# Clifton; or, Vicissitudes in Both Hemispheres. A Tale of the Ninete

Theodore S. Fay

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# PREFACE.

In presenting a work of fiction by a new candidate for public favour, courtesy should induce the author to submit a fitting cause for obtruding himself in a circle rendered illustrious by an array of talent and virtue unsurpassed in any other walk of literature. Claiming no pretensions to equality with the master spirits who so worthily wield the sceptre in the empire of imagination, the author of the present volumes presumes but to follow at an humble distance the more distinguished of his contemporaries, and is rather a worshipper at their shrine than a pretender to rivalry near the throne.

Whether he has attained even partial success is not for him to determine. The theme chosen, and the period selected for its illustration, renders the work amenable to universal criticism. That the general knowledge of the times and scenes imbodied in the tale has its disadvantages, will not be denied. Independent of the facility with which the reader can detect errors, the very familiarity of the subject tends to divest it of some of the most attractive attributes of a work of imagination. In tracing events supposed to have existed in the more renowned sections of the Old World; in reproducing the poets, statesmen, or sages who have figured in their annals; and in sketching scenes which the imagination of youth and the memory of age combine to invest with the colours of the rainbow, the author can deviate somewhat from fidelity of outline and truth of detail without detracting materially from the general interest of the narrative. The learned critic, it is true, may expose defects and prove discrepancies; but his dictum either fails to arrest attention, or is drowned in the shouts of general applause. The vicissitudes in the history of the principal personage of the tale are such as have befallen many in the struggle for eminence; and if their delineation should instil into the breasts of any of his countrymen fortitude under privations and perseverance under difficulties, the author will not have written in vain.

New−York, June, 1839.

# VOLUME I.

# CHAPTER I.

A DESPERATE CHARACTER.—SCENE IN A NEW−YORK AUBERGE.—SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

"He, born, perchance, for better things, had set
His life upon a cast which lingered yet:
But now the die was to be thrown, and all
The chances were in favour of his fall."
* * * * *
"Silent, and sad, and savage—with the trace
Of passion reeking from his clouded face."

*The Island,*
by Lord Byron

It was near the close of a gloomy and cheerless day in November, anno domini 18—, that two illclad men were seen to enter one of those minor houses of entertainment which abound in certain localities in the city of New−York.

The individual who first entered appeared little past the prime of life, and possessed a frame that seemed equally endowed with strength and activity. In height he was somewhat beyond that usually designated as the middle size; and although his black bushy hair was slightly sprinkled with gray, yet his firm and elastic step and erect carriage denoted the possession of unimpaired bodily energies. His dress had little to distinguish him from the mechanic or labourer, being composed of a drab peacoat and trousers; but the hat, which was placed somewhat jauntily on the side of his head, retained some faded evidences of former fashion and elegance, leaving the beholder in doubt whether to class its wearer among the numerous race of brokendown gentlemen, or as one who chose to deck a portion of his outward man in their discarded habiliments. As his face was momentarily turned to the light, it presented a bold and regular profile; but a dark and chilling scowl from time to time flitted across his features, and the frank bearing he assumed was belied by involuntary glances of suspicion and distrust. His companion was short in stature and less muscular in frame; and although his years were less in number than those of his associate, yet the effects of recent disease impaired the elasticity of his movements. His dress was that usually worn by seamen, a short blue jacket, drab trousers, whose lack of width at the hip was abundantly compensated by extra dimensions below the knee, a glazed hat, and sealskin pumps. In his face there was little to attract observation, if we except a combined, or, rather, varied expression of low cunning and reckless gayety, which were so equally blended that it was impossible to judge which habitually maintained the ascendant.

A single glance at the furniture of the room into which these personages found entrace, indicated the shrine at which its votaries offered incense.

The rude bar, the soiled decanters, filled with those adulterated liquids so aptly termed by the American aborigines "*fire water*," the stained table, on which lay scattered a pack of playing cards, and the rickety and dismembered chairs, were unerring testimonials of the character of the tavern, its keeper, and its frequenters. Behind the apology for a bar stood an individual in the prime of life, but whose inflamed eye, swollen cheek, and premature wrinkles imparted a tale of vicious indulgence which had already sapped the foundation of a naturally vigorous constitution.

By the side of the deal table sat a youth, apparently on the verge of manhood, whose lack−lustre eyes were momentarily attracted by the entrance of the two visiters; but, after a careless glance, his head again drooped over the table in real or affected unconsciousness.

As the visiters entered, they directed the bar−keeper to furnish them with refreshments, and retired to an apartment in the rear of that to which the attention of the reader has been directed.

"Well, Maddox," said the one first described, as they seated themselves, "of all the cronies that have played hide and seek in my affections since we met, none have retained their first station like you. Indeed, my good fellow, if I was only to tell the scurvy tricks that not less than half a score of our *very good friends* have played me within the time that our fortunes have separated us, I should only mar the present hour with gloom. But never fear, I'll *pretend* for the next half hour that there are clever fellows in the world besides ourselves, and that is long enough to deceive one's self or one's friend, in all conscience."

"Why, Glenthorne," replied his companion, "I'm glad to see you in good spirits. 'Faith, old Squaretoes himself could scarcely look blacker than you did the last time I met you in Boston. I thought you were watching me for fear I'd blow you; but, as long as you play fair, all's right, my old boy."

Whatever might have been the nature of the allusion uttered by Maddox, its effect on his auditor was of the most exciting description, and the complacent smile that welcomed his quondam associate was instantly changed to a look of unmitigated ferocity.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, with great violence; and, at the same time springing forward, he caught his victim by the throat with so vicelike a gripe, that his tongue was thrust out and his whole face became livid. "By heavens! a word more to the same purpose, and I'll leave you a corpse at my feet."

The struggle brought forth the landlord and the youth from the barroom; but, on their appearance, the assailant relaxed his grasp, and, apologizing to the parties for his violence, he, with much apparent contrition, solicited pardon from his prostrate foe, who was unable, from exhaustion, to return an intelligible reply.

After this equivocal exhibition of affection on the part of Glenthorne, the conversation was evidently constrained; and although the assailant endeavoured, by every means in his power, to sooth the irritated feelings of Maddox, it was apparent that his progress was in an inverse ratio to his exertions, until, abandoning the effort, he swallowed the remains of his potation, and with a hasty "good−evening" left the house.

No sooner had his footsteps ceased to echo from the threshold, than Maddox beckoned the youth from his meditations in the barroom, and, after a hasty conference, the latter issued forth in the direction taken by Glenthorne.

Meanwhile that individual, with rapid strides, threaded the narrow and filthy streets that intersected the quarter of the city in which the tavern was situated, until he reached a broader and more commodious thoroughfare, when, sliding into the porch of a fruiterer's shop at one of the corners, he gave a long and piercing survey of the route he had traversed, scanning the lineaments of each individual within the scope of his vision, till, apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, he more leisurely joined the throng that poured along one of the most busy streets of the metropolis. Directing his course to a distant part of the city, he entered a low and weather−beaten dwelling, and hastily ascended the stairway to a room in the rear of the second story.

The sharp, shrill bark of a stunted terrier saluted his entrance; but, as the door swung open sufficiently to discover his person, the savage growl of the animal was changed to a friendly whine of recognition, which was answered by a kick that sent the poor brute howling to the opposite corner of the room.

If the outward appearance of the dwelling indicated the abode of indigence, nothing presented itself within the apartment to weaken or efface the impression. A few broken and unmatched chairs, a narrow cott at one side of the room and a bed at the other, the covering of both much frayed and worn, a decayed bureau, a dilapidated travelling−trunk, and a few rude cooking utensils, constituted the principal articles of ornament or use in the room, which appeared to serve the purposes of parlour, bedroom, and kitchen. By the side of the hearth, where a few expiring embers were struggling to retain a feeble existence, sat a female, apparently of some twenty−five years of age, in whose sunken eye and faded cheek might be discovered the remains of much beauty and intelligence; and although her attenuated frame had lost the voluptuous fulness of its early prime, there was that in the symmetrical curve of her neck and shoulder, the delicate tapering of the fingers and the chiselled lip, that would arrest the attention of the most indifferent observer.

The exclamation, in the silvery tones of her voice, "Down, Trimmer, down," was heard simultaneously with the howl of the terrified animal, which sought shelter from farther injury behind the chair of his

indulgent mistress.

"Curse the dog, I wish I had dashed out his brains," grimly exclaimed Glenthorne; "curse him; he is something like the mistresses and wives of the present day, who only wait till misfortunes have buffeted their paramours or husbands to join the world of curs in yelping at their heels.

"By the gods! I don't know what women and terriers were made for, except as a penance to fit us for the heaven that fools and bigots prate about."

With this affectionate salute the speaker threw himself on a chair.

The barking of the dog and the loud tones of Glenthorne's voice awoke a child of some three years of age, who occupied the cott; but, on raising his little head and perceiving the form of the speaker, he suddenly drew himself under the clothing, and his deep short breathing was all that thereafter indicated his presence.

To these taunts of her associate the female retorted with warmth, until, evidently overcome by her emotions, her head drooped on the back of the chair, and she sobbed in very bitterness of spirit.

Before this silent rebuke the sternness of the reviler relaxed, and after some inaudible mutterings rather to himself than to his weeping auditor, he suddenly started up, exclaiming,

"But why do I remain here to be caged like a wild beast; already the bloodhounds of the law are probably on my track, lapping their hungry jaws for the repast. By heavens! if they do come they shall not gain a bloodless victory. I can die but once, and I'll leave behind me gory evidences of the prowess of one against whom society has warred with unrelenting fury.

"Why, again I say, let them come; there is that in these *trusty friends* (the only true ones I ever possessed) that shall make a pair of them at least bite the dust."

While closing this fierce soliloquy he opened one of the drawers of the bureau, in which were deposited a pair of silver−mounted pistols; and examining the priming with some care, and ascertaining that they were in a condition for action, he deposited them on the top of the bureau, and carefully secured the fastenings of the only door through which intruders could find entrance. Apparently satisfied with these preparations, he resumed his seat, but the fall of his companion from her chair in a swoon suddenly arrested his attention.

Springing from his seat in great agitation, he drew a bottle of spirits from a closet, and applying it to the forehead and temples of the sufferer, at length succeeded in restoring her to animation, but it was a considerable time ere her palsied faculties appeared to resume their functions. Slowly gazing around the apartment, her eyes no sooner rested on the pistols, than, uttering a faint shriek, she relapsed into unconsciousness, which was, however, of brief duration.

"What dreadful words were those you uttered?" was her first exclamation on her revival; "did you not say that they were seeking your life? Speak, do speak, or my heart will break; for the love of Heaven keep me not in suspense, but let me know the worst. Although you *did* speak harshly a moment since, I *know* that you are aware of my fidelity and affection, and that, if they lead you to death, they shall bury me in the same grave with you. But no! no! it cannot be! Say that it was a dream, or say that you did but mock me, and I will fall down and worship you."

In the sternest and most obdurate natures there are sympathetic influences that lie concealed until aroused by a master spell, and the heart of Glenthorne was not proof against the earnest and passionate appeal of the lovely and confiding being at his side. Summoning, therefore, a blandness of manner that to her was as rare as it was delightful, he briefly detailed the events already recorded; and while he admitted the probability of Maddox's ignorance of his retreat, he yet expressed a firm determination of removing to some other quarter of the globe.

"*Where* I fly," said he, musingly, "is but of little consequence; while I herd with human beings, I must expect treachery to poison the very air I breathe; and whether it lurks beneath the turban of the Turk, the mustache of the Spaniard, or the hypocritical leer of the puritanical Yankee, is a matter of indifference. Suffice it for me to know that I am at war with all my race; and were not my pride enlisted to defeat the schemes of that reptile Maddox, who seems to be thrown by some devil across my track, the present is as propitious a moment as will arrive to select the manner of my exit from this den of vipers."

It is the curse of guilt to be compelled to select its instruments and auxiliaries from the very hotbeds of

treachery, thus converting the elements of success into implements of detection and punishment; and the anxious and careworn countenance of Glenthorne attested the fact, that, whatever might have been the nature of his misdeeds, the enjoyment that had marked their inception, progress, and execution was now ingulfed in the apprehended consequences of Maddox's anticipated disclosure.

The reader must not infer, from the seeming confidence which he reposed in his companion, that he had imparted to her the true cause of his disquietude. Being fully aware of the impracticability of entirely concealing the hazard that he daily incurred of detection, his ingenuity was taxed in manufacturing a statement in which misrepresentations were so artfully interwoven with immaterial facts, that a less favourable auditor than he possessed would have failed to detect the semblance of improbability in the story. Most true it is, that there were moments in which an unwonted display of brutality on his part would arouse unwelcome suspicions; but the slightest appearance of kindness and regard would banish intruders so alien to her bosom.

It is justly remarked, that in the breast of none does superstition hold so absolute a supremacy as in those over whom the sword of destiny or justice is suspended, like that of Damocles, by a hair, and Glenthorne's apprehensions were much aggravated by the recollection of an ominous dream that had disturbed his slumbers on the previous night. He thought he was sailing in a pleasure barge, on the bosom of a placid lake, when suddenly a squall struck the boat and precipitated him and his companions into the waves; and while he was struggling to gain the shore, a serpent coiled itself around him, and as its slimy folds were encircling his throat, its head suddenly assumed the features of Maddox, grinning with delight at his expiring struggles. Long in imagination did he wrestle with the reptile, until his agitation awoke his companion, who relieved him from the dominion of the horrid nightmare.

The casual meeting with Maddox, and the events connected therewith, appeared to his excited mind as a partial fulfilment of the omen; and it was not until he had braced his nerves with artificial stimulus that he could coolly reflect on the proper means to elude the vigilance of his adversary. Long, anxious, and absorbing was the conversation that ensued between Glenthorne and his *chere amie* (for, alas! wedlock had not sanctioned their union); and when, at its close, he pressed her to his bosom with a tender kiss, tears of joy, such as had long remained sealed in their fountains, flowed in streams down her cheek; and it is doubtful whether, in the first flush of gratified passion, her heart bounded with such perfect felicity as on the reception of this long−withheld evidence of her companion's regard. As the evening was far spent, the guilty man and his unhappy victim retired to rest; and reposing on the bosom of him for whom she had relinquished reputation and innocence, she sunk into a slumber so calm that it is difficult to believe, whatever were her frailties, that they had not found a successful advocate at the mercy−seat of Heaven.

## CHAPTER II.

NATURE'S ECCENTRICITIES.—A CONTRAST.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.—ONE CRIME BEGETS ITS FELLOW.—SCENE IN THE CITY WATCHHOUSE.

"First on the head of him who did this deed My curse shall light."

*The Curse of Minerva.*

The observer of nature in all her phases cannot fail to have remarked the tendency of mind and matter to form alliances with their opposites. The delicate tendrils of the vine embrace the trunk of the sturdy oak with sympathetic tenacity; by the side of the mountain torrent, and on the verge of the dizzy precipice, flowers, the beauty of whose tints shame the colours of the rainbow, scatter their richest perfumes; and around the riven arch, the prostrate column, and the mouldering fane, vegetation arrays her most gorgeous trophies.

Although, in the animal world, the beautiful prediction in the inspired volume, that the "lion shall lie down with the lamb," has not yet been fulfilled, still instances of attachment between natures not less incongruous are not wanting, to puzzle the wits of the seeker after analogies and affinities. In the great collection of wild beasts in the royal menagerie of London, the lordly lion formed an attachment of the most endearing character with a whiffet that was thrown into his cage to be devoured; and an array of well−authenticated facts of the like description could be produced, if necessary, to establish the prevalence of this characteristic in the brute creation.

But if the material and animal world abound with proofs of the verity of the hypothesis, in man the phenomenon has achieved its most wonderful triumph. At every step of our journey along the highway of life, we meet gentleness and modesty hand in hand with blustering arrogance, high−souled integrity paired with smooth−faced deceit, and unbridled licentiousness sustaining the form of unsullied purity. The attachment of ladies below the ordinary size to gentlemen of the grenadier standard is proverbial; while genius, with its sublime aspirations, its delicate perception of the beautiful and the grand, and its longings for ideal excellence, is not unfrequently content to wed with folly and deformity. Whether the ancient practice of placing an individual near the person of the monarch who was professionally known as the "king's fool," originated in this eccentricity of nature, or whether the beams that emanated from the wisdom of royalty were too intense to be gazed on by the multitude without summoning the shadows of folly to mitigate their force, is not for transatlantic republicans to determine.

Well are we aware that there have not been wanting rebellious and perverse democrats, who have insinuated that the "king's fool" was selected for the sole purpose of diverting public attention from the imbecility of the "Lord's anointed;" and some have not scrupled to aver that the fool often possessed the wiser head of the two; but slanders so gross carry with them their own refutation, and happily relieve us veritable historians from the necessity of chastising their authors.

But in whatever form this attraction in apparent opposites has displayed itself in others, certain it is that Glenthorne and the female with whom he consorted afforded a most striking illustration of its existence and its power.

In her, nature had combined the beauty of form and purity of mind that give so powerful a charm to the female character. Educated under the supervision of tender and affectionate parents, her budding charms, as they developed themselves in early womanhood, were only equalled by the fascinations of her mind; and at the age of nineteen she might have been pronounced one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of whom the continent of America could boast. If she possessed any constitutional defect, it was that of exaggerated susceptibility to all the influences of passion and feeling, lending a tinge of romance to a mind that would otherwise have possessed the perfection of judgment and discrimination.

Glenthorne, on the contrary, without originally possessing all the faults that marked his subsequent career, was stern, licentious, vindictive, and overbearing. Long previous to his acquaintance with his unfortunate victim, his passions had attained a complete mastery over his judgment; and, as has been seen in his interview with Maddox, even the most powerful considerations of personal safety failed to restrain

his unruly temper within prudent limits.

At the time of their first acquaintance he had numbered nearly twice her years; and although his education was such as entitled him to a respectable station in mixed society, yet the cultivation of his mental powers had failed to remove a certain air of vulgar assurance that did not pass without remark from impartial observers. To the lady, however, he proved irresistible; and the first intimation that her relatives had of her attachment was conveyed in a brief letter written by herself on eloping with her lover. With their subsequent career, up to the period in which they were introduced to the reader, this portion of our history has no connexion, and we therefore return to the humble dwelling in which they temporarily resided.

To the exhausted female, the repose that followed scenes of so exciting and agitating a tendency was calm and overpowering; but to her guilty companion no such boon was vouchsafed. Goaded by the demon of remorse, and shuddering at the dark precipice that yawned in fearful distinctness before him, his fancy continually conjured up images of detection and punishment which no efforts of judgment could dissipate. Wearied at length with vain attempts to silence the voice of the monitor within, he gently glided from the side of his mistress, and, after hastily arranging his dress, lighted a taper, and continued to pace the floor in a state of feeling that was in itself a heavy punishment of his offences. This occupation had been pursued but for a brief space, when several voices heard in the street directly opposite the house were quickly succeeded by a gentle tap at the outer door, which was from time to time repeated, until a cartman, who occupied lower apartments in the dwelling, demanded the cause of so unseasonable an intrusion. The reply was couched in terms sufficiently ambiguous; but, after a brief colloquy, the door was opened, and the heavy tread of several persons was heard passing through the narrow hall and ascending the flight of steps that led to the apartment of the sleepless Glenthorne.

While these events were taking place below, he again had resort to the bottle; and, after a lengthened draught, he summoned those energies which had on all former occasions developed powers equal to the emergency, but which appeared on the present to fail in directing him to any feasible plan of escape.

Resorting, therefore, to the desperate resolution of selling his life as dearly as possible, he grasped his pistols, and awaited in silence the appearance of his captors.

After a brief conversation in an under tone, in which the quickened ear of Glenthorne detected the voice of Maddox, a powerful assault was made on the door, the fastenings of which proved treacherous, and the assailants rushed in a body into the room. The report of two pistols followed in rapid succession, and the heavy fall of one of the intruders attested the fatal skill that had been exhibited in their discharge.

A shrill and almost childlike shriek succeeded; and, casting his eyes on the prostrate form of the wounded individual, Glenthorne recognised the youth whose presence at the tavern was noticed in the previous chapter.

"Confound the foolish boy," he muttered through his teeth; "why did he thrust his womanish face between me and the scoundrel Maddox? I'd barter my hopes of heaven for another shot at that villain's heart."

The strong grasp of the minions of the law interrupted his vindictive speech; and appearing convinced of the futility of farther attempts at resistance, he passively submitted to the manacles that were placed on his arms. As may be inferred, these eventful occurrences did not fail to arouse the sleeping inmates of the apartment.

So sudden was the onset, and so rapidly passed the events that succeeded, that the bewildered female was incapable of comprehending the nature of the uproar, until the fall of the youth and the seizure of Glenthorne developed the catastrophe in all its horrors. Springing from the bed in her night clothes, and insensible to everything but the safety of him she loved, she rushed to his side in an agony of terror.

By this time Maddox, who, on the discharge of Glenthorne's pistols, had prudently retired to the rear of the party, now that he was secured, valiantly placed himself forward and confronted his enemy.

"Aha!" said he, "my jockey, you're caged at last. So you thought to wing me, did you? You ought to know that I'm too old to be upset in that way. You always go off half cocked; but, as the Kentuckians say, you're not a priming to me. I'll have the satisfaction of seeing you dance upon nothing any how. Well, well, I'm of a forgiving temper, and after your neck is well stretched I'll cry quits."

With this harangue the speaker placed his arms akimbo, and with an insulting leer at the prisoner, grinned in evident triumph.

As the last words fell from his lips, Glenthorne's eyes flashed and his face reddened; and raising his arms, he made a rush at Maddox, designing to fell him with the manacles with which his wrists were confined; but the wary eye of that worthy detected the movement in time to escape the blow. Justly supposing that there might still be danger in too close proximity to such a desperate prisoner, he again took up his position in the rear.

Meanwhile the wounded youth was stripped of his coat and vest, when it was found that the bullet had passed through his breast near the region of the heart; and from the fact that but little blood flowed outwardly, it was judged that the internal hemorrhage was proportionably great. As they applied the light to his naked breast, the prisoner rushed forward with the most violent symptoms of agitation; and gazing as if his eyeballs would leap from their sockets at the semblance of an eagle that was imprinted in India ink in the upper part of the shoulder of the sufferer, he exclaimed, in tones of heartrending agony, "My child, my child," and fell prostrate across his victim. There are periods when the miseries of years appear to concentrate in a single moment of horror; and as the prostrate Glenthorne raised his head from the position it had occupied on the form of the wounded youth, the change that had taken place in his features was absolutely fearful.

His ruddy and flushed cheek had assumed an unearthly ghastliness; his eyeballs appeared to have retreated to the very depths of their cavities; his nostrils were compressed like those of one on whom the angel of death had set his seal; and his livid lip and the distorted muscles of his face were terrible witnesses of the giant shock that had shattered every fibre of his frame. If *Salvator Rosa* could have viewed the group that now presented itself, his master genius would not have been unworthily employed in its delineation.

The athletic and muscular frame of the prisoner, his limbs still quivering with the intensity of his agony; the elegant but attenuated form of his female companion, whose sunken eyes were gazing in his face with eager and inquiring solicitude; the wounded youth, whose compressed lips and frequent moans indicated his sufferings; the group of officials, their strongly−marked features partially cast in shadow; the shrinking Maddox, with subdued apprehension still resting on his repulsive countenance; the shivering child, that had quietly crept near the female; and the astonished terrier protruding his head from beneath the bed, where he had retreated on the entrance of the assailants, were the prominent objects that would have glowed upon the canvass.

It is unnecessary to detail the events that occurred before the removal of the prisoner. Suffice it to say that the wounded youth was placed on the bed, and that a messenger was despatched for a surgeon to minister to his relief. The female hastily arranged her dress, and with a countenance on which the traces of violent emotions were still visible, prepared to follow her protector to the cells of the watchhouse, whither he was about to be conducted. To this determination both the prisoner and the officers urged many objections, but no persuasion could induce her to abandon her purpose. As the party issued from the house, they found that a chilly and drenching rain had succeeded the close of a gloomy day, while the wind, which blew in fitful gusts, rendered the storm peculiarly severe on those who, like the female and child, were clad in light summer dresses. Little, however, did the unfortunate victim of unlicensed passion heed the rude encounter of the elements. The master grief that held possession of her mind permitted no rival, and she therefore moved on in that hopeless misery which admits of neither consolation nor forgetfulness. As they passed through the silent and deserted streets, the thoughts of Glenthorne involuntarily reverted to the period when a youth, with heart bounding with rapture, he first threaded their windings. Rapidly did the prominent events that had marked his career, from that happy state of innocence to the present cheerless moment, pass in review before him, and startling was the groan that issued from the depths of his bosom at the survey.

At length the dark outline of a large building, whose subterraneous recesses were occupied for the purposes of a watch−house, was imperfectly defined by the lamplight, and soon the prisoner and his attendants were confronted with the burley form of that autocrat in his own dominions, the captain of the watch. The individual to whom was intrusted this important duty on the present occasion was some fifty

years of age, and his corpulent figure, and florid and self−satisfied countenance, attested the perfection to which he had arrived in practically attaining the philosophy of good living. As he occupied the judgment−seat, which was considerably elevated above the floor of the apartment, he threw himself back in his elbow−chair, and, placing his arms akimbo, cast on the prisoner a look which, if it failed to intimidate that individual, was evidently intended by the consequential dignitary as *a floorer*.

"What is this ugly−looking rascal brought in for?" was his first inquiry of the officers.

Briefly they informed his worship of the manifold crimes that were laid at the door of the prisoner, and most indignant was that respectable functionary at their enormity.

"I knowed the fellow was a scoundrel when I first laid eyes on him," resumed the captain. "I say, Mr. Jimmerson," he continued, addressing an individual who was occupied in recording the name and alleged crime of the delinquent, "didn't you hear me call him a villanous−looking rascal when he first comed up? It takes me to know these here chaps. If I get my eyes on 'em, they can't come over me with their nonsense."

To this eulogy on his superior judgment of physiognomy, Mr. Jimmerson responded most fully; but some of the "Charlies" in the background turned up the white of their eyes, twisted their mouths in outlandish shapes, and by other unseem−ly gestures testified their dissent from the verdict in favour of their captain's sagacity.

"Tim," whispered one in the ear of his companion, "the captain twigged the handcuffs; that's what made him so hard on that fellow."

"Ay, ay," muttered the listener; "between ourselves, he's a devilish old fool. If I couldn't make a better captain out of the maple in our shop, I wish I may be shot."

But why record these mutinous evidences of the perversity of our species? Does not the experience of every day attest the fact that aldermen and assistants, yea, mayors and governors, and even presidents, cannot escape similar aspersions? Nay, did not a wicked editor, but a few days since, publicly state in his columns, that a certain judge therein named should be tried, convicted, and sentenced for murdering the king's English? But, as these reflections are powerless to correct this evil in the body politic, we will return to our history. On proceeding to place Glenthorne in a solitary cell, it was found necessary to remove the female from his neck, to which she clung with convulsive tenacity.

After inquiring on what charge she was detained, and learning that she was not implicated, the captain bade her retire; but on her earnest solicitations to be permitted to remain, backed by those of the officers, her request was granted, and she therefore joined the motley ranks of houseless vagrants or benighted wanderers that were scattered on the benches of this reservoir of crime, poverty, and dissipation. As she placed the wearied child on her lap, her fancy depicted scenes of misery in the vista to which those of the past were happiness, and sighs, such as issue alone from the depths of a broken heart, continued audibly to interrupt the silence of her prison−house.

## CHAPTER III.

A SUNNY MORNING IN NOVEMBER.—THE ARCANA OF A POLICE COURT.—A CRISIS APPROACHES.

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"Let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further."
Shakspeare
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The morning that succeeded the tempestuous night described in our last chapter, was one of uncommon beauty and brilliancy. Not only had all traces of the storm disappeared, but there was a buoyancy in the atmosphere whose exhilarating influence was apparent in all the varied forms of life that thronged the *pavé* of the great metropolis. Most true is it that the early dawn saluted not with its balmy kiss the cheek of fashion's votary, for over the lids of these favoured children of opulence and gayety the sceptre of Morpheus still waved in triumph. But if to such the volume of Nature, which unfolded the secrets of her loveliest hour, was a "sealed book," there were a sufficient number astir to feast the eye of one unaccustomed to the oppressive crowds that almost gorge the leading avenues of New−York during the hours devoted to fashionable promenading. To the sons and daughters of industry, therefore, in default of more dignified worshippers, did Aurora dispense her choicest gifts.

The spruce and dapper clerk, with head erect, acknowledged the influence of the hour by a smirk of added assurance and satisfaction; to the merry laugh of the careless apprentice it appended a snatch of some half−remembered ditty; the mechanic, wending his way to his daily employment, paced the street with unwonted vigour; the housemaid, as she brushed the dust from the sidewalk, smiled, and ogled the younger male passengers with eyes sparkling with glee; the milkman aroused the attention of his customers with a more cheerful *milk ho!* than was his wont; and long, loud, and sonorous did the song of the sweep come wafted on the breeze.

The beams of the morning sun had not yet penetrated the streets of the gay city, but the vanes that crowned her lofty spires glittered like golden arrows, and the topmasts of the floating palaces that thronged her quays were gilded with its radiance. From every lane and avenue the pleasant hum of human voices ascended like an anthem to the heavens, to which the heavy and continuous roll of innumerable carriage−wheels formed a not unmeet accompaniment. Although the balmy breath of spring is redolent of pleasure, and comes freighted with the perfume of unnumbered flowers, yet to the hectic cheek of the consumptive hers is the fickle and treacherous smile that fascinates to betray.

There lingers in our heart of hearts the memory of one dearer than the lifeblood that courses through the veins, to whose peerless form the embraces of the siren brought the mildew and the worm! But the advent of autumn, with health and contentment beaming in her smile, is ever welcomed with unalloyed delight. Again our footsteps bound over those hills that gave back their echo in boyhood; the many−coloured leaves, that render an American forest in autumn so brilliant, flash and sparkle anew in the sunbeam; the chirp of the squirrel is heard among the branches; the jay, with throat unmusical, cries loudly from her perch; the robin whistles in the hedge, while the harsh scream of the peacock, and the varied cadence of the feathered brood in the barnyard, swell the chorus of nature's melody.

Far different were the sensations of the prisoner when the door of his cell opened, and a grim voice bade him follow to the police court. It is the peculiar province of this tribunal to investigate the preliminary proofs that tend to criminate the real or supposed offender against the majesty of the laws, although the benefit of exculpating testimony is not denied the accused.

The presence of the magistrates, who, like the Venetian council of three, at the period alluded to composed a full bench in the police court; the gravity and solemnity of manner, and the subdued whispers of the crowd that assembled without the bar, attested the magnitude of the charge on which Glenthorne

was arrested, being that of deliberate assassination, to which heinous crime was added the supposed murder of the poor youth who accompanied the officers that apprehended him. Like great men of towns and villages, who experience the nothingness of power when in the presence of the great man of the city or capitol, so the parti−coloured group of offenders who surrounded the prisoner were on this occasion completely merged in the absorbing interest attached to the more important culprit.

"My eyes!" whispered an unwashed loafer, who was charged with violating the eighth commandment, to his fellow, "what a devil of a looking sodger he is. If he ain't a rum un, there's no mossbunkers in the Bear Market. I'll swear that the halter's bought what'll hang him."

"Hush! hush!" said the party addressed, "you don't know what you may come to yourself."

The magistrate who took the lead in the examination was somewhat beyond the middle age; his sinewy frame was cast in a mould of peculiar strength and activity, and the piercing survey to which the prisoner was subjected from the penetrating glance of his dark full eye, afforded slender hope of escape from the proofs that were to be arrayed against him.

Having for years occupied a judicial seat at the same tribunal, he had become familiar with all the deceptions and subterfuges to which a wily criminal resorts, in the hope of eluding the vigilance of his judges; and if, in long exploring the darker recesses of the human heart, he had lost somewhat of the sublime attribute that presumes innocence until guilt is established, there was beneath the stern exterior an active benevolence, that ever afforded the panoply of his protection and support to the victim of malicious accusation.

The magistrate on his right had probably passed his fiftieth year, and to a tall and commanding person he united a suavity of manner and kindness of heart that went far to temper the more stern justice of his associate.

True it is that the oft−convicted offender, who was familiar with the secrets of the police court, rejoiced when, on entering its precincts, he only encountered the calm countenance of the merciful judge; for conclusive indeed must have been the testimony that doomed him to suffer the penalty of his crime.

Disposed at all times to tender good advice to the delinquents brought before him, his more prompt associate frequently protested against his occupying the precious moments in lecturing those whose obtuse moral perceptions, he insisted, could only be reached through the medium of bolts and bars.

The third dignitary, although considerably younger than either of his associates, appeared more ad vanced in life than was really the case, from the silvery hue that his hair had prematurely assumed. His form was symmetrical, but rather inclining to corpulence, and his countenance grave and dignified.

On the minor details of the testimony arrayed against the prisoner, it is needless to dwell.

The witness Maddox testified to the murder of a young woman in humble circumstances many months previous, in a distant part of the Union; and although a skilful member of the bar, who volunteered to defend the prisoner, entered into a rigid and searching cross−examination, yet no material discrepance was elicited in the testimony. This witness being dismissed, the surgeon who attended the wounded youth was produced on the stand. The learned gentleman stated that the ball had passed through the breast, and lodged in the back near the spine; and although he had succeeded in its extraction, he yet a pprehended a fatal issue, expressing his conviction that the patient could not survive the day.

During all these proceedings the prisoner stood erect, with arms folded, and the occasional convulsive movement of the muscles of his face was the only external evidence that indicated the struggle within.

The testimony being closed, Glenthorne was requested to make such statement of the circumstances connected with the charge on which he was arraigned as he might deem important, being first advised by his counsel that he was not required to answer any questions except such as he should think proper. To all queries, however, he refused any reply, stating that he had firmly determined to make no effort to prolong an existence which had long since become burdensome. The only request he made was to be indulged in a few moments' conversation in private with his disconsolate mistress, and the officers were directed to grant them an interview in an apartment adjoining the court−room.

After a brief conference, the exclamation "*Remember!*" was heard in the powerful tones of the prisoner's voice, when the parties re−entered the hall of justice. The magistrates again offered the accused an opportunity of exculpation, which he declined, and impatiently solicited a removal to his prison.

"Mr. Haydon," said the magistrate to a veteran officer, whose prowess and skill in arresting criminals were proverbial, "have the prisoner removed to his cell, and see that he is properly secured. I shall look to you, sir, to ensure his safety."

"I'll answer for his forthcoming with my life," was the sententious response of the faithful official; when, raising his staff of office and motioning the crowd to give way, this terror of evil doers and his assistants escorted the culprit to his dungeon in the Bridewell prison.

The individuals comprising the dense crowd that had collected now slowly departed to their several avocations; and so ephemeral is the influence of the most interesting or absorbing event that occurs in a populous city, that it is doubtful whether this impressive scene occupied the thoughts of one among the thousands that had assembled to behold it, for an hour after its close, if we except the lonely female whose fortunes were so fatally linked with those of the prisoner.

To her the world, with all its cares, duties, and pleasures, was hereafter to be a blank; and as she returned to her dwelling, which but yesterday teemed with the endearing associations that cluster round even the most cheerless *home*, she felt, in all its force, the extent of her destitution and her misery.

# CHAPTER IV.

THE DÉNOUEMENT OF A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

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"A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide!"
"Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd."
Shakspeare.
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The favoured individual whose talents are exercised in developing the movements that sway the destinies of states and empires, not only assigns to each actor his appropriate station, and arranges his temporary exits and entrances, but, in the progress of events, a goodly number of his characters are constrained to wave their final adieu to the audience, having been summoned by a mightier power to play their parts on the great theatre of eternity.

If such results naturally flow in the current of historical events, it follows that those who imbody the ideal representatives of the matter−of−fact personages that strut and fret their hour on the world's wide stage, may safely continue the parallel; and when the performer has evidently fulfilled his destiny, wrap him in becoming habiliments, and bid him, like immortal Cæsar, "die with decency."

Having now nearly arrived at the first stage of our journey, it behooves us to ponder on the future destiny of those whose advent and progress we have chronicled, meting out to them poetic justice, nor dismissing them from the scene until the immutable laws of nature have enforced their departure.

True it is, that while we gaze on the lineaments of some of the children of our own creation with unalloyed pleasure, there are others with whom we are nothing loath to part company; so that the lovely images still flitting in the Eden of our imagination may have "ample room and verge enough" in the future pages of our history.

Those who compute time by the events that, like mile−stones, are scattered along its track, will attest that, to the unhappy Glenthorne, the few hours whose flight we have recorded had assumed the importance, and were magnified into the dimensions of years; and will, therefore, not partake of the surprise (however their moral feelings may be shocked) that was pictured in the countenances of the vast population of the city when the following paragraph appeared in a newspaper published in the afternoon of the day succeeding that on which the criminal was committed.

"*Appalling Suicides!*—Our readers will scarcely have recovered from the astonishment and horror which pervaded every class of our vast population on the recital of the scenes which led to the apprehension of an individual named Glenthorne, charged with the crime of murder, before their sensibilities are aroused at the fatal dénouement of this tragedy in real life. In addition to the details published in our yesterday's edition, it appears that the youth whose life is in imminent danger from the ball of the assassin *was his own child*, the fruit of a *liaison* with a female in this city at a very early period of the prisoner's career. From information which has just reached us, we learn that this miserable criminal has consummated his guilt by the commission of suicide; and that a wretched female with whom he resided has also rushed unbidden into the presence of her Maker.

"Early in the afternoon of yesterday, this unhappy fair one, who is described as far superior to her vile associate in every respect, applied to the keeper of the Bridewell prison for permission to convey some provisions to the cell of the criminal; and after instituting a proper search, to prevent the introduction of implements calculated to further his escape, the request was granted.

"Nothing farther occurred during the day; and when the keeper of the prison went his nightly rounds, he glanced into the cell of the prisoner, who was reclining on his straw bed.

"At the usual hour this morning the keeper again visited the dungeon of the miscreant, and found him stretched on the floor in the agonies of death; and although a physician was immediately summoned, the

vital spark had fled before his arrival. By the side of the deceased lay a vial, which had evidently contained *laudanum;* and a loaf of bread, brought him the previous afternoon, displayed a cavity in which it had undoubtedly been secreted.

"But a short time had elapsed after this discovery, when information was conveyed to the police magistrates that the dead body of the female already alluded to was found at her lodgings in the upper part of the city; and by the proceedings of a coroner's inquest, subsequently held on the bodies of both, it appears that the act was premeditated; that they selected the same moment for its execution; and that both consummated their purpose through the agency of laudanum.

"The following document, in the handwriting of the female, was found lying on the table in her apartment; and it exhibits not only the unswerving devotion of *woman* through all the vicissitudes of guilt, penury, and wretchedness, but develops the inevitable fate of the hapless fair one who lavishes the treasure of her love on him in whose breast guilty passions have attained the mastery.

"The following is the document referred to:

" `Thursday night.

" `Alas! alas! I tremble at the precipice that yawns before me, and almost shrink from my dread purpose. But why recede? Has not my *oath* been registered in heaven? Fool that I am to insult the Almighty by reverting to a vow conceived in guilt and uttered in despair! Oh! how vivid the retrospect that pierces the shadows of the past! Strange! that in this awful hour, in which my soul hangs suspended by a hair over the dismal gulf of eternity, the green fields over which I gambolled in the buoyancy of innocence, and the pure embrace of my sainted mother, and the luckless, though too happy hour in which Glenthorne first pressed me to his bosom, should rise up before me to mock me with their departed glories! Gone! gone! gone for ever! Tears! precious tears! Though you scald my eyelids with your bitterness, yet do you show that guilt has not placed an eternal barrier between me and penitence. But away, deceptive cheat! Shall I plunge into the dark abyss with the accents of false hope lingering on my lips? Rather let my thoughts return to thee, Glenthorne. For thee I die content; and though all the world condemn thee, yet doth my heart cling to thee with greater fondness.

" ` "I know not, I care not what guilt's in thy heart, But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

" `How often have I sung thee this ditty, but how little did I anticipate the aptness of the allusion.

" `But see! the index points to the hour of *twelve!* and dear, dear Glenthorne, I come! I come! The vial is in my hand as it is in thine.

" `Poor, poor child, who will guard *thee?* Come what will, thou canst not be more miserable than thou wouldst have been with thy wretched protectors—

* * * * * * * *

" `The deed is done! Oh mercy! mercy! mercy!'

"Thus closed this record of the last throbs of a broken heart, in which conflicting passions struggled so fearfully. Let us draw a veil over her errors, and leave them both in the hands of their Creator.

"We learn that the deceased had resided in this city but a few weeks, and that an individual named Maddox, on whose information the murderer was arrested, was the only person who could have shed light on their former history; but, strange to say, he no sooner was apprized of their melancholy end, than he removed his baggage from the house in which he boarded, and, after the most diligent search, we have been unable to ascertain his retreat, or to what circumstance to attribute his sudden disappearance.

"The child thus left an orphan among strangers is a beautiful and interesting boy of about three years of age, and we are pleased to learn that an industrious cartman named Clifton, and his wife, who occupied apartments under the same roof with Glenthorne, have humanely determined to take charge of the little surviver.

"From some trinkets found in a bundle by the side of the child, it is conjectured that either the female or her companion, or both, are of a wealthy family, as there are two or three ornaments of great value, which would scarcely have been purchased to decorate an infant, unless the parents were at some period

in the possession of abundant worldly means."

# CHAPTER V.

TRANSFORMATION EXTRAORDINARY.

"Thus change the forms of being; thus arise Races of living things, glorious in strength, And perish, as the quickening breath of God Fills them or is withdrawn."

Bryant.

Years, that stamp their impress on individuals and communities, had swept along since the events narrated in the preceding chapters, causing in their flight more than the ordinary changes incidental to the monuments of human enterprise in the city and its environs.

Commodious warehouses, whose dimensions were considered sufficiently ample for the most extensive mercantile transactions, had given place to erections of increased magnitude and elegance; and mansions which the favourites of fortune had exhibited as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion and splendour, were eclipsed by ranges of princely edifices, in which amplitude and magnificence struggled for mastery.

The dense population, whose numbers were a fruitful theme of astonishment to visitants from more circumscribed neighbouring cities and villages, had become swallowed up in the vortex of a mightier crowd, while the vicissitudes attendant on commercial pursuits had stricken the opulent merchant into poverty and obscurity, and elevated the indigent to the apex of wealth and luxury.

In that portion of the island known as the remote suburbs, cultivated fields to the extent of thousands of acres, that paid the husbandman a rich harvest for their tillage, now served for the foundation of squares of costly dwellings, and the tillers of the soil were fain to settle down into the character of citizens, or secure the enjoyment of their favourite occupation in more distant localities. The rapid strides that fashion and luxury had made among the wealthier class of citizens were also eminently conspicuous in the splendour and richness of their equipages.

In the beautiful street known as Broadway, on a pleasant morning, an immense number of dashing vehicles of all descriptions rattled over the pavement, their exquisitely−polished exteriors flashing back the sunbeams, or with mirror−like fidelity reflecting the forms of the passers−by; the high−mettled steeds curvetting and prancing, with arched necks and flowing manes; the postillions and outriders decorated with gay liveries; and if no *coronet* crested the armorial bearings that blazoned from their panels, the sigh that agitated the bosom of some fair occupant might serve to attest at least *her* regret at the absence of the courtly emblem.

Over every avenue of literature and science the chariot−wheels of improvement had rolled with irresistible velocity, overturning ancient landmarks in their career, and scattering on either hand new guide−posts to immortality.

The antiquated process of fathoming the depths of human character by a long experience of its practical effects on the life and morals, was superseded by an inspection of the inequalities that appeared on the surface of the *cranium;* while arts, whose labyrinths the student had heretofore occupied years in exploring, through the agency of *newlight* instructors were rendered obvious even to common intellects in the space of as many hours. But among all the wonders of the day, the perfection that had been attained in the healing art was the most astounding. Practitioners had arisen and were established in every street, whose prescriptions triumphed over the covert or open assaults of disease, in whatever form it exhibited itself; and if death thereafter displayed his sanguinary banner over any portion of the gay multitude, to the incredulity and obstinacy of the victims in not swallowing the pills and boluses was to be attributed the fatal issue of their distemper.

If such transformations were visible in the city itself, it is difficult to mark the change that had been wrought in the environs, without subjecting ourselves to the charge of employing the language of hyperbole.

Overlooking the twin rivers that, with their islands, encircle the queen of American cities like a girdle

of silver studded with emeralds, arose villas and cottages, in which the varied tastes of the proprietors were exhibited in all the combinations of architectural display; and as their ornamented pillars and green verandahs, surrounded with gardens and terraces, in which flowers of every hue rioted in their own fragrance, were first espied in the distance, they perhaps presented a more lively image of the progress of wealth, refinement, and luxury, than even the interior of the vast city, with its masses of humanity scattered over a surface so extended.

Opposite the metropolis, on the margin of the East River, stood the city of Brooklyn, almost rivalling its giant neighbour, at the period first alluded to, in population and extent, while on the western shore the city of Jersey exhibited all the characteristics of a bustling and active community.

Over the whole surface of the noble bay, from its union with the ocean until its waves rippled along the quays of the great emporium, swarmed the white−winged messengers of commerce, of every form and size, from the majestic merchantship of a thousand tons burden, to the light pleasure−barge that careered over the waters with the speed and buoyancy of a seagull.

While the city in its general features was thus rapidly exhibiting the effects of time and change, the lighthearted boy whom we left in the care of the worthy cartman and his helpmate at the conclusion of the previous chapter, had not failed to experience the changes wrought in the lapse of years.

Left an orphan among strangers, under circumstances so well calculated to afford but little hope of attaining a respectable station in life, it was peculiarly fortunate that his loneliness and beauty so far enlisted the sympathies of his protectors as to call forth every care and attention that could have been elicited had he been their own.

This worthy couple, in early life, had formed a deep and ardent attachment in opposition to the wishes of the parents of the wife, whose station in life was far superior to that of her lover; and, on their marriage becoming public, she was compelled instantly to abandon the home of her childhood, and launch on the wide world with the companion of her choice.

Endowed with a mind of much more elevated character than that of her husband, she had insensibly acquired that influence over his actions which is naturally the result of mental superiority; but the kindness of her heart and her mature judgment prevented her from jeoparding her ascendancy by a display of either triumph or assumption.

On the contrary, before deciding on any course she invariably consulted the wishes of her partner; and if, at the conclusion of the conference, her views maintained the ascendant, they were so placed as to appear the emanations of *his* will, and to give her the appearance of the acquiescing party.

In this way the affection that had displayed itself in youth increased rather than waned as they proceeded together along the journey of life, excepting when the lack of offspring sometimes gave a melancholy hue to their reflections. Their residence, at the time of their union, was remote from the metropolis; but after struggling some years against the power and influence of the wife's family and connexions, which were ever exerted in opposition to their interests, they decided upon a removal to the commercial emporium, where they had resided but a few months at the commencement of our history.

Having been bred to agricultural pursuits, Clifton was prevented from embarking in any mechanical employment; and after due consultation with his helpmate, he purchased a horse and dray, and soon experienced the results that flow from industry, perseverance, and integrity, in the notice and patronage of a wealthy merchant, under whose auspices he not only procured the means of a comfortable livelihood, but commenced the accumulation of a surplus fund that might serve to repel the approach of want in the event of sudden illness, or on the coming of any other unforeseen calamity.

During the brief period that elapsed between the entrance of Glenthorne under the same roof and his violent exit, they had noticed with pleasure the interesting appearance of their future *protegé* , and had not unfrequently amused themselves with his half intelligible prattle; and he had, therefore, entwined himself around their affections before they were themselves aware of the interest he had excited. When the little Sydney (for such was his name) had become the child of their adoption, Mrs. Clifton suggested the propriety of abandoning the patronymic of Glenthorne, and substituting their own in its stead; and as the future happiness of the orphan appeared to be consulted in thus severing the fatal link that united him with a suicide and murderer, the course was no sooner suggested than adopted.

Those at all cognizant of the state of society in populous cities need not be informed that the resident in one dwelling is frequently ignorant of the name and occupation of his next−door neighbour; and it will therefore be no subject of surprise, that, in the space of a few years, the interesting little boy was almost universally considered the offspring of Clifton and his amiable consort. Not only had the catastrophe which closed the earthly career of Glenthorne and his mistress long since faded from the recollection of the inhabitants of the gay city, but many crimes of even a darker hue had been perpetrated and forgotten in the more absorbing interest attached to individual enterprise, pleasure, or ambition.

As the boy grew in years, his beauty and intelligence made him a general favourite; and the a ptness with which he received instruction, and the modesty with which he exhibited his varied and precocious acquirements, were the daily subject of eulogium by his teachers and their pupils.

It is not unusual for schoolboys to form attachments that exercise an important influence on their future prospects in life, and Master Sydney reckoned among his intimates two, the dissimilarity of whose characters would have seemed to preclude the possibility of harmonizing, were we not furnished with daily evidences of the little power exerted by incongruities of mind and temper in preventing alliances of friendship and affection. Edward de Lyle, the eldest of these, was the son of the merchant with whom Clifton found employment on his arrival in the city, and who, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their stations, had conceived for the worthy cartman a warm and abiding friendship. Those who are aware of the facility with which fortunes are frequently realized in the Western hemisphere, and in no portion of its widely−extended surface to a greater extent than in the city of New−York, will readily credit the fact that Mr. de Lyle had commenced business with only the capital saved from the earnings of a clerkship; and when Clifton was first introduced to his notice, he had but reached the threshold of those extensive operations which in a few years swelled his fortune to an amount more than equal to his most sanguine anticipations. On calling, in the course of business, at the dwelling of the cartman, he had been struck with the grace and intelligence of his better half; and although the modesty of the excellent couple induced them to decline the repeated invitations of Mr. de Lyle to visit his family, yet he was their frequent guest, and did not fail to consult them on more than one important occasion. On the unhappy death of Glenthorne and his associate, Mr. de Lyle was made the confidant of their determination to adopt the child; and it was probably by his recommendation that the same teachers who instructed his only son were selected to perform the like service for Sydney; and perhaps a large portion of the friendship that the latter entertained for his playmate, had its origin in the respect and esteem with which he regarded his father.

This lad, we regret to say, possessed characteristics widely at variance with those exhibited in the actions of his high−minded parent. During the first flush of worldly success, Mr. de Lyle, whose person was tall and imposing, was introduced to the family of a wealthy and fashionable individual, for whose only daughter, a lively but capricious and spoiled beauty of seventeen, he formed a violent attachment, which was reciprocated with all the ardour that might be expected from the romantic notions of a young girl who had recently emerged from the hotbed of a fashionable boarding−school. As her parents interposed no obstacle to her wishes, she was united to Mr. de Lyle after a three weeks' courtship; and we regret to say that the *honeymoon* was the only period during which Mr. de Lyle *perfectly* enjoyed the *sweets* of connubial felicity.

The prominent traits of Mrs. de Lyle's character were imaged in that of her son, who had so far improved on his model as to add great skill in deception to the more frivolous qualities that were imbibed from his maternal parent.

The second playmate who enjoyed Sydney's friendship in an unbounded degree, was named Henry Melbourne, and in every important particular was the antipodes of Edward de Lyle. Grave and sedate in his manners, and possessed of a temper whose unruffled surface rarely exhibited the traces of violent emotions, he yet cherished an innate enthusiasm whose flame could alone be kindled by the Promethean spark struck from the same bright source that was its own. Of his mind, perhaps critical acumen might be said to be the leading characteristic; for, with a judgment peculiarly correct and vigorous for a boy, he appeared intuitively to grasp the strong points of a composition, and with a capacity beyond his years would detect the faults displayed either in its general outline or its more minute details. The art of

painting, in particular, appeared to possess for him a powerful charm; and it was a study to observe his large blue eye gradually lose its habitual calm expression, until it dilated and flashed with delight before those productions which had graced the easels of the master spirits of antiquity. Regarding truth and honour as the brightest jewels that adorn the human character, his actions corresponded with his professions, and his assertions were ever considered authority, not only by his juvenile companions, but by his more mature acquaintances. He was the only child of a widowed mother, whose husband, a gallant officer of the United States' navy, had died in the service of his country, leaving his widow with a sum barely sufficient for a maintenance and the education of her promising boy.

Such were the two schoolmates with whom Sydney passed most of his leisure hours, and in whose joys and sorrows he deeply sympathized. Other lads of nearly his own age, it is true, attracted a portion of his regard, among whom Rembrandt Sinclair, from his talent for dry humour and the piquancy with which he caricatured the little foibles of his companions, was somewhat conspicuous, while for the gay, volatile, and thoughtless Baillie Shafton, who rattled all kinds of nonsense into the ears of the schoolboys, it was at times difficult for him to assign a fitting station in his gallery of intimates.

The worthy Clifton and his wife watched with intense anxiety the progress of Sydney in his studies; but the acute perception of Mrs. Clifton detected in his character an impetuosity and enthusiasm which, while they spurned every species of meanness and hypocrisy, made him liable to imbibe crude and imperfect views of the graver moral duties, as well as hasty, and, at times, incorrect estimates of individual character. When, after due reflection, his judgment was required on any subject, it exhibited the highest evidence of force and maturity; but a more cursory review often developed the power that his feelings assumed over its proper exercise. Frank, fearless, and modest, he never permitted himself to swerve from the truth; and while he rarely differed from his associates on any subject which involved his personal interests, he was always prepared to defend the weak against the strong, and to succour those who invoked his aid without pausing to calculate results. In perfecting the mental exercises which were required from the schoolboys at each half−yearly examination of the academy, he frequently displayed a reach of thought unusual in a lad of his years; and as he entered on that interesting period in which the thoughtlessness of the boy is partially merged in the reflections that are the inevitable concomitants of maturer years, his genius shone forth in the composition of exquisite specimens of poetry, which exhibited the germes of a lofty intellect and brilliant fancy. To his foster mother were fully revealed the lights and shadows of his character, but so adroitly did she temper affection with reproof, and so tenderly approach the most sensitive feelings implanted in his breast, that under her guidance he imperceptibly acquired a mastery over his passions, and rendered them what they should ever be, the auxiliaries, not the sovereigns, of the will.

Thus Time the Comforter shed over this little circle his brightest smiles, and while to many he came as the minister of sorrow, to them his progress was thus far fraught with unmingled sources of enjoyment.

# CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERY UNVEILED.—CHANCES AND CHANGES.

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"Do I not owe thee all that's worth a name:
Treasures of intellect, the wealth of mind?
What had I been this moment but for thee?
Oh cold will be my heart ere I forget
My endless debt of gratitude and love!"

N. P. Willis.
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Although youth has ever been heralded as the season of enjoyment, yet few have attempted to record the *items* which constitute the full measure of its felicity, and a still less number would peruse such detail with any degree of satisfaction. So rapid are the transformations in the kaleidoscope of youth, that it is a hopeless task to attempt to sketch, with any degree of fidelity, their changeful forms and hues; for, ere the varied tints of one combination are transferred to the canvass, lo! the vision has departed, to be succeeded by other views as beauteous and as evanescent. But while this assertion holds good in relation to the fleeting pleasures of juvenility, the measure of its application is materially changed when we proceed to the investigation of those passions and feelings which, while they are identified with individual enjoyment, exercise a permanent influence over the destiny and after happiness of their possessor. The attempt, indeed, to explore the hidden recesses of human character, and assign to each action its appropriate motive, must be ever ineffectual, unless we can trace the visible effect to its latent cause through all the sinuosities of childhood, youth, and manhood.

With our hero the sunny period of youth was rapidly receding; but, as the glittering pageant swept along, it developed the springs that gave activity to his feelings, at times imparting to them an unhealthy impetus, and again retarding their progress by improper obstructions. As we have before remarked, the prominent defects of his mental structure were remedied by the well−directed exertions of Mrs. Clifton; but as perfection is not attainable in this mundane sphere, there were periods when his natural temperament would exhibit its constitutional failings to a limited extent, thus operating as a partial foil to the brightness of his general character.

During the earlier portion of his childhood, the anomalous position he held in society was neither understood nor appreciated; but as he advanced in years he began slowly to comprehend that there was *something* in his history that his foster parents endeavoured to veil in obscurity; nor can it be considered surprising that the desire to unravel the mystery strengthened with his strength. Certain it is that he had frequently alluded to the subject in conversation with his protectors; but Mrs. Clifton did not fail to perceive how destructive would be the sad revelation to his peace of mind, if made before his judgment was sufficiently perfected to operate as a check upon the impetuosity of his feelings. To every inquiry, therefore, she replied evasively, assuring him that there were good reasons to delay the recital, but that he might expect to be made fully acquainted with the facts whenever it was proper for her to detail them. Ardently attached to his more than mother, he was ashamed to continue importunities when he felt satisfied that her resolution was not formed without adequate cause, and he therefore determined not again to introduce the subject until it should be adverted to by Mrs. Clifton.

Meanwhile, his progress in his studies was such as to excite the approbation of all who felt an interest in his welfare. In the Latin and French languages he had made great proficiency; but as it was not the intention of Clifton and his wife to give him a strictly classical education, he devoted a large portion of his time to advancement in those studies that were calculated to be beneficial to his future interests. In arithmetic, bookkeeping, and the elements of commercial law, he had become a proficient; nor was he wanting in the more elegant, but less practical, acquirements connected with rhetoric and belles lettres.

As his education was rapidly approaching its assigned limit, Clifton solicited Mr. de Lyle to exercise

his influence in procuring him a suitable situation in a respectable mercantile establishment; and as Sydney was a great favourite with the distinguished merchant, he at once proposed to assign him a station in his own counting−room. This proposition was gratefully acceded to by all parties, and but a few days were to elapse before it would become necessary for the high−minded boy to sever those youthful associations which had been productive of so much unalloyed happiness.

How do we all fondly revert to the same period in our individual history, and how vividly is the parting scene imprinted on the tablet of memory! Arrived, as it were, at the half−way point that divides youth from manhood, we pause in doubt on the threshold, scarcely knowing whether to direct our eyes to the fascinations of the past, or to revel in the hopes that illumine the vista of the future.

With such ardent feelings as were possessed by Sydney, the friendships he had formed could not be severed without many a bitter pang; and on the night preceding the day that was to close his connexion with the academy, its teachers, and pupils, he endeavoured in vain to summon oblivion to his aid, and arose in the morning unrefreshed by his customary rest.

This was the day appointed for the usual half−yearly examination; and as Sydney was impressed with the importance of closing his academic career with *éclat*, the composition he delivered succeeded in eliciting the admiration of a numerous auditory, who spontaneously awarded the palm of superiority to the handsome, dark−eyed boy. As may be inferred, his protectors found little interest in the display of youthful rhetoric when their *protegé* had delivered his essay, and they therefore retired to their dwellings with feelings of honest pride swelling in their breasts at the success of the child of their affection. Not more than two hours had elapsed after their return, when Sydney burst into the room, pale and haggard, and exhibiting the most violent symptoms of mental agony.

"Who am I? What am I? Am I, indeed, the child of a murderer? Speak at once, or I shall drop dead at your feet!" exclaimed the agitated boy, as he rushed to the side of Mrs. Clifton and buried his face in her bosom.

"Be calm, my son," said that excellent woman, "and you shall know all."

As the crisis had evidently arrived when longer concealment would be attended with the most calamitous effects, his foster mother informed him of all the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted. Most conclusively did she demonstrate that, under the operation of our just and equal code of laws, neither rank, fortune, nor character is hereditary; that intelligence and virtue are sure to gain for their possessor the esteem and confidence of the community; and that, with a conscience void of offence, he might pass by the taunts of the malicious and the sneers of the envious as he would the ravings of the idle wind.

Thus, mingling the consolations of religion and an elevated philosophy with the exciting details of the narrative, did Mrs. Clifton sooth the irritated feelings of her protegé; and, at the conclusion of the development, he exhibited much less agitation than could have been expected from its gloomy character.

From Sydney they learned that the composition of Edward de Lyle was so imperfect, both in structure and language, that the teacher could not refrain from expressing his disappointment and dissatisfaction; and, as he contrasted the faults of Edward's style with the beauties of Sydney's, his reproof excited, in the bosom of the delinquent, the most intense feeling of hatred for his innocent fellow in the unlucky comparison. Burning with rage, therefore, he no sooner left the academy than he commenced abuse of Sydney, whom he stigmatized as a low, base−born wretch, and the son of a foul murderer and assassin, who cheated the gallows by putting an end to his own life. Our hero was almost overwhelmed by the shock of this abrupt development; but, on his bullying assailant repeating the indignity, to which he added the epithet of *coward*, and contemptuously assaulted him with a kick, the floodgates of his impetuous feelings were thrown down, and, with the fury of a lion, he attacked his insulting vilifier, whom he left stretched on the pavement with but feeble signs of vitality. As Edward was older and much more athletic than his conqueror, the schoolboys universally uttered a shout of triumph at the success of Sydney, who was a general favourite.

The well−balanced mind of Mrs. Clifton perceived the necessity of instantly acquainting Mr. de Lyle with the facts, before he should receive them through the distorted medium of Edward's narrative; and Clifton, therefore, at once visited that gentleman, and communicated the details we have furnished to the

reader; and on the following morning the worthy protectors of the orphan had the satisfaction of learning that the whole matter was concluded by Edward's penitence for the insult, who was directed by his father to apologize to the injured party. To this Sydney would not consent, but volunteered a reconciliation, and, to all outward appearances, the affray was amicably and finally disposed of.

As it is no part of our purpose to anticipate the future progress of our history, we shall refrain from penetrating the secrets of Edward's bosom to ascertain whether his reconciliation with his playmate was the result of his moral convictions, or whether he still harboured sentiments of revenge towards the author of his double discomfiture.

## CHAPTER VII.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PARTIES WITH WHOM THE READER WILL HEREAFTER BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.— AN INCIDENT.

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"Oh bless'd retirement, friend to life's docline,
Retreats from cares that never must be mine,
How bless'd is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease."

Goldsmith.
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"The uncurb'd steeds, their lordly master's pride, Hurl from the bit the foam on either side; With parted nostrils still they scour the plain, Their precious burden summoning aid in vain." *Anonymous* .

We pass over without comment the lapse of several years, in which no event of moment occurred to ripple the calm surface of our hero's life.

The tender regard of his adopted parents increased with the development of his intellectual capacities, which were of a high order; while his aptitude for the mercantile profession, and the strict attention which he gave to the discharge of his duties, rendered him a valuable auxiliary in the counting−room of Mr. de Lyle.

Having premised thus much, it becomes necessary to change the scene to the interior of one of those spacious and comfortable, although somewhat antiquated, mansions which were erected by our forefathers in an early period of our country's history. The dwelling referred to was situated in the State of Massachusetts, near the city of Boston, so justly celebrated for the gallantry and patriotism with which its inhabitants resisted the encroachments of arbitrary power on the first dawning of the revolution, and no less renowned for the intelligence and public spirit which have raised it to so commanding a station in the annals of American literature.

It was in the afternoon of one of those beautiful winter days in which the usual frown of the ice king is changed to a sunny smile, the more captivating from its rarity, that an elderly lady and gentleman, on whose features the remains of former beauty still lingered, sat by the side of a brisk coal fire, that blazed cheerfully in the well−furnished and brass−mounted grate.

The gentleman had not more than reached his fiftieth year, and the lady was somewhat his junior; but the traces of care and anxiety had anticipated the ravages of time, so that a casual observer would have undoubtedly assigned them a more advanced period in life. To a tall and commanding person Mr. Borrowdale (the gentleman now introduced) united bland and courteous manners; but the sudden flash of his dark eye and the haughty curl of his lip evinced an ardent and unconquerable spirit, whose lofty soarings might be curbed, but whose indomitable energies could never be subdued.

The lady, on the contrary, displayed a meekness and resignation of the most winning character; but the calm lustre of her full blue eye attested that to the purity of her soul, and not to its stolidity, was her amiable and unresisting deportment to be attributed.

The dwelling thus occupied had been erected by a wealthy Boston merchant, while that city was yet in the incipient stage of its commercial history, and was purchased by its present proprietor and occupant many years previous to the period now alluded to.

Mr. Borrowdale was a native of an adjoining state, in which he had resided until his removal to his present domicil, where he passed his days in retirement on the income of a large estate. Descended from a noble and aristocratic family in Great Britain, the father of Mr. Borrowdale, who was a younger brother, had early in life become deeply imbued with the principles of democracy; and, in consequence of a rupture that occurred between himself and his relatives, originating in the difference of their political views, he emigrated to America, where he married an amiable and accomplished lady, by whom he had two sons, of whom the gentleman just introduced to the reader was the younger.

When the wheels of the revolution first received their impulse, the elder Mr. Borrowdale entered

zealously into the views of the colonists, and soon attained the rank of brigadier−general in the continental army, in which he distinguished himself as an intrepid and able officer. At the close of the war he purchased a large tract of land, which increased in value with such rapidity that he found himself in the possession of an ample fortune, and retired to the bosom of his family, where he reposed in quiet until death closed his career of usefulness. Thus his son became possessed in early life of a perfect independence; and all that was known of his subsequent history in the neighbourhood where he resided was limited to the fact, that he came to their vicinity with an amiable and accomplished lady and an interesting little daughter, then an infant, who so far occupied his attention that he seldom made visits to the surrounding gentry. This reserve was at first regarded as the result of pride or misanthropy; but a farther knowledge of the amiable couple removed the impression, and to some unknown source of unhappiness was at length universally ascribed their desire to enjoy the consolations of retirement. Although Mr. Borrowdale and his lady visited only the indigent and afflicted in their neighbourhood, for the purpose of ministering to their necessities, yet, when their kind−hearted neighbours called at their dwelling, they were ever received with melancholy courtesy, and, while they failed to return such visits, they cheerfully permitted their lively and affectionate daughter to cultivate the intimacy and respond to the calls of her youthful associates.

Thus calmly flowed on the current of their lives, until their daughter had attained her sixteenth year, at which epoch we have introduced them to the notice of the reader.

"Pomp," said Mr. Borrowdale to a sable son of Africa, who was brushing the dust from the grate, "run to the door and see if Julia is yet coming. The afternoon is far spent, and I think it time for her to return."

"Yes, massa," said the well−fed and petted servant; "I go durrecly."

Again wielding the duster, he leisurely arranged the fire−irons to his liking, and stretching himself up to his full height, viz., five feet four, he surveyed the *tout ensemble* of the fireplace and its appertenances, and appearing to be satisfied with the effect, slowly prepared to do the bidding of his indulgent master.

The mansion of Mr. Borrowdale was situated on the brow of an eminence, which overlooked the suburbs of Boston, and the piazza commanded the avenue which led to the city for the distance of nearly two miles. No sooner had the negro reached the piazza, than, uttering a dismal shriek, he rushed into the parlour where Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale were sitting, and shouted at the top of his voice,

"Oh! massa, massa! young missus be kill! oh golly, for why de foolish niggur no go wid young missus; oh golly, golly."

Leaping from their seats in an agony of apprehension, the agitated parents rushed to the piazza, and beheld a scene that might appal the stoutest heart. Climbing the ascent that lay between their position and the city came their span of high−mettled steeds, lashed to their utmost swiftness, and dragging the sleigh, in which sat their daughter, unchecked by rein or driver, their nostrils distended, their eyeballs starting from their sockets, their manes streaming in the wind, their well−defined sinews lacing their symmetrical limbs, and their whole action developing mingled fear and phrensy.

Her distracted parents had not reached the piazza when the uncurbed coursers rushed by with the speed of the whirlwind, followed by the dark form of Pomp, whose attempts to arrest them with shouts of "Who! who!" so far from accomplishing the intended purpose, only accelerated their speed, while the sharp ring of their hoofs echoed from their contact with the frozen earth.

In the sleigh sat the lovely Miss Borrowdale, pale as a marble statue, her fingers clasping either side of the light vehicle with convulsive tenacity, her chiselled and colourless lips parted by the intensity of her emotions; but over her pallid features shone a calm, holy resignation, which rendered the peril of her situation, if possible, the more vivid and appalling.

At the harrowing sight Mrs. Borrowdale swooned, and if her husband had not caught her falling form, she would have been precipitated from the steps of the elevated piazza. Scarcely had the fainting lady been removed to the parlour, before the loud voice of Pomp was heard exclaiming,

"Oh massa, massa, young missus safe; she no kill." And so intent was the affectionate black on communicating the welcome tidings, that he came near overturning his master, who was proceeding for a tumbler of water with which to restore his lady's suspended vitality.

The slight concussion caused by Pomp's contact with Mr. Borrowdale was but past, when the sleigh

and horses, that had rushed by with such speed, and their fair burden, were driven up to the door by a young gentleman, a stranger to the parties, who had caught the terrified animals at the risk of his life; and, just as Mrs. Borrowdale had recovered from her insensibility, her agitated daughter rushed into her arms. To scenes such as immediately succeeded her entrance, no pen can render justice, and we therefore leave our readers to judge of the rapture of all parties at the unhoped−for rescue of the young lady, without injury, from her perilous situation.

After the first burst of joy was past, Mr. Borrowdale turned to the young gentleman to whose gallantry he was indebted for the preservation of his daughter from an awful death, and, grasping both his hands, he could only exclaim, "God bless you, my young friend," when he was compelled to avert his face to conceal the tears which found their way down his manly cheek. To relieve the agitated family from the embarrassment consequent on the presence of a stranger at such a moment, the young gentleman framed an excuse for leaving the room to attend to the condition of the foaming horses, when the happy family gave full vent to those tender emotions which the events that had just transpired were so well calculated to excite.

On the stranger's return to the drawing−room Mr. Borrowdale requested to know the name of his daughter's deliverer, and was informed that it was Sydney Clifton (for it was no other than our hero); but, on being overwhelmed with compliments for his spirit and gallantry, he insisted that the service he had rendered was much overrated, and that, to one possessing ordinary presence of mind, the attempt to arrest the career of runaway horses was unattended with any especial danger. This modest estimate of his activity and courage tended to increase the favourable impression with which Mr. Borrowdale regarded Clifton, who he determined should be his guest at least for the night. This was acceded to by the invited party, but he was obliged first to visit a merchant residing near Mr. Borrowdale, with whom he had a business engagement, and whose dwelling he had but reached when the danger of Miss Borrowdale caused his successful attempt at her rescue.

On leaving the house he found his right ankle, which had been sprained in the effort, becoming so painful, that he would be unable to walk for even the limited distance that intervened between the dwellings of Mr. Borrowdale and the Boston merchant. Pomp, however, settled the difficulty by conveying him in the sleigh that still stood at the door.

While Sydney was absent, Miss Borrowdale informed her parents that, on her return from the city, the driver was accidentally thrown from his seat at the distance of about two miles from their residence, so that the negro had probably discovered the accident almost at the moment of its occurrence.

As Clifton had considerable business to transact with the merchant whom he visited, and who was a correspondent of Mr. de Lyle's, the evening was far spent before his return; and on entering the parlour of Mr. Borrowdale he could no longer conceal the pain caused by his injured limb, which was much swollen and inflamed. Fortunately, Mrs. Borrowdale was sufficiently skilled in the treatment of even more formidable injuries of the like character; and under her directions he retired to a chamber prepared for his reception, and after applying the remedies recommended by his worthy hostess, he retired to his couch, but for a considerable time was unable to rest, not so much in consequence of the sprained limb as from the action of certain novel and undefined sensations in his bosom, with which the bright eyes of Julia Borrowdale were most strangely blended. Tossing from side to side, he endeavoured to woo the influence of the drowsy god, in which he at length succeeded; but even in the shadowy land of dreams the image of the fair girl appeared again in the foreground of the vision, endowed with a host of attractions in addition to those which so thickly clustered around her corporeal presence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"A being of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven."

*A health,*
*by* Pinckney.

Julia Borrowdale was one of those glorious beings whose image, once imprinted on the memory, continues to brighten and gather lustre amid the wrecks and fragments of a thousand succeeding impressions. It was not that her form or features, either in their graceful outline or their fair proportions, exhibited the perfect symmetry of a faultless model, but it was the living, breathing loveliness that shed its glow over all, etherealizing that which was earthly, and illumining the immortal mind with the radiance of heavenly purity. The beauty of her face was not of that commanding order which exacts homage as its legitimate right, but rather partook of the winning softness which invades the citadel of the heart through its most hidden portals, leading captive the affections ere their silken fetters are perceived. In height she was rather above than below the middle size, with a slight form, whose delicate *contour* could be fully appreciated only when exhibiting the "poetry of motion." Her complexion was passing fair; and when her fine blue eyes glowed with the burning thoughts, the full gush of whose thrilling eloquence could alone find utterance through their liquid channels, she appeared rather a truant wanderer from a higher sphere than an erring daughter of frail humanity. Although her mind, like a harmonious lute, gave tone to all the varied emotions of passion and feeling, yet affection and tenderness were the master chords, whose vibrations ever awoke at the slightest touch of sympathy. She possessed in an eminent degree that archness and vivacity which impart so pleasing a zest to the female character, blended at times with a gentle gravity, which, like the transient shadow of a summer cloud, but flitted across the horizon and was lost in the sunshine. Naturally of a yielding and plastic temperament, which bowed to the slightest wish of her respected parents, she yet possessed a fortitude and firmness of purpose which never failed to resist the encroachments of arbitrary power.

The cheerful beams of a January sun had penetrated the chamber of this lovely girl ere the spell was dissipated that had locked her senses in oblivion. Like Clifton, she had been unable to compose herself to rest until the night was far spent, but we may attribute this circumstance to the agitating scenes through which she had passed, although anxiety for her deliverer's recovery from the injury he had received in accomplishing her rescue was undoubtedly mingled with more personal considerations.

If the duties of her toilet occupied on this occasion more than the time usually assigned them, there was sufficient cause for delay in the exciting nature of the emotions which still lingered and obstructed the calm current of her thoughts. At length the reflection of her faithful mirror was deemed satisfactory, and she descended to the parlour, where Mr. Clifton and her parents were seated, the former with his injured limb reclining on the sofa, which position Mrs. Borrowdale had compelled him to assume, on pain of losing her services as *physician in chief*.

"You see, my dear, that you have our young friend entirely at your mercy," said Mrs. Borrowdale to her daughter, as she entered the room; "fortunately for his recovery and our enjoyment, I have peremptorily assumed the station of commander−in−chief, and, like all self−constituted despots, I intend to wield the sceptre with a firmness commensurate with the brief period it will remain in my grasp."

"I fear Mr. Clifton will imbibe unfavourable impressions of the depth of our attachment to the doctrine of equal rights," answered Julia, with vivacity; "one would think that our guest had reached a much more *Eastern* latitude than geography assigns us, from the *Asiatic* character of our domestic government. The only difference I can perceive in the parallel will be found in the *sex* of the despot. In the hemisphere

alluded to, the gentlemen alone, I believe, exercise supreme authority."

"If I might be permitted to question any opinion advanced by Miss Borrowdale," followed Clifton, smilingly, "I should assert that the simile holds good even in the particular which she ranks as an exception. In *all* climes, I believe, the *real* power is vested in the persons of the ladies. In the *East*, the fair sovereign executes *invisibly* what your lady mother has the grace and talent to perform so much more attractively without the necessity of disguise."

"Since Mr. Clifton exhibits so commendable a resignation to the decrees of fate," replied Mr. Borrowdale, "it is but fair to render his captivity tolerable. So sturdy a rebel against even legitimate authority is the appetite, that I question whether your ranks would not be sensibly diminished by desertion, if, while fasting, the bracing air of a January morning should much longer be permitted to undermine the citadel of your command. But here comes Pomp to announce breakfast, so we will adjourn farther discussion."

The meal despatched, all parties resumed their position in the parlour, and the conversational talent of the members of this amiable family had not for years assumed so lively and pleasing a character as was elicited by the presence of one whose important service they so justly held in grateful appreciation. Mr. Borrowdale, in particular, unlocked the stores of a rich and cultivated intellect, endeavouring, by the introduction of a variety of subjects, to fathom the depths of Clifton's mind, or to bring on the discussion of such themes as would awake a response in the bosom of his guest. While Clifton touched sufficiently on the topics introduced to convince his host that he possessed a rich fund of valuable literary, scientific, and political information, he yet exhibited the pleasing tact of a graceful listener; and the instances were passing rare when an auditor could have drawn forth so complete a development of the varied powers which had so long remained dormant in the breast of Mr. Borrowdale, as the attractive young guest whose atténtion was completely absorbed in the interest excited by his discourse. Those, indeed, who had only known Mr. Borrowdale through the usual intercourse afforded by every−day acquaintance, would have remarked with astonishment the enthusiasm and fervour he displayed while in the company of Clifton; nor would his neighbours have credited the fact, had they been informed of the lofty, and even chivalric, character of his mind.

After many subjects had been introduced and their interest exhausted, Mr. Borrowdale alluded to the genius and writings of the authors of America.

"I am sure," he said, "that several of our accomplished writers have attained so enviable a celebrity, that they may safely defy the efforts of envy or rivalry to shake the foundation of their well−earned popularity. Of modern authors, Washington Irving is my model for the perfection of style. Equally free from redundance and obscurity, he combines simplicity with mental power, and possesses the rare merit of presenting a vivid picture to the mind, without distracting the attention from the subject by the introduction of farfetched metaphors or forced illustrations. His narrative flows on like the placid course of a calm but majestic stream, whose current, although broad and deep, exhibits none of the turbid impetuosity of more shallow rivulets.

"The associations connected with the sunny period of youth unquestionably impart a glow to the writings which then constituted the staple of my reading," continued Mr. Borrowdale; "but while I admit a decided partiality, I should do injustice to the manly and vigorous writers who laid the foundations of our national literature, were I to omit a passing tribute to their talents and worth.

"Belknap, the historian of New−Hampshire, deserves commendation, no less for the truth and fidelity of his details, and the industry and research exhibited in their collection, than by the easy flow of his narrative, and his unostentatious, yet clear and comprehensive style.

"If he excelled in any one particular, it was in impartiality. You cannot peruse his history without entertaining the conviction that he disdains the practice indulged by many modern authors, of swaying their narratives to suit the prevailing taste of their readers, or to minister to their own prejudices.

"Fisher Ames, so justly celebrated for his political essays, has attained a well−earned celebrity in the peculiar path which his genius illuminated. Although ardent and energetic in enforcing his opinions, while his political dissertations abound with impassioned appeals to the judgment and feelings of his readers, his writings exhibit none of that coarseness and virulence which marred the essays of too many

of his contemporaries. He possessed, in an eminent degree, an intuitive perception of the impregnable fastnesses which surrounded his own position, while his mental vision was equally keen in detecting the assailable points of his antagonist's defences. Fortified by this prescience, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence, argument, and satire against what he considered errors of principle, while history, reason, and philosophy were marshalled as his chosen allies in the contest."

"Although my knowledge of our early literature," said Clifton, "is necessarily less perfect than I could desire, yet the little information I possess convinces me of the truth and justice of your general remarks. I would name the journal of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, written and published in the early period of the seventeenth century, as a case in point. Although quaint and homely in style, and the narrative at times burdened with uninteresting details, it presents a graphic picture of the state of society, and reveals the moral and political history of that early period, with its lights and shadows exhibited in bold relief. What can be more *unique* than his story of the battle between the *mouse* and the *snake*, with its moral application? Yet, like those of the immortal bard of Avon, his most minute descriptions tend to `hold the mirror up to nature,' and `show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. ' Through the light imparted by Governor Winthrop's narrative we view the unbending firmness, high moral principle, sturdy independence, and unwavering piety of our emigrant fathers, nor will their bright example be lost on their descendants."

"I rejoice, my young friend," replied Mr. Borrowdale, "to learn that one so young as yourself has already devoted a portion of his leisure hours to the study of his country's early history. Unfortunately, too many of our young countrymen devote what little attention they bestow on literary pursuits to the perusal of the ephemeral European productions which the American press brings forth in such profusion. The result is, that, if they visit foreign shores, their utter incapacity to impart valuable information connected with their country's literature, history, and institutions, renders them contemptible in the estimation of enlightened foreigners, while the national character suffers in consequence of the superficial specimens of our population thus thrust on their notice.

"Doctor Timothy Dwight, of Yale College, is my model for pulpit eloquence," continued Mr. Borrowdale. "There may be those whose minds have soared on more discursive wing along the firmament of the *ideal* than Doctor Dwight; but in presenting the true philosophy of religion; in illustrating the beauty of holiness; in spanning, as far as a finite being is capable, the attributes of Deity; in moulding his subject in such fashion that the most illiterate can comprehend, while the profound thinker admires, its beauty and symmetry; in energetic and forcible appeals to the reason and judgement, and in concentrating the essence of his discourse, at its close, in a climax of irresistible strength and clearness, his superiority is manifest. As a lecturer no less than as a divine, Dr. Dwight's claims to distinction are neither few nor equivocal. Possessing a mind of great comprehensiveness and power, he is peculiarly well qualified to unfold the hidden secrets appertaining to the various branches of mental philosophy, and his students and hearers are enlightened by his illustrations, while their hearts are softened and their affections purified by his application of the subject to all the duties and relations of life. It is only in *such* hands that the science of metaphysics can be beneficially expounded. He whose genius and talents qualify him to analyze the subtile elements which compose our mental structure, but the perversity of whose intellect impels him to wield the weapons of sophistry against the faith of the Christian and the consolations of his religion, is the minister of evil, and fearful must be his reward."

"Is it not surprising," said Clifton, "that among the many gifted authors of which we can boast, so few have exercised their powers in illustrating the more abstruse sciences?"

"Nothing, to my mind, is more natural than such a result," said Mr. Borrowdale. "The genius of our people is essentially utilitarian. The same talent which in Germany would expend its force in threading the mazes of metaphysical discussion, here displays itself in the invention of labour−saving machinery; or, with far−seeing eye, watches the movements of states and empires, gathering in the scrutiny the experience necessary to the successful prosecution of commercial enterprise. The poet and the novelist, indeed, flourish in our soil, but the reason is sufficiently obvious. A period of repose is needful to the most assiduous; and, while our vast population press forward with alacrity in the race of interest or ambition, they take by the hand him who can charm their leisure hours by the exciting narrativesof poesy

or romance."

Thus passed the day, enlivened by the cheerfulness and vivacity of this interesting family. Julia, while listening with much pleasure to the animated conversation of her father and his guest, could not disguise from herself the increasing interest that the tall and handsome young stranger excited in her bosom.

While Mr. Borrowdale continued to converse, Sydney was too deeply interested to direct his attention to the ladies; but when that gentleman retired for a time during the afternoon, he made ample amends for his previous abstraction, in dwelling with delight on the beauty and loveliness of Miss Borrowdale.

On seeking his chamber, he commenced the analyzation of the emotions that agitated his bosom, and was not a little surprised to find his future happiness so completely identified with the image of the lovely girl. "But why," he asked himself, "do I foster this passion, whose flame but illumines to destroy? Alas! what am I but a poor wanderer and outcast—the offspring of misfortune and crime— while Julia Borrowdale is the accomplished heiress of a princely fortune. Fool that I am, like a moth to hover around the light that lures me to destruction. But let me fly ere it is too late. *Too late* did I say? Already the poison pervades every artery of my mental system, and impotent will be my efforts to arrest the progress of the subtle element. If even I could induce the charming girl to listen to my vows, how impossible to secure the assent of her father. The scion of an aristocratic and noble house, it is easy to perceive that ambition is his master passion. Even in his conversation this morning he evinced his sense of superiority; and thinks, by unbending from his dignity and reserve for a day, to requite the obligation his daughter owes me. Having now ascertained the sentiments that burn in my bosom, I will no longer subject myself to the danger that lurks in the presence of the enchantress. To−morrow I will continue to enjoy the sweet delusion, and on the following morning bid a final adieu to happiness and Julia."

With this resolution, based, we must admit, on most unphilosophical and unjust *data*, Clifton resigned himself to the quiet of his couch.

As the day declined, the atmosphere had become thick and gloomy; and when the shadows of evening began to darken the horizon, a severe storm of hail and rain succeeded, which continued to increase until it almost reached the intensity of a hurricane. As the gale swept around the exposed wing of the mansion in which the sleeping apartment of Julia was situated, now expending its wrath in the deep, shrill tones of vengeance, and again displaying its exhausted energies in the faint moanings of despair, her heart first experienced that undefined sadness which ever flings it shadow across the pathway of young Love. On retiring to rest, she but exchanged the theatre of her reflections, without possessing the power to control their wanderings; and long after the midnight chimes of the city bell had mingled with the murmurings of the storm, her solitary lamp shot its ray athwart the gloom, like humble piety amid the moral darkness of a benighted world!

## CHAPTER IX.

AN INVOCATION TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—AN AMERICAN WINTER'S DAY.—OPPORTUNITIES NEGLECTED.

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       "The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before."

Cowper.


"No—vain, alas! th'endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
       Poor wisdom's chance
       Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!"

Moore.
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Could we wield thy pen, oh! Christopher North (alas! on whom shall the mantle of thy genius fall when thy earthly casket is despoiled of its jewel?), how would we revel in the splendours that encircled the whereabout of our hero! Verily, our love for thee, Christopher, is passing the love of woman, whether in the evening of thy days thou pourest forth warblings such as were untuned until a nearer glimpse of the bright sphere to which thou art journeying awakened their echoes, or whether, amid the wrecks and fragments of History, thou conjurest up the forms of the mighty dead from the coffin and the shroud, until the aching eyeballs refuse longer to gaze on the glittering array!

But hark! to the rushing sound of many waters, and the howlings of the storm spirit, and the creakings of the swayed mast, and the moanings of the parting cordage, and the shouts of distress, and the shrieks of agony, and the death−groan of the shipwrecked: when at the touch of thy wand (goosequill though it be) the sun bursts from behind the serried clouds, the fisherman pours forth his rude melody, the lulled ocean images headland, cliff, and sky, the herd browse upon the hill, and the low murmur of human voices comes soothingly on the ear. How often have we essayed to track thy meteor−like wanderings, now skirting the horizon, anon hovering in mid air, again shooting upward into the transparent element, until thy unearthly form was lost in the empyrean, and while we were mourning for thee

"As one Long loved and for a season gone," lo! thou wert by our side, lavishing on our stolidity the rich treasures of thy varied lore.

On the morning of the day that succeeded the evening last described, the clouds that canopied the heavens with their sable drapery soon broke and scattered, like the routed squadrons of a retreating army, when, gathering like a dark scroll in the zenith, they slowly floated towards the eastern horizon, until their shadowy outline was lost in the cerulean.

The rain that deluged the country near the residence of Mr. Borrowdale was succeeded by a severe frost, and the liquid element, congealing around every object on which it fell, presented a most gorgeous and imposing spectacle when the sun burst forth from the clouds that had obscured his lustre. Cutting their crystal shafts upon the sky, the spires and cupolas of the city of Bóston appeared like giant stalactites, that had been hurled from their sparry prisons by some mighty convulsion of nature, while in the opposite direction every hedge, building, tree, and eminence glittered in the panoply of its burnished armour. One sturdy representative of the giant race that formerly peopled the boundless forest, which had successfully resisted the warring elements for centuries, now stretched forth its mailed arms in solitude and majesty from the brow of an adjacent mountain, reminding one of the relic of those puissant warriors,

who, arrayed in a like glittering armour, went forth in ancient days to do battle for the Lord of Hosts, and to rescue the holy sepulchre from the sacrilegious grasp of the infidel!

During the morning Mr. Borrowdale found it necessary to visit Boston, when Clifton informed him of his intention to leave on the following day for New−York. To this determination both Mr. Borrowdale and his lady made strenuous opposition; but, having stated his resolution, he felt a reluctance to exhibit vacillation of purpose by renouncing it, although, when dwelling on the charms of Julia, he secretly wished that he had been less precipitate in the declaration of his intended departure. Soon after, Mrs. Borrowdale desired to be excused while she gave attention to her household duties, and the enraptured Clifton was thus afforded an opportunity to breathe into the ear of his mistress the love that burned in his bosom. His cogitations during the previous night had indeed determined him to adopt this course, if opportunity offered, and now the important moment which would decide his fate was accidentally vouchsafed to him.

Perhaps the most mysterious, as well as mischievous deity that ever swayed the destinies of mortals, is the winged god of love. Not content with placing two persons of opposite sexes in juxtaposition for the purpose of causing their mutual embarrassment, he not unfrequently deprives them of the power of uttering the sentiments that, of all others, they most desire to communicate; while, in many instances, he compels them to avow opinions in direct opposition to those they really entertain.

Our hero was unfortunately subject to the subtle influence of this tantalizing deity, and his first movement exhibited the desperate condition both of his heart and of his wits. The sofa on which he reclined was opposite the front window of the mansion, and commanded a view of the distant hills, irradiated by their silvery drapery. Near him, on a rich ottoman, sat Miss Borrowdale; and as the silence which ensued after her mother's absence was becoming mutually embarrassing, he essayed to commence the conversation.

"I have often thought," he remarked, "how charming would be a country residence if we could enjoy the smiles of—that is to say, the friends of our youth—that is to say, those to whom we are—" here he paused, and, we must admit, looked particularly silly; but at length concluded by inquiring of Julia if she did not think it was a very fine morning.

The quiet smile of his fair auditor was unobserved, for, indeed, he could not assume sufficient courage to look her in the face; but she, although a crimson flush suffused her cheek, was much less disconcerted than her admirer, and soon managed to turn the discourse into a less sentimental channel than that in which Clifton had unsuccessfully attempted to direct it.

Although the moments flew with the speed of thought, yet sand after sand dropped successively from the hourglass, and still Sydney was apparently as far from the declaration of his passion as when he first entered the house; and although he watched every turn of the conversation to find an opportunity of introducing the subject, and although hundreds of such had passed, still would his tongue falter in its allegiance until the favoured moment was lost.

A friendly piano, which occupied the recess formed by the chimney and angle of the room, was at length espied by Clifton; and conceiving that it might be used as an instrument to attune his heart to a less exciting solo than had been played on it during the morning, he solicited Julia to favour him with a song. As the lovely girl had not learned the fashionable trick of refusing in order to be farther urged, she readily consented, and warbled the following ditty in a voice whose sweetness amply compensated for its limited compass. "They say that ne'er by fortune's gale My hero's brow was fann'd, That round his tall and graceful form No powder'd menials stand: What care I for the glittering dross That lures but to betray? Love claims affection's holier gems To cheer his lonely way! "They tell me that my charmer owns No proud ancestral line, That, sparkling on his manly breast, No courtly emblems shine: Alas, o'er many a courtier's brow Dark falsehood's ensigns wave, And jewels oft have flash'd around Foul passion's palsied slave. "Then cease, the fruitless theme forego, Nor mock my pure desire; Not mine the transient, flickering flame That kindles to expire! Fortune I spurn, her gifts despise; Be mine the blissful lot With him life's ills and joys to share In palace or in cot."

When the song was finished, Clifton complimented Julia in a manner more suited to the lover than he could have previously assumed.

"I like the melody passing well," said he; "it is natural and artless. The sentiments are those of an unsophisticated and virtuous mind, untrammelled by the fetters with which fashion and interest enthral the youthful heart. But I fear they are unsuited to the refined notions of the present enlightened generation. The glare of wealth and the allurements of luxury are too powerful in their attractions to permit such sentiments to bud, blossom, and bear fruit."

"I regret," replied Julia, gravely, "that one of whose judgment I had formed so exalted an estimate has imbibed impressions so unfavourable to the character of the world around him. Suspicion and distrust of our species, I have been taught to believe, should not be cherished unless the faults imputed are established by the most conclusive testimony. I trust that Mr. Clifton has not formed his opinion by the lights of personal experience."

"Indeed, Miss Borrowdale," said Clifton, "my decision is not based on any deception the world has practised on myself. Fortunately, my position is too obscure to attract the notice of any but a few devoted friends, so that my personal inexperience, I think, forms no argument against the soundness of my position. My views are rather the result of a scrutiny which, as a `waif on the world's wide common,' I have been enabled to institute into the movements of those by whom I was surrounded. This observation has unhappily led me to adopt the opinion I have expressed."

"That many of the idle votaries of pleasure in large cities should sport with the purest and holiest affections of the heart," remarked Julia, "and ridicule that which they have not sufficient soul to comprehend, is not astonishing; but I must insist on your giving the rustics of the country a fair trial before they are included in your sweeping condemnation. When you have ruralized for a year or two among the less polished inhabitants of the remote suburbs, I shall be prepared to be an unwilling convert to your doctrine, if it is still entertained."

"Would that I could adopt your theory in its most extended sense," returned Clifton. "There is, however, one instance in which the solution of the enigma is most deeply interesting to myself personally. Could I be assured that—" Here the entrance of Mr. Borrowdale unfortunately clipped the thread of his discourse, and compelled him to select a less agitating theme. "How *mal−a−propos*," thought he; "a moment more, and the mystery would have been disclosed. It is my destiny; an omen of my final discomfiture."

To add to poor Clifton's melancholy, Mr. Borrowdale's countenance had lost the pleasing expression it had assumed on the previous day; and although he endeavoured to amuse his guest, yet it was evident that his thoughts were far removed from the subjects which he endeavoured to discuss. Mrs. Borrowdale also partook of her husband's sadness, while Julia, silent and pensive, appeared to be lost in revery; but whether her sensations were pleasing or otherwise was a question to which she herself could afford no satisfactory reply.

On Clifton's retiring for the night, he pondered deeply on the subject of Mr. Borrowdale's altered demeanour; and, as his natural temperament led him to adopt hasty conclusions, he at once decided that his passion for Julia was discovered, and that her parents' uneasiness was caused by their opposition to so unequal an alliance as would result from her attachment to so humble a suiter.

When he arose in the morning he found Julia and her parents in the parlour as he entered, and could with difficulty determine whether to be grieved or gratified at the pallor which overspread her beautiful countenance.

"If," thought he, "I could flatter myself that I caused her lonely vigils, I should for ever bless the hour that brought me to her rescue."

On rising to depart, he was most urgently solicited to revisit the mansion during the summer months, and promised to enjoy that happiness if consistent with his varied engagements.

"Unfortunately," he remarked, with no little sadness in his tone, "my movements are rarely subject to my own volition. If they were, you might live to repent the *carte blanche* you have given me to quarter on your bounty."

This the host and hostess assured him was impossible; when, with a heart bending beneath the weight of its emotions, he commenced his return to the great commercial city.

# CHAPTER X.

A CHARCOAL SKETCH OF SUNDRY INTERESTING COMPAGNONS DU VOYAGE, WHOM IT IS DESIRABLE TO KNOW.

"Oh Hero, what a hero thou hadst been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart."

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"This fellow picks up wit as pigeons pease;
And utters it again when God doth please;
He is wit's pedler."

*Love's Labour's Lost.*

If we have for a long period been silent in relation to the movements of Edward de Lyle, our apparent neglect does not arise from any indifference to the fortunes of so important and imposing a personage. As he grew up to manhood, his features displayed a regularity of outline and fitness of proportion which, at the first glance, conveyed the idea of positive beauty; but a more careful survey developed a sinister expression, which the forced smile that he could command at will was little calculated to remove. We know not what sensation is produced in others by the exhibition of a deceptive and hollow−hearted smile, but to us it never fails to conjure up associations connected with Judas the betrayer!

A deep view into the arcana of female degradation had produced its usual demoralizing effect, by causing in him a distrust of the virtue and purity of the sex; the character of his mind thus rapidly assimilating itself to that of the polluted individuals whom congeniality of disposition and pursuits had classed among his intimates.

As may be supposed, years had deepened the lines of his character insensibly, ripening the errors of boyhood into faults of a less venial description, and transferring youthful vices to the darker catalogue of crimes. During the earlier portion of his dissipated career, his indulgent mother supplied him with sufficient funds to gratify all his desires; but, as the sphere of his operations extended, he found no little difficulty in devising ways and means to liquidate the demands created by his extravagance.

After various expedients had been resorted to in the hope of extricating himself from debt and embarrassment, but which continued to plunge him still deeper in their meshes, his introduction to the firm of which his father was the senior partner, at length afforded him a mercantile standing, which enabled him to borrow, at an extravagant rate of interest, sums to cover his immediate necessities.

Unhappily for our hero, this pampered child of a weak mother's love had continued from boyhood to cherish against him an antipathy of no common virulence. From the day when Clifton humbled his pride and chastised his insolence, he had continued to devise schemes of revenge, but the even tenour of Sydney's way had hitherto furnished him with no opportunity to execute his malicious purpose.

Among the disreputable companions with whom he consorted, Julius Ellingbourne was conspicuous. This individual possessed the most bland and insinuating manners; and as his originally strong mind had received the polish of education and travel, he was an interesting and agreeable companion, and obtained admittance into the society of those who would have spurned the association had they known the dishonourable practices by which his purse was replenished. All that was known of his history, in the circle in which he moved, was that he had but a very few years previous arrived in the city, and that he appeared possessed of ample means to sustain rank in the fashionable world; but of any particulars in relation to his previous career all were equally ignorant. When the subject was alluded to, he would sportively call himself a citizen of the world, and, with mock gravity, argue how totally unimportant it

was, whether he was dropped from the clouds in a thunder shower, or some more quiet but no less remarkable freak of nature had caused his advent into this lower world. From thence he would gracefully digress to some other topic, not altogether unconnected with the subject of his remarks, diverging still as he proceeded, until the listener found his attention absorbed in matters entirely foreign to the history of Mr. Ellingbourne. A sternness of demeanour, and a significant allusion to the usual method of settling disputes among gentlemen, served to silence the curiosity of those who pressed such inquiries beyond the rules of courtesy; and, indeed, whatever were his moral defects, cowardice formed no part of his character. The exercise of his talent for keen satire was the sole drawback to his friendly reception at every fireside; for while a large portion of the fashionable world were delighted at his graphic delineation of the foibles or peculiarities of their neighbours, their satisfaction was much less apparent when they learned that their own portraits had been limned with equal fidelity at the opposite side of the town.

Another associate who was in the confidence of De Lyle was Piercie Matthison, an original in his way, whose attention to the *main chance* did not prevent the pursuit of a favourite theory, which he introduced on all occasions, and frequently to the no little annoyance of the coterie of which he was a member. In his opinion, every phenomenon in mind, morals, or ethics was immediately connected with the operations of the stomach; and if the brilliant achievements of the most renowned hero of the age were recounted and appropriately eulogized, Matthison would coolly deduce from them unquestionable evidence of the healthy state of the general's digestive organs; "but," said he, placing his finger by the side of his prominent nasal organ, "where would his army have been if he had been severely afflicted with the dyspepsy?" As it was impossible to furnish a satisfactory answer to so profound a query, the propounder triumphed by silencing his antagonists.

Baillie Shafton, to whom slight allusion has heretofore been made, still retained a portion of his early peculiarities, on which were grafted many novel eccentricities. With sufficient talent to secure for himself, without effort, a respectable rank among the commonplace multitude by whom he was surrounded, he had the egregious folly to affect the man of wit; and although it may not be denied that he occasionally made a decided hit, still the general character of his witticisms was little calculated to increase his reputation among the clever persons of the day. Among the many monstrosities of which he was hourly delivered, the rece of *puns* constituted the most numerous progeny; and although they were generally of the poorest description, yet the affections of Shafton, like those of other fond parents, gathered intensity in proportion to the helplessness of his mental offspring. The shrewd observer of human character, who was long honoured with Shafton's society, could not fail to recognise in the *pun* of to−day a marked resemblance to the *pun* of the preceding day or week; but such *coincidences* have not unfrequently occurred in the productions of some of the renowned authors of the present time, and cannot, therefore, be safely sneered at. His vices, like his virtues, were rather of a negative character, and he could abandon them with the same facility with which he would *cut* an old friend whenever more attractive metal was discovered. By a certain description of fashionable ladies he was voted irresistible; for his stock of ideas, like the wares of a retail merchant, were readily accessible, and he certainly was no niggard in their display.

If the reader desires a more intimate knowledge of the person of this interesting exclusive, let him or her but seek Broadway on any fine day in spring or autumn, when our favourite will be met on the west side of that attractive thoroughfare, dressed in the quintessence of the *mode*, equipped with an eyeglass in one hand and a gold−tipped ebony cane in the other; his toes pointed outward; his gray eye, with the aid of the aforesaid glass, peering into the face of every lady he meets; and if a voice should be heard, in tones as soft as those of Caradori Allan, gently murmuring, "Oh! Miss *Rose*, you look divinely to−day. Pray, how is your angelic sister? Would I could pluck one of those fragrant *roses* from the parent stem. I'd be in a paradise of *sweets*. I would, on my honour." And if this *Rosebud* should answer, "Oh! fy, how can you be so full of your compliments?" be then satisfied, dear reader, that thou art acquainted with the outward man of Baillie Shafton.

As the individuals to whom we here introduce our readers will frequently cross their path during the future progress of this history, we deem it proper to afford a slight description of their most striking peculiarities.

## CHAPTER XI.

REVERIES AND AMUSEMENTS OF A NEW−YORK BACHELOR. — A PLOT. — FAILURE AT TIMES BETTER THAN SUCCESS.

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"His manner was, perhaps, the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest."
"In play there are two pleasures for your choosing,
The one is winning, and the other losing."
Byron.
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In an apartment in the third story of the fashionable hotel in Broadway, known as the Astor House, reclined on a sofa of the most costly description the form of Julius Ellingbourne. It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in early autumn, and as the rich light of two splendid astral lamps mingled with the dying beams of the departing day, they produced that mellow radiance which lends heightened charms to beauty, and steeps the everyday objects of common life in all the witcheries of poetry and romance.

The arrangement of the furniture, no less than its elegance, attested the fine taste of the owner; while over the *tout ensemble* there reigned that apparent absence of all effort at display which forms the *ne plus ultra* of household adornment.

In the centre of the room stood a circular table of superb workmanship and material, on which were negligently scattered a number of choice engravings from the burins of celebrated artists, together with a few richly−bound volumes, comprising the more recent productions of the popular authors of the day.

On a mahogany side−table lay a flute, in harmonious proximity to a pair of small swords, which, together with two setts of boxing−gloves, were perhaps the only objects that appeared rather out of place in the otherwise well−ordered apartment.

If to the above−mentioned articles we add a bookcase, a pier−glass extending from floor to ceiling, window−curtains of the most beautiful texture and finish, Brussels carpet, and a set of mahogany chairs with ottomans to match, we shall have conveyed a sufficient idea of the appearance of the room.

A bachelor, young, spirited, and accomplished, Ellingbourne's talents would, if properly directed, have ensured for their possessor the attainment of an enviable rank among the magnates of the land. That reflections of this character would at times obtrude themselves upon him, is not to be denied; but the energy of will for which he was distinguished enabled him to banish unwelcome thoughts; and haughtily drawing up his form to its full height, he would shield his deviation from the path of honour and rectitude behind that last refuge of the unworthy, the decision that all mankind were innately equally criminal with himself.

"In what particular," would he ask himself, "am I different from the multitude who push their fortunes around me? If, the better to fleece my victims at the gaming−table, I play the hypocrite sufficiently to decoy them into my meshes, I but pursue the like methods with the merchant, the lawyer, or the physician. Nay, for that matter, the ministers of religion, the high−priests of science, and the pretenders to exclusive patriotism, all travel the turnpike of popularity and success by the same description of conveyance that I employ; and if I choose to mount my private vehicle and travel by an obscure by−path instead of thrusting myself in their company, it only exhibits the originality of my views, and should not subject me to the censure of my amiable contemporaries."

Musing somewhat after this sort on the present occasion, he was resting his head on his hand, when a tap at the door served to suspend his reflections.

Bidding the visiter enter, the door was opened, and Edward de Lyle appeared, apologizing for the early hour he had selected, by stating that he desired a private conference, and feared that a later period would

have found Mr. Ellingbourne otherwise engaged.

"My dear fellow, make no apologies," said the latter, in the tone of superiority with which he usually addressed De Lyle; "you know you are always welcome."

The truth is, that Ellingbourne only tolerated De Lyle from motives of policy, as he could occasionally replenish his exhausted treasury from the funds raised by the latter in his dealings with usurers; while a full knowledge of his meanness and petty duplicity engendered sentiments of contempt, which Ellingbourne would at times exhibit, notwithstanding his desire to keep on fair terms with so convenient an *attaché*.

A little embarrassed at introducing so awkward a subject, De Lyle at length found words to convey his wish that Ellingbourne should form an acquaintance with Sydney Clifton, for the laudable purpose, not only of fleecing him of his hard earnings, but of accomplishing his final ruin by blasting his character, and thus blighting his fair prospects for life.

De Lyle could not disguise to himself the probability that, if some scheme was not devised to prevent it, Clifton would soon be offered an interest in the firm of which he was a partner; which would not only thwart his longing for revenge, but, in consequence of Clifton's shrewdness and attention to the *minutia* of business, would be attended with the more serious consequence of bringing to light the large sums he had clandestinely borrowed to support his extravagance. Placing before Ellingbourne the disastrous results that would follow Clifton's success, and sketching the outline of his character in no attractive colours, he added the promise of a large sum of money if the scheme succeeded to the extent of his wishes.

Like a skilful angler did Ellingbourne manage his associate; now assuming an air of *nonchalance*, and again appearing to feel a growing interest in his proposal, until, having wrought De Lyle up to the proper state of alarm and excitement, he demanded a most exorbitant reward for his services, which was acceded to, and the matter thus satisfactorily arranged. A theatrical entertainment possessing unusual attraction having been announced for representation within a few nights following that on which this compact was formed, it was selected as an appropriate opportunity to introduce Clifton to the acquaintance of Ellingbourne. Within a few moments after the conclusion of an alliance between these virtuous citizens, Shafton and Matthison were announced, when a game of whist was proposed, and a side−table cleared for action. On drawing for partners, Shafton became associated with Ellingbourne, while De Lyle and Matthison were necessarily their antagonists. When the rubber was nearly concluded, Ellingbourne broke the silence by inquiring languidly,

"Pray, Shafton, what are trumps? I'm really too stupid to play to−night. I've somewhat of a headache, and can't, for the soul of me, keep the run of the cards."

"A proof of my theory," remarked Matthison. "Your stomach is disordered; the head sympathizes, the brain works erratically, and," throwing down the leading card, which commanded the trick and thereby won the game, "you are minus the rhino. The fact is evident, and the conclusion irresistible."

"Well," said De Lyle, laughingly, "for once I'm a convert to Matthison's theory. Nothing can be more satisfactory."

The cards temporarily abandoned, two other visiters were introduced by Ellingbourne as Mr. Sipkin and Mr. Thompson, two gentlemen from the country, for whom he entertained the most unbounded regard. The *trio* were, of course, most happy to be acquainted with Mr. Ellingbourne's *particular friends*, and made unusual exertions to entertain them.

Ellingbourne especially appeared perfectly *au fait* in every department of agriculture, and not only delighted, but astonished his country visiters by the skill with which he unfolded the mysteries of planting, sowing, and reaping; the most approved method of cultivating turnips, cabbages, and parsnips; to which he added a practical dissertation on the comparative nutritious qualities of the various descriptions of food usually furnished horses, cows, hogs, and other quadrupeds.

"My conscience," whispered Shafton, apart to Matthison, "who'd have thought the fellow had it in him? He is giving those calves the teat to some purpose. They'll *bleed* beautifully under his regimen; but I'm mistaken if, in the end, they do not find that fair words butter no *parsnips*."

"His stomach has recovered its tone," answered Matthison, with the same caution, "and his tongue, unlike his cards, *follows suit*."

To this Shafton offered a sportive reply, when the by−play came to a pause.

Shafton, unlike De Lyle, was not possessed by the Demon of Gaming. Having a handsome income, which he expended solely in the pursuit of pleasure, he occasionally permitted Ellingbourne and Matthison to relieve him of a moderate portion of his spare funds, but rarely hazarded any wager on the result of a game. Perfectly aware of the disreputable means by which this adroit couple gained their living, his moral feelings presented no obstacle to an intimacy so long as they continued to be countenanced by the members of "good society;" but a withdrawal of that passport to his regard would at once have ensured their exclusion from his list of associates.

As the perfection of Ellingbourne's policy consisted in supporting the character of a gentleman of easy fortune, it formed no part of his system to rifle the pockets of his victims at his own rooms. Indeed, he rarely took more than the initiatory steps in their undoing, assigning the final measures to other and less skilful hands; and if, as was frequently the case, the plundered party sought redress, no one was apparently more active in effecting the object than Ellingbourne; so that, while originating the scheme by which the victim was fleeced, he still maintained the character of a faithful friend.

During the evening, therefore, after the arrival of two additional guests—one of whom, named Dr. Crabbe, was a permanent boarder, and the second, a Mr. Tilford, a transient visiter to the same hotel in which the parties met—cards were indeed introduced at Matthison's especial *request;* but that worthy and Ellingbourne were so unfortunate as to lose a considerable sum, and the latter sportively remarked, that, since he was a loser, it was no small gratification to have his money won by two such *particular friends* as Mr. Sipkin and Mr. Thompson.

The pair of *green horns* were delighted at their good luck and their host's liberality, and felicitated themselves not a little on making so valuable an acquaintance. The cards relinquished, supper was introduced, and the whole party proceeded to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

Toasts and sentiments being called for, Ellingbourne arose with great gravity, and stated his desire to propose a sentiment, to which he did not doubt all the company would most cordially respond. "I intend," said he, "to propose the health of a gentleman who has risen by his own merits to an honourable and dignified station in the wealthy and patriotic town in which he resides. Gentlemen, I allude to our worthy guest, Tobias Sipkin, Esq., of Sipkinville, in the County of Connestagona. The confidence reposed in him by the friends of his youth—those who are best acquainted with his merits—attests his talents, virtue, and integrity. Although yet a young man, he possesses the judgment and political acumen of more mature years, with that enthusiastic attachment to the great principles of civil and religious liberty which distinguishes the American people from all others. I will give, gentlemen, the health of To−bias Sipkin, Esquire."

The toast was drank in a bumper, followed by three hearty cheers.

The tall, robust, but awkward form of Mr. Sipkin was seen slowly arising at the conclusion of the cheering; and, when finally on his legs, he displayed as grotesque a figure as the most humorous caricaturist could have desired to illustrate. The appearance of his face, in particular, was to the last degree *unique*. His cheeks were puffed out; his eyes, whose diminutive size contrasted strangely with the stupendous nasal organ over which they peered, were dancing under the influence of the wine he had so liberally swallowed; and his bushy hair, which had long since *cut* the acquaintance of the *scissors*, fell like a mop about his ears, the whole forming a combination of features such as it rarely falls to the lot of mortal to possess.

As he rose he spread his huge hands on the table, not a little resembling a pair of turtles stripped of their shells; while the uneasy and shuffling movement with which his body swayed to and fro reminded one of an overgrown schoolboy awkwardly delivering a recitation before a large audience.

"Mr. President," he began, "for you're the president of the party, I take it—I rise to answer—" Here he poured out a glass of Champagne and swallowed it hastily. "I say, Mr. President, that I'm much obliged—Mr. President, for your good wishes. I, sir, have a considerable quantity of a sort of kind of popperlaritee in Simp−kin−wille—" Here he filled and emptied another bumper. "Mr. Pres—President, I reckon I beat old Pee—Peter— Pee—e—ter—son — hiccough—sev—seven votes for supe—super—super—wise—ur—hiccough. If that ain't pop—pop—popper—lar—ee—tee, then I don't

know what pop—pop—popper—lar—ee— tee is—hiccough. Mr. *Elsinscorn* , I'll drink your go—good health—hiccough."

"If the booby is up a tree," said Shafton, "it's a *pop'lar* tree, any how."

The toast of the country dignitary was, as may be supposed, enthusiastically received, and was followed by one in honour of Mr. Thompson, who wisely returned the compliment by offering "the health of the company." Doctor Crabbe was then called on for a toast, and, as in duty bound, soon assumed a perpendicular position.

"Mr. President," said the doctor, a fussy little personage of some fifty or sixty years of age, as he contracted his wrinkled brow and drew up his nether lip, which formed two deep canals at the corners of his mouth, "in the present unhappy state of the country, when national and individual ruin stares us in the face, and when the crash that I have for the last thirty years predicted is at our doors, the voice of mirth, I must say, under such circumstances, is most unseemly. Sir, soon, alas! too soon, the wheels of commerce will pause on their axes; the mercantile community and the moneyed institutions will become bankrupt; those of us who do not enter the almshouse will be miserable beggars; and our children—I mean those of us who have children—I, thank Providence, have not *yet* had the folly to commit matrimony—our children, I say, will starve before our eyes. In view, sir, of the coming calamity, I give as a toast, `Our wretched land: the curses that fell on ancient Egypt are not a tithe of those we are doomed to suffer.' "

"A bumper, a bumper," said Ellingbourne, "to the doctor's toast, which, I may be permitted to say, is deeply imbued with the spirit of prophecy."

"Doctor," said Matthison, in a whisper, "are you troubled with the dyspepsy or a sour stomach? I feel interested in knowing."

"Not I; nothing troubles me but the asthma, which clipped the better half of my remarks."

"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated Shafton, in Matthison's ear.

"Amen!" said the theorist.

De Lyle was now called on for a song, but attempted to excuse himself, when the company shouted unanimously for "a song from Mr. de Lyle."

"Well," said De Lyle, "afford me time to remember something appropriate, and I will sing. I can't at this moment recall anything but sentimental ditties, which would be as out of place as a dance in a churchyard."

"While De Lyle is rummaging over the store−house of his memory, Shafton, do you relieve the tedium by a pun. Let it be a *home thrust* ," said Ellingbourne.

"If I did as you desire," replied the punster, "I should transport your *better half*, which is your *body*, to that *bourne* from whence there is no retrograde trav−*elling*. But the *De'il oil* me, and put a lighted match to my toes, if I pun any more."

A loud laugh succeeded, and a bumper was swallowed in honour of Shafton's witticism.

"Mr. de Lyle," gruffly remarked Dr. Crabbe, "I trust you will not give us any of the modern songs, which (with all due deference) remind me of the catterwaulings of some forlorn grimalkin. Something rough and homespun is to my taste."

De Lyle replied that he would give them a pair of bacchanalian stanzas, and accordingly sang the following HEALTH. "A health! a health! a fig for wealth While purple wine is flowing: Great Bacchus! we thy glories see Through goblets brightly glowing. What though the rules of monkish fools Forbid our mirth and pleasure; We'll seize the prize, while avarice flies To guard his hoarded treasure. SYDNEY CLIFTON. "A health! a health! although by stealth We snatch the bliss before us, Yet still on high joy's banners fly In gilded foldings o'er us. Then fill the cup with rapture up To eyes than planets brighter: If dark distress our hearts oppress, Wine makes the burden lighter."

The song was duly cheered, and was succeeded by toasts, songs, and jests until past midnight, when Thompson trundled Sipkin into a coach and conveyed him to his lodgings.

After all the company except Shafton, Matthison, and himself had left, De Lyle insisted on indulging in one rubber of whist, which was assented to, and Shafton was selected as his partner.

The game was for a trifling sum, but De Lyle hazarded a wager of a hundred dollars each with Ellingbourne and Matthison on the result. The latter parties were successful, and De Lyle, who was

considerably heated with wine, charged the winners with foul play. Ellingbourne instantly, with the greatest coolness, stepped to the door, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket.

"Sir," he said, addressing De Lyle, "you have grossly insulted me in my own person, as well as that of my friend Mr. Matthison, and, by the Heaven above me, you do not leave this room until I have redress. In yonder closet are a pair of duelling−pistols now loaded, and on the side−table are two small−swords. Select your weapon, if the charge you have made is intended for me: if for Matthison, I presume he is capable of defending his own honour."

"If," said Matthison, sternly, "De Lyle has drank too much wine, and thereby deranged the organs of the stomach, the first act was voluntary, and he is liable for the consequences. If he insinuates that I played foul, either he or myself will be left in this room until taken forth—a corpse."

De Lyle, alarmed into sobriety, declared that he only spoke in jest, and, apologizing satisfactorily, the difficulty ended without bloodshed, and the company withdrew.

## CHAPTER XII.

NEW−YORK THEATRICALS.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as lief the town−crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently."

*—Hamlet's Advice to the Players.*

On an evening subsequent to that of the supper−party, Clifton was reclining on a sofa in the sitting−room of his boarding−house, musing on his visit to Boston, and reverting, with mingled sensations of hope and fear, to the image of the fair girl who, to him, in comparison with all other earthly objects, was "Hyperion to a Satyr."

Since his eyes had rejoiced in the light of that lovely countenance, he had passed his leisure hours in dreamy abstraction, now revelling in the delights of hope, and again sinking to the depths of despair.

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who handed him a note, which he opened, and, to his surprise, read the following:

"Mr. Edward de Lyle intending to visit the theatre on Tuesday evening next, the 10th instant, on the occasion of Mr. D—'s complimentary benefit, respectfully solicits Mr. Clifton's company. Mr. D. L. will call at Mr. C.'s room at 7 o'clock on that evening, if convenient for him to attend.

"No. — St. Mark's Place, Saturday, Oct. 7."

Of the hatred that De Lyle nourished for our hero he was indeed unaware; but their habits, pursuits, and inclinations were natural barriers to an intimacy which it appeared heretofore to have been the policy of both to shun; and this apparently voluntary good−will offering from the son of his friend and patron was to Clifton's mind in the highest degree grateful. Harbouring in his own breast no sinister designs, he was the less inclined to suspect them in another, and therefore, in the morning, despatched a reply, declaring his gratification at the reception of Mr. de Lyle's note, and the pleasure he enjoyed in accepting his invitation.

"Fool," said De Lyle, as he eagerly opened the billet, "he swallows the naked hook. By Heaven, the happy scheme is already half accomplished."

Punctual to the hour, the splendid carriage of Mr. de Lyle was drawn up at the door of Mr. Clifton's boarding−house, and the two young gentlemen were soon on their way to enjoy the evening's amusement. As they approached the theatre, a large number of hacks and private coaches, crowded with gay and joyous beings, thronged the street for a great distance; and as the published regulations rendered it incumbent on the driver of each carriage to deliver his company *in turn*, nearly half an hour had elapsed from their falling in line before their entrance to Mr. de Lyle's private box. Shortly after they were seated Mr. Ellingbourne entered, and was introduced to Mr. Clifton. In pursuance of their previously arranged scheme, the introduction of our hero to the gambler was by no means marked, for it was deemed most advisable to depend on Ellingbourne's skill and tact, rather than trust to any impression his victim might form through the apparent partiality of De Lyle.

An entrance had on this occasion been opened through the centre of the dress circle to the Pit; and that arena, on which critical gladiators had so often blighted the high hopes of dramatic aspirants, was converted into a field on which was marshalled the flashing artillery of ladies' glances.

A more select audience had never before graced the interior of an American theatre: and as the fashionable travelling season was drawing to a close, the dark−eyed daughter of the sunny South, the fair−haired sylph whose home was among the snow−wreathed mountains of the North, and the light−hearted beauty from the flower−clad banks of the "Father of Rivers," were mingled with the lovely forms that permanently threw their witchery around metropolitan society.

"By−the−by, Mr. de Lyle," said Ellingbourne, "who are those tall and graceful girls occupying the front seat of the opposite box? The one on the right, who appears to be the younger, has a splendid dark eye. See with what eager solicitude she watches the development of the plot. Her whole soul appears

absorbed in the interest attached to the performance; and I question if she is conscious of the existence of the brilliant circle of which she forms a part. Oh! what would I not give to divine her thoughts! Innocent and pure they are, I'll be sworn, and, as yet, unclouded by the shadows which even successful love casts over the heart of its victims."

"They are the daughters of Colonel B—, and certainly very fine girls," replied De Lyle, who excused himself for a brief period, saying that he saw a gentleman in another part of the house with whom he desired a few moments' conversation.

"I don't know, Mr. Clifton," resumed Ellingbourne, "what your sentiments may be, but to me there appears nothing on earth so charming as a young and virtuous female, in whose breast neither guilty passion, nor envy, nor malice, nor uncharitableness, has found entrance. If idolatry were not forbidden, I feel as if I could fall down and worship her."

"That such an object of adoration is more dignified than those of the ancient heathens, is most certain," replied Clifton. "The image of the deity is at least impressed on the brow of the former."

"You are right, you are undoubtedly right, Mr. Clifton," said Ellingbourne, with a look of deep abstraction, which, for the time, was unfeigned; for his spirit, that once glowed with aspirations as pure as those which now kindled in the bosom of his auditor, winged its flight to the hour when a mother's love, a sister's kiss, a fair girl's virgin heart, were treasures of his own possession; and a deep sigh attested that "such things were, and were most dear!" The fowler was momentarily ensnared in his own net. The purity of Clifton's feelings had mingled with the turbid current of his; and it was not without an effort that he resumed his confidence and composure.

For him, indeed, who debases the unclouded intellect, the eagle spirit, the lofty soul, there is little rest; for the ghosts of his early virtues will for ever haunt him with their spectral images, like that of Banquo, arousing him from the gayety of the banquet, and dashing the jest and the wine−cup together from his lips!

The performances of the evening consisted of a *mélange* of great variety and attraction, being a choice selection from sterling plays, in which the powers of nearly all the most distinguished actors of the day were exhibited to the utmost advantage. Now Melpomene, with stately form and moistened lids, reigned queen of the hour; anon Thalia, with wreathed smiles, usurped the throne, until Momus, a broad grin for his sceptre, supplanted the rival sovereigns in the affections of the audience.

As Forrest was displaying his admirable delineation of the jealous Moor, one of the principal actors was at fault, and obliged to resort to the prompter.

"How provoking," said Ellingbourne, "while one is dwelling in mute rapture on the honeyed words of Shakspeare, to have the illusion dissipated in the midst of the most absorbing scene, because some lazy varlet has omitted to study his part. If I were manager, such fellows should be put in Coventry."

'"Tis indeed vexatious," replied Clifton; "the golden thread that links in sweet communion the thoughts of such a mind as Shakspeare's should not be rudely severed. I frequently repose on my couch after attending the representation of his dramas, and wonder whether, if his equal were to arise in our day, his genius would be appreciated. How often has the lot of those, whose works from age to age have stood like beacons on the watch−towers of literature, illumining the horizon of intellect with their steady effulgence, been cast in poverty and obscurity."

'"Tis too often the fate of genius," replied Ellingbourne.

The first part of the performances being closed, Ellingbourne and Clifton adjourned to the saloon to partake of refreshments. The former, indeed, felt the necessity of some stimulant to relieve his mind from the melancholy which had for the moment enshrouded it. In the saloon they met De Lyle, who introduced Clifton to Dr. Crabbe, Matthison, and Mr. Melville, an English gentleman of fortune who had but recently visited the country.

After indulging in due libations to the rosy god, the whole party adjourned to De Lyle's box, where they enjoyed the performance of a lively farce called "Paris and London," in which *Placide* enacted the character of *Jean Jaques François*, giving the portraiture of the volatile Frenchman to the life.

"In my opinion," said Clifton, "Henry Placide is the most natural and impressive performer that the American public have ever known. In quiet, genuine humour, he is unrivalled, and I shall continue to

believe that no living actor of any land can, in his line of characters, surpass him."

"Having been in Europe but a few years since, and seen the principal comic performers in London and Paris, I most decidedly concur with you in opinion," said Ellingbourne.

"If," replied Mr. Melville, "he should visit London, I think I can assure him a most flattering reception. The theatrical audiences of the great metropolis are generally candid critics, and *national* prejudices will not interfere to prevent a proper appreciation of your able countryman's merits."

"Perceiving," said Matthison, addressing Mr. Melville, "that you are a gentleman of intelligence, I will take the liberty of handing you my card. My room, sir, is No. — Astor House. I am now procuring information of the peculiar habits, diseases, and pursuits of the men of genius of the present age, and intend, by the result, to test a theory which embraces principles that, sir, I take the liberty of asserting, will at no distant day work a mighty revolution in the Philosophy of Mind and Metaphysics. Sir, here, here," striking his fore−finger against the pit of his stomach, "is the seat of the emotions, the mainspring of human action, the key that winds up the mental clock, the pendulum, the wheels, the pulleys, the axis; nay, for that matter, even the bell and the hammer. Sir, if you're all right here, go to sleep contented, sir; you're a made man."

Mr. Melville, evidently in doubt of the theorist's sanity, made some unmeaning reply, when Doctor Crabbe observed, "Stuff, stuff, Matthison; take my advice; go home, soak your feet, put a blister on the back of your neck, deplete powerfully, take ten grains of calomel, and in the morning a Seidlitz powder, and I'll warrant a cure of your unhappy monomania, which is very annnoying to your friends."

Mr. Matthison, in great irritation, flew into the lobby, when the company indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Doctor," said De Lyle, "you have offended Matthison highly."

"Why, then, does he continue to bore me with his confounded theory?"

At this moment a brilliant burst of patriotism was heard from the lips of one of the actors, when Ellingbourne observed, "In what glowing colours does that master of the human heart depict the true patriot. By heavens, it makes the blood tingle in the veins to listen to the soul−stirring appeal."

"'Tis noble," replied Doctor Crabbe, "but should have been recited in the days of the Revolution. The audience would then have been worthy of the theme. But to hear it wasted on the degenerate sons of patriotic sires is mockery. Sir, I tell you patriotism is extinct; corruption is at work in the very vitals of the community: we have, sir, a weak and imbecile government, a venal press, a dissipated populace; while in high life there is nothing but deception, and in low nothing but vulgarity."

"Doctor," said Mr. Melville, who saw at a glance the speaker's true character, "may we not attribute this *universal* depravity to the operation of your system of government?"

"Umph," replied the doctor, "I don't know that I said we were *universally* depraved."

"National corruption, individual venality, and the absence of *all* patriotism conveyed that impression to my mind."

"Damn it, sir," cried the doctor, in great indignation, "bad as we are, England is the last country to which I would go for improvement. Sir, you place an imbecile old ignoramus on a gilded chair, which you dignify with the name of a throne, and dub him a king, and all of your *great* men— yes, sir, your most distinguished noblemen, fall down on your knees before him. I'd rather *starve*, sir, in America, than fare sumptuously in Great Britain, or, sir, in any kingdom of Europe. Sir, kings, lords, commons, princes, and beggars are all going to the devil together."

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Mr. Melville, who would cheerfully have drawn out a little more of the doctor's extravagance if he had not observed that it interfered with the company's attention to the performance.

"But," said the doctor, who by this time had become mollified, "yonder is my revolutionary friend, General M—n. Although fifteen years my senior, he continues to enjoy high health."

"He deserves every blessing," replied Clifton; "there is, I believe, not one individual in the city who would not mourn his loss as a public calamity."

"Always excepting," said Ellingbourne, sneeringly, "the officers of his division, who are praying day and night for his removal from their path to promotion."

"Mr. Ellingbourne," replied Clifton, gravely, "I regret to hear such words from your lips. Although

aware that they are in jest, yet surely patriotism and purity should be exempted from the shafts of satire."

The gambler, who saw he had made a *false move*, replied with a frankness of bearing that none could more naturally assume.

"I stand corrected, Mr. Clifton. The remark was indeed made in *badinage;* but the subject is of too elevated a character for jest. When you know me better, I fear many as grave an error of omission or commission will claim the exercise of your lenity."

At the close of the entertainment, as Clifton was leaving the theatre in company with Ellingbourne, the name of Miss Borrowdale was pronounced near him, which for a moment fixed him to the spot on which he stood. Recovering himself, he eagerly pushed his way through the crowd, when his eye caught the form of his beloved Julia as she was escorted to her coach in company with a young gentleman and a second lady. The carriage was entered, the door closed, and the fair object of his thoughts rapidly whirled away, before he could succeed in extricating himself from the crowd of *beaux* and *belles* that thronged the passages to the theatre. Hastily bidding his party "good−night," he returned to his boarding−house, and for hours contined to dwell on the charms of Julia; jealousy now suggesting that the male companion was a rival suiter, and hope anon whispering words of comfort and consolation.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE FETE.—AN ECCLAIRCISSEMENT.

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There was a round of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Childe Harold.
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The *Soirée* to be given on Wednesday evening,—, of October, 18—, by the wealthy and fashionable Mrs. Rainsford, was the great topic of conversation in all the higher circles of the gay city. All the world—which, in the vocabulary of good society, means all the *exclusives*; for in fashionable life there

"Is No world beyond Verona's walls"— were on the *qui vive;* for as it was the first of the season, so it was expected to eclipse its successors in all the requisites of a brilliant, *recherche*, and exclusive evening party. Milliners, dress−makers, and artificial florists, were in requisition in every fashionable street, and the beautiful assistants of Mrs. Thompson's emporium in Broadway, declared that their delicate fingers were nearly transformed to the consistency of the marble whose whiteness they emulated, by plying the needle so unremittingly; while their sparkling eyes, that made such fearful havoc among the *beaux*, were now fairly veiled by weariness in tracing the exquisite proportions of their own tasteful creations.

The more respectable hacks were entirely monopolized for the happy occasion; and the unlucky wight who failed to receive Mrs. Rainsford's invitation card, found the circle of his fashionable acquaintances marvellously curtailed of its fair proportions on the following day.

The elements of fashionable society are in all countries and at all times essentially the same; modified, indeed, by taste and circumstances, but exhibiting, in all their varied lights and shadows, certain leading characteristics that cannot be mistaken.

The *talisman* at whose touch the gilded portals of its sanctuary are unbarred, has, on the contrary, experienced the ordinary mutations incident to the idols of human ambition. During the age of chivalry, military prowess was the dagon of fashionable idolatry; at a later period, rank and title were invested with the attributes of sovereignty, and were succeeded by the dazzling reign of intellectual eminence, until, at our own day, wealth with golden key has snatched the sceptre from all rivals!

Master spirits have indeed arisen at various epochs whose resistless genius has burst the conventional barriers that encircle the empire of fashion, but they must be considered brilliant exceptions to the general rule.

We are not among those who believe that the votaries of fashion in the main follow more fleeting or unsubstantial meteors than their fellows; for if we extend our observation to the pursuits which absorb the attention of the majority of all ranks in society, we shall be led to exclaim, "What shadows we are! what shadows we pursue!" Analyze wealth, fame, glory, and decide whether the frivolities of the *beau monde* are in their essence less legitimate objects of ambition than those beneath the juggernaut wheels of which the mass of mankind prostrate their health, happiness, and energies?

Among the favoured individuals whose good fortune had procured them an invitation our hero was numbered. While occupied in the transaction of some business of his employer's at a distance from the city, he accidentally became the travelling companion of Mr. Rainsford, the husband of the fair hostess, who was distinguished for his intelligence and love of literary pursuits, and who conceived so warm an attachment for Clifton, that he desired him thereafter to visit his house at all times, and to consider him as

his firm friend.

At length the happy evening arrived, and the fashionable precincts of Carroll Place resounded to the clang of horses' hoofs and the deep roll of carriage−wheels. As Clifton entered, he found a brilliant and fashionable assemblage already congregated, while two magnificent pier and the like number of mantel mirrors, flashed back the dazzling light of costly chandeliers, and reproduced the gay pageant with all its array of fair forms, wreathed head−dresses, jewelled zones, waving plumes, and speaking countenances.

After tendering his respects to the fair entertainer, a lively and agreeable lady of about thirty years of age, Clifton met De Lyle who was not a little surprised at his procuring an invitation to so *exclusive* a party.

While they were conversing Ellingbourne joined them; and as Clifton's back was momentarily turned towards the door, the former hastily inquired: "De Lyle, who is that beautiful girl now entering? I mean the one with auburn ringlets, who is reclining on the *left* arm of the small gentleman in blue. I do not recollect of ever having seen her face before, but now I am sure I shall never forget it."

As the words fell from his lips the lady and her company passed; and on turning after saluting Mrs. Rainsford, Clifton recognized his beloved Julia. Their eyes instantly met; and although both were mutually embarrassed, yet in a moment he was at her side, and was introduced by Miss Borrowdale to Miss Elwell, her cousin, and to Mr. Morse.

"May I have the pleasure of dancing with Miss Borrowdale if not engaged?" said Clifton.

"If you dare venture the loss of *caste* in fashionable life by selecting a partner so little qualified to compete with the city belles, I certainly may not refuse," replied Julia with a smile.

As she accepted the arm of Clifton in exchange for that of Mr. Morse, he espied two vacant seats in a corner of the room rather behind the crowd, and escorted Julia thither. As they seated themselves he said, "Miss Borrowdale, do you know that I recognized you on Monday evening at the theatre; and pardon me, I was so near to you that I almost imagined you had forgotton the countenance of so obscure a person as myself." Here, in despite of himself, a tear started in his eye, which was not unperceived by his auditor.

"Mr. Clifton," she replied, with an emotion little less visible than his own, "how could you for a moment suppose that I would *ever* forget one to whom I owe so much? Oh, did you but know how often, very often"—here she paused, and a crimson flush suffused every feature, until it spread over her alabaster neck—"how often," she continued, recovering her self−possession, "you have been the subject of conversation at our country fire−side, you would not have judged so harshly."

The blush, the pause, the agitation, were not unperceived by Clifton, who trembled with delight. "She loves me; she certainly loves me;" were his thoughts; "and what care I for all the world beside?"

As may be imagined, so favourable an opportunity of divulging his passion did not pass unimproved; but although scenes of this description are so thrilling in their effects as to leave their impress on the mind while other emotions have faded in oblivion, yet to a third party the detail would be of questionable interest. Suffice it to state, that before the cotillion was concluded, he had poured into her ear those honeyed words—love's glowing messengers— that, dear and beautiful lady reader, you presume the handsome cavalier at your side will address to you on some delightful evening, with no witnesses but those radiant luminaries which at creation's jubilee sang together for joy: and although the lady blushed and hesitated; declared the hour most untimely for such a revelation; spoke of parents' wishes and filial duty; now chiding and again smiling, yet did the enraptured lover from this interview, feed the torch of hope, which, like a beacon, shed its beams over his solitary way through many an after scene of trial, peril, and despondency.

The cotillion was over, the music ceased, and yet, in accents inaudible to any but the fair listener, he continued to reiterate sentiments of affection already a hundred times repeated, until Julia, with woman's delicate instinct, perceived that a longer *tête− à−tête* would not fail to be remarked; and rising, she said, sportively, "Mr. Clifton, if I do not mistake, a gentleman much resembling yourself, solicited my hand for a cotillion; but now I perceive that one has already passed, and if I do not *sue* where, as a lady I should *command*, we shall not be in time for the next."

"Forgive me, Miss Borrowdale," was the reply; "if in your presence, this goodly company, dance, music, all were forgotten; but I trust, under your sweet guidance, to make amends for my delinquency;"

and this apology delivered, he led her to a place in the cotillion.

It will be recollected that Ellingbourne pointed out Julia to the notice of De Lyle on her entrance; and from the time that she reclined on Clifton's arm until the close of the evening's amusement, his eyes continued to follow their motions: and perceiving him conducting her to a seat in a secluded corner, he placed himself sufficiently near to observe the blushes which indicated the nature of Clifton's avowal, and the pleasure with which it was received.

Deeply enamoured of the grace and beauty of the lovely stranger, the fire of jealousy now mingled with the hate that rankled in his bosom.

"Reptile," he muttered to himself, "your destruction shall hereafter be the object of my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night; for this, every energy I possess shall be taxed to its utmost limit; and if *money* can compass your ruin, it shall flow like water." Thus soliloquizing, he observed Clifton and Julia join the dance, and sought his own neglected associates in another part of the room.

As he approached a group of ladies, and gentlemen, who were at the moment "lookers on in Vienna," he heard an acquaintance named Mrs. Tibbs inquiring, "Who can be that young lady in white satin dancing with the tall, dark−eyed young man in black?—though I ought to know all the fashionables, I do not recognize her features."

De Lyle replied, "The lady I have not the pleasure of knowing, but the *gentleman* is an old acquaintance. He happens to be a *clerk* whom my father took into our mercantile establishment from motives of *charity*."

"Did you ever!" said Mrs. Tibbs, tossing her head till the tall plumes with which it was crowned trembled as if a gale had swept over them. "I can't see how poor, vulgar people can put on such airs. How did the upstart get admitted, I wonder?"

The lady who thus spoke was the better half of a dealer in pins and needles, who had, by industry and good fortune, become possessed of great wealth; and his help−mate, who was born and brought up in the lowest station of life, could not resist the desire of belonging to good society; and Mr. Rainsford, who respected Mr. Tibbs for the integrity and modesty of his character, had induced his lady to furnish Mrs. and Mr. Tibbs with an invitation, which was accepted most cheerfully by the lady, but declined by the gentleman.

Priding herself on her wealth and *exclusiveness*, she was not a little chagrined at her awkward mistake, and from that moment Clifton was with her a *marked man*. In height this fair original was precisely five feet three; but her lack of altitude was abundantly compensated by what seamen term "*breadth of beam;*" and when laced to the extreme of the *mode*, and elevated in her high heeled shoes, she appeared not unlike a stuffed Lilliputian mounted on stilts. Such rolling of eyeballs and elevating of nasal organs; such rustling of silks and crumpling of satins as followed De Lyle's exposure of the low *caste* of our hero, were never surpassed; but when the highborn and fashionable Mrs. Melton, the lady of a distinguished senator from a neighbouring state, who was reputed to be the leader of the *ton* at the seat of government, remarked that she saw no impropriety in associating with any person, however humble his station, whose conduct was reputable, and character above reproach, the shock to Mrs. Tibbs and her *coterie* was tremendous.

"La me," whispered Mrs. T. to her neighbour, "I do wonder how great folks can so belower themselves."

"But," resumed Mrs. Melton, "if my eyes do not deceive me, the lady just alluded to is my lovely and accomplished friend, Julia Borrowdale of Boston."

"Oh," said Shafton, pushing himself forward, "there's no mistake, the name is Borrowdale; I saw the girl was pretty, made my way up to Clifton,— gave him one of my most fascinating bows, and stuck to his side till he gave me an introduction.— Borrowdale is the name, upon my honour."

"What," said a tall, gaunt, single lady of unmentionable age, "is that the great Boston heiress? Now I see her more distinctly, she is certainly better looking than I first thought, although her face is somewhat childish. But she will improve as she grows older; few ladies have a *distingué* air until they are advanced beyond girlhood."

At twelve o'clock supper was announced, and the more substantial pleasures of the table temporarily

took precedence of the "poetry of motion."

De Lyle had so far matured his plan of operations as to determine on seeking an introduction to Miss Borrowdale during the evening; and while Clifton was escorting her to the sumptuous table prepared in spacious apartments on the second floor of the mansion, he joined them, and was introduced by our hero as the son of his friend and patron.

On reaching the table he selected a situation sufficiently near that of the lovers to observe their motions, and occasionally share in a portion of their conversation. Shafton and Ellingbourne procured seats near De Lyle, but still further removed from Clifton.

The well−ordered supper was destined to exhibit a further illustration of the mutability of terrestrial objects; the luscious wines travelled with marked celerity to the place appointed for all fermented juices; the wit of the company sparkled in emulation of the champaigne, while the pauses in the conversation, were enlivened by the soft, low melody with which the skilful musicians relieved the tedium of their solitude in the lower apartments.

With all the incentives to enjoyment, while at the table, and confronted with the full gaze of hundreds of fashionable *roués*, neither Julia nor Clifton experienced that flow of spirits which had lent wings to the passing moments in the saloon below. Indeed the most successful suitor will acknowledge that "the course of true love *never* did run smooth;" and if no *realities* intervene to mar the happiness of lovers, *imagination* will summon her shadowy train of obstacles, and however unsubstantial may be the array, they will serve to annoy at least during the silent watches of the night, when deep sleep falls on all—but love struck personages of either sex.

As the hour was late, after Julia had informed Clifton that she would be found during her brief stay in the city at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Elwell, she left the party in company with Mr. Morse and her cousin,—and Clifton, who felt no inclination to remain, bowed his adieu to the hostess, and wended his way to his residence.

## CHAPTER XIV.

A RIVAL.—A FEMALE TACTICIAN FOILDED.

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"Notwithstanding all her sudden griefs,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel−like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows and fawneth on her still."
"I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for this wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for the time I spend in talking to thee."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.
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On the morning following Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée*, at about 12 o'clock a splendid carriage, with liveried footman and charioteer, drew up at the door of Mr. Elwell's mansion, and Edward de Lyle ascended the door steps and was admitted.

"Is Miss Borrowdale at home?" he inquired of the curly−headed waiter, who, after inviting him to a seat in the parlour, took his card, and proceeded to ascertain whether the lady was visible.

Soon after her *femme de chambre* entered the room, and informed Mr. De Lyle, that Miss Borrowdale would do herself the pleasure of waiting on him in a few moments. No sooner had he fixed his bold gaze on the waiting−maid than the thought occurred that she might be made a convenient instrument to further his designs. There was a roguish and wicked leer in her sparkling black eye, which, with its *over* shrewdness of expression, indicated less purity than cunning, and a decided aptitude for intrigue.

"My pretty young lady," he said, "you are Miss Borrowdale's travelling companion, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I took the place of a young woman who was left sick at the springs," she replied, with a simper.

"Do me the favour to step this way," resumed De Lyle, taking her by the hand and proceeding towards the front window of the parlour; "time is short. Your lady is in danger from the addresses of a person who is totally unworthy of her. But at present you must not whisper a syllable of this to her, as she would not believe it. In a *very few days*, however, she shall have such evidence as will convince the most sceptical. But, in the mean time, you must be my *confidante*, my adviser, my charming partner in a few *tête−à−têtes*." Here he caught her plump little hand, kissed it, and carelessly placed on the palm a fifty dollar note, saying, "On your life, not a word of this. The safety of Miss Borrowdale alone makes me so bold."

"Sir," said the girl, "her eyes cast down with affected modesty, "I'm sure if I thought you meant any thing wrong, I would n't touch your present for the world. But come, now, can't you tell me all about it? I should so like to know."

"Meet me at six this afternoon on the walk in front of the Park, and you shall know all. But Miss Borrowdale, will, I fear, surprise us; so, you dear, bewitching little soul, I must bow you out of the room." Here he ventured to kiss her cheek. "Not a word, but be punctual at *six* , and I'll do more for you than you dream of."

As she left the room, Miss Borrowdale entered, dressed with great simplicity in a fawn−colored silk gown, a plain diamond broach being the only ornament on her person, if we except a pair of gold earrings; and was saluted by De Lyle with that grace and courtesy for which he was distinguished in "good society."

"I have taken the liberty of calling to inquire if Miss Borrowdale suffered no inconvenience from the evening's exercise," he said. "For my own part, I ever feel somewhat languid, after a night of pleasure. 'Tis the penalty we all pay for enjoyment."

"My own experience in such matters is so limited," replied Julia, "that I am not an adequate judge of the effect of fashionable dissipation on the system. Fortunately my seclusion in the country prevents the necessity of reversing the order of nature, by converting night into day. In cities I am aware it is otherwise."

"If I might venture to express an opinion, formed, indeed, somewhat hastily, but which every passing moment confirms, I should decide that any circumstance which prevents Miss Borrowdale from throwing around fashionable society the charm of her presence is most untoward."

Without noticing the intended compliment, Julia at once diverted the subject into another channel, and the quick eye of De Lyle perceived that direct flattery was little calculated to further his wishes. He therefore gracefully introduced various subjects, on which he touched with the superficial fluency and ease of a master of that small talk which forms the current coin of fashionable conversation; and after soliciting permission to again pay his respects, withdrew.

"How unlike Clifton," thought Julia, with a sigh, as he closed the door. In truth, despite his handsome face, and courteous address, neither the countenance nor manner of De Lyle had on the previous evening, left a favourable impression on her mind.

Her situation at the supper table at Mrs. Rainsford's had enabled her to hear a considerable portion of his conversation with Ellingbourne and Shafton, which was not only frivolous and unmanly, but in several instances liable to more grave objections; and if she had not supposed the feelings of Clifton would be wounded by any slight towards one whom she considered his friend, the interview on the present occasion would have been most undoubtedly declined.

The entrance of Miss Elwell suspended her reflections, whom she addressed: "Cousin Helen, if you are not more attentive to the cavaliers who call to pay their *devoirs*, I shall certainly eclipse you in their affections. Here have I been this halfhour, doing the amiable to a modern *Paris*, who intended to throw himself at your feet, but who, in default of the real *Helen*, was compelled to accept "her counterfeit presentment," in my poor person. To say truth, the gallant behaved admirably under the circumstances, and most emphatically avowed, as in duty bound, that I was the loadstone which attracted him hither. So, fair coz, be wary, or I shall prove a formidable rival."

"May I be permitted to learn which of the score of swains who are dying at my feet, you have entertained this morning?" inquired Helen.

"As the gentleman has been for a good half hour in my company, and is, of course, too deeply enthralled to escape me, I will for once be generous, and relieve your anxiety. He goes by the euphonious cognomen of De Lyle. Confess now that it is as attractive an appellation as one could desire."

"What, the rich, and accomplished, and elegant, and fascinating Edward De Lyle? Why, Julia, your fortune's made. Here have I been these twelve months, trimming my canvass to catch the slightest breeze of his affection without success, when you at first sight sail beautifully before the wind. Coz., I am absolutely jealous, and must dispose of you at once, if I expect to make another conquest this season. You shall marry De Lyle, and be removed from my path."

"But now I think of it, liberty is too attractive, especially as, like other devotees at the shrine of the same goddess, I can, with her signet in my possession, exercise despotic power; and you need not therefore say a word more. I'll not wed," replied Julia.

"But, cousin, without jesting, this would be an excellent match; and, depend on it, De Lyle is not the man to call on you, so pointedly, without a definite purpose. Let me advise you to favour his addresses. His wealth and standing render him a most eligible partner."

"For that very reason, if for no other, I should seriously refuse him. You must know, that I am one of those romantic country girls, who are enamoured with `love in a cottage;' and if a high−born lover should win my affections in the guise of humble mediocrity, and before the knot was tied, the mystery should be unveiled, I would in all probability, consign his suit to the receptacle appointed for `rejected addresses."

"Come, come now, I think I see where the shoe pinches. Has not the tall form of a certain gentleman, who monopolized your attentions last evening, some slight influence on your decision?"

At this homethrust, Julia blushingly replied, "Cousin, if you had lived in Connecticut, they certainly would have sacrificed you to their belief in witchcraft. How could you guess so cleverly without the aid

of the black art?"

"Well, well, cousin," said Helen, "we'll drop *badinage* and take an airing. I perceive the coach is at the door, so *allons, ma chere ami*."

No two things could be more different than the character and feelings of Julia and her cousin. The mind of Helen Elwell was of that shrewd and calculating cast which measures every event by the standard of personal interest; and while she dismissed the conversation relative to the attachment of Julia to Clifton, with a passing remark, yet the real interest she felt in the subject was any thing but slight. Her strong natural sense rendered her indifferent to the attentions of an individual of De Lyle's limited mental capacity, but for our hero she entertained far other sentiments. A young male relative had some months previous, presented her with a few exquisite specimens of Clifton's poetical composition, with which she was particularly pleased, and the same individual had pointed out his person while passing the residence of her father; but her first introduction was furnished by Julia, at Mrs. Rainsford's party. On her return from the *soirée* she continued to revert to the fascinating expression of his fine intellectual face, and a feeling nearly allied to jealousy agitated her bosom after she had retired to rest, when reflecting on his particular attentions to Julia. That the haughty girl had serious thoughts of an ultimate union with a clerk in a mercantile establishment, is improbable; but the pride of victory, where to conquer, was indeed to triumph, and the desire to compel *genius*, with its lofty attributes, to lay its homage at her feet, lent an ardour to her feelings, far different, indeed, in its essence, but little less intense than that which glowed in the breast of Julia.

Thus fate, which delights in thwarting the wishes of true lovers, was most industriously scattering obstacles in the path of Julia and Clifton; and were we permitted to pierce the veil that curtains the view of futurity, we could furnish thee, gentle reader, an interesting homily on the necessity of patience under trials and afflictions, by recounting the eventful scenes through whose fiery ordeal our hero was destined to pass.

# CHAPTER XV.

THE USURER—A CONTRAST.

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"I'm debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats."
       "Three months you told me so.
Well then your bond."
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*Merchant of Venice.*

The history of the Jew in all ages—whether a wanderer beneath the burning sun of the tropics, or performing his pilgrimage in the ice−fettered regions of the north, is associated with images of melancholy interest.

Under the despotic governments of the old world, his political and personal rights have ever been the football of tyranny and cupidity; and here, where in the letter and spirit of the constitution he enjoys those privileges which are dispensed with an equal hand to all,—yet bowing beneath the weight of that anathema, which has gone forth against his race, and still reverberates through the earth with fearful distinctness, the lofty spirit that of old swept as with an eagle's wing the realms of literature and science, and with prophetic gaze pierced the arcana of futurity; is now powerless to effect total emancipation from the dominion of national and individual prejudice. For ourselves we deem the lonely descendant of God's chosen people not unworthy the sympathy and admiration of the Christian and the philanthropist.

Self−isolated from the multitude that surrounds him—he remains "deaf to the voice of the Christian charmer, charm he never so wisely"—and constant to his faith amid the mutations of centuries, he presents an image of stern and melaneholy grandeur— towering in its pride of place, unshaken by the moral convulsions beneath whose mighty throes the less stable monuments of human will are overthrown.

Well are we aware that the holy zeal which sustained his ancestors in the wilderness, has long been quenched—that the genius which poured forth the language of inspiration now wastes its energies upon the details of petty traffick,—that the sublime conceptions of an Isaiah and a Jeremiah no longer glow in the bosoms of their successors. Still over all the halo of former glory sheds its undying lustre, and around the brow of the most insignificant scion of the once noble race, yet lingers the shadow of that beauty whose perfections were concentrated in the features of the Redeemer.

It was about noon of the day last alluded to, that an elderly member of the tribe of Judah was sitting with pen in hand, at a low, worm−eaten oaken desk, in a small apartment on the third floor of an antiquated store house, in a portion of the city near Wall street—and of course contiguous to that *Rialto* of New York known as the "Exchange," where as of old in *Venice* the "merchants most do congreate."

A slight wooden railing—on which the accumulated dust of years was suffered to repose in undisturbed quietude—divided the room, serving as a barrier against the intrusion of impertinent curiosity, when the occupant was engaged in inspecting his books and papers—and a rusty lock, the key of which was ever turned on such occasions, closed the narrow gate which alone formed the point of ingress to the *sanctum sanctorum* of Isaac Samuel.

If the eye wandered around this office or counting room, it would fail to discover aught but two or three pine stools, a massive iron chest, and the desk at which the Jew was seated—while the dingy cobwebs that entirely veiled the cornice, and hung in festoons upon the ceiling and along the walls, were the only drapery that relieved the barren nakedness of the apartment.

The individual now introduced was a spare, attenuated being, who had nearly numbered three score years, and as—on the entrance of a visitor who was recognized as Edward de Lyle—he arose from his sitting position, and turned toward the door, he presented a striking illustration of the fearful inroads that

iron hearted avarice makes upon the frame and spirit of its worshippers. The dark and intelligent but anxious and sunken eye—the dilapidated frame−work of features, which in their fulness were marked by beauty and regularity,—the forehead thickly furrowed with wrinkles, ploughed by the operation of intense thought and care—the form bowed with the weight of accumulated years and anxieties—the tremulous nerves prematurely shattered by continual apprehension of pecuniary loss— were evidences strong as proofs of holy writ, that the inordinate pursuit of gain was forever to prey upon his spirit like the horse leech at the vein "which crieth give—give, but never saith, it is enough."

His dress was composed of a brown frock whose *outré* cut and threadbare seams attested its antiquity, a pair of pantaloons of the same color and equally venerable for their years—a vest which tradition affirmed to have been originally silk velvet, but which time and hard service had despoiled of its downy surface—a pair of broken lace boots, and a hat whose nap and color had long since been consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets."

As he arose, his thin gray hairs straggling over his furrowed cheek, his long wasted fingers clasping a bundle of folded papers, and the tremulous helplessness of his manner, would have designated him to a stranger as an object on which wealth might worthily bestow a portion of its abundance, rather than the envied possessor of millions in the funds.

If, however, such would have been the impression, first conveyed on viewing this singular personage, a few moments observation on the present occasion would have completely dispelled the illusion. No sooner had he recognized by the aid of his spectacles the person of his visitor, than the contrast between him and De Lyle—whose pride not unfrequently bordered on insolence in the presence of his inferiors—was no less striking than incomprehensible to the uninitiated. Depositing his papers in the iron chest, and deliberately unlocking the little gate of his enclosure, he walked up to De Lyle—who tendered him a most obsequious and cringing salutation— and inquired with no little sternness and asperity of manner, "Mr. De Lyle, have you come prepared to pay the note that reached maturity yesterday? My payments this morning are heavy, and I must request its prompt liquidation, as you are aware I have already suffered not a little inconvenience from former delays on your part, and trust that on the present occasion you will be more tenacious of fulfiling your engagement."

"Why, my good friend, I may as well open my budget at once and rely on your kindness, not only for extending the time of payment for the note due yesterday, but also for an additional loan of five thousand dollars. The compensation I intend to allow is most liberal, and before you pronounce a negative, I must beg of you to bear in mind that if I fail to procure the sum I require, it will put me to the most serious inconvenience—nay, I may add that it will subject me to pecuniary loss, and what I value infinitely more, will materially impair my mercantile credit.'

The piercing dark eye of the usurer dilated to more than its ordinary dimensions as he observed the eager solicitude of the borrower,—and while his gaze was rivetted on De Lyle's countenance, it was several moments before he replied,

"Mr. de Lyle, this delinquency is, permit me to say, most unfortunate and discreditable. How do you suppose that my credit would stand in the market, if I should offer the same excuse for failing to fulfil my engagements? Sir, let me tell you, that this renewed request argues either a deficiency of moral rectitude, or the most dangerous pecuniary embarrassment. I shall myself be compelled to borrow to−day at excessive interest to replace the sum I expected from you. Briefly, sir, you shall have the amount you require, on the following terms:—the loan must be made for not less than nine months, at the interest of five per cent. per month—the note of the *firm* given,—and, to insure the partnership liability, you must purchase from me some article which it is necessary to convert to the especial use of your house. On these conditions, and on no other, will I make the required advance."

"Why, my worthy and excellent friend, surely there can be no doubt of the firm's liability, particularly as no one but ourselves is privy to the transaction. I have not the least objection to pursue any course your superior judgment may point out, but cannot entirely comprehend the necessity of either of us being subjected to the trouble your request imposes; besides in the name of all that is holy, what have you to dispose of that our firm could find use for?" said De Lyle.

"Permit me, sir, to judge of the necessity," said Mr. Samuel, haughtily, "My advances on your personal

responsibility have already exceeded the limit which prudence would have dictated. It is, however, my misfortune to be too liberal in my moneyed dealings. I have a splendid *time piece* lying in my desk, fit for the counting room of any house in the city. You can purchase it, and have it suspended in your mercantile office."

Thus saying, he proceeded to unlock the desk, and produced a common time piece, worth perhaps ten dollars.

"This," he resumed, "is a beautiful article, for which I shall only charge cost. The price is *one hundred dollars*."

"Oh," replied the obsequious borrower, "the time−piece is undoubtedly cheap;" but as Mr. Samuel momentarily averted his face, he turned up his eyes in some little astonishment at this exercise of the usurer's cupidity, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the man.

The compact being completed and the note given, they separated; the plundered *roué* proceeding to the indulgence of his dissipated propensities, and the money−lender hugging himself in the prospect of excessive gain.

After De Lyle had retired, this votary of the yellow god carefully inspected the fastenings of his desk and iron chest, and appearing satisfied of their security, closed the office, and commenced his daily visit to that emporium of brokers and stock jobbers, banks and bankers, bulls and bears, called Wall−street.

As he elbowed his way through the bustling crowd that during bank hours throngs the *pave* on either side of the street, his progress was continually arrested by applications from some greedy member of the race of borrowers, seeking temporary relief from the contents of his strong box.

"Mr. Samuel, how do you do?" said one. "Have you any spare funds to−day? I'll give you the best security—United States stock at par—one per cent. per month—say the word quick, as I must be off."

The individual who thus addressed him was one of the least needy of the tribe, and having undoubted security, was certain of the loan at some rate.

"Why, my good friend," said Samuel—(borrowers possessing unquestionable securities were always his *particular friends*) "I can get two per cent. for all my spare funds—poor Blynth is now waiting for a loan at that rate, but as you are *my friend*, I'll accommodate you on bank stock at one and a half."

"I'll take *twenty* thousand at one and a quarter."

"One and a half is the lowest I can take," said the usurer.

"Then I must go farther, Mr. Samuel."

"It's yours," he said in reply, and the matter was thus disposed of.

"My dear sir," said a miserable and agitated applicant, who was on the eve of suspending payment, "I want five thousand to−day, and *must* have it. I'll give you three per cent. per month, secured by the notes of Smetz & Co., and Dallarymple & Brothers."

"I have no more funds," replied the money−lender abruptly, when, whispering in the ear of another customer, he said, "Mr. Weller you can have the ten thousand on insurance stocks. I am at my office at half−past two."

Thus slowly moving along did the usurer continue to give audience to the numerous applicants who beset his path. In truth he was somewhat of a monarch in his own sphere, holding his daily levées in Wall street—now cheering the heart of the successful suppliant, and again consigning the unhappy possessor of doubtful securities to the lowest depths of despair.

Far different was the conduct of a noble minded moneyed operator, whose office was in Wall−street. Bowing gracefully to his friends on every side, it was his delight to minister to the necessities of the agitated individuals whose credit depended on the procurement of temporary loans; and in every circle the praise of the kind and liberal Mr.— formed the theme of conversation. Long may the sun of prosperity illumine his path, and in the expressive figure of the Eastern *diplomate* "may the shadow of his happiness never be less."

# CHAPTER XVI.

A PAIR OF WORTHIES.

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"His comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who but of fear knows no control
Because his conscience, seared and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own mere brute desires.
Such tools the tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds."

Scott.
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The early twilight was gently drawing its veil of gauze over the city on the day before mentioned, as Edward De Lyle might be seen stealthily entering the same obscure *Café* within whose precincts this history found a commencement. The improvements which had swept like an avalanche over other portions of the metropolis, had passed by this disreputable quarter without a touch; and the only visible transformation was wrought by the hand of time, delapidating those erections which were before bordering on decay, and tinging the more modern dwellings with the rust of years.

Within the front apartment, still dedicated to the uses of a tap room, the same individual did not meet the view of De Lyle who had so many years previously ministered to the appetites of Glenthorne and Maddox—for dissipation and remorse had long since consigned his earthly tenement to the place appointed for all living. Another and no less unprepossessing specimen of humanity, was officiating in the like capacity, of whom De Lyle inquired if Thomas Burchard was within.

Raising his crimsoned−fringed eyelids he appeared to recognize the person of the querist, whom he directed to the apartment in the rear, where he informed him was the person he sought.

"Burchard," said De Lyle, as he entered the sitting room, "I have a small job for you, and if your conscience was as tender as a chicken's wing, we might fail to come to an understanding. But as, like old soldiers, we have seen some little service together, and you have had no reason to complain of my generosity—why there can be little difficulty in arranging this matter, more particularly as I've had a windfall to−day and feel as rich as Croesus— and you shall be the first object of my bounty."

Thus saying, he placed his arm on the shoulder of Burchard, with that easy familiarity which a long community of vicious interests had engendered between these two worthies.

The individual addressed as Burchard had risen from his seat at De Lyle's entrance; and in the premature look of age, the sallow and wrinkled brow, and the body drawn to the left side by a wound in the breast, the reader would fail to recognize the slender youth who sat at the deal table in the tap room of the same building, when Maddox and Glenthorne entered it together; and who was afterwards consigned to the brink of the grave by the pistol ball of the latter. It was indeed the unfortunate offspring of Glenthorne, whose moral sensibilities— never the most acute—had by the associations which surrounded him, become hardened against the impulses of honour, integrity and sympathy.

De Lyle then proceeded to inform him that Clifton— whom he described as a heartless villain, who had by means of fraud fleeced him of large sums at the gaming table, and who was bent on his ruin that he might step in his situation as partner in the firm of which his father was the head, was engaged with several of his vicious associates, to plunder some innocent countrymen, who would on that evening be inveighed into a gaming house in — street, and that to prevent such unprincipled robbery, and at the same time to execute justice on a miscreant who desired his overthrow, he enjoined Burchard to give information to the police magistrates, who would detach a strong *posse* of the watch and marshals to

secure the delinquents in the exercise of their vallainous calling.

The hour of ten was suggested, as the proper time to arrest the offenders, and after so describing Clifton's person that Burchard would certainly recognize him, and enjoining the most perfect secrecy, (as to his, De Lyle's,) agency in the matter, he appeared satisfied with his scheme, and gave his accomplice a hundred dollar bill, informing him that it was but an earnest of his future bounty, if the plan succeeded to his wishes.

At the first mention of Clifton's name the dull eye of Burchard momentarily lighted up as if some glimmering recollection that the name was familiar to his ear, crossed his mind, but the impression soon appeared to be dissipated, and he continued to listen with his usual stolidity and *nonchalance*, while the details of the villany he was to commit, were repeated by his artful instructor. And here it may be proper to pause in our narrative, while we give a passing glance at that mysterious inconsistency in the human mind, which shrinks from exposing the depths of its own depravity even to the most reckless and guilty of its associates—but which never fails to frame an excuse for its delinquencies, either in the assumed necessity of the case, or by the employment of some cunningly devised fable.

Thus while De Lyle from long experience, and perfectly aware of the avidity with which Burchard would obey his behests, whatever might be the criminality involved in their accomplishment, if the compensation was liberal and the risk to his person not formidable, he still could not introduce the subject without attempting to palliate this nefarious conspiracy, to destroy the character of his victim, by imputing to him those crimes which were daily perpetrated by himself and his accomplices.

As may be supposed, Burchard professed his willingness to undertake the task assigned to him, and De Lyle retired from the tavern.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR—LOVE'S MISERIES.

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"Love I him? thus scorned and slighted—
Thrown like worthless weed apart—
Hopes and feelings seared and blighted—
Love him? Yes, with all my heart!
With a passion superhuman,
Constancy, `Thy name is woman.'
"Love nor time, nor mood can fashion—
Love? idolatry's the word
To speak the broadest, deepest passion,
Ever woman's heart hath stirred!
Vain to still the mind's desires,
Which consume like hidden fires!"

Geo. P. Morris.
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Among the humble dwellings of the more indigent portion of the population, who inhabit a narrow street in an eastern section of the city, one neat, but plain two story cottage, may be observed occupying the centre of a lot—the front of which, during the spring and summer, was formerly decorated with a bed of clover, and skirted by clusters of variegated flowers, whose fragrance and beauty rendered the domicil and its adjuncts not unlike an oasis in the desert, when compared with the dingy dwellings and their unclean appurtenances that surrounded it.

On a sunny morning in October, a scantily dressed female might be seen slowly passing through the gravel walk, that led from the street to the front door of the cottage, which, being opened at her knock, she inquired in a feeble but musical voice, if Miss Samuel was at home. The servant answered in the affirmative, and introduced the visitor to the front parlour, whose unostentatious furniture was arranged with that simple and artless propriety which is more attractive in its effect than the most laboured attempt at display.

In a few moments a young lady of about eighteen years of age entered, and informed the stranger that she was the person inquired for.

The contrast presented by the appearance of the two females was marked in the extreme. The lady known as Miss Samuel was tall and dark eyed, with bold and striking features, cast in the Roman mould of the finest order; and the voluptuous outline of her well−turned limbs, the swelling bust and exquisitely rounded neck and shoulder indicated high health, while the free and lively expression of her handsome countenance attested the absence of all care and anxiety.

The visitor on the contrary was originally of a slight frame, which disease or wretchedness had reduced almost to a skeleton;—and her sunken blue eye strangely contrasted with the bright sable orb of her auditor.

"Did you desire to speak with me?" said Miss Samuel, encouragingly, as she cast a look of pity on the attenuated being before her.

"My business is with you, Madam," replied the party addressed. "I have a communication to make, which I have never found courage to detail until this morning. My physician having informed me that my time on earth is limited, and that recovery is impossible, I have employed the last few hours of a wretched existence in cautioning you to avoid the precipice over which my hopes have been dashed."

"I do not understand the purport of your strange remarks," said Miss Samuel, with astonishment and displeasure depicted in her countenance; "but if they are of the character that your preface purports, neither my honour nor my dignity will permit their utterance. What precipice can endanger my happiness is more than I can divine. If your further conversation is consistent with that delicacy which should be the

polar star of every virtuous female, I am willing to listen. If not, the sooner this conference is closed the better."

Without replying to these remarks, the stranger, after a pause, which appeared necessary to give her strength for a renewal of the conversation, inquired—

"Are you not acquainted with a young gentleman calling himself Ernest Stillman? It was of him I wished to speak."

On the name of Stillman being pronounced, Miss Samuel could not conceal her agitation, and with eager solicitude replied—"What can you mean?— What of Mr. Stillman?—inform me at once, I beseech you?"

Heaving a sigh, which appeared to proceed from the inmost recesses of her heart, the poor female informed Miss Samuel that the real name of the person referred to was De Lyle; and that, under the same assumed name of Stillman, he had many months previously accomplished her ruin through the agency of a counterfeit marriage, after which he had inhumanly deserted and left her a prey to penury and despair. Long did she mourn his absence, which too confiding love whispered was the result of some cruel necessity, until she accidentally met him in the street, and heard an associate accost him by the name of *De Lyle*.

Overwhelmed with doubt and astonishment, she addressed him by the name of Stillman, but what language could depict her agitation and surprise when he replied with the utmost coolness that she was certainly mistaken in the person, for he had no recollection of ever seeing her before!

With great difficulty she tottered to her residence, from which she was soon ejected, in consequence of her inability to pay her board,—since which she had been indebted for subsistence to the charity of a poor but benevolent female who became interested in her sad fate.

While performing an errand for her kind−hearted benefactress, she had observed De Lyle enter the residence of Miss Samuel, and repairing to a station at the same hour on several succeeding days, she had, unperceived by him, ascertained the fact of his daily visits.

On inquiry she learned that Miss Samuel was a resident of the dwelling he visited, and determined to apprise her of her danger, but felt unequal to the task until the physician's sad annunciation stimulated her resolution, by the certainty that if the revelation was made, it must be attended to without delay.

It is difficult to depict the varied expression of Miss Samuel's features during this recital: now doubt appeared the prominent feeling—again apprehension and anxiety were in the ascendant—mortification and wounded pride anon assumed the mastery, and these were succeeded by other but not less painful emotions.

Pressing her hand to her forehead, for several moments, after the speaker had ceased, she at length replied,

"Madam, I do not doubt that you labour under some strange mistake in relation to the identity of the person of whom you speak. That you have been cruelly deceived by an individual calling himself Stillman I certainly believe, and can readily credit the assertion that he strongly resembles a gentleman of that name who visits this house. Indeed there is little question that the villain to whom you allude is aware of this resemblance, and that the assumption of the name of Mr. Stillman, is the consequence of that knowledge. However, if you will furnish me with your address, I will take such measures to ascertain the facts, as have become necessary to prevent further misapprehension."

"Having performed what I considered a solemn duty, with which no personal considerations are mingled, I, of course, will not reiterate statements which have been already correctly given. My name is Ellen Wilson, and I can be found at No.— Attorney−street. If you should have farther occasion for my aid in this unhappy affair, I feel that the application to be of service must be made soon, for my time on earth is brief."

Thus saying, she arose, and with trembling steps and repressed respiration, left the house.

As she closed the door the tears that Miss Samuel had with difficulty suppressed during her stay, burst forth in torrents, and her heart−rending sighs attested the shock which this development had given to her whole system.

In the days of youth and innocence, ere we have become hackneyed in the world's deceptiveness, how

unnatural and improbable seems the charge of treachery against the object of our love and esteem. True it is that the mind shudders and repels the bare imputation—yet it is startling to the sensibility to think for a moment that he on whom we have lavished the full measure of our confidence, and whose example we have proudly followed, can even in the jaundiced eye of the malicious, or the diseased heart of the envious, be associated with crimes at which the soul recoils!

Such were the first sensations of Rachel Samuel on listening to the story of Ellen Wilson, and it was not until the sad, low tones of her voice had long dwelt with painful minuteness, on the enormities of De Lyle, that the Jewess could at all realize the *possibility* of their truth.

"Is this tale indeed true," she soliloquized—"can it be possible that the rich treasure of my love has been squandered on one who desires but to possess it and then throw it `like a worthless weed away?' It cannot be. I will not believe it. The girl must be labouring under some mental hallucination, or the resemblance of the person of whom she speaks to Mr. Stillman explains the mystery. Oh, that he were here now to dispel my doubts."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A SKILFUL DISSEMBLER—FARTHER EVIDENCE THAT THE CLOVEN−FOOTED GENTLEMAN IS GOOD TO HIS OWN.

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"And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies, and newfangleness;
For he was false and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secret looks,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
And thousand other ways to bait his fleshly hooks."

Spenser.
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Edward de Lyle had from long practice become a thorough adept in the arts of deception. Permitting no moral barrier to interpose between the inception of his guilty desires and their accomplishment, the means by which he deluded his victims were selected with a single view to their efficacy, without pausing to inquire what prospects would be blighted, what hearts broken, what lives jeoparded by their success. Selfishness was the ruling impulse of his nature, to which all other feelings were subservient; and while implacable revenge and licentious indulgence exhibited themselves in bold relief in his career, they were auxiliaries not rivals, to the master passion.

His acquaintance with Rachel Samuel, who was the only child of the wealthy Israelite to whom he was so largely indebted, commenced by accidentally observing her while employed in cultivating the flowers which decorated the pleasant little lawn in front of her cottage residence. Struck with the grace and beauty of her person, he affected to have sprained his ancle while passing the house; and leaning against the picket fence which divided the lot from the street, he with a well−counterfeited groan attracted her attention, and the native benevolence of her heart, induced the tender of an invitation to her father's dwelling, where he was desired to recline for a time on the sofa, until the anguish of the sprain was somewhat mitigated. To this request he assented, apologizing for the trouble he was giving his fair entertainer, who, on his being seated, advised the application of spirits of camphor; and while the servant was gone in search of the remedy, he so well improved the opportunity, that on rising to take leave, after enjoying the company of Miss Samuel for half an hour, his request to be permitted to call on the ensuing day, and report the effect of her prescription on his injured limb, met with that faint half−denial which from time immemorial has, in the language of the heart, been translated into tacit approbation.

The interview—which occurred several weeks previous to the period alluded to in the preceding chapter—was daily repeated, until the affections of the lovely girl were completely won by the blandishments of the reckless voluptuary.

On learning she was the daughter of one who held his destiny, as it were, in the palm of his hand, De Lyle at first shrunk appalled at the danger which would follow a discovery of his schemes; but that desperation which, in the pursuit of guilty enjoyments, causes the coward to rush into difficulties, heedless of consequences, goaded him on from day to day, until he found that to retreat was no less hazardous than to advance.

The education and retired habits of the lovely Jewess, increased that fervid enthusiasm which, born of feeling, is fostered by seclusion, while she entertained a romantic and fancy−coloured view of the world around her, that imaged mankind in an ideal mirror, investing the creatures of her mind either with the glowing attributes of the Divinity, or the hideous lineaments of a demon.

Isaac Samuel loved his child with an affection as ardent as his grasping nature could conceive for *any* object; but his cupidity forbade her entertaining female visitors, and the usurer possessed no friends except those who clung to his skirts from stern necessity, and who, of course, never intruded on his notice

except at his counting room.

Prior to her acquaintance with De Lyle, she occupied a portion of her leisure hours in perusing works of fiction, and in cultivating those flowers which adorned her little enclosure; and although the romance of her nature would occasionally exhibit itself in pensive thought, yet cheerfulness was the prominent feature of her mind; and it was delightful to hear her merry laugh—embodying the soul of glee—while amusing herself with the mischievous pranks of sundry curly−headed juveniles of either sex, who, during her father's stated absence, were her daily visitors.

It was during the hours which the usurer devoted to purposes of gain that De Lyle enjoyed the company of the beautiful Miss Samuel; and although he immediately placed in requisition every art that his skill in deception rendered him master of for her ruin, he was met with that high−souled purity and maiden reserve, through whose chaste barrier neither his sophistries nor his blandishments could find entrance. Once or twice, indeed, he ventured to introduce guarded allusions, whose real purport was veiled by artful verbiage; but the suspicious glance and half−indignant blush with which they were received, compelled him to desist from venturing upon such dangerous ground; and as the purity of her soul continued to fan the unholy flame which burned in his bosom, he determined to win by siege what he despaired of carrying by assault. For this purpose he affected the most honourable intentions, at times declaring that he would throw himself at the feet of her father; plead the intensity of his passion, and trust to his magnanimity: and when she depicted the utter ruin to their hopes, which such an avowal would effect, he would shed counterfeit tears, pronounce himself the most wretched of men, and beg of her to advise him as to the proper course to be pursued in so distressing a dilemma.

That these agitating scenes disturbed her equanimity is most true; but the native buoyancy of her spirits would soon return, and during his absence she indulged her fancy in depicting the morrow's enjoyment.

It was during the day following that on which Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée* was given, that the scene occurred between Miss Samuel and Ellen Wilson; and the unprecedented absence of De Lyle during whole days, caused by circumstances with which the reader is acquainted, appeared to the poor Jewess to give some countenance to the sad revelation to which she had been an involuntary listener. During this day and the greater part of the succeeding night, her mind was harassed by opposing feelings, alternating between confidence and apprehension, hope and despair. When she arose in the morning, so pallid was her usually ruddy cheek, that her father suggested the propriety of her taking medicine to relieve her coming illness, adding "A stitch in time saves nine." This she declined, saying that her illness was only a slight headache, which exercise would cure; and as this was the *cheaper* remedy, of course the suggestion coincided with his views.

At the hour which De Lyle usually selected for his daily visits, a rap was heard at the door, and he came bounding into the room.

"Ha, my charmer!" he exclaimed, in a gay and joyous tone, "I suppose you are prepared to read me a good lecture for my yesterday's absence. Begin at once, then, dearest, and I will make such an *excellent* excuse, that you will pardon me, and, as in duty bound, I shall fall on my knees and kiss that dear little hand until you are fairly wearied. But I can't wait, absolutely I can't; I must tell you: my old curmudgeon of an uncle for once chose to entrust me with an important mission, and in consequence of my succeeding to his wishes, he presented me with a hundred dollar bill; and now what shall I purchase,—what rare gem of nature or art, to bestow on my dear, dear Rachel?"

As the blinds were drawn to exclude the rays of the sun, he did not observe the paleness of her features, and was not a little startled at the hollow and sad voice in which she replied:

"Oh, Mr. Stillman, I yesterday was told *such* a tale concerning you, that I can hardly find courage to repeat it. Indeed, indeed, I am a most unhappy and disconsolate being, and shall never trust mortal more if you are false. Do you know a young woman, named Ellen Wilson?"

At this name the colour of De Lyle's cheek came and went; but fortunately for him, the same cause which had prevented him from noticing her agitation, now performed the like friendly office in his case; and reflecting for a moment, he said,

"Why, in the name of all the gods at once, what does this mean? I see how it is; you are still

determined to pay me off for yesterday's delinquency, by frightening me out of my seven senses. However, I'll gravely answer your question. I do *not* know any female bearing the name you mention. And now, if this is *really* no joke, let me have the whole story at once, *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim* , and I'll listen attentively from *alpha* to *omega*."

"Mr. Stillman, this is certainly a most serious charge, and one which, if true, involves so desperate a departure from the paths of virtue, that I must confess I cannot credit it."

"There spoke my pure dear girl; blessings on you for those words. I *knew* you could not deem me other than I seem. The only guilt with which I can charge my conscience, consists in linking so bright a being as yourself to my hopeless fate. Alas! what am I but a poor dependant orphan, without resources or fortune even in prospect, except on the death of one who may live as long as myself? But it shall not be; I will at once sever a tie which must at last make you wretched, and perhaps it is fortunate that my character has been slandered. If but a suspicion, even the shadow of a suspicion, remains on your mind in relation to the purity of my intentions, dismiss me now; let me bury my love and my then worthless frame in the same grave. But I will not be so cruel as to compel you to decide my fate. This moment I fly. Farewell, dearest, loveliest of all earthly objects; forget that my unhappy image has, for a brief period, thrown its shadow across your sunny path. One last embrace, one moment of bliss, and the future to me is *chaos*."

Thus saying, he rushed towards the door, in a well−feigned transport of despair, while the alarmed girl sprang to his side, exclaiming,

"What is this I hear? you leave me! it cannot be. Do I not say that I am convinced there is some mistake? Dear Mr. Stillman, compose yourself, while I briefly relate the foul libel on your character, to which I was an unwilling listener."

Throwing himself on the sofa, and leaning his head on his hand, he bade her proceed: and while she was detailing the particulars of Ellen Wilson's statement, his thoughts were occupied in forming a plausible story, whereby to account for the alleged misapprehension of the girl as to the identity of her seducer. As she finished the recital De Lyle said,

"I think I have a slight clew to this mystery. Not many weeks since, an acquaintance met me in the street, and asked me where I was going an hour previous, in company with a young girl of slender frame, whose appearance was not the most respectable. I of course replied that he was labouring under some mistake; on which he remarked, that if it was not me, it was my ghost; and if he had not recollected that the individual had on a coat of a different colour from any I possessed, I should have failed to convince him of his error. As, however, I now know the name of the person to whom the girl alludes, I presume that I shall be enabled to place the subject in a correct light."

After a brief stay, he bade her an affectionate adieu, and nothing but the dread of the usurer's becoming acquainted with his villany, prevented him from at once abandoning all farther pursuit of the fair Jewess.

On leaving Miss Samuel, he proceeded with no little haste to the residence of Thomas Burchard, and on being closeted with that worthy, desired him instantly to proceed to the dwelling of which Ellen Wilson was an inmate, procure a private interview, and endeavour, in the first place, to bribe her to acknowledge that she was mistaken in his person; or, in the event of his failure, openly denounce her to the woman with whom she lodged, as an impostor, whom he, Burchard, knew to be an abandoned and worthless wretch, who had changed her name.

After a brief space had elapsed, Burchard returned with the welcome intelligence that the poor girl had expired a few moments before his arrival at the house. On hearing this, De Lyle with rapid steps returned to the dwelling of Isaac Samuel, saying to Rachel as he entered,

"My dear Rachel, after I left you it occurred to me, that the most effectual method of unravelling this mystery will be for you to call on the girl who has charged me with her ruin, and solicit her to afford me an interview to−morrow at this place. I, indeed, regret giving you this trouble, but it appears to be the only course by which I can successfully vindicate my character."

"Oh, Mr. Stillman, how much I thank you for the suggestion. I'll go immediately."

Thus saying, she prepared to depart, with a heart bounding with delight, and De Lyle returned to the pursuit of other projects no less disreputable than that in which he had spent the morning.

The death of Ellen Wilson closed every avenue of disclosure to her seducer's infamy, as the female with whom she boarded knew nothing of her previous history, except from her own lips; and all things proceeded between the Jewess and the voluptuary as formerly.

The more effectually to remove her suspicions, De Lyle invested Burchard with a respectable suit of apparel, and introduced him to Rachel Samuel, whom he informed, that Mr. Stillman very much resembled a friend of his, unfortunately a wild fellow, named De Lyle, and that the absence of the latter in Europe alone prevented him from confirming his statement by producing him for her satisfaction.

Satisfied with this explanation, the deluded girl again confided in De Lyle's honour and affection, and the hours, as they flew, continued to scatter enjoyment in her path.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRIUMPH OF MALICE.

"If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour."

*Cymbeline.*

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny."

*Hamlet.*

We new return to Clifton, who, on the day succeeding his *tête−à−tête* with Julia Borrowdale, was elevated to the pinnacle of earthly happiness.

During the latter part of the afternoon he had called at her temporary residence, but was informed by her maid that she was absent; and being engaged to spend the evening with Ellingbourne, he left his card and slowly sauntered to the Astor House. The following paragraph, which appeared in the Commercial Advertiser of the next evening, will inform the reader of the result of his visit, and how near the scheme of De Lyle for his ruin approached its successful termination.

*From the Commercial Advertiser of Oct.*—, 18—. Police Court.—Capture Extraordinary! The precincts of the Police Court were this morning crowded with spectators, assembled to hear the examination of a number of the gentry known as *black−legs*, who were last evening arrested in the exercise of their base vocation, and we regret to state that two individuals, heretofore holding respectable stations in society, were found associated with the delinquents. One of these, a confidential clerk in the counting−room of a wealthy and extensive mercantile firm in this city, has been fully identified as an accomplice; but the second, a gentleman of fortune, who occupies an elevated rank in the fashionable world, appears to have been decoyed into the gaming house, without being aware of the purposes to which its interior was prostituted.

"The principal witness, named Thomas Burchard, testified that several nights since he had been fleeced at the same *hell* of a large sum, and that the clerk before alluded to (whose name we suppress at the particular request of the junior partner of the firm, his employers) was a principal actor in the robbery. The straight−forward story of this witness, apparently an industrious artizan of the middle rank in life, created no little indignation against the well−dressed culprit, who had so largely contributed to his undoing When asked if he was acquainted with the fashionable individual whom we before mentioned, as being caught in bad company, he answered promptly in the affirmative; stating that he was indebted to him for temporary aid, after being plucked of his last fathing; and that, from a long knowledge of his moving in the first society, and the integrity of his character, he believed him totally incapable of associating with such villains as the gamblers, had he known their profession.

"Two other witnesses from the country, named Simpkin and Thompson, confirmed the testimony of Burchard as to the respectability of the gentleman last alluded to, adding that they also had been stripped of their loose cash by the villany of a portion of the gang; and although they did not fully identify the merchant's clerk as one of the guilty parties, yet they had a faint recollection of observing a person in the *hell* whom they *believed* to be himself.

"The prisoners, including the latter individual, were ordered to procure bail in the sum of one thousand dollars each, to appear and answer the charge, or, in default, to stand committed; and the gentleman who

was inveigled in their meshes was of course honourably discharged. These daring and reckless offenders have been long under the *surveillance* of the police, and it is a subject of gratulation that sufficient evidence is at length produced to bring them to trial. The only individual having any pretensions to respectability was, we learn, bailed by the junior partner of the firm before alluded to, who, with great liberality, but with questionable prudence, was induced to save the delinquent from the cheerless solitude of a cell in the bridewell prison.

"Perhaps a more striking illustration of the infatuation which leads the gambler to sacrifice everything to his thirst for unlawful gain, was never exhibited than in the person of this young man. Possessing the entire confidence of his employers, allowed a salary more than sufficient to sustain a respectable rank in society, and having in anticipation the prospect of soon becoming interested in the concern as a junior partner, he has, by the indulgence of this destructive vice, brought ruin to his hopes, his morals, and his reputation.

"While alluding to this subject, we feel constrained, as public journalists, to call on the community to demand of the authorities prompt and energetic action in relation to these marauders on society. The vice of gaming is increasing to a fearful extent, and parents and guardians are especially required to exercise their united influence in suppressing an evil from whose fatal web, like the shirt of Neseus, the victim struggles in vain to extricate himself.

"If previous respectability of character is to shield the accused from the punishment due to his offence, or if the influence of friends interposes to prevent the impartial administration of justice, the laws are proportionably weakened in their efficacy, and the virtuous portion of society lose the ægis of their protection. Let justice be done, therefore, in this case, whoever is the sufferer, and hereafter these *blacklegs* will be compelled to select some other theatre than this city for the exercise of their dark vocation, or be driven to those secret haunts whose infamous character will save respectable individuals from being unwittingly decoyed into their toils."

## CHAPTER XX.

A THRUST IN THE DARK.—A CHALLENGE.

"Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire−eyed fury be my conduct now."

*Romeo and Juliet.*

As Clifton left the police court, after being bailed by De Lyle, he proceeded slowly towards the counting−room of his employers, while the distressing events which had prostrated his hopes, and rendered him bankrupt in love and ambition, created a feeling in his mind which bordered on desperation.

That he was the victim of some deep−laid conspiracy was evident from the unblushing perjury of the witness Burchard; but it was in vain that he attempted to imagine any probable cause for the malignant feelings which could alone have dictated so desperate a measure for his destruction. That De Lyle's teeming brain gave birth to the foul scheme never entered his thoughts; and after musing for a long period on the subject, he became satisfied that, for some cause unknown to himself, he had incurred the hatred of Ellingbourne, on whom his suspicions were fixed by the apparent friendship of Burchard for the fashionable *roué*, and his eager anxiety to exempt the latter from suspicion, which seemed to evince the intimate connexion existing between them and the unity of their designs.

To what circumstance he should ascribe this malignant hostility, he at first failed to perceive; but suddenly the recollection of Ellingbourne's expressed admiration of Julia Borrowdale, when she appeared at Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée*, flashed across his mind; and he was compelled to believe that jealousy of his marked attentions to the lovely girl was the foundation of this desperate expedient to destroy him. What rendered the agency of Ellingbourne more certain, was the testimony of Simpkin and Thompson, both of whom had seemed equally anxious with Burchard to exculpate him from censure, while the *belief* they expressed of his (Clifton's) being in the company of those who rifled their pockets at the gaming−table, confirmed him in this assurance. The only circumstance which tended to exculpate Ellingbourne, was the fact of his being arrested with the gamblers; but that might have occurred through misapprehension of the *hour* at which the officers were to enter the room, or from some other casualty. Having fully satisfied his mind on this subject, his indignation became so far excited against Ellingbourne that he determined without delay to denounce him in language sufficiently severe to provoke a personal encounter.

That he disliked both the principle and practice of duelling, is most true; but the natural hastiness of his temper having in this instance obtained complete ascendency, he conceived no other method of avenging so great an injury; and as for his character that was already lost beyond the hope of recovery.

With these feelings he proceeded to the lodgings of Ellingbourne, whom he found traversing the room with marked agitation imprinted on his features.

"Mr. Ellingbourne," said Clifton, "this visit is at a rather unseasonable hour; and I have little doubt that its purport will be considered as *inopportune* as the time selected for making it. My message is brief but comprehensive. Sir, you are a villain and a coward! The epithets are both applicable to one who seeks the destruction of his fellow through the agency of perjured hirelings. Allow me to repeat the charge, lest your *memory* should emulate the treachery of your *soul*, and fail to remind you of its tenor. You understand me, sir, to pronounce you a coward and a villain."

"Mr. Clifton," replied Ellingbourne, with mingled anger and hesitation in his manner, "I fully comprehend the foul and unjust epithets you have applied to me. If circumstances had not transpired to give you seeming cause for this hasty and violent assault on my character and feelings, no apology or explanation could prevent me from instantly demanding personal satisfaction. Briefly, let me advise you, sir, to withdraw these offensive charges. If you do not retract within five minutes, we are mortal foes. The issue is with you."

"This, sir, is my only reply," said Clifton, throwing his card on the centre table, and immediately leaving the room.

"Infatuated man," said Ellingbourne, after his departure, "if he *will* rush on destruction, how can I prevent it? Would that the scoundrel De Lyle were in his stead. That treacherous villain thinks he has deceived me, as to his agency in procuring the arrest of Clifton and myself; but the time will soon arrive when I shall have fleeced him of his *all*, and then he will ascertain his mistake. Unfortunately, I cannot explain to Clifton, even if my honour would permit, without implicating myself in the transaction. Well, well, I suppose it is my unhappy destiny to be compelled to shoot the man whom I would rescue from infamy, and give the *fraternal hug* to the reptile I despise. If the arrest had not been made, I should have been enabled to pocket De Lyle's cash, and exonerate Clifton from all difficulty. But the stars have decreed it otherwise."

With these philosophical reflections, Ellingbourne seated himself and despatched a message by a servant to the room of Matthison, soliciting an immediate interview. While the messenger is absent, let us for a moment examine whether most individuals, like Ellingbourne, do not endeavour to throw the burden of their own follies or delinquencies on fate, destiny, or the stars. The merchant hazards his fortune on the issue of a rash venture, which his better judgment should at once have denounced: it fails and he is ruined, and lo! the fates are his sworn foes: the philosopher broaches a favourite theory, and when practical application exhibits its defects, it is his unfortunate destiny: the mechanic expends his substance in building castles in the air, instead of brick and mortar habitations on earth, and as a breath resolves them into their original elements, the gods have interposed for their destruction; while the politician, whose selfish views are evident through professions of regard for the *dear people*, charges his defeat to ingratitude and the stars! Lo! one thing we have observed among the sons of men, and that is the disposition to deny, stoutly, that their mishaps *ever* originate with themselves.

In a few moments Matthison entered Ellingbourne's apartment, and readily consented to be the bearer of a hostile message to Clifton.

Meanwhile our hero had proceeded to his boarding−house, and on reflecting on his interview with Ellingbourne, he could not disguise from himself the manifest injustice and imprudence of his course in refusing him an opportunity for explanation.

While musing on the difficulties by which he was surrounded, Matthison entered the sitting−room, and after a courteous salutation, gave him a note, which he opened and read as follows:—

"*Astor House,—*
*Oct. 15, 18—.*
"Sir,

"The insult offered me this morning can only be atoned by affording me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. My friend Piercie Matthison, Esq. the bearer of this, will arrange the necessary details on my part. "I have the honour to be, &c.,

"Julius Ellingbourne"

"To Sydney Clifton, Esquire."—

"Sad business, Mr. Clifton," said Matthison when the note was perused. "My friend Ellingbourne desires particularly to have the matter despatched to−morrow morning, as he is engaged in the evening for Mrs. Willford's ball. As, however, you are the challenged party, the time, distance, and weapons are, of course, subject to your volition. If your stomach should be deranged, and the nerves thereby shaken, we must defer it for a day or two."

Clifton's first impulse on reading the note was to withdraw the charge against Ellingbourne, thereby giving him an opportunity for explanation; but the allusion of Matthison to the state of his nerves, and the *nonchalance* with which his principal expressed the desire to attend a *ball*, prevented him from pursuing

this magnanimous course. He therefore replied that he was equally anxious with Mr. Ellingbourne, to bring the unhappy affair to a close, and concluded by informing Mr. Matthison that he would instantly procure a friend who would confer with him without delay. Matthison then withdrew, and Clifton despatched a note to Shafton, soliciting his presence on business of importance, that required immediate attention.

Before Shafton's arrival De Lyle called at Clifton's room, and was informed of his preparations for a hostile meeting with Ellingbourne; and while the former affected to deplore the necessity of such a step, he yet confessed that he saw no method of honourably avoiding it, offering, at the same time, to call on a friend of his, a skilful surgeon, who he was sure would cheerfully tender his services for such an emergency.

While they were conversing Shafton entered, and De Lyle, as he rose to depart, said, "Shafton, take good care of our friend. Ellingbourne is a dead shot, and you must see that he has no advantage of position."

"Why," said Shafton, with a look of evident satisfaction, "I trust I am qualified to discharge this delicate duty skilfully. My experience in these matters is greater than falls to the lot of most persons. In Paris, sir, I was the friend of three principals, and myself winged my man in a fourth affair. If Clifton only keeps cool, he shall send his opponent to that *bourne* from whence there is no trav *elling* . Pretty Good *off−hand* pun, is it not, De Lyle? Entirely on the spur of the moment, on my honour."

Thus saying, the punster assumed an air of great importance, and chuckled not a little at this favourable opportunity of *safely* affording the New−York public a *well−authenticated* specimen of his gallantry and skill in matters appertaining to the *duello*. On De Lyle's leaving the room, Clifton furnished Shafton with proper credentials, who instantly proceeded to the lodgings of Matthison, to perfect the necessary arrangements. In the evening De Lyle called on our hero, in company with Doctor Searle, who tendered his professional aid, which was accepted; and as the seconds had previously selected the following morning for the meeting, the surgeon promised to call on Clifton by the dawn of day.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMBAT.

"Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

*Macbeth.*

"My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till this news be uttered."

*King John.*

On the western shore of the Hudson, in the state of New−Jersey, and directly opposite the city of New−York, sequestered at the base of an elevated range of hills, which at a little distance assume the dignity and abruptness of mountains, lies the romantic village of Hoboken.

To the resident of the metropolis its beautiful walk, skirting the margin of the majestic stream, is a favourite afternoon retreat, where the wearied citizen, while listening to the waves as they break upon the beach, or reclining beneath the broad shadows of the willow and the tree of heaven which adorn its banks, can behold before him, as on a map, the giant bee−hive within whose chambers but a few moments previously he, in common with his fellow−insects, was industriously toiling to accumulate a wintry store.

Passing northwardly, the gravelled path approaches the river so nearly, that the loiterer with a side step would, at this point, find himself ankle−deep in the pure element; anon it ascends the bank amid shrubbery and wild flowers, until, at the distance of a short mile, the splendid Pavilion, whose ornamented grounds are known as the *Elysian Fields*, bursts on the view, with a prospect sufficiently captivating to warrant their celestial appellation. In the same direction, about two miles from Hoboken, over−looking the river and city, the mountains of Weehawken point their cliffs toward the sky; and in an alcove whose area is perhaps two hundred yards in diameter,—scooped out of their rocky base at creation's birth, or by some subsequent convulsion of nature,—is the celebrated duelling−ground where Burr shot Hamilton, and to whose secluded precincts all successive city candidates for bullets and immortality have resorted on like occasions.

At early dawn, the day following Clifton's receipt of the challenge, a row−boat with two oarsmen and five passengers might be observed moving over the placid surface of the noble river, towards this picturesque and secluded spot; and just as the sunbeams tipped the summit of the mountains, the party disembarked; and Clifton, Ellingbourne, Matthison, Shafton, and the surgeon proceeded to the execution of their hostile purpose.

On landing, the eye of Clifton ranged over the quiet and lonely semi−amphitheatre; and as all traces of anger had vanished from his bosom, he thought it little less than sacrilege to desecrate so lovely a scene with the sanguinary evidences of man's warring passions. From this reverie he was aroused by Shafton, who, in an under tone, said,

"Now, Clifton, be cool and collected. If the *time* will admit, reserve your fire until you have received that of your opponent, unless you have the utmost confidence in your capacity to execute a *rapid movement* successfully. But before I leave you, let me beseech you to dismiss from your mind the silly determination you expressed last evening, to throw away your fire. 'Tis absolute *madness;* for I have Matthison's assurance that Ellingbourne never was more implacable and determined on any similar

occasion; and as he has frequently acted as his second, of course he is little likely to err. By strictly following my instructions we shall leave the ground with a reputation that neither malice nor envy can dart a *Shaft−on. Excusez, mon ami*, the pun would out."

"Permit me to remark," said Clifton, "that I by no means authorize any resort to stratagem to secure an advantage of position. Having voluntarily entered the lists, I scorn the attempt to gain by man oeuvre what I lack in skill. Let the ground be chosen, therefore, with sole reference to its general eligibility, and not from a desire to give me an undue advantage."

"The age of chivalry is past," replied Shafton; "and as *etiquette* places this whole matter in my hands, I shall take my own method of executing the trust. If I should follow your directions, I fear that you would shortly intrude on my province by measuring six feet more or less of the ground selected."

Thus saying, our volatile friend joined Matthison, and they proceeded to the selection of the ground.

On reaching a favourable spot, Shafton paced off the requisite distance in a line running north and south, and parallel with the course of the river, leaving Ellingbourne's position covered by a clump of bushes, which were of course in the range of Clifton's fire, thus affording a prominent object whereby to direct his aim.

While his second was thus employed, Clifton, like the eastern devotee, turned his gaze towards the spot where sojourned that bright being who was the object of his heart's idolatry.

The morning was peculiarly bland and lovely, and each varied sound of the awakening city came wafted to his ear mellowed by distance, and freighted with the charms of memory and association.

"Beautiful and prosperous island city," thus he mused, "queen of the western world, within whose sea−girt boundaries my buoyant imagination first spread her pinions towards the bright realms of poetry and romance! Years in their ceaseless flight will continue to pour their tribute of wealth and abundance into thy lap, but perchance the eyes that now gaze on thee will in a few brief moments be veiled by the films of death.

"And what, if, before yon rising luminary quenches his glowing fires in the western ocean, my summer friends shall have exhausted the shallow fountain of their sympathies at my sudden exit, and the busy multitudes within whose circle I have lived and moved, pass to their ephemeral schemes of pleasure or ambition, as if no such event had rippled along the surface of their recollections,—at least, the bright being with whom my fate is linked, and my beloved foster−parents, will mourn my unhappy departure. And Thou, merciful author of my being! who hast been to me `the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night,' if it be consistent with thy wise decrees, vouchsafe to deliver me from the peril of this awful hour; but if it is my self−appointed doom to rush uncalled for into Thy august and holy Presence, forgive the rash and criminal act, for the sake of Him who is our Mediator at Thy throne."

With this mental ejaculation, Clifton braced his nerves to meet, with becoming calmness and fortitude, the eventful crisis, which he now viewed with far different sentiments from those which actuated him when he precipitated the hostile meeting by a voluntary insult to his antagonist.

While occupied in these reflections, Ellingbourne, who, in the pursuit of his disreputable calling, had become a perfect adept in detecting the latent feeling through the index of the countenance, at once perceived that the heart of his opponent, although shadowed with melancholy, quailed not at the danger which he was to encounter.

"I like not," thought the gambler, "the cool, dispassionate determination, depicted in Clifton's features. I have certainly underrated his courage; and although inexperienced in affairs of honour, there is no little danger to be apprehended from the fire of one whose steady nerves are the faithful ministers of his will. It behooves me to review Matthison's selection of the ground, lest I be compelled to take an unfavourable position."

Just at this moment Matthison had reached the point at which Shafton proposed to station Ellingbourne, while the punster occupied the spot assigned to Clifton.

As yet Matthison had not objected to Shafton's selection; but the sharp significant cough of his principal attracted his attention, and perceiving by his countenance that he was dissatisfied with some portion of the arrangements, he reviewed the capabilities of the ground, and soon saw the decided advantage it afforded Clifton. Passing, therefore, to the side of Shafton, he said,

"My dear sir, by the merest accident, you have placed my principal directly in the range of that small cluster of shrubbery, which your experienced eye will at once perceive forms a prominent background in the line of Mr. Clifton's fire. Surely my stomach is somewhat deranged, or I should sooner have observed this difficulty."

"Oh," replied Shafton, carelessly, "if there is any advantage of position, I have no objection to change the direction of our principals, although, permit me to say, that by your assent to the proposed arrangement, I have an undoubted *right* to *insist* on its being adhered to. As I have, however, every confidence in Mr. Clifton's coolness and gallantry, I will, from courtesy, reverse the stations in a line from east to west, placing my friend with his back to the river; and by glancing your eye over the ground, you will observe that neither tree, rock, nor shrub, is in the range of Mr. Ellingbourne."

"That will do," said Matthison, placing himself in a situation to examine the ground; "and with your permission, we will now station our principals."

Thus saying, the combatants were assigned to the places selected, and the seconds proceeded to load the pistols. While thus occupied, the sunbeams, which had gradually descended the brow of the mountain, poured their light in Ellingbourne's face, and Matthison too late perceived that the change of ground had been the reverse of favourable to his principal.

That his chagrin at being thus over−reached was fully shared by Ellingbourne, cannot be a matter of surprise; and the latter, who at first considered the meeting rather in the light of a morning's amusement than a dangerous combat, in which his life might be hazarded, now viewed the subject in a more serious mood, and mentally determined to exercise all his acknowledged skill, in revenging the insult he had received, and foiling Shafton in his wily manoeuvre.

The words "*one, two, three*," were the signal, at whose utterance the leaden heralds were to wing their dangerous flight; and the first had scarcely been pronounced, when the sharp ring of Ellingbourne's weapon echoed from cliff to cliff, and was succeeded by the report of Clifton's; and the groan that burst from the gambler, and his sudden spring into the air, gave instant proof that the shot had taken effect. Dr. Searle at once ran to the assistance of the wounded man, and, on removing his clothing, it was ascertained that he had received the ball in the left side, between the short ribs; and the grave looks of the surgeon indicated Ellingbourne's critical situation.

"Doctor," said our hero, with the utmost agony depicted in his countenance, "is the wound dangerous? Inform me, I beseech you; for, should it prove mortal, I have reached the last happy moment of my existence."

"Be calm, my friend," replied the professional gentleman; "as yet I cannot determine the precise nature of the injury."

Then taking Shafton's arm and drawing him aside, he whispered, "Let Mr. Clifton seek safety in flight. Life and death are certainly in the keeping of Providence, but I will not insure Mr. Ellingbourne's existence for an hour. I perceive that you have provided a second boat; and if Mr. Clifton is wise, he will, *without a moment's delay*, secure a safe retreat."

While the surgeon and Shafton were conversing, Clifton caught the hand of Ellingbourne, who was supported in a sitting position by Matthison, saying, "My dear sir, can you forgive me for this rash and dreadful act? Indeed, indeed, I bore you no malice, and trust I am pardoned for the injury I have inflicted. Would to Heaven I could recall this morning's fearful proceedings."

Ellingbourne, who, although pale and evidently apprehensive that his wound would prove fatal, yet preserved his accustomed calmness of manner, replied: "Mr. Clifton, most cheerfully do I bear witness to your courage and gallantry; if you proffer a reconciliation I surely will not reject it. There is my hand, and although my strength will not permit me to press yours with the ardour I would desire, yet the *will* is not wanting. If I live and have an opportunity to explain matters which to you are still shrouded in mystery, you will find the error under which you have laboured in relation to my agency in certain transactions which have recently occurred. If otherwise, I must refer you to that hour in which *all* secrets will be revealed."

At this moment Shafton beckoned Clifton, saying, "Time is short; Ellingbourne's wound is decidedly *mortal*; the surgeon has just informed me that he cannot live an hour. Under these circumstances, we must

take to the boat I have placed in reserve, and run for life. Fortunately the oarsmen are two expert *Whitehallers*, and will land us in the city in the twinkling of an eye. So *allons, mon ami* ."

Our hero's first impulse was to await the issue of his antagonist's wound, before securing his own safety; but the solemn assurance of Shafton and the surgeon that no time was to be lost if he wished to avoid arrest and imprisonment, and the reflection that his presence could be of no avail in averting the fatal consequences of Ellingbourne's injury, at length determined him to listen to the advice of his friend. Before leaving the ground, he again entreated Ellingbourne's forgiveness, who, with much apparent feeling, besought him not to suffer his mind to dwell on a calamity which might have been, by the merest accident, transferred to himself.

"If I should recover," said the gambler, feebly, "it is well: but if not, why the leap into the unknown and unexplored futurity is but a few years in anticipation of that to which I am destined by the ordinary operation of nature. And why should I repine? The bright visions of my youth have already vanished; and it matters little how soon I am removed from a scene where neither friends nor kindred shed the sunshine of their affection on my cheerless way."

Here a deep groan arrested his utterance; but whether it was caused by the anguish of his wound, or by grief of heart, we can only conjecture. Dashing a tear from his eye, he resumed:

"Curse the wound, it makes me play the woman. Adieu, Mr. Clifton; God bless you; wherever you go, remember my assurances of innocence in all that relates to the injurious imputations on your character."

"Farewell, my brave antagonist," was Clifton's reply, in a voice almost stifled with emotion, when he slowly proceeded with Shafton to the boat, and in a few moments the slender skiff with its freight was leaping on the blue waters, under the powerful and steady pull of the athletic and skilful oarsmen.

# CHAPTER XXII.

A TALE−BEARER REBUKED.

"Away, away, the tale is false."

The mental eye, like the corporeal, being limited in its range, can only embrace a certain number of objects at one view; and to initiate our readers in secrets with which they are yet unacquainted, it becomes necessary to revert to events that transpired on the evening which saw Clifton and the gamblers placed in durance.

On De Lyle's retiring to rest after the interview with Burchard, he calmly reflected on the probable consequences of the bold step he had taken, and was forced to admit that there was no little peril involved in the issue if immediate measures were not devised to prevent it.

Although the plan of decoying Clifton to the gambling−house was the joint production of Ellingbourne and himself, yet the subsequent arrest of the parties, and the public exposure which would necessarily result, originated entirely with De Lyle, who was goaded on by the demon of jealousy, and could not await the slow process by which the gambler and himself had proposed to destroy the reputation and prospects of his victim.

While pushing forward his measures by the aid of Burchard, he did not pause to reflect on the difficulties connected with their accomplishment; but now that the excitement of the moment had passed away, he perceived the necessity of instant action.

That Ellingbourne would be indignant at his arrest, and lay the *onus* at his door, was self evident; while the result would be not only to thwart his scheme of revenge against Clifton, but in all probability, to expose the whole of his guilty practices, and the ruinous method by which he procured the means of their pursuit. Alarmed at the prospect, he arose, dressed himself in the utmost haste, and gliding silently to the front door of his father's mansion, proceeded with rapid steps to the dwelling of Burchard; and after a long and anxious conference, it was determined that Ellingbourne should be exonerated at any hazard. That the pliable instrument of De Lyle faithfully obeyed his behest, is apparent from the extract in a previous chapter, from one of the journals of the day.

After the great object of De Lyle was accomplished, he proposed to visit Miss Borrowdale, first proceeding to the office of the Commercial Advertiser, where, under a hypocritical affectation of regard for Clifton, he furnished the editor with minute details of the transaction; and while soliciting the suppression of our hero's name, took especial care to have the curiosity of the public so fully excited that the story would fly with greater rapidity than if the name and particulars were at first published. To add to the effect of his revelations, he visited the extended circle of his acquaintance, and so introduced the subject as to have the development seemingly drawn from him against his will, thus securing for himself the character of Clifton's friend and apologist, while he was hurling the poisoned barb that destroyed his reputation.

When he rang the bell at the residence of Mr. Elwell, and was admitted, Miss Borrowdale's attendant was, by previous concert, anxiously awaiting his appearance; and hastily informing her of the success of his scheme for our hero's destruction, he was invited to a seat in the parlour, while the girl proceeded to inform her mistress of his desire to pay his respects.

"Mary, say I am engaged, and cannot, this morning, wait on him," said Julia to the maid, when De Lyle's name was announced.

"Why, Miss Borrowdale," replied the girl, "I told him you was dressed and jist going out; but he said he wouldn't keep you a minute, as he only wanted to make his bow. Forgive me if I did wrong, for I spoke before I thought; but I suppose he'll think strange if you don't jist say how do−do to him."

"Oh, if you have given him this information, I will run down in my hat and shawl, and despatch my intrusive visitor, while cousin Helen is finishing her *toilette*."

Thus saying, Julia descended to the parlour.

"I fear, Miss Borrowdale," said De Lyle, "that you will consider me intrusive; but, independent of my

desire to pay my devoirs to a lady in whom I feel a deep and fervent interest, a circumstance has unfortunately transpired this morning, which so fatally affects the character of a young gentleman whom I have heretofore considered respectable, and with whom you are acquainted, that I deemed it my duty, however painful to my feelings, to apprize you of it. I aliude to Mr. Clifton, to whom I was indebted for the pleasure of an introduction to yourself at Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée*."

During the delivery of this imposing preface, which was intended to be marked by due gravity of demeanor, De Lyle could not entirely conceal his satisfaction at the opportunity thus afforded him to stab the reputation of Clifton in the most vital part; and although Julia was not a little embarrassed, she yet retained sufficient fortitude to perceive the triumph that beamed in the eye of De Lyle; and rising as he paused in his remarks, and drawing up her figure to its full height, she said,

"Pardon me, sir, if I cannot perceive either the necessity, or the propriety, of this interference with matters which, if they do not concern me solely, I have not yet entrusted to Mr. De Lyle's guardianship. As this appears to constitute your principal business with me, and as I was prepared to make calls on your arrival, I must take the liberty of wishing you good−morning."

Having given De Lyle this *cut direct*, Julia, with a slight courtesy, left the room; and before the surprised news−vender had time to collect his scattered thoughts, she had reached her own apartment.

Throwing herself on the sofa, she burst into tears, and while her face was buried in her hands, Helen entered the room, and inquired, with the utmost astonishment, what was the cause of her grief and agitation.

This was a question somewhat difficult for her to answer, as she was totally unacquainted with Clifton's crime, if crime he had committed; and although she could fully answer to her own conscience for her treatment of De Lyle, yet it was less easy to explain it satisfactorily to a third party.

Desiring Helen, therefore, to make her morning−calls without her, she said she would explain the nature and cause of her emotions on her return; and her cousin, after a fruitless effort to induce Julia to accompany her, proceeded to her carriage. As she descended the stairs, De Lyle, who had remained in the parlour for several minutes after Miss Borrowdale's sudden exit, opened the door which communicated with the hall, and was accosted by Helen, who said,

"Mr. De Lyle, you surely were not going to leave the house without paying me the courtesy even of a word, or at all events a silent bow."

"Understanding that Miss Elwell was about making her morning calls, I hesitated to inflict my company on her, and intended to await a more opportune moment, to pay my respects. In such cases a gentleman's *card* is, I believe, more acceptable than his presence," replied De Lyle, laughingly.

"While he was delivering his ready reply, Helen bethought her that his presence, in all probability, was connected with the agitation of Julia; and being deeply imbued with that curiosity which has descended in an especial degree to the daughters of Eve, she determined to elicit the facts, and therefore said,

"Mr. De Lyle, my calls are not so urgent that I cannot spare a few moments for a friend. Besides, I want you to tell me what is going on in the world. Positively, I have not mingled with the busy throng for *forty−eight hours*, and am, of course, dying with curiosity to know all the strange and tragical or comical events that must have happened in that time. Tell me, now, who is dead, who married; who has committed suicide,—or who is likely to perform either of these monstrosities within the next half−a−dozen hours?"

"Why, Miss Elwell," said De Lyle, who was equally desirous to communicate what she wished to learn, "neither of the unhappy circumstances that you speak of has occurred; but one of our unlucky friends has involved himself in *such* a scrape. You know Mr. Clifton, our confidential clerk, whom we so highly esteemed—would you believe it? He was last night arrested in a notorious gambling−house, and proof was elicited which fully inculpated him as one of the most guilty of the gang."

"Oh, I see how it is," said Helen; "some unsuccessful rival has been decoying the poor fellow into a *hell*, and then taken the opportunity to expose him." The sudden start of De Lyle at once flashed conviction on her mind, of a truth that she had scarcely before imagined, for her remark was the result of a sudden desire to exculpate Clifton, whom she admired, rather than of any well−defined idea of his innocence.

Appearing, therefore, not to observe De Lyle's agitation, she resumed, "I would at least fain think that so exemplary and accomplished a young gentleman as Clifton, was drawn into this difficulty, *originally*, through inadvertence; if such is not the case, why either the rope, laudanum, or a speedy reformation is desirable."

The conversation between the *roué* and his fair and fashionable companion, lasted but for a few moments after this development, as the lady ascertained that she was in possession of all the facts, and De Lyle had accomplished his purpose in communicating Clifton's disgrace in a quarter whence it must reach the ears of Julia, before he could obtain an interview and disabuse her mind.

As De Lyle left the house, he dwelt with no little chagrin on the marked disgust with which his efforts to inculpate our hero was received by Julia; but this untoward circumstance increased his desire to ruin Clifton, and thereby destroy the happiness of the fair girl, if he could not induce her to favour his addresses.

The thoughts of Helen, also, rested on the same subject; and when she was seated in the carriage, her reflections caused a right interpretation of De Lyle's embarrassment at her accidentally alluding to the true causes of Clifton's arrest.

Yet to conceal from Julia her convictions on this subject, she determined to relate all the circumstances tending to criminate Clifton, without any allusion to those which might exhibit the baseness of De Lyle. This course she was induced to pursue, not only in consequence of her being piqued at the preference of our hero for her fair cousin, but from a vague desire to attract him to herself, and let him know that to *her* he was indebted for his restoration to his former rank in society.

"If he is indifferent to my regard," she thought, "let him float down the stream of time with the brand of disgrace on his brow:—why should I stretch out my hand to snatch him from ignominy, if I cannot thereby ensure his gratitude and devotion?"

While she was absorbed in these selfish reflections, her carriage rolled along the pavement in Broadway; and drawing up to the door of Stewart's fancy store, she alighted among a crowd of fashionably−dressed ladies, who were about examining the rich array of silks and satins that was displayed from every part of the extensive warehouse.

After Helen's departure, Julia pondered deeply on the proper course to pursue towards her cousin, and at length resolved ingenuously to inform her of De Lyle's conduct, and the causes which prevented her from awaiting the development. Accordingly, on Helen's return, she related the circumstances with which the reader is acquainted, adding, that De Lyle's deportment so distinctly bore the character of insolence, that she could not brook longer parley with him. In return, Helen imparted the particulars of Clifton's disgrace, leaving poor Julia in the most agonizing state of astonishment and sorrow.

When left to herself, the mind of the generous girl at once acquitted Clifton of the crimes imputed to him, notwithstanding the evident effort of her cousin to impress her with a conviction of his guilt.

"Helen neither knows nor appreciates the purity and elevation of his soul," she said to herself, "or she would not, for a moment, believe him unworthy. Had she listened, as I have done, to his noble and exalted sentiments, she would not retain her present impressions."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

FURTHER DISAPPOINTMENTS.—PLOTS, AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

"The swains may in manners compare, But their love is not equal to mine."

Shenstone.

While Julia was anxiously awaiting Clifton's appearance to explain the nature of the difficulties into which he had fallen, he was occupied, as has been seen, in perfecting the arrangements for a meeting with Ellingbourne; but after the whole matter had been placed in the charge of Shafton, his first impulse led him to visit the residence of Miss Borrowdale, and inform her of the true circumstances connected with his unfortunate arrest. The reader need scarcely be informed that her attendant had rapidly improved in intrigue and deception under the guidance of so able a teacher as De Lyle; and when Clifton presented himself at the door, she boldly informed him that Miss Borrowdale had been absent for more than an hour, and that her visit would occupy the whole of the morning. Profoundly regretting the untoward circumstance which deprived him of an early opportunity to vindicate himself with the lovely girl, he retired to his lodgings, and occupied the time before the usual dinner hour in making such memoranda as would be necessary if the meeting with his antagonist should prove fatal to himself. After the performance of this duty, he dwelt with no little chagrin and mortification on the probability of Julia's being informed of the circumstances connected with his disgraceful arrest and public examination while making her morning calls; and the reflections attendant upon her apprehension of such an event effectually overshadowed the feeble ray of hope that had still gleamed around the prospect before him.

Dinner disposed of, he again proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Elwell, and was certain that he observed the form of Julia ascending the winding stairs that communicated with the second story, as he opened the hall door; but the treacherous attendant again replied to his inquiries for Miss Borrowdale that she was absent. Determined, if possible, to obtain an interview, he gave the girl his card, which he desired her to present to the lady, if she was in the house, with his compliments, and say that he solicited a moment's interview, on a subject of great importance. This the girl affected to perform, but returned, with the card, saying that Miss Borrowdale was *not at home* .

Distracted with doubt and apprehension, he slowly wended his way to his room, and, after a few moment's reflection, determined to address a letter to Julia, avowing his innocence of the charges preferred against him, and to ensure its safe delivery he resolved to convey it himself to her residence.

In compliance with this resolve, he arranged his writing materials, and indited the following epistle:

*"No.—, — street,—*
*"Saturday, Oct. —, 18—.*
"Dear Miss Borrowdale,

"Why, oh why am I not permitted an interview on which the whole happiness of my future life depends? Can it be that the lovely and just being whose partiality and goodness hesitated to chide my presumption in tendering vows of love and fidelity, has joined the censorious and heartless world in imputing to me crimes at which my soul recoils? No, no; it cannot be; and yet thrice have I called at your residence without succeeding in obtaining an audience; and when I made the last abortive effort this afternoon, although your matchless form was seen gliding from my sight, yet your servant stated that you were *not at home*. How then am I to account for this prostration of my dearest hopes? Surely none of Mr. Elwell's family can bear me illwill, for with none have I the pleasure of an acquaintance, unless that might be termed such which was caused by my introduction to Miss Helen through yourself at Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée*. Alas, a sudden light bursts on my vision, by whose glare I perceive the unwelcome truth. The rival

whose malice has wrought the meshes of the fatal web in which my character is ensnared, has, by some cunningly−devised fable, forced an unwilling conviction of my baseness on your mind; or, what is more probable, has so prejudiced your relatives that they have directed the servant to deny me the happiness of personally exculpating myself from the charges preferred against me.

"But, my dear Miss Borrowdale, whatever may have been the cause of my inability to pour into your ear the story of my wrongs, let no tale that slander may invent for a moment deprive me of your esteem—I dare not say of your love. If I do not perfectly convince you of my innocence, nay, if the world is not wholly disabused of every impression derogatory to the purity of my character, no selfish views will ever induce me to solicit your favourable notice. Think you that I could be sufficiently base to desire to link so bright and glorious a being as yourself, to the fortunes of one who carried on his brow the foul brand of the world's contempt and scorn? No, dearest of all earthly objects; the love I bear you draws its inspiration from a source too pure and holy to excite in my bosom a single impulse unworthy of yourself.

"That I shall be enabled to meet you this evening, is, I fear, improbable, although I must renew the effort, and, if I fail, will leave this communication with the servant to be given you. Dearest lady, life is at best uncertain; and if by any untoward event we should never again meet in this world, blessed be our Creator, there is another sphere where neither jealousy, nor malice, nor envy can disturb our happiness. Perhaps you may feel inclined to smile at this melancholy foreboding, but coming events cast their shadows before me, and it is needless to deny that I am surrounded by perils, from which, however, hope persuades me I shall escape unscathed. If I do, you will soon hear from me again; if not, accept the devotion of one who owns no greater frailties than ordinarily fall to the lot of erring mortals; the most unpardonable of which is the presumption that induces him to declare himself "Your devoted and constant lover,

"Sydney Clifton."

"To Miss Julia Borrowdale."—

After finishing and sealing his letter, Clifton again directed his steps to the residence of Mr. Elwell, and was met by Julia's maid, who, as usual, stated that Miss Borrowdale was not at home; and as he gave her the letter, with a particular request that it should be delivered to the young lady in person and to none other, the evident scorn which appeared in the curl of her lip, and the half sneer with which she extended her thumb and finger to receive it, were sufficient evidence to convince Clifton that the busy tongue of rumor had already wafted his disgrace to the ears of Mr. Elwell's household.

That his reflections connected with this subject, and the hostile meeting with Ellingbourne, were most unhappy, is true;—but even now hope whispered that Julia was not aware of his exertions to procure an interview, while the same smiling goddess almost convinced him that he should not fall by the bullet of his antagonist.

Shortly after Clifton's delivery of the letter to the treacherous girl, an individual called at Mr. Elwell's mansion and left another epistle, which was couched in the following language:

"*New− Yorke,—*
*Oct. 18—.*
"Mis borodel,

"the riter of these lines happins to bee an unfortunit yuth whu wuld hav bin onnist and industrus if hee hadn't hav bin siddused bi bad cumpennee and got intu scrapes in that are way. now the reesun that i rite this is to tel yu as hou mister sidnee Cliftin has bin usin yur name pruttee cunsidderablee, up to the blak hoal, as wee cal it, whear wee pla lew and wist, and rolet, not to say nothin about a tuch of farrow, and so on. in this hear way, yu sea, mister Sidnee clifton got us al inter trubble last nite; for, ses hee, arter hee

had drinked plentee of shampane, slappin his phist on the tabel, ses hee, dam the man as ses Julee borodel ain't the bootifoolest, and the hansimest, and the charminist gal in al york; hear, ses hees, hur helth, and ile cramm the glas doun annee rascils throte what won't go the hoal bumpur. So, yu sea, one uf our larks ses, ses hee, Mistir cliftin, yu can't stuf yur gals doun mi throte, no hou yu can ficks it. ime a sutthern chap, ses hee; so, stranngir, yur barkin up the rong tree. yu think yuv got a grean horn; but mi iis, ses hee, ime a rale missisipee roarer, tru grit to the bak boan. i doan't car a curs for all yur Julees nor Julise. So, yu sea, the fite wus in, and sum won called wach, and the wach cum, and wee was al captivated like innersint lams. nou i thot that yu shuld no hou yur name was insultid, bein as hou ime told yu are a nise yung ladee: so notthin moar at prissint, but rimmains yurs til deth.

"Blak Bil."

Unlike its predecessor, which was retained for other purposes by the treacherous servant, this classical epistle reached its destination; but the object of the writer was signally defeated, for the confiding girl indignantly committed it to the flames immediately after its perusal, perfectly assured in her own mind that De Lyle was in some way connected with a plot, of which this letter formed a part. That she was correct in this conjecture, the reader, no doubt, is prepared to believe; but if called on for her reasons for her suspicions, they would probably have appeared far from satisfactory to the uninitiated.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

REPENTANCE WITHOUT ABSOLUTION. AN ADIEU.

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"No voice well known through many a day,
       To speak the last, the parting word;
Which, when all other sounds decay,
       Is still like distant music heard."

MOORE
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The boat which bore our hero and his second from the scene of combat danced merrily over the tranquil bosom of the noble Hudson, and to one whose mind was un−oppressed with present or impending calamity, the rapid and measured strokes of the slender oars, which swayed almost to the form of a semi−circle, under the strong pull of the boatmen; the *yo−heave−ho* of the stevedores and riggers, whose rude melody came blithely over the waters from the quays of the busy city; the fleet of rivercraft, of every form and size, that spread their canvass to the breeze; the clouds of smoke that ascended in spiral wreaths from the numerous steam−vessels, whose promenade and quarter−decks were crowded with passengers, and the clinking of hammers from the foundries that are situated near the wharves, formed a combination well fitted to awake an absorbing and delightful interest.

But to all these pleasant features of the scene, Clifton was insensible; nor did the witticisms with which his mercurial companion interlarded his conversation serve to divert his thoughts from the agonizing reflection that, however the world might palliate the crime of which he was guilty, or custom throw over it the mantle of false honour, his conscience must for ever be oppressed with the conviction, that unmitigated *murder* rested on his soul.

"Away," said he, mentally, "with the sophistries of pride and hypocrisy:—to myself, at least, let me acknowledge that I am neither more nor less than a *murderer!* the base son of a guilty sire, I have now but to consummate my guilt by the commission of suicide, and the parallel between parent and offspring will be perfect."

Absorbed in these painful reflections, he scarcely perceived that the boat had touched the wharf, until his companion shouted in his ear:—

"Why, Clifton, what the devil ails you? You certainly do not mean to float down the stream of time in a craft three feet by fifteen, more or less? *Allons, allons*. Let's be off in a whisk, as the butcher said to the fly."

On this sally, Clifton, without reply, leaped on the wharf, and was met by De Lyle, who, having previously ascertained where the party were to land, was in waiting to learn the result of the contest. That the pleasure with which he received the information of Ellingbourne's being dangerously wounded was veiled by an artificial exhibition of grief, may be readily inferred; but the eye of suspicion would have detected the latent twinkle of satisfaction playing on his countenance, as he reflected that, if indelible ignominy was not now stamped on his rival, he would, at least, be compelled to fly the country, while Ellingbourne, whom he feared, and therefore hated, and whose services were no longer required, would, he fondly hoped, be consigned to that grave whose secrets would never, in this world, rise up in judgment against him.

"This is indeed disastrous," said De Lyle, after Shafton had detailed the result of the contest, "and will render Mr. Clifton's concealment absolutely necessary. Although the *beau monde* good−naturedly pronounces the death of a principal in an affair of honour, justifiable, yet judges, and juries composed of mechanics, and such like *canàille*, are not so lenient; and although a halter might not be the inevitable consequence of a trial and conviction, still a long and tedious imprisonment would result, which, I take for granted, our friend is far from coveting. Under these circumstances, the question arises, where are we to conceal Clifton until the issue of this unfortunate business is known?"

Our hero's reflections had, before landing, almost determined him to await the result of his antagonist's wound, and submit, voluntarily, to the ordeal of a trial, if it proved fatal; but the love of life, and the still, small voice of hope, which was not entirely silenced in his breast, joined with the persuasions of Shafton and De Lyle, induced him to reverse this impolitic resolution.

"I know of no place of concealment," he replied, mournfully, "except in the house of my foster−parents. Although it will break the hearts of this kind couple, to whom I am so deeply indebted, yet, as they must finally become acquainted with the facts, it will perhaps be better for me to communicate them in person. I will therefore proceed to their residence, and await your decision as to my future course, should Mr. Ellingbourne not survive."

Thus saying, Clifton slowly directed his steps to his temporary asylum, while De Lyle and Shafton repaired to Ellingbourne's lodgings, to which they presumed he would be conveyed, in any event.

That the excellent and amiable lady to whom Clifton was indebted for the perfection of those moral impressions which were early instilled in his mind, was deeply grieved at the unhappy position in which he was placed by the indulgence of his constitutional rashness, will be readily imagined; but as reproof and regret were alike unavailing, she, with that firmness, affection, and prudence, which were so happily blended in her character, at once proceeded to provide for the necessities of our hero, should he be compelled to seek refuge in a foreign clime. For this purpose, she immediately despatched a messenger for her husband, who, in compliance with her request, conveyed the travelling trunk of Clifton, and such portion of his wardrobe as was requisite, from his boarding−house to their residence, and in an hour from that period, the industry of Mrs. Clifton had provided every necessary and even luxury that could be required, for a sea−voyage.

During the progress of these preparations, Clifton continued to pace the floor in a state of mind that may be conceived but not portrayed: and the echo of every foot−fall that was heard near the door of his temporary abode, was listened to with intense anxiety, in the expectation of receiving the fatal intelligence of his opponent's death.

It was about the hour of mid−day that De Lyle entered the room with the sad information, that although Ellingbourne was still living, it was next to impossible that he could survive the day. He also informed him, that Shafton and himself had procured a passage for him on board a vessel then lying in the stream, and bound for Liverpool, which would sail early on the following morning; stating, that he had imparted to the captain, in confidence, (who was his particular friend,) the true cause of Clifton's departure, and that the captain had promised to use his best exertions to ensure his safety.

De Lyle then left, after advising our hero to be ready at a moment's warning, as he would, during the afternoon, call with a carriage to convey him to the ship's boat, which would be in waiting at the wharf to receive him.

On the receipt of this melancholy information, Clifton immediately addressed the following brief letter to his adored Julia.

*"Saturday, 2 P. M.* "My dear, lost Julia,

"How can I convey the sad intelligence of an event which has shipwrecked every hope connected with you and happiness? Briefly, then:—in a fatal hour I consented to a hostile meeting with Mr. Julius Ellingbourne this morning, and the result is, that my antagonist at this moment lies mortally wounded at his lodgings, in the Astor House. That I am in the toils of a most foul and deep−laid conspiracy against my character; that this rash meeting has, in its consequences, severed every hope I might otherwise have entertained of exculpating myself in the opinion of the world; that I have been goaded on by some fiend or fiends in human shape, who have too successfully accomplished my ruin: and that life will, hereafter, be a curse rather than a blessing, are truths which admit not of denial, but will never, I fear, be susceptible of satisfactory explanation. Farewell, then, my life, my love; a long, a last farewell.

"My intention was to recommend you to forget that such a wretch as myself ever crossed your path; but my hand refuses to trace the sentence, and my too selfish heart hesitates to resign the fond wish, that although for ever separated from your presence, I may still continue to live in your recollection.

"Dearest, dearest lady, receive the last adieu of your once happy lover,

"Sydney Clifton."

"To Miss Julia Borrowdale."—

Having finished this epistle, Clifton despatched it by his foster−father, with instructions if possible to deliver it into the hands of the person to whom it was addressed.

On arriving at Mr. Elwell's door, Miss Helen was descending to the hall, and presuming, from the description, that she was the person he sought, the elder Clifton placed it in her hands, and after learning from the lady that it was rightly delivered, he left the house. Helen, on receiving the letter, repaired to her room, and locking the door, pondered deeply on the course she should pursue; and after quieting her conscience with the hypocritical reflection that she was securing Julia's happiness by exercising a supervision over her correspondence with so dangerous a person as Clifton, she broke the seal and eagerly perused the contents of the billet.

Ascertaining that it afforded no clew either to the writer's innocence or De Lyle's agency in defaming his character, while it evidently favoured the conclusion that Ellingbourne was his rival and slanderer, she re−sealed the letter and handed it to the servant for Miss Borrowdale. Julia with no little trepidation devoured its contents; and on realizing its full import, swooned on the sofa on which she was reclining, but, fortunately, recovered consciousness before any person entered the room.

Her first impressions were, on reviving, that her lover, by his own acknowledgment, was unworthy of her regard; but, on again perusing the letter, his solemn asseveration that he was the victim of an odious conspiracy, satisfied her that the only crime of which he was guilty was the death of Ellingbourne, which, although in her estimation a grievous offence against his fellow−man, yet, by the pernicious customs of society, the meeting, she was aware, could not have been declined, except at the hazard of his being discarded from every respectable and fashionable circle. The more she reflected on the subject, the less did she blame her lover for his rashness, and before the dinner hour arrived her love had so far warped her judgment that it is questionable whether, if our hero had stood in her presence, she would not have pronounced her forgiveness of all past offences, had the culprit promised reformation.

Near the hour of five o'clock De Lyle and Shafton called at Clifton's temporary retreat in a carriage, and the former handed him an evening paper, in which he read the following paragraph:

## "POSTCRIPT!! "SECOND EDITION.

"*Fatal Encounter*.—Our readers will recollect the article published in our yesterday's edition, headed `*Police Court—Capture extraordinary*,' in which the arrest and examination of a knot of gamblers were stated, together with the fact that two citizens, hitherto considered respectable, one a clerk in an extensive mercantile establishment, and the other a gentleman of fashion, were implicated. Although, on that occasion, we were induced to suppress the names of the parties, from respect to the feelings of their friends, yet so public has the exposure become, in consequence of the events which have this morning transpired, that further concealment is neither possible nor expedient. It is therefore our duty, as public journalists, to state that the person first alluded to is Mr. Sydney Clifton, a confidential clerk in the counting−room of Messrs. De Lyle, Howard & Co., and that Julius Ellingbourne, Esquire, a gentleman so well and favourably known in the fashionable world, is the latter. It now appears that circumstances connected with the arrest of the parties led to a hostile meeting at Hoboken, early this morning, when Mr. Ellingbourne received the ball of Clifton in his side, near the region of the heart. From the extremely dangerous character of the wound, it is not expected that the life of Mr. Ellingbourne will be protracted many hours. Thus the vice of gaming, in which this young man indulged, has at length been followed by the commission of *murder!* What a warning does this fact convey to the youth of our city to abstain from the incipient stages of dissipation, in whose fatal vortex honour, integrity, and even life, are frequently ingulfed."

"SECOND POSTCRIPT!—4 P.M.

"We now learn, from the best authority, that the wealthy and accomplished Mr. Ellingbourne has this moment breathed his last. ` *Sic transit gloria mundi*!' "

On perusing this fatal intelligence, Clifton, with a heavy heart bade adieu to his kind foster parents, and was soon seated in the cabin of the ship that was to convey him to an asylum on the shores of Europe.
END OF VOLUME I.

# VOLUME II.

# CHAPTER I.

THE TRIUMPH OF VILLANY.—ITS HAZARDS.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly."
"For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his."
*Othello.*

The elder Mr. De Lyle, whose early attachment to Clifton was evinced by placing him in so favourable a situation in his counting−room, that, with ordinary application, he would speedily acquire all the knowledge requisite to success in mercantile pursuits, learned with the most poignant regret the conspicuous part assigned to his *protegé*, both in the offences connected with the gamblers, and the duel which succeeded.

That kind and benevolent merchant had previously observed, with high gratification, the promptitude, tact, and judgment displayed by our hero in critical business emergencies, which was not a little increased on ascertaining that his leisure hours were spent in strengthening and perfecting the powers of his intellect, rather than in the idle pursuit of frivolity and amusement. That Clifton's services were almost indispensable to the successful prosecution of Mr. De Lyle's extensive business operations will be readily conceived; but it is no more than justice to the latter gentleman to state that his regret for the young man's supposed criminality arose from no selfish or interested considerations. A long and harmonious intercourse had resulted in a warm but respectful attachment on the part of the clerk, and a confiding and no less ardent regard on that of the employer; and Mr. De Lyle's unhappiness on learning the disgrace of poor Clifton could scarcely have been augmented if it had fallen to the lot of his only son. The unpleasant feelings caused by these untoward events had prevented the worthy gentleman from enjoying his usual rest, on the night that followed Clifton's departure for Europe; and arising early, he proceeded to the counting−room to wile away the time previous to the customary breakfast hour. The more he dwelt on the subject of Clifton's alleged delinquencies, the more fully he became convinced that there were unexplained circumstances connected with the transactions in which he was implicated; for that a high−minded, frank, and moral individual should suddenly descend to the lowest depths of depravity and baseness, appeared to his experience in human nature improbable and unnatural.

Occupied with these thoughts, he reached his office as the porter was unlocking the door; and throwing himself into his chair, he still continued to meditate on Clifton's unfortunate situation. He had not long been seated when his son entered the counting−room, and appeared not a little disconcerted at meeting his father at so unusual an hour. The elder Mr. De Lyle thought it no less surprising that the young gentleman, whose devotion to morning slumbers was proverbial, had accidentally selected the same day with himself to break through an obstinate habit.

"Why, my son," said Mr. De Lyle, "to what strange circumstance may I attribute this early visit to the counting−room? It is rare indeed to find you abroad at this hour."

"Oh, you know that poor Sydney has been compelled to abandon his post rather abruptly, so I thought it necessary for me to bestir myself until some capable person is installed in his situation," replied the ready−witted *roué*.

A long conversation on various topics ensued, a large portion of which was devoted to Clifton's arrest and disgrace; and the wily junior more than emulated his parent's liberality in framing excuses for his apparent offences. After perusing the morning papers, the younger Mr. De Lyle unlocked the ponderous iron safe in which were placed the most valuable and important papers belonging to the firm, and opening a private drawer, exclaimed, with well−feigned surprise,

"Dear father, I thought you placed the three thousand dollars paid us on Saturday afternoon after bank hours, in this drawer. How does it happen that it is not here now? Have you removed it?"

"Look again, my son," replied the senior; "I have not been near the office since I placed it in the drawer, and if it is not there we are certainly robbed."

"It is surely missing," was the reply, "and has been abstracted in a most mysterious manner, for neither the lock of the chest nor that of the drawer appears injured in the least."

On questioning the porter, he stated that the doors of the counting−room and storehouse were locked when he arrived, and that all things appeared in the same state about the premises that they were in when he closed the office on the preceding Saturday evening. As Clifton was the only person entrusted with duplicate keys, and as the robbery had evidently been perpetrated by a person whose knowledge of the premises was perfect, it is not surprising that the faith of the elder Mr. De Lyle in our hero's integrity was somewhat shaken by the strong presumptive proofs that were arrayed against him. To confirm these suspicions, his son artfully introduced several circumstances which tended to Clifton's crimination, although he continued most vehemently to protest that he did not for a moment believe him guilty of the robbery. The substance of these statements was, that the younger De Lyle had, on reaching the boat, previous to Clifton's embarkation, incidentally communicated to him the fact that a large sum of money was deposited in the iron safe, at the same time requesting from him the keys of the storehouse, office, safe, and drawers, to which Clifton had replied that they were left at his boarding−house. De Lyle farther said, that having accidentally observed Clifton withdraw a bunch of keys from his pocket, and hastily thrust them back again, while at the house of his foster parents, which he at the time supposed were the office keys, he requested him to examine his pockets again, lest they might inadvertently be still in his possession, which Clifton affected to do, and again stating that they were at his lodgings, abruptly directed the boatmen to push from the wharf, and waved a hasty and unceremonious adieu.

On the recital of these circumstances, the porter was despatched to Clifton's former residence, and soon returned with the missing keys, stating that he was informed by the servant who gave them to him, that a man, dressed in the apparel of a seaman, had left them at the house on the previous morning at a very early hour. Not with standing these criminating circumstances, the younger De Lyle did not fail to accompany his detail of every additional proof of Clifton's guilt, with the remark that he was still unconvinced of his participation in the robbery.

"Poor Clifton," he said, "*cannot* be capable of so base and ungrateful an act, the more especially as you, father, have ever been his firm and undeviating friend. No, no; I'll not believe it. That he may have been led to the gaming−house and become fascinated with the excitement which has lured so many to their ruin, is not improbable; but to suppose him guilty of so daring a robbery is what I will never do, except on the most conclusive testimony."

On farther consultation, it was deemed expedient to offer a reward of three hundred dollars for the recovery of the money and the detection of the robber, or two hundred, for the delivery of the money only. The following day an individual, apparently of the middle rank in life, called at the counting−room of De Lyle, Howard & Co., and solicited a private interview with the senior partner of the firm. Being introduced to the elder Mr. De Lyle, he stated that he called in consequence of perceiving, by an advertisement in the papers of the day, that the firm had been robbed of a large sum of money, and having cause to believe that he was acquainted with some facts connected with the robbery, he deemed it his duty to furnish the information. He then related, that about five o'clock on the morning of the preceding Sabbath, just before the dawn of day, he observed by the light of a lamp three individuals, two of whom were evidently seamen, while the third was a tall and well−dressed young gentleman, emerging from a store in the neighbourhood of that of De Lyle, Howard & Co., but from the circumstance of his not being a resident of the city, he could not positively identify the premises. His first impressions were, that they harboured an evil design; but the apparent knowledge displayed by the young gentleman, of the fastenings of the establishment, and the business−like air with which he returned to a second examination after leaving the premises, convinced him that all was right. Curiosity having induced him to watch the movements of the party, he followed them at a short distance, and observed them enter a row−boat, and proceed towards a vessel that lay in the stream.

During this recital, the features of Mr. De Lyle attested the anguish of his feelings, for it dissipated the last doubt that still lingered on his mind of our hero's participation in the robbery. The relater, who called himself James Wallis, farther stated, that he recollected distinctly hearing the name of De Lyle mentioned by one of the party, as they closed the door; remarking, that a letter to his address would, if left in the post−office, reach him through a friend residing in the city, should his testimony be found useful at any subsequent period.

This statement was afterward communicated by Mr. De Lyle to his son, who, with much assumed reluctance, asserted that he could no longer doubt Clifton's guilt, however painful such a conclusion was to his feelings, in consequence of the friendship he professed to have before entertained for the culprit.

Being now confident that the last link in the chain of Clifton's ruin was complete, De Lyle called at the dwelling of Mr. Elwell, to communicate the additional testimony of his guilt to some member of the family, who, he was persuaded would repeat the tale to Miss Borrowdale; but his pleasure was somewhat lessened on learning that the unhappy girl had returned to the residence of her parents in Massachusetts. Helen, however, on the receipt of his card, descended to the parlour, and on inquiring the news of the day, was informed of those circumstances with which the reader is acquainted, and which were so fatally calculated to criminate our doomed hero.

During the recital, the piercing eye of Helen Elwell was steadily fixed on the features of the relater; and perceiving that he evidently quailed before the intensity of her gaze, she ventured, as he paused, to remark, with much solemnity of tone and manner:—

"Mr. De Lyle, circumstances unnecessary to detail have placed in my possession the most conclusive proofs of your agency in effecting the destruction of Mr. Clifton; and pardon me when I declare that a more malignant or discreditable conspiracy toruin a reputable and virtuous citizen, has never come to my knowledge. That these efforts have been caused by the unmanly passion of jealousy, is also within my knowledge; and although your skill in deception has diverted the attention of Mr. Clifton from yourself to another individual, yet the time is approaching, when the world will be informed of your criminality. Being perfectly advised of all the facts, I, of course, require no admissions from yourself; but as you value your reputation and future prospects, devise some speedy method of exonerating Mr. Clifton from the imputations which rest on his character. A week, even a day, may be too late; for the train is already laid, which, if permitted to explode, will overwhelm you with inevitable destruction."

The artful girl clearly perceived, as she proceeded, that the conjectures aroused by the sudden start of De Lyle at the interview which has been described in a previous chapter, were confirmed by his deportment on the present occasion; nor did her judgment fail to detect, in his frequent visits to Miss Borrowdale, the object whose attractions had led him to such desperate measures for the prostration of his rival. Rising, therefore, as she closed her address, with a stern countenance and gesture of command, she appeared to the alarmed *roué* the priestess of destiny, pronouncing the doom whose unspeakable horrors had frequently been revealed to his mental sight in the shadowy land of dreams, and which now excited in his bosom the most intense feelings of apprehension. Impressed with the belief that Burchard had, by some means, been induced to betray him, and determined, if practicable, to learn the truth, as well as the extent of Helen's information, he said,

"I regret, Miss Elwell, that some malicious talebearer has been insinuating in your ear charges against me of so discreditable a character as your language implies. Surely, no *reputable* individual could have thus calumniated me."

Helen, who recollected Burchard's testimony on the examination of the gamblers, as related in the daily papers, replied,

"Sir, the tools which envy and malice select, are not, usually, either reputable or honourable. That they are ready to join in the basest and most desperate undertakings for a bribe, should cause their employers to distrust them; for he, who, to accommodate you, slanders Clifton to−day, may be equally willing to confess the truth to−morrow, if he finds a more liberal patron. But enough has been said. I have pointed out the course your safety demands: if you follow my advice, it is well:—if not, your ruin be on your own head!"

The earnestness of her manner completely divested De Lyle of his usual confidence, and baffled all

attempts to preserve his accustomed *noncha lance;* and on her affecting to retire, he caught her hand, and in the most abject and beseeching tone, exclaimed,

"My dear Miss Elwell, for Heaven's sake tell me at once what you know concerning this unfortunate business. If any one has charged me with slandering Clifton, I declare most solemnly that he has asserted a falsehood."

"This, sir, is mockery," was Helen's reply. "If you had frankly admitted the facts, of which I am in full possession, I intended to point out a course which would save you from the threatened exposure. As, however, you choose to preserve an attitude of defiance, it is well. Neither soliciting nor desiring your confidence, it is useless to prolong this interview. Before to−morrow's sun shall have gone down, you will vainly wish you had been more ingenuous with one who can have no earthly motive to inflict on you an injury."

"Miss Elwell, I will place myself entirely under your guidance, if you will but tell me of what I am accused and who is my accuser. I know of but *one* person in this city who harbours ill−will against me, and his character is such that it appears almost impossible that a lady of your rank and respectability can have listened to any tale which he could invent."

"Well would it be for you, Mr. De Lyle, if his testimony was unsupported by others of less questionable respectability; but he who deals with treacherous hirelings must expect them to emulate his cunning, by fortifying themselves with sufficient proofs, to be used if subsequent occasion requires."

As Miss Elwell finished speaking, the entrance of a visiter suspended the conversation, and this contest of wits, which promised victory to the lady, was still partially a drawn battle, although the fair antagonist of De Lyle had discovered the defect in his armour, and was fully prepared to avail herself of the advantage. Compelled to await farther developments until the arrival of a more favourable opportunity, De Lyle bowed himself out of the room, saying to Helen, as he left, that he would do himself the pleasure of again paying his respects on the following day.

On the departure of her visiter, Miss Elwell retired to her *boudoir*, not a little gratified at the prospective success of her efforts to draw from De Lyle a confession which would lay bare the plans he had conceived and matured for the ruin of his rival. Her motives for her conduct in this matter were so complicated, that it is difficult to sift the pure from the selfish, or determine precisely the line which separated the one from the other. Her passion for Clifton, although not of that absorbing nature which would rush to the possession of its object through peril and disgrace, was yet sufficiently powerful to seek a return at the expense of much personal exertion, if it involved no consequences calculated to jeopard her standing in fashionable society. The arguments she had advanced to impress on the mind of Julia a conviction of Clifton's unworthiness, if not successful to the desired extent, had sufficed to induce a tacit acquiescence in their force; and measuring the feelings of her cousin by the standard erected in her own breast, she did not hesitate to conclude that a few months' residence in the secluded mansion of her parents would effectually wean her from an attachment of such recent and rapid growth. This prominent obstacle to her wishes being, as she believed, fully removed, her better feelings, combined with a decided *penchant* for the handsome and intelligent exile, induced her, as has been perceived, to place in requisition all her shrewdness and tact, to exonerate him from unmerited disgrace. That she had struck the true chord was evident, nor was she displeased when the presence of a third party interrupted the conversation with De Lyle, before he had the opportunity to insist upon an explanation which she would have been compelled to evade. Possessed of a cool, calculating mind, whose discriminating perceptions were undimmed by the shadows of feeling, she rarely judged erroneously when the premises were unfolded to her mental gaze; nor was she wrong in the supposition that De Lyle's suspicions of the fidelity and secrecy of his vicious subordinate, which she had fully awakened, would excite a continued distrust and apprehension, fatal to his peace, and eminently calculated, by unnerving the *roué* , to plunge him head−long into the trap by which she hoped to ensnare him.

## CHAPTER II.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

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"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek."
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On learning the certainty of Clifton's departure for a distant land, Julia's spirits, late so buoyant, were entirely prostrated, while the continued efforts of her cousin to depreciate him in her estimation tended to augment the despondency that rested like an incubus on her mind.

After again and again perusing the only brief record in her possession of her lover's fond remembrance, the last doubt of his perfect innocence of all intentional participation in the offences of which the gamblers stood charged vanished; and from that moment his image became enshrined in her inmost soul, which mirrored to her sense a being pure as comely, unstained by aught but the unintentional death of one who sought his own life, and glowing with little less than the brightness of angelic beauty! Fearing that the prejudices which her cousin Helen entertained against Clifton had induced her to interpose obstacles to his obtaining an interview with herself, she summoned her maid to her presence, and inquired whether any gentleman had called to see her during her absence, or when she was engaged, within a day or two past. The guilty girl, perceiving a letter in Julia's hand which she observed was in Clifton's hand−writing, delivered, as will be recollected, through Helen, without her knowledge, and presuming that it communicated his frequent attempts to obtain an interview, was not a little puzzled to frame a suitable reply. Her hesitation and embarrassment were remarked by Julia, whose suspicions of her cousin's agency in banishing Clifton from her presence, and of the girl's participation in the scheme, were now fully aroused.

"Well, Mary," she said, in a tone of unusual asperity, "why do you hesitate? Surely my question is simple and intelligible. As you are not accustomed to be deficient in readiness of reply, there must be some extraordinary cause for your present embarrassment."

The deceitful girl plainly perceived that her mistress was too much in earnest to tolerate any subterfuge, and having received substantial evidences of De Lyle's liberality, and the promise of further reward, she deemed it most advisable to affect displeasure at Julia's remark, and accordingly replied,

"I don't see what right you have to abuse me, because I can't in a minute tell the name of every man that called at the door; besides I can't remember them all if I try. There's that Clifton, the *black−leg*, wanted me to carry up his card, but I guess I served him about right for his impudence, by throwing it in the gutter. If you ain't pleased, I am ready to go away, for I don't choose to dance attendance on thieves and blacklegs."

The girl's insolence would at any time have insured her dismissal, but the coarse epithets applied to her lover so far excited Julia's indignation, that she bade her depart without a moment's delay; and as the offender cherished golden anticipations of De Lyle's future generosity, she was not averse to a separation; and in a few moments she emerged from the door, while Julia communicated to Helen her determination to accompany a friend who was going by the steamboat the same afternoon to Boston.

The bustle of preparation for her departure so fully engrossed the attention of Mr. Elwell's household, that little inquiry was instituted into the cause of her maid's discharge; and as the girl had not considered it prudent to select any *confidante* to her transactions with De Lyle, all remained ignorant of the reasons for her dismissal.

On the arrival of Julia at the residence of her affectionate parents, they perceived, with anxiety and alarm, that the bloom had left her cheek; while the cheerful smile which shed its sunny influence on all previous to her temporary absence, was succeeded by a profound melancholy, which her vain efforts to dispel rendered doubly apparent.

Attributing her languor and debility to the fatigue of travelling, she retired to her room to meditate on Clifton's love, which, like Aaron's rod, was destined to swallow up all less powerful affections and desires.

On reflection, she determined to inform her parents of the aspersions thrown on Clifton's character, and her conviction of their injustice; but that maiden reserve which hesitated to whisper the secret of its love even to her own breast, forbade her acknowledging the passion she entertained for our hero. Although the mature and unbiassed judgment of Mr. Borrowdale failed to perceive the force of many circumstances on which Julia relied to establish Clifton's innocence, yet the opinion he had previously formed of his character, united with the facts which were, as may be supposed, placed in the most favourable light, induced him to hope that his faults were rather the offspring of rashness and precipitation, than the baser lineage of innate depravity.

While his partiality for our hero dictated this apology for his apparent delinquencies, he was compelled to doubt the justice of Julia's suspicions of De Lyle; nor could he select from her narrative any well−authenticated fact, which in his judgment, exculpated Clifton from the censure due to an association with professed gamblers. Although this unfavourable decision was, in tenderness to Julia's opinions, rather hinted at than expressed, yet the quickened perceptions of the lovely girl did not fail to construe its full import; and, despairing of creating converts to her favourable estimate of her lover's character, she determined to nurse her passion in secret, nor participate in any conversation of which he was the subject.

This natural determination of a sensitive and delicate mind induced a reserve and shyness foreign to her former habits, until at length she almost entirely confined herself to the solitude of her chamber, brooding, like the struck eagle, over pangs whose intensity receive little alleviation from the consciousness that her own breast feathered the arrow that created them. These lonely musings were remarked by her fond parents, who saw with alarm that some fatal but invisible malady was preying on her system, the progress of which was marked by increased debility and nervous excitement, and which, if not speedily arrested. would consign the envied heiress of Mr. Borrowdale's immense wealth to the narrow confines of a premature grave.

After repeated solicitations by Mr. Borrowdale and his lady, that she would permit the attendance of an eminent physician, she reluctantly assented, but the acknowledged skill of the disciple of Hypocrates, failed to remove a disease, whose origin was beyond the reach of his art.

How wonderful, how delicate, how sensitive, yet how fearful, is the love of woman! Pervading every recess of the soul; gathering strength from resistance, and buoyancy from pressure: high, holy, and beautiful in its purity, erratic and fearful in its licentiousness: rivalling the hurricane in its impetuosity, the avalanche in power, it sweeps over the heart, prostrating every obstacle in its career, and burying in one common grave all opposing affections, prejudices, hopes, and desires. Emblem of permanence where all else is mutable! type of immortality in a world on whose banners are inscribed decay and dissolution! unfathomable as eternity! inscrutable as fate! transmuting selfishness into disinterestedness, and fear into bravery:—when chaste, in its crucible the grosser desires become etherealized and refined, until the passions of earth assume the purity of heaven, and mortal devotion lights its censer at the altar of divinity!

For Julia, there was nothing left but hopelessness and sorrow. He who alone made existence tolerable, was removed to another clime, and henceforth, days, weeks, months might pass, but no sunny influences would cheer her path.

## CHAPTER III.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE WITH A NEW FACE. THE DECEIVER DECEIVED.

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"Here dives the skulking thief with practised sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light:
Where's now the watch with all its trinkets? flown!
And thy late snuff−box is no more thy own."

Gay.
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The morning sun had just paid his devoirs to the labour−doomed race, who alone welcomed his diurnal advent to the metropolis, as Thomas Burchard unbarred the door of the dilapidated domicil of which he was an inmate, and, with many a yawn, gave intimation of his readiness to accommodate early customers, by throwing open the shutters, and thus exhibiting, as conspicuously as the soiled window−panes would permit, the decanters containing that inviting beverage, which, in the language of his intimates, was declared, like the hair of certain of the canine species, a sovereign remedy for the bite inflicted in the previous night's debauch.

That this early devotion to the "main chance," secured its appropriate reward, was evinced by the numerous "peep−o'−day boys" who entered the tavern, while the motley appearance of these morning devotees at the shrine of Bacchus would have offered a rare study for the disciple of Hogarth.

The unfortunate schemer, whose tattered habiliments testified that the desire to appropriate his neighbour's goods to his own use had met with little success, stood in amiable proximity to the spruce and genteelly clad legatee of some wealthy citizen's wardrobe:— here sat an attenuated being, rejoicing in apparel whose dimensions were sufficiently ample for the person of Daniel Lambert in the palmy days of his corpulency—while by his side lounged a herculean associate, over whose huge limbs were drawn a coat and pantaloons whose lack of width and length exhibited the proportions of the wearer in painful relief:—over the brow of one a broad−brimmed beaver threw its ample shadow, while on his neighbour's cranium perched a razeed castor, of scarce sufficient capacity to reach the wearer's forehead.

After the morning stimulus had been swallowed, the fashionably−attired lounger gradually withdrew to as great a distance from the more humble *can àille* as the limited dimensions of the apartment would permit.

The uninitiated in the *etiquette* which reigns in *flash* circles, may suppose that the doctrine of equal rights, privileges, and courtesy, would here be displayed in its utmost latitude. Far from it. The fashionably−dressed felon spurned, with becoming disdain, the attempted familiarities of his less fortunate associates, while the *nonchalance* with which the intimate of yesterday was *cut* by the lucky rascal of to−day, might have served as a model for the most elegant exquisite who sports his figure on the sunny side of Broadway.

That the fancied ascendancy of "the observed of all observers" among these "children of fortune," was peculiarly brief in its duration, will be admitted, but this circumstance neither humbled his pretensions, nor palliated the severity of his edicts.

With that indifference to the future, which in the deposed monarchs of the old world passes for *royal firmness* among their admirers, but is denominated *stupidity* by the advocates of the " *mouvement*"— the leader of *ton* in *flash* society riots in authority during his little hour, is dethroned, superseded and forgotten.

To Thomas Burchard those shades of character exhibited among the devotees at the temple of which he was the officiating dignitary, passed like an idle pageant, of which he took no cognizance. Viewing them all as "fish to his net," his attentions were alone directed to the gains arising from their presence, and the most courted of the circle lost his charm for Thomas, whenever he ceased to replenish the drained goblet.

While thus occupied, a boy of some twelve years of age entered the tavern, and inquiring for Burchard gave him a note and immediately withdrew.

Observing the superscription to be in a handwriting different from any with which he was familiar, he seized the first moment of leisure to peruse its contents. That its import was far from uninteresting to him, the reader will perceive on perusing the following copy of the epistle.

*New−York*, —, —.—
Mr. Thomas Burchard,

"Aware that you are on terms of familiar incourse with Mr. Edward De Lyle, I take the liberty of hinting that circumstances have occurred which may tend to inculpate either yourself or him before the public, in relation to transactions with which you are fully acquainted.

"The fact of my being personally unknown to yourself, while I admit a knowledge of Mr. De Lyle, might lessen your confidence in my communication, did I fail to inform you that I have wrongs to redress, and vengeance to inflict on their author. This warning, to be effectual or useful, must for the present be *withheld from Mr. De Lyle*. Recollect, I do not say that he has *threatened* an exposure, but you will judge whether it is *probable* that he will *plead guilty himself* for the magnanimous purpose of screening *you* from punishment. All that I would recommend for the present is *unceasing vigilance*, and if I hereafter impart *facts* which incontrovertibly *prove* his treachery and your danger—then be prepared to act *promptly* and *fearlessly*, and no harm shall befall you.

"Till then farewell,

"A— V—."

The offspring of Glenthorne in early life, by a female of the lowest rank in society, whose grovelling appetites were connected with serpent−like craftiness, the savage ferocity which Burchard inherited from the one parent was tempered and controlled by the stealth and wariness so conspicuous in the other.

On receiving what he considered a personal insult, the indignant blood would rush manfully to his cheek and his sluggish eye flash momentary defiance, when that sleepless caution which ever guarded him from the consequences of his more violent passions, would successfully interpose ere the hesitating tongue could second the rash and hazardous impulse. Summoning an assistant to discharge the duties of bar−keeper, he retired to his chamber, where, after giving vent to his feelings in a few hearty curses on the head of De Lyle, he deliberately reflected on the most effectual method of turning the tables on that worthy.

The result of his cogitations was a conviction that the *roué* was completely in his power, and with that natural shrewdness and cunning which had been sharpened by a long intercourse with felons and swindlers, he conceived a plan, which could not, in his opinion, fail to accomplish the destruction of his treacherous patron and associate, whenever the measure was expedient. That he had frequently reflected on the probability of such a crisis is more than probable, from his knowledge of the character of De Lyle, as well as from his general estimate of human nature, which could not be otherwise than unfavourable from the school in which his knowledge of mankind had been learned.

His course determined on, he again descended to the tap−room, and it would have required an acute observer to discover the traces of agitation in his sallow cheek and dull grey eye.

If the reader has carefully noted the relations existing between De Lyle and Burchard, he or she will have perceived that the *roué* was compelled, by the nature of the services required from his *instrument*, to lay bare the machinery which gave effect to his operations, and thus furnish an array of evidence which could not fail to be destructive to his future success, whenever Burchard should deem it advisable to hazard an exposure. That De Lyle, at times, was impressed with these obvious reflections is most true, but he consoled himself with the idea that there could scarcely exist a sufficient *motive* for Burchard to hazard what little reputation he possessed, for the sole purpose of implicating his employer.

In addition to the consolation drawn from such a train of reasoning, De Lyle had formed a very humble estimate of the mental powers of his willing subordinate, and was extremely doubtful of his

abilities to conceive or mature a successful plot for his overthrow, even if circumstances should arise which might render it his future interest to make the attempt. Lest the reader should be surprised at De Lyle's erroneous conclusions in relation to the mental *calibre* of one with whom he had so long held intercourse, it is proper to premise that no event had occurred during their intimacy to excite the passions or energies of Burchard, who received full instructions from the former in every emergency, and confined his agency to obedience to orders, without question or hesitation.

Such was the happy state of De Lyle's mind on this subject, until the mysterious language of Helen Elwell awoke the most alarming suspicions, which farther conversation with the artful girl almost matured into conviction. To assure himself of the truth, however painful might be its import, appeared his only course, and he awaited with no little impatience the arrival of the succeeding morning, when he could visit Burchard's residence unobserved. It is proper here to remark, that the success of his scheme for Clifton's destruction had, as he conceived, rendered Burchard's further agency in his affairs unnecessary, and he now determined to sever the untoward connection with as little delay as his personal interests would permit.

The shades of evening had no sooner settled over the metropolis, than De Lyle directed his steps to the domicil of his vicious associate. He was, as usual, received by Burchard in an apartment adjoining the tap−room of the tavern, but no one who was familiar with the cordiality which characterized their former interviews, would have failed to observe the embarrassment and hesitation of De Lyle on his entrance, nor the suspicious, although less obvious, twinkle of Burchard's usually dull eye. As it was the invariable practice of the subordinate to await De Lyle's commands, whenever he chose to visit his humble dwelling, he quietly seated himself on the settee, after directing his visiter to enjoy the comforts of an arm−chair. The silence that ensued after they were seated, tended to increase the discomposure of De Lyle's features, while the malignant feelings of Burchard were more strikingly manifested as he viewed what he conceived full confirmation of his quondam friend's treachery.

"Well, Burchard," at length began De Lyle, "we've been sad dogs in our day, but, as there's a time for all things, I suppose we must soon do as other reformed rakes have done before us, turn saints, and prosecute all such ungodly reprobates as will not fit our Procrustean bed."

The *roué's* delivery of this speech savoured much of previous preparation, for he continually shifted his eyes from Burchard to opposite sides of the room, while the words fell from his lips like the hard−studied task of a school−boy who recites the lesson without any apparent sympathy in feeling with the sentiments designed to be illustrated. To this sally, which was intended as an entering−wedge to further conversation, Burchard made no reply; but the first essay had somewhat tended to re−assure and compose the speaker's mind, and he continued,

"Come, Burchard, what do you think of this plan? Won't we make as good *professors* as most of those who pay the barber double price for shaving their long faces?"

"Humph," replied Burchard, "I've nothing to do with hypocrites. I'm a poor man, and have enough to think of to take care of number one."

"But without joking, Burchard, I feel like backing out of all my old practices—for two reasons— one is, I can't raise the wind as I used to, and the other is, that I'm afraid I might lead *you* into some difficulty by and by. You've already run a great many risks, of which nothing but good fortune has cleared your skirts, and I feel continually alarmed lest some harm may yet befall *you*, in consequence of your being exposed."

The *over* shrewd *roué* spoke thus to impress Burchard's mind with the danger *he* would incur, if their crimes were discovered; but it had, as may be imagined, the *opposite* effect, by convincing the latter that De Lyle's visit was intended to divert his attention from himself whenever his treachery should accomplish its purpose.

"Well, that's friendly of you, any how," said Burchard, who now determined to foil him with his own weapons. "I suppose if I get into trouble, you'll come out at once and be my bail. I tell you what it is, I shouldn't like to lay in that old Bridewell for only one night."

"Oh yes, you may depend on me," said De Lyle, "you will not lack a friend if you get in trouble." Satisfied from the countenance of Burchard, which had resumed its accustomed appearance of stolidity,

that he had effectually swerved him from his treacherous purpose, if such had entered his mind, De Lyle returned to his father's mansion, and enjoyed that calm undisturbed repose, which failed to visit his couch on the previous night.

"The infernal scoundrel!" was Burchard's exclamation, as his visiter crossed the threshold, "he thinks he's got me as safe as a thief in a mill; but if I don't turn up the trump card and win the game, after giving him two, then my name ain't Thomas Burchard."

## CHAPTER IV.

TREACHERY MAY CLOSE ITS EYES, BUT NEVER SLEEPS.

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"Thus, in a pageant show, a plot is made,
And peace itself is war in masquerade."
Dryden.
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Although De Lyle's interview with Burchard had somewhat allayed the excitement of his feelings, it had not succeeded in completely removing his apprehensions of his confederate's treachery. Despite his attempts to banish unwelcome fears, the malignant and apparently triumphant expression of Burchard's countenance, during a portion of the time occupied in endeavouring to win him from his treacherous purpose, would recur vividly to his imagination, affording a more faithful, but less satisfactory view of the depths of his character, and seeming to indicate passions and energies which, if fully aroused, would render him a troublesome and dangerous antagonist. Such were De Lyle's feelings on the morning succeeding his visit to the residence of Burchard; but as weeks and months passed away, and still no circumstance arose to confirm his suspicions, he began to breathe more freely, and at length, if his thoughts dwelt at any time on the painful subject, the emotion it excited was feeble, and the danger, if any, appeared too remote to renew apprehension.

On the day following his visit to Burchard, De Lyle called at the residence of Mr. Elwell, and succeeded in finding Helen at home, but the presence of a number of morning visiters effectually prevented a *tête−à−tête*, and after awaiting an opportunity for a private interview, until his patience became exhausted, he made his *congé* and withdrew.

In two or three subsequent calls he was equally unfortunate, either from the same cause, or in consequence of Miss Elwell's absence, until his fears becoming less vivid, he deemed it unwise to precipitate a crisis which might, he trusted, be avoided, by a show of confidence.

Meanwhile, his daily visits to the residence of Rachel Samuel, which were less frequent during the prevalence of his apprehensions in relation to Burchard's disclosures, were resumed; and, as confidence in his good fortune, and exemption from impending calamity became restored, his unbridled passions again assumed their empire.

That he enjoyed happiness in its true sense will not be supposed, but his jaded appetites required some powerful stimulant to arouse them from their lethargy, and his invention was continually taxed to furnish aliment wherewith to appease them. Like the horse−leech at the vein, they cried "*give, give*," thus rendering the *roué* at once their slave and prisoner.

# CHAPTER V.

THE FATHER OF CITIES BY MOONLIGHT.—ITS EFFECT ON A WAYFARER.

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"When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread
Where the shop−windows, falling, threat thy head."
"Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia named, fair regent of the night;
Oh may thy silver lamp, from heaven's high bower,
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour."

Gay.
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While the events we have chronicled were taking place in the western hemisphere, the gallant ship which conveyed Clifton from his native land had arrived at Liverpool, after a tedious passage, whence he proceeded to the great metropolis of the British empire.

As the shores of his beloved country receded from his view, his lonely and desolate situation arose vividly before him, and, descending to the state−room, he threw himself into his berth in an agony of grief. As the passing days winged their flight to join the countless throng that had preceded them, the poignancy of his feelings abated, but sufficient gloom remained to prevent any approach to familiar intercourse with his fellow−passengers, all of whom attributed his reserve to bodily illness and debility.

But it is not in human nature, more especially in youth's blooming season, to brood long over even the most serious calamities. That elasticity of spirit which is vouchsafed to the youthful voyager on life's tempestuous ocean, will ensure a rebound from the most intolerable pressure. The sorrowful Clifton, whose prospects for the future were so cruelly blasted, felt sensibly the change from the monotony and confinement of a ship's cabin to the free and invigorating air of his father−land; nor could the varied specimens of human character, and the attractive objects, both animate and inanimate, which continually arrested his attention, fail to dissipate a portion of the grief that preyed on his spirit.

As the mail coach, in which he was a passenger, entered the suburbs of that mighty city, which has been not inaptly compared to Babylon the Great, in the zenith of its power and splendour, the evening shadows began to darken the horizon; but the time that intervened between the first evident approaches to London, and the arrival of the coach at the tavern where it put up, afforded some clew to the magnitude of the vast emporium. The soft clear light of the full moon, as she pursued her course in cloudless majesty—like the departed spirit of the just in its flight to brighter spheres—threw its witchery around every object on which it fell, awakening in the bosom of Clifton the dormant romance of his nature, and soothing, if not entirely banishing, for the moment, the memory of past sorrows and the anticipation of those which were in prospect. As the coach, with its wearied occupants, passed through the streets of the crowded mart, the bold outline of many a specimen of architecture of a by−gone age, threw its shadow across their path; while at intervals some huge pile of masonry lifted its Titan form against the sky, giving the vivid imagination of Clifton a wide range of conjecture in tracing the eventful scenes of which its antiquated halls had probably been the witness.

Although born and bred in a populous and extensive city, yet its contrast in form and magnitude with that which he was now entering, was peculiarly striking and impressive. In his native city, the few ancient buildings owning a Dutch origin, which had survived the last century, were already sacrificed to the spirit of innovation and improvement, until modern taste had moulded its erections almost into uniformity of model, although in magnitude, finish, and quality of material, they were widely variant.

London, on the contrary, presented the singular aspect of an enormous Mosaic tablet, in which all the different specimens of ancient and modern architecture, were so blended as to produce a striking and picturesque, if not beautiful effect.

Although these obvious reflections did not occur to Clifton, until the arrival of day−light and more extensive observation had exhibited the great city in its general aspect, yet sufficient was seen on his first entrance to create a desire for a more minute survey of the various objects which were dimly distinguished in the moonlight.

Not withstanding the temporary relief the sights and sounds of the city had afforded to his wounded spirit, yet no sooner had he attained the quiet of his lonely couch, than busy memory recalled the sorrowful images of the past in all their primeval horrors, banishing sleep from his eyelids, and renewing pangs that had for a time been steeped in forgetfulness. In vain he attempted to reason away his fears and regrets. Despair, with raven wing, hovered grimly over the future, and disgrace, misery, and banishment stalked, ghost−like, in the distance.

Who that was interested in his welfare had any clew to the mystery which veiled the true history of his past conduct? Not one! His foster−father could of course know nothing of the parties, whose machinations had disgraced him in the eyes of the world, and except him, his wife, and Julia, there were none in the wide world on whose attachment he could rely. And could he *really* rely on Julia's fidelity and affection? Would not the opinion of the world at length overthrow even the confidence she reposed in his innocence? Was he even certain that she believed his solemn asseverations? These were questions that occurred to his mind day after day, and received replies as various and contradictory as were the changing phases of his mind and feelings. At times all was hope and confidence— and again all was doubt and despair.

Such is human nature!—ever distrustful of the goodness of Providence, when imagination tyrannizes over the reason and judgment. The night at length was past, and the dawn of day served somewhat to tranquillize his agitated mind. As he arose and prepared to mix with the busy throng, his native firmness of character began to re−assume its sway, and he determined to make a strenuous effort so to apportion and employ his time that as little space should be left to solitary reflection as was practicable.

During his leisure−hours in New−York, he had successfully cultivated his talent for literary composition, both in prose and verse, and his friends had assured him that he had been eminently successful. Here, then, was a solace for his wounded spirit, pure and honourable in its nature, and leaving no sting behind; and by this he proposed banishing unavailing regrets. That his talents had found a rare opportunity for development in the numerous and varied *phenomena* which were continually afforded in the western emporium will be readily conceived.

The dweller in cities is enabled at a glance to view all the varieties that are comprehended within the wide−spread boundaries of human character. If his mind is formed of plastic and yielding materials, he soon becomes in habit and manners a *fac−simile* of the mass by whom he is surrounded, and might be safely exported to any portion of the civilized globe as a living *sample* of his *genus* . But while the attrition of continual contact and intercourse thus casts the ordinary specimens of humanity in one uniform mould, its effects on the more gifted order of mankind are "wide as the poles asunder."

In remote districts, where primeval nature is exhibited in all its rude sublimity, the child of genius adapts his conceptions to the bold and striking objects that reign in silent and solemn majesty around him; but in the thronged mart, where the lights and shadows of human character are continually presented to his vision, he attains the higher power of depicting the feelings and passions of his kind, and grasps as it were in the palm of his hand those moral elements which exercise, in their subtle and expanded operations, so potent an influence on the destinies of his species. Presented in this view, the gifted citizen is capable of wielding a more extended influence in forming national and individual character, than he whose lot has been cast in less multitudinous communities; nor can it justly be averred that he is less felicitous in the description of those natural objects which constitute so imposing a feature in most literary efforts.

The constant practice of catching "the manners living as they rise" imparts a ready appreciation of the beautiful and sublime, in both the moral and physical world, while the rare opportunities afforded the *citizen* of beholding nature in her simple attire, lend attraction to the prospect unknown to the daily observer of her beauties.

Trained in this school, Clifton in early life employed a portion of his leisure hours in throwing off

graphic sketches of the beautiful scenery which skirted the banks of the noble river whose waters lave the northern boundary of the city of New−York, or in delineating the prominent characteristics of those *moral* excrescences which are indigenous to all overgrown and densely populated communities. In the indulgence of this talent, the habit of reflection had been acquired and exercised, until the regions of solitude became for him peopled with more interesting companions than those by whom he was daily jostled along the crowded thoroughfares, or in the thronged courts where pleasure holds her revels.

The circumstances under which he had been compelled to expatriate himself, induced him to procure lodgings in a quiet and retired situation, where the ministers of justice would find difficulty in ascertaining his whereabout, if unhappily Ellingbourne's death should cause pursuit. Fortunately for his purpose of employing his time in literary undertakings the son of his landlady was connected with the publication of one of the most celebrated magazines of the day, and on learning that Clifton had finished some sketches in prose and verse, he kindly volunteered to introduce them to the notice of the senior editor.

To Clifton's great gratification they were accepted, and after a brief period the emolument arising from their publication was sufficient to defray the expenses of his economical mode of living.

To give the reader some idea of his talents, we subjoin a poetical effusion, which is selected not as the best specimen of his composition, but as affording a mirror in which his feelings were reflected. THE PAST. The past, the past, th' insatiate past, Within its broad domain Crushed hopes and bleeding joys lie cast, Like war's unburied slain! We saw their plumes in triumph wave, A bright and fair array; The morning mists are curling o'er The hill: but where are they? The past, the past, th' embalming past— Behold its march sublime: Garnering the harvest, prostrate cast By the bald reaper Time! Wit's diamond shaft, and learning's tome, Devotion's lore divine,— Fame's glittering wreath and poesy's crown— In added lustre shine. The past, the past, the joyous past, How bright its visions seem, When age and youth the hours contrast, Like some enchanted dream: Love's honey'd kiss, and manhood's pride, And pleasure's syren strain;— The civic wreath, the sparkling cup— All—all are ours again. The past, the past, the shadowy past, How dim the scene appears, When eyes that on us look'd their last Relume in after years. The dazzling cheat in mockery throws Its light o'er hopeless gloom, Like a faint taper's flickering ray Above the silent tomb. The past, the past, the mighty past; How boundless is its sway:— Hark! to its trumpet's summoning blast, While listening worlds obey! The conquering chief his helmet doffs— The brandish'd sceptre falls: And silence reigns where wassail shouts Rang through the festal halls. The past, the past, the storied past— Here genius sits enshrined,— On *this* bright fane your offerings cast, The Mecca of the mind! Beneath these arches' vaulted roofs Immortal spirits throng; Here Shakspeare's radiant fancy beams— Here Homer weaves his song! The past, the past, the new−fledged past, Even now, with raven wing Its lengthening shadows grown more vast Around my footsteps cling. My fingers vainly sweep the lyre, No answering tones arise; Pale memory flees to happier breasts, And hope to brighter skies

# CHAPTER VI.

FANCY'S FREAKS.—A TRAGEDY.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

*Macbeth.*

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
While night's black agents to their prey do rouse."

*Macbeth.*

"*Ingratitude*" is said to be a "marble−hearted frend," and though we shall not venture to maintain the converse of the proposition, we still contend that there are imps, its "next−o'−kin," whose bad eminence is equally conspicuous. Among these children of darkness, *superstition*, that nightmare of the soul, exhibits demoniac attributes of equal power, and is more justly dreaded; its influence being *active*, while that of ingratitude is *passive* .

To exhibit the highest evidence, we might adduce the circumstance that there are certain periods when it wields a resistless power over our own intellect, albeit the reader has no doubt assigned us a station high above the reach of all malign influences. To reveal a secret which, until now, has been treasured in our heart of hearts, we do love the silver moon with an intensity of affection passing the love of woman: there is not a wandering ray that dances joyously on its bright course through the transparent ether, but is precious in our eyes as the jewel on a sultan's turban— but if her virgin−beams first dance over our left shoulder, to hold soft dalliance with our glowing cheek, the coy advance meets a cool return; our cheerful spirits lose their wonted elasticity, and coming events cast their shadows gloomily before us. Does the world do us wrong, and despitefully entreat us? Even our warm regard cannot prevent the imputation that it isthe work of the luckless moonbeam. Have we no visible sorrows to mourn over? There were doubtless unknown joys in full career along our path, but the prophetic ray has diverted them to more fortunate bosoms. If, therefore, we are not exempt from the dominion of such untoward sprites, it is not surprising that Clifton was at all times their unwilling victim. Indeed it is capable of the most palpable demonstration that those who, like him, are rudely tossed on the billows of fate, and subject to sudden and unexpected vicissitudes, are ever prone to cast their horoscopes, and link, in imagination, their capricious destinies with the stars.

That Napoleon, in all the phases of his extraordinary career, was the sport and foot−ball of this shadowy influence, is a matter of history. When in the zenith of his power, it was his constant practice to watch the aspect of his natal star, whose steady effulgence lighted him to victory; and when his fortunes experienced that decline which is the legitimate offspring of unbounded success, he viewed in its shorn beams, the herald of defeat.

On one of those cheerless nights, whose prototypes have at times denied the solace of slumber to the most equable of our species, Clifton lay tossing from side to side on his lonely couch, wooing the drowsy god with genuine devotion, but receiving no answering sign to his prayers for repose. The night was clear, but there was that oppressive feeling in the atmosphere which creates lassitude and despondency, without precisely indicating the cause of such a *phenomenon*. Finding the attempt to sleep impracticable, his truant thoughts began to wander, and like other rebellious rovers, were not content, until the broad Atlantic separated them from their liege lord. Onward and still onward they continued their flight, nor rested their unwearied wing until the antique outline of Mr. Borrowdale's mansion was recognized and reached. After hovering timidly over the hospitable mansion, they made bold to enter the sleeping apartment of the fair Julia, gently lifting the curtain that shrouded her virgin couch, and peering most curiously into her face.

But horror of horrors! what a sight presented itself! Instead of the glowing cheek and swan−like throat of his beloved, there lay her attenuated and emaciated form, robbed of its matchless charms, and struggling to retain a feeble existence. In vain he attempted to persuade himself that it was an illusion, a mockery of the brain—the whole scene, with all its terrible accessaries, was as palpable to his sense as the sun at noon−day.

After repeated efforts to withdraw from the enchanted chamber, he at length succeeded, but not until the finger of his mistress pointed to a new made grave, seen distinctly in the distance, which he shuddered to think was prepared for her reception. The morning light brought relief and calm to his excited feelings, but superstition still clung to the recollection of the vision, declaring it a fatal omen, whose fulfilment was not more terrible than sure. Moody and abstracted, he found the usual solace in the employment of his pen impracticable, and after an early dinner entered an omnibus and proceeded to the remotest suburbs, hoping to calm his ruffled spirit by a resort to the excitement of motion and the presence of new objects.

On the vehicle reaching its destination he alighted, and proceeded, without aim or purpose, in a direction leading from the city. While thus rambling along, he at length observed that clouds were gathering over the western horizon, which warned him of the propriety of retracing his steps.

Darker and more gloomy rolled the sable clouds along as the day declined, dimming the glories of the setting sun, and robbing twilight of its shadowy and evanescent beauties. As the evening wore apace, a thick fog, such as often occurs in London, overspread the vicinity of the metropolis, enveloping the city and its environs in impenetrable darkness. The stars were totally obscured, and the city lamps, with flickering and unsteady light, appeared like faithless sentinels, whose eyes were rendered dim by the effects of a midnight revel. Untoward and cheerless as was the prospect at the close of day, the rapid transition from light to darkness was as unexpected as unwelcome to those whom business or pleasure had benighted on their journey to or from the busy mart.

Clifton, in particular, was not a little chagrined at his late abstraction, which had caused him to take no note of time, nor was he aware of the distance he had traced, after descending from the omnibus. To move cautiously in the direction of the city, if the various points of the compass could be *guessed at* in this epitome of Egyptian darkness, was his only course. That he could reach his lodgings through the gloom was not supposed, and he therefore determined to seek lodgings for the night in the first public−house he should encounter. While pressing forward with as much speed as the darkness permitted, the footsteps of two or three individuals were heard in advance. As he pushed onward and came nearer, one of the party, in a rough voice, although apparently in a subdued tone, exclaimed,

"Why, Bill, my cove, you didn't use to miss fire, but I'm blowed if I don't begin to think the rum uns have given us the slip."

"I shouldn't wonder," replied another, "if, as they say in Kentucky, we've barked up the wrong tree. These tarnal dooks and barrens know how to play possum as well as us common chaps."

"Blood and thunder, you misbelievin varmin," grumbled a third, "do you think I've lived to this time of day to be bamboozled by these sprigs of nobility? It takes an old fox to gammon me, and I've wintered and summered these fellows too long to fly off the track when I fairly get the scent. As Joe Simmons says, I know them inside and outside— top and bottom, and I could tell one of their hides in a tan−yard."

"Hush, hush," said the first speaker, in a lower key, "I think I hear a footstep. Mum's the word. It wouldn't read well in history if the beaks nabbed us. Only think of our last dying speech and confession being on sale by all the principal booksellers."

"If I catch a spy listening," almost whispered his associate, "I'll play Hamlet with him. `A rat, a rat; dead for a ducat.' Wouldn't I do for the stage?"

"If you don't quit spouting, I reckon you'll mount a *pla'form* before the next grass," was the reply, which caused no little merriment at the expense of Shakspeare's admirer, who retorted, "Come, come, no *professional* jokes, if you please. If I catch you at Moll Parson's you'll pay a bumper all round for insulting a gentleman."

Clifton inferred from this conversation that it would be advisable to increase the distance between these night−hawks and himself, and accordingly remained stationary until they had proceeded onward sufficiently to render their voices inaudible. But a few moments elapsed before the rumbling of carriage

wheels was heard in the distance, and as the sound approached, the shrieks of a female, and the loud and angry tones of men's voices, attested the danger that threatened the newly arrived party.

"Your money or your life, on the instant," were the first words that saluted the ears of Clifton, as he proceeded with all possible rapidity to the rescue, and they were followed by the discharge of a pistol, the light from which, and the coach lamps, exhibited a carriage and pair, with one robber standing over the prostrate postillion, who begged most lustily that his life might be spared. A second ruffian grasped the reins, while the third was stationed at the door of the coach with a dark lanthorn in his hand and apparently in the act of rifling the inmates. All this passed in a second, when Clifton sprang forward, and with one blow prostrated the villain at the door of the carriage, placing his knee on his breast and pinning him to the earth. Observing the condition of his prostrate comrade, the antagonist of the postillion released his prisoner, and discharged a pistol at Clifton, who received the ball in his thigh. During these events the gentleman in the coach and the rescued postillion, with shouts and outcries so alarmed the two robbers who were at liberty, that they wisely took to their heels, leaving their less fortunate associate in the gripe of his wounded, but still powerful assailant. A moment sufficed to bring the rescued gentleman to the aid of Clifton, and the timely arrival of two or three labourers relieved both from the task of securing the prisoner. Fortunate was it for all parties that the latter auxiliaries appeared, for no sooner had they taken possession of the robber than Clifton fainted from the loss of blood, and falling on the earth became totally insensible. The gentleman (who with his daughters was indebted to Clifton's courage and gallantry for their release from the ruffians,) with the assistance of one of the new comers, bound up the wound, and placed the invalid in the carriage; and as the seat of Lord Templeton, the rescued party, was near by, the grateful nobleman despatched one of the labourers for a neighbouring surgeon, while he conveyed Clifton to his residence. While these arrangements were in progress, the arms of the prisoner were pinioned, and he was escorted to the nearest police station, to be dealt with as the law directed.

A partial view of the captured robber exhibited a short but athletic person, whose countenance was purposely disguised by a mass of grizzled iron−grey hair flowing over his forehead, and a slouched hat which threw his face in shadow. Beneath the shaggy locks twinkled a pair of dark eyes, whose restless glances, although betraying great agitation and excitement, did not entirely lose their natural shrewdness and recklessness of expression. To all inquiries he refused reply, and was conducted by his escort in sullen silence to the place of his confinement. A discharged pistol, which was found near the spot where Clifton assailed him, was taken in charge by the party, and in a brief period the scene of so much alarm and hazard was left to its accustomed silence and repose.

# CHAPTER VII.

A CRISIS IN OUR HERO'S HISTORY.—THE SCALES BALANCED.

"Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night;
'Tis some mischance; the cry is very dreadful."
*Othello.*

"How does your patient, doctor?"
*Macbeth.*

"Does your patient sleep?" inquired Lord Templeton of his eldest daughter, as she returned from the apartment in which Clifton lay, on the morning succeeding the attempted robbery.

"He has this moment closed his eyes, for the first time, as I am informed by the nurse, since he was conveyed hither, and you cannot imagine how much I am relieved. I am informed by Dr. Hildreth that his sufferings have been intense throughout the night; and when I entered the room this morning I am certain the pain of his wound was excruciating, from the rigid expression that his features assumed while endeavouring to disguise its effects from the nurse and myself. Although I remained but a moment in his room, I shall never forget the convulsive action of the muscles of his face. Oh, dear papa, if he should not recover, how deeply will we all regret his interference, for I suppose the robbers would have been satisfied with fleecing us of our money and jewels, and what would have been their loss compared with the life of so noble−looking a fellow−being?"

"Let us hope for the best, my dear child," was the reply, as the fond father kissed the polished forehead of his charming daughter. "If our deliverer recovers, only think how happy we shall all be to minister to his comfort and happiness."

"How much like her departed mother," thought Lord Templeton, as he slightly turned to brush away a tear that glittered in his eye at the recollection of one too fondly loved—too quickly lost.

The entrance of Doctor Hildreth, who had risen after a brief sleep, served to arouse the noble lord from his reverie, and many and eager were the inquiries of that gentleman and his enthusiastic daughter, as to the particular symptoms of his patient's case, and the probabilities of his recovery. To all these questions the scientific practitioner gave truly professional replies, which were couched in terms sufficiently obscure to the fair querist, and not as definite or intelligible to Lord Templeton himself as he could have desired.

Doctor Hildreth was one of those unbending apostles of the healing art, who, to an elevated consciousness of the dignity of their profession, unite a scrupulous regard for all its forms; nor did he attempt to modify or disguise the supreme contempt with which he viewed those pretenders who were springing up like mushrooms in every quarter of the civilized globe, poisoning, as he contended, the very atmosphere with their vile nostrums, and sacrificing hecatombs of human beings at the shrine of ignorance and cupidity. The learned surgeon indeed lived, and moved, and had his being alone in the regions of medical science; and while his skill, judgment and tact were the theme of universal eulogy, yet all admitted that the friends of his suffering patients had some reason to murmur at the unsatisfactory manner in which he replied to their anxious inquiries. At an earlier period indeed, not a few of his female friends had openly remonstrated against his technical explanations, but the doctor effectually silenced all such rebellious indications by the sternness of his manner, or abandoned the patient if further annoyed.

Lord Templeton had, in early life, become warmly attached to the celebrated surgeon, and truly estimated his professional skill, while he honoured and esteemed his independence and manliness; nor did he fail to see beneath the surface a genuine benevolence that delighted in acts of charity, which were studiously concealed from the knowledge of the world. Doctor Hildreth had failings, but they were those of a high−minded man, who saw with disgust the successful efforts of quackery and empiricism to impose on the credulous; and who, in his indignation at hypocrisy and deception, at times overstepped the

boundaries of good breeding, while he failed to make a sufficient allowance for the constitutional defects and frailties of his species. On the present occasion Lord Templeton determined to fathom, if possible, the doctor's precise meaning, and as he understood the whole length and breadth of his character and feelings, he from time to time permitted the conversation to flow into other channels, returning to the charge whenever an opportunity presented, and again masking his purpose behind less interesting topics. In this way he would have soon learned all he wished to ascertain, if the eager anxiety of his beautiful daughter could have been suppressed; but on the doctor's explanation nearly reaching the desired point, a direct question, hastily urged by her, would again start the surgeon off on his professional hobby, when ligaments, muscles, tendons, nerves, veins, sinews, and arteries, would be described with true technical fidelity, and their history, affinities, relations, dependencies, sympathies, connections, and functions, descanted on with the enthusiasm of a devotee.

At length sufficient light was vouchsafed to indicate the dangerous character of the wound, and to make the querists aware that the necessity of amputation depended on the symptoms which might be developed within the succeeding twenty−four hours.

"But, doctor," said the young lady, "will not the operation be attended with imminent peril to his life?"

"That, my good young lady, depends entirely on the state of the patient. Should the nervous excitement continue or increase—or should the *general* symptoms concentrate in the vicinity of the wound, and thereby become *local*—or should the strength of the patient rapidly give way, or the severing of the arteries cause too copious depletion—or the febrile irritation exceed a given point—or the prostrate system refuse to rally its energies—or the pain of the operation overpower the resistance which youth and robust health will oppose to its effects—if either or all these counteracting influences interpose, it is impossible to determine how far or to what extent they may operate. We practitioners of medicine, my dear lord," he continued, turning to Lord Templeton, "are like the mariner on the wide Atlantic. We may be skilful—we may be prudent—we may be invested with every requisite attribute to insure success, and yet, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, a squall in the shape of an unexpected and fatal symptom, may shatter our most skilfully wrought professional fabric—shipwreck our hopes, and consign the despairing patient to an untimely grave. And yet, with all these inherent obstacles strewn along our path, the blind disciples of a blind fatality, recklessly rush into the professional arena, and instead of exorcising the foul spirit of disease, the mangled corses of their victims are the only trophies they exhibit."

"But if our patient should fortunately escape the necessity of having his limb amputated, *then*, I presume, we may fairly calculate on his recovery," replied Lord Templeton.

"My dear lord, make no rash calculations, either as to the patient's recovery or demise. I have already succeeded in extracting the ball, which lay buried in immediate proximity to the thigh bone, and so far the prospect of ultimate recovery is favourable. But it is difficult for me to explain, except to a regular practitioner, the various causes which, although now dormant, may soon awaken to activity and embarrass our best efforts. For example, the state of the young gentleman's nerves may render amputation hazardous, while danger of ultimate mortification intimidates us if we delay. Thus, you see, we have our professional *Scylla* and *Charybides* to steer through, and fortunate is he who can avoid both. But, my lord, do not for a moment suppose, because I place before you all the dangers which beset us, that *therefore* the chances are against the recovery of our patient. Has he not youth and a firm constitution? And while we see the feeble and tottering victim of age and disease resuscitated, the Lord forbid that we should despair of this young man's recovery."

With this information he again visited the bedside of his patient, who still slept, if that could be so termed which was the unquiet effect of powerful opiates.

Scarce any one who had known Clifton in the flush of health and enjoyment, and who saw him now, would have believed that he and the pale and haggard being before him were one and the same person. No vestige of colour was visible in that cheek once so ruddy—the lips bore a wan and deathlike aspect—his raven hair lay lifelessly over his forehead; while the convulsive movement of the corners of his mouth indicated the pain which he was suffering.

During the whole of that day, and the greater part of the succeeding night, neither Lord Templeton nor his eldest daughter ceased to exhibit the most intense anxiety for the fate of Clifton. Even the beautiful

Euphemia, who, just blushing into early womanhood, was sportive and thoughtless as a young fawn, deeply sympathized with her more sedate sister, while the theme occupied her mind, but being at that happy period in life in which sunshine predominates, her spirits quickly bounded to more joyous impressions, and her expectations of a favourable issue were more confident and sanguine.

Doctor Hildreth had peremptorily directed the nurse to exclude every person from visiting or conversing with the patient, but the anxious Miss Jerningham hovered like a good angel around the entrance to his chamber, and embraced every opportunity that offered to inquire into the particulars of his case, while the varying changes her beautiful countenance assumed during the day and evening, were a faithful index of her excited feelings. On learning from the nurse any symptom which she deemed important, either for good or ill, she hastened to her father, and communicated the facts, to learn his opinion of their nature and probable results.

Clifton appeared during the day to exhibit every indication of extreme suffering; and the rapid pulse, inflamed and wandering eye, and confused intellect, bore witness to the dangerous character of his wound, and the uncertainty of its final issue.

Although Lord Templeton was usually capable of commanding his feelings, yet his anxiety for Clifton was plainly visible, and he almost emulated his daughter's eagerness to learn each varying phase of the invalid's condition.

In the morning the learned surgeon was again assailed by Lord Templeton and his daughters, whose impatience to ascertain Clifton's situation was manifest, no less by words than the expression of their countenances.

To their great joy, the report was favourable.

During the latter portion of the night, Clifton's rest had been less disturbed, and he awoke in the morning, extremely weak, but almost free from fever. Thus much Lord Templeton and his daughters gathered from the physician's report, whose native benevolence induced a ready reply, when its import was of so satisfactory a character.

The interdiction against all intercourse with the patient was repeated with renewed emphasis, and all were too much rejoiced at the favourable prospect to murmur against a command enforced by so many important considerations.

From that period, our hero's recovery slowly advanced, but several weeks elapsed before he could move with the aid of a crutch. When that period arrived, however, his recovery was much more rapid, from the favourable effect of air and exercise; and the approach of spring with its bland and cheering influences, although still lingering in the lap of winter, was sufficiently genial to awaken the dormant energies of his nature, and throw the rays of consolation along his chequered existence. To Lord Templeton, in confidence, he stated the unhappy result of his duel with Ellingbourne, which, for the present, rendered it desirable to keep his place of residence as much concealed as circumstances would admit.

To this request the noble lord readily acceded, and although he severely censured the practice of duelling, he yet frankly admitted the difficulty which custom threw in the way of its suppression.

## CHAPTER VIII.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THOSE WITH WHOM IT IS DESIRABLE TO BE BETTER ACQUAINTED.

"He, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion and her pride."
*First part of King Henry 4th.*

Lord Templeton was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Unlike many of his class, the splendour of his rank and title was more than reflected by the personal graces, virtue, and talents of their possessor.

The death of his father left him, at an early period of his life, master of his own actions, and sole heir to a princely fortune; but a decided predilection for literary pursuits, and a taste for the beautiful in art and noble in nature, preserved him from all debasing associations, and directed his attention to more elevated objects than those which too often attract the regard and engross the time of the spoiled children of fortune. While travelling on the continent, he casually became the companion of a private gentleman, a resident of one of the remote counties in England, for whose beautiful and accomplished daughter he formed an ardent and lasting attachment. The young lady being equally fascinated with the talent and comeliness of her noble admirer, they were immediately united on their return to their native country.

His daughters, Adeline and Euphemia, were the fruit of this union, over which no cloud of discontent or dissension ever lowered; but shortly after the birth of Euphemia, a rapid and irresistible decline consigned Lady Templeton to an early grave, leaving her fond husband for a long period inconsolable for his loss. True to his early and only attachment, his thoughts never wandered to the subject of a second marriage, but, secluded in his residence several miles from the city, and occupied with the education of his daughters and the necessary supervision of his large estates, he looked forward with calm composure to the time when, his children being settled in life and his earthly affairs satisfactorily arranged, his wearied spirit should wing its flight to that eternal home which contained the beloved of his soul.

The congeniality of tastes between Clifton and himself resulted in a more unreserved intercourse and intimacy than the difference of rank and station would generally permit. More of his young guest's early history he would have been gratified to learn, but as Clifton had formally introduced the subject to his notice, and confidentially communicated all that he deemed desirable, delicacy prevented any farther allusion to a topic which the person, most interested, appeared to consider without the pale of friendly discussion.

As Clifton's health became improved, the young ladies were added to the conversational circle, and the beauty, enthusiasm, and talents of the elder, with the artlessness and *naïveté* of her more youthful sister, aided materially in withdrawing his mind from the contemplation of its peculiar sorrows. Lord Templeton was perhaps more strongly attached to Miss Jerningham, the eldest, than to her sportive sister, much as he loved the latter, from her more striking resemblance to his departed lady. The pensive dark brown eye—the countenance playful, yet full of intelligence— the pale high forehead and ruby lips were all living remembrancers of her sainted mother.

As weeks glided on, Lord Templeton did not fail to perceive, that the interest first awakened in himself and his family, by the service rendered them by his young guest, was daily gaining force, now that his talents and accomplishments were more fully developed; nor could he disguise from himself the probability that a more tender sentiment might arise in the breast of Miss Jerningham, if the handsome young American remained for a length of time under his roof, the companion of his daughters in their solitude, and a sharer in their recreations and amusements. As the noble lord had no sons to enjoy his title and entailed inheritance, and as the rank devolved on a distant relative, with whom he had never held

personal intercourse, it is not to be denied that he looked forward to an alliance for one or both of his daughters, with a titled personage, as desirable and judicious.

For rank itself, without merit, Lord Templeton entertained a humble estimate; nor did he consider a titled connection for his daughters of so paramount importance as to be willing to jeopard their happiness in securing it. With such sentiments, his objections to Miss Jerningham's possible attachment for Clifton was not, as may be supposed, founded *entirely* on his want of title or wealth. The prominent difficulty was in the *mystery* which veiled his career, and he felt that the veil must be removed before he could determine how far it would be expedient to waive his original intentions in relation to his daughter's future union, if her sentiments of esteem for our hero should ripen into love. With these views, it is not surprising that he attempted as much as possible to withdraw Clifton from the society of his daughter, lest her affections should be irrecoverably engaged. Had no suspicious circumstances occurred, subsequent to Clifton's confidential communication with Lord Templeton, on the subject of his reason for absenting himself from his native land, it is probable that the withheld development would have been considered unimportant; but an inadvertent inquiry by the artless Euphemia, as to the disease of which his parents died, on his stating the fact of their death, caused so manifest an embarrassment of manner, that it could not fail to challenge the attention of his host, and arouse suspicions of a painful nature.

It was about this period that Clifton, one afternoon, while in the company of the young ladies, alluded to a celebrated poet, whose name was a household word in every corner of Europe, and as the only being on earth whom he really envied. This led to farther remark on the subject, which inadvertently caused him to admit the metrical sins of which he had himself been guilty.

On hearing this confession, both his auditors claimed an example of his skill—Miss Jerningham blushing at the request after it was spoken, and Euphemia playfully enforcing her solicitation by holding up her finger in the attitude of mock command. With mischief and joy dancing in her laughing eye, she assured him that unless he took the earliest opportunity to display his poetical talents for their edification, he was no true knight−errant, notwithstanding his Quixotic attack and dispersion of *three* barbarians in their defence.

To this demand on his gallantry, Clifton could not fail to respond, and accordingly on the following day the delighted Euphemia was greeted with the following playful apologue, entitled. CUPID'S REVENGE A lady fair one April day Stole Cupid's bow and quiver: The plundered urchin begged to learn What ransom he should give her. He proffered rank and tendered wealth— The lady's smile was sunny— She sportively the rank declined, Nor would accept the money. Unto his mother's court he flew, (This secret is between us,) Imploring counsel, power and aid, From sceptre−wielding Venus. The goddess summoned mighty Mars, His sword by peace was rusty: To Vulcan, then, her suit preferred, His negative was crusty! Dread Jupiter was next addressed, To claim the missing plunder: A trifle would the purpose serve— A bolt or two of thunder! The courteous god with ease replied, "I'd fain oblige you, you know, "But all my bolts are lent to−day To my beloved Juno." The baffled goddess vainly roamed, From dewy morn till even;— No succour could her prayers command In ocean, earth, or heaven. Old Neptune vexed with feeble health Must loll in grotto shady; The rest declined (these were their words) To persecute *a lady*. With lengthened face poor Cupid now Returned to beg the favour, That if the lady still must keep What fickle fortune gave her:— She'd kindly *loan* the useless toys, Lest he his art should forget; In luckless moment she complied— Her breast became his target! In tears the stricken lady prays That he would draw his arrow: "Such wounds no gallant would inflict Even on a worthless sparrow:" He scornfully the boon denies; But soon is heard a carriage— Its inmate plucks the envious shaft; Who should it be but Marriage! His magic ring the pain expels,— Such wounds should ne'er be slighted:— Then vengeance sought upon the boy— Who fled away affrighted. Now all you ladies, far and near, Should wicked Love assail you, Call faithful Marriage to your aid, His *ring* will never fail you.

Euphemia was no sooner in possession of her offering than she ran to her *boudoir*, and perused it with great glee. It was, she thought, so racy, and chimed so well with her playful feelings. Returning to the drawing−room, she could not keep the matter a secret, but skipping to her father's side exclaimed,

"Guess, papa, what Mr. Clifton has given me. Now, Adeline, you must not give any of your hints, as I want papa to guess it without any help."

"Why, my love, that is more than I can divine. If Mr. Clifton has made you a present, I have no doubt it is such a one as was proper for him to bestow and you to receive."

This was said by Lord Templeton with great gravity, and the *manner* , more than the sentiment, first suggested the idea to Clifton, that his noble host deemed his longer intercourse with his daughters neither proper nor desirable.

On the day previous, he had first succeeded in walking without the aid of a crutch, and this circumstance afforded a proper opportunity for the annunciation of his immediate departure. He therefore said:—

"I should render a sad return for all the kindness bestowed upon me by your Lordship, could it enter into my imagination, to offer for your daughter's acceptance any other present than such a one as my sister might claim at my hands, had I the happiness to possess one.

"As my health is quite restored, and I have succeeded in walking without the aid of my wooden supporter, I purpose returning, to−morrow, to my residence in the city; and, unhappily for my fame, in an evil hour I promised Miss Jerningham and her sister each a literary offering, before my departure.

"As my word is pledged, I must, of course, fulfil the task as best I may, and Miss Euphemia's being the first completed, was this moment given."

"My excellent young friend," said Lord Templeton, who observed with pleasure the delicacy of feeling which dictated Clifton's resolution, "you must not commit any such imprudence as returning toyour residence, while your health is still so feeble. No, no—a week or two hence we will permit you to *talk* about fixing the time of departure, but not yet. The thing is impossible. So, having settled that matter, we'll hear the poetical present recited." Of course, all professed great admiration for the *morceau*. Euphemia said it was the prettiest effusion she ever read, except one or two of Moore's, and declared that she would keep it as long as she lived.

Miss Jerningham archly remarked that she was pleased with the whole of it, except one idea. She did not like the assertion that *marriage* frightened away *love*.

Clifton so far acceded to Lord Templeton's urgent solicitations as to consent to a few days addition to the time originally assigned for his departure. Both the young ladies, although they said nothing on the subject, evinced by their looks how grateful Clifton's stay was to their feelings. Lord Templeton from this period appeared entirely divested of his incipient apprehensions, in relation to Clifton's intercourse with his daughters; and as the lameness of our hero had so far decreased as to permit exercise on foot without much inconvenience, the extensive grounds attached to the mansion were visited in company with his lovely companions, Lord Templeton usually declining to partake of their rambling pleasures. It was now the month of March, and while the victim of consumption was wasting beneath its false and fickle smile, Clifton's health and spirits daily improved under the combined influence of spring and the conversational attractions of his fair auditors.

As the visitor approached the mansion of Lord Templeton, through the lawn, he met the form of a lion rampant, which threw from its marble jaws a column of the pure element into the basin of an exquisitely chiselled fountain, of the same durable material.

The beautifully decorated garden grounds were reached on passing through the great hall, and, half concealed by the budding foliage, urns and statues of bronze and marble, threw their classic witchery around the scene.

A second fountain, of smaller dimensions, divided the gravelled walk in the centre of the garden, and on its skilfully wrought pedestal hovered the form of a massive eagle, which, with extended wings and parted beak, threw the liberated waters in showers over the area of the circular basin.

At the extremity of the main avenue, after passing through a giant gateway, a lake of the purest water reflected on its mirror−like surface the varied phenomena of the heavens, while the well−beaten path that wound around its sedgy border frequently attracted our hero and his fair companions by its quiet and romantic loveliness.

On the day previous to that on which Clifton proposed to depart for his residence in the city, Miss Jerningham reminded him of his promise to oblige her also with a specimen of his poetical ability; and as they were at that moment in the hall, and suspended before them on the wall hung an exquisite painting of

a crusader setting out for Palestine—his hand on his charger's rein, Clifton selected it as the subject of the following effusion. THE CRUSADER TO HIS MISTRESS. With the folds of my banner unfurled to the wind, I leave the dear form of my lady behind: My foot in the stirrup—my hand on the rein, I conquer the Moslem or come not again. Though thy tears, my beloved, still tempt me to stay, My good steed impatient rebukes the delay: To the plains of Judea with ardour I fly, And thine eyes like bright Pleiades are lost from my sky. Dost thou view in the distance my legions advance? Fame mounts on each helmet, and death on each lance: From the harems of Selim shall rise a deep wail As the dirge of the chieftain floats sad on the gale. Bright gem of existence—enshrined in my heart, Oh weep not that glory commands us to part; Shall love cause thy warrior from honour to stray, When religion and valour both beckon away? I read thy reply in that love−beaming smile,— On the sands of Damascus its light will beguile, And when by its halo my sabre shall gleam, The blood of the foeman will crimson each stream. As the hills of Jerusalem rise on the view, And from cloud−kissing Hermon descends the soft dew— How fearful my trumpet defiance will roll To the dark−visaged infidel's terror−wrought soul. Now I bound in the saddle—my dearest, farewell— On no ear shall thy name with its melody swell; But how oft shall my eyes from the blue heaven glance To *thy* breeze−wafted pennon that floats from my lance.

The following morning found Clifton on his way to the city, and the circle at Lord Templeton's could not conceal their regret at his absence.

# CHAPTER IX.

SPRING.—THE RETURN.—A SUPERNATURAL VISITATION.

"When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierced the streams."
*Thomson.*

"If I stand here I saw him."
*Macbeth.*

Spring, with its dreamy influences, was again on the wing to the shores of merry England. True, its early glance, like the smile of virgin modesty, was tempered with a dash of frigidity; but who has not desired, in the innermost recesses of his heart, that both the type and the substance might inherit immortality; so fragrant are the flowers of enjoyment which are snatched from the brink of uncertainty!

Twilight had descended upon the city with gentle and cautious footsteps, as if reluctant to dim the fading glories of the expiring day; and the vast crowd which poured along the streets of the metropolis, by their subdued voices and lighter tread, evinced their unconscious sympathy with the sweet and pensive hour. The discordant sounds which render London a second Babel during the day, were modulated, until they mimicked the solemn swell of the ocean, when the death−song of its complaining surges are faintly heard in the distance.

Clifton's little study, of which he was again an occupant, overlooked the street, and directly opposite his window, a massive Gothic structure, with its pointed arches, towers, turrets, and battlements, looked down with a most protecting air on two diminutive modern erections which stood in humble attitude on either hand beneath its shadow.

Seating himself near the window, he gazed listlessly on the moving panorama before him, until his thoughts became entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the varying events connected with his own sad destiny. As may be inferred, this reverie was ill calculated to secure mental or bodily repose; and unfortunately, recent circumstances had occurred to increase the gloom caused by those which threw their shadows permanently over his prospects. He had left the charming social circle at Lord Templeton's, and now felt, most poignantly, the loss of their sympathetic alleviation of his sorrows; and, on reaching the city, had been cruelly disappointed at receiving no letters from his friends in America.

At De Lyle's suggestion, his foster−parents had determined not to forward any communications to his address, until a sufficient time had elapsed to allay the excitement of the public in relation to the duel with Ellingbourne; but this surely could not account for so protracted a silence.

All these and a thousand other themes, in which melancholy was the predominant ingredient, passed through his mind with the speed of thought, until he came to the conclusion that he was especially singled out by untoward fate, as a victim to its most despotic and harrassing influences.

To strengthen this idea, he dwelt on the fatal vision which agonized his mind on the night previous to his conflict with the robbers. Did not this conclusively prove that he was the sport of evil destiny? Just as his reflections had reached this gloomy point, the singular and hesitating manner of a pedestrian on the opposite side of the street, and directly beneath the portico of the Gothic building, arrested his attention. Although the evening was bland and lovely, yet a large Spanish cloak was wrapped closely around the individual in question, and by the manner in which he proceeded, it was evident that debility caused the hesitation of manner which first attracted Clifton's attention. The latter was about withdrawing his eyes, when, as the stranger passed beneath a gas−lamp, which threw a strong light on his face, Clifton, with horror, recognized the pale features of Julius Ellingbourne!

At any other time, perhaps, he might have met as striking a resemblance to his unfortunate antagonist, without its exciting any superstitious feelings, but now, the ghost−like *fac−simile* of him he ha slain acted fearfully on his nerves, already weakened by the effects of his painful wound.

"'Tis as I feared," he said, musingly, to himself, "murder will have its victim, sooner or later. How haggard and death−like were his features! and methought he gazed up in my face with a threatening and terrific look, which froze my very blood. In my happy hours of boyhood, I sportively selected a star, and watched its bright course, until I became a convert to the dreams of the astrologer, and fancied that my fate was linked with its career.

"Let me look on it now:—perchance it may corroborate or refute the gloomy view I have taken into futurity." Thus saying, he sought out the sparkling luminary which, for a moment, shone with undiminished brilliancy. While he looked, a dark, but diminutive cloud, no larger than a lady's veil, was wafted by an unfelt breeze along the horizon, until it reached the luckless star over which it hovered, obscuring its beams and rendering it invisible.

"The omen is complete!" sighed Clifton. "My career is approaching its close, and I may bid adieu to all the bright visions which, in years gone by, solaced and cheered me with their lustre!

"Hereafter my existence will be like the bubble on the stream, which the slightest agitation of the waves of destiny will annihilate.

"Farewell the anxious hope for a Name among the Deathless! Farewell the enchanting dream of a future union with Julia. A long farewell to that ambition which, like the eagle, nestled among the mountain−crags of Futurity—cradled by the thunder−cloud—companion of the sunbeam! Farewell to the sunny smile of affection—the warm grasp of friendship—the applause of the mighty in intellect.

"Ye flowers of life that have here and there shed your fragrance over my path, farewell! Henceforth your thorns are alone to be my bitter inheritance!"

# CHAPTER X.

A SUCCESSFUL EFFORT—A DAW IN BORROWED PLUMAGE.

"You are of too quick a sight
Not to discover which way your talent lies."
Roscommon.

"Lest when the birds their various colours claim,
Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
Should stand the laughter of the public scorn!"
Francis.

For several days subsequent to the occurrences narrated in our last chapter, Clifton's energies were depressed and his mind filled with gloomy forebodings; but he soon became convinced of the necessity of action, both from a conviction of its favourable effect on his spirits, and the demand for the means of subsistence, which now became imperative. Under this state of feeling, his next literary production was entitled "*Fatality, or the Death Warning!*" a tale, which for thrilling interest, deep pathos, and powerful delineation of human character, in those fearful moments when Reason totters on her throne, and Superstition hurls the sceptre from her grasp—almost rivalled the celebrated productions of the masters of the German school of literature. The sensation created in the public mind by its appearance, was remarkable. It was devoured with intense avidity by all classes, and the publishing office of the magazine in which it first saw the light was daily thronged with purchasers.

Conjecture was busy in seeking to ascertain the author, and many and conflicting were the opinions of the knowing ones in such matters.

One celebrated author whispered in the ear of all his friends, that he could divulge the secret if he would, but *it must not be*—at least for a time. "Oh," said Miss Jemima Bluestocking, "I see through his reserve. He is himself the author. I can *generally* trace these mysteries through all their ramifications."

On the day succeeding this oracular declaration of Miss Bluestocking, Mr. Montblanque, the author alluded to, was met in St. James's Park by an acquaintance, who thus addressed him—

"Montblanque, is thith you? 'Pon my thoul I'm glad to thee you. I'm told you know the author of `*Fatality, or the Death Warning*.' I thall conthider it pothitively unkind—I thall, on my honour— if you refuthse to tell me in confidenth. You know, my dear fellow, I'm clothse asth Motheth the utherer, and asth thrusty asth hith iron chesth. Tho, my dear Montblanque, do rethore the equilibrium of my mind, which hath been thockingly agitated sinth thith confounded thecret hath been in the wind."

The speaker was Elton Arabesque, one of the most noted of the race of exquisites. His attire was in the most approved *mode*, and as he moved along, the "observed of all observers," the air was redolent of perfume. While addressing Montblanque he elevated a quizzing−glass to his eye, gently threw forward the right leg, and *attitudinized* most imposingly.

Whether his lisp was natural or affected was a question which was still mooted among his friends; and so high ran the controversies on this interesting subject, that they resulted in three challenges being passed—one of which ripened into a veritable duel. Whether the weapons were charged with leaden or pomatum bullets was the theme of another series of disputes, which were fortunately settled by the interference of mutual friends.

"Mr. Arabesque," replied the *litterateur*, "I beg you will not press *that* question any farther. When I tell you that I have refused to hold any conversation on this subject with my devoted friend Lord Fitzweller, you can judge the delicacy of my position, and how impossible it is for me to enter into any explanation that can, in the remotest degree, contribute to withdraw the mask which the author, *whoever he may be*, has seen fit to assume. So, with your permission, we will talk on some other topic. You perceive my embarrassment, and no doubt appreciate my feelings. You know I am the last man in the world to covet

laurels which should deck other brows; and if you should hear Miss Bluestocking hereafter allude to my name in connection with this production, do me the favour to state distinctly that I decline *avowing* any claim to the honours awarded the unknown author."

"Oh, I pertheive. I sthmoke the thecret. I take. I'm dumb. I am, pothitively. Not a word of your being the author. I'll *look* knowing; but on my honour the thecret's thafe."

"But, my dear Mr. Arabesque, you'll really believe me, when I say I must not be considered the author of `*Fatality*.' "

"Yeth. Yeth, I underthand. You're non−committal. Good bye, Montblanque—good bye. I'm a walking thtatue of thilence—I am, pothitively."

And thereupon this butterfly without wings buzzed the supposed secret into the ear of every acquaintance who crossed his path, *in the strictest confidence;* adding that his friend Montblanque would be savage if he knew that he divulged it. In this way the worthy Montblanque contrived to reap what he had not sown; taking especial care to so fortify himself with *saving clauses* in his conversations, that if the real author chose to avow himself, he could refer to positive declarations in which he *disavowed* the authorship.

Oh Charlatanism—thou modern divinity—we recognize in thee the dispenser of more than life and death! At thy nod nations bow with reverence; and wo be to him who in an evil hour rebels against thy government, and sets at nought thy edicts. Let him at once repent his temerity, ere thy chariot wheels crush him to powder. Are not thy disciples seated in the high places of power? Who now dares with sacrilegious hand to profane the memory of thy departed ministers? Do not the pupils of thy Hahnemann—the apostles of thy Spurzheim—the successors of thy St John Long—swarm like locusts over the land—each one with a train of followers at his heels, which, in numbers, would throw the disciples even of Daniel O'Connell himself into the shade! Again we repeat, all hail Charlatanism!

Like Byron, our hero "awoke one morning, and to his surprise, found, if not himself, at least his production famous."

And did he turn a deaf ear to the praises awarded his literary offspring? Assuredly not. His first impulse was to consider the plaudits of the multitude as a part of the heartless pageant in which he considered himself no longer an actor, and whose praise or censure it was equally his duty to disregard. That he was the victim of a resistless and remorseless destiny was his firm conviction, and he considered every effort to escape its decrees both futile and absurd. To repent of his crime in destroying the life of Ellingbourne, and to prepare for futurity, were now his paramount duties.

But as days passed, and his mind became divested of a portion of its morbid apprehensions, his interest in the scenes around him returned, until at length he could no longer disguise from himself the truth that the voice of fame was music to his ears; and like a war horse at the blast of the trumpet, his spirit bounded to the call of a whole people who unitedly demanded that he should again exhibit his powers in the literary arena. Then first fell in all its gloom across his mind the dark shadow which ever attends early success in the literary world—the dread of failure— where not to soar yet higher is to sink! True, the fame attending his successful effort yet rested on a masked brow, but the sweet conviction of ultimate triumph in an open arena, where the combatants should be divested of their visors, was cherished not the less that it was still unrealized by himself.

With such feelings he proceeded to the task of perfecting another specimen of what his intellectual powers were capable of creating; and many were the erasures, interlinings, and additions, which the composition underwent, from its early inception until it came forth in a dress deemed fit for the public eye. Being persuaded, from the success of his late effort, that the pathetic and the mysterious were calculated more fully to display his powers than any other species of composition—as they entered with more force into his present feelings—he again essayed to unveil the subtle connection which existed between the Past, the Present, and the Future, by delineating the remorse that tortured the bosom of the guilty—peopling the Present with the grim images of the Past, and throwing over the Future the dark shadows of them both.

This tale was entitled the "*Conscience Stricken*," and so eager were the public to possess it, that an immense edition of the magazine in which it appeared— being quadruple the number usually issued—

was absorbed in a day. To his great joy, the papers united in pronouncing it a more able and powerful effort than its predecessor, while the controversy as to its paternity waxed warmer and more angry.

Behold our hero on the high road to celebrity:— but was he more happy now that the fiery ordeal was passed? Did the breath of public applause appease the cravings of a spirit, conscious of its mighty and mysterious powers? There were moments when it failed to soothe his wounded spirit; and the bitter reflection that the fair fabric would tumble in ruins, if the authorship was avowed and his history exposed, dashed the cup of enjoyment from his lips.

And even if his former disgrace could be effectually concealed from the British public, who was to be the partaker of his new−born honours? Would the loud trump of fame sound conviction of his innocence to the bosom of Julia's parents? The idea was madness.

To what purpose, then, was he pouring forth the treasures of a rich intellect? Like the Eastern pearl−diver, he had descended to the innermost recesses of his soul, and though precious were the gems which sparkled in his casket, they were valueless to their possessor. Monarch of the hour, his sceptre, like that of the Ice King, waved over a region of eternal snows, unblessed by the genial beams of love, or the sunny smile of friendship.

Such were his meditations in periods of mental gloom; but their influence on his spirits daily declined, and more philosophical and enlarged views and feelings resumed their empire over his heart.

Again returned the consciousness that he possessed an immortal soul, invested with noble attributes; and while dwelling on its high destinies he estimated the world's opinion of his guilt or innocence, at its real value. When in this judicious mood of mind he would retire to rest with calm reliance on the goodness of Providence; and, forgetting the unprofitable studies of the astrologer, would enter the dominions of sleep, prepared to partake of its holy and serene enjoyments.

# CHAPTER XI.

A NEW CHARACTER—EPICUREAN ENJOYMENTS. DIPLOMACY MADE EASY.

"Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please."

Pope.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare."
Gray.

The exciting occupations and events of the few days which had elapsed since Clifton's return from Lord Templeton's, had prevented him from presenting a letter of introduction with which that nobleman had furnished him to the Honourable Lucius Courtenay, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, near the Court of St. James. Indeed, when first offered, he hesitated in accepting it, but as Lord Templeton had frequently expressed great regard for the Minister, and had voluntarily presented him with the letter when he was leaving his hospitable mansion, courtesy required its early delivery.

It now occurred to his mind, that an introduction to the representative of his native country, might facilitate the receipt of advices from his friends in NewYork, and he therefore determined to avail himself of his noble friend's introduction.

At a suitable hour, Clifton visited the residence of the ambassador, presented his letter, and was received with great cordiality by the gentleman, who informed him that he had, when a boy, resided in the city of New−York;—adding, that he trusted to have the pleasure of his company the next day at dinner. This friendly invitation our hero declined, on the plea of ill health; but on Mr. Courtenay's assurance that he should be at perfect liberty to withdraw whenever he deemed it prudent, while his recent recovery would present a legitimate plea for his abstemiousness, he at length reluctantly consented.

"You will meet a very select, although somewhat *unique*, circle of my diplomatic, literary, and scientific friends, and I promise you an intellectual banquet, which will be not the less relished, that some of the dishes are rather highly spiced. You must know that I am a bachelor, and will perceive that I am rather young for a diplomatist; but, like the captain of one of our most successful packet ships, who boasted, that it was only necessary for him to give her the proper direction when leaving Sandy Hook, as she knew the road as well as he did—so I may, with truth, declare, that the direct policy of our government in its intercourse with foreign nations, renders skill and experience comparatively useless auxiliaries to our ambassadors, who require prudence and integrity alone in their negotiations. As this is the best excuse that can be offered for the selection of my poor self, I trust you will consider it in as favourable a light as your conscience will permit."

The latter part of these remarks was delivered with a smile, and Clifton parted from the ambassador with feelings of high gratification. While conversing with Mr. Courtenay, he could not resist the conviction that they had met before, but the circumstances of their former intercourse—if such had existed— were blotted from his memory, and he at length concluded, that the apparent recognition of his countenance was caused by a striking resemblance to some individual of his acquaintance, whom it was, for the moment, impossible to designate.

On the following day Clifton joined the social circle at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Courtenay,

which, in addition to the host, consisted of Prince Ptolenski, charge d'affairs from the court of St. Petersburgh—Count Rosini, ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany—Theophilus Elgin, esquire, recently returned from a tour through Egypt, Asia, Turkey in Europe, and the Grecian Isles in the Archipelago—and Stewart Macartney, a celebrated author and antiquary, from the renowned city of Edinburgh. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Courtenay sportively proposed the "health of his new guest, Mr. Clifton, who, like Richard the Lion−hearted, by the might of his single arm, had put to flight two modern Saracens and captured a third—while, more fortunate than the Royal Crusader, he rescued Beauty and Innocence from the grasp of the infidels."

The explanation of course followed, but Clifton, on returning thanks, begged permission to decline appropriating the compliment in its full extent.

"Our host," he remarked, "is so versed in the beauties of ancient and modern lore, that he contrives to throw over the most common−place incident the lustre of his vivid imagination. Lest I should be unduly honoured, it is proper to state that the affair to which my friend alludes was as unromantic and common−place as can well be imagined; being nothing more than an almost accidental encounter with some cowardly vagabonds, who lacked the courage to execute what their villanous hearts had planned."

"Decline neither the compliment nor the illustration," said Mr. Elgin, gravely; "for happy would it be for the young men of the present day if they would equally emulate the chivalric spirit manifested by yourself in the rescue of Lord Templeton, and the intimate acquaintance with the history of the glorious of ancient days which has caused Mr. Courtenay to tender so apt and faithful a comparison."

"You see Mr. Clifton," said the author from beyond the Tweed, "that you can no more unbind the laurels which are wreathed around your brow, than the captured assassin could escape from your strong hand. By the way, Mr. Courtenay, can you enlighten our mental darkness by unmasking the author of the two able productions whose appearance has lately thrown the literary public into such a ferment of curiosity?"

"I am not capable of even forming a conjecture. The only name I have heard suggested was that of Montblanque, but I consider the rumour highly improbable."

"Not improbable, but *impossible*," replied Mr. Macartney. "I know his style perfectly, and cannot trace the least resemblance. We all know that his manner is affected and egotistical, while that of the unknown author is plain, simple, and natural. The whole charm of the first—if charm it can be termed—consists in its elaborate and artificial polish, while the latter enchains the attention by the force and truth of his masterly delineations. Faults there are in the new productions, but they are the result of haste and inattention, which can, and I have no doubt will, be remedied, if the writer continues to pursue the career he has so successfully commenced. As every person ventures a conjecture on this subject, I will follow the example so far as to prophecy that when the secret is divulged the honours will be worn by some hitherto untried champion."

"How do you like the mystical region in which the author essays his new−fledged wing?" said Mr. Courtenay.

"Your question is difficult to answer. If the mental powers of the artist are equal to his task, the sublimity and elevation of the subject impart a legitimate interest to its analyzation which cannot fail to enlighten while it charms. If, on the contrary, a feeble writer attempts to disentangle intricacies to which his powers are inadequate, he leads his ignorant readers into a labyrinth of inconsistencies, which is apt to result in either credulity or scepticism. On the whole, it is perhaps doubtful whether the mystical tales and romances, and the metaphysical discussions of the present century have not contributed rather to vitiate than to elevate the public taste. But Mr. Clifton has not yet ventured an opinion on the grave question, who is the anonymous writer of `*Fatality*.' "

"When Mr. Macartney is informed that I claim no pretensions to necromancy, he will acquit me of any attempt to unravel a mystery which the present distinguished company have failed to penetrate."

"A compliment, most decidedly," said Prince Ptolenski.

"Come, come," said Count Rosini, "we'll drop a thread−bare theme to discuss one that's ever new By Bacchus, it warms my very soul to inhale the aroma of this iced champaign. Even in Italy—my own Italy—have our exquisite wines been thrown in shadow by this charming foreigner. Elgin, I pledge thee.

May thy last resting−place be in some sunny vale of the Campagna, with the luscious fruit of which this is the essence, and the dew bending gracefully over it."

"'Tis a goodly wish, and gracefully tendered," replied the orientalist, "and far be from me the churlishness which hesitates to return so friendly a pledge.

"I have scarcely tasted the equal of this since my ever−to−be−remembered visit to the Pyramids. My escort was a portion of the body guard of Mehmet Ali, and the butler of his Highness presented me with a choice specimen of Egyptian taste, in the shape of a dozen of exquisite Maraschino, remarking with an arch look that I might as well enjoy the contents, as they were considered contraband by the Mahommedan creed. I reserved the precious gift until the Pyramids were reached, when, by Jove, my turbaned companions came near swallowing the bottles after the taste was ventured.

"'Twas delicious, and added to the inspiration of the time and place. I have rarely enjoyed the equal of that hour."

"So, so," said the Count Rosini, smiling, "we now can duly appreciate the character of the new hieroglyphics, the discovery of which has created such a sensation in literary and scientific circles. I trust that the bottle was not the microscope through which they were viewed? By the cestus of Minerva this must be looked to."

"You forget `*in vino veritas*,' " said the sententious representative of Russian majesty.

"Why, Count, you worse than heathen, to doubt my authority on matters of this sort. Were you an Englishman I might pardon the jest, but for a native of Italy—land of the beautiful in nature and exquisite in art—land of brilliant recollections—over whose past glory we mourn as of a bright Pleiad lost from the sky—for *you* to bandy jests on a subject connected with associations sublime as those which cluster around your own loved land!—the thing's monstrous, foul and unnatural."

"But we have almost forgotten our duty to our worthy host. Mr. Courtenay permit me to pledge you in a glass of Burgundy. May your shadow never be less."

"If that same wish should inadvertently be tendered to our friend Malvoisin, who weighs three hundred and ninety pounds avoirdupois, both the desire and its fulfilment would I fear be considered mal−apropos," said Mr. Macartney.

"But," said Mr. Courtenay, "my friend Clifton has recently left New−York, and I must be permitted to make some inquiries concerning its prospects and the changes which eighteen years must have made in its appearance. At that time Canal−street, on the north side, was the highest point which contained a thickly settled population."

"The changes in that period have been great. The compact portion of the city extends for miles above Canal−street, and the buildings comprised in the new section are incomparably the most beautiful and highly finished. Although the trade of London is so much greater than that of New−York, yet the entrance to the latter presents a much more imposing array of shipping than its gigantic rival; from the fact that in this city they are scattered, and encased in dry docks, while in New−York the whole are visible at a glance."

"And Broadway, I suppose, has also increased in attraction?"

"Certainly. It is now paved and closely built upon for nearly four miles. On pleasant days the throng of carriages and pedestrians which pour along its pavements and side−walks is immense, and whatever of beauty and fashion we possess is fairly represented on such occasions in Broadway."

"I should like to revisit the scenes of my boyish gambols. The palace has no doubt usurped the site of my former humble habitation, and enterprise, like Midus, transmuted the very earth into gold." Here the minister sighed, and for a moment was pensive.

"True," replied Clifton, "but unhappily our national prosperity has engendered an inordinate desire of gain, which pervades all ranks in society, until heaven−born Genius descends from its native eyry to join the debasing strife which ever follows the footsteps of cupidity."

"I coincide with you in the sentiment," rejoined Mr. Courtenay, "but somewhat doubt the correctness of its application. Cupidity is the vice of the age rather than the peculiar attribute of the American people. Man has in all ages reared some idol before whom the mass offered incense; and since war has doffed his helmet, and military glory ceased to dazzle, wealth, with its handmaid splendour, is the popular divinity.

That the worship of this baseborn goddess has drawn down some bright spirits from the heaven of intellect, is unquestionable, and like the fallen angels, their energies, equally potent for evil as for good, lend an artificial lustre to pursuits which in their essence are vicious and degrading.

"But young America can yet boast of luminaries whose steady effulgence has irradiated the hemisphere of literature, and penetrated the regions of science and of art."

"For my own part," remarked Mr. Macartney, "I am half disposed to defend the world's estimation of literary pursuits, little as I expect to become a practical illustrator of their theory. Much as I delight in the development of those mental and physical objects which glow and sparkle beneath the plastic hand of their delineator, I must at times admit that fame is an *ignus fatuus* which lures only to betray.

"When, after great mental exertion, my nerves are unstrung, my energies depressed and my fancy incapable of conjuring up one bright image, I sit listlessly and reflect that I am in pursuit of a phantom which withers the powers of manhood and repels the hope of a green old age, I feel that the shadowy reward is dearly earned, and almost envy the worldling his unintellectual enjoyments."

"If I might venture an opinion in opposition to such well−established authority," said Clifton, "I should doubt whether the votary of wealth enjoys the repose you award him.

"While in the acquisition of gain, his hopes and fears are continually excited, until sleep is frequently banished from his couch, and care and anxiety plough their furrows prematurely on his brow. And even when he has amassed a sufficiency, and attempts to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of retirement, his former pursuits unfit him for either solitude or social intercourse, and you behold him the victim of inanity and mental idleness, dragging out a weary existence—unblessing and unblessed. Contrast with this the bright visions which visit the solitary study of the child of genius, until they become a part and parcel of his existence—throwing over the most common−place subjects which glows beneath his touch the combined charms of fancy and reality—impelling him, like Pygmalion, to become enamoured of the grace, beauty, and majesty of his own creation, and causing him to repine at the thought that he cannot bid it leap into life and return his warm embrace. Oh the exquisite sense of enjoyment which follows the first successful flight into the regions of fancy and invention. Like first love it visits the soul *but once*. Memory consecrates it in her baptismal font—nor can after sorrow—or poverty—or despair efface the impress from our hearts"

"In faith," said the mercurial Italian Count, "I begin to suspect that our trans−atlantic friend is an author in disguise. Who knows whether we are not indebted to him for the celebrated productions which are setting all London by the ears?"

"If I were that invisible personage I fear a removal of the mask would effectually quench the public enthusiasm," said Clifton, blushing at the truth of the random shot; "nothing takes like mystery."

"You are right," returned the Count. "Years since, while passing a convent near Genoa, I caught a glimpse of a lady in a veil, walking pensively in a garden attached to the ancient structure. My fancy instantly converted the damsel into a beauty in distress, and I remained watching her movements until she disappeared beneath the gloomy arches of her prison−house. The next day found me hovering near the scene of her solitary musings—like the spirits of the departed around the confines of Elysium, until she again appeared. In a few moments, on stooping to tie her slipper, I perceived a foot whose diminutive and well−moulded proportions would have captivated the heart of a Chinese emperor.

"This completed the spell, and the next moment found me at the foot of the wall, affixing to a small stone a most pathetic invitation to the fair incognito, to leave the convent in my company—stating that if she would but appear at the same point, I would at midnight be prepared with a fleet steed to bear her to a safe and honourable retreat. Hurling the missive and letter over the wall, I glided behind the thick foliage and remained for a time quiet, lest some intruder might have detected the attempt at communication. At the appointed hour I was on the ground equipped for flight; and the first salutation I received was the grasp of three stout monks, whom my incognito, *the Abbess, aged fifty*, had stationed to seize me. With unfeigned contrition I begged for quarter, which was after a time granted; and even unto this day the sight of a veiled beauty is repugnant to my feelings. If the world was of my way of thinking the wand of mystery would be hereafter powerless."

"And yet," said Mr. Elgin, "mystery is the parent of knowledge. What attracted my footsteps to the

Egyptian shores, and caused the visit to her time−defying Pyramids? Mystery. What induced me to hang with rapture over those beautiful productions of art which ancient Greece has preserved— the relics of ages lost even to tradition? To penetrate the mystery that surrounds them. What impelled a Galileo to investigate the laws that govern the systems of which our globe is the centre, and brave persecution in defence of his theory? Mystery. This being the case, my dear Count, never rail at mystery again."

"I stand rebuked," replied the good−natured Count.

"But a truce to metaphysics. What say you, gentlemen, to a song?"

"Mr. Courtenay must I think be taxed for its production. Gentlemen the call is peremptory."

"With your permission, gentlemen, I'll amend the motion, by soliciting Mr. Clifton to sing in my stead," replied Mr. Courtenay. "Unfortunately for my fame in the social circle, my voice is incapable of warbling forth sweet sounds."

"Whatever may be my defects, either in voice or execution, they will not prevent the attempt to amuse this goodly company," was Clifton's reply, and he accordingly sang the following SERENADE. Wake! lady, wake! the crescent moon Crowns Ida's regal brow, And Hudson's mirrored breast is bathed In liquid radiance now! O'er giant Catskill's throne of clouds The stars their vigils keep— Then, lady, lift the envious veil That shrouds thine eyes in sleep. Rise! lady, rise! night's sombre train At thy approach will flee; But moon−beams smile and planet's ray Are darkness without thee. My voiceless lute in vain essays To trill love's honeyed words, If from thy lips no answering tone Is breathed among the chords. I view thy lattice—bars unfold— Thy footstep lingers near: Fond trembler lull those feverish throbs, No ill can reach thee here. My shallop bounds upon the wave— Its light sail woos the wind; Rest! lady, rest! thy lover's arms Are round thy form entwined.

Wit, sentiment and good humour regined at the festive board during Clifton's stay, and he left impressed with respect for his kind host and his friends. As he reached his residence he turned to take a last look at the heavens glittering with myriads of stars—but as his glance was momentarily directed to the opposite side of the street—behold, beneath the lamp again appeared the form of Ellingbourne—his pale countenance and its haggard expression more striking than before. Clifton but looked, and with a shriek, fell senseless on the threshold!

# CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIAL—AN UNLOOKED FOR INCIDENT.

"For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty."
*Merchant of Venice.*

Several days had elapsed after the supernatural visitation of Ellingbourne to the horror−stricken view of his slayer, before the latter could summon sufficient energy to venture again into the crowded thoroughfare of the great city.

The trial of the culprit for the attempted robbery of Lord Templeton, was announced for an early day, and it therefore became necessary for Clifton, who was the principal witness, to rouse himself from the mental stupor which succeeded the first convulsive agitation of his overwrought system, and prepare to pass through the trying ordeal of a rigid cross examination, confronted by that array of official dignitaries, which renders an English judicial tribunal so imposing to the eye of a stranger.

The London daily press—ever eager to minister to the public taste for the marvellous, had dilated with great apparent satisfaction on the chivalrous conduct of our hero, who, according to their statements, performed feats of personal prowess, which would have eclipsed the fame of Goliath of Gath, in the palmy days of his strength.

Add to this, the audacious nature of the attack— the desperate attempt of the criminal on Clifton's life—the elevated rank of the noble prosecutor— the romantic rescue of the young ladies—and the mystery which was supposed to envelope our hero, from his name being withheld—all of which were duly chronicled and commented on; and we need not be surprised that he should, as the day of trial approached, experience a degree of excitement unknown to the mass of residents of the great metropolis,— who, intent on their multitudinous pursuits,— scarcely paused to mark either the advent, progress, or consummation of criminal proceedings of a far more extraordinary description.

True there are, in London, as in all overgrown communities, a sufficient number of individuals who, from various causes, are prone to linger around the precincts of the criminal courts, and who appear to enjoy the uncertainty and hazard which surround the accused. To these may be added the unemployed mechanic, who is fain to while away an idle hour in listening to the eloquence of the learned counsel, or the wisdom of the equally learned judge— the traveller, who desires to become acquainted with the forms of judicial tribunals in a strange land— and the scattered troop of idlers who, having no precise object in view, happen to have their attention arrested while passing by the court−room—and it will readily be inferred, that a large auditory is frequently congregated, without the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances.

At length the eventful day arrived, and a large crowd were assembled in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the criminal was to encounter the ordeal of a public trial. Here and there might be seen groups of loiterers, who were discussing the probabilities of guilt or innocence—of condemnation or acquittal—while others were dwelling on topics of more immediate personal interest—or occupied in the laudable object of settling the affairs of the nation.

Equality, if not liberty, was, for the time being, conspicuous, for the *millionaire* was elbowed by the footman, and the scion of nobility relinquished the *trottoir* to his tailor's shop boy.

"Mr. Jones," remarked a brawny, and rather negligently than ill−dressed mechanic to his neighbour, "do you think the fellow what's accused of robbery by Lord Templeton will have a fair trial?"

"I mis−doubt it confoundedly. The aristocracy have too much power over men as good as good as themselves, to give a poor devil fair play for his life."

"But you forget, Thomson, that the jury are composed of men like ourselves, and they certainly won't be unjust and condemn an innocent man. If the fellow is really *guilty*, then hang him, say I, for if he's

permitted to go at large, he, and such as he, may knock you or me down in the streets, next, without our being able to obtain redress."

The speaker was also a mechanic, whose shrewd and good−humoured countenance was both English and pleasing—which some persons may consider as incompatible. His dress was of rather coarse materials, but neat and becoming; and there was that undefinable display of manly, yet modest independence in his manner, which would at once convince the beholder, that he was in the presence of one whose industry, sobriety, and moral habits insured to their possessor a comfortable subsistence for himself and family.

"Ay, ay," was the answer, "if he's guilty, he must swing, I s'pose—but somehow I can't believe it yet. Mr. Pennifeather, the attorney that speaks at our meetings, says, that he'll lay a wager that the man that's taken up is innocent, and the man that's going to swear against him is one of the gang. Because, says Mr. Pennifeather—says he—if the witness is an honest man why didn't he tell his name? Depend on't, Mr. Jones, the real rascal will go clear and the innocent man be jerk'd up. These lords and dukes never miss when they aim at a poor man."

"Well, well," was the reply, "let's wait and see. If the man is not guilty, I don't believe an honest jury or upright judge, will wish to condemn him. For my part, I can't think of any motive they can have to do so. Remember, we must have charity for the judge and jury, as well as the prisoner."

The further conversation of these individuals was prevented by the annunciation which ran through the crowd, that the doors of the court room were opened.

Those interested from any cause in the trial pressed forward in the van to procure an eligible situation for listening to its details—while those accidentally placed in advance did not fail to defend their position, although totally indifferent to the fate of the accused. The little bickerings thus created served to elicit the notice of the peace officers in attendance,—who in humble imitation of their betters in high places took summary measures to crush rebellion against authority in its incipient stages. Such of the crowd as desired admittance were at length seated, while those whose curiosity was satisfied with a view of the officials of all grades as they passed, wended their way in pursuit of new objects of interest.

And now the judges appeared in their robes of office—the counsel for the crown and the advocate of the accused entered with their briefs—Lord Templeton and Clifton were seated within the bar— the crier recited his usual monotonous harangue— the prisoner, pinioned and guarded by the officers of justice, was placed in the dock—the jury were duly impannelled, and all the usual preliminaries gone through. After the arraignment of the accused, who answered to the name of Abel Watson, the counsel for the crown arose, and the low hum which was before audible throughout the room was instantly hushed into profound silence.

With great dignity of manner the learned gentleman addressed the court.

"My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury: I rise to discharge a painful, but imperative public duty. No one who is acquainted with the natural impulses of my heart, will discredit me when I assert that I always commence the trial of a capital offence, burthened and oppressed with the magnitude of the stake to the unfortunate culprit, and fearfully conscious of the awful responsibility it is my official duty to assume. But, gentlemen of the jury, if on the one hand the fate of the prisoner—hanging as it were by a thread—should warn us against admitting into our bosom that prejudice, or delusion which may operate to produce unjust conviction; an equal regard for the obligations imposed on us as members of society, should prevent the sway of that hesitation or weakness, which sends forth the hardened criminal to renew his depredations on the lives and property of virtuous citizens: thus rendering the innocent the prey of the guilty, and reversing the laws that protect every well−regulated community. The charge which I am prepared to substantiate against the prisoner at the bar is that of highway robbery, committed under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, on a distinguished member of the peerage, whose elevated mind and pure morality give lustre to his station, and make him the favourite of his tenantry, and the idol of a select social circle.

"Fortunately for Lord Templeton and his accomplished daughters, their defender, who is a distinguished American, heard their cries, and courageously and successfully attacked the robbers—pinning the prisoner at the bar to the earth; and although dangerously wounded, retaining his grasp until

aided by the noble Lord and others, who opportunely arrived at the spot.

"If, gentlemen of the jury, I shall prove these facts to your satisfaction, there can be no alternative: a verdict of *guilty*, is as inevitable as it is just."

While the counsel for the crown was opening the case, the censorious Mr. Thomson remarked to his friend Jones:

"Do you hear how he praises Lord Templeton, by calling him a distinguished member of the peerage? This is a trap to catch flats in. I think for my part that the fellow in the dock looks as honest as my Lord Templeton.

"If I didn't know either of them, I should full as soon secure my pocket−book in a crowd if he came too near, as I would if the prisoner drew up along side."

"Well, well," replied Jones, "there's no accounting for difference of opinion. I thought the prisoner had as hang−dog and cut−throat a look as I ever saw. Why, certainly Thomson, you must be joking, when you compare his scowling and savage face to the open countenance of Lord Templeton. But see, that nobleman is about being sworn."

Lord Templeton stated briefly the circumstances connected with the attempt at robbery, and was dismissed from the stand without cross−examination. As Clifton ascended the witnesses' stand, a decidedly favourable impression was made by his lofty brow, intellectual eye, and graceful carriage; but the difficult Mr. Thomson was not among the number of his admirers.

"He's too prim by half," was his exclamation; "I shouldn't wonder if he was a genteel *roadster*."

The testimony of Clifton corroborated that of Lord Templeton in all essential particulars; but as the reader is already apprised of the main features of the transaction, it is unnecessary to enter into farther detail.

When his direct testimony was concluded, the counsel for the prisoner proceeded to the cross−eamination.

"Pray sir," said he to Clifton, "can you state under the solemnity of an oath, that the prisoner might not, like yourself, have been attracted to the spot by the cries of the assailed party? And can you swear that the pistol was not discharged before he came up?"

"There is certainly a bare possibility that such was the case, but my impressions are, that he is the individual who first discharged fire arms."

"We want *facts*, not *impressions*. I will thank you to confine your answers to the point. Was not the confusion great, and might not a robber have discharged the pistol and retreated, and the prisoner have appeared on the spot, during the time between the discharge of the weapon and your attack on the prisoner?"

"Such might have been the case, although the movement must have been performed with great rapidity. My reason for stating my impression as to the identity of the prisoner is, that he is about the size of the person who discharged the first weapon."

"Did I not understand you to state that the night was very dark? How then could you distinguish the height of the individual who fired?"

"By the flash of his weapon, which exposed the outline of his person."

"So, sir, I am to understand that in a dark night, with no other light than the flash of a pistol, you could at several yards distance so far identify the prisoner, as to be willing to swear away his life?"

"My reply is, that I found the prisoner by the side of the coach, certainly not in the attitude or position of a defender of the assailed party—that after I felled him to the earth he gave no explanation which led me to believe him innocent—and I have no reason to doubt his participation in the robbery."

"Most persons," replied the foiled counsel, "would, like my client, have been silent after being stunned by a blow which levelled them with the earth; and afterwards confronted by a posse whose looks and actions condemned them in advance. But, sir, one more question. Are you a native of this country?"

"No, sir: my birth−place is the city of New−York."

"Have you parents residing there?"

"My parents are long since dead."

"How long?"

"It is many years since they died."

"Will the court be good enough to note the witness's answer? he states that his parents are many years dead."

Here the evidence for the prosecution closed. The counsel for the prisoner, in opening the defence, briefly adverted to the lonely and unprotected condition of his client, who found himself unexpectedly charged with a crime at which his soul revolted. He described the accused as an honest, sea−faring man, whose calling and humble station in life prevented him from bringing into requisition the influence of friends, or that evidence of former good character which so frequently shielded the innocent, and not unfrequently rescued the guilty from merited punishment.

In addition to the innate justice of his cause, he was prepared to impeach the testimony of the witness, Clifton, and to show that he could not be relied on for the conviction of the prisoner for a capital offence.

The learned gentleman stated his solemn conviction that the appearance of his client on the scene of the attempted robbery was caused by the outcries of the assailed party, and that his intentions were to aid Lord Templeton, in which he was foiled by the violent assault of Mr. Clifton.

"But," said he, "even the last witness, anxious as you perceive he is to establish this charge, states that he cannot say with *certainly* that the prisoner was not in the act of *rescuing* instead of *assailing* the noble lord and his family. The circumstance of finding a discharged pistol near his person, is by no means inconsistent with his innocence, as the robber would naturally have been standing at the door of the carriage, while the darkness of the night gave him an opportunity of escaping unobserved after the unsuccessful attempt at assassination. Thus, gentlemen of the jury, you will perceive that a conviction, under all the circumstances of this case, would be a fearful precedent to establish, while the blood of my client would be demanded at your hands."

The counsel here called James Lloyd to the stand.

"Mr. Lloyd," said he, "do you know Sydney Clifton, the witness who last testified?"

The witness, who was dressed in the garb of a seaman, and apparently about thirty years of age, replied in the affirmative.

"How long have you known him, and where?"

"It is several years since I have known him by sight. I was formerly before the mast in a ship belonging to Howard, De Lyle & Co., for whom Mr. Clifton was clerk."

"Do you know whether he has parents now living?"

"His father was the cartman of Howard, De Lyle & Co., and I saw him about six months since in New−York."

"Can you be mistaken as to his person?"

"No. I know him perfectly well."

The testimony of this witness created a marked sensation throughout the auditory, who were evidently unprepared for an impeachment of the veracity of one whose appearance and manner had left a favourable impression.

"Do you hear that, Jones?" triumphantly asked his captious associate. "Didn't I tell you that black coated, demure looking young man was not the thing?"

The pride of opinion had caused the speaker to elevate his voice, which aroused the ire of one "clothed in a little brief authority." " *Silence!*" he shouted with no little asperity, which prevented the reply of the good−humoured Jones. The counsel for the crown now recalled Clifton, who explained the apparent discrepancy of his testimony with that of the last witness, by stating that the person alluded to was his *foster−father*, whose name he had assumed at the period of his adoption.

This being perfectly satisfactory to the learned gentleman, he turned him over to the tender mercies of his opponent, who appeared any thing but gratified at the explanation. Having learned from the counsel for the crown, in casual conversation, that our hero had represented his parents as deceased, he had with much labour and exertion found among the crowd of American shipping a seaman who knew Clifton and asserted *positively* that his parents were living. Upon this foundation he had in his own mind reared a tower of strength in defence of the prisoner, and the overthrow of his fair fabric caused visible irritation.

Affecting to doubt the truth of Clifton's reply, which he termed an artful expedient to cloak untruth, the

counsel, with an intimidating look and manner, inquired:

"If you are *not* the son of Mr. Clifton senior, perhaps you will favour the court and jury with the name of your *real* father."

To this unexpected question the embarrassed witness hesitated to reply; which the examining counsel perceiving—reiterated his inquiry with renewed emphasis.

"My dear sir, the question is very simple. Have you not yet learned the name of your father? I know it is said, `that it is a wise child that knows its father;' but we will not demand the proofs of legitimacy, but take your word for the fact."

The few moments thus occupied served to reassure Clifton, and he perceived the necessity of immediately answering the question.

"My delay," he said, "to answer your question, was not from any particular objection to its import, but rather arose from a doubt whether you had a *right* to enforce a reply. To prevent cavil, however, I will state that the name of my father was Glenthorne."

"Well well, my learned young gentleman, this is pretty fair considering that you were about throwing yourself back on your reserved rights. You would make a shrewd lawyer. Pray, sir, what might be your method of procuring a livelihood?"

"Neither by defending wretches from the legitimate consequences of their crimes, nor occupying my time in the enjoyment of wealth wrung from the hard−earned substance of honest industry."

"This, sir, is rather caustic for a tyro. May it please the court to instruct this obstinate witness in his duty? Perhaps a mittimus for contempt might improve his manners."

"I'll not trouble the court to entertain the question. My present visit to London is not connected with any business, and I am at present unoccupied."

Just at this moment a little sallow personage with green spectacles and a nasal organ which protruded itself forward in a remarkable manner, as if it was originally formed to *nose out* hidden mysteries, bustled through the crowd until he reached the counsel for the prisoner.

Placing himself by his side he whispered rather audibly in his ear: "Ask him when his father died, and what was his christian name."

With this advice he turned from the counsel and earnestly gazed in Clifton's face, as if life and death awaited the reply.

On Clifton's stating that his name was Rupert Glenthorne, and that he died about the year 18—, the sallow querist snapped his fingers with no little gusto, saying, "I thought so—I thought so—I knew there could not be any mistake." Thus saying, he drew from his pocket a thick memorandum book, and exhibited to the gratified view of the irritated counsel the record of Glenthorne's crime and suicide, among a list of all the malefactors whose histories had been chronicled during the previous thirty years.

"Perhaps, my pugnacious gentleman, you will have no objection to state, of what disease your father died? I do not expect you to speak from personal knowledge, but from what you learned was the cause of his death." Here the court interposed its authority, informing Clifton that he was not compelled to answer the question. Rising with great gravity and dignity, our hero stated, that he should waive the question of *right*, and briefly reply to the counsel's interrogatory.

"As it is not in evidence," he said, "that I have either inherited the virtues or the vices of my parents, the reply which the counsel attempts to extort, although highly improper, will neither be evaded nor declined. It is my misfortune to be the offspring of a parent, whose passions or whose vices brought infamy on his name, which resulted in the commission of suicide.

"What concatenation of circumstances led to this act—whether it was the consequence of rashness or innate depravity, are questions to which I have no means of furnishing a reply. Of his guilt or innocence of the crimes laid to his charge I am equally ignorant, and as he has long since appeared before that tribunal from whose righteous judgment, neither the arts of pettifoggers nor their browbeating of witnesses, can snatch the guilty, I shall not volunteer either to be his defender or accuser."

It should have been before remarked, that on the name of Glenthorne being mentioned by Clifton, the prisoner appeared much agitated, but attributing it to a sudden pain in his side, it elicited, at the time, little notice.

After the pause which succeeded our hero's reply had passed, a juror rose and stated, that his associates had deputed him to request the counsel for both the crown and the accused, to omit summing up, if consistent with their views; and although the counsel for the prisoner was reluctant to commit the fate of his client to the jury under the affecting appeal to their sympathies which Clifton had just concluded, yet a refusal would have been equally dangerous, and he therefore united with his opponent in committing the cause to the charge of the judge. After a brief but impartial statement of the case by the court, the jury returned a verdict of Guilty, without leaving their seats.

As the crowd was retiring, a diminutive Frenchman said to his companion, "*Pauvre diable*, he is condemn because he is *pauvre diable*. If he is *rish*, he no hand! Dat is *Anglais* justice. It is not so in *La Belle France!*"

"If you say that again I'll knock you down, you d—d *parlevoo!* You lie if you say we have no justice in England," roared a voice in the crowd. *It was our testy friend Thomson*, who refused to permit his own sentiments to be echoed by a Frenchman. As Clifton proceeded towards his residence, he was overtaken by the little man of the nose, who, pulling off his hat and bowing to the very ground, begged pardon for the liberty he had taken in introducing himself.

"My name," said he, "is Marlow—Job Marlow, at your service. I am now preparing, and have nearly ready for the press, an interesting work, embracing the history of the lives and exploits of the celebrated personages whose peccadillos have rendered them obnoxious to the arbitrary codes of laws which govern modern society; and being anxious to place your father's history by the side of the most distinguished characters of that class, I take the liberty of soliciting your address, that I may here−after have the pleasure of learning the particulars from an authentic source."

Clifton's first impulse was to kick the intruder into the gutter for his untimely insolence, but as the little querist proceeded, his earnest and deferential manner convinced him that he was an original, and he therefore contented himself with bidding him "*begone*," in so stern a voice, that the interrogator started back some paces, exclaiming,

"Devilish odd! Must be unused to civilized society." Here he leaned forward, until his body formed a right angle with his legs—his coat flaps extending in a horizontal position—his nose greatly in advance of the rest of his face—and his spectacles on the very tip of their supporter. "Very odd, indeed! might treat a man civilly who desired to immortalize his ancestors."

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE WORLD'S OPINION NOT TO BE TOO HIGHLY ESTIMATED—DISGRACE SOMETIMES HEREDITARY— FURTHER DISASTERS.

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"Fatis accede diisque,
Et cole felices; miseros fuge."
Lucan.
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If it has been our duty in the preceding pages, to exhibit the character of Clifton in less attractive colours than we could have desired, the reader will admit that the causes are mainly to be found in a combination of untoward events, whose united influences were calculated to fetter his energies, and over−shadow the more noble attributes of his mind. Like most men of genius in early life, the imaginative faculty was, in him, more fully developed than was consistent with a perfect mental organization; and the accumulated evils that beset his path, tended still farther to alienate his judgment from its true balance.

That he was, at times, a dreamer and an enthusiast— the vassal of superstition, and the captive of wayward fancy—is unquestionable; but it was only in those hours of solitude to which he was driven by the malice of his unprovoked enemy, and the frowns of fate, that he submitted to the temporary sway of unguarded impulses.

Nor must it be forgotten that it has been our purpose to lay bare the most hidden secrets of his heart: and who of us, dear reader, could pass through so searching an ordeal, without exhibiting judgment perverted—passions unrestrained—and opportunities neglected?

The exposure of the trial, while it aroused his feelings, furnished an opportunity for the exercise of the more vigorous powers of his intellect, and a display of that judgment, fortitude, and tact, whose united influences never failed him in a moment of emergency.

Hitherto his intercourse with the world had exposed somewhat of its envy, malice, and deception, but his experience had not yet reached that unhappy elevation which exhibits, at a glance, the prominent faults of human nature, causing distrust and suspicion to poison the most sacred social enjoyments. A neophyte, he had as yet only been permitted to enter the vestibule of the temple, but the period of his probation had now passed, and he was introduced to a more distinct view of the defects of his species.

Notwithstanding his respect for Lord Templeton, and his unwillingness to attribute unworthy prejudices to one so liberal in his feelings and opinions, there was no mistaking the change in his lordship's manner, after the disclosure of our hero's parentage. That he *endeavoured* to assume his former manner towards Clifton was evident, but the effort was so visible that it but marked the contrast which it was designed to conceal.

As he passed through the streets on the following morning, Clifton met the Hon. Mr. Courtenay, and although that gentleman lifted his hat and tendered a most gracious bow, yet his open and expressive countenance could not conceal his knowledge of Clifton's unlucky birth, and his embarrassment at the necessity of recognizing, with courtesy, one whom the world would consider disqualified for unreserved personal intercourse with the respectable members of society.

The conviction thus forced on him, of the humble station he must hereafter occupy in the world's regard, increased the reserve that was before sufficiently conspicuous in his manner, until he at length determined to anticipate his persecutors and shun the acquaintance of the few individuals who had distinguished him by their notice. Lord Templeton and Mr. Courtenay were both sensible of the injustice of visiting the sins of the father upon the innocent offspring, but how were they to stem the torrent of public prejudice? If in a spirit of independent feeling they should invite Clifton to their dwellings and treat him as an associate, would not the elevated circle of their friends indignantly repudiate the attempt to thrust upon them the companionship of an interdicted personage? Such were the natural reflections of these honourable individuals, who rather hesitated than declined to execute what their hearts had

conceived.

Clifton in the meantime more fully and calmly canvassed the subject, and while he denied the justice of the world's verdict, did not fail to find palliatives for their decision in the conventional laws of society. The prejudices of his New York friends, although founded on false testimony, were in their nature not only justifiable but honourable, and he viewed them now in a more correct light than before they were contrasted by the conduct of the London public.

Meanwhile the doomed prisoner received his sentence, and metropolitan curiosity was directed to other and more recent offenders. As Clifton was entering the door of his lodgings, one fine evening, shortly after the condemnation of the robber, a lad gave him a note from the ordinary of Newgate, stating that he was desired by a miserable criminal, who was extremely ill, to request the immediate attendance of Mr. Clifton at his cell, where he would learn some circumstances of his early history with which it was most important to his future happiness that he should be made acquainted. A postscript to the letter urged his immediate presence, if he wished to hear the disclosure, as the prisoner failed rapidly, and it was doubtful whether he would survive the night. As the messenger volunteered to be his guide, he immediately proceeded to the gloomy abode of vice, misery, and despair.

The appearance of these human caravans, where are caged like wild beasts the outlaws of society, is at any time sufficiently repulsive; but when darkness spreads its pall over their massy walls and barred windows, to one breathing the air of liberty, they assume a frightful and terrific aspect. Who can tell what feelings are lacerated, what sympathies ruthlessly sundered or hearts crushed by the dread fiat which consigns husbands, fathers, brothers or lovers to the cheerless confines of yon solitary cells? Such were Clifton's thoughts as the ponderous door with its grating hinges opened to admit him into the outer portion of the prison, and by the time he had reached the narrow abode of the criminal who had desired his presence, his feelings had almost overpowered his strength. No sooner, however, had he recognized in the emaciated figure stretched before him, the robber whom his testimony had consigned to a premature grave, than he felt that sickness of heart which is the result of a natural repugnance to inflict even merited punishment on an unresisting and powerless fellow being.

The unhappy wretch was indeed an object fitted to excite unmitigated compassion. His features were distorted by disease and remorse, and, as he attempted to address Clifton, the effort caused a still greater convulsion of the muscles of his face; and his voice was scarcely audible, although our hero placed his ear near the mouth of the speaker, and awaited his disclosure with breathless anxiety. The only words he could distinguish were "father,"—"mother,"— "stolen,"—"carried off,"—"poor girl,"— "drowned," and many other detached expressions which conveyed no definite meaning, and only served to throw Clifton into an agony of apprehension, lest the angel of death should sever the spirit from its earthly tenement ere the secret should be divulged on which his happiness depended.

After various abortive efforts to render himself intelligible, the culprit's head sank back on its hard pillow, and the death rattle in his throat, and his irregular and struggling respiration too visibly foretold the brief period of his earthly probation. As Clifton continued to apply that moisture to his lips which was the only relief his extreme weakness permitted him to receive, he watched each changing expression of his countenance, as if he might perchance gather from them some key to the mystery that lay concealed in his bosom. But alas, no sign was visible. Feeble and more irregular with each passing moment seemed his respiration—until, as the physician, in going his rounds, stopped and gave a glance at his dying patient, a momentary light gleamed wildly from his eyes, and with a groan and a sigh, his breath departed—his cheeks collapsed— his chin dropped, and the professional gentleman pronounced his earthly career closed.

Almost maddened with anxiety and excitement Clifton rushed from the prison, and in the agony of his feelings was tempted to precipitate himself into the Thames, and end his miseries and his existence at the same moment.

## CHAPTER XIV.

SCENES THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD FAIN LEAVE UNDEPICTED.

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"Think not of his eyes of fire
Nor his wily heart's desire,
Nor the locks that round his head
Run like wreathed snakes, and fling
A shadow o'er his eyes glancing."
"Farewell, lost Prosperine."

Barry Cornwall.
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Again the course of our history leads us to that youthful empire, the dawn of whose might and prosperity has already fixed the gaze of the world in wonder and admiration. To America, then, dear reader, with the speed of thought let us together wing our flight, nor pause until the spires, cupolas and vanes of her commercial emporium glitter before us in the sunbeam! There she rises like Venus from the ocean, captivating in her loveliness,—her isle−gemmed girdle sparkling in light—her handmaid Commerce on the one hand speeding her white−winged couriers on their mission to distant lands, while on the other appear the twin sisters, Agriculture and manufactures depositing at the feet of their queen the accumulated treasures their toil and skill have won!

How humiliating is the conviction that the crimes and passions of our species are able to descrate a spot which nature and art had otherwise rendered an earthly paradise.

The vicious De Lyle still pursued his course of folly and iniquity, unchecked, and apparently unamenable to retribution.

The morning is bright and serene, and there remains in the atmosphere but that slight chill which the dying winter leaves as a legacy to its buoyant successor, like the well meant advice of a departing miser to the listless ear of his spendthrift heir.

Every sojourner in the American metropolis, from limping age to heedless childhood, greeted the advent of the beautiful morn with smiles, and even the usually monotonous ring of the dustman's bell, awoke to rude melody beneath the elastic swing of its cheerful owner. To the daughter of Isaac Samuel in particular its roseate flush was attended with new delight, for De Lyle, to whom, under the assumed name of Stillman, she had pledged her virgin heart, with all its treasure of affection, had increased the frequency of his visits since his last interview with Burchard, and appeared to the deluded girl actuated by the most ardent and honourable attachment. While labouring under apprehensions of his associates's treachery, his feelings were too painfully excited to permit that constant attention to Rachel Samuel, which had before characterized his intercourse with her, but now he compensated for his previous absence, by daily exhibiting that tenderness of manner which he could so well assume, and which so fatally enthralled his beautiful and credulous admirer. About the hour of ten o'clock a slight knock at the door of the Jew's residence was heard with rapture by Rachel, who with buoyant heart and sparkling eyes admitted her lover.

"Oh, Mr. Stillman," exclaimed the tall and queen−like girl, "You have just come in time to catch the new−born fragrance of my early flowers. Before I was so foolish as to occupy my time and thoughts in the contemplation of our mutual attachment, the garden in *front* of our house was my chief care; but since it is desirable to us both to avoid the prying gaze of impertinent curiosity, I have transferred my regard to the little mimick lawn in the *rear;* and this morning the early flowers have burst forth on purpose to welcome you. Do you not think this an emblem of hope and happiness?"

Thus saying, she took his proffered arm, and listened with downcast looks and burning blushes to the oft−repeated tale of his unconquerable passion. On reaching the little garden, she conducted him along the narrow and newly gravelled walk, and leaning over the well trimmed rows of box—whose thick branches

were modelled into miniature walls, castles, bridges and turrets, she continued to direct his attention to the beauties of flowers, whose fragrance was so grateful to the newly awakened sense of their fair cultivator. The rose had elicited from De Lyle an appropriate encomium—the violet received the fitting meed of its unpretending loveliness— the honey−suckle attracted merited admiration, while the lovely Jewess seemed the goddess of the place, dispensing her favours in the shape of *bouquets* to the most devoted of her idolaters. Soft and musical did the words of love flow from the lips of De Lyle while returning to the house; and as he seated himself in the parlour, the confiding girl permitted him to clasp her to his bosom, with a fervour and boldness, which at an earlier period would have aroused the jealous opposition of maiden pride and purity. "Now," thought De Lyle, "my task is nearly finished. The outworks are in my power, and the garrison will soon surrender at discretion." At this moment a knock at the door interrupted the *tête−à−tête,* and as Miss Samuel entered the hall, she was met by a young female of apparently humble rank, who desired the pleasure of a few moment's conversation on a subject of importance, and excusing herself to De Lyle, Rachel joined the visitor in an apartment adjoining that in which he was seated. But a short time had elapsed, when the door of the little parlour opened, and exposed to the view of the alarmed De Lyle the exasperated countenance of the maid who had formerly attended Julia Borrowdale, and who, after his double purpose of destroying Clifton, and ruining the treacherous girl was served, had been abandoned by him to her fate, without receiving the least attention to her angry remonstrances. By her side, pale as a marble statue, stood the beautiful Jewess, whose features displayed the keenest suffering; and her grieved and despairing countenance was strikingly contrasted by the fierce and almost savage look of the triumphant Abigail.

"There sits the wretch who has villanously abandoned me," were her first words; "may be, Mr. De Lyle, you will deny your name to me, won't you?"

With this exclamation, she placed herself directly before him, and with the most furious gestures continued to utter threats and execrations.

De Lyle, whose experience in such matters prevented undue agitation, coolly rose, and addressing Miss Samuel, solicited permission to withdraw, if the insane person before him was longer permitted to utter her incoherent ravings under her roof.

"It is impossible for me to say," he continued calmly, "whether this female is deranged in her intellect, or whether she is employed by some jealous or artful person to destroy my character, and drive me from the presence of one whom I shall ever remember with the fondest regard. But whichever may be the true solution of the enigma, I owe it to my own dignity and honour to abandon a house which I can no longer visit without being subject to the most cruel and unjust suspicions."

The cool impudence of this experienced tactician threw the astonished waiting maid in nautical phrase, "all aback," and her hesitation and surprise began to create a doubt in the mind of Rachel as to the truth of her statements. At this moment the door quietly opened, and the attenuated form of Isaac Samuel glided into the circle, like the ghost of some murdered traveller into the presence of his assassins. De Lyle instantly perceived that evil destiny had doomed his ruin, and that the hour had arrived for the execution of its stern decree.

"Mr. De Lyle, said the Jew, with a malicious sneer on his countenance, "this is an unexpected honour.

"May I be permitted to inquire the cause of this unlooked for condescension on your part?

"Little did I hope to meet so *distinguished* and *honourable* a visitor in my poor *domicil*."

As the exasperated Israelite pronounced the name of De Lyle, a piercing shriek was uttered by his agonized daughter; and he had but ceased speaking when she fell senseless on the floor, the blood flowing copiously from her mouth, it being evident that the shock had caused the rupture of a blood vessel. With the most intense agony depicted in his countenance, Isaac Samuel rushed to her assistance, while the servant was despatched for the nearest physician.

During the bustle and confusion consequent on these events, De Lyle withdrew unnoticed, and with rapid footsteps traversed the streets which led to his father's residence. As he opened the door of the Jew's residence when making his exit, the hated countenance of Burchard peered instantly over the picket fence in front of the dwelling, nor could a doubt remain in De Lyle's mind of his agency in this ruinous exposure, when he caught the malignant triumph depicted in the traitor's countenance. Too much alarmed

to pause in his retreat, he passed on without noticing his quondam associate, and Burchard, satisfied with his success, slowly sauntered to his home. The reader will no doubt have conceived the causes which led to the exposure of De Lyle by his treacherous instrument. A second anonymous epistle informed him that the time had arrived to strike the blow, if he wished to avoid incarceration, and the knowledge of De Lyle's amour with the waiting maid, and of his designs upon Rachel Samuel, furnished him with means to accomplish his purpose without personal hazard. Knowing how completely De Lyle was in the power of the wily and grasping Israelite, Burchard saw the impossibility of his escape from the gripe of his inexorable creditor, when the wrath of the latter should be aroused by so unpardonable an offence as a dishonourable attempt on the virtue of his child.

# CHAPTER XV.

THE VICTIM BLEEDS—UNAVAILABLE REMORSE.

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We call thee vainly; on the ground
She sinks without a single wound."
"And is this fountain left alone
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after−times repair,
With heavy heart and weeping eye
To sing songs to her memory."

Barry Cornwall.
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In a neat and tastefully furnished chamber, whose lack of recent care attested the absence of that daily attention which it formerly received from its fair occupant, lay the attenuated form of Rachel Samuel. The physician had, with great difficulty effected her resuscitation on the morning when De Lyle's visit ended so unhappily for her peace of mind, and her debility appeared rather to increase than diminish with the lapse of time.

By her side sat her distracted father, whose indignation at De Lyle's treachery and baseness knew no diminution; but who feared to leave the couch of his beloved child, even for the desirable purpose of wreaking vengence on the destroyer of her peace, if not of her life.

The appearance of the Jew was to the last degree wretched. The furrows which avarice had ploughed on his brow were daily deepened by the anxiety and grief attendant upon his daughter's critical situation, increased by the gloomy reports of the physician, which from hour to hour came like birds of evil omen to sound their dismal tidings in his ear. So intent had he been in the pursuit of gain, that he was not sensible of the hold his daughter retained in his affections, until the fear of her loss awakened in his bosom that intensity of feeling which at times gushes from the hard heart of the selfish, like the refreshing stream that poured from the rock, when its flinty side was smitten by the prophet on Mount Horeb. Although several days had elapsed since Rachel's illness commenced, he had scarcely quitted her bedside for a moment, and the length of his beard, which continued unshaven, gave a still more haggard aspect to his care−worn features. Many had been the entreaties of his afflicted child that he would retire to his bed until exhausted nature could rally its energies by repose, but he insisted on retaining his position, alleging that he slept comfortably in his easy chair. But if his anxiety for the fate of his daughter was agonizing, what language can express his remorse at the maddening reflection that for filthy lucre he had ministered to the depraved appetites of De Lyle, and thus indirectly been the instrument of her misery.

Oh, if there is one crowning drop in the cup of human grief, which causes it to overflow with unspeakable bitterness, it is the reflection that our passions, or our crimes, have, in their fearful recoil destroyed the only being, the light of whose love cheered the darkness of our earthly pilgrimage! May it never be the lot of our most implacable foe to realize this truth in the terrible force with which it rushed on the conscience−stricken soul of Isaac Samuel!

As yet a slight gleam of hope of his daughter's ultimate recovery continued to flash across his mind, but the time was now at hand which would dispel the last ray, and force the dread conviction that he soon was to be childless, friendless, forsaken!

A beautiful evening had succeeded a day of gloom—and as the setting sun threw a roseate flush over the windows of the invalid's chamber, her feeble energies appeared somewhat to revive: and to her father's anxious inquiries she replied, with a sweet smile, that her feelings were more buoyant than they had been for many days.

This cheerful response caused the relieved father to hope that the disease had reached its crisis, and that returning health would hereafter mark its glowing impress on her pallid cheek. His head now rested

on his hand, and fancy was busy with the future; painting the close of his earthly career in brighter colours than those with which memory arrayed the past; until his soothed feelings caused a gentle slumber, whose dreams, brighter than their predecessors, were, alas! neither more fleeting nor unsubstantial.

His slumbers had continued but a few moments, when he was aroused by the stifled groans of his unhappy child; and, although he sprung from his seat with the utmost haste, the spirit of the sufferer had pierced the mysteries of eternity before his arm could raise her head from the pillow. To picture the agony of the despairing father exceeds our art, and we leave the imagination of the reader to perform the dismal task!

# CHAPTER XVI.

A VIEW INTO THE DEPTHS OF A VIRTUOUS WO MAN'S HEART—THE ENLIGHTENED PRACTITIONER.

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       "But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
       Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
       At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

Southey.
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The narration of the events we have thus far chronicled, has perhaps prevented us from bestowing due attention on the lovely being whose image was so deeply engraved on the heart of Clifton.

In truth few and far between were the incidents which varied the monotony of her secluded existence. The record of events connected with her history would but unfold the emotions, fears, hopes, doubts, and anxieties of a susceptible girl, the most imposing vicissitudes of whose life could be legitimately embraced in *the story of a heart* . The passing days, as they came and went, found and left her the same in feeling and affection—except that perchance, as the frail tenure of her earthly existence became more vividly impressed on her mind, the flame of her love for Clifton beamed with a deeper, holier, purer effulgence—as if, like the fire upon the altar, it had caught its inspiration from the breath of HIM WHOSE THRONE IS LOVE. The change in her health, although heretofore almost imperceptible to those who, like her fond parents, were hourly in her presence, when the fickle month of March arrived assumed a more decided and alarming aspect, until Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale's fears were intensely excited; and they besought the attending physician with tears to call into requisition all the resources of his art, lest in an evil hour their last hope should, with the spirit of Julia, wing its flight beyond the confines of earth. Archibald Nelmoth, M. D., who officiated in the capacity of family physician to Mr. Borrowdale, was a graduate of Harvard University. On receiving his diploma from the college of physicians and surgeons of Boston, he immediately commenced practice in that city, and if patient and untiring application, united to an ardent attachment to his profession, and a skilful adaptation of means to accomplish desired results could have insured success, Doctor Nelmoth's claims to favour and patronage would have been unanimously acknowledged and correspondingly rewarded. That no such good fortune awaited the worthy physician may be the subject of surprise to our sanguine readers, but will fail to astonish those initiated in the secrets appertaining to worldly success.

Unfortunately for the doctor's pecuniary interests, his love of truth and abhorrence of deception, even in trifles, were of too stubborn a growth to be uprooted; and while the superficial disciples of Esculapius were paying their court to the fashionable circles of the literary emporium, Doctor Nelmoth was patiently mastering the intricacies of medical science, or wasting his skill on some forsaken child of poverty, whose gratitude bore a most undue proportion to his means. But a few weeks subsequent to his entrance on his professional career, the child of a wealthy and influential lady, residing in the vicinity of his office, met with a serious accident, and the desire to secure speedy surgical aid induced a resort to Doctor Nelmoth; and so successful was he in relieving the little sufferer that he became regularly installed as attending physician to the family. This event gave a most favourable turn to his prospects, for the mother of the child was a leader in the fashionable world, whose fiat was fate; but destiny, which delights in thwarting the most well−founded anticipations, erected a barrier to the success of our medical friend, at

the very crisis of his fortunes. Being suddenly summoned to attend his lady patroness, who was represented as alarmingly ill, he found her reclining on a sumptuous couch, with a phial of hartshorn in one hand, while with the other she was gracefully fondling her favourite poodle. On examining her pulse and learning the symptoms of the case, he candidly declared that late hours and the excesses of fashionable dissipation were the sole causes of her debility; and that nothing but a resort to plain food, exercise on foot, and retiring early to rest would be of permanent service. Against this uncourteous and unwelcome advice the lady vehemently remonstrated, and on the doctor persisting in his decision, she gave him to understand that his professional services were no longer needed; and the same day beheld the introduction of a more pliant practitioner, who not only pronounced the views of his predecessor absurd, but obligingly coincided with his fair patient's fluctuating opinion of the state of her health—never resorting to remedies until he first learned that they were adapted to her taste. As will readily be inferred, the practice of Doctor Nelmoth languished beneath the withering blight of the fashionable lady's displeasure, while the star of his rival shone proudly in the ascendant.

It was a few years subsequent to this untoward event, while he was struggling with pecuniary difficulties, that he became acquainted with Mr. Borrowdale, who, delighted with his talents no less than the variety and extent of his general and professional information, invited him to settle near his seat, where, by the aid of his generous friend, he speedily attained a respectable station among his competitors.

Although rather past the prime of life, the good doctor was still a bachelor, and while his amiable disposition and cheerful temper would have constituted him a charming companion to a female, his devoted attachment to literature and science, rendered him invulnerable to the meaning glances of the fair maidens with whom he was acquainted. A high forehead, slightly bald at the temples, and a fine dark eye, which sparkled with benevolence and intelligence, were perhaps the only features of his face that could be considered otherwise than plain; but so pleasing were his conversational powers, when in company with those he loved, that one could scarcely refrain from pronouncing him positively handsome. It was only, however, when enjoying the companionship of congenial spirits, that the natural reserve of his character allowed him to appear with advantage; while the presence of fashionable triflers of either sex was sufficient completely to seal the fountains of his intelligence for the time. That the prejudices he naturally entertained against *parvenu* assumption were confirmed and strengthened by the recollection of his early adventure with the leader of fashionable society in the city, is probable; and as poverty had failed to wring civilities from which his hudgment dissented, it is not surprising that he declined the effort in the palmy days of worldly competency.

For Mr. Borrowdale and his amiable family, he entertained the most affectionate regard; nor will it be doubted, that his anxiety for Julia's recovery elicited the exercise of his utmost professional skill, and constant and unwearied attendance.

On the afternoon of one of those bland and balmy days at the close of winter, which, like the dove from the ark, bear on their wings glad tidings to the whole human race—but in an especial degree to the faint spirit of the invalid—the fair Julia half reclined on the sofa in her little *boudoir*, moralizing on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations.

The setting sun poured its farewell beams through the spacious and somewhat antiquated windows of the apartment, (like the dying dolphin reserving its brightest glories for the last,) its golden hues assuming a richer warmth as they reflected the glowing tint of the crimson drapery which relieved the otherwise sombre aspect of the deeply imbedded and heavily moulded casements.

There are moments, when the curtain of the past is drawn from before our mental vision;—when the emotions of by−gone years resume their empire over the heart;—when "the lost, the loved, the distant and the dead" pass in review before us, untouched by time, unscathed by sorrow, unchanged by circumstance. Oh! is not this re−creative power at once the type and the seal of immortality? Can the soul, with its high capacities, its aspirations that soar to the third heaven of intellect; its grasp encircling the vast myriads of material systems, and skirting along those shadowy regions where conjecture alone wields the sceptre; can it be that, like the butterfly, it is destined to sport its little hour and descend to the debasement of the clod and the worm?

Let him doubt on whose spirit the icy hand of scepticism has fallen—chilling its divine sympathies,

and chaining its powers of discrimination—but let the gifted and the pure and the lovely clasp the hopes of a brighter world to their bosoms with joy and confidence.

To Julia, although attenuated by that silent and insidious disease which, in mockery, decorates its victim with the ensigns of health, while decay and dissolution are fastened on the vitals, this power of retrospection was especially vouchsafed; and with that single−heartedness and disinterestedness found alone in the softer sex, her thoughts, whether resting on the joys of the past, or shuddering at the drear prospect of the future, were associated with Clifton in all their wanderings; she forgetting her own peril in the absorbing intensity of her love for him, and centreing her every wish in the desire for his happiness.

Some there may be who doubt whether beneath our northern skies the passion of love is susceptible of so spontaneous a growth as that of Julia for Clifton, but he little understands the mysterious labyrinths of the human heart, and the latent fires which lie concealed within its depths, who deems the glowing sun of a tropical climate necessary for its precocious maturity. Oh no. Love is, itself, the sun and centre of a moral system—imparting light and heat by its own essence. Beneath its creative beams, bud, blossom, and fruit, leap into life and loveliness—offspring of a moment, but heirs of immortality!

Such is love:—and he who has never been a sojourner beneath its pleasant skies—nor inhaled the perfume of its flowers—nor sported with its nymphs— nor sipped its nectar—nor bathed in its fountains— nor reclined beneath its shade—has bartered the gems of existence for worthless baubles! For him no poet shall tune the lyre, nor fame with brazen trumpet herald his deeds to after ages.

As Julia reflected on the difficulties which environed her lover, she at times despaired of his power to convince a censorious world of his innocence, or burst through the meshes of the fatal web which exiled him from his country and his friends.

"If," she thought, "malice and perjury have combined to blacken his fair fame, what hope is there that remorse or penitence will enter into the bosom of a wretch guilty of a crime so heinous, inducing him to proclaim Clifton's innocence and his own infamy. No, no. The bare idea is inadmissible. Oh, Clifton—Clifton! would that these eyes might again be blessed with your presence, even were it but for a moment, that the mystery might be unveiled which now shadows your reputation. But alas! an exile from your home—a wanderer in another clime—a vast ocean separates you from my sight, and much I fear that the angel of death will bear my spirit to its eternal home, before I shall be enabled to inform you of my devoted love, and my unshaken confidence in your innocence."

The ardour of her feelings caused her to utter the latter portion of this soliloquy aloud, and Doctor Nelmoth, who was at that moment approaching her apartment, became an involuntary listener. The excellent physician was not a little embarrassed at this occurrence, for his respect for the sanctities of the heart was peculiarly profound and sensitive; and while he was disposed to be gratified at learning the nature and cause of her malady—trusting that he could now shape his professional course with some prospect of benefit to his fair patient—he yet was almost pained at the conviction that he was the depository of a secret which his lovely young friend desired sedulously to conceal.

Fearing that his embarrassment would be observed by Julia, if he entered at the moment, he, with a light step, receded to some distance, and in a few moments returned with a heavy tread to the door, knocked, and was admitted. As he entered, the charming girl half arose from her seat, near the window, and a straggling sunbeam that momentarily rested on her face and neck, exhibited, with fearful distinctness, the transparent and unearthly delicacy of her features. Reluctant to remain, lest his truant tongue should, by some inadvertent allusion, divulge his knowledge of her secret, he went through the ordinary routine of professional inquiries, and attributing his haste to urgent business, departed.

After Doctor Nelmoth had retired to the privacy of his chamber, he long continued to reflect on the most effectual method of rendering the information he had received subservient to Julia's restoration.

Something he had learned in casual conversation with Mr. Borrowdale, of the debt of gratitude which that gentleman admitted he owed Clifton for rescuing Julia from her perilous situation; nor was he a stranger to the events which had since shaken his confidence in the integrity and virtue of our hero. As during all this period Julia had never alluded to Clifton, he was, until the present moment, entirely ignorant of her attachment. Fully aware of the sensibility and delicacy of her feelings, and satisfied that Mr. Borrowdale's sentiments in relation to Clifton were too firmly implanted to be removed without

convincing proofs of his error, the doctor long debated in his own mind as to the expediency of disclosing his knowledge of the cause of Julia's illness, either to herself or to her parents. His judgment at length determined him to confine the secret for the present to his own breast, leaving his future course to be governed by circumstances.

The next morning found the doctor an early visiter to Julia's apartment, whom he observed, with deep regret, moody and melancholy, and unable to more than counterfeit the sweet smile which usually welcomed the entrance of her adviser and friend. Seating himself by her side on the sofa, he took the hand she extended, and while his finger lay almost passively on her pulse, remarked,

"What a lovely evening we were blessed with yesterday. It appeared to me the sweet harbinger of happiness to the victim of declining health, who, like yourself, has youth and strength sufficient to repel the enfeebled assaults of the expiring winter. In a few—very few days, the birds will again charm you with their melodies—the flowers waft their perfumes through your lattice—while such middle−aged gentlemen as myself will be laid aside, as neither seasonable nor useful."

"Oh, my dear doctor," replied Julia, "do not jest on a subject with which the affections and friendship of life are entwined. If you should no longer cheer me with your society, another prop of my existence would be removed, and I doubt if I could survive the shock."

Thus saying the tears coursed down her cheek, and it was some moments ere the doctor could sufficiently compose himself to say:—

"You are right, my child—you are right. Believe me, I but intended to while away the hours, but unhappily struck a harsh and unharmonious chord. Forget it, and I will be more wary in future. It is unnecessary for me to assure you of the deep interest I feel in your recovery, nor is it proper for me to disguise my conviction that a much longer residence in this fluctuating climate will be attended with imminent hazard. In mid−winter, a voyage to Europe would have been highly improper, but the season has now arrived when it is no longer dangerous. I have not broached the subject to your parents, feeling desirous first to ascertain your own views in relation to it."

In vain, lovely sufferer, your tongue like a wakeful sentinel, *now* guards with sleepless vigilance the treasure of your love from the gaze of prying curiosity— a moment of forgetfulness has unlocked the portals of your affections, and the treacherous pulse and tell−tale cheek conspire to break down the remaining defences!

Thus thought the physician, as cheek and pulse fluttered with the excitement that her agitated feelings underwent at this suggestion. Again her tears flowed afresh, and all the reply she could make was,

"Leave me now, dear doctor, and I will reflect on your suggestion. My poor nerves are too tremulous to permit me to decide just now."

"God bless you!—God bless you, my child," was the response of the affectionate physician, as he arose and left the apartment.

# CHAPTER XVII.

FAME NOT ALWAYS DESIRABLE—THE RECOGNITION.

"Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to" fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elatc."
Pope.
"The prostrate soul, beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves."
Armstrong.

The *literati* of London still continued occasionally to discuss the question relating to the paternity of the two popular tales which had set the reading world agog; and many were the inquiries into the cause which induced the pen of the unknown author to remain idle, when fame and fortune were waiting on his nod. After he left the party at Mr. Courtenay's mansion, on the evening before mentioned, the question seriously arose in his mind whether he should not doff the mask, and in his proper person wear the honours which the literary public had awarded to the incognito; but the appearance of Ellingbourne's *double*, and the depressing incident in the trial which disclosed the infamy of his parent, dispelled the incipient desire for notoriety.

That he would still attract attention notwithstanding the stigma of his birth, he did not doubt, but the applause of the good—the fellowship of the refined— the sympathies of the gifted, would be withheld; and what would he gain but the gaping wonder of the vulgar throng? These considerations deterred him also from attempting for the present any new effort in the walks of literature; and when the unfortunate issue of his visit to the imprisoned robber severed the hope of learning the particulars of his early history, the death−knell of his hopes, enterprize and ambition, appeared to sound audibly in his ears. What mystery could surround his birth and infancy was more than he could conjecture, but it was evident from the anxiety of the dying criminal, that it was of the most vital importance to his happiness that it should be disclosed. Night after night would he lie on his pillow, imagining every possible contingency that could have happened to prevent his knowledge of his *real* birth and parentage, and at the last he was obliged to confess the little probability that any disclosure would remove the stigma that rested on his name as the offspring of a suicide and a murderer. From this theme he would revert to his love for Julia, and although at times his confidence in her firmness and affection remained unshaken, yet he shuddered at the bare *possibility* of his being deluded. For several days he had scarcely left his room, so reluctant was he to mingle with the crowd who could so little enter into or sympathize with his feelings—but the morning was so inviting— the clear sky and cheerful sun so calmly united in wooing him from his solitude, that he arranged his dress with some little care, and sauntered forth without precisely determining in what direction to shape his course. Dreamy and abstracted, his footsteps traversed a considerable distance from his lodgings before he reflected on the subject of his peregrinations abroad, and how much longer he might have continued unconsciously to wander it is impossible to say, if the inspiring notes of a full band of music had not by their martial melody aroused his listless thoughts from their reveries. As the regimental band wheeled into a broad avenue which communicated with a spacious square, the helmets and glittering uniforms of platoon after platoon of British infantry, cavalry, and artillery sparkled in the sunbeam, while their waving plumes, and the prancing steeds and showy equipments of their officers, formed an imposing scene to one who, like Clifton, had never before beheld the admirable discipline, and gallant bearing of the brave soldiery of the fast−anchored isle. On inquiry he learned that the troops were to be reviewed by the king in person, and as several brigades were to assemble on the occasion, he determined to join the immense crowd of spectators whom the presence of royalty and the splendid military spectacle had attracted to the scene. A neighbouring gallery, which had been erected to accommodate those who chose to pay for the privilege of obtaining a full view of the array, was selected as a proper station, and he accordingly obtained a seat on the front bench, which was but little elevated

above the heads of the cavalry, and overlooked a broad avenue along whose gravelled centre the private equipages of the nobility and gentry were continually passing and repassing. On either side of the avenue, pedestrians were loitering—some peering most inquisitively into the splendid coaches of the aristocracy— others directing their attention to the evolutions of the military; while the more eager and anxious majority rapidly cast their eyes from side to side, as if apprehensive that a portion of the brilliant display might escape their notice. At length the cry of "the king"—"his majesty," came swelling on the ear from voices in the distance, and soon the earth shook with the welcoming shouts of the enthusiastic populace on his near approach. Although Clifton's republican sentiments prevented his viewing the attributes of royalty with that profound respect which actuated the subjects of the British king, he yet could not avoid being favourably impressed with the frank and manly countenance and venerable aspect of the benevolent monarch. Happily the prejudices of the people of America and Great Britain had become dissipated by mutual intercourse and the interchange of good offices, and Clifton looked therefore on the institutions of England as subject to the control of her own citizens, and as national peculiarities with whose structure or defects he had no right to intermeddle. At length the royal review was ended, and the numerous regiments moved again into marching order, and with stately steps and erect carriage retired from the scene whose chief attraction was dispelled by their absence. As Clifton was preparing to descend from the gallery, an open landau attracted his attention, and as it came near and made a partial halt, to his astonishment and joy, he beheld Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale on the back seat directly facing him, while the slender form of a female and the more robust figure of a gentleman occupied the front seat, and of course their backs were towards him. For a moment the pulsations of his heart were suspended, his brain reeled, and he almost fell from his seat, and before he entirely recovered his self−possession, the carriage was in motion, and as it passed directly beneath him, he perceived that he was recognized by Mr. Borrowdale, who however gave no token that he was noticed; as he watched the receding vehicle, he perceived that the lady in front was his adored Julia, and that the gentleman at her side seemed to pay her the most assiduous and respectful attention!

That she had not observed him was evident, but the cause was found in her eager solicitude to catch every word that fell from the lips of the gallant by her side. Who could he be? Was he her admirer? Was he not already her husband? The rapid motion of the carriage had prevented him from closely scanning the features of either Julia or the stranger, and therefore could but conjecture the probable nature of their intercourse; but what lover ever yet entered into the realms of conjecture, while under the sway of jealousy, whose fancy did not run a tilt with rivalry and despair?

While Julia was in another hemisphere, the impossibility of any communication passing between them trained his mind to a partial quiescence in the decrees of an inevitable destiny; but the thought that she was now in the same city with himself, perhaps residing in an adjoining street, and almost within the sound of his voice, without his being enabled to communicate his unalterable love, his deep devotion:—the idea was madness. His first impulse was after descending from the gallery to call a hackney coach, and endeavour to track the carriage of Mr. Borrowdale to its destination; but independent of the improbability of his tracing them in the crowd of vehicles, his pride revolted at the attempt to force himself on that gentleman's attention, after he had refused to tender him any token of recognition.

In this mood he retraced his steps to his lodgings, occupying the hours that should have been sacred to repose, in imagining every possible cause for Julia's attention to the gentleman at her side, and at last compelled by fatigue and anxiety to enter the land of dreams, without arriving nearer a satisfactory solution than when he first rested his head on his pillow.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHASE—A DISCOVERY.

"Oh name forever sad! forever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find
Some dire misfortune follows close behind."

Pope.

The following morning found Clifton on his way to the post−office, in the faint hope that if he received no communications from his friends in New−York, Julia might by a line inform him where she resided in London. Although by no means certain that she was aware of his being in that city, yet the bare possibility that such might be the case, determined him to apply at the post−office and inquire for letters. As he was pushing forward, a vehicle similar to that which Mr. Borrowdale occupied on the previous day, suddenly turned a corner of the street in front of him, and the only lady who was seated in it, as nearly as he could judge at the distance, resembled his charming fair one. As the high−mettled steeds dashed onward with their lovely burthen, he at once saw the impossibility of overtaking them on foot; and an empty hackney coach passing, he hailed the jehu, and was soon in full pursuit of the receding landau.

The jaded hacks were at Clifton's instance urged to their utmost speed, and after submitting to numerous detentions, caused by those obstacles which momentarily interrupt the progress of vehicles in the metropolis—during which the landau was at times seen, and again suddenly turning a corner disappeared—he at length to his great gratification saw it drawn up at the door of a handsome mansion in Portland Place. With all possible rapidity the fatigued horses were driven to the spot, but before their arrival the lady had entered the house, although the carriage still remained at the door. Presuming that she was paying a morning visit, Clifton dismissed his hack and remained on the opposite side of the street, determined to accost the lady on her re−appearance, if, as he little doubted, she was his beloved Julia. At least two hours elapsed before the door opened, and to Clifton's infinite chagrin and vexation, a superannuated specimen of the feminine sex appeared, compared with whom the beautiful Julia was "Hyperion to a satyr."

As she entered the vehicle our hero moved away with a heavy heart, in spirit and appearance resembling the mortified fox hunter, who, after following the hounds through a morning's eager chase, finds the cunning Reynard too shrewd for his pursuers, and the game run down in the shape of an attenuated rabbit. Again he directed his steps towards the post−office—musing as he went on as many of his late disappointments and distresses as his memory could conveniently compass in so brief a space of time. It at length occurred to his mind that he had been particularly remiss in not pursuing the landau to its ultimate destination, or inquiring the name of its owner from the footman, as there remained scarcely a doubt of its being the same carriage in which Julia was seated the day before, and by learning the residence of the owner, he would at once have been enabled to procure an interview with her he loved. But as it fared with all his recent movements, the lucky moment was irretrievably past. On arriving at the post−office, the clerk on his inquiring for letters, presented him with a large package which bore the city post−mark. On opening it with eager haste, he found a brief letter inclosed, from an ordinary of Newgate, stating that it contained the last dying words of James Maddox, the culprit, who attempted the robbery of Lord Templeton; and who had revived after Clifton's withdrawal from his cell, to the astonishment of the physician and his attendants. The letter closed with the information that the criminal departed this life on the day following, praying with his last breath that the substance of his disclosure might be forwarded to Clifton at the first opportunity; which was not performed in consequence of the absence of the lad who had before called on him, and conducted him to the prison, and who alone knew his place of residence.

As will be conceived, our hero lost no time in gaining his lodgings, where he found on his table the

cards of Lord Templeton and the Hon. Mr. Courtenay. This unexpected and grateful token of continued regard from the only persons in England whose good opinion he really courted, caused the tears to flow over cheeks unused to the presence of such womanly visitors.

As soon as his emotion had subsided, he addressed himself to the packet, and to his astonishment perused the following narrative, which, from its importance to our hero, and its influence on his destinies, deserves to be recorded in a new chapter

# CHAPTER XIX.

THE NARRATIVE.

"Let me speak to the yet unknowing world—
How these things come about."
*Hamlet.*

As will readily be inferred, the feeble and exhausted condition of the dying culprit prevented him from entering into the *minutiæ* of his past life and conduct.

The communication of the worthy chaplain renders the disclosure somewhat connected and intelligible; but the reader will be compelled to refer to the earlier pages of this history for the re−production of those facts which relate to the career of Maddox, subsequent to the arrest and suicide of Glenthorne.

Some disconnected allusions to certain dark transactions in his own after−history are, indeed, furnished, but the strength of the criminal was unequal to the task of completing the gloomy picture.

The communication of the chaplain embodies the following recital:—

*Confession of James Maddox, a prisoner under sentence of death .*

"My birth−place is the city of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts.

"When about the age of twenty−one, I became introduced to Elbert Borrowdale, the son of wealthy parents, recently deceased, in the State of New Hampshire.

"This individual was conspicuous for his bold defiance of those moral restraints which are justly regarded with such reverence by all reputable members of society. A few years my senior, and vastly my superior in abilities and mental energy, he soon acquired an ascendency over my feeble nature, which was exercised with despotic sway.

"With his only brother, a gentleman possessed of a highly cultivated mind and unspotted reputation, he had entered into a violent personal controversy.

"This feud was increased to a deadly hatred by the marriage of his brother with a beautiful and accomplished young lady, of whom Elbert was enamoured.

"A fruitless attempt on the virtue of this lady, subsequent to her marriage with his brother, rendering him amenable to punishment, he hastily fled to the Canadas, and the better to elude pursuit, assumed the name of Rupert Glenthorne.

"I was the companion of his flight. On his return, I became his accomplice in the abduction of the only child of his brother, a beautiful boy of not more than two years of age. This infamous crime was perpetrated in mid−winter, the child being snatched from the arms of its nurse, while she was amusing herself on a sheet of ice, near the residence of the child's parents.

"The shrieks of the nurse alarmed Borrowdale, who seized her by the throat and plunged her head−long into a hole in the ice—while I was removing the infant to our sleigh, which stood at a little distance, shielded from observation by a thick wood.

"We fled, and succeeded in effecting our escape with the innocent victim of my relentless associate's vengeance.

"In the murder of the nurse I had no direct agency, but conscience, alas! is my accuser—nor will her voice be silent.

"But I feel that the lamp of life is fast waning, and must hasten to a close.

"Borrowdale, who still retained the assumed name of Glenthorne, and myself separated, nor did we again meet until our last interview in the city of New−York, when the miscreant, by committing a violent assault on my person, provoked a disclosure which caused his arrest, and subsequently induced him to rush, uncalled for, into the presence of his Creator."

The prisoner here became exhausted, and lay for some time in a stupor, from which he was at length

aroused by the application of restoratives.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "how fearfully do my crimes rush on my terror−stricken soul! That I have, in part, paid the penalty of my abduction of an innocent child, you will learn when I inform you, that he is no other than Sydney Clifton! through whose instrumentality I am now within the walls of this gloomy prison! If he doubts, let him examine the trinkets which were on his person when stolen from his parents. They will serve to identify him if his parents are still living. I have much more to say—but this room is dark—and I feel the chills of death freezing the blood in my veins. Oh for a few hours to confess my own black transgressions! Alas! alas! they rise up in judgment against me—a dread and dismal array!

"But see! yonder stands Rupert Glenthorne beckoning me to his side! and, horror! horror! there approaches the traveller I murdered in cold blood that I might possess his treasure! Away ye ghastly messengers of vengeance! Away! away! take me, oh! take me from this den of demons!"

Thus closed the life of this miserable criminal.

# CHAPTER XX.

THE INCOGNITO.

"Love me! why, it must be requited."

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

As one partially wakened while under the influence of some dismal and disturbing dream, our hero, with reeling brain and bewildered consciousness, could not for some time collect his scattered thoughts sufficiently to determine whether he had really perused the narrative of Maddox, or whether it was the "baseless fabric" of distempered fancy. When the truth at length burst on his mind in all its strange and sad reality, his emotions were wound to that fearful state of excitement which so nearly approaches the confines of insanity.

Overpowered with his reflections he rushed wildly from the house; and unconscious of every thing but the dark impressions that were so deeply stamped on his mind, he strode with rapid steps through street after street, careless whither he strayed or where his wanderings would end. The removal of the stigma which rested on his name, in consequence of his supposed parentage, was to him worse than valueless, coupled as it was with the dread tidings that Julia Borrowdale was his sister!

"Why, oh why," he murmured, "did I so eagerly desire to unveil the secret of my birth? If this horrible reality had been buried with Maddox, I might have enjoyed the dream of love to the close of my earthly career; while Julia would either have been the bride of some more favoured mortal, or remained unmarried for my sake."

Longer reflection caused him to rejoice that he had been unable to procure an interview, which he now determined to avoid.

If, after Mr. Borrowdale had returned to America, his mind could be brought to divulge the knowledge of his birth, it could be done by letter, without the necessity of reverting to painful reminiscences. On one thing he was fully determined, and that was to refuse any pecuniary aid from his parents.

"If they would not do me the justice," he continued, "to permit an opportunity for explanation of my conduct, after the service I had rendered Julia, it shall never be said that I received any favour at their hands."

As he passed along one of the streets at the court end of the metropolis, a fashonably attired young lady was seen emerging from a spacious mansion, attended by a footman. Although deeply veiled, the flashing brilliancy of her eyes pierced their gossamer prison, while a well−turned neck, and ancle sufficiently indicated the exquisite symmetry of her graceful form.

Notwithstanding the erect carriage and stately movements of the veiled lady were well sustained, yet a close observer might have detected a slight hesitation in her manner, and a wandering of her dark eye to the spot where Clifton was passing.

As they both arrived on opposite sides of the street at the corner of another by which it was intersected, Clifton turned to the right, when the lady quickly spoke to her attendant:

"Now is the time. Make no mistake—the tall young gentleman in black is the person."

The footman hastily followed in the direction which Clifton had taken, and respectfully touching his hat, asked if he had the honour to address Mr. Sydney Clifton. On his reply in the affirmative the man gave him a sealed note and immediately rejoined his mistress, who had slowly passed on.

Clifton lost no time in withdrawing from public view, and entering a neighbouring hotel, called for some slight refreshment, and eagerly opened the letter, which we here transcribe.

*"Portland Place,—*
*April 18.*

"The writer of this note has, in happier hours, enjoyed brief opportunities of estimating the talents and virtues of Mr. Sydney Clifton. That the impressions left by the slight intercourse were highly flattering to

Mr. C. may be inferred from the reception of this unusual solicitation for its renewal. When slander was busy with the name of Mr. Clifton, the writer, whose station in society is inferior to none, formed the bold plan of dragging forth his detractors from their hiding−places, and exposing their infamy to the eyes of an indignant world. Success having attended her efforts, she has visited England to lay her claims before him whose fair fame she can re−establish. Flattering herself that the deep interest thus manifested in Mr. Clifton's welfare will constitute some claims to his regard, the writer is now ready to communicate her knowledge if he feels disposed to make a corresponding return, by uniting his fate to hers for life. Lest the imagination of Mr. Clifton should picture his correspondent in the lineaments of age, it is proper to say that she has numbered fewer years than himself; and if the good−natured world has not descended to egregious flattery, is not deficient in personal attractions.

"Knowing the high character of Mr. Clifton, the writer feels confident that if previous engagements preclude the alliance suggested, he will *burn this note*, and bury its contents in his own bosom; nor seek an interview that will neither retrieve his character nor contribute to his happiness. If, on the contrary, he is desirous of consummating a union on which the happiness of the writer depends, and which she firmly believes will cause no subsequent regrets to either—an interview will be afforded him by calling at No. —, — street at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, and inquiring for Miss Williams."

`H."

"To Sydney Clifton, Esq."—

This extraordinary epistle excited anew those turbulent emotions which were before gently subsiding in his bosom. Again the charms of Julia occurred to his fancy, arrayed in more attractive colours than they had ever before assumed, causing him to look on the possibility of an alliance with another with sentiments of horror.

After he had regained his residence, and attempted to compose his mind, his judgment resumed somewhat of its original sway over his imagination, and he was compelled to confess that if the sacrifice his unknown correspondent demanded at his hands was great, the service she proposed rendering was correspondingly important. And, after all, why would it not be better for all parties that he should *at once* sever the tie that bound his affections to Julia? Was not the very idea of retaining her love wicked and preposterous?

That every principle of honour and rectitude forbade his dwelling on emotions, which, however innocent in their origin, were now without the pale of virtue and principle, was certain; and, after long hesitation, he determined to seek an interview with this unknown correspondent; and after frankly informing her of his love for another, whom circumstances would forever prevent his espousing, place himself at her disposal, if she still considered an alliance desirable with one the first fruits of whose affections were withered at the core.

"At least," he said to himself, "I will stand forth before the world in the majesty of innocence, and if, like Caius Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, I brood over the wreck of all that is dear to memory, the spectacle that I shall present will so thickly cluster with the most elevated moral associations, that he who pauses to sneer will unconsciously tender the tribute of a sigh."

With such consolatory feelings his eyelids at last curtained the hitherto wakeful orbs which they guarded, and the land of dreams was peopled with the same visitants that had been present to his sense during the eventful day, although the part assigned them in the vale of shadows was frequently the opposite of that which was performed by their representatives on earth.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Good madam, let me see your face."

*Twelfth Night.*

At the appointed hour Clifton, with a heavy heart, proceeded to the place appointed for his interview with the *incognita*. On knocking at the door and inquiring for Miss Williams, the same footman who had given him the letter on the preceding day, directed his steps into a small room, the furniture of which, to his surprise, bordered on the shabby−genteel, being evidently a part of the ill−matched stock−in−trade of a pawnbroker, or second−hand dealer.

In truth, the house and its appurtenances conveyed the idea of poverty striving at display, and Clifton could not but wonder at the circumstance, if, as the writer of the note alleged, she moved in the first circles of New−York society. He had not long pondered on thesubject before the door opened, and a tall and splendidly attired lady entered, her face completely enveloped in the folds of a heavy dark veil. The agitation of our hero's feelings prevented his rising, until the lady had passed before him, when he awkwardly essayed to offer her a chair, although she was already seated on the sofa.

"I trust, madam." he said, as he remained still standing, "that the exciting nature of this interview will be my apology for my lack of courtesy. In truth, lady, I am a most miserable and forlorn being, the spring and elasticity of whose spirit are already broken, and really incapable of making a due return for the condescension and benevolence which have dictated this unlooked for interview.

"You see before you, madam, one who has already deeply, fondly, devotedly loved. The being on whom my affections were lavished, although eminently worthy of the admiration and regard of the noblest in the land, is placed beyond the possibility of ever being united to my destinies. Such being the case, you can judge whether the wreck of what was once a heart, susceptible of the warmest sympathies—all of which are now frozen—is worth your acceptance. If, notwithstanding this disclosure, you should still desire to unite your fate with mine, my best exertions will ever be placed in requisition to ensure your happiness."

"Might I inquire," said the veiled lady, "whether the person of whom you speak is an English, or an American lady?"

"She is American," was the reply.

"Her name is Julia Borrowdale!"

"Lady, in Heaven's name, speak! when and where did you become acquainted with a secret that I supposed locked in the recesses of my heart of hearts?"

"My dear sir, you must recollect, that the eyes of a rival are too piercing to permit communications between lovers to pass unnoticed, when her own heart is deeply interested in the issue. Although at Mrs. Rainsford's *soirée* you supposed your *têtè−u−t ête* with Julia in the corner of the room unnoticed, there was one pair of eyes that saw your every movement."

"Who and what are you," said Clifton, "who have thus laid bare my secret thoughts? Your voice has in it something of a remembered tone, but I cannot recall either your person or the time or place of a former meeting. I beseech you, lady, unless you intend to destroy my wits, at once to divulge your name, or unveil your face."

"Fair and softly, my good sir. You forget that I summoned you hither for the purpose of divulging other secrets than those appertaining to my poor self. We will, with your permission, enter into the detail of those matters which still so deeply affect your character. As you have complied with my conditions, I will keep my faith with you, although your affections are more deeply engaged than I imagined.

"You no doubt recollect Thomas Burchard, by whose testimony your name became involved with gamblers?"

"Too well, lady," was the response to this question.

"From certain indications, unnecessary for me to explain, I became persuaded that Edward De Lyle

was the foundation of all your miseries."

"De Lyle!" exclaimed our hero, "impossible!"

"Yet a moment, my dear sir, and you will learn your error. Having received full confirmation of my suspicions from the manner of De Lyle himself, I endeavoured to frighten him into a confession; but, although half inclined to make it, he at length mustered courage to avoid the avowal.

"I then, by means of anonymous letters, induced Burchard to betray his patron; by which his villany, in reference to yourself, has been disclosed— but to me only—as the immediate cause of his public disgrace had no connection with his malicious attempt to destroy your character."

Here the speaker described minutely the facts with which the reader has been heretofore made acquainted; with the addition of the gratifying information that Ellingbourne had so far recovered from his wound as to visit England for his health, and was then in London.

"Ellingbourne alive!" exclaimed Clifton, "this is indeed balm to my wounded spirit. The appearance of his supposed ghost is now explained. Oh lady, you have removed a weight from my soul that almost crushed it."

"And now," said the *incognita*, "we will part for the present, as this house is not a fitting place for me to disclose myself to my intended husband. To−morrow evening, at seven o'clock, I shall expect you in Portland Place, and must insist on your not making any attempt, in the mean time, to learn my name, or recognize my person. At the appointed hour you will know both. Till then, adieu!"

Here she held out her hand, and his devotion to his former mistress did not prevent him from observing that the hand was right beautiful and exquisite in the symmetry of its minute proportions.

# CHAPTER XXII.

AN UNEXPECTED CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF OUR HERO.

"*Mal.* Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them."
*What you will.*

On returning to his residence, after the trial of the robbers, Lord Templeton informed his daughter of the disclosure of Clifton's supposed parentage. His lordship frankly expressed his admiration of the candour and integrity which evidently stimulated the avowal, and did not fail to deplore the necessity which it imposed on *him* of severing the intimate relations that he had intended should exist between his deliverer and his family. On retiring to rest, Miss Jerningham pondered deeply on the subject of Clifton's disgrace, but neither her judgment nor her feelings coincided in the supposed necessity of avoiding intercourse with one to whom they were so deeply indebted. A few days subsequently Mr. Courtenay visited the mansion of Lord Templeton, when the generous girl introduced the subject of Clifton's apparent disgrace, and espoused his cause with so much zeal, that both her father and his guest became converts to her opinion, and avowed the intention of renewing their former intercourse.

As Clifton sauntered slowly through the streets on the morning following the interview with the veiled lady, he was accosted by the Hon. Mr. Courtenay, who drew up his stanhope to the side walk, and informed our hero that he had a particular request from Lord Templeton and his daughters that he should convey him to their residence whenever he could spare a few hours.

"Fortunately," said Mr. C., "I am now on my way thither, and if you are not particularly engaged, I hope you will bear me company."

Clifton, who had determined to take an early opportunity of divulging the secret of his birth, and soliciting the advice of the noble lord as to the proper course for him to pursue in order to silence the malicious reports that were in circulation in reference to his character and parentage, embraced the offer of his countryman, and they were soon on the road to Lord Templeton's seat.

"I feel no little embarrassment," said Clifton, as they approached the mansion, "in introducing a subject to the notice of Lord Templeton and yourself, which, being solely connected with my own obscure history, can hardly be attended with interest to others whose rank in life is so far above my own. Indeed, were it not necessary to the proper appreciation of one whom you both have distinguished by your notice, I should not venture to bring the topic before you. But here comes Lord Templeton and his daughters down the avenue to meet us, and with your permission we will wait another opportunity to disclose my secret."

As they alighted from the carriage the greeting of Lord Templeton and his lovely daughters was most cordial and ardent, and Clifton felt a certain pride in the thought that he could so effectually remove the stigma that alone cast a shade over the brightness of his character and name.

As they all passed up the avenue the ladies made affectionate inquiries into the state of his health, the younger chiding him in her own arch way for his lack of courtesy in not sooner paying them a visit. After reaching the drawing−room, Clifton said:

"I must entreat the pardon of my kind friends for relieving my breast of a burthen, with the history of which nothing but your unlooked−for goodness could induce me to trouble you. I need not say that I left the court−room on the day of trial with feelings nearly akin to despair. To be compelled by my regard for truth to avow a connexion which covered me with unmerited ignominy, was, as you may imagine, gall and wormwood to my soul. But as has been my practice, I at once preferred the dictates of truth to motives of expediency, and unhesitatingly stated my honest convictions of my birth and parentage. But, my friends, I know you will rejoice to hear that I laboured under an error. Fortunately I am *not* the child

of Glenthorne, the murderer and suicide."

Here he related all the circumstances which had so recently come to his knowledge, and which so completely exonerated him from all the imputations that had rested on his name. The recital drew tears from the eyes of the gentle−hearted ladies, and the gentlemen themselves did not listen unmoved.

"But," said Lord Templeton, "there is one fact connected with this narration which has not yet fully been confirmed, but which will, I suspect, create a still deeper interest in those whom you have laid so deeply under obligation. The patronymic of my maternal ancestors is Borrowdale, and my mother's father was named Elbert Borrowdale, the same as that of the unhappy man whose crimes brought him to a premature end. My mother's brother emigrated to America before the revolution, and as he bore the name of James, which is the same as Clifton's father's, I see little cause to doubt the fact of our near relationship. From information obtained years since, I was induced to believe all the descendants of the family in America dead, but the circumstances detailed by Maddox furnish a clew to their disappearance."

Clifton then produced from his pocket the bracelets that were on his arms when stolen from his parents, and they were decorated with the ancestral insignia of the Borrowdale family. This settled the question to the satisfaction of all.

"Papa," said the younger Miss Jerningham, "what shall we call Mr. Clifton now? I mean to call him Cousin Sydney, as that is a much prettier name than either Clifton or Borrowdale."

Lord Templeton and Mr. Courtenay were not a little amused at the claims to Clifton's relationship presented by Miss Euphemia, who, finding them all smiling, blushed and said,

"Well, I don't care if you do laugh. He is my cousin, and I don't see any reason why I should'nt call him Cousin Sydney."

"My sweet child," said Lord Templeton, "you certainly have the right to address our young relative by the name you propose, if he has no objection to the familiarity."

"I am too much honoured already by the kindness of your lordship's family," answered Clifton: "if our newly ascertained relationship is recognized, it will add to the gratification on my part, to be addressed by the title of cousin by my charming young friend."

"But, Mr. Clifton, as I still inadvertently call him," rejoined Lord Templeton, "is not aware of the enviable rank that Euphemia assigns him in the literary world. She declares her unalterable conviction that he is none other than the unknown author of `*Fatality*,' and the ` *Conscience Stricken;* ' and so impressed is her imagination with the truth of this conjecture, that she has laid violent hands on the magazines containing the two popular tales, and I have been compelled to promise a splendid binding for them. I learn that her views on this delicate subject are formed from some peculiar expressions in the tales which were used by our relative while temporarily residing with us. That there is something in the coincidence is, I think, certain, for even our clear headed Adeline joins Euphemia in this opinion."

"While at the confessional," replied our hero, "I may as well make a clean breast of it, and admit my literary offences, that my absolution may be complete. My cousin Euphemia must be awarded the medal for her discrimination, as she has undoubtedly detected the visage of the man in the mask. Her opinion is authority on this matter, and if she had been a native of America, her *guessing* powers could not have been improved."

Lord Templeton urged Clifton to remain at least for a time at his house, but he excused himself on the plea that he had an engagement in town which he must fulfil.

In communicating his history to Lord Templeton and his daughters, he had entirely avoided any reference to his engagement with the unknown lady, or his affection for Julia Borrowdale. The circumstance of his being a relative of Lord Templeton will not surprise the reader, if he reverts to the sketch of Mr. Borrowdale's history in the earlier pages of this work. Their noble host, finding that Mr. Courtenay and Sydney were soon to depart, proposed a stroll through the highly cultivated grounds, Miss Jerningham accepting the proferred arm of Mr. Courtenay, while Euphemia hung delighted on that of her new found cousin.

As they strolled down the gravelled walks whose sides were decorated with the most beautiful and rare flowers and luxuriant foliage, our hero saw with gratification that his eldest cousin and Mr. Courtenay were inclined to wander from their companions; and from certain indications which could scarcely be

mistaken, he rightly judged that all−powerful love had entered into the bosoms of both. For Mr. Courtenay he entertained the most exalted respect, and rejoiced that he had found so congenial a spirit to minister to his wishes, and cheer him with her affection. As they passed onward, Lord Templeton, who was by the side of Sydney, stopped to give the gardener some necessary directions, when Euphemia remarked in a low tone of voice:

"Cousin Sydney, I just now heard papa telling Mr. Courtenay that you would become heir to his title and estates if you proved your descent. I know they mean to keep it a secret till you bring the proofs, but I thought I must tell you in confidence. So, my good cousin, keep the secret close, nor let me get into disgrace by my wish to make you happy."

"You are the sweetest, dearest cousin that ever man possessed," he replied, "and I would sooner fight the robbers over again than divulge a word. Do you remember how you used to take my crutch, and limp like me down the garden walks?"

"Yes, yes, I think I do, and what's more, I have your crutch locked up in my closet safe and sound. I told papa the other day that I prized it more than the lady−love of Richard the lion−hearted did his great sword."

"I see," said our hero, "that I shall have to write you a new song commemorative of my crutch and your constancy."

After an hour spent in delightful converse, which for the time went far to relieve the sorrowful feelings of Sydney, Mr. Courtenay ordered his stanhope, and they departed. To Lord Templeton's earnest request for an early visit, his relative acceded, promising in a very few days to make his re−appearance. As the vehicle was about moving, Euphemia called to the postilion to stop a moment, when she peeped roguishly into the vehicle, and in an authoritative tone bade her cousin Sydney not forget the promised song. Away dashed the spirited steeds and in a short space of time our newly−named hero was sitting in his own apartments, awaiting with no little anxiety the issue of the interview with his fair unknown.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MEETING—THE UNVEILING—THE DENOUEMENT.

"Alone with him! how many a month hath past,
Though we are still so young, since we have met,
Which I have worn in widowhood of heart.
He speaks not—scarce regards me—not a word—
Nor look—yet he *was* soft of voice and aspect."

*Sardanapalus.*

The reader, whose patience has sustained him thus far in our company, will have found little difficulty in identifying the lady, whose envious veil so sorely puzzled our bewildered hero. As Helen Elwell is therefore unhooded to those of us who are behind the curtain, it is proper to revert to the causes which induced her visit to London, and instigated the adoption of such bold and novel measures to secure the affections and person of him whom she only knew as Sydney Clifton.

After her last anonymous epistle to Thomas Burchard had accomplished its purpose, she despatched a messenger to that worthy, soliciting his presence at a certain hour at her father's residence.

The summons was obeyed, and by dint of promises and threats she induced him to disclose the subtle scheme which accomplished the destruction of Clifton's character, and in which De Lyle had played so conspicuous a part. In truth, Burchard was totally unaware of Ellingbourne's privity to the original plan, and therefore attributed its inception, progress, and completion, solely to the teeming brain of De Lyle.

As will be inferred, Helen's desire to be the sole depository of Burchard's secret, until she could avail herself of the information, and thus secure Clifton's hand—was cheerfully seconded by her informant, who was more deeply implicated in the matter than he wished the public to understand. Shortly subsequent to this development, and while she was yet pondering on the most feasible method of rendering it subservient to her purpose, a letter from Julia imparted the intention of her parents to make a voyage to Europe for the benefit of her health; and soliciting Mr. Elwell to secure their passage in a packet that would sail on the following month. To the jealous mind of Helen this visit to England foreboded the destruction of her cherished schemes, if she could not anticipate her cousin, by herself embarking in a vessel which sailed previous to that in which the Borrowdale's intended to take passage. Fortunately for her design, an intimate friend of her father designed, with his lady, to sail for Liverpool in the succeeding week, and her father's consent was obtained and her passage engaged before she disclosed the receipt of her cousin's letter. Although the vessel in which Helen embarked preceded that in which her cousin sailed nearly two weeks, yet they both arrived in London at about the same time; and Helen's desire to anticipate Julia induced her to seek an interview with Clifton in the manner before related. The following morning she devoted to the return of calls from the friends of the high−born family at whose residence she remained while in London.

While at the mansion of a lady of fashion at the west and of the town, the name of Lord Templeton was accidentally introduced, which led to some remarks connected with the trial of the culprit who attempted his robbery on the highway.

The introduction of this subject caused the gallantry and prowess of Clifton to be justly lauded; and all expressed their regret that the unfortunate incident in the trial had compelled him to avow the disgrace attached to his wretched parent.

Helen's recent arrival in London had prevented her from before learning ought of the infamy belonging to our hero's parentage; nor was she prepared by any previous knowledge of the circumstances, connected with Glenthorne's history, or his relationship to Clifton, to anticipate the disgrace thus reflected on the latter. To her chagrin and mortification the fashionable society of the British metropolis appeared unanimous in the decision, that our luckless hero had forfeited all claims to consideration by this

development. To one who, like Helen Elwell, lived and moved and had her being in the sunshine of fashionable life, no calamity could be more dreaded than expulsion from its charmed boundaries. While her passion for Clifton had led her to adopt rash and somewhat dangerous measures to secure his affections, she was buoyed by anticipations of ultimate success, and stimulated by the romantic nature of the schemes which her inventive genius had moulded to her purpose. But now the case was materially changed. The anxieties and hopes which preceded the success of her plans were merged in their fruition, and the excitement of the chase was no longer sustained by the ardour of pursuit. With such views and feelings it is not surprising that the anticipated union with Clifton assumed a far less attractive aspect to her mind, than when, flushed with the triumph of her schemes, she had in the morning left the residence of her friend to make the round of fashionable visits.

To increase her repugnance to so ill−assorted an union, the fashionable male triflers, whom she met in the drawing rooms of her new friends did not conceal their admiration of the tall and graceful transatlantic beauty. Their compliments were not thrown away upon her to whom they were addressed; and long before the arrival of the hour for her interview with Clifton, she had determined to refuse the nuptials she had but now so sedulously laboured to perfect. In accomplishing her newly formed purpose, the presence and co−operation of Julia were requisite; as it occurred to her mind that a most rare opportunity was presented to affect great disinterestedness and magnanimity, in resigning to her cousin the hand of one whom she had rescued from infamy; and for whom she entertained such exalted sentiments of respect. With these views, she invited Julia to call on her for a short period at six o'clock, as she desired to consult her on the subject of some new dresses, and had other arrangements to perfect which required the presence of her cousin. Poor Clifton, as the hour of appointment drew nigh, felt more and more the sacrifice he was called on to make, in thus uniting himself to a female with whose habits, dispositions and temper he must from necessity be unacquainted. In every view it seemed little better than moral prostitution; nor could his judgment reconcile the measures the *incognita* had adopted with the dictates of female delicacy and decorum.

The beautiful lines of Byron, which we transcribe, (slightly altered,) occurred to his mind; and the aptness and force with which they illustrated his unfortunate union with one whom he neither loved nor esteemed, still further depressed his drooping spirits: "Oh, hard it is that fondness to sustain, And struggle not to feel averse in vain: But harder still the heart's recoil to bear, And hide from one, perhaps another there;— She takes the hand I give not, nor withhold, Its pulse not checked—nor quickened—calmly cold; And when resigned, it drops a lifeless weight From one I never loved enough to hate. No warmth these lips return by her's imprest, And chilled remembrance shudders o'er the rest."

To his excited mind it appeared that the avoidance of this unfortunate alliance would bring comparative happiness, but he saw no prospect of such a boon, consistent with his solemn obligation. In this sombre mood he traversed the distance between his lodgings and the splendid mansion which his unknown fair one inhabited; and any one not initiated in the secrets of his visit, would have deemed his attendance rather demanded by the exigencies of a funeral, than the expected solemnization of his own nuptial rites. On entering the dwelling he was ushered into a superb drawing room, whose rich furniture was arranged with that nice discrimination which exhibits the highest evidence of decorative taste. In a few moments the door opened and exhibited to his astonished view the person of Helen Elwell! The appearance of a near relative and avowed friend of his adored Julia again awoke all his more painful emotions, and it was with much hesitation that he was enabled to tender the greeting which circumstances rendered necessary.

"Truly, Mr. Clifton, for a gallant and courteous young gentleman, you are, methinks, somewhat ungraceful in paying your devoirs to your lady−love. But never mind, you'll improve, I have no doubt, in good time." These remarks were uttered with what was intended for a gracious smile; but to a scrutinizing observer it ill−concealed the mortified vanity of the belle, who resents a slight none the less that the guilty party is soon to be numbered among her rejected admirers.

"Fair and beautiful lady," said Clifton, "forgive me now, and consider me as I am, a sad and solitary being, who, although grateful for your unlooked−for kindness, am really unable at the moment to render a suitable return. Believe me, my dear Miss Elwell, that none can more fully appreciate the sacrifice you

have made to rescue my reputation from undeserved reproach, nor am I either indifferent to or ungrateful for the boon. That the lady who thus interested herself in the fate of so obscure an individual would be found in the person of the high−born, accomplished and fascinating Miss Elwell, was, I confess, totally unexpected; and my embarrassment and hesitation are the natural result of so great a surprise."

"How beautiful and intellectual is his fine dark eye, and his voice is music itself." Thus thought Helen Elwell; and she sighed as she reflected on his loss of *caste* in the only world within whose glittering circle she wished to move. The well−timed compliments of our re−assured hero summoned a more genuine smile than its ill−favoured predecessor, and Helen replied:

"Before we proceed to extremities, it will be necessary to consult a friend in the next room; and I must beg of you to pay the most respectful attention to the advice thus given."

With these words she moved toward a pair of folding doors, beckoning Clifton at the same time to join her; and as he came to her side she took his arm, threw open the doors, and exhibited to his astonished gaze the ever−remembered and beloved form of Julia Borrowdale! To paint the varied emotions that rushed through the breasts of both at this unexpected meeting, is beyond our art; nor could we more successfully attempt to depict its effect on their agitated countenances. With Julia indeed all within was joy—turbulent, uncontrollable, unspeakable delight;—but Clifton's brain reeled, and his mind was overwhelmed with the painful conviction that he was in the presence of one, who, though dearer to his heart than the purple current which controlled its beatings, and was removed from his alliance by insurmountable barriers. The impress of those terrible regrets was so visible on his features, that even Helen with all her stoicism hastened to remove what she conceived was the cause of his sorrows, by resigning him formally to Julia.

The only word that yet passed, were "Mr. Clifton here!" by Julia, and "Miss Borrowdale!" by her stricken admirer, who recoiled as if stung by an adder as he uttered her name.

To Julia this hesitation and recoil were viewed with dreadful forebodings, for the only circumstance which could justify his backwardness to address her was, she deemed, his betrothal to another!

"Come, come, my dear young couple," were Helen's words, "this shyness would be in the very worst taste, if I had not by a little well−contrived artifice been guilty of implanting it in the bosom of Mr. Clifton. To be brief, for I really detest what are called `*scenes* ,' I have thrown a most beautifully wrought net over this inconsolable lover of yours, Julia, and he flutters dreadfully in its meshes. Well, well, I'll be magnanimous, and release him. There now the story is told, and if you two do not hereafter be happy as the day is long, it will be no fault of `mine.' "

To the surprise of Helen, and the infinite horror of her cousin, Clifton, instead of proceeding to clasp Julia to his bosom, retreated into the recesses of a heavily−cased window, threw himself on a seat, and groaned in very bitterness of spirit.

How long he would have remained there it is impossible to say, if Helen had not insisted on his instantly explaining his extraordinary conduct.

"This," said she, "is a most unaccountable and unpardonable affront to my charming cousin, and were I a man you should answer it with your life. No one with a drop of my blood in their veins shall be thus treated with impunity; and I tell you Mr. Sydney Clifton, that you will forfeit all claims to the character of a gentleman, if you do not this moment explain the cause of this coldness."

This spirited remonstrance had the desired effect, and rising, Clifton, with extreme pallor of countenance, said:

"Miss Elwell you are right, and I submit to the reproof, conscious that it is apparently deserved. When my traitor tongue shall sufficiently return to its allegiance to explain the barrowing nature of my reflections, and their distressing cause, I trust that my offence will be considered more venial. That I love Miss Borrowdale madly, devotedly, you I presume well know. That I can never wed her you will learn when I divulge a secret that it was my intention never to communicate while we were both in one hemisphere. The present crisis however, demands the disclosure at my hands, and I will essay its revelation. It is probably known by this time to you both, that I was compelled recently in open court—in the presence of a large auditory—to avow my belief that I was the offspring of Glenthorne the murderer. This circumstance has attained great notoriety; and if it had been confirmed by the event, would have

banished me from the society of a large circle of the respectable portion of this community.

"Unhappily for my peace, this is not the case. I am not the child of disgrace and infamy; but what is to me infinitely more to be deplored, I am the son of Mr. Borrowdale and the brother of Julia!

"If fate has in store for me hereafter any exquisite misery—such as mortal never yet endured without flinching—believe me it will fail to extort one token of regret. The present calamity is, in its ocean−like boundary, destined to engulph all present and future pangs."

During this astounding recital, the countenance of Helen unconsciously brightened, as she reflected that *now* the barrier was removed—the goal in view— the triumph achieved!

"He is mine—mine for life—mine for time—mine for eternity," were her thoughts. At the close of Clifton's address Julia swooned, and it was some time before she revived. As soon as her returning animation permitted she feebly said,

"My dear cousin, and you, Mr. Clifton, excuse my emotion. I have for months been ill—very ill— and am now but partially recovered, and my nerves are sadly shattered. The extraordinary disclosure of Mr. Clifton, as I will yet call him, overcame me; but happily he labours under an error of which probably my good cousin has herself yet to learn the correction; as her residence at a distance from us, and the desire of both my respected more than parents to conceal the fact, have caused all our friends to consider me as their daughter, which I am only by adoption. When Mr. Borrowdale lost his only son and child, he was on the eve of removing to his residence near Boston; and although his intimate friends were aware of his loss, yet they all were ignorant of the fact that a couple in Boston died leaving me in the care of my kind foster parents. With all our friends, therefore, I pass as their child, but I will say it—although it is almost unmaidenly for me to utter it—I now rejoice that I am capable of returning the love of my ever−loved and fondly−cherished Sydney. That my dearly−loved foster parents will hail this development with rapture, is a better cause for my rejoicing, as it is less selfish."

At this explanation being given, the enraptured Clifton caught his intended bride to his arms, and we much fear that their embrace was more ardent, and continued a greater length of time, than would be sanctioned by the arbiters of taste in fashionable society.

While this happy *denouement* was in progress, the crest−fallen Helen could not conceal her mortification, and made several ill−natured remarks, calculated to injure the feelings of Julia. Clifton, she insisted, was still bound by his promise to her, not to wed another; and she thought the opinion of the world ought to be respected, even *if it were true*, that Julia was *not* the daughter of Mr. Borrowdale; although she must say she looked with some little suspicion on a disclosure which lacked proof, and was uttered just *at the critical moment*.

To these evidences of chagrin, Clifton mildly replied, that he partook of Julia's evident surprise and regret that Miss Elwell should so far forget herself as to venture the ill−natured remarks that had fallen from her lips. If Miss Elwell had, when he was considered the child of disgrace, continued to claim the fulfilment of his promise, he would certainly have kept it to the letter. But she had released him from it, and he regretted to find her apparent magnanimity mere pretence.

The entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale caused a suspension of this by−play. Mr. Borrowdale, on recognizing Clifton with great frankness and affability offered him his hand.

"Mr. Clifton," said he, "I trust you will pardon me for not tendering you a friendly salutation at the review a few days since.

"The honest truth is, that some circumstances connected with your history required satisfactory elucidation, before I felt warranted in resuming our former intimacy; and I did not conceive either the time or place of our casual meeting proper for that purpose. To convince you, however, that I was not disposed to condemn a friend unheard, I will state, that I yesterday made inquiry at the office of the American minister for your residence, and have this moment returned from your lodgings. Whether your version of the late difficulties which so deeply involved your moral character is acceptable or otherwise will, of course, influence my future conduct towards you; although I will freely confess, that my prejudices were somewhat enlisted in opposition to the belief of your innocence.

"The facts connected with the late avowal of your unfortunate descent, have caused me to doubt the truth of my former suspicions; as a frank disclosure of circumstances, where concealment was attended

with no hazard, and their avowal cast unmerited obloquy, could not be the emanation of a corrupt heart.

"From these remarks you will perceive, that you can now venture your explanations, with the certainty that they will meet an impartial judgment."

"I will not," replied our hero, "conceal my gratification at this unlooked−for condescension and friendship. That the slanders heaped on my reputation in New−York were the foul emanations of a guilty wretch, who hoped thereby to screen himself from the consequences of his crimes, Miss Elwell will inform you. To her, indeed, I owe more than language can express—and I trust, notwithstanding the unkind words which inadvertently dropped from me in a moment of forgetfulness, that she will not refuse me the privilege of hereafter addressing her by the endearing title of *friend*."

"All is forgotten that can in any way affect our friendly intercourse," replied Helen, with a ghastly smile. The artful girl saw, on a moment's reflection, that she occupied a false position, and hastened with the best grace she could assume, to regain the ground she had lost.

"Mr. Clifton," she resumed, "is innocent of every charge brought against his character, and at a more fitting period, I will explain the manner in which suspicion was made to fall upon him."

As she concluded, Mr. and Mrs. Borrowdale both clasped Clifton's hand with great cordiality, and expressed their joy at the result of this brief conference.

"But," said Clifton, "I have still farther developments to make, and as the evening is wearing apace, must hasten to the *denouement* of my history. Does Mr. Borrowdale recognize these childish ornaments?"

Here he produced the bracelets which he had kept about his person from the period of his learning their importance in establishing his identity. As Mrs. Borrowdale caught a sight of them, she rushed forward with the most intense anxiety depicted in her countenance, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mr. Clifton! say—where, oh where did you procure these bracelets? For heaven's sake speak, or I shall sink at your feet."

"They are mine, dearest mother! they are my own!" he replied, and rushed to her embrace. To describe the rapture of all, if we except the mortified Helen, requires a more graphic pen than ours. Suffice it, that the overjoyed parents would not permit their long−lost son to sleep, even for a night, beneath any other roof than that which sheltered themselves and Julia; and after Sydney had related the interview with Lord Templeton, in which that nobleman claimed relationship with his new found parent and himself—and the detail of which still further vexed and chagrined the crest−fallen Helen—his parents, Julia, and himself, ordered the carriage, and returned to the hotel of the former.

Were it honourable to disclose the movements of lovers in a star−light evening—when they both occupied the same seat in a coach—we might relate how Sydney, as soon as they were seated, threw his arm around the slender waist of his mistress—how she neither chided him for his boldness, nor endeavoured to moderate the warmth of his embrace— how, by some magnetic influence, their lips were mutually attracted, until they united in a long, long kiss!—how Julia's head, becoming weary, fell, unconsciously, on her lover's shoulder—how he lost what little senses were left him, and imagined it was all a dream—and how his fond parents, finding they could make nothing of his incoherent replies to their questions, smiled and were silent.

All this and much more than this, passed on their return to Mr. Borrowdale's hotel; but we will not imitate those busy−bodies, who appear born to meddle with matters in which they have no concern, and are forever setting the world at odds by their tattling propensity. All, therefore, that we shall narrate is, that after they had arrived at their destination, Julia and Clifton became mysteriously enamoured of gazing at the stars; and, standing at an open window, continued to watch those burning orbs that hang like diamonds in the azure sky—until their parents reminded them that it was past the hour of midnight, and that if they expected to view the sun on the next day, it would be advisable to leave the stars for a season to their accustomed solitude. This reasonable advice was followed, and we leave them to enjoy that repose which the eventful scenes through which they had so rapidly passed rendered not unwelcome.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACILITY WITH WHICH COMEDY CAN BE TRANSFORMED INTO TRAGEDY.

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"And every where huge covered tables stood,
With wines high−flavoured and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth is found."
"While ravens sung
Their funeral dirge."

Thomson.
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In an elaborately furnished apartment of Fenton's Hotel, in London, three gentlemen were seated over their wines and walnuts after dinner. The individual whose liberality had, like the lamp of Alladin, brought this banquet into being, was seated at the head of the table, sipping his Burgundy with that exquisite sense of enjoyment which causes one to linger fondly over the purple luxury, and sigh when our lip and the chrystal rim are doomed to separation. This bountiful provider was still young, and the skill and taste of the most celebrated Schneider of the metropolis were exhibited in his apparel.

"Come, come, *mon beau garcon*," said he, to a gentleman at his right, whose pale features exhibited the traces of recent illness; "you don't sustain your well−earned reputation. If the Burgundy palls try the *champagne*. I'll warrant it better than the *real* article. To whet your appetite for the wine, I'll give you a toast which will render even acid Rhenish palatable. Here's to an old *comrade*, Edward De Lyle."

"Before I respond to your toast it may be well to premise that De Lyle is no longer *tolerated* in New−York circles.

"He's cut by universal consent, and has found it *convenient* to become an *emigré*. His little peccadillos have qualified him to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* in the white mansion at Sing Sing, if the British government should repudiate his alliance. I'm told London has now the honour of his company. Your late sojourn in Paris has prevented your knowledge of these facts."

"Why this is news. Matthison, my boy, here's to philosophy. If you visit Paris I'll give you an introduction to the Chevalier De Roussilon, who reverses your theory, and believes in the supremacy of the feet. In short, he commenced as a dancing master and retires as a philosopher; believing most devoutly that no man of genius exists who is not qualified to trip on the light fantastic toe."

"The fellow is mad," grumbled Matthison, who did not precisely relish the association, and who was moreover, rapidly approximating to that state of unconsciousness which is aptly described by the words "*gloriously fuddled*."

"Shafton, my boy, your stomach is disordered, or you could not thus have forgotten yourself in wishing me to become introduced to a fellow whose heels take rank above his understanding. I desire to be courteous, but must say that there is a certain meteoric wildness in your eye, indicative of disease in the *epigastric region*. Try *abstinence* as I do. If you don't follow my sober example your wit will flash in the pan—your puns be execrable—your satire will fall still−born—your ideas become foggy and your sentiments mawkish. So my boy attend to the *grand regulator*. What say you Julius? Won't my philosophy astonish the John Bulls? Hah, Julius?"

"Matthison," said Ellingbourne, "you have evidently mixed your wines and become *non compos*. For a quiet respectable citizen of the Empire State you're rather out of character to−day."

"No *reflections*," said Shafton. "Our friend is looking you in the face and imagines it a *mirror*, and if its *polish* was transferred to your *manners* the improvement would be apparent. But I beg pardon. Did I perpetrate a *good thing*? If I did I was oblivious—I was on my honour."

With this the speaker again threw himself back in his chair—elevated his goblet to a level with his

face—touched his lip to the rim—half closed his dull grey eyes, and appeared like one whose thoughts having started on a voyage of discovery had not yet returned to their listless owner. Slowly removing the attractive liquid, he resumed,

"But let us into the secrets of Gotham, for it is three months since my carrier pigeon has visited its owner. By the way, as I passed through the strand this morning I saw an old gentleman whose physiognomy bore a strong resemblance to that of Isaac Samuel, our Israelitish usurer. His beard was as long as a goat's, which, with his dishevelled grey locks, was calculated somewhat to disguise his features; but had I met him in Wall−street, I'd have sworn to him, beard and all."

"What," replied Ellingbourne, "the Jew here? then De Lyle will never return to America in a whole skin. You must know that he tickled the fancy of Samuel's daughter under an assumed name, and when all was discovered, the love sick maiden took it into her head to die. The old dotard is fool enough to think it was all for love; so he has tracked De Lyle here, who, in addition to jilting the girl, owes her father some twenty thousand dollars."

"Oh, aye, I perceive," said Shafton; "the Jew's cunning has converted the debt into a *debt of honour*. So pay up you rascal, or pistols for two. That his regard for his daughter would make him push De Lyle to extremities I don't believe a word of. But if *money* is in the way, the game's up with our outlawed chum."

"Pooh, pooh, you thick−headed pair, leave talking about Jews and Gentiles, and listen to my philosophy. You think I don't know what I am about, but I'm trying the grand experiment, by getting a little inebriated. The thing works to a charm. Every time I get fuddled I regularly attempt to achieve great things—and I always fail—and why? Because the stomach is assaulted and undermined and overthrown and upset. So the proof of the pudding is in swallowing the wine. If I get under the table report me truly. Here's your health—hiccup— call the waiter. Waiter put these two intoxicated yankee gentlemen to bed. They are pretty decent when sober, but great blockheads when they're drunk. Waiter bring me three looking glasses, so that I may reflect on these drunken philosophers. Why Elly, my boy, is that you? I took you for the waiter. If you put on a clean apron you'll do. I'll sing you a song—hiccup—a philosophical ditty. When Bonaparte his race began, His stomach was in trim, sir, His cup of glory soon o'er−ran Its sparkling chrystal brim, sir. But now dyspepsia, night−mare like, The seat of know ledge pressed, sir:— His conquering arm forgets to strike— You surely know the rest, sir. Their health and cheer—to all that's here, We trust their name is legion— No tears they'll weep if sound they keep The epigastric region. Chorus. No tears they'll weep if sound they keep The epigastric region.

"Why don't you sing the cho−cho−rus—the chorus−hiccup."

Here the oblivious philosopher dropped his chin on his breast, and was soon performing a solo on the nasal organ. The apartment in which the dinner was served communicated with a balcony which extended along the front of the building directly in view of the street, and Shafton and Ellingbourne passed through the window to inhale the delicious evening breeze, leaving Matthison to his repose. As they reached that part of the balcony which overlooked the side−walk in front of the hotel—the sudden report of a pistol beneath them attracted their notice, and was soon succeeded by a second; and on leaning over the iron railing, they perceived two individuals prostrated on the pavement and weltering in their blood, As may be supposed, they both rushed to the spot, and to their infinite amazement and horror, beheld the mangled remains of De Lyle and the Jew. From the statement of individuals who saw the transaction, it appeared that Samuel had confronted his victim—taken deliberate aim at his heart; and when the fatal messenger had accomplished the death of De Lyle—with a second weapon finished his own earthly carees. While standing over the bodies Mr. Borrowdale and his long lost son entered the circle of lookers−on, who surrounded the inanimate remains of the murderer and his victim. Ellingbourne first recognized our hero, and immediately tendered him a cordial salutation.

"I trust," he said, "that Mr. Clifton has ere this learned the facts connected with the cause of our unfortunate altercation. If so, it will be unnecessary for me to allude to the hapless wretch who lies at our feet."

"All has been explained to my perfect satisfaction," replied Clifton, "and I most sincerely rejoice that your recovery has placed it in my power to apologize for my rashness and folly. If we are not hereafter friends, it will not be through any fault of mine."

As Shafton perceived that Ellingbourne was satisfied with the position Clifton now occupied, he deemed it safe also to exhibit tokens of recognition; and Mr. Borrowdale being introduced by our hero as his new found father, the cordiality of Shafton's manner was marvellously heightened, and he insisted on enjoying the society of Mr. Borrowdale and his son at his room.

This proposition being acceded to, they were all soon seated at the table, and after a sufficient time had elapsed to restore Matthison to consciousness, he was aroused from his slumbers and formally introduced to Sydney as Mr. Borrowdale. Rubbing his eyes, and taking a second look, he said:

"I beg this young gentleman's pardon, but had I met him in any other place I should have taken him for an old acquaintance. Mr. Ellingbourne, does not the younger Mr. Borrowdale strongly resemble Mr. Clifton?"

"Not in the least," said Ellingbourne; "Mr. Shafton, do you detect any resemblance between Mr. Borrowdale and Mr. Clifton?"

"Why, it is possible that there may be a very slight resemblance; and as our friend looks through a *pair of coloured glasses*, it is not astonishing that their hue should deceive him. Such things *have* happened before."

Throwing himself back in the chair, Matthison gave a long look at our hero, saying,

"Well, this is strange. I must be out of tune, or I couldn't make such a mistake. Mr. Clifton—I beg pardon, Mr. Borrowdale—you don't drink— that's positively unkind—Sydney my boy—I beg pardon, Mr. Borrowdale—my respects to you."

"Mr. Borrowdale must remember the fate of *Pentheus*," said Ellingbourne, with a smile. "The devotees at the shrine of Bacchus are proverbially bigots, and the fate of the Theban king is a warning to all modern offenders."

After the lapse of some hours the arrival of the coroner was announced, and on the appearance of the jury the party descended to the apartment in which lay the mutilated remains of Samuel and De Lyle. The first individual who attracted the attention of Sydney was the identical little philanthropist with the huge nose, whose interference at the trial of Maddox caused the disclosure of his supposed parentage.

This eccentric individual, who possessed a competent income, appeared but to live in the atmosphere of criminal proceedings. When the judicial tribunals were not in session, he was a frequent attendant on the inquests of the coroner, who had initiated him in propriety of demeanour by rewarding his loquacity on a previous occasion, with a committal for contempt.

From the testimony of an individual who had detected, in the movements of the Jew, something extraordinary, it appeared, that after following De Lyle for some distance, he had accosted him just as his person became clearly visible by the light of the lamps before the hotel, and on the latter's turning, he shouted with the fury of a demon,

"Fiend! I have you now, and the devil whom you serve cannot save you from my vengeance. Remember Rachel Samuel! Your last hour is come! Down, down to that hell which yawns to receive you!" With these words he fired the pistol, and in another moment turned its fellow against his own breast.

Matthison, whose artificial elevation caused him to take a more prominent part in the proceedings than he would otherwise have cared to assume, voluntarily presented himself as a witness; and went into a full detail of the causes which engendered the fierce hostility of the Jew against De Lyle. After he had quitted the stand, Mr. Marlow elbowed his way towards him, and soliciting an interview for a moment in another apartment of the inn, which was granted, said,

"My name, sir, is Marlow—Job Marlow, at your service. As I have now in press a luminous history of the most expert heroes of the road, and the most skilful geniuses who have ever figured in any of those walks in life which rendered them amenable to the meshes in which society contrives to entangle bold innovators—I take the liberty of soliciting your address, that I may hereafter have the pleasure of waiting on you and learning some further particulars concerning the two unhappy gentlemen whose career is just closed."

"Mr. Marlow—Mr. *Job* Marlow, permit me to return your salutation," said Matthison, throwing what was intended to be a knowing leer towards Ellingbourne, but which to the uninitiated appeared more like

the inebriated distortion of the speaker's countenance, "my desire to *serve* you, and at the same time to *sub−serve* the cause of science impels me to solicit a survey of the surface of your tongue; and you will therefore particularly oblige me, and render philosophy an eminent service by exhibiting that appendage to your mouth for a moment. In other words, as my friend Dr. Crabbe would say, `stick out your tongue,' Mr. Marlow—Mr. Job Marlow."

Our nasal friend, not a little astounded, and somewhat irritated at this novel request, drew back with evident marks of dissatisfaction.

Observing the rising ire of Mr. Marlow, the theorist addressed him thus:

"Keep cool, my dear sir—keep cool. You have no idea of the injury you will inflict on the *grand regulator* by permitting yourself to fly into a rage. Whatever you may suppose, I assure you that it is of the utmost importance that you should grant my request. Sir, I am a gentleman, and a philanthropist, and at this moment an exile from my country, solely through my desire to investigate a moral and physical phenomenon, the enigma of whose wonderful effects on the human character it is my purpose to reveal. You, sir, are also a searcher into the mysterious depths of the human mind; and the originality of your views alone renders you a subject worthy of my attention. If, therefore, you desire to extend the researches of mental philosophy into regions hitherto unexplored—if you wish your name coupled with a work destined for immortality—if, hereafter, you expect to rank among the magnates of the literary world—show me your tongue."

Warmed with the wine he had drunk, and heated by his desire to impress on honest Job's mind the importance of his request, he concluded his address with a flourish of his hand, which, to his hearer's mind, appeared the perfection of oratorical action. The respectful searcher after criminal records bowed most complacently, and immediately extended his tongue.

'"Tis well," said Matthison, with inimitable gravity, "my theory cannot lie. Sir, you are a great genius in your way, and here is my address."

The solemn interest created in the heart of Clifton at the shocking spectacle before him, (which was not unfelt by Ellingbourne and Shafton,) rendered Matthison's absence, in company with Marlow, unperceived; nor would the theorist have been guilty of such unseemly indifference and levity, had not his senses been bewildered by the depth of his potations.

At length our hero and his happy parent departed. Matthison was conducted to his lodgings by Ellingbourne. Shafton proceeded to the opera. The crowd dispersed, and the bodies of the wretched suicide and his victim were consigned to the undertaker.

# CHAPTER XXV.

THE FINALE.

"Come, Proteus, 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered."
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

The fortunes of our hero and his beloved Julia having reached their zenith, and the destiny of those whose fate was linked with theirs being fixed for good or ill, it behoves us, with them, to retire from the scene, nor linger before the audience after the fitting time for the descending of our drama's curtain.

Impressed with this conviction; we bid adieu to all our fellow−*voyageurs*, referring them to the following editorial article from the Court Journal for the particulars of a *denouement*, which it is presumed they have generally anticipated.

From the Court Journal of—, 18—

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

"On Monday last Jerningham House, the beautiful and romantic seat of Lord Templeton, was honoured by the presence of a most brilliant assemblage of rank, beauty and fashion, on the occasion of the union of his lordship's eldest daughter, the Hon. Miss Jerningham, with his Excellency Lucius Courtenay, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, near the Court of St. James', and also that of Sydney Clifton Borrowdale, Esquire, of New−York, America, to Julia, adopted daughter of James Borrowdale, Esquire, of Boston, in the state of Massachusetts.

"The interest attached to the performance of this important ceremony was greatly heightened on the present occasion by the romantic nature of the younger Mr. Borrowdale's history; who, stolen from his parents in childhood, was placed in charge of a wretched couple named Glenthorne, who both closed a life of crime by suicide. The facts connected with his supposed parentage have attained notoreity by their partial disclosure at a recent trial for highway robbery; but it is not generally known that the young gentleman is a near relative of the noble lord whom he gallantly rescued from the clutches of the robbers, and will, at the demise of his father, stand next in succession to the title and estates.

"From his first advent in this world of trouble, Mr. Borrowdale appears to have been the sport of malign influences, which, until quite recently, have reigned with despotic sway over his fortunes and reputation. To the schemes of one De Lyle is attributed the greater portion of his late calamities, who, our readers will recollect, was murdered a few days since by one whom he had deeply injured. In addition to all these circumstances, the authorship of "*Fatality* " and "*The Conscience Stricken*," is avowed by this accomplished American, who will rival the most celebrated authors of our time, if a fortune and the possession of the young lady to whom he is passionately attached, do not clip the eagle wings of his ambition, and cause him to abandon a career in which he is so well fitted to shine.

"Among the guests were several distinguished Americans, of whom Baillie Shafton, Julius Ellingbourne and Pierce Matthison, Esquires, were conspicuous. The first named gentleman is a great favourite in our fashionable circles, where on a previous visit to the metropolis his sallies of wit, and courteous manners rendered him a welcome guest at every mansion.

"Mr. Ellingbourne was the antagonist of the younger Mr. Borrowdale, in an affair of honour, previous to his leaving New−York, the result of which was nearly fatal to the former. Mutual explanations have removed all cause of hostility, and, like men of honour, they are again friends. Mr. Matthison is somewhat celebrated, considering his recent arrival among us, for the promulgation of a novel theory relating to the mutual operation of mind and matter, and although we do not profess to have become converts to the gentleman's doctrines, we cheerfully admit the originality and plausibility with which they are presented.

"It would perhaps be invidious to select any lady from the brilliant throng as peculiarly entitled to admiration, but we may well be pardoned for noticing the majestic figure and graceful bearing of Miss Helen Elwell, a young

American lady—and the cousin of Mr. Borrowdale's charming bride—who was the cynosure of all eyes.

"A whisper circulated through the crowd, alledging her early attachment to the young American who has wedded her cousin, excited the curious attention of many guests; but if "grief, like a worm in the bud," preyed on her heart, its effect on her person was not discernible; unless a lofty appearance of indifference to the ceremonies of the bridal, might be deemed the result of studied effort, rather than the natural effects of constitutional coldness.

"Since the celebration of these nuptials, we learn that Julius Ellingbourne, Esq., has led this young lady to the hymeneal altar, and we trust that no regrets for unattainable enjoyments will poison the happiness of either party.

"We are informed that it is the intention of Lord Templeton and his beautiful unmarried daughter, the Hon. Miss Euphenia Jerningham, to visit an estate in the north of England, in company with the new−married couples.

"As a sequel to the notice of Mr. Borrowdale, jun.'s history, it may be well to state that to a worthy gentleman of New−York and his lady was he indebted for the name of Clifton, who, although in moderate circumstances, gave their adopted son an education which his genius and application have nobly improved. For this excellent couple their charge entertains the most affectionate regard; and from respect for those to whom his future heir is so deeply indebted, Lord Templeton has transferred them the title deeds of a valuable estate in the county of Northumberland, and in the event of their declining its occupancy the income will be remitted them annually.

"By late arrivals from New−York, it appears that an individual named Thomas Burchard, who was the instrument and pander of De Lyle, in his base assaults upon the character of Mr. Borrowdale, has at length atoned for his crimes, by being recently sentenced to the State's prison for life. The immediate cause of his arrest was the commission of a daring burglary; and the developments on his trial were so fatal to his cause, that the bench of judges unanimously concurred in awarding the severest punishment which the law would permit. The eminent mercantile house of Howard, De Lyle & Co., of New−York, have suspended payment. This unlooked−for event created the most intense excitement in commercial circles, when it was understood that the large engagements which caused their bankruptcy were entered into surreptitiously by the younger De Lyle, without the knowledge of his partners; and that the endorsements were, in many instances, forgeries. That the senior partner of the firm, the father of the wretched individual whose career was recently closed in this city, will, on learning the fate of his only child, be prostrated, never to rise, is but too probable; and we unite with his business friends here, in deploring a calamity which will embitter the remaining days of a high−minded and virtuous gentleman.

"A recurrence by Messrs. Courtenay and Clifton to early reminiscences disclosed an intimacy which existed between them in boyhood of which both were previously unaware.

"In consequence of Mr. Courtenay having inherited a large fortune, on condition of assuming the name of the legatee, the gentlemen met in London as strangers.

"The name of the American minister was originally Henry Melbourne, and it is stated that his father was a distinguished American officer."