence. "I have prepared," he added, "some papers which throw light upon some subjects, which it is natural and right he should know at a proper age. I should be glad to leave them in your hands when I go, with the request that he should have them when he attains his majority. I should also be glad, if Eugene were so inclined, to have him keep this small estate, that the cemetery may not be molested. The steward, who has lived in it for many years, would be glad to continue in it, and give him a suitable rent for the house and furniture. One thing more, and I shall have done for this morning. I fear that I have already taxed you too long. I wish a small monument in every respect like the one in yonder grave yard, placed above my remains, with the single word 'Harry' inscribed upon it. I have already given directions to have my body placed by her side. Now," said he, "receive once more the gratitude of a father, who perceives in your pledge of kindness to his son, a new proof of forgiveness and assurance of pardon and love from his heavenly Father.

Friday, February 21st.

For several days I have spent much of my time with Colonel Clifford, who after our interview respecting his son, appeared to fail rapidly. On Monday morning the Doctor and I called, and Eugene took the opportunity to go out for his exercise. "Dr. Lenox," said the invalid, "there is one subject, I inadvertently omitted at our late interview, and which I may as well mention at this time. My name is not Henry Clifford, as you suppose, but Henry Clifford Shirley."

Frank sprang to his feet, and was on the point of catching his friend by the hand, but remembering the feebleness of the Colonel, and the danger to him of any sudden excitement, he resumed his seat.

"It is entirely immaterial to me which name Eugene retains," said he, not appearing to have noticed anything unusual in the Doctor's manner, "but as all his property stands registered in the

name of Shirley, it was highly desirable that you should be aware of the fact."

Frank walked back and forth across the room evidently very much perplexed how to introduce the communication he wished to make. At length he sat down by the side of the sufferer, and gently said, "Colonel Clifford, many years ago I received a confession from a dying man in relation to a gentleman by the name of Henry Shirley, who was a Colonel in his Majesty's service. I have endeavored in vain to find such a gentleman, in order to confide the confession to him, according to the desire of the penitent man."

Colonel Clifford appeared much agitated, but at length said, "To what did it relate?"

"To certain anonymous letters written to him while abroad, in India, I think he said, with a regiment of the government troops. Shall I go on?"

With his handkerchief to his eyes the sick man bowed assent.

"As nearly as I can recollect," added Frank, "the gentleman, who was a townsman of mine, met your wife while on a foreign tour, and made proposals to her which she indignantly refused. In order to revenge himself, he wrote to you intimating her guilt in connection with another gentleman."

The distressed man with a dreadful groan fell forward, and would have fallen to the floor had not the Doctor caught him in his arms. He motioned to me to ring the bell, and with the help of a servant who appeared, laid the unconscious man upon the bed. It was some time before he recovered, and when he did, he looked so death-like, that we feared the excitement would terminate his life. I remained until he fell asleep, and then quietly left him with the Doctor.

When Frank returned, he said that the Colonel did not allude to the exciting subject of the interview until just before he left, and then said to him, "I am not equal to continuing the conversation. I have written all that is necessary to my son"—he

could go no farther. Since that time the subject has never been alluded to. A holy peace has taken the place of the melancholy expression of his countenance ; and he hails with delight every fresh symptom of dissolution. He said yesterday, " God has granted me delightful views of heaven, and the honor and glory of the Saviour, who is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. Oh," he exclaimed in a rapture, " Eternity will be too short to praise him who has redeemed my guilty soul."

This morning he is much revived, and asked the Doctor to pray that he might be ready and waiting, but not be impatient for the coming of the bridegroom. Eugene is tender, and affectionate as a daughter, in his attentions. It often makes the tears start to my eyes, as I witness the look of unuttered love which beams from the eye of the sufferer upon his devoted son. Every day he insists that Eugene shall take exercise in the open air ; but this I fear he would be reluctant to do if it were not for the company of his sisters. When released from the sick room he bounds like a young doe to our door and calls them for a walk.

Pauline has often accompanied him to the grave of his mother. To-day he requested me to do so ; when the others were about to follow, with his usual frankness he said, " no, dear Pauline, I want to walk with mamma alone. As we passed his house, he ran in and brought out the stool. When we reached the grave, he said as he placed the seat near by, " Dear mamma, I have chosen this place to make a disclosure to you, that if I have done wrong, the thought that my own mother has long been lying here, and that the simple word ' Imogen,' is all I have of her memory, may incline your heart to forgive."

I was very much affected. " Dear Eugene," I said, " I needed not the influence of this sacred spot in order to do that. I have said that you were to me as a son."

" Oh ! let me be indeed a son," he exclaimed, throwing himself on the ground before me. " I love my sister Pauline. I love

her with an intensity of which I have but lately become aware. Tell me that I have not done wrong; that you and the Doctor approve my love; and I shall be forever grateful."

"Does Pauline know of this?" I asked.

"Oh no!" he answered, "of course, I could say nothing without your consent,—we are both young. I will wait years,—you shall set the time for our marriage,—if you will only give me leave to love her, and she will consent."

He uttered all this so rapidly, and so earnestly, I had not time to think.

"You do not answer," said he, repressing a sigh; "you do not say you forgive me for having unconsciously loved her. Remember," said he, rising and standing sorrowfully before me, "remember that I have had no mother to teach me to control my feelings," and he pointed sadly to the grave.

"I do remember," I said, taking his hand. "You are a noble, honorable youth, to tell me your feelings so frankly. I do not love you less, that you love my Pauline; but this is a serious subject; there are many things to be considered, and I must consult the Doctor."

He pressed his lips upon my hand. "Thank you," said he, "that you do not deny me at once. Be assured I will not betray my feelings to her until you give me leave."

As we passed his house on our return, I asked if he had conversed with his father upon the subject.

He blushed as he replied that he had.

"And what was his wish?"

"He smiled when I told him, and said he thought us rather young; but said he had the most implicit confidence in you and the Doctor. But I determined at once, that the only honorable course for me to pursue, was to tell you all."

"Well, my son," I answered, "I shall have great hopes that you will be a useful man, if you carry out all your determinations as well as in this case."

When we drew near the house, I saw Pauline watching us from the window. Eugene asked in a low voice, "when may I hope for an answer from you?"

"I will walk with you again to-morrow," I answered.

He turned away with merely a bow to Pauline, and returned to his father. I have come to my room to wait for Frank's return. I think notwithstanding what he said, he will be astonished that his daughter has been sought in marriage at so early a day. But Eugene is a noble, ingenuous youth; what can I ask more, except that he may be a humble Christian?

Saturday, February 22nd.

Frank returned yesterday, with a letter long expected, and waited for, from cousin Joseph Morgan, who says, owing to the protracted absence of one of the firm, he has not been able to leave Paris; but hopes now to be with us in a few days, when he intends by a long visit to make up for this tedious delay.

When we had read and discussed the letter, I asked Frank to prepare himself for some important business. Seeing I was in earnest he sat down at once, and I related what had passed.

"Really," said he, "Eugene has well improved his time. I wonder how Pauline feels. I never saw any particular evidence of affection on her part. Now I always expected that when she felt young Cupid's dart, she would do pretty much as you did under similar circumstances, blush up to her eyes every time his name was mentioned, and always be out of the way just when she was wanted. Come, come, I did n't mean to set you at it again; but,"

"Tell me the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lips, and brow of snow,
Ah! where are they?"

"I have seen nothing of all this in Pauline, but there's no such

thing as calculating all the intricacies of a woman's heart. I've given up ever since Emily's labarynthian course in refusing a man whom she dearly loved."

"Perhaps she had no idea of such a termination to his introduction to the family; and probably is not aware of the state of her own feelings."

I determined, however, to sound her upon the subject before I met Eugene again. During the evening, I made an excuse for calling her to my room, that I would read her Joseph's letter, after which I desired some conversation with her. "Here comes Frank's proof," I said to myself as a rosy hue mantled to her very brow; but she immediately said, she would run to her room for her crotcheting, and then return.

"I don't know," said I, when she had taken her seat, "as you remember much of your cousin; you have not seen him for a number of years."

"Oh, yes, mamma! don't you recollect the visit he made us before he came to France?"

"I had indeed forgotten it, my love; but he is soon to be here," and I read her the letter. She said nothing, and I proceeded to talk of Eugene. She raised her eyes at once, as if much interested. "You have now had sufficient opportunity to become acquainted with him; are you still pleased that he is to be one of us?"

"Certainly, mamma. I love him very much, and should be disappointed if anything should occur to prevent it. Do you know of anything?" she asked eagerly.

"No," I answered, fully assured of Eugene's success if it rested with her.

This morning, the dear fellow came in at an unusually early hour, and requested me to accompany him. He tried not to look at Pauline, for fear he should be violating his promise to me. I pointed to the time-piece, showing him it was an hour earlier than

common, and he made rather a blundering excuse. I hastened, however, to my room, and the Doctor followed me to the stairs, saying in a whisper, "do go quick, and put the poor soul out of misery. Don't you see how he is suffering? I know how to feel for him."

As I came down equipped for the walk, Pauline said in an arch tone, "how long are you intending to be so exclusive in your walks?"

Eugene started toward her, and began to say something, but stopped very much confused, and I hurried him away. I need not tell you what I said, indeed I don't remember. It is sufficient that he was more than satisfied with the permission to ask her to return his love, and then wait until we should be willing for them to marry. He cut short our walk, and turned back to the house. As we reached the door, I looked up to see a group of heads making themselves very merry at our expense. But I took it very calmly, and walked in, requesting Pauline to take my place. She called Nelly; but I told her Nelly must practise her music.

It was rather more than an hour before they returned. The Doctor was watching for them with no little impatience, and curiosity. Pauline came in leaning upon her lover's arm, who looked perfectly delighted, and walked directly across the room, kissing me, and then her father.

Frank was astonished, and said almost audibly, "pretty cool, that! I never could have believed it."

Eugene was too much excited to keep still, and calling her to the door, begged her to go with him to his father. But she preferred to postpone it until another day. Soon after he left, I went to my room, and Pauline soon followed. "Well, my love," I said, "I suppose I hardly need ask you what answer you gave Eugene, he looked so happy."

"Yes, mamma, I told him I loved him very much, but that I

thought I was too young to engage myself; and I had never thought of him in that light."

"And was he satisfied?"

"Yes, mamma, he thanked me many times, and said he should try to make me very happy." Pauline sat down, and her eyes grew dreamy, so I left her to her meditations and went below.

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ Ah me! from real happiness we stray,
By vice bewildered; vice which always leads,
However fair at first, to wilds of wo.” THOMSON.

Tuesday, March 4th.

JOSEPH came two days ago, accompanied by a young lady, Mademoiselle Vinet, or Adele, as Joseph calls her. He went directly with her to her uncle's, who lives about forty leagues from here, and then returned to this place. We were much rejoiced to see our dear cousin. He has proved all that his parents could wish. I was very glad to hear him say that he hopes to be able to return to the United States nearly as soon as we do. He longs for home.

Joseph accompanied the Doctor and myself in a walk, and communicated to us some very sad intelligence. About three months ago, a servant from one of the hotels in Paris called at his office requesting him to go and see a young woman who was sick. Wondering not a little who she could be, he went, and was shown up one flight of stairs after another until he reached a most dreary and desolate apartment, destitute of every comfort; and there, upon a miserable pallet, he beheld, to his surprise, his once beautiful cousin Fidelia Schuyler. She was anxiously expecting him, and exceedingly overcome by his presence and kindness. He wished to remove her to a more comfortable and respectable apartment, to provide her a good nurse, and to do everything in his power for her relief.

But she said, "I have only a few hours to live. Even now I am dying. All I ask is, that you will remain near me while I live."

Joseph was affected even to tears as he related the heart-rending agony of Fidelia, while she reviewed the last few years of her life. "Ever since I left your house, years ago, though I have lived a gay life, in the midst of fashion and luxury," she said, "I have never known happiness, for I have lived a life of sin. I am known here as Mrs. Arnold, having been his companion ever since my husband, incited almost to madness by my wicked conduct, abandoned me. For three weeks, William has not been near me. Leaving me only a few dollars, he deserted me; and since his departure I have been removed to this garret, and have pawned almost every article of my clothing and of jewelry to procure for myself even the necessaries of life. Do you remember," she asked, "the wicked attempt I made to stir up jealousy and strife between Frank and his young wife? Oh! how I hated her, when I saw that with his whole soul he observed her every movement and word! He worshipped the very ground on which she trod. But I have suffered the keenest remorse for my conduct. I have been constantly tortured with jealousy since I lived with William, and with fear lest he should leave me to die alone in a strange land."

Several times Joseph tried to soothe and comfort her as she lay panting for breath, and sinking farther back upon her pillows. But she could talk of nothing else. "Oh!" said she, "if I had borne with my husband as I have had to bear with William, how happy we might have been! I have been obliged to curb my temper, and to be a slave to one who has indeed proved to be a hard master."

Joseph endeavored to point her to the Saviour. At first, she was unwilling to hear a word on the subject, and begged him not to waste his breath; but at length, as he earnestly pointed her to the Lamb of God, able, willing and ready to save to the uttermost all

who come unto God by him, she burst into tears, and even besought him to pray with her. He did so; and after remaining with her about three hours, he went out and obtained a good woman to take care of her so long as she lived. He supposed from her appearance that she was not so near her end as she imagined. He made his arrangements to return and to watch with her in company with her nurse during the night. After an hour he returned to her room, and was surprised at the alteration which had taken place. She was evidently dying.

Now her whole life stood out before her, and she trembled at the idea of appearing in the presence of a holy God. Joseph prayed with her repeatedly. He wept as he implored her to cast her burden of sin and fear upon the Saviour. She listened as for her life, but could only cry out "*too late! — too late!!*" This dreadful lament she continued until near midnight, when Joseph read to her a few passages from the Bible, on the abounding of divine mercy toward the chief of sinners, and renewed his exhortation to her to repent and believe, saying, "turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

"Oh! If I could live — only one hour — more!" — and as the words were on her quivering lips, her countenance changed, her eyes were fixed, her spirit departed!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

“I feel death rising higher still, and higher
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:
And like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.” DRYDEN.

“Death’s but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.” PARNELL.

Wednesday, March 5th.

I AM really pained by Pauline’s conduct toward her cousin. She shuns him as much as possible. He feels it too. He always manifested so much interest in her; but she avails herself of every excuse to walk with Eugene, and avoids seeing Joseph. I can perceive that he is grieved, but though he often gazes at her with a sad, inquiring expression, he does not speak. I have never known her to be rude; but I felt it my duty to speak with her to-day upon the subject. I am afraid I spoke too sternly, for she immediately burst into tears. She made no excuse, only saying, “I can’t help it, mamma.”

“Your cousin,” I said, “has not deserved such treatment. He has always, since you were a baby, taken a great interest in you;” and I related his kindness in taking her to ride on horseback, and many other events, which I was surprised to find she remembered.

But still she said nothing; and only cried the more. I don’t know what to make of her.

“Sometimes deep feeling hides itself in silence.”

But I think she has had too much excitement of late, notwithstanding she appeared so calm. When the bell rang for tea, she begged me to excuse her from going down, and to tell Eugene, when he called, that she was not able to go with him to his father as he had proposed.

“Are you ill, my dear,” I asked.

“I have a very bad head-ache, which will be well by morning.”

Joseph went out this morning early for a walk, and returned just as I was called to breakfast. Pauline was in the room, and he went directly to her, expressing his pleasure at seeing her down again. He took her hand in his, and said, “I am deeply pained by seeing that you have forgotten all your former friendship for me.” He then assured her, she should always have a warm friend in him.

Notwithstanding I had thought her wrong, I really pitied the poor girl's confusion. She did not once raise her eyes; but blushed painfully as she withdrew her hand when he had ceased speaking. I pitied Joseph, too. He came to me soon after breakfast, and asked me to walk with him, when he immediately entered upon the subject, saying he had never been so disappointed in a young person, so artless and frank as she used to be. He then asked if Eugene were a suitable companion for her, fearing it was his influence that had so changed her for the worse.

I assured him it was not. Then feeling that from his long friendship for us, he had a right to be treated with confidence, I told him in what relation they stood to each other. Though I could see plainly that he was displeased, I commenced at their singular introduction, and told him all that had passed between Colonel Clifford and the Doctor. He listened with the profoundest interest, but did not interrupt me until I had done.

“How did you account for the agitation of Colonel Clifford?” he asked.

“Oh! a thousand ways,” I replied. “He has been an invalid

for many years; and her sudden appearance would account for it in a great measure."

"Perhaps so," he answered in a doubting tone; "but he evidently supposed her to be a near friend."

"Yes," said I, "there is no accounting for the freaks of nature in these close resemblances. I should be struck any where by her resemblance to Frank; yet you know there is no connection."

"She must have a singular countenance," he replied, "I noticed yesterday a strong likeness to young Clifford. Does she know of the circumstances connected with her early history?"

"Not a word of it."

"Nor Clifford?"

"No."

"Then, my dear cousin, I tell you frankly, I think in this instance you and the Doctor have erred — certainly you have not acted with your usual frankness."

I made many excuses which had been satisfactory to my own mind. He said no more, but only shook his head.

When we received Joseph's letter, I thought him the same light-hearted, merry fellow as of old; but I find he has grown very grave. I was a little troubled at what he said, and on conversing with Frank, I find that he is of the same opinion, that we ought at least to communicate the circumstances to Colonel Clifford, if we do not choose to tell Pauline. But Frank says since talking with Mr. Percival, and finding that he had no other child, he felt relieved of all doubt in relation to their connection. But though the thought of it makes me almost sick, I intend to-morrow to do what I know will give exquisite pain to Pauline, by telling her she is my child only by adoption.

Saturday, March 8th.

If my poor head will allow, I will try to give you an account of the events of the last three days. But I have suffered so much I really shrink from recurring to the subject.

In pursuance of my resolution to make the painful disclosure to Pauline, I made necessary arrangements to be free from interruption, as I feared the dear child's feelings would overcome her; and as I was far from intending that Nelly or Frank should know it at present, I did not wish unnecessarily to excite their curiosity. If the dear child were to know it at all, I preferred she should hear it first from me; and having procured the locket and package, I called her to my room, and went through the story as if I were relating the history of another person, and as briefly as justice to my subject would allow; but my great agitation, which I could not avoid becoming apparent, must have made her suspect that I referred to herself. She looked me full in the face, her eyes more and more dilated until she turned deadly pale. I became frightened that she did not give way to her feelings, and stopped, when she said in the most heart-broken tone I ever heard, "Then I am not your Pauline, mamma?" and leaned her head heavily on her hand.

I pressed her to my heart, and told her that she never was dearer to me than at present; that she was my first, and I had almost said, my dearest child.

But this has been a dreadful shock to the poor girl, who seems now to feel that she has no claim upon us. I talked with her a long time, telling her that I had never intended she should know of this; but that her father thought it dishonorable not to tell her or Eugene; and that I felt she ought to hear it from me.

"I think it would have killed me," she replied, "to have heard it even from father." After a moment she added mournfully, "may I still call you mamma?" when her pent up feelings burst forth with such violence as I have never witnessed. She wept and sobbed until her whole frame shook with emotion.

"My love, my own Pauline, you will break my heart if you do so. Our love is the same; it can undergo no change. My affection for you has been so selfish, that it has been my only fear with regard to you, that some one would claim you as their child; or

as has happened, that some one would win your love from your mother."

"Oh, mamma," said she joyfully, "I will give him up. I understood it was your wish. Indeed I told Eugene I did not wish him to consider it an engagement. We are too young."

"Dearest Pauline, I only told you to show you how strong was my affection for you."

After two hours, during which time I had but partially succeeded in calming her excited feelings, I showed her the locket, which affected her exceedingly, as also the letter from her mother to the servant. She held the tiny robe in her hand, while her tears fell hot and fast upon it. I told her that on no account would I allow Nelly and Franky to be made aware of what had passed.

"I shall tell Eugene?" she said inquiringly.

"If you think it best, love."

"Of course, I only meant whether you or I should tell him. He asked what I considered strange questions the second time I saw him. But I thought it would only pain you to hear them, so I did not repeat what he said. He asked if I had ever been abroad before. I told him "no." He then asked if I were nearly connected with this family, when I laughed and told him, 'my resemblance to father was proof of that fact.' He apologized, and said he had only asked me to satisfy his father." She took the locket, putting the chain around her neck, and bidding me good night, left me.

But it was a sleepless night to both of us. The questions of Eugene, to satisfy his father,—the doubts of Joseph were constantly recurring to me. Frank comforted me by saying I had done right in telling her what I had. After midnight I crept softly to her room, shading the lamp with my hand, and found her eyes wide open. She had thrown her arm over her sleeping sister, and had vainly tried to sleep.

"I have been trying to think who I am, mamma," said she in a sad voice.

“You are my own darling, Pauline,” I said, kissing her again and again.

“She looks happy and kind,” alluding to the picture, “but how could she give me up so?”

I begged her to try to sleep, and returned to my bed to make the same effort. The next morning she did not go down to breakfast, merely took a cup of coffee in her room; but begged me to let her know when Eugene came in. I did so, when she instantly came down to him equipped for a walk.

I attempted to remonstrate, fearing she was not well enough; but she said, “please, mamma,” in so sad a voice, I could say no more.

It was nearly noon. Joseph had two or three times volunteered to go in search of Pauline, for whom I felt great anxiety, when a man came running, breathless with speed, begging me to go to Colonel Clifford. He was dying.

I was on my way in a moment, Joseph attending me to the door. How can I describe to you what I saw? In order to make it intelligible, I must relate what the Doctor and Pauline afterwards told me. As soon as they started on their walk, she communicated to Eugene the circumstances I had related to her; and insisted that he should, without delay, make them known to his father, saying, “perhaps he will withdraw his consent when he hears that I am a foundling.”

Eugene spurned the idea, as unworthy either of him or his father, and protested that he only loved her the better. He earnestly implored her to go with him, to which she reluctantly consented. He found the Doctor by the bed side, and leaving his beloved in the next room, he went in. Having requested the Doctor to remain, he went on to tell his father briefly that Pauline was only an adopted child of Dr. Lenox, and that she would not consent to their betrothal until he were made aware of the circumstances, and had given his consent.

“Tell her, my son, that can make no difference in our feelings.

Bring her to me, I will tell her so." Eugene led her in; but no sooner did he see her, than he started forward as if to take her in his arms, and then with a loud scream fell back upon the pillows.

The Doctor and Eugene sprang forward in affright to raise him, and threw water in his face, when he gasped for breath, and pointing his thin finger to where Pauline stood, tried to speak, but for a moment was unable. "Eugene," at length he gasped out, "she is your sister, Inez," and fainted.

Pauline, intensely surprised, and agitated, darted forward, and kissed the face, brow and lips of the unconscious man, crying, "Oh! father, bless me before you die."

When he opened his eyes, her sweet voice was pleading for a blessing. A heavenly smile lit up his face, as he said, "Imogen, my own Imogen, I do bless thee, sweet wife!" He thought her his lost Imogen. But he soon knew her, and called her his beloved daughter Inez, whom he now saw for the first time. She turned from him to Eugene, who sat bitterly weeping with his head buried in his dying father's pillow; and putting her arms tenderly about his neck, said, "be comforted, dear Eugene, you have gained a sister."

The Doctor administered a cordial to the Colonel, who he saw was fast failing; and had sent for me.

When I entered the room, the dying man was passionately kissing the little miniature contained in the locket; and from that, as well as his instant recognition of the writing of his wife in the letter, there is no longer any doubt that she is his child.

He requested the Doctor to open a pocket book, and take out a blank envelope. Opening this, he showed some of the writing of Imogen, which exactly compared with the other. Again, and again blessing his long lost child, and bidding his children love each other as brother and sister, he requested to be left alone with the Doctor; when he told him where to find the packet directed to his son, to be left in his care. He expressed renewedly his

thanks that these disclosures had been brought to light in season to prevent so unnatural a marriage. He gave some directions, rendered necessary by the wonderful discovery. He then said, calmly, "I have now done with earth," and requested the Doctor to call his children to see him die.

Eugene threw himself upon the bed in an agony of grief. "My soul cleaveth unto thee, my son," said the dying man. And again mistaking Pauline for his beloved wife, he made an effort to reach her, exclaiming, "I come, my Imogen — I — *come!*"

Scarcely had the last words ceased to echo through the room, when the spirit of Colonel Clifford joined his companion in the world above.

Thursday, March 13th.

The remains of our deceased friend have been laid by the side of her whom he so tenderly loved, to rest until the morning of the resurrection. The arrangements for keeping the sacred place from intrusion are completed, and we are only waiting the arrival of the monument, which the Doctor has ordered from Rome, before we take leave of our respected friend, Mr. Percival, and depart for Paris.

"Thither where she lies buried,
That single spot is the whole world to me."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

“I had so fixed my heart upon her,
That wheresoe'er I fram'd a scheme of life
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I used to sweeten future cares;
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them.” OTWAY.

Friday, March 14th.

TO-DAY Joseph received a letter from Monsieur Vinet in reply to one he wrote, stating the time of our leaving for Paris. He writes that he will accompany Adele to Nice a day or two before that time, as she has a strong desire to become acquainted with persons of whom she has heard so much from her friend, Monsieur Morgan. For a few days past, I have noticed that Pauline remained more in the room when Joseph was conversing with the Doctor, and when thinking herself unnoticed, her attention became absorbed, and her eyes flashed, while the color came and went, giving her beautiful countenance a most bewitching variety of expression.

But if cousin happened to turn his eye in that direction, though the rich bloom on her cheek might assume a deeper tinge, yet the long silky fringes instantly drooped over her tell-tale eyes. I am sometimes almost vexed with Joseph. If he took half the pains to win her confidence that he did formerly, this reserve and coolness might be exchanged for the most delightful friendship. I wonder if he ever thinks of his request when she was a baby,

that I would train her for him. If he does, it is only to laugh at the follies of his youth. But I suppose what Frank suspects may be true; that he is attached to Adele. She will be here shortly, and we shall see.

Tuesday, March 18th.

This morning Franky, who is full of mischief, put his hand slyly into Joseph's pocket and pulled out a letter. Cousin was busily reading, and did not notice the theft until the young rogue put on his father's glasses, and crossing the room to place himself in an elevated position, began to read aloud. Pauline, though trying to restrain her mirth, yet shook her head; but as I recognized the letter as the one from Monsieur Vinet, and Joseph had read it aloud, I thought I would not spoil Master Franky's sport. The young gentleman is by no means an expert at deciphering a fine hand, and though the letter was written in English, failed to make sense. He therefore turned to the postscript, and elevating his voice to arrest attention, began, "Beloved friend, — The time seems very long since we parted, and I know you will be pleased to hear from your friend Adele" —

At the sound of that name, Joseph started, and with a quick glance around the room, snatched the letter from Franky, saying, "did n't you know it was very improper to read letters not directed to yourself?"

"I would n't have read it, Joseph, if I had known 'twas a love letter."

"Pshaw," said cousin, looking very much annoyed as he saw us laughing at his expense.

Nelly, who is a great favorite, went and put her arms around her cousin's neck, saying, "They sha n't laugh, Joseph, you shall have just as many letters as you please, and nobody but you and I shall read them. Dear Jo," she asked in a whisper, "Is she a darling? Shall I love her, when she is my cousin?"

Joseph started to his feet. "Who has put such nonsense into your head? Coz," he continued, turning to me, "where did Frank get hold of that letter?"

"He must answer for himself," I replied. As I looked up from my sewing, I saw that Pauline had left the room. After due confession from the delinquent, and a suitable shaking from Joseph, by way of reproof, which made the house ring with his merry laughter, cousin continued his reading for half an hour, when he started up, saying he would go and meet the Doctor, who was at Mr. Percival's.

At that instant Franky returned to the parlor, with a very dolorous expression upon his countenance. "Mamma," he exclaimed, "Pauline is crying as if her heart would break, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her, though I've asked her ever so many times."

This was so unusual an occurrence that I started to my feet to go to her, when Eugene threw down his pencil, (he was drawing a sketch of the house where his mother was born,) and said, "let me go, mamma. Please let me try my skill in soothing her grief."

I reluctantly resumed my seat. Joseph also replaced his hat in the hall, and stood looking from the window. "We must hasten our departure," said I. "Pauline is growing very nervous, which cannot be wondered at. Joseph," said I, addressing him, "I almost regret having followed your advice, to tell her she was not my own child. She grows thinner and paler every day."

For a moment, Joseph remained silent, and I was almost vexed that he was not more interested for Pauline, when he replied, in an unnatural voice, "Cora, I hardly think you are aware what you say. Would you have had her marry her brother?"

His tone conveyed such bitter reproof that my eyes filled with tears. For the first time, he turned from the window, and looked at me. I saw, with surprise, that he was very pale. He approached, holding out his hand, "forgive me, cousin; I spoke

harshly ; but would n't it be better for you to go to Pauline. She may not like to have Eugene witness her grief."

"Why?" I asked. "She is very fond of her brother."

He walked quickly across the floor. "You forget," said he in a hoarse voice, "how lately she loved him as her future husband. I have seen the struggle in her mind, to overcome such an affection, or rather to change it to the calm, though deep affection of a sister."

I looked at Joseph earnestly, as he walked back and forth across the room, with knitted brow and closely shut lips, and tried to discover the cause of his agitation. At length he stopped before me, and said, "will you go to her?"

"Yes," I replied, laying aside my work. As I went above, I heard him leave the house.

When I entered the school-room, I found Pauline sitting with her head resting on her brother's shoulder, while his arm was around her. She had ceased weeping, but still looked very sad. "Mamma," said Eugene, "I've been telling her how very naughty it is for her to feel sorrow, and not allow me to share it with her. She won't even tell me what makes her weep." Pauline put her handkerchief quickly to her face to hide the tears which were streaming unbidden down her cheeks. I motioned to him to leave her with me. He kissed her tenderly and went below. I then led the weeping girl into my own room, and having fastened the door, I sat by her side, and begged her to tell me what had afflicted her.

"There is a shadow far within your eye,
Which hath of late been deepening. You were wont
Upon the clearness of your open brow
To wear a brighter spirit, shedding round
Joy, like this southern sun. It is not well,
If some dark thought be gathering o'er your soul,
To hide it from affection. Why is this,
My Pauline, why is this?"

But after talking with her for nearly half an hour, I was no

wiser than at first. I could only get from her the confession that she was very unhappy, and wished she were safely at home in Crawford. I hinted to her what I suspected, that she found it difficult to change the nature of her affection for her brother so suddenly. She looked up quickly, as she replied, "Mamma, I was deceived as to the nature of my love for him. I never could have *married* Eugene; but he is very dear to me as a brother."

Hearing the outer door open, she sprang upon her feet, painfully embarrassed, and was going hastily from the room, but returned, and said in a low voice, "Please, mamma, say nothing of this to any one; I will endeavor to be cheerful."

When I went below, Frank had returned, and soon Joseph came in, and seating himself near the window, commenced reading in the book which had so much interested him when Franky stole his letter. I drew my husband to a retired part of the room, and told him I wished to leave Nice as soon as possible for the sake of Pauline.

After many questions on his part, and many replies on mine, I told him what she said with regard to Eugene. "I think she speaks truly there," exclaimed Frank eagerly. "I am convinced she never loved him. I mean as a suitor. I was almost sure of it at the time. She ought to be very thankful it has turned out so well for her."

"She is so," I replied. "She says, he is a very dear brother."

Here Joseph threw down his book, and taking his hat walked away from the house as if his very life depended upon his speed. The Doctor laughed heartily, as he exclaimed, "what an odd fellow Joseph is! I wonder what started him off on such a race. See there," he continued, approaching the window, "he is almost out of sight."

Pauline begged to be excused from coming down to tea; but stole quietly in as we were sitting talking in the moonlight. I hope she will feel better in the morning.

Wednesday, March 19th.

We were seated at the breakfast table this morning, when Ruth entered, bringing an exquisite bouquet, and saying with an expressive grin, "Here, Misse Pauline, dis bunch posies for you."

"Who brought them?" was eagerly asked by several voices. Franky took a French leave of the company and rushed down the street after the boy who had left them at the door. But he could not overtake him, and returned to join in the curiosity expressed on all sides, to know the donor of so tasteful a gift.

Ruth was questioned again and again, and asked to recollect if there was no message. But she kept firmly to her original story; "He laugh and say, he told, bring dat Misse Pauline; 'pears like he mighty pleased heself."

The bouquet was passed from one to another and was much admired. Joseph said, "whoever sent it might think himself well paid if he knew what a sensation it has caused."

When Pauline came to dinner she had selected a bright scarlet verbena with a few queen leaves and twined them around her dark tresses, which gave quite a glow to her pale countenance. I saw cousin look very earnestly at her as she was seated opposite him at table. The color deepened as she met his gaze, and this greatly added to her beauty.

Nelly has just run up from the parlor for me to go below. Monsieur Vinet has come with Adele. Now we shall leave Nice in a very few days.

Thursday, March 20th.

We are all of us charmed with Adele. She said she had heard Monsieur Morgan speak of us so often, she felt as if she were acquainted with us. When her countenance is in repose, which to be sure is very seldom, there is nothing about it to attract attention. But the moment she speaks, her whole face lights up, and there is a wonderful play of the features, which are ever changing their expression. She has handsome hair and eyes.

She wears her hair in quite a unique style, being parted smoothly off her brow, and after being gathered into a knot behind is worn like a coronet around her head. She is very graceful and fascinating; and we consider her an agreeable addition to our party.

When we came down to breakfast this morning, a vase was standing by Pauline's plate filled with flowers still fresh with the dew. As I stooped over them to inhale their fragrance, I saw a card among the leaves with the words "For the lovely Pauline, with the best wishes of a friend." The penmanship was delicate, like that of a lady; but we did not recognize it.

When Nelly explained the mystery connected with the flowers to Adele, she was quite enthusiastic upon the subject, and said gayly: "Oh! I do so love a mystery. It is so romantic. It is charming!" But she was unwearied in her efforts to unravel it. She first charged Eugene with being the donor, which charge he stoutly denied. Then she shook her finger at Joseph. "Ah, monsieur, you are the one. Now I'll call you to account for this piece of coquetry."

But Joseph only looked annoyed and said, "I have not left the house this morning."

After all had expressed an opinion, Pauline exclaimed, "I know who sent it."

"Who? *who*?" questioned Adele and Nelly, both at once.

"Mr. Percival, dear Mr. Percival," she answered with enthusiasm. I happened to meet Joseph's eye, which very much resembled the Joseph I knew in B—; but he instantly looked down and bit his lip to keep from laughing.

Saturday, March 22d.

The last two days have been spent by the young people in visiting for the last time all the favorite haunts and places of interest. Pauline's conduct is an enigma to me. Sometimes she appears very cheerful, and often when with Adele, I have heard her musical laugh ring through the house like a sweet toned bell;

but it is a forced laugh, and is almost always followed by great sadness. To-day her appearance pleased me better than it had for a long time. I thought her more natural. But this evening she is worse than ever. From what Nelly told me to-night, I fear this state of her spirits is somewhat connected with Joseph. During their frequent rambles, Pauline has always clung closely to her brother's arm before they left the house, to prevent the possibility of walking with her cousin. But to-night I noticed that when they returned, Adele accompanied Eugene, and his sister had taken Joseph's arm, while Franky held his cousin by the hand. They were talking quite cheerfully as they approached the house. I thought Joseph gazed down upon his companion with something of the reverence with which he regarded her in former years.

But after tea, Pauline happened to go with Nelly into the school-room, and found Joseph sitting by the window with Adele. To use Nelly's words, "Cousin Joe was holding her hand in his, and she was crying. She said, 'oh ! Monsieur, I can't indeed ! I can't bear such treatment.' I was just going," Nelly continued, "to ask her what was the matter, but Pauline pulled me away."

"Where is Pauline ?" I asked.

"She is in her room, mamma." I went to her door, but found it locked. This must not go on so. I am glad we are to leave here Monday morning.

Paris, Monday, March 31st.

The Doctor, Joseph and Eugene are planning excursions enough to last for a month. Adele, who resides with her uncle in this city, has promised to accompany the young people to all its places of interest. Indeed she has already begun to do so. Her uncle, who is also her guardian, is one of the firm where Joseph is a partner ; and it is thus she has become acquainted with him. I have noticed that since Pauline saw Adele weeping in the school-room with Joseph, she has avoided her cousin more assiduously

than ever. I am intending to renew some of my former acquaintances, while the others are sight-seeing.

Evening.

Pauline's bouquets have followed her to Paris. This evening she received a magnificent one. She said, "I am now fully convinced father procured them for me." I looked quickly at Frank, who only smiled.

"Oh! papa," said Pauline, throwing her arms about his neck with a natural burst of feeling, "I thank you so much. How very, *very* kind," and she kissed him affectionately. But the next moment with a convulsive sob she sank back into her chair and wept bitterly.

Joseph flew to her side, and leaning forward said, "Dear Pauline, how can I comfort you?"

Her father sent the children from the room, and took her tenderly on his knee, where, drawing her head to his breast, he whispered, "Pauline, my own dear child, cannot you tell your father the cause of your grief?"

I sat by her side while Joseph walked the room, stopping ever and anon as if about to speak, and then checking himself with difficulty. After a short time Pauline became more composed, so that she could speak, and she raised her eyes mournfully to her father's face as she said, "I forgot you were not my father, and I was so happy."

We were all much affected at the deep sadness of her tone, and Frank said, "Let us all forget it, my daughter. Your father loves you truly and tenderly;" and he pressed her in his arms as she lay like a child, hiding her face in his bosom.

Joseph could restrain himself no longer, but rushed forward and stooping down, took her unresisting hand. "Pauline, dearest Pauline, I cannot forget it, for the hour I learned that Eugene was your brother, was the happiest of my life. Won't you look at me, dearest, to show you forgive me?"

But the weeping girl clung to her father, while she absolutely shook with emotion.

Just at this moment, Adele burst into the room with very evident marks of excitement. Her eyes were much inflamed, and bore signs of excessive weeping. She walked quickly up to Joseph, and requested to see him alone.

Though evidently much annoyed, he led her into the next apartment, where we heard their voices in earnest conversation for a short time; then she wept aloud, and I could hear Joseph try to soothe her, and beg her to compose herself. Soon after, he left with her in the carriage which brought her to our hotel.

Frank looked much perplexed, and almost stern. Pauline wept so violently he feared the effect upon her. She sobbed out, "Oh, papa!" and pressed her hand to her heart. It was nearly an hour before we succeeded in getting the poor child to her chamber, and when I left her she promised to try to sleep. The Doctor is determined to wait for Joseph, and demand an explanation of his conduct, and as I am too excited to sleep, I have employed myself in writing.

Tuesday, April 1st.

After sitting up to receive Joseph, who occupies rooms at our hotel, until after two this morning, Frank retired to bed. I have rarely seen him more displeased. He says Joseph has trifled with Pauline's affections. I did not know what to think. I never saw anything in his conduct which led me to suppose he loved her.

We were dressing for breakfast when a servant brought the Doctor a note. It was from cousin, begging to see him as soon as possible. Frank followed the servant, instead of sending an answer; and you can easily imagine I awaited his return with no little impatience.

At length I went to see if Pauline were awake, and to my astonishment found her up and dressed. Her countenance was

pensive; but she tried to smile as she came forward for her morning kiss.

We were hardly seated before her father knocked and begged me to accompany Pauline to the parlor. He appeared so pleased, I could easily see that Joseph had been able to explain his conduct satisfactorily. When we entered the parlor, Joseph came quickly forward to meet us. Pauline shrank back as if she wished to avoid the meeting; but Joseph spoke a few words in her ear. What they were, I have not been able to find out; but there must have been some kind of a charm about them, for the dear girl started and gazed earnestly at him, when she seemed to feel satisfied, and artlessly put her hand in his. After pressing the dear little treasure again and again to his lips, he led her forward to where I sat looking on with astonishment. "Cousin Cora," said he to me, "fifteen years ago I asked the hand of your daughter. Your husband has just now made me very happy by giving his consent. Will you give me yours?"

"You are making a very bold request," I replied, as I drew the blushing girl nearer to me. "What say you, my daughter, shall we encourage such a suit?" "Just as you please, mamma."

"No, my love, not just as *I* please. You must speak for yourself." Joseph had thrown himself on one knee before us, and having made a prisoner of her little hand, he poured out all the story of his love — the agony he had experienced when he visited Nice and found her affianced to Eugene, and the many, *many* doubts and fears he had felt on account of her cold manner toward him.

The poor girl trembled excessively, and when he ceased, seemed absolutely unable to reply. He started to his feet and said, "O! Pauline, beloved of my soul, can you, will you accept my love?"

Making a great effort, she said in a very low voice, "I do love you, dear Joseph." I could hardly distinguish the words; but I suppose the old saying is true, "for lovers' eyes are sharp to see

and lovers' ears to hear," for the loving Joseph appeared fully to hear and appreciate her meaning, and was by no means sparing of his thanks on the occasion. I took the first opportunity to leave the room, though Pauline was almost frightened at the ardor of her lover, and clung to my dress, as I attempted to pass her.

The Doctor has explained to me what appeared strange in the conduct of our cousin, especially as connected with Adele. Her history I will give you in a few words. She was left when a child to the guardianship of her uncle. Being quite an heiress, he wished her to make what he called a great match. But Mademoiselle, whose wishes had never been crossed—whose slightest whim had been law to the whole household, had fallen in love with a young man whose only inheritance was a heart full of warm and generous impulses, united to a strength of determined purpose, which would in the end surmount all obstacles in his path, to riches and honor. All the wealth of his affections he had lavished upon the charming Adele, and she fully reciprocated the attachment. But Monsieur Vinet, her guardian, was very much enraged when the young and ardent lover asked the hand of his niece, and positively refused his consent. It was this which had caused him to send her for a time to his brother near Nice, in the hope that absence would dissolve their foolish fondness. Joseph had been made a confidant by each of the parties; and it was a letter addressed to him by Monsieur Couvier that had so distressed Adele while at Nice. It was a short postscript in relation to this subject which had so much disturbed cousin, when Franky commenced reading the letter aloud.

The crisis of her troubles which had occurred at a time so unfortunate for poor Pauline, was caused in the following manner. Adele, driven almost to despair by the inflexibility of her guardian, determined to make an appeal to him in her own behalf. She had thrown herself at his feet, and with all the enthusiasm of her impulsive nature, had begged his consent to her union with

the one she loved. She offered to give up to him all her property, and in everything else, to be all that he could desire. Monsieur Vinet really loved his niece after his own fashion, and could not be made to understand why she should prefer a man so poorly endowed by fortune, to one who, though of doubtful morals, and questionable virtue, yet was of noble birth and princely estate.

Having sued in vain for his consent, and being in her violent grief wholly unmindful of appearances, she had driven to our hotel to beg Joseph to intercede for her. I need not stop to detail all that followed. Suffice it to say that his influence, added to the distressing agony of Adele which she took no pains to control or to conceal, at length prevailed, and Joseph had the pleasure before he left them of feeling that he had been the means of securing happiness to two otherwise distracted hearts.

Wednesday, April 2d.

This morning the mystery connected with the bouquets has been revealed. After receiving her morning gift from the hands of the servant, Pauline gracefully went to her father, and thanked him for giving her so much pleasure.

Frank looked archly at Joseph, who quickly dropped his eyes, to conceal the look of merriment which begins to show itself. "Thank you, my daughter," Frank said, returning the kiss, "but I rather think you've bestowed it on the wrong person."

Pauline started, while a beautiful rosy hue spread all over her face, and gave one eager glance at her lover.

I saw it was with great difficulty that Joseph restrained himself from pressing her to his heart; but he bent lovingly over her little hand, and said something in a low, yet impassioned voice. If he intended to drive away her blushes, he was unfortunate in his choice of words, for they only deepened.

My husband and I have been talking over the whole of this novel courtship from beginning to end, and I feel quite humbled

as I am obliged to come to the conclusion that, while Joseph for fifteen years has never wavered in his affection for Pauline, who, he says, first awakened him to a sense of his responsibility as a man and a Christian, I, who have always prided myself upon my shrewdness in matters of the heart, have been blind as a bat. We expect to be with you on the twenty-second instant.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“And lo! at last relieved from every toil,
They come! the wanderers view their native soil!
Then the bright raptures words can never speak,
Flash in their eyes, and mantle in their cheek!
Then Love and Friendship, whose unceasing prayer,
Implored for them each guardian spirit's care;
In that blest moment all the past forget, —
Hours of suspense, and vigils of regret!” MRS. HEMANS.

Crawford, Monday, August 4th.

DEAR MOTHER, — Since the hasty letter I wrote you, announcing our safe arrival at home, my time has been so fully occupied that I have been altogether unable to resume my journal. Our dear, lovely Pauline is to leave us the first of October. It is fortunate for me that cares and duties demand every moment of my time, else I fear, I should spend much of it in the unprofitable employment of weeping. Indeed, there is a sad weight at my heart, and sometimes when my darling child sits down before me, and lays her head in my lap, I am completely overcome. How fully, dear mother, I can enter into your sorrow, when I remember the convulsive embrace with which you held me to your heart on the event of my leaving home. I can again see the tears which flowed like rain down your pale cheeks, and hear your broken voice saying, “May God bless you, my own dear Cora, and comfort your mother in her loss.”

I must relate to you one little circumstance in connection with Pauline, as showing the length of her attachment to Joseph.

Eugene was trying to unlock a small work-box, (as I had always taken it to be,) with a key of his own, his sister having playfully refused to allow him to see the contents. She sat by laughing, perfectly secure that he had no key which would fit the lock, when all at once the cover flew open. I had just entered the room, when she said merrily, "There, Eugene, give it to me. It's useless to try;" when, as she perceived his success, her tone changed to one of such deep distress, as she eagerly tried to take it from him. "Oh! my dear, *dear* brother, do give it to me." I looked in surprise. Eugene held the box behind him while she stood with anxious, tearful distress, begging him to restore it. I stepped quietly behind, and took the box with its precious contents from his hand.

"Eugene," said I, shaking my head at him, "you are a naughty boy to tease your sister." He called Nelly, his inseparable companion and adviser, and went into the garden. I still held the box, and when we were alone, I presented it to her with a smile, saying, "It would be safer, my dear, to put this out of Eugene's way, since he is so curious to know the contents."

She held it tightly for a moment, a struggle evidently taking place in her mind, when she said frankly, "Dear mamma, it is only some letters you permitted me to keep."

"*Letters* from whom?" I asked eagerly.

She put the whole into my hands, saying, "Dear mamma, you gave them to me," and she hid her face on my shoulder. Judge of my surprise when I found letters and scraps of letters dating back as far as 1836, when Joseph was a gay boy. In truth almost every one of them contained some message to his young friend.

Then there was a sheet of scribbling, with the names, Joseph Lenox Morgan and Pauline De Lacy Lenox, written in every variety of penmanship, in cousin's bold hand. These were interspersed with pictures evidently drawn to please a young child; a tall gentleman leading a little girl; then a young lady taking the

arm of her companion, while underneath were written the names "Joseph and Pauline." These were the precious mementos which she had hoarded with as much care as the miser does his gold; and she confessed with tears, that when Adele was with us at Nice, almost her only comfort consisted in reading over and over these messages of love.

"When Eugene told me of his affection for me," she added, with a slight shudder, "I thought I ought to destroy them; but I had not the strength to do it."

I pressed the artless child to my heart, as I said, "And when I blamed you for treating Joseph so ill, did you love him then?"

"Oh! mamma," said she weeping, "how I longed to tell you all about it! I never knew until Joseph came, how much I loved him. But then I knew also that Eugene loved me and desired me to return his affection, and I feared it would be wrong toward him, for me to show my strong attachment to my cousin. Besides I thought Joseph would despise me if he saw my regard for him while another sought my heart and my hand."

Thursday, October 2d.

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, my dear Pauline was married. I cannot yet realize that she has left me. The young couple started directly on their wedding tour, and will return in a fortnight to pass a few days with us, before they go to B——, where she is to be for the present, in the family of her father-in-law. It is their wish to give up the whole management of the household to her. But Joseph prefers to wait until she can determine for herself whether she will board with them, or whether the new couple shall set up a separate establishment and keep house by themselves. In the midst of all my sadness, I cannot but smile at his treatment of her. He listens to her words, as to oracles of wisdom, and is as tender of her as a father of an only and a feeble daughter, while she is the very picture of health and cheerfulness.

But I forget that I have told you nothing of the wedding, — the company, — the ceremonies and the bridal gifts. I allowed Pauline to make her own arrangements, and was not a little surprised and delighted at her characteristic choice of bridemaids. In all her plans, Eugene and Nelly were zealous, if not able advisers; and I doubt whether any young masters or misses were ever more elated than were those appointed to this service.

Upon Monday evening, Joseph arrived with uncle and aunt Morgan. Uncle presented his intended daughter with a splendid service of plate, manufactured expressly for her; and aunt, with a bridal veil which Joseph had imported for her. Tuesday evening a large box arrived from Lee Hall, directed to "*Mrs. Joseph Morgan elect.*" Poor Pauline was kept very rosy from morning till night, by Eugene's continual practice on the enunciation of this new name, that he might obtain its sweetest and most approved accent. The dear girl was almost overcome by this public recognition of her new title. On opening the box, it was found to contain a magnificent silver urn with slop-bowl to match, lined with gold. This gift was from our dear friend, Mrs. Mansfield. Many other appropriate and rich presents were received from friends, which I have not time to specify, as I must hasten to my account of the wedding.

It was private, but few being present, as Pauline is to meet her friends on her return, and has appointed the twenty-first of October, her father's birth-day, for her wedding party.

On Wednesday morning, at eleven o'clock, the time appointed for the ceremony, Eugene ushered us into the parlor, where we found Allen and Lucy, Dr. and Mrs. Clapp, Miss Proctor, uncle and aunt, Mr. Benson and Emily, and our dear mother with our beloved pastor and his family, while Cæsar, Phebe, Ruth and Ann filled up the back ground, and gave an agreeable variety to the shading of the picture. Eugene formally conducted the Doctor and myself to the seats of distinguished guests, and then retired to fulfil his duty as master of ceremonies, which from the youth-

fulness and inexperience of many of the company, and the perfect order with which they entered the room, must have required no little skill in the training.

First entered Eugene and Nelly ; then Charles Karswell and Anna Reynolds, who are shortly to be married ; next Henry Marshall, grandson of our friend the Attorney General, and Emily Lenox Mansfield ; next Franky Lenox and Susy Benson, while Willie Reynolds and little black-eyed Hatty Clapp brought up the rear. These all walked, with the order and dignity befitting the occasion, to their proper places, leaving a vacant space in the centre for the young bride, who entered last, leaning on the arm of him whom she had loved "from very childhood up."

Truly, they were a noble pair. He was tall and erect, with a broad, high brow, and eyes beaming with fondness upon the fair face so confidently upturned to his own. She wore a white satin dress with an over-dress of gossamer lace. Her hair, which she always wore in natural curls, falling upon her neck, was looped up at the sides with a wreath of orange flowers, that also confined her veil. Sister Emily, who, with Lucy Mansfield's assistance, dressed the bride, and gave the finishing touch to the dress of all the young men and maidens, was much delighted at the complete success of her efforts. Rev. Mr. Munroe, by a few mystic words made the twain one forever. Then after prayer for a blessing on the happy union, all walked up to salute the bride.

Though my heart was overflowing, yet I had been able to command myself until my husband led me to the bride. I tried to speak, but finding my voice inarticulate, hastily kissed her and retired for a few moments to recover myself. When I returned to the room, Cæsar was passing the cake, while his countenance wore a ludicrous mixture of sorrow and delight. He evidently felt a strong inclination to weep ; but his duties rendering this inappropriate and inconvenient, he tried to assume an expression of the joy which he conceived to be more befitting the occasion.

Uncle and aunt Morgan will remain with us until after Pauline's

return and levee. A list of the persons to be then invited she put into the hand of her brother Eugene. The day before she went, she consulted me about the number she should invite. I replied, "just as many as you please, and just whom you please."

From her choice of bridemaids, I rather think, there will be a miscellaneous company. But if it gives the dear girl pleasure and affords her an opportunity to take leave of friends, to whom she is ardently attached, I shall be satisfied.

Both she and Eugene were delighted that the levee would occur on their father's birth-day. Emily Benson has brought her babies to make us a family visit while uncle and aunt Morgan are here, so that I have no time to be lonely.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!”

ROWE.

Wednesday, October 22d.

LAST evening the company began to assemble for the levee at an early hour, and consisted of persons selected without any reference to the accidental distinctions of wealth and rank. Mr. Marshall, the attorney General, and Thomas Jones the reformed inebriate, but now one of the most respectable and respected citizens of the town, were in close proximity. Here too, were Mr. Allen and Mrs. Lucy Mansfield, at the head of the wealthy aristocracy, in animated conversation with William and Anna Reynolds, once so oppressed with poverty. Mr. Benson and Emily, who would anywhere be recognized as persons of true refinement and grace, bestowed special attention upon those present, who were unaccustomed to such scenes, and on that account timid and reserved. A table was extended the entire length of the dining room, and bountifully crowned with delicacies and luxuries, of which at the proper hour all were invited to partake. The bride and bridegroom with their train, who were in attendance as at the wedding, mingled with the company and addressed a kind word to each.

There were so many children and young people present who were obliged to leave at an early hour, that the Doctor, after consultation with me, requested Mr. Munroe to close this interesting interview with prayer. Instead of complying immediately with this request, I noticed that Dr. Clapp stepped forward and said something to the Doctor, and then suddenly left the room in company with the reverend gentleman, Mr. Marshall, Allen Mansfield, and one or two others. I looked at Frank, wondering what this could mean. He whispered to me, that Dr. C. wanted to have a little singing. I was still more puzzled when Emily Benson touched my arm and desired to speak with me. "They have found out," said she, "that it is Frank's birth-day, and want to sing a hymn in honor of the event. Take his arm and keep him quiet, just where you are." She then went and led mother and the children near me, and taking her husband's arm, stood behind us.

The gentlemen returned, and Dr. Clapp, who is a fine singer, commenced the following hymn, in which he was joined at first by nearly all the company except our immediate family :

To him who e'er hast lent a hand
 In hours of direst woe,
 Who like a brother led the way,
 And showed us how to go ;
 To him who oft has bowed the knee
 Beside the lowly cot,
 Here thanks we give, here thanks we pay,
 On this thy natal day.

Kind benefactor, brother, friend,
 Our words but feebly tell
 The gush of love comes over us,
 And in our bosoms swell,
 For all thy kindness, all thy care
 For souls by sin oppressed,
 Here thanks we give, here thanks we pay,
 On this thy natal day.

May He who in his precious word
Declares the giver blessed,
E'en far beyond recipients,
Pronounce thee doubly blessed ;
And as swift years their circles speed,
May lover, children, friends,
Combine to bless thy natal day,
As we our thanks do pay.

I never knew Frank so much overcome. He put his handkerchief to his eyes, and then made a movement as if he were meditating an escape from the room ; but I whispered, " don't leave me, Frank."

When the singing terminated, Rev. Mr. Munroe stepped forward and began to make a speech. My heart beat very fast ; and for a moment I felt as if I were going to be married. I was so much overcome that I could not hear all that was said, but the next hour was occupied with speeches addressed to the Doctor, by Rev. Mr. Munroe, Mr. Marshall, Dr. Clapp, and Thomas Jones ; each of whom in a most delicate manner, spoke of his happy influence and professional services. Mr. Munroe said, " No one could fully estimate the value of the labors of a pious physician this side of eternity." " Everywhere," he continued, " among this people, I find occasion to bless God for locating me in a parish where those labors abound."

Dr. Clapp thanked my husband for his kind attention, encouragement and friendship, and concluded by saying " I owe all my present ease and comfort to you, Dr. Lenox."

Allen Mansfield followed him, and in glowing terms spoke of the blessings for which under God he and his were indebted to Frank, and to our family.

Next Thomas Jones came forward to acknowledge his obligations. He commenced in a lofty strain. " Dear sir, I speak not for myself alone, but for a large class in the community, some of whom I see standing around you and your worthy lady and

family, persons who through your instrumentality.”— Poor man, his emotion choked his utterance, and he suddenly stopped, caught the Doctor by the hand, and broke out in a more natural and therefore impressive strain ; “ Oh, sir, think what I was when you found me, took me out of the ditch, led me home by the hand, encouraged and warned me, prayed with me and for me ; think of me, a poor besotted drunkard, frightening my own wife and children, and see what your kindness has made of me and of them. I say with Dr. Clapp, that under God, I owe all this to you, Doctor ; and there’s many here whose hearts are saying the same thing. God bless you, Doctor, your beloved wife and children ; and may he also bless us, and gladden our hearts, by many returns of your birth-day. Mr. Willard had prepared me a fine speech for the occasion ; but before I got through the first sentence I forgot the whole of it.” This frank acknowledgment suddenly turned the sorrow that was suffusing so many eyes into a roar of laughter, in which even the weeping Doctor could not but unite.

Finally, Mr. Marshall presented himself and said, “ Dr. Lenox, there are many persons in this company who have it in their hearts to reiterate the remarks of Mr. Jones, Dr. Clapp and others who have addressed you ; but the lateness of the hour forbids them the pleasure. Enough has been said to convince you, their esteemed friend and physician, that your labors have been neither in vain, nor unappreciated. In their behalf and in my own behalf, I thank you for your ministrations of kindness, for your charity to the poor, and your relief of the distressed ; and I cordially unite with them in the desire that your life and valuable services may be long spared to us, and to the community in which we live. I conclude with this sentiment : “ *Our beloved physician—he has sown bountifully, may he also reap bountifully, harvesting esteem in this world, and life eternal in the world to come.*”

“ Thy natal day —
And duly shall our raptured song,
And gladly shall our eyes
Still bless this day's return, so long
As thou shalt see it rise.”

When he had closed, Mr. Marshall, perceiving that the Doctor was too much overcome to attempt a reply, turned to the pastor, who concluded the service with a solemn and impressive prayer. There was hardly a dry eye in the room, while Cæsar and Phebe, who stood in the rear of our family, sobbed aloud. The Doctor kept his handkerchief to his eyes, and he told me afterwards, that it was with difficulty he could support himself.

After prayer, the company bade us good night and retired. The next morning, at family prayers, I was delighted to hear my husband pray that he might not be led to take to himself that glory which was due to God alone; but that the late scene might humble him and render him more diligent in his master's service.

Friday, October 24th.

This morning, before Pauline's departure, Eugene put into her hand, legal documents conveying to her one half of their deceased father's estate. Uncle and aunt Morgan are to return with the bride and bridegroom. Charles Karswell and Anna Reynolds are to be of the party as far as New York city, and Eugene to New Haven, where he is to resume his place in the senior class in Yale College, which he entered at the last commencement.

Now that they all have gone, I begin to realize that Pauline, the child of my heart, has left me, and in spite of all my efforts at resistance, a sadness steals over my spirits. I try to compose myself, and to realize some comfort from the thought my dear husband holds up to my view, that I have gained a son. But as yet I can only remember that I have lost the society and companionship of my lovely daughter; I think that Frank feels her loss almost as much as I do; for though he appears very cheerful, yet

there is a pallor about his mouth which I have always noticed when his feelings are deeply moved. I heard him as he left me to visit his patients humming a lively tune; but I knew that he only did it, as boys whistle in the dark, to keep their courage up.

CHAPTER XL.

“ When all the fiercest passions cease,
 (The glory and disgrace of youth;)
When the deluded soul in peace,
 Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
 And how to spare, to spend, to give;
(Our prudence kind, our pity give,)
 ’Tis then we rightly learn to live.” CRABBE.

“ *Papers relating to my beloved Imogen, to be read by my son on his attaining his majority.* H. C. S.

“ MY DEAR SON EUGENE, — When you unseal this packet, the hand which wrote this brief account of your mother, will be mouldering in the dust. When you have read it, you will need no farther explanation of the cause of that sorrow which has brought me to the grave. Nor will you wonder that I could never enter upon the subject so often and so naturally referred to by you.

“ My beloved Imogen, your mother was born in Nice, of highly respectable and wealthy parents. The estate on which they lived, which has of course much depreciated in value, together with funds in Paris, enabled them to live in comfort, and to bestow upon their only child, Imogen, the best advantages of education.

“ In the autumn of 1828, I went to Romē for the winter. There I first met her, whose image from that hour to the present has never left me. Though her great personal beauty, both of face and figure, joined to her remarkable mental endowments, rendered

her the object of universal admiration, yet I alone won the affections of her generous heart, a heart which, though warm and impulsive beyond even the daughters of her native clime, was pure as that of a vestal.

“But my throbbing pulse and trembling hand warn me not to delay at this point of my story. Suffice it to say that I returned with my beloved Imogen to Nice, and our betrothal receiving the sanction of her parents, we were married; their only condition being a promise from me, that when I was ordered abroad, (I was then in command of troops in his majesty’s service,) she should return to them to remain during my absence.

“No language can describe to you the happiness experienced by us during the few years which followed. An amount of happiness not often vouchsafed to man. Alas! *alas!* I sought nothing beyond the felicity of the present hour. I adored my wife, and lovely boy, but forgot even the being of that God, who had blessed me so far beyond the common lot of mortals. But early in the year of 1833, I was fully awakened to a sense of my bliss, by the thought of the terrible separation which had now become necessary. I received orders to join my regiment and go to India. I had taken one furlough after another, but now there could be no more delay. In the first frenzy of her despair at losing me, Imogen insisted upon accompanying me. But earnestly as my heart seconded this appeal, I could not be so rash as to allow it. It was within a few months of her accouchement; and I determined not to leave her until she was safe in Nice under the care of her parents. This, however, circumstances compelled me to do. At this crisis, Ralph Mortimer, a young officer, who was dear to me as a brother, arrived in England. He had sold out his commission, and was intending to go to France to recruit his wasted strength and spirits. I met him accidentally, and in a few moments had communicated to him the nature and depth of my affliction. He was somewhat roused from his melancholy by my distress; and without detailing minutely what followed, it was at

length decided that I should remain with my family until the time of sailing, and then Mortimer would proceed to Nice with Imogen and our boy. I presented every possible inducement to him to remain in Nice, that I might feel in case of her parents' death, or any unforeseen event, that my dear wife would have a protector. She, however, in private informed me that she feared constant intercourse with a man so morose and melancholy would only prey upon her spirits. But I hoped much from her influence to overcome this morbid state, and as there was no living being in whom I had such entire confidence, I rather urged this upon her. My friend I believed to be the very soul of honor and— But I cannot go on. I have been thus particular to show you that I was the only mover in these arrangements for her comfort during my absence; and that she unwillingly agreed to them solely out of her affection for me; often repeating, that in the society of her parents, and with the affection and nurture of her beautiful boy, she should endeavor to pass away the time, and count the months when I should return to her arms.

“Passing over the frantic grief of my loved Imogen from whom I was obliged forcibly to tear myself away, I went mechanically on board the vessel which I regarded with horror as the one that was to bear me far from all I loved; nay, idolized. Mortimer accompanied me, and I was startled from my brief unconsciousness and unconcern of what was passing, by his approaching to take leave.

“Drawing him passionately to a retired part of the vessel, I there extracted from my friend a promise that after accompanying her to her parental home, he would under all circumstances watch over her with the affection of a brother; that he would never cease his efforts for her happiness or prosperity. All this, he solemnly promised out of regard to our early and long tried friendship. Afterwards I let him go.

“During the ensuing year, I received letters from home announcing the birth of a little daughter; and also the sudden

death of my wife's father, which latter event was quickly followed by the decease of her mother.

“ Imogen was now alone, and Mortimer, though still an invalid, prompted by his desire to fulfil his promise to me, spent much of his time in her blissful society, having his rooms at the hotel, which was near her residence. It was his delightful privilege to watch the unfolding of our two precious buds of promise, to administer consolation to his sorrowing charge in her successive bereavements. Alas! *alas!* while soothing her grief, a pang entered his own soul. He suddenly awakened to the fact that he loved one, whose innocent purity of thought and action were at every meeting more and more apparent. He loathed himself for his perfidy to the brother of his early affections; that he had thus returned the generous confidence which had confided to him in perfect trust, the wife of his youth, the chosen companion of his heart.

“ But I am anticipating. Toward the close of the year 1834, I received a letter, purporting to be from a gentleman residing in Nice, and who professed great interest in me. This letter, though cautiously written, yet more than hinted at the unfaithfulness of my wife, and the perfidy of her companion, Ralph Mortimer. When I received it, like the bite of a poisonous serpent, it instantly diffused itself through every vein in my body. I gnashed my teeth that I could not get my hands upon the villain, and tear him to pieces. But I was thousands of miles away, and must bear my dishonor as best I might. After a night, spent in such horror as no words can describe, I determined to resign my commission, to sacrifice everything in order to get home. What was to become of me when there I never thought. But before I could accomplish my wishes, the idea which waking or sleeping was ever before me, of him whom I considered too vile, even for the company of devils, in the constant society and love of my hitherto adored wife—this idea so wrought upon a frame enfeebled by a hot climate, that I was laid upon my couch with fever. So violent was this attack, that there was no hope of my

recovery. For weeks, I lay unconscious; but when I recovered my reason, and was told I could not live, I knew better. I was sure I should be allowed to unmask the traitor, and expose Mortimer to infamy. I was right. I recovered so rapidly that the most sanguine expectations of my friends were more than realized; and far sooner than I had even dared to hope, I was ready to sail for England. But I had nearly failed in this, for when about to embark, having all my goods on board, I received another letter, containing intelligence which had I doubted before, would now, alas! have left no farther room for doubt. Burning with rage, I was carried on board ship, where, by a dreadful relapse of fever, I was brought a second time to the borders of the grave. Again mercy interposed, and I partially recovered. But I felt no gratitude for restored health,—no thanks to the Being who had preserved me amidst so many dangers. All the feelings of my soul were concentrated into one burning desiré for revenge, and every moment which delayed this, was an age to my impatient spirit.

“I landed in England, and without an hour's delay took passage for Havre, from which place I proceeded to Nice.

“Oh, my son Eugene! I have taken up my pen many times, and unable to relate, even to you, the awful, the shocking events which followed, have again and again been obliged to lay it down. But justice to your departed mother requires the sacrifice, and it shall be made.

“I reached Nice, and with the fires of Etna raging within me, I drove directly to the home of Imogen. She was not in. One of the servants informed me she had gone out to walk with Mr. Mortimer.

“The old steward caught my hand, as without waiting to see my children, I was rushing after the wanderers. “Thank God!” said he, “that you have returned.”

“Even in this cordial welcome, I read a confirmation of my dishonor. Having learned the direction they had taken, I flew

along the streets until at length I saw my wife approaching with Mortimer. I instantly crouched behind a wall, and as they passed, heard her imploring him to leave Nice.

“He told her it was in vain for her to plead. The time had passed when he might have done so; now it was no longer in his power to tear himself from her presence.

“Had I not heard enough? A voice within me thundered why wait for more? With one bound, I leaped like a tiger over the wall, and throwing him to a distance from where she stood, I presented a pistol to his breast.

“The movement had been so sudden, and unexpected, that for an instant they stood paralyzed. But recovering himself, Mortimer, though pale as death, stood erect before me, saying, ‘you can do me no greater favor than to end a life so miserable as mine has become.’

“There was something about him which reminded me of the loved Ralph of my boyhood, and my hand holding the pistol dropped to my side. But Imogen rushed forward and threw herself at my feet. ‘Spare his life! oh, Harry! *spare his life!!*’

“In this appeal, I recognized only her love for the guilty wretch; and I spurned her from me, calling her by the vilest of names. She fell senseless to the ground, and I, maddened by the scene, only waited to appoint a meeting for the morrow with Mortimer, when hastening to the inn, where I had ordered my horse to be left, I flew rather than rode to the next town. I cannot tell how I passed the night. At the time specified, I was at the place, and soon Mortimer met me. I placed a brace of pistols in his hand, and in a voice hoarse with passion, I bade him take his choice.

“Mechanically he took one from me, and then stopped. ‘Harry,’ said he, ‘one word before you fire. I alone am to blame. Imogen is’ — he hesitated — ‘*an angel!*’

“‘Yes,’ said I, drawing my breath with difficulty, ‘but a *fallen* one.’

"He groaned aloud. 'Oh, God forgive me that I should have made her suffer!'

"I was beside myself as he thus dared to avow his love, and I ordered him to stand, or I could not restrain myself. He stood around facing the sun. Even in my rage, I would not take advantage of this, but pointed to him to change his position.

"'No,' said he, 'I neither deserve nor wish to live. Fire, Harry,' he continued, as I paused. 'I never will raise my hand against one I have treated so treacherously!'

"'Ralph,' I exclaimed, 'You dare not refuse to give me satisfaction.'

"Without another word, he placed the pistol to his own breast, when, with a spring into the air, he fell heavily to the ground. He had taken his own life.

"I flew to him, and raised him in my arms. All my revenge was oozing out with the blood which poured from his death wound.

"'Oh, Harry,' he said faintly, 'tell me before I die that you will forgive Imogen. She is innocent. She never knew till yesterday that I loved her, and then she implored me to leave her at once. She said her heart was all yours.'

"I gasped for breath. 'Ralph,' I shouted, 'say again that she is innocent, and I will willingly lie down beside you and die.'

"'Harry,' and the voice grew more and more faint. 'I would not deceive you. Had she known the wicked feelings I have indulged, she would have spurned me from her presence.'

"'And you?' I asked quickly.

"'I dared — to love her — whom you — so trustingly — confided — to — my — care!'

"The last words were spoken so faintly, that by putting my ear to his mouth, I could scarcely distinguish them. 'Oh, Ralph,' I exclaimed in an agony of remorse, 'you must not die!' The blood had ceased flowing since I had crowded into the wound a handkerchief torn from my neck, and I began to hope he had but fainted. I shouted 'help!' Soon some men came running from

a field. I told them a man was dying from loss of blood, and I wanted help to carry him to the inn.

From that fatal moment, I remember nothing which passed for nearly a month, except lying in a darkened room, while a figure dressed in white floated around me. When I partly recovered my consciousness, I began to listen for the light footstep, and looked up to see my nurse. She was dressed in a gray robe, like the sisters of charity, with a hood which nearly concealed her face. I turned my head to the wall and sighed; but my thoughts soon wandered, and I forgot my disappointment. Whenever I slept, I dreamed that my Imogen was by my side, but awoke only to see the calm figure of the hooded nun. Twice I felt sure I heard violent weeping in the room, but could never discover the cause.

“I had now regained my consciousness, but I dared ask no questions. The nun never spoke. She performed the office of a nurse in the most tender and devoted manner. But after I had begun to question her, she left me, and her place was supplied by another. I asked my physician to restore the one who had so kindly watched over me.

“‘Her skill has saved your life,’ was all his reply.

“I asked him how I came to this place.

“‘When you are strong enough to bear it I will tell you.’

“This answer put me back several days. When at the worst, I one day suddenly opened my eyes, and found the gray nun leaning over me. For an instant the large lustrous eyes looked mournfully into mine, and I was sure Imogen was before me, when turning partly aside, a calm, cold voice asked me what I would have.

“The disappointment was too great. I buried my head in the bed clothes and wept. I saw her no more. A week passed away; it was a full month since I first asked the question; and I again implored my kind physician to tell me what had happened during my sickness. I found Mortimer had never spoken after he reached the house; and I had been discovered and conveyed to my home, I never knew by whom.

“I had over-estimated my strength, and again relapsed. But this time I had my reason. Then it was that my sins stared me in the face. I was a murderer. Yes, though my hands had not shed blood except in battles, yet in the sight of God, aye, and in my own sight, I was a murderer.

“But where were Imogen and my children? I had often asked this question, but had never been able to obtain a reply. I now determined to ask Mr. Percival; and taking advantage of an early visit, I put the question directly to him, ‘Where is my wife?’

“He shook his head mournfully.

“‘I cannot be kept longer in suspense,’ I exclaimed. ‘Do not fear it will injure me.’

“‘I shall probably be able to impart some knowledge of her at our next interview,’ he replied, and soon took his leave.

“When he bent over my head at parting, I saw his eye was moistened by a tear, and I loved him for sympathizing in my grief.

“Oh, my son! my hand almost refuses to record the pang which was soon to seize my soul. During the days succeeding his visit, I arose from my bed, dispensed with the services of a physician, and yet my kind friend came not. I determined to wait no longer. Though hardly daring to hope that my injured wife would forgive me, yet I longed to throw myself at her feet, and sue for pardon. I called my servant and told him to send for the clergyman.

“He replied, ‘Mr. Percival is below, and will wait upon you.’

Something in the manner of the man alarmed me, and sinking back in my chair, under an apprehension of I knew not what, I impatiently awaited my visitor. He came in, kind and gentle as ever, and sat by my side.

“‘You promised,’ said I eagerly, ‘to tell me of my Imogen.’

“‘I have come for that purpose, my son,’ and again he paused.

“‘Mr. Percival,’ I said, catching hold of his hand, ‘Have you no compassion?’

“He put his handkerchief to his eyes. ‘*She is at rest!*’

“I sprang from my chair, and stood before him, only half comprehending his meaning. ‘Where?’ I tried to articulate.

“He pointed upward. * * * * *

“I pass over the agony of that period. It was a long, *long* time before I could be reconciled to life. I could not endure the thought of leaving the grave of my lost Imogen, and I sent my steward to England for our children. My sympathizing friend, Mr. Percival, had directed me where to find them. The steward returned with you, my son; but from that time to the present, I have never been able to find the least trace of the little Inez. She had started for England with her nurse to meet you, who were there with our friends, and though I caused the strictest enquiries to be made, and advertised in the papers for many months, yet nothing could be learned. She was probably wrecked in a vessel reported as lost at sea about that time.

“This loss was, however, but slight compared with the one which from the hour I heard it, to the present, has pressed upon me with a mountain weight. The conduct of your mother was so spotless, that, notwithstanding the intimacy of Mortimer in the family, not a breath of calumny had ever fallen on their intercourse. The loss of her parents had been blessed to her soul, so that for a year she had been a humble Christian. She came and watched over me during my sickness in the disguise of a nun, the physician enforcing perfect silence as the only condition of her presence. She arose from her bed to look upon me once more, and then returned to the parsonage to die of a broken heart.

“My dear son, Eugene, I have now concluded my brief sketch of my crimes, and of your mother’s virtues. No motive less powerful than the desire to do justice to her memory, together with the hope that you may be enabled by the grace of God to avoid the one and to imitate the other, could have induced me to make a record of this portion of my life.

“I have with great satisfaction observed that in the sweetness

and urbanity of your disposition, you resemble your lovely mother. Could I feel that religion guided, and governed your thoughts and actions; that the instructions I have endeavored to impress upon your mind, would be sanctified to your heart by the Holy Spirit; that the daily and hourly prayers I have sent up to heaven in your behalf would be accepted, and answered, then indeed I could lay me down and die in peace.

“Oh, my dear son! Take warning by my crimes; by the sudden blighting of all my fondest hopes; by my premature old age; but above all, by the agony of remorse, which has in the prime of life, brought my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave; take warning never to be governed and controlled by passion. Never allow yourself to be influenced by what is falsely called “*honor*,” to raise your hand against your fellow.

“In every event of life you have a sure guide in the word of God. Read it, my son; read it daily; read it prayerfully; endeavor to conform your life to its precepts; so shall you be useful in life, peaceful in death, and happy through all eternity.

“And now, my dearly beloved son, *farewell!* Though my sins have risen up to heaven, yet the blood of my crucified Saviour has sufficed to wash away their guilty stains. I leave myself with him, trusting solely in his righteousness for pardon and salvation.

“Soon I hope to receive my summons to resign my earthly tabernacle, and to join my Imogen in forever singing praises to him who died to redeem my guilty soul.

“Eugene, my son, *Eugene!* FAREWELL !!”





UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 372 790 4

PS
1059
B1688c

