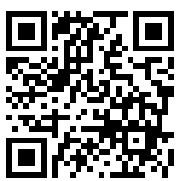

CLINTON BRADSHAW:

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A LAWYER.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY ROBINSON AND JONES.
1847.

DEDICATION.

TO MY SISTER, FRANCES ANN,

MY DEAR SISTER,

AS A SLIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF YOUR AFFECTION,

I Inscribe these Volumes with your name.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

THE AUTHOR.

CLINTON BRADSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR the court house, in one of our principal cities, the especial whereabout and name, for certain reasons, we must leave to the sagacity of our readers, in an autumnal evening, about eight o'clock, or after, not many years since, a young gentleman might have been seen walking in rather a quick step, like one who felt himself in somewhat of a hurry. On reaching the door of what appeared to be a lawyer's office, he rapped quickly against it with a leaden-headed rattan, such as were then, and are now, much the fashion. "Come in," said a voice, from the upper story of the building, from the window of which a light shone forth into the street.

"Hold a light, Bradshaw," said the visiter, as he entered the lower room, "or I may break my neck over some of these chairs."

"Come a-head, my dear fellow; be cat-like, see in the dark, or feel—you know the room; besides, fancy you are stealing to your lady-love, and, though you need not tread with a feathery step, yet, be a little cautious. Take care you don't run your proboscis against the stair door—it's open: if you do, there'll be blood upon thy face; that won't look well at the party. Mind, there's a nail I fasten the door with, that may interfere with your inexpressibles: I've none to lend you;—I'm as poor as Job's turkey."

"I am ditto to Mr. Burke, and that's a good reason why you should have held the light," said the visiter, who, by this time, had ascended the stairs free of harm, and entered the room. He found Bradshaw busily engaged, with his coat off, in the act of polishing a pair of pumps. The room was filled with rough shelves, which were covered with books, most of them of the law, as could be distinguished by the covers; but, in a kind of recess, formed by the flue of the chimney, was a number of miscellaneous works, which appeared to have seen some service. There was a screen in the room; behind it was a bed; and in the center of the chamber, near the fire-place, in which was a little fire burning, stood a table; on it were scattered papers and books, apparently in much confusion.

"Why, Bradshaw, you are a pretty fellow! It's after eight o'clock, and here you are blacking your pumps, and not dressed yet. Bah! your hands are as black as a chimney sweep's: I'd have a fellow to attend to such things for me, if I had to go in debt for it."

"So would I, and so do I; but the Rev. Mr. Longshore, who does me this honor, has gone to an abolition meeting,—and the calls of patriotism, or rather philanthrophy, are, with him, stronger, of course, than pecuniary considerations. See, I'm giving them a polish like his face."

"Bradshaw," said his companion, whose name was Henry Selman, and who carefully dusted a chair ere he seated himself, "what do you think of these abolitionists?"

"Think of them! Why, that some of them are knaves, some of them are fools, and some of them are honest, but misguided, men. But, tell me, who's to be at the party?"

"Why, all the world and his wife; I'm told the old fellow is going to do the handsome thing. He's made great preparations, and the womenkind have been talking of it this week past. I wonder if the old chap is as rich as it is said?"

"Doubtful."

"What makes you think so?"

"Various circumstances; however, it is generally thought that, if he lives, he will be very wealthy. He, you know, is alike fond of money and display. He wants to win caste among the aristocratic, and he seeks to hide his original obscurity in display:—he cannot throw off the "filthy dowlas" of the plebian, but he can cover it with the patrician robes. It sometimes, as you know, steals out, though most wofully. I should rather say this of the family than of the old man, for he is indifferent to the aristocracy with which they would inoculate him. But why do you ask? are you speculating upon the solid charms of his daughters?"

"Why, that depends, as you would say, upon the speculations of the father: they are fine girls, but they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Ay, and the parent stem is thorny: you must take care in the plucking, else you will find the thorns remain, after the sweets are not only plucked, but gone—all but the memory. There is no fun in wooing for gold, and marrying a portionless bride; besides, the old man's a hard knot, and if he had wealth, you would "feel hope deferred" for many a year, and of that heart sickness an unloved wife could not cure you. Again: though his fortune might give one daughter a splendid dow-

er, think of it, when divided among the race of Perrys that are, and are to be."

"Bradshaw, you're a strange fellow: I never saw such a mixture of sensuality and sentiment, worldliness and romance, in any man, before."

"Well, sir, that's bad news: it's the very temperament to bedevil a man; for between the conflicting feelings which must be engendered in such a character, there must always be an irresoluteness of purpose—an action and reaction—that will make anything but a successful, or a happy being."

Bradshaw's brow clouded as he spoke. He had finished the task which Mr. Longshore, but for the abolition meeting, would have performed for him, and with his toilet made, for he was quick and careless in making it, he stood leaning, with his arms folded, against the mantel-piece, looking abstractedly into the fire. Selman paused, for a moment, from the self-complacent act of striking his square-toed shoe with his rattan, struck with the interesting and intellectual appearance of Bradshaw: He was rather below the middle size, and of slender and graceful proportions; his head was finely shaped; the hair thick and wavy, and worn carelessly, without any regard to the fashion, though it had been cut fashionably; the forehead was rather broad and perpendicular, than high; and his eye was dark and deeply set, with a quick and searching glance. It was capable of every variety of expression, and no one could look upon it, for a moment, without being struck by its expression. His nose was straight and finely formed, and the mouth chiselled, with compressed lips, for one so young, but which relaxed into a winning or scornful smile in an instant. There was, in him, that undefinable interest which some men create in the bosoms, even of their most familiar acquaintances, and which strikes the most casual observer, and makes him anxious to know more of the character before him. He will occupy a considerable portion of this narrative.

At the period where we now begin his history, he is about nineteen years of age, and a student of law. His previous biography is soon told: He is the only son of a most respectable farmer, whose progenitors landed on the pilgrim rock, among that little band who were the fathers of New England. In the progress of years, the immediate ancestors of Clinton Bradshaw emigrated to one of our middle states, and there his father tilled the farm which had been, for more than a century and a half, in his family.

Clinton Bradshaw had, in early life, very bad health; so much so as to prevent him, for many years, from going to school. His mother, however, did all she could to compensate him for the loss: she kept him as close at his books as his health and truant disposition would allow: nevertheless, he grew up, to the age of fifteen, without *schooling* in any respect. His health was often an excuse for him, not only to quit the tasks of the master, but to throw aside those of the mother, and roam at large through the woods and by the streams where his wayward inclination led him. Yet, in consequence of severe attacks of indisposition, he was, at periods, much confined to the house; and by his mother's side he would read, day after day, and week after week, every variety of books, which, at his age, could interest a youthful mind; and some, which older minds delight in. Notwithstanding the religious character of his parents—they were Methodists—he was allowed to read just what he chose, and what the large circulating library of the city supplied; as anything that would relieve his suffering, or make him forgetful of his tedious confinement, that which a spirited boy so ilily bears, was permitted him. Romances, history, biography, novels, poems were thus open to him, and through them he roamed, with as little restraint as through his father's fields, when his health permitted him to do so. His parents, too, though very plain people, at the period to which we allude, visited a great deal among their neighbors and in the city; and to divert the mind of their son—the only son—as well as to keep him immediately under the parental eye, for they felt monently and intensely anxious about his health, they always took him with them. In his early years a little stool was placed in the bottom of the gig for him, as regularly as the horse was harnessed; and when he grew older, Clinton's saddle was put upon his pony, and he accompained his father to the different country meetings, religious and political; for the father felt an interest in both; and, though a modest and retiring man, was a leading character among his neighbors. At the quiltings and apple-butter frolics, Clinton was a favorite with every body—the farmers, their wives and daughters, always welcomed him. At the husking matches, where the negroes collect in the slave states with the laboring class of whites, on some allotted evening, and make a frolic of stripping the corn, which has previously been thrown in a pile, from the husks, no one's coming gave more real satisfaction to all. The old negroes would observe, "There comes Massa Clinton; he good to poor nigger; he make good massa:" and the youngster would grin from ear to ear, with the anticipation of some harmless trick that Clinton would be sure to play off upon some one. The whites, too, would greet him, one and all; his presence, young as he was, never failed to give delight to every one. In this way Clinton Bradshaw's character became a marked one in early life. In the company of his father and mother he went frequently into the best society the neighborhood afforded, in it were some of the oldest and most respectable families in the country, and under circumstances where he seldom met boys of his age; this compelled him to seek what enjoyment he found on such occasions, in the conversations of his elders, male and female. He would stand by his father's side and listen, for hours, to matters of grave discussion between him and his friends, or talk with the old ladies of his mother and themselves: with the young ones he was most popular; he early learned the thousand nameless arts of pleasing

them, which he practiced, not with the sheepishness of a boy, but just with boyishness enough to make them remark what a man he would be. From these various scenes, when his mother did not accompany him, he would return and tell her all about them. As his father was not communicative concerning his meetings with his friends, through Clinton. Mrs. Bradshaw generally learned what his father said and what others said. To his mother, and his little sister,—he had but one sister,—he would narrate all he saw in the female community of the neighborhood: and whenever he had been from home they were sure to ask him all about his visit, which he could recount with a discrimination of character, and powers of conversation, far above his years. All these various circumstances made him manly, early, and gave him address, self-possession, and self-reliance in every company. His reading, in his long hours of sickness, had been such as to fit him to shine in society.

At fifteen, Clinton's health rapidly improved; so much so that, at his own request, he was taken from the county school and boarded in the city, that he might attend the high school, or college, if we give the epithet to the institution with which the trustees were wont to dignify it. In town his mind rapidly developed itself; in the routine of school his companions surpassed him, but in composition and declamation he stood unrivalled. He was popular, both with his tutors and his schoolmates; for though hasty, and prone to resentment, he was frank, magnanimous, and daring. He had, however, the temperament which is said to belong to genius. He was subject to an inequality of spirits, and to a depression, which sometimes made him moody in the gayest scenes. This was observed of him in his early boyhood; he would retire from his companions in the midst of their gaity, and sit apart, musing, for hours. He was, perhaps, rather suspicious: this, in after life, he attributed to reading tales of treachery and blood, such as first caught his attention in boyhood. Without the occurrence of any material incident, other than may be noticed in the progress of our narrative, Clinton Bradshaw left school with a high reputation for talent—the very highest—and commenced the study of the law. In the office, in the upper story of which our readers have been introduced to him, he had been a student nearly a year.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. James Perry, at whose house the party was given, was one of that class of individuals who are frequently to be met with in our country. From extreme poverty and obscurity he had risen to opulence, and that kind of reputation which opulence bestows. On 'Change, he was bowed to with profound respect by his brother merchants: the lawyer knew him as one able to fee well; the mechanic, as one who paid well; the young, fashionable men, about town, as the old chap who had daughters and something to give them; and the young ladies, that is, certain of them, as the delightful old gentleman with such fine sons; and the solicitors of all sorts of nameless charities, as the very one whom they had best get to head the lists of contributions: therefore, Mr. Perry was a distinguished citizen. He was a shrewd, money-making, money-keeping old man, with a good deal of worldly wisdom. He did not look upon the bright side of human nature, but he was good-natured, and he retained much of his original vulgarity, which did not trouble himself, but afflicted his family sorely.

Mr. Perry had four daughters and two sons; the oldest of the daughters was married to Mr. Joseph Nutt, who formed one of the firm of Perry, Nutt, & Co.; the Co. being represented by the eldest son of Mr. Perry; namely, Mr. James Perry, jr. The rest of the family were unmarried, but marriageable. There was, first, Miss Priscilla Perry, and then Miss Penelope Perry, and then Miss Jane Perry, and then, last, though not least, at least in his own estimation, was Mr. Washington Perry. The mother of this race was a thin, bustling, active old lady, who loved her children devotedly, and always sided with them when any discussion took place between them and their father on certain fashionable proprieties, which the old gentleman seemed to have a propensity to violate, or rather not to understand. Upon this point Mrs. Perry felt herself entitled to admonish him, as she was sometimes wont to observe, in the family circle, that she came of a family who knew what high life was when Mr. Perry first got acquainted with her: and he had to show the devotion of years, in which time his property did not decrease, before the lady could be brought to consent to accept his long proffered hand.

Two suits of rooms were thrown open to receive the company who assembled on this evening. It was, literally, a squeeze. An individual moved about to the eminent risk of his neighbors' toes, and to, apparently, the unutterable damage of the ladies' dresses. It required the skill of an accomplished tactician to step amidst the mass of fashionables (dare we use the expression) and not do injury. How frowningly disdainful would curl some fair one's lips, when some one whom she held of little worth disordered her robes in passing!—particularly if the individual chanced to be one of her own sex, the why and wherefore of whose invitation she held debateable. These squeezes are a great test of amiability. How many passions are attempted to be thrown off with the old dress! and how many soft phrases and kind looks are put on with the new one, which, like it, often lose their gloss before the evening is over; and yet here were many happy faces that were really emblems of happy hearts—and many more that wore the seeming, and had it not—this counterfeiting, though, proves one thing, that the true coin is not only current but valuable.

The party was a brilliant one—all the

fashion of the town were there, and they had assembled before Bradshaw and his friend arrived.

"I declare, Mr. Selman," said Miss Penelope Perry, a plump, pretty, good-natured coquetish girl, "I declare you are really getting too fashionable, you are the last of all!"

"Not in your good opinion, I hope, Miss Penelope," said Selman, with a most gallant air, which was meant to be tender.

"You deserve to be, if you are not, sir, for coming at such a time."

"I assure you, Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, "it was my fault. I detained Selman; and the only way I could keep him was, by discoursing of yourself."

As this was said, Selman took his seat by Miss Penelope, and Bradshaw, cutting his eye at him, whispered, "Three is bad company," and sauntered to another part of the room.

"My, what fine manners Mr. Bradshaw has," said Miss Penelope; "he's so good-looking, and they say he is superior to all the young men in the city. Is it so?"

The way that "superior to all the young men in the city" was pronounced, gave Selman, for a moment, a queer sensation, that was not pleasurable, but he rallied and said,

"He's the finest fellow I know; as that wild Kentuckian, Willoughby, says, he's a whole-souled fellow."

"I wonder he don't go more into society, I never saw easier manners."

"Yes, he has very fine manners; but, Miss Penelope," said Selman, lowering his voice, "why did you treat me so coldly at your sister's, Mrs. Nutts, last night? You had neither smile nor look for any one but that booby Bates."

"Kentuck," said Bradshaw to Willoughby, in another part of the room, "how do you like our city? and how does this gay scene before you compare with old Kentuck?"

"Why, sir," said Willoughby, who was proud of being a Kentuckian, "Kentuck would not suffer in the comparison. There we have more frankness; and in getting up a ball or party extempore we could beat you. I wish, Bradshaw, you would take a trip across the mountains with me, some of these days, and judge for yourself; you would be delighted with the Kentuckians, and, to tell the truth, you remind me a good deal of them."

"Thank you, sir. Estimating your countrymen as I know you do, I feel, indeed, that you have paid me a compliment."

"Ah, Mr. Willoughby, I'm glad to see you, sir," said old Mr. Perry, advancing towards the young men, and giving them a hearty shake of the hand; "you must make a good report of us, when you write home. Mr. Bradshaw, you are welcome, sir. I believe you are not yet acquainted with my wife, sir; my lady—Mrs. Perry?"

"I have not yet had that pleasure, sir; though I have several times called on the Miss Perrys, I have not been so fortunate as to see your lady."

The old gentleman took the arm of Bradshaw and led him up to Mrs. Perry, who was standing by the mantel-piece, with great dignity, waiting the approach of her guests. Bradshaw was, accordingly, introduced.

"I believe Mr. Perry built this house himself, ma'am," said Clinton, looking round the ample dimensions of the room, and at the costly furniture, "did he not?"

"Yes, sir—oh, yes, sir; and, I believe, I may lay claim to some of it as being according to my taste."

"All of it, I presume, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, and the Miss Perrys; the folding doors, sir—they are broader, you perceive, than they are generally made. I took the hint from Mrs. Holliday's, and she, I'm told, saw all the houses after this fashion when she was in Europe."

"Mrs. Holliday; is she here, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir: that tall lady in black, whom you see standing by the piano. She is a delightful lady; I love her very much."

"I have the pleasure of knowing her."

"Yes, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, it seems you know every body this evening, except me, your old schoolmate," said a voice at Bradshaw's elbow.

Bradshaw turned quickly, and well he might. The speaker was a female, and could scarcely be sixteen. Her form was of the finest proportions, and graceful as could be; perhaps she was not quite tall enough. The rose was just budding. The delicately moulded hand, which he felt tremble a little, as he clasped it, was proverbially beautiful and fair. The neck, thrown archly back, may be, with a little consciousness, was nearly hid by long and clustering curls of light auburn hair, that seemed, as the light was reflected on them from a large mirror opposite, to have been gathered of sunbeams, among which night had partly thrown her shadows, if I may dare to use such an expression, and bound upon her brow with starry looking pearl. Her forehead was very fair, but rather broad than high, and the eyebrow rather deeply drawn, and slightly arching. Her eye was blue—blue as heaven, with a softness over it, like a summer's sky seen between whitest clouds; but its expression changed with every feeling, while a playful archness and sensibility lurked in her exquisite and redolent lip.

"Mary," he exclaimed, warmly,—"I beg pardon, Miss Carlton, when did you come to town?"

"Yes, sir, you're a pretty schoolmate to neglect your old friends at this rate! I brought a note for you from your sister, and I was determined you should not have it till you called for it. I came to town the day before yesterday, and this is the first you knew of it, is it? And here you have been in the room this half hour, and, I verily believe, you have spoken to every one in it, old and young, except myself!"

"No, Mary, no," said Bradshaw, in a low voice—

"'Every humbler altar passed,
I now have reached the shrine at last.'

indeed, I am glad to see you. If I had known you were here, I should not have loitered away so long: I should have had the pleasure of waiting on you here. How is my sister?—But I heard from her to-day."

"Is she well?"

"Yes."

"She has written you a very long letter.—She said you were to be out there next Sunday. She charged me to tell you to take care of your health."

"My kind parents and sister think I am still an invalid, and they regard me still as the poor, frail child who gave them so much uneasiness. I consider myself now in strong health, and, as I never was much of a student, and read less now than I did two years since, there is, a likelihood of my health remaining strong."

"I hope so; but, Mr. Clinton, what if you should become dissipated among your city friends? I suppose you flatter yourself that you have strength of mind sufficient to resist all temptation?"

"Quite the contrary: I find that the prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' which I have so often heard my father repeat, must be mine in spirit and in truth; for, Mary, to tell you the truth, I fear, whenever I get into temptation, temptation gets the better of me. Won't you be my guardian angel?"

"Why, sir, according to your confession, you'll want a whole host of guardian angels; as many as were appointed in Pope's poem to guard the lady's hair,—and, after all, you know, the lock was stolen."

"Ah, but Mary, who would not struggle with a thousand invisible shapes of air, and defy their influence, to win such a lock?" said Bradshaw, gazing upon her own luxuriant tresses.

"Come, Mr. Clinton, none of your flattery here, sir," said she, slightly blushing; "talk to me as you used to talk to me at school, when you walked home between Emily and me, and bore our baskets for us, and gathered the wild berries, and plucked the wild rose, and kept away the wild bull: do you remember that time?" continued she, drawing involuntarily closer to his side; "I shall never forget it, Clinton. Now, sometimes, it occurs to me you are altering, particularly since you have come to town: you seem more worldly, and more cold, and more ambitious, and what you say is said in choicer language, and with more self-possession, but is there so much of the heart in it?"

"More of it, to you, Mary; but come, take my arm and promenade with me, and let me make some of these exquisites around us envious."

"Pray, who is that?" said a young man, in another part of the room, by the name of Bates, to his companion; "who is that, on whose arm Miss Carlton is leaning?"

The interrogator is the same individual whom Selman, in reproaching Miss Penelope Perry for neglecting him, called "booby Bates." He is a young gentleman who has high notions of himself,—high aristocratic notions of family,—notwithstanding his father was a pedlar, and peddled, with a pack upon his back, tapes and needles to the mothers of those around him, whom he affects to call plebeians. Mr. Bates was fresh from college, and strongly remined one of Swift's lines—

> "Near a bow-shot from the college,
> Half the world from sense or knowledge."

His companion was a young gentleman of his own age and calibre. He replied to the interrogation in an affected tone of voice, saying, "Upon honor, I don't know anything about him. His father, I believe, is an old farmer—ploughman, who sells his own turnips in the market, and has, I suspect, hard times to raise the wind to support my gentleman in the study of the law. Really, Mr. Bates, the professions are becoming quite common!"

"Yes sir, very much so, Mr. Turnbull; but how came Miss Carlton to be acquainted with him?"

"Why, I believe sir, the fact is, that this young man's father's farm joins the estate of Mr. Carlton, and, I suppose, the young man, in running of errands to Mr. Carlton's, perhaps to the overseer's, to borrow some article of husbandry for his father, chanced to get acquainted with Miss Carlton."

"She seems to treat him very kindly."

"He fastened himself upon her, probably, and she can't get rid of him. Besides, there's no accounting for tastes, you know; ha, ha, his father's a shouting methodist!"

"We must reform these things, Mr. Turnbull; we must reform these things," replied Mr. Bates, adjusting his stock.

"I'd give a hundred dollars," thought Selman, who had overheard this conversation, "if I had it to give, poor devil as I am, if Bradshaw heard this. I hate that Bates, and I've just a great mind to tell Bradshaw. The blood of the pilgrims would be up in his veins, as Kentuck would say, like all wrath." Selman was a great lover and utterer of quaint sayings.

The dancing now commenced. Mr. Bates, with an air of extreme affectation, treading on his toes, and bending forward, advanced to Miss Carlton, and begged the honor of her hand for the dance.

"Thank you, sir," replied Miss Carlton, "I promised to promenade this set with Clinton—with Mr. Bradshaw. Are you acquainted with Mr. Bates, Mr. Bradshaw? Gentlemen permit me to make you acquainted."

The young men bowed to each other: Bradshaw with easy civility, and Bates with much awkwardness, which was intended for dignity.

"How long have you been home, Mr. Bates?" asked Bradshaw.

"About a month, sir."

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir. When Professor D———, of Yale, was in our city, some three months since, I had the honor of making his acquaintance. I received a letter from him to-day; he spoke of you, sir, and of several of your fellow-students; and desired me to present

his compliments to those of the graduates with whom I might be acquainted."

"Was he well, sir."

"Yes, sir, I thank you, very well," replied Bradshaw, as he bowed and passed onward, with Miss Carlton leaning on his arm.

The dance went on merrily. Selman was making the agreeable, with all his might, to Miss Penelope Perry; and the lady appeared to be particularly kind. Mrs. Perry was seated on the sofa, talking with one of the elder ladies, but evidently abstracted: judging from the expression of her eye, and its direction, she was observing the Miss Perrys. The way in which she contrived to keep all of them in her maternal vision was an art which none but mothers, fond of their daughters, and anxious for them, can practice. There is a beauty and joy in the glittering dance which makes even age blithesome! The merry music—the many twinkling feet keeping time with it—the profusion of lights—the happy faces looking on—and the thousand little flirtations which the very courtesies of the dance call up in the feelings of partners, however indifferent to each other,—how strong, at the moment, the feelings of others, differently situated!—combine to make the scene one of enjoyment to all. Even the old gentlemen, who had been busily discussing the politics of the day over Mr. Perry's wine, quit the one, and forgot the other, while they joined the circle round the dancers, and called up the day of "Auld lang Syne." To an observer of human nature it is a pleasant sight to behold, on such occasions, how the grey heads and caps of the company will become suddenly brisk and youthful in their civilities to each other.—Then it is, the young discover that the manners of their fathers, which struck them as cold formalities—the formalities of another age, which must have been one of stiff ceremonies—are, in fact, as social as their own, when the social feelings are aroused. Their parents differ from them only as age differs from youth; as the snow-clad landscape, the frozen current, and songless bird upon the withered bough of winter, differ from the smiling landscape, the babbling brook, and tuneful bird of summer.

CHAPTER III.

It was late when the company broke up. Bradshaw stood in the passage with his hat under his arm, waiting to escort Miss Carlton home, who was up stairs, arraying herself in her cloak and bonnet. As she descended Mr. Bates stepped up and offered her his services.

"I am sorry to deprive you of so much pleasure, sir," said Bradshaw, "but this is an honor and a gratification which I cannot resign."

As Bradshaw passed out, with Miss Carlton leaning on his arm, Willoughby and Selman both addressed him with—"Bradshaw, meet us at Fleming's."

Mary, this is a beautiful night! how bright the moon and stars are! I should love these autumn evenings, were it not that the leaves of these shade trees seem, when moved by the night air, to be sighing for summer. The happiest period of my life was the six months after I had left my town school, previously to my commencing law student, which I spent in the country. How often have I walked with yourself and Emily on such an evening! The stillness of the scene, interrupted only by the falling of the leaves, and the breath of the wind among them, contrasts with this so strangely and so jarringly, that I wish we were walking there now, that 'Auld lang Syne' might be called up without any discordant associations."

"I wish so, too, with all my heart, for it seems to me that, in town, one feels more worldly, and disposed to speculate upon and question feelings which, in the country, we should be content with enjoying."

"Yes, 't is just so; and who ever yet quit a crowded and bustling scene, such as we have just left, and went forth, in the still night, without feeling a certain sense of loneliness—no, I cannot, must not say loneliness, with you by my side—but a conviction that their happiness never can spring from such scenes, and that they constitute but a small portion of it."

"True, Clinton," said his companion, looking up into his face; "but why do you, who seem to enjoy such scenes so much, philosophize so much against them?"

"Ay, there's the rub: I do enjoy myself a great deal, but it is the enjoyment of mere excitement, which must give place to gloomy thoughts. I do believe that we start in life with a certain portion of animal spirits, which, like a bottle of Champagne, we cannot use and keep: or, to use a homelier illustration, we cannot eat our cake and have it too."

"But is not the memory of its enjoyment a pleasure?"

"Why, I don't know; I rather think with Byron—

> "Joy's recollections are no longer joy,
> But sorrow's memory is sorrow still"—

Here am I now, with the world before me, to force my way in a toilsome and most laborious profession, with thousands running the same career; even should I win in the race, it may be at the expense of health, and to find the goal beside the grave, and scarcely a breathing time, before the breath is gone forever."

"What put you in such a strange humor, Clinton?"

"Oh, I don't know,—seeing you, I suppose, whom I have not seen for so long. It throws me back upon all my early feelings, which, to tell the truth, I have not called up lately.—They come upon me like an overflowing stream that has been pent up for a long time. My 'little bark of hope' may be said to be upon the breakers, driving I know not whither—he who holds the helm, you know, must not look back too often to the land he's left—must not look back, I fear, at all—else, he

may be wrecked upon his venturous voyage. He must go on, like Columbus, and quell the passions that rise, like his mutinous mariners, to force him back. Therefore it is, Mary, that I want a guardian angel, as I told you early this evening, or, rather, a bright, particular star, to control my destiny and make it happy."

"Ah! but Clinton," said his companion, in a tone, that a close observer would have discovered, trembled a little, "as I replied, you would want a host of guardian angels—a milky way of stars."

"This milky way of stars would but mislead me. Mary, I should verify, to quote poetry again, for the 'stars are the poetry of heaven,' I should verify the lines of the poet—

"'A wand'ring bark upon whose path-way shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one.'

Well, here we are at your home. Let me pull the bell. I have talked and felt more romantic for this last half hour than I have since I last saw you."

"Clinton, you must call and see me very soon."

"Certainly—I will call to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night."

Bradshaw turned to leave; when he had proceeded ten or twelve steps from the door, he heard it shut gently. Buttoning his coat close up to the collar, he hastened down street, with a rapid step, to Fleming's. He descended the steps of the cellar (it was an oyster cellar), and in a few moments stood among his companions, who were all seated round the open stove of the establishment, waiting for him.

"Bradshaw you must have escorted Miss Carlton home at a snail's pace—Selman's just got here from Perry's; he lingered round Miss Penelope like old Mohegan about his birth place," exclaimed Willoughby.

"Ah, did he?" replied Bradshaw; "I thought several times, when I observed Miss Penelope and Selman this evening, that she must have been influenced by a consideration of the text, 'Blessed are the merciful;' and you know, Selman, that love is like mercy, it is thrice blessed;

"'It blesses her that gives and him that takes.'

But beware of old Mohegan's fate, Hal; remember he expired in a *flame*, or, what is worse, he was literally scorched to death."

"Bradshaw!" exclaimed Selman, "plague take your quotations; be original. I heard you this evening, with your d——d die away air, repeating Tom Moore to Miss Penelope. I don't think Tom Moore should be repeated to any lady."

"Ah, Selman, Selman," said Bradshaw, laughing.

"'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

And I fear me, that true love has run this evening as it always runs."

"I thought," said Kentuck, "when I observed Selman this evening, that he was going ahead like one of our glorious Ohio steamers; but, by Jove, I believe he's run against a snag since. Stranger," he continued, imitating the rough voice of a boatman, "you seem to be in a bad fix."

Here they all laughed heartily, save Selman, who tried to laugh, too, but his voice jarred like a cracked fiddle at a concert.

"A fellow never knows when he is well off," said Bradshaw. "I heard mother-in-law puff him up to the seventh heaven to-night, and the old gentlemen echoed it."

"Come," exclaimed Selman, jumping up and rallying; "love must be fed, gentlemen, and Bradshaw, I suspect you have an appetite,—you have been out so long in this cold night-air, hey? What say you?"

"Yes, you're right, Selman; I have an excellent appetite. What say you to whiskey-punch and oysters? Or, if you feel more ethereal, wine and oysters, or a beef-steak! for I must feed."

"I go in for the punch," said Kentuck.

The viands were accordingly ordered.

"Gentlemen," asked a modest, amiable young man, named Emory, "how did you enjoy yourselves this evening?"

"As for me," said Willoughby, "first rate. I stood by the sideboard and listened to father Perry with profound attention. The way I sucked in his wine and his wisdom was a caution. I drank bumpers to all his sentiments. Bradshaw, you, I thought, were, like Selman, drinking in something else."

"Yes," said Selman, "I suspect you're verifying the old proverb, 'In wine there is truth.' I'll swear you're telling it on Bradshaw.—What say you, Bradshaw?"

Bradshaw smiled and replied—"No man is obliged to criminate himself, as the law tells us. Criminate himself! Why, it would be criminal not to admire Miss Carlton!"

"That's a fact," said Kentuck; she's the loveliest creature I ever saw, east or west."

"She has so much ease and grace," said Emory; "and then, for one so young, she has such sweet manners to all."

The servant soon came in to say that their oysters were ready.

"It's half after one, by Shrewsbury clock," said Kentuck. "We are here all alone; come one and all into number seven. Mr. Fleming, please to let us have a goodly number of whiskey punches. Let me see; one, two, three, four, five—that's it; 'there's a divinity in odd numbers.' No, we're not exactly alone neither; I see there's a light away off in that box."

The young men all entered box number seven, and before they left it, their stock of oysters had been replenished once or twice, and their glasses repeatedly; so often as to add a great deal to their already overflowing hiliarity. The company were five in number; namely, Bradshaw, Kentuck, Selman, Emory, and another, whom we have not yet introduced to our readers, named Cavendish, who did not join his party until they had

commenced their supper. Cavendish was a student of law, and from his great gravity, and a certain oddness, more, perchance, than for his legal acquirements, although they were very superior, his companions had already anticipated his elevation to the bench, by calling him judge. The judge's gravity had been considerably relaxed, and his tongue loosened, by the good things which the little green curtain of number seven hid from the vulgar eye. As the young men came forth and took their seats round the stove, Bradshaw and Cavendish were in warm dispute concerning the merits of different members of the bar.

"I tell you what it is, Judge," said Bradshaw, "you may depend upon it, that Glassman, in point of real talent—of genius—*is* the first man at this bar. I know that he is dissipated—that he has been guilty of excesses—that there are many things in his life which the world condemns: but remember what Byron has so beautifully said of Sheridan—

"What to them seemed vice might be but wo!"

"Wo!" exclaimed Cavendish, "you don't pretend to tell me there is any wo about Glassman!"

"Yes, I do pretend to tell you that there is wo about Glassman—unhappiness, I mean."

"Unhappiness! What a man you are, Bradshaw; you're always fancying something of somebody. Why, he is one of the liveliest men I ever saw: it's a mere fondness for dissipation and profligacy which makes him lead such a life, and I consider that W—— and T—— are infinitely his superiors, as lawyers. What, in the name of common sense, makes you think that he's unhappy?"

"If you please, a mere fancy. I know little of his history, and I don't know him personally; but he's a man who always interested me. He's dissipated, fond of society, yet I'm told, has no intimates—he's a *roue* without a mistress—a gambler, indifferent to losses or gains—and you must have observed, if you've ever observed him, though not at all avaricious, he always attends closely to business, when he has a press of it; and it is in some interval of business, or when he has very little to attend to, that he commences his scenes of dissipation: I, therefore, conclude, that he does not seek dissipation for the mere love of it, but for the oblivion which it brings. Depend upon it, no man, no matter how loudly he laughs, or how easily he talks, ever exhibited such a character as Glassman, who was not unhappy; and, much as I may startle you with the thought, I do not believe his unhappiness springs from disappointed ambition or treacherous friendship—what think you of my saying of Glassman, the *roue*, that I think the unhappiness, which I attribute to him, arises from a woman."

"You'll be an excellent advocate before a jury, Bradshaw, in fancying facts," said Cavendish. "I might know a man all my life, and never elaborate such a character of him as you've just given: and here you, who don't know Glassman personally—know, you confess, nothing of his history—you pretend to draw such conclusions!"

"Well, Judge," replied Bradshaw, "I confess my premises are slender, and I lay claim to no superior penetration, but I have often observed Glassman at the bar, in the street, and at different places, and I really think what I said is correct, though, perhaps, I could get no one to sanction my opinion: but the superiority of his talents I can maintain on more tenable grounds: he is the first man at the bar, in point of natural capacity; in legal acquirements, he is not surpassed by either W—— or T——; and in polite literature he is better versed than either of them. And, pray, who so eloquent? Who has a finer person? Who a better address? He joins conciliating manners with firmness of purpose. Notwithstanding his habits, he maintains his professional dignity, and commands the respect of the community, not only for his talents, but for himself. Who is more courted in society, when he chooses to enter it, and by those very men and women, too, who spend so much breath in finding fault with him behind his back. Why, Judge, I'd rather hear him speak than any man at this bar. His language is of the pure old English—such as one gets by reading the old poets and prose writers of England—racy, pointed, and precise. His wit may be a little artificial—somewhat after the manner of a good deal of Sheridan's—far-fetched; but, then, it is often natural, and always keen and applicable. If he does not always hit the center of the mark, he always goes near it, even when he misses, and his arrow is sent from so strong a bow, that it always sticks. He reasons clearly—the most profound subject so clearly and so simply that you do not see its profundity or its intricacies. Then, I pray you, who wins more causes than he, or who gives opinions that are oftener sustained by the court—and who can adorn a dry legal argument with so much elegant literature—and who——"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Willoughby, from another part of the cellar, where himself and Selman had been drinking and laughing with Fleming, the owner of the establishment.—"Let's sally out boys, and have a night of it; I feel like going my death."

"So do I," said Selman; "let's have a real spree."

"Agreed," said the Judge, who, though he maintained his argument consecutively, and carried his liquor discreetly, more like an old limb of the law than a young one, was overflowing, as his much talking proved. "Agreed, agreed: call me not Judge, though, gentlemen—call me not Judge: and I shall only resume my judgeship, by your leave, gentlemen, to fine any one as many glasses as we can all drink, who shall dare to disturb the joyousness and the appropriateness of this occasion by uttering the ominous word—Judge."

"A Daniel come to judgment," exclaimed Willoughby.

"Joseph Willoughby," said Cavendish, assuming his gravest face, "the court fine you five glasses of whisky-punch, or of whatever

drink any individual of this company may deem most palatable,—the court will amend their judgment, six glasses, for Fleming will drink one with us,—for transgressing the law."

"How does your Honor make that out?" asked Willoughby.

"Another fine—twelve glasses," said Cavendish.

"How in the d—l do you make that out?" shouted Willoughby.

"Fined again," said Cavendish. "Joseph Willoughby, *alias* old Kentuck, otherwise Kentucky, the court fine you eighteen glasses—let there be silence in court while the judgment is being pronounced—and, let it be understood, that whoever shall refuse to drink his portion of the fines, shall have his nose held, as does a mother hold her child's, when she would give medicine to it, which the ignorant infant has not capacity to understand is for its own good, and take voluntarily,—shall have his nose held, and a double portion administered to him, by compulsion; the first portion, because he ought to have taken it, and the second, because he did not take the first portion willingly."

"How do you make it out?" asked Willoughby, impatiently.

"Let's have the court organized," said Bradshaw. "Cavendish, put that arm-chair on the table, and mount it, for the judgment-seat: here, I'll turn up this little table; it will do for a dock, in which to place the prisoner. Constable Emory, take charge of the prisoner, and place him in the dock, while I assist the Honorable Jonathan Cavendish, whose extreme decrepitude—the decrepitude of honorable age—requires support, to the judgment-seat. We are thankful, however, that he does not want *spirit* to do his duty."

"Listen, Joseph Willoughby, *alias* Kentuck, *alias* old Kentucky," said Cavendish to Willoughby, the one seated in the arm-chair on the table, and the other standing upon the inverted table, while Emory held his collar: "listen, while the court pass sentence upon you, and let the by-standers take warning by your awful example. Were it not that the court were already, for other offenses, about to fine you heavily, you should be severely fined for appearing in court in your present beastly condition—for, alas! it is too apparent that you are in such a state, that the admonition of the court will be but little heeded:—My Lord Mansfield has observed that there is no situation in which the human mind can be placed, more difficult, and more trying, than when it is made a judge in its own cause. The court do not think that they are placed in this difficult situation, described by my Lord Mansfield, though, at first blush, it would seem that they were. The law was passed, that you should not use the word judge on the present occasion: yet, no sooner was it passed, than you exclaimed—'A Daniel come to judgment.'

"Now, who can pronounce the word *judgment*, without saying *judge*. For this, then, you are fined six glasses. As the court were about to pass sentence on you for your first offense, you interrupted the court, and used the word honor; now, as honor is a synonymous word with judge, and as on this occasion we must construe the law according to the *spirit*, you are as clearly finable as if you had said judge. The third instance in which you are finable is, for using the word devil, and interrupting the court. Such offenses as the last-named, were punishable by the common law. Therefore, Joseph Willoughby, *alias* Kentuck, *alias* old Kentucky, you are fined eighteen glasses, and let them be immediately forthcoming. The court are dry with much speaking."

"Ha! ha!" shouted Willoughby; "I will say, though I am fined again, that you 're a wise judge, and I do honor thee."

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Cavendish, with great solemnity, "do you not mean to attend to your duties? Assist the court to descend, sir."

"There 's one thing I 'll propose," said Selman, while they were drinking, "that is, that we fine Bradshaw for his d——d quotations, and for spouting Tom Moore to women."

"Come, let 's sally forth and have a night of it!" exclaimed two or three of the company.

"Gentlemen, I protest," said the Judge, scarcely able to stand, yet as grave as he was tipsy; "I protest, I hope that some of us—your humble servant, for instance—has a character to lose. Here 's Emory, his modesty will take him out of a scrape, as no one will believe that he got intentionally into it. Here 's Selman, he has an excuse in the frowns of his lady-love. It is proper, said one of the old philosophers, to drown love in wine. Old Kentuck is a privileged character; he can get drunk when he pleases. Bradshaw, keep your eyes open, and you 'll be something: you have the elements of success in you; but mind your ways, and put the curb bridle on your imagination and your passions; if you don't, you 'll be thrown, though you were riding Eclipse. There, I can elaborate a character, too, gentlemen. Each of you wend your several ways. What, get into a spree just from Perry's party! Why, sirs, this slanderous town will allege that we got drunk there. I fear they could prove it upon Kentuck; and what, then, gentlemen of the jury? I believe I 'm drunk—I 've got a whole host of declarations to fill up to-morrow. Come, Kentuck—gentlemen, the court stands adjourned *sine die*—this is *die*, though it is as dark as Egypt."

So saying, Cavendish took Willoughby's arm; the rest following, they left, not without many missteps, the cellar.

CHAPTER IV.

With tipsy determination, Cavendish insisted upon going home, and, after a good deal of parleying, Cavendish, Willoughby, and Emory went one way; Kentuck and Emory,

Kentuck especially, making a great noise, turning over boxes, and striking his rattan against the awning-posts and houses, and Cavendish remonstrating with them on the loss of character, and the filthiness of the watch-house. Bradshaw, arm in arm with Selman, proceeded to his office, where we first introduced him to our readers. They soon reached the office, stirred up the fire, and seated themselves before it.

"Bradshaw," said Selman, "I don't know what to make of you, or how to consider you. I was a going to speak to you on this subject before we went to the party, but you spoke of the Perrys in such a manner, and you seemed to think every one must like the girls for their money and for nothing else, that—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted Bradshaw, "don't think of that; my only motive was a little innocent quizzing, and a wish to see how the fair lady stood in your good graces—as I had every reason to believe you stood well in hers."

"Do you think so?" eagerly inquired Selman. "Why, I'll tell you what it is—just how she treats me—and I'll be blowed, if I can tell how I stand with her—sometimes I think very well, and then again her conduct is such that I have a great mind to cut and run. The first part of this evening you saw how she treated me. Well, sir, before the evening was over, she laid me flat as a flounder."

Here Bradshaw could scarcely suppress a smile.

"But, my dear fellow, you don't woo rightly. I could quote to you whole stanzas of Byron, if you were not so much opposed to quotations, the tenor of which is to show that confidence wins women, and not too many sighs."

"Sometimes I am very confident; but I don't know how to take her, and when to be confident."

"Why, you must be *always* confident."

"But, to tell you the truth, Bradshaw, I can't. I used to think that I could; but the moment my feelings became engaged, away with all confidence—and then she acts so inconsistently. Sometimes when I call to see her she is all smiles, and evidently prefers me to all the company; at least the fellows say so when we leave there together: then, at other times, she will be very pleasant in the beginning of the evening, or until company comes, and then, by gad, I'm of no more consequence than a pet kitten, playing with her knitting-ball."

"Have you ever made a declaration?"

"Never, directly. I have often broadly hinted one; but, when I do, she commences singing, or asks me some foolish question about that Booby Bates, or the ball. The other evening she was making a fancy basket with shells, after a good deal of twistification," continued Selman, blushing at the memory, "I began the subject, and she commenced playing with the shells; when I got near the point, she asked me to snuff the lights, and worked at her basket as if life and death depended upon it. I swore to myself then, and I'll keep it, if ever she's my wife I'll pay her for it."

"First catch the fish, before you cook it, says the renowned Mrs. Glass," observed Bradshaw.

"I suppose you think it's a kittle of fish," said Selman, rather snappishly; and, looking at Bradshaw, keenly, he continued, "Bradshaw, I begin to think you have a notion of her yourself."

At this, Bradshaw burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Selman made castles in the ashes for a moment or two with his rattan, and then, jumping up, he exclaimed, angrily, "Mr. Bradshaw, I did not think you would treat me treacherously, and insult me in your own office into the bargain."

"Selman, it's a case with you, by the little god of love. I'd no idea you were in for it so deeply. My dear fellow, believe me, I would not wound your feelings for the world; as there is honor in man, and changeability in woman, I have no more thought of addressing Miss Penelope than I have of making a declaration to the moon—I never had: besides, if I had, or if any one else had, in my opinion they have no chance whatever, as I really believe she has a great regard for my friend"—

"What friend?"

"Henry Selman."

"Do you truly think so, Bradshaw?"

"I do, though it may be just such a fancy as the Judge accuses me of entertaining of Glassman."

"Oh, people say you've a great deal of penetration. Miss Penelope says so herself."

Bradshaw smiled as he went to the source of the compliment, thinking we never believe so sincerely in another's penetration, as when it flatters our hopes. Who cannot then be a Solomon, at least in the estimation of one person?

"What makes you think she likes me, though?" asked Selman.

"O! a thousand circumstances—the manner in which she treats you, for instance. I don't pretend to know much about the sex: yet, you know, we all form theories on the subject. I've thought of them enough, Heaven knows; though, as Sterne says, to make another quotation, 'I love all the sex so much that I never could fix my affection upon one.' I've had a great deal of sickness in my life, and I've been very much thrown among women. I've tried to read them as I try to read men; but this is between you and me and your rattan. The human heart is the great book, Selman: I am convinced, if we could only read it rightly" (Bradshaw continued, speaking in a kind of soliloquy, as if in his own thoughts he had forgotten his companion's presence), "it is the key to the inner temple where the crown of success is kept; get this knowledge of the world, this key, and you may pass into the temple and crown yourself. I don't know—I sometimes think the more a man studies it, the more he is perplexed. It is genius—a gift. A man must be born with bumps that way, as a phrenologist

would say. It is intuition—an instinct; but this instinct may be made acuter by practice. What would I not give," said Bradshaw, opening a book, and reading aloud several lines from it, "to read mankind as I can read that book—to have their hearts in my hands,"—and then throwing the book roughly from him, as if he was angry with himself at betraying a train of feeling which Selman's compliment to his penetration, at which he had but a moment before smiled, had called up, he said, "I suspect you yield too much to her."

"Yield to her! Why, I always yield to her!"

"You do, hey? Well, there 's such a thing, I know, as stooping to conquer, but you must not stoop too low."

"How then?"

"Why, Selman, I 've never been in love; therefore I don't know how low I should stoop if I were—but this is my theory on the subject. I fear that those who can theorize best in love, as well as in other matters, practice worst. However, if I were in your place, and could so far master my feelings, I would go more into general society; to be admired by many women, is, perhaps, the best way of securing the love of one. I would not be too humble. I would give my heart away, as if I valued the gift; not as if I meant to steal another, but as if I expected a fair exchange and no robbery—though an exchange which it was my fondest, my most cherished hope to make; which should be received with gratitude, and treasured with love, and held far dearer to me than aught else in the world. When a man is deeply in love, he has a hard task to win his mistress, unless the flame were simultaneously inspired. He has so much in his own emotions to contend with—hope, distrust, jealousy—that he cannot adapt himself to her, and practice those consummate arts by which women are won. He is so much possessed with his own feelings, that he forgets to watch hers: and, besides, we judge others' feelings from our own, so often, that we are always forming erroneous opinions of them, particularly in the affairs of the heart. This is the reason why a man of the world is always more successful in love than other men. He has self-control. He studies the character and learns the feelings of his lady-love, and with Protean power he adapts himself to her.—Othello, the Moor—the blackamoor—bore himself proudly, yet he 'took the pliant hour;' and do you doubt he had been looking out for it with a soldier's watchfulness? Richard the Third bore himself daringly, even in the depth of his humility: when he knelt, he stooped to conquer; but it was the stooping of the eagle, who is sure of the dove. I always thought there was something unnatural in this play, that the gentle Lady Anne should be won, at her husband's funeral, by his murderer. But see Booth in the tyrant, and you think it natural—he plays so cunningly. Hudibras is a caricature; but, though it be, it is rather too true a picture of the class of lovers who are not the successful ones."

"Bradshaw, these are but fictitious illustrations. You were speaking of men of the world being the most successful. Othello was no man of the world; Hudibras was in his wooing, for he sought the jointure. Othello was successful; Hudibras not—Hudibras! he 's no illustration at all of any thing but a low, poor devil, who was drawn to be laughed at."

"I know it; but it is the justness of the ridicule that makes us laugh. There is human nature in it, as there is human nature in Shakspeare's lowest clowns: the lover, for instance, of sweet Anne Page—'if she had been a boy, he wouldn't have had her, though he had married her.' Whatever is in us, in common with such characters—and we all have something in us in common with them we must suppress. Othello's manliness made Desdemona forget his visage,—for the dangers he had passed, she loved him; he loved her because she pitied them. She clung to his manly nature for support, as the beautiful honey-suckle of the woods clings to the generous oak. So with Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood, in 'The Bride of Lamermoor.'—Scott is next to Shakspeare in the knowledge of the human heart. Think of Marmion and his page. In which of Scott's poems is it, I forget. 'The Lady of the Lake' or 'Rokeby,' that the lover woos the heorine, and with such sweet verses! She followed his request, and twined the cypress wreath for him. Look at 'Don Juan,'—Byron's best production, the best of the age, in spite of its licentiousness. Look at 'Sardanapalus,' the luxurious Sardanapalus, whom Ionian Myrrha loves; she speaks of having 'fallen in her own thoughts by loving this soft stranger.' She does not love him for his softness, but for the manliness and bravery that shine through it, like the lightning in a summer's eve. You reply to me that this is all poetry, and that these instances are rare, and in the common-place world, we don't meet with them. I know it. In the common-place world we seldom meet with love, either."

In these conversations, our readers observe that Bradshaw commences with reference to Selman; but that his feelings lead him to express his own thoughts and opinions, with scarcely a consciousness, on his part, of what originated the conversation. Our readers must also remember that the evening had been, to him, one of various excitement, intellectual and animal—that his frame was delicate, and his passions inflammable, to the highest degree.

"Ah! but, Bradshaw, give me living instances."

"What, do you mean of men who have lived? Look at Julius Cæsar, the greatest man that ever lived—so say Lord Bacon and Lord Byron, the lord of philosophers and the lord of poets. He dared as much, to win Cleopatra, as he did when he crossed the Rubicon; he stayed in dalliance with her, until he nearly lost his life. He won a woman, as he won a victory, by daring to win. He had the quality which Napoleon so well metaphorically, expressed, and which, no doubt, he thought his

own quality—'The iron hand, with the velvet glove.' Just so it was with Mirabeau: 'Wait till I shake my boar's head at them,' he used to say, when he heard the hootings of the Jacobins. To a lady who had fallen in love with him, from hearing of him, he wrote, in reply to an inquiry as to his personal appearance, 'Fancy a tiger who has had the small-pox; but,' he used to say, 'you have no idea of the beauty of my deformity.' In spite of all his vices, he succeeded with men and women. How? By energy, energy, energy! If I were a heathen, I would build a temple to energy—enshrine the god there, and worship him. But, understand me, I would cover the iron hand with the velvet glove. Not until it was absolutely necessary, should any pressure be felt, but the soft, persuasive one, that would lead. But when it was necessary, I would grasp with the power of Hercules, though it were the Nemean lion; but, mark me, I would not wear the lion's skin as a garment: it is what Hercules did, I know—but it is what the ass did, also. So many asses bray, now-a-days, from the lion's covering, that the world almost always suspect, when they see the covering, that the ass is under it.'

"What has this to do with love?" asked Selman.

"Why, a great deal: if Milton—I don't justify his tyranny—had been a kneeling lover, think you he ever would have been knelt to by his wife? What did Miss Chaworth care for Byron, when he was an unknown, 'poor, lame boy,' as she called him. We all know how much she cared for him afterwards, when Byron had bearded his critics, and, in spite of them, reached the pinnacle. She sought to see him then, though wedded, mind you, to the very man for whom she rejected 'the lame boy.' I know every man can't be a Byron, or a Milton; but we are not fools, Selman, and we must win our way. Mind what I tell you; the way to win is not by yielding in the crowd and press of men: if you yield, you will be trodden on; if you push on, men will think that the prize is yours—the timid will give up at once, and the stout of heart quail, if your heart be only stouter than theirs. But you must not brag, sir; the courage must be in the eye and the voice, in the self-possession of the head and the heart. Think of the disinherited knight, at the tournament at Ashby; he entered the list without any one to say 'God speed you;' he strikes the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert, till it rings again; he meets the proudest of the templars, and hurls him to the dust. This is fiction—yes! but it is glorious fiction. Read the eight volumes of Plutarch's lives: they are filled with such fiction. Read the history of Richelieu, of De Retz, of Mirabeau, of the Man of Destiny.—Read the history of England's great ones: of Marlborough, of Wolsey, of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Chatham, (Jove! how he hurled defiance at Walpole,) of Sheridan, of Erskine, (how he came out in his first effort,) and Curran, (how he braved the minions of office,) —think of these men: they entered the lists on the theatre of the wide world, like the disinherited knight, and, when the odds pressed hard upon them, fortune came to their rescue—as she will always come to the rescue of the valiant, like the black sluggard to the rescue of Ivanhoe. Look at our own country: at Washington, at our more than Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, (what self-sustainment there was about him, even in the depth of obscurity and poverty,) and at Roger Sherman, and a host of others, who gather in our history as our stars increase and cluster in our banner. Yes," said Bradshaw, rising and walking up and down the room, "these men, and such like them, are the 'gods of my idolatry.'—Some one remarks, Dr. Channing, I believe, that the reason why we admire even the Father of all Evil, the Satan of Milton, is because of the energy he exhibits, and the firmness with which, amidst the 'burning marl,' he sustained himself. We cannot but admire this trait of character, though in a fiend—how much more in god-like men! And if they be fallen men, and display this trait, it is a proof that all of their original brightness has not fled—ay, it is the power with which they often win back their original brightness. This world, sir, is like the hackneyed fable of Hercules and the wagoner: he called on Hercules for help, but the god told him to help himself first, to put his shoulder to the wheel, and then to pray. If you would reach the high places in this world—if you would get out of the slough, you must help yourself, and then the world will play Hercules and help you—but not till then. But, come, let us to bed—'t is after three. Turn in there, Selman, and may all the dreams that hover round the fortunate lover, be yours."

"First catch the fish, though, as you say," exclaimed Selman.

"I know that," replied Bradshaw; "but, sir, if you do not bait your hook, and throw it into the waters, how will you ever catch your fish. You have had a nibble, a glorious nibble, at any rate, Selman; and that, you know, is the premonitory symptom of a bite; —and may the biter be bit—I don't mean in the vulgar sense of the proverb: I mean, may she be caught."

Long after Selman's head was upon his pillow in an undisturbed and dreamless sleep, in spite of Miss Penelope, Bradshaw was up, with his books before him, not in study, but in a state of restlessness. For a few moments he would glance over the life of Cæsar, Themistocles, Napoleon, or Chatham, or look into a poem, or stir his fire, or sit in abstraction and gaze upon the various forms which the burning coal assumed. An observer of his countenance would soon have discovered in him the throes and excitement of a deep ambition—an ambition self-sustained and determined, yet restless and anxious for action—a character formed in common mould—one, who, even in his most wayward moments, felt a fixedness of purpose, that longed, at least, to try his energies in another field than that of the imagination.

CHAPTER V.

The sun was up some hours, before Bradshaw left his room: when he did, it was noiselessly, so as not to disturb Selman. He went forth to take exercise, in the hope of alleviating a severe head-ache. In returning from a long walk, he met Cavendish and Willoughby, strolling along towards the court-house, and joined them.

"The top of the morning to you, Bradshaw," said Willoughby.

"The top is toppling down towards the meridian," said Cavendish. "But where's Selman?"

"I left him, nearly an hour since, at my office, fast asleep," replied Bradshaw.

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed Cavendish. "I should have supposed he would have been long ago chewing the cud of bitter or sweet memory, according as Miss Penelope frowned or smiled last night."

"The fact is, Selman is completely in for it. I could not help laughing at him last night,—he looked, to me, exactly like Jefferson's Tony Lumpkin, when his mother 'snubbed him,'" remarked Bradshaw.

"He's a good-natured fellow," said Willoughby. "He will never make a fortune; yet he has no spendthrift habits. I wish he could get that girl—he is really attached to her: and, then, the old man has fortune enough, beside, some spendthrift of a fool may run away with her some of these days. I don't believe she could make a better match."

"How old is Selman?" asked Cavendish.

"He told me, the other day, that he was twenty-two," replied Bradshaw. "He intends going into business for himself in a short time. I'm told he's an excellent book-keeper, and that he has a good deal of business tact."

"If that be the fact, I should not think old Perry would veto him," said Willoughby.

"The old man has not the veto power—it belongs to the other side of the house," remarked Bradshaw.

"He's afraid of Bates," remarked Cavendish. "Bates thinks that the world was made for him, and all that he has to do is to smile upon the lady to win her. He only wants to cut Selman out, and gratify a contemptible vanity. I don't think he means to address her."

"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, all," said Bradshaw, half quizically, "let us turn conspirators, and bring the matter about: it can be done. Let us make a public opinion on the subject—tell all the women what a fine fellow Selman is—how much he is admired by their sex and by ours; and let us all be sure to let Miss Penelope know that there are several ladies, who, we have every reason to believe, are very much taken with him. We must puff him up to one another before the old man; and we must not forget, often to talk of his good family, and his respect for his mother, before the old lady. It is not, perchance, the thing to plot such manœuvres, except upon such occasions. But, recollect, gentlemen, to work surely we must work secretly, that is we must not blab the business. Just for the joke of the affair, as well as to do Selman a service, let us see if we can't succeed.

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted Willoughby.

"Bradshaw," said the Judge, "that's a good notion; when I go a wooing, I'll come to you for advice. I won't let you plead the case for me to the lady, for there I would not trust you; but I'll get you to make a little public opinion for me. In the mean time, take care that some one does not make a little public opinion on you, about your manner of spending your evenings."

In such conversation, arm in arm, the young men entered the court-house. Some common case occupied the attention of the court, and after listening carelessly to the trial for a few minutes, and speaking with his different acquaintances of the party of the previous evening, &c., Bradshaw quit his companions to go to his office. As Bradshaw was leaving the court-room, Mr. Thompson, a member of the bar, came up to him with Mr. Glassman—the gentlemen about whose character, our readers may remember, he had been disputing with Cavendish, at the oyster cellar—and, after introducing him to Glassman, left them together.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Glassman, "to defend the absent has been esteemed a virtue; though not absent last evening, when you so eloquently defended and complimented me—I am not the last criminal, I suspect, sir, whom you will eloquently defend;—yet it was a generous offering to one, sir, whom you thought absent—whom you did not personally know. Permit me to say, sir, it gives me more pleasure to make your acquaintance than any I have made for years: I hope we may be better acquainted; though I feel, in that better acquaintance, I may lose the good opinion which you have been pleased to express of me."

"Were you present, sir?" inquired Bradshaw, perfectly astonished.

"Yes, sir; I was in the number in which, you may remember, one of your friends remarked there was a light."

"I assure you, Mr. Glassman, that my friend spoke as he did merely for the sake of argument; and he would not, on any consideration have so expressed himself, if he had known you were within."

"I believe it, sir; but don't speak in that way; it forces on me too strongly the conviction that you spoke for argument too. I assure you, sir, that I am not the least hurt with Mr. Cavendish. But, come, let us walk down street."

So saying, Glassman placed his arm in Bradshaw's, and they entered the street.

Glassman was truly an accomplished and intellectual man. The commendation which Bradshaw had bestowed on him was, perhaps, not undeserved. He was a man to please Bradshaw; and ere they parted, Bradshaw had accepted, with pleasure, an invitation to dine with him on that day.

"I keep bachelor's hall," said Glassman, "and you must come early. In the same house with my office I have a suite of rooms; and I try to congregate there the comforts that one of my means and habits can gather round him. I like to have as many inducements to keep me at my office, and near my business as possible. I feel happiest when I am engaged in business, or conversing with a friend; so do not fail me. I shall expect you at two."

After Glassman and Bradshaw parted, Bradshaw called on Miss Carlton. She was at home and alone.

"Mary, how did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Oh, very much, indeed. I spent a delightful evening."

"So did I. I have come this morning to be disenchanted—but in vain. I used to think that, if a gentleman was struck with a lady's surpassing loveliness at an evening party, he should call on her the next morning, when the gayety and adornment of the party were over, if he meant to pursue his studies with any thing like a determination of retaining a single idea of what he was reading. But you are one of those who, Thomson would say, was now 'adorned the most.'"

"You sinner!" exclaimed the laughing, blushing Mary; "I'm going to make some morning calls, and you must go with me. Wait till I put on my bonnet. I am determined, if I stay in town, and while I stay, you shall not be such a recluse as you have been."

"Let me assist you, Mary—there—to fix a lady's bonnet is the poetry of life. I've tied it in a double beau. Here's your shawl, 't is a beautiful one—let me arrange it with the end a little to one side. It looks better so: there is a carelessness about it which has fascination in its folds. Now, lady, as I am not much of a beau, you must remember I am under your especial patronage."

"You are a politician in your courtesy: you assume least where you know you have the most power. If I were to tell you all the compliments I heard paid to you last night, you would not forget them for a twelvemonth."

"Suppose I were to tell you all I heard paid to you—I can repeat them all by *heart*."

"There: a compliment again. I shall never know when to believe you sincere. If a girl had a lover like you, she would never know when to believe him. He would have to protest very hard when he made his declaration." Here, Miss Carlton blushed, and quickly said "Clinton, you don't look so well as you did when you lived in the country: you look very thin. Do you study hard, or do you——"

"Dissipate, Mary? Not much, nor study much either. Let me see: yes, 't is just three months to-day—this very day—since I last saw you. Do you discover that I have grown thin? There are many causes for thinness, you know. Well, I never saw you look better. I suppose, you enjoyed yourself very much."

"No; I did not a great deal: I would rather have been at home. Father was talking politics all the time, and I saw belles and beaux a plenty, but they were merely casual acquaintances, and one never enjoys oneself in such society: at least, I never could."

"Do you go to Washington city, this winter?"

"Father wishes me to go, but I tell him I am too young yet, and that I would rather remain at home—I mean in town here—and attend to my music masters and my teachers, for that I only consider myself a school girl as yet. What do you think about it?"

"I think about it! Upon my word, you compliment me. Like you, I consider myself as yet but at school—and, Mary, I am much too selfish to wish my old schoolmate away—even, to tell you the truth, though I thought she would like the holiday. If she does not like it, why then the selfishness is justified."

"The old school-house on the top of the hill! I passed by it yesterday: Mr. Lusby came to the door and stopped the carriage. He told me not to forget to thank you for him, for the books you sent him."

"He 's a fine old gentleman."

"Indeed he is, and he takes much pride in his scholars. He said, if you only had paid more attention to the Latin and the mathematics, he would have no fault to find with you, being a little occasional laziness," said Miss Carlton archly.

"Laziness! yes; he used to lecture me for that often, and tell me it was my besetting sin. Do you remember the time I caught you crying over little Red Ridinghood. I looked through the window at you—it was in playtime—for a minute before you saw me. You had your hair pushed back—you were leaning with your cheeks on your open hands, with the book before you—the tears were streaming down your cheeks."

"I remember it well, and how furiously you fought Joseph Sloan, who was a much larger boy than yourself for hissing at me, when he saw me crying. Mr. Clinton, do you know, sir, that you have a very ferocious countenance, when you are in a passion?"

"I have!?"

"Yes, you have—and you must quit scowling so. I observed you once or twice last night: when any one, who did not know you, would have thought that you were angry.—Let us turn around this corner—I am going to Mr. Perry's."

"What! is it fashionable to call the morning after a party?"

"O, I know the girls very well, and I promised them, last night, that I would call this morning."

"What kind of a girl is Miss Penelope?"

"A very fine girl: she 's kind-hearted and amiable, and as accomplished as most girls: if I may dare to say it, perhaps, she is too fond of admiration. If she had a lover, she would require a great many attentions."

"Pray, who of your gentle sex does not; and what lover would not give them?"

"Certainly; what lover would not give

them? but I thought you gentleman would make a voluntary offering, where you would not pay an extorted tribute."

"What do you think of Mr. Selman, Mary?"

"What—the gentleman who came with you last night? I like him very much, what little I 've seen of him. He was very attentive to Penelope."

"Very."

"Do you think he is pleased with Penelope?"

"Don't you think Penelope is pleased with him?"

"I hope no lady would show a preference for a gentleman, until that gentleman has shown that he preferred her," said Miss Carlton, quickly, with a slight blush.

"O, certainly not," replied Bradshaw, "but you have already observed that he showed a preference for her."

"I believe she does like him, and also, that she likes to torment him a little."

Bradshaw smiled. "Which is the best way, do you think, Mary, for a lover to treat such a lady?"

"Indeed, I do not know; I should ask you that question."

"No, indeed; I should ask you—no man can understand your sex as well as yourselves."

"Now, there, sir, you are wrong: we girls differ as much from ourselves as we differ from you."

"Well, Mary, I have reason to believe that Selman is attached to Miss Penelope; and, if you like him, speak a good word for him."

"Certainly, I will, if it will do any good. I really think she likes him."

They here arrived at and entered Mr. Perry's house. They found Miss Penelope alone, and looking her best, notwithstanding the excitement and worryment of the previous evening, which, as one of the entertainers, she must have experienced.

"Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, "I was telling Miss Carlton how well she looked this morning, and I may say the same to you.—Your party was such a delightful one, that, instead of exhausting one's spirits, as parties generally do, it has renovated them."

"I am truly glad to hear that you enjoyed yourself."

"O, very much, indeed," said Miss Carlton.

"Yes," observed Bradshaw, "every body appeared to enjoy themselves. Did you observe, too, what a great beau Henry Selman is getting to be?"

"No, I did not. Is he?" asked Miss Penelope.

"Quite so, I assure you," replied Bradshaw. "Miss Carlton and myself were speaking of him as we came here. I thought Miss Sutherland, last night, was very much disposed to be merciful to him."

"Merciful! how? what do you mean?" asked Miss Penelope.

"Why, not cruel. I think he stands A. number one, there. O, Miss Penelope, what a beautiful fancy basket! Did you work it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Really, you must suffer me to compliment you on it. We were speaking, last night, of the different ornaments of the kind possessed by you ladies, and Selman warmly maintained that yours was, by far, the handsomest of all—he is a man of fine taste."

"Yes, sir, I believe he is a gentleman of taste," said Miss Penelope, looking very thoughtfully into the fire; "but I did not observe that he was very attentive to Miss Sutherland—was he?"

"He went home with her," said Bradshaw. "Miss Penelope," he continued, "you know, I suppose, that Miss Carlton will not go to Washington this winter."

"Yes, I know she does not; and, as the country will be very dreary in the winter, she will, of course, spend it with us. I think we shall have a very gay winter: there will be the theater and the balls—O! I long for the balls to commence; they do, next Thursday—and the parties, and, I suppose, we shall have a wedding or two. Miss Carlton, you will enjoy yourself as much here as you would in Washington."

"I have no doubt I should enjoy myself more," replied Miss Carlton. "I like to be among those whom I know well;—that constitutes the enjoyment, I think, and not the mere party or the ball."

In this, and similiar calls, Miss Carlton and her companion passed the morning; he left her only in time to keep his appointment with Glassman.

CHAPTER VI.

GLASSMAN lived near the "west end" of the city, in a by-street leading to it, that was not much frequented. A few steps bore him from a kind of retirement, to the glitter and magnificence of wealth and fashion. Bradshaw soon reached his residence, and entered his office, which was in the front room of the house. Passing into the back room, he found Mr. Glassman with a book of poems in his hand, that he had been perusing.

"Walk in, Mr. Bradshaw; be seated, sir. I passed you in the street after we parted; but you were so closely engaged in conversation with your fair companion, that you did not observe me. I think she is the loveliest and most agreeable lady of her age, I ever beheld. I met her lately, and had some chat with her; I don't know when I have been so delightfully entertained. She is the only daughter, I believe, of Mr. Carlton?" While Mr. Glassman spoke, he eyed his companion with the close scrutiny of a man of the world.

With an easy manner, Bradshaw replied—"Yes, sir, the only daughter. Any eulogy which may be pronounced on Miss Carlton will be deserved; though I am four or five years the older, yet I remember her as long as I remember myself. We were early schoolmates, and she is very intimate with my sister."

"Ay, well, sir, be careful that the sex do not allure you from your studies. And, yet, I do

not know why we should not wish to yield to their allurements: I have no doubt that youth is the happiest period of our life—and why not yield to its bias and impressions, as the leaf, upon the stream, floats as the wind bloweth."

"I should not suppose, sir, that you would preach that doctrine."

"The preachment and the practice are not always the same—but you know we cannot say which is the best part of the road until we have travelled it. I do not know but what our profession—from our habit of disputation in the defence of any side—leads us very much into doubting; makes us specious reasoners, and wayward actors. I won't say that in a dull man, who pursues closely and exclusively the practice of the profession, this effect is produced; but one who is a general reader—who has a taste for polite literature, and who cultivates it, is very apt to be thus influenced."

"But, sir," remarked Bradshaw, "do you not believe that Erskine and Curran, if they had been followers of literature, would have been more devoted to pleasure than they were, and that Sheridan, if he had been a lawyer, would have been less so. Sheridan thought so himself, I believe, from the fact of his having wished towards the close of his life, that he had studied law: 'I would have done, at least, as well,' said he, 'as Tom Erskine.'"

"I remember having seen something like that recorded of Sheridan. Old Sherry paid himself as great a compliment as he ever had paid to him, when he uttered that remark.—Take him all in all, sir, I consider Erskine the most accomplished advocate that ever spoke the English language. I was educated in England, and I have had the pleasure of hearing him and most of his contemporaries, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, &c. I do not think that Erskine was much of a statesman:—facts prove, indeed, that he comparatively failed in the House of Commons; but I believe he would have made a better statesman than either of his contemporaries could have made advocates, if I may institute such a comparison, and if they had been advocates they would not have equalled him. He was a fine-looking man, and a most accomplished gentleman, and then he had every weapon of oratory at command. His argument was lucid; I was about to say Johnsonian, but there was more naturalness in it, if I may so express myself, than there was in that of the great lexicographer, owing to his analogy and illustrations being derived from simpler sources—more from nature, not so much from books. He never used his imagination merely to adorn—his most brilliant adornment contained illustration and argument: here he differed widely from Curran, who often let his imagination run away with him, a complete John Gilpin frolic, leaving his admirers as much amazed as were the folks of Islington, wondering, too, what he was after. Fox, as an advocate, would have reasoned better; Pitt would have had more subtlety; Sheridan more wit—much more. Great as Erskine was in cross-examining a witness, Sheridan would have surpassed him. But admit all this, and before an English jury, in the generality of cases, Erskine would have excelled them. Burke I never considered an orator. Sometimes, from the violence of his temper, in very madness, like the Phythoness, he would be eloquent in utterance—in language, he always was eloquent—but he often wanted true oratorical inspiration, and lamely affected, *acted* it; as when, for instance, he drew from his pocket a dagger, which no doubt, he had pocketed for the occasion, and flourished it in such a histrionic manner."

"My political impressions have been such," replied Bradshaw, "as to lead me to think that Burke was more splendid than profound; and yet who does not admire the lofty enthusiasm with which he pours forth his whole soul for the ancient regime? With a holy devotion, Old Mortality, as Scott describes him, leaned over the tombs of the departed covenanters, to revive their names upon the marble; with a similar feeling, Burke would clear away what he calls rubbish, foulness, and degradation from the old monarchy of France—like the antiquary, he washes the relic, and finds it a common stone: he had better have been like the other antiquary, who refused to wash what he pronounced an ancient shield, for fear it would prove to be a pot-lid. Yet I admire him; I think him, perhaps, the master spirit of his day."

"No, indeed, sir; you are wrong, you are wrong. I know that the generality of scholars would agree with you, and be disposed to laugh at me; but I have lived long enough in the world to dare to think for myself. I admire Burke's brilliant imagination. He was meant for a literary character, if nature ever means a man for any thing. I am no defender of the French revolution—I mean of its atrocities—but I often think of what Paine said of Burke, that 'He pitied the plumage and forgot the dying bird.' Burke, sir, in my opinion, dressed the iron hand of despotism in flowers, and then exclaimed, how beautiful! The serpent which had stolen into the lily of France, and become torpid there, he would have you place in your bosom and warm into life. He seems to say, 'It hath no sting, it is incapable of ingratitude: I know the fable says the contrary, but what's a fable!' He would present that lily to you poisoned with that serpent's contact, and with one of his best bows, request my dear sir, or miss, or madam, that you would wear it as a nosegay. Burke enthrones prejudice on the ruins of some old feudal tower, and then would have the world bow down to it in political idolatry. He reminds us of the heathen, who makes unto himself an idol and then worships it—no small portion of his worship proceeding from a reverence of his own handiwork. He could defend all sides with equal ability, or, rather, he could defend a sophism best; for his was an imagination that did not illumine, but dazzle—not the light that enables us to see clearly and distinctly the objects before us, but the lurid blaze that flashes in the tempest—not the beacon-fire, burning on the steep, to guide the shipwrecked in safety, but its deceiving re-

semblance, that whelms them in ruin. Burke threw the gorgeous splendor of his imagination over the departed tyranny of France, as we throw the pall over the bier to hide the sense of the cold, distorted, blackened corpse beneath, that died in convulsions. He goes further; he chants over it an incantation to raise the dead withal. And what spirits he would call from the 'vasty deep' of despotism! Understand me; to his splendid intellect, I pay the respect of profound homage; but I believe that the most of his political acts were dictated by an uncontrollable temper; that his inspiration proceeded from his frenzy; and that his conduct towards Fox, when they differed with regard to the French revolution, was all that is censurable. That one act shows the man to my mind."

Bradshaw could not but smile at what he considered the wildest prejudices; just as he was about to reply, the servant entered to announce dinner. They dined alone: with the exception of an aged house-keeper and one servant, there was no one beside themselves in the room. The room was furnished with an austerity of taste. From the books, busts, and pictures around it, any one would have taken it for the abode of an intellectual man. After they had dined, and while they were taking their wine, Bradshaw rose, with enthusiasm, to contemplate closer a splendid bust of Chatham, which had, even during dinner, and notwithstanding the temptation of the viands and the fascination of Glassman's conversation, occupied a considerable portion of his attention.

"Yes—I knew it was Chatham," said he; "I knew it by instinct, as Falstaff knew the true Prince. This is Alexander Hamilton. What a striking bust! It reminds one of the ancient heads. And this is Byron. Ah, is it a good likeness?"

"Yes, sir, very much like him. It was given to me by one of his friends, Mr. ———. He is almost the only great man of my day, whom I cannot say I personally knew, so far as to have had some conversation with him. I once saw Byron in the theater; that is very much like him. I keep it for the likeness; the execution of the picture is not remarkable. I stood, unobserved, and watched him for some time; it was in Drury Lane; Kean was playing Othello. I thought him an unhappy man, and affected, though not so much so as you might imagine. His personal appearance was deeply interesting—there was that in him that would please a woman: his face was fine—intellectual in its expression, yet not devoid of sensuality; it combined, at once, manliness and beauty—there, the fulness of the chin, in the picture, is very much like—the eye is not so good; the expression of his face changed momently. I thought his hair, from its look, was indebted much to the barber for its curl. That of Alexander Hamilton is a first-rate likeness. He had quite a rosy cheek, which you would not believe from looking at that bust; he was a dressy man, too—that is, what we would call dressy now-a-days. He was, also, a great beau."

"Did you know Burr?"

"Oh, yes. I saw a great deal of Burr when young—about the eye, you remind me of him. Have you never been told your eye was like his?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I have."

"There is much of a resemblance; and, sir, you must know it 's a high compliment. I never heard a man speak of Burr in my life, who did not speak of his eye. Your eye is more impulsive in its expression than his, if I may so express myself. His eye was keen, quick, fiery; and yet the most common observer would know him to be a man of self-control. The keenness of his look contrasted strangely with the calmness of his brow, and reminded one of the flame of the volcano bursting from the ice-bound brow of Hecla. He was a man of great personal neatness, and generally dressed in black; plain, but of the richest. He combined the gentlest and most seductive address with more command than any man I ever saw—and he was a very small man. I have heard jurymen say that they never could take their eyes off of him, when he was addressing them: each thought that Burr was looking at him. When I think of his character, I am always reminded of some of the most distinguished Italian and French politicians. Burr should have been cast in the stormy time of the French revolution; he would have equalled Talleyrand in tact, and Napoleon in energy. I believe it. His character and operations were unsuited to the simple machinery, and the honesty of our republican institutions. He did not enough wait upon events and developments—he tried too much to force them. Alexander, a prince born to power, might dare to cut the Gordian knot, which he could not untie. But, in our country, you must learn to untie it, or, if you do cut, it must not be with the daring of Alexander, nor with the exhibition of surpassing strength, as Richard the Lion-hearted,—Melec Ric,—in Scott's beautiful tale of the Talisman, cut the steel mace, when Saladin requested a display of his prowess. No! you must cut it as Saladin cut the cushion of silk and down, with *sleight of hand*. You must wait patiently. In this respect, Talleyrand would have excelled Burr—but in no other. In an age of great men, Burr is one of the greatest."

"I agree with you," replied Bradshaw, "in your estimate of Burr's talents; but I think these sleight of hand tricks give one the reputation of being a political juggler, that, in our country, injures a man more than any thing else. Honesty, I conscientiously believe, is the best policy,—I mean the best selfish policy,—the policy for success.—And then it is the only policy which will console you in defeat."

"Why," replied Glassman, "I have mingled, but very little, in politics. I have been once or twice forced to take part in them; but, even in success, I always found the play was not worth the candle. And, then, think of of its uncertainties. Now you are on the crest of the wave —mountain high,—and the

next moment you are in the slough of despond. I always preferred the even tenor of my profession. This ducking of the head to every plebian dog you may meet, I never could, nor would do, for his vote—there is personal debasement in the thought. I would salute any man through courtesy. I applaud the sentiment of him, who replied to the reproach of one who reproved him for speaking to a negro, by the remark, 'That he would not let a negro surpass him in politeness:' there is chivalry in that; I can find nothing but self-debasement in the other."

Bradshaw mused for some time, abstractedly, when Glassman interrupted him, by asking—

"Who is that young man who was with you last night, named Willoughby?"

"He is a Kentuckian," replied Bradshaw, "and he possesses all the chivalry that is attributed to his country. He is a young man who expects a large fortune from his uncle, and has come here to attend the law lectures this winter. We call him, familiarly, Kentuck. He is the most truly independent and generous fellow I ever met with. He is very proud of his state, and reminds me of the preacher, who, in describing the beatitude of heaven, capped the climax by saying, 'In short, my beloved brethren, heaven is a Kentuck of a place.'"

"I like such spirits," exclaimed Glassman. "Is he a man of talents?"

"Yes, sir, a great deal of natural talent, but uncultivated, yet there is shrewd common sense, an observation of character, and an energy about him, which lead me to think at times, that he will be a distinguished man. I am satisfied he will, if he 's ever thrown in some great crisis of human affairs—then he 'll either make a spoon, or spoil a horn."

In such conversation, several hours passed. Glassman was much struck with the bearing and conversation of Bradshaw, and, when they parted, he pressed him warmly to call and see him often. "If you get into any knotty point of law," said he, "in which I can be of any service to you, command me, don't fail to do it—or upon any point of practice,—no man can learn the practice from books. Read, rather, a few standard works thoroughly, than many promiscuously. Understand every thought of the author, as you go along. Sit and think over what you have read—think steadily not impulsively—think long. Keep not your habits of study for your office: study as you walk the streets, here, there, every-where. I do not mean that you should lose yourself in abstractions—by no means; but that you should observe things around you, and understand exactly their relative positions—not only things, but men, and women, too," said Glassman, smiling. "You must keep your intellectual armor on, and always have it bright. Eschew prejudice; be not too much influenced by first impressions, but weigh them well; they are instincts, and often tell the truth. Acquire self-possession, but not heartlessness. Act towards women without one particle of foppery or affectation—be natural with them, and be gentle: they are best won, as the summer sun wins the dew from the rose, and causes its bud to blossom, gradually, with an insinuating power. When you go a wooing, make not your intentions known too soon: it throws a woman upon her guard, and she watches every avenue to her heart, argus-eyed—you will have twice the toil to win her. What we win with great toil, must have rare excellencies to reward us; if it have not, we are sadly disappointed. I was going to advise you against wedding a very poor girl, but I had better warn you against marrying a rich one: you can make money, if you try; and your wife will not only love, but respect you, if she owes *all* to you:—if you owe all to her, why, she must not only love but respect you, very much, if you do not often hear of your indebtedness. But marry for love, be she rich, or be she poor. You think this strange advice from me, don't you? It is good advice. I could read you a homily on it with a sad moral. You are a young man of penetration, Mr. Bradshaw, of sagacity—cultivate it: 't is better than all the books that ever were written. Books tell us what has been, just as a man would tell us—and both books and men may distort and misrepresent: sagacity sees through them. In your intercourse with men, treat them with all courtesy but not sycophancy. Be rather too proud than too humble. Understand which way men's interests lead them, and observe them in little things. Many a man braces himself up to heroisms in great things, who is no hero at all. Perhaps his heroism is forced upon him, as courage is forced on a cornered rat; he acts well upon compulsion, and obtains a reputation for it that lasts him through life, which he no more deserves than would the rat a reputation for courage. Practice oratory: in our country it is more powerful than the two-edged sword in the strong hand, in battle. Read the old English authors; they are the best—their thoughts are the solid metal: the moderns have hammered it out. Be natural in your speaking, and have a manner of your own. Obtain self-possession, and the power of looking far ahead, while you speak: see your way through before you start. Never go on at a venture, unless you know your subject, and then 't is no venture, because you are like the pilot who knows the whereabout of the quicksand, and sees the shore."

"That is a man of talents, of glorious talents," thought Bradshaw, when he left Glassman; "but, perhaps, he wants *vim* a little; he thinks too much about side-blows; his bump of caution must be prodigious—yet he 's a man of great experience, and he thinks most acutely. Why did not Chesterfield succeed as eminently as Chatham? Chesterfield was a man of talents; no one knew the world better; but he wanted energy—or, rather, he was too cautious to go a-head much: he was afraid of so many side hits, and back hits, that he was always looking around, and about him, to see exactly how he stood; he never thought

of advancing till it was too late—till he saw some one before him. Chatham had too much pride; several times it nearly wrecked him, and it often marred his influence; but, by Jove, if Chatham had had as much caution as Chesterfield, he never would have been as distinguished a man as the Earl of Stanhope.—Here 's a day gone, and I 've not read one line—last night at the party, too. Mary looked well; I never saw her look better. This morning, what a delightful walk! Mr. Clinton Bradshaw you must quit these vanities; they are idlesse, all. What good will they do you a year hence? But I've spent the day profitably. To my books, to my books; I must get into that chapter on executory devises, and puzzle through what my Lord Thurlow says on it. I must stop at the library, however, and have some new novel to qualify it. I 'll take no supper, but straight to my office. I agree with Mr. Glassman in a good many of his notions, but he has too bad an opinion of men and of women. He 's a man that thinks for himself, though. When I heard him express his sentiments on Burke, I thought he must surely be a Jacobin, but he is rather aristocratical in his views. I suspect that he is, personally, aristocratical, and, politically, republican."

At night, and long after Bradshaw heard the raps of different of his friends at his office door, but they were unanswered. The watchman cried past twelve under his window, before he quit his legal studies, notwithstanding his dissipation of the previous night. Then he ensconced himself in bed, with the light placed at his bed-head, and it was not until he had glanced through the fashionable novel he had obtained at the library, that he composed himself on his pillow to sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Bradshaw's father, as we have observed, lived about five miles in the country, on a farm which had been in his family for several generations—since the early settlement of this part of the country. It was situated near the city. It consisted of two hundred acres; the most of which was in a state of high cultivation—the rest in wild woodlands. Mr. Bradshaw, Clinton's father, whose Christian name was David, tilled it himself, assisted by a few slaves. The farm lay between two roads which led from the city, and was known throughout the whole country as the "Pilgrim's Purchase;" this title having been given to it by its first proprietor who named it in honor of his forefathers. The house was an old-fashioned one, of but one story, built of large grey stone, with a long, projecting roof, very thick walls, and long, narrow windows. It was built on the top of a hill, which gently sloped to a plain, that spread out in a beautiful meadow. Immediately at the foot of the hill, the ground was rough, and full of small rocks, that, in some places, projected several feet above it. A beautiful small stream wound among the rocks and glided off to the south, where its waters were greatly augmented. Over the stream, which was called sometimes the Branch, and sometimes Bradshaw's Branch, or Carlton's Branch, according to its location and to the names of the owners of the property through which it passed, though it generally bore its first-named title, grew in some places trees of great size, to which numbers of wild grape-vines clung, stretching from limb to limb, and sometimes falling from their branches in luxuriant clusters. In other places (we are speaking of that part of the stream seen from Mr. Bradshaw's house) it glided through unshaded banks, except here and there a knot of wild brushwood. To the left of the house was a fine garden, and near it a noble barn, along the eaves of which boxes were fixed, in which innumerable martins built their nests in summer. Near, were all the necessary out-houses of a well-stocked farm; and they all had an ancient appearance. Around the house was a number of noble oaks, beneath which the grass grew long, and of the darkest green. Behind the house was a large grove, from which, with great care, Mr. Bradshaw had all the under-growth cleared, and every spring the leaves were carefully removed, so that the soil formed a beautiful turf, in many places for yards. Around the foot of some of the largest oaks grew a beautiful moss, of a silky softness, which sometimes crept up the trees. Imbosomed in the grove, and half hid by the trees, the white palings of the family graveyard could be seen. Every thing about the Pilgrim's Purchase wore an air of rural comfort and careful husbandry. The fences were all good, and here and there the prying eye would discover a horse-shoe a-straddle of the rail or a bit of iron, which had been picked up in ploughing, thrust into the hole of the post. The fruit-trees were properly trimmed, and, away down in the meadow, the hay-stacks were raised and strictly guarded with a temporary fence. The appearance of the farm and house was very much in keeping with the character of their owner. Mr. David Bradshaw was a plain, fine-looking old farmer, of the methodist persuasion, and strictly pious: he was one of the best neighbors and firmest friends in the country round. His ancestors had always maintained a most respectable standing, which had given to the family a popularity and influence, when they chose to exert them, which was rarely, that had not diminished in his hands. In all affairs of interest to his neighborhood, Mr. Bradshaw took an unobtrusive, but influential part. He got up the project, and carried it through, of building a country church near by. He was mild, yet decided: any one who knew the father would recognise the son, from the family likeness; though the father had none of the ardor, and fiery energy of his child. The parent's example, however, had done much to give the son self-control.

Mrs. Bradshaw, the mother of Clinton, had been a lady remarkable for her personal beauty, her gentle manners and her intelligence.

She took great pride in the proper management of her household; and though in her dress the plainest lady in the neighborhood, for, like her husband, she was a methodist, yet the carriages of her fashionable neighbors were as often seen at her door as at any other. Her marriage was a love-match: her father was a worldly man, who had been wealthy, and who lost none of his high notions with his wealth; he was very much displeased with his daughter, who was an only child, and motherless, for marrying a "farming drudge," as he used to call Mr. Bradshaw; but, in his old age, when deprived of every thing, his greatest solace and comfort, next to the society of his daughter, was that of her husband, under whose roof he died. There was another inmate of the Pilgrim's Purchase whom we must not forget—Emily Bradshaw, the sister of Clinton. Emily Bradshaw and Mary Carlton had been friends from their childhood. Emily was a year or more the older, but they had grown up together, and all their early associations were with each other and Clinton. Her form was slender and delicate: she had the intellectual expression and cast of features of her brother, but they were softened into womanly meekness and beauty. She was as gentle as the dove; and her life had glided along so far, like the stream before her paternal door—calmly bright—looking up to heaven and reflecting its beauty: but she had that acutely sensitive temperament, that is feelingly alive to the ills of others; with any and every one's distress she truly sympathized; thus, though her life passed without sorrow of her own, she felt the sorrow of others, and had experienced, in this way, the vanities of life. Spending much of her time only in the society of her mother, she had ample time for reading, of which she availed herself. Every book of any interest was obtained for her by her brother; and, as he frequently rode out to the farm, and spent the night there, and almost every Sunday, for he loved to go to the country church, and meet his old friends, they frequently saw each other, and the conversation was often on books. In this way Emily's taste for reading was strengthened and improved.

Behind Mr. Bradshaw's house, through the woods, about half a mile, stood the splendid mansion of the Hon. Samuel Carlton, the father of the young lady who has been already introduced to our readers. His estate was very large, and he lived, apparently, in great magnificence, with the occasional display of ostentatious hospitality: but he was money-making and rather close; very worldly, and possessed of considerable talents. He was exceedingly ambitious of political distinction, and it gave him no slight trouble to curb certain points in his temper and character, which, if indulged, he was aware would not contribute to his popularity. He had held, for several years, a seat in Congress. His origin was humble, and not known in the city where we open his narrative. When commencing life he had emigrated to it, and commenced the practice of the law. He soon after ran away with an heiress of one of the first families, and possessed of one of the largest fortunes in the state, who died in giving birth to Mary Carlton, their only child. Mr. Carlton remained a widower, and gradually retired from practice, devoting his time to speculations in property with the money he received from his deceased wife, and to politics. He acquired an immense fortune.

Mr. Carlton was what you would call a fine-looking man; portly, with regular features, but a narrow forehead, and a rather small, but keen, eye. In his personal appearance he was very neat. His wife's maiden name was Holiday, a connection of the Hollidays of whom Bradshaw and Mrs. Perry spoke at that lady's party. They were one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most respectable families in the state; one of the Hollidays held a high judicial station under the colonial government of George the Third. They were very much displeased with their relative for her marriage with Mr. Carlton, and all intercourse was suspended between them, until her death, when they requested Mr. Carlton to let them take care of her infant daughter, which he angrily refused. Mr. Carlton knew human nature, and understood the worth of the Bradshaws. In fact, actuated by her Christian and neighborly feelings, Mrs. Bradshaw attended the bedside of his dying wife, and, at the earnest request of the father, and in obedience to the dictates of her own heart, took the infant to her home. The earliest recollections of Mary Carlton were of the Pilgrims' Purchase, and its kind inmates.—They were, to her, father and mother, sister and brother. For years she and Emily Bradshaw pressed the same pillow, and knelt by Mrs. Bradshaw's knee, night and morning, and repeated the same prayer. Clinton was their early playmate. To the country school, which lay through the woods, between Mr. Carlton's and the Purchase, they all went together, for years, when Clinton's health permitted his going, and when it did not, the girls would sport, in their play-time, round his couch, and do all they could to relieve his suffering. They would read to him, sing for him, gather for him the wild flower, and the best fruit; and, in return, as he grew stronger, and his health became established, he did all he could to requite their kindness. Did they wish to take a ride, Clinton would get their horses, and see that all was right; did they wish to walk, Clinton was by their side. He would read to them the new book, or recite passages from the new poem. Did they wish any piece of finery from town, Clinton's pony was saddled; and to him often did they confide the choice and the color. Though Clinton attended the college in the city, for years before he commenced the study of the law, yet he frequently spent weeks in the country; and, in the summer time, he would ride home almost every evening. The girls always looked for his coming, and felt disappointed and lonely if he came not. Latterly, since he had commenced the study of the law, his visits to the farm were much less frequent; and, for

the last two or three years, Miss Carlton had taken up her residence at her father's estate, and spent there most of the time which was not occupied in town, by her various teachers. However, there was not a day passed, while she was in the country, that the girls did not meet; and any temporary absence only served to endear them the more to each other. Notes and letters passed constantly between them, when separated, in which every thing was told with the freedom and frankness of unreserved conversation.

The neighborhood of the Purchase was a very respectable one, and the intercourse social and friendly. The distinctions of society, known in the city, were not here recognized—or, if recognized, it was only in greater respect and kinder attentions. The whole neighborhood worshipped at their county church. Religious meetings, too, were frequently held in the school-room in which many of the elders of the neighborhood had conned their horn-books. At either of the places, when there was religious service, the inmates of the Purchase almost always attended, and were always expected by their neighbors, between whom and themselves the kindliest greetings, and the most friendly offices, passed.

"Gentlemen," said Bradshaw to Willoughby and Cavendish, one day, "the beautiful Indian summer is upon us. I feel as if I wanted to take a littto holy-day. I 've been pretty hard at it lately. Suppose, this afternoon, we go out to my father's: to-morrow will be Sunday: we'll visit the county church, and go round and see some of the old farmers: you 'll be as welcome, Willoughby, as if you were in Kentuck. What say you?"

They accepted the proposal; and it was agreed that they should start, towards evening, on horseback.

"Good morning," said Bradshaw. "I 'll walk down to the market, and tell old Pete we are coming."

"But where shall we meet this afternoon?" asked Willoughby.

"Why, I'll meet you any place you appoint—or suppose you all meet me at Jackson's livery etable, at five."

"Agreed, agreed!" they exclaimed, as Bradshaw left them to see old Pete.

"What kind of folks are the Bradshaws?" asked Willoughby. "I believe you have been often there, Judge, haven't you?"

"Quit that judge-ing, if you please, Willoughby. Yes, often. They are first-rate people. The old gentleman is one of the finest looking men you ever saw; but he is as plain as a pike-staff, and a rigid methodist;—but, sir, you will see more dignity of manners in him than in the chief justice. He will welcome you like a prince; he possesses the real old-fashioned hospitality: he will throw his doors open to you, and you may just do as you list; he has family prayers regularly—he don't ask you to attend, but he is pleased if you do attend. Attend, if you wish to realize your conceptions of a Madonna, and see Clinton's sister at prayers. She is the most beautiful girl, in my opinion, in the state. I know it is said Mary Carlton has no rival, but I don't think so; to be sure she is transcendently beautiful—with the most brilliant eye and the richest lip I ever saw, and she looks as if she would dare all, where she loved: but I like the pale brow, the dark hair, and the winning gentleness of Emily Bradshaw much better. Kentuck, you don't seem to admire our beauty."

"Yes I do," replied Willoughby; "I admire beauty everywhere: but, as Burns says—

'I look to the west, when I go to my rest.'

"If your heart stands unchanged the ordeal here, you 'll be a 'true lover,' as the chap says in the farce."

Willoughby laughed, and said—"I don't know how beautiful Bradshaw's sister is, but, I must say, the prettiest girl, decidedly, that I have seen east or west, is Miss Carlton. I don't know what kind of sentiments you can have, Cavendish, to object to a lady that 'would dare all, where she loved.' I wouldn't have a girl who wouldn't dare all."

"And suppose you didn't act exactly to please such a dare-all lady?" asked Cavendish.

"But, suppose I did! A woman has her rights as well as a man."

"A disciple of Mrs. Wolstoncraft," exclaimed Cavendish.

"Pooh," said Willoughby, "if these are your real sentiments, you are laying up unhappiness for yourself beforehand. I wonder if Bradshaw has not some idea of Miss Carlton?"

"I have thought so," replied Cavendish. "She evidently prefers his company to any one's. It is hard work to read Bradshaw. It is evident he likes her; but I never could discover whether it was love. He has that gentle, attentive way, to every woman he knows. Bradshaw thinks more of his studies, and of overshadowing success, than of anything else. His love would be as strong as his ambition; he would be a hard rival to get over; he would play 'Allan A Dale' in fine style, if he could not succeed in any other way."

CHAPTER VIII.

According to arrangement, Bradshaw and his friends visited the Purchase that afternoon. They approached the farm as the sun was setting. That glorious luminary, surrounded by a gorgeous host of clouds, was hiding his disk behind a range of hills, which bound the Purchase on the west. The various hues of the foliage of the Indian summer, shone beautifully in the parting rays. Cantering gaily on, the young men felt that exhilaration of spirits which a ride on horse-back seldom fails to impart, even to the aged. Bradshaw struck his spurs into his steed, as they bounded on, and glanced round on the scene with a compressed lip, but a flashing eye. Even the Judge's gravity relaxed;—though not a grace-

ful horseman, he was a sure one, and he dashed on too, remarking, with something like a smile, "I like this." As Willoughby gave the reins to his steed, he stretched his hand to the setting sun, and said:

"There, Bradshaw! there's a scene: the sun's face looks like a jolly old toper, who has taken his last glass, and who is looking round, with a face full of joy, on the table. How beautiful the hill-tops look!—and the foliage! the foliage! What is there in the oriental lands superior to this of the west. The sun's glancing now upon old Kentuck in her glory. He's laughing upon her hills, and dancing upon her streams. Those must have been glorious times in the early settlement of the west, when her free spirits were roving over hill and prairie, and when there was just danger enough from the savage foe to keep up excitement, and to make men proud of the life and strength which they felt their own prowess must maintain."

"Very glorious times," said Cavendish "with wild Indians behind the trees, lurking to shoot and scalp you. No! the pleasure that I now feel is in the perfect sense of security. I know there are no Indians here; my saddle girth is strong, and I can manage my horse; there's health in the breeze. If we were now riding in the west, in early times, as an Irishman would say, I would not be with you. I'd rather be snug in a smoky office, poring over a law book."

"I know it, Judge," replied Willoughby "If you had been among the pioneers all around the region of the scalp lock, you would have gone grey for fear of losing it, while the lock itself would have been silvered o'er.—But, when the country was cleared, you would have been first rate on the judgment-seat, with a log shanty for a court-house where a lawyer would have to take his coat off and go at it, like all wrath, to earn any thing of a fee; and where they would have to run down a jury, as they do now in Indiana—catch them, man by man, and tie them to a tree, till they've got a dozen, and then bring them, tied together, to prevent their escape, into the court-house."

"In those early times," said Bradshaw, "there must have been a great field for the display of eloquence. Men, who follow mainly their impulses, must be greatly moved by oratory. Henry Clay is a very great man, no doubt; but, then, he had a great field, Willoughby—he had a great field."

"Yes, that's a fact," replied Willoughby. "I remember seeing, somewhere, a tale of Davies—Joe Davies, as he is called in Kentuck—he who was killed at the battle of Tippecanoe, where the gallant Harrison commanded, which illustrates the effect of eloquence upon a Kentuckian. The tale states that a stranger, from one of the eastern states, was traveling in a distant part of Kentucky: he was attracted, by a great crowd, to a log house, in which, when he entered, he found the court for the county sitting. A case, I believe, of seduction, occupied the attention of the court. Pleased with the powers of the defendant's counsel, the stranger stopped to listen. After the speaker concluded, a man in a hunting-dress arose and addressed the jury, for the plaintiff, in reply. He began awkwardly, but he warmed as he went along, handled the testimony in a most masterly manner, and concluded with an overwhelming burst of eloquence that melted the audience to tears. The stranger was so struck with the speech, that, as the assembly broke up, he inquired of a rough-looking Kentuck who the last lawyer was. The Kentuckian looked at him with surprise, observing—'You must be a stranger in these parts.' 'I am,' said the stranger. 'I thought so,' replied the Kentuckian, 'for nobody but Joe Davies ever made me cry by the tin full.'"*

As they wound up the hill the scene appeared more and more striking. The noble grove of oaks behind the house, with its rich variety of hues, looked even richer in the sun-set, while the venerable mansion, with its comfortable out houses, and highly cultivated grounds, presented a picture of repose and peace that contrasted delightfully with the city scene which the young men had just left. As they approached the gate, old Pete's son, young Pete, was perched on the top of the gate-post, waiting for the cows to come up, instead of going after them, as he had been ordered. Young Pete had taken his present elevated situation for a double purpose—first, that he might keep a sharp look out towards the house, and learn, as soon as possible, if his mother, who attended to the duties of the dairy, should have any intention of stealing a march upon him, with purposes unfriendly to his quiet; and, secondly, that, while taking his ease, instead of running after the cows, he might command a view of them, as they strolled leisurely along, occasionally stopping to crop the herbage on the sides of the lane, and observe if any of them had a disposition to turn back, or to stop so long as to render his activity imperious. Young Pete had on one of "Massa Clinton's" old jackets, which Clinton had worn when a boy, and which was too large for its present wearer. The pockets were crammed full of marbles, tops, and bits of twine, with which Pete set snares. His head was graced with an old hat, without any crown in it, and with the rim torn off in front, so that the vision of the wearer might not be intercepted. He had a round, shiny face; his mouth seemed made for a broad grin, as it was perpetually developing his ivory from ear to ear. With his lower extremities, which were graced with a thick pair of coarse shoes, he was drumming against the gate-post, on which he was seated, while he patted his thighs and whistled, in harmony. Occasionally he would stop, as if struck with a sudden thought, count and recount his marbles, to see that none were missing, and then stow them away safely in his pockets; or he would examine his twine, to be satisfied that there were no

* This incident—whether fact or fiction, I know not—forms a very pretty story in Hall's Magazine, or the Cincinnati Gazette, I forget which.

weak places in it, that might let a rabbit off; or he would glance up at some bird that was taking roost in a tree near him, and then at a stone on the ground; but his love of ease, after a slight struggle, would prevail over his more warlike purposes. As soon as young Pete heard the tramp of the horses, and the voices of the horsemen, he got up on the post, to see who was coming. "By goley," said he, jumping down from the post, and throwing the gate wide open, "there comes Massa Clinton, and that gentlemans what looks like a preacher, that Massa Clinton calls Judge; and another gentlemans. Pete, keep your eye open, nigger—you 'll get something whiter than a red cent." Holding the gate officiously open, he waited the approach of Massa Clinton and his friends.

"Well, Pete," asked Bradshaw, "how are all at home?"

"Sarvant, Massa Clinton," said young Pete, doing his best at a bow: "all 's well sir. Miss Mary 's come out this morning."

"Ah, did she!—hold your hat—the devil: you 're like my Lord Bacon: you love the blessed rain of heaven upon your head.* Catch, then!" The shining metal for a moment, glistened through the air, and the next it was safe between young Pete's palms. Pete eyed it, as the horsemen dashed on, and said "I was jist going to chuck you up and catch you, but fool who! if I miss you, you 'll hide in the grass, like that fip the tother day. Gaul darn it, I can 't find it no how! I stood right in the spot, and chucked up a stone, but it would n't fall in the right place. Come in, cows! Come in! I 'll buy a Jews-harp, some more marbles, some gingerbread, and have some red cents left. Massa Clinton 's the best massa 'bout here, jist as he is the 'cutest Pete you 're no fool for a nigger, neither." Young Pete here observed his mother advancing, with a stealthy step, towards him, with her right hand ominously behind her.

"Oh, mammy!" exclaimed Pete, as soon as he could make his voice reach the maternal ear, "I've had a turnal fuss with them cows. Massa Clinton and them gentlemans what come with him, dashed up an' scattered 'em every which way. He gin me some money. Enough, mammy, an' I'm going soon as I git my supper, down to the road to buy you some 'bacca."

"That 's right Pete," said his mother, dropping a stout switch behind her, as she spoke; "drive 'em quick round to the yard, and put up the bars. I want some 'bacca badly."

At the door of his hospitable mansion, Mr. Bradshaw welcomed the friends of his son in a manner that justified the eulogy of Cavendish; by his side stood Emily Bradshaw and Mary Carlton.

"Mary," said Bradshaw, "this puts me in mind of old times."

"Come, sir, not such old times neither; we 're not so ancient of days. If we are, my memory is vivid; for it seems to me as yesterday."

* Lord Bacon, we are told, would uncover his head in riding out, even sometimes in rain.

As Bradshaw entered the house by her side, he whispered, "May it always seem so, lady fair."

At the board of Mr. Bradshaw, under the care of his daughter, there was elegance as well as abundance. The evening glided on delightfully. Seated in the corner, in a comfortable rocking-chair, Mrs. Bradshaw employed herself in knitting, every moment glancing round with a delightful smile, and occasionally mingling in the conversation. Cavendish sat beside old Mr. Bradshaw, much interested in a conversation with him as to the probable decision of the court on a writ of mandamus, which had been granted in a religious controversy. Willoughby was engaged in conversation with Miss Bradshaw. At a stand, a little apart, sat Mary Carlton, with a pencil in her hand, making grotesque figures, and writing names on the blank leaf of a novel, while her long curls fell over either cheek and touched the book before her, leaving uncovered a neck white as snow. Bradshaw sat beside her, with his elbow on the stand, leaning his head on his hand: he mingled in the conversation whenever it became general, which was every few minutes, for a passing remark or two, when, again every one would turn to his immediate neighbor, and Bradshaw would address Miss Carlton, or answer some remark of hers—she looking up at him from the paper momently, with a face expressive of every emotion, as it passed through her mind. Sometimes she would throw back her curls with a happy laugh; or bury her face in them, and seem to be busily drawing, as he spoke; or glance through them with so arch a look, that whoever chanced to catch it, though engaged at the time in earnest conversation with another, could not but smile pleasantly at its beauty and expression.

At ten o'clock the servants were called in to prayers: after reading a chapter in the Bible, Mr. Bradshaw offered up a prayer to the throne of grace, with that impressive fervor that comes right from the heart, and goes right to it. The girls, with most sweet voices, then sang a hymn;—and the old folks retired, and left the young ones to themselves.

After Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw retired, Willoughby sat, with folded arms, musing for some time. At last, he exclaimed, as if he were expressing his own thoughts, unconscious to whom he spoke—

"Bradshaw, how I like the face of your father! He looks as if he had the blood of the pilgrims in him. I *feel* he would have stood on the pilgrim rock, with the ocean behind him, and wilderness before, with a firm reliance upon that Being to worship whom, in freedom, he had sought the spot. Where the deuce did you get your ambition from, and your tact, and worldly energies?"

"From the world," said Bradshaw, smiling, "if I have them. But," continued he, gravely, "the lessons I have learned under this roof will ever, I hope, keep them in just subjection. Kentuck, I'm glad you like my father: I thought you would. I 'm prouder of him than if he were a duke. You must know,

that I consider, if there is any aristocracy in this free land, I belong to it. Not that I consider any 'stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit' in my ancestors should do me any good, but only if such honors are to count in the game of life, I lay claim to my share."

"But you would rather count by *tricks*, would you?" said the Judge, who was very proud of being descended from one of the old families.

"No, Judge, not exactly," replied Bradshaw, smiling; "but I would have honors easy, a fair deal, honest players, and then go a-head for the odd trick, which should not be won by *trickery*."

"There 's a knave in every pack, Bradshaw," said Cavendish.

"I know it, Judge; but, remember, he counts among the honors, and takes a trick, too, your honorable knave."

The next morning shone upon the inmates of the Purchase one of the mildest and mellowest of this delightful season. A thin haze rested over the landscape, the Branch rippled along like a sheet of silver, over which the weeping willow hung still green, while the other trees bore the red and yellow leaf. It was determined that they should all go to the county church; Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, as usual, in their chaise, and the rest on horseback. A servant had been sent to Mr. Carlton's for Mary's favorite horse; and, at the proper hour, the party could be seen on their "winding way" through the woods. The church was situated about two miles from the Purchase, at a place called the cross roads, where a road that ran parallel with the turnpikes of which we have spoken, intersected another that connected them. These cross roads were made for the convenience of the different farmers who lived off of the turnpikes. There were no buildings at the cross roads but the church and a farm-house, the owner of which attended to the duty of having the church swept and lighted. This rural place of worship stood on a rising ground, in a high primeval forest that towered above and around, and formed, in summer, a delightful shade, beneath which the horses and various vehicles of conveyance of the worshipers might be seen whenever there was preaching The church itself was built of such stone as was found in the neighborhood, and very plain: it was erected on the ruins of a log meeting-house that had been built in the early settlement of the country, in which the rude forefathers, who were sleeping in the grave-yard near, had worshiped with their rifles in their hands, to guard their families around them, and their altar, from the cruelty and profanation of the savages. In the clearing which had been made to build the log meeting-house, was the grave-yard. A neat fence had been erected round it when the new church was built, immediately behind which it stood. Many of the head-pieces at the graves had sunk considerably in the earth, while various others leaned in different directions in the dark, rank grass. An aged oak, that had grown to an immense size, stood in the right corner, at the lower end of the enclosure; immediately at the foot of which was a grave, where, according to tradition, he, who had contributed most to the log meeting-house, and given the ground on which it stood, slept. In the opposite corner was a weeping willow that bent inwards towards the graves, and bowed its branches over them as though it felt the sorrow of which it was the emblem. Many willows, besides, and some cedars, with the wild sweet brier, and, here and there, a clump of alders, grew over the last repose of the sleepers. Everything around, as a painter would say, was in keeping. The large grey stone that composed the church, with its tiled roof, to which the overshadowing trees had given a mossy appearance, made the building seem much older than it really was. The Sabbath, in such a scene, was truly the Sabbath. A party would ride up and fasten their horses under the trees, and join some group of friends who had arrived before them, and who were waiting for the coming of the preacher, when the most neighborly salutations would be given and received. Here, a rustic beau, bedecked in his best, would assist a rustic belle from her palfrey, and fasten him to some tree, on which, perchance, he had been carving her initials, in his best style, surrounding them with a double heart, in which sacred enclosure he hoped some day to carve his own: while, there, some old couple were descending from their ancient vehicle, assisted, may be, by the country doctor, who inquires, with a most sympathetic physiognomy, after the old lady's "rheumatise," and narrates some cure which he had just effected in neighbor Tomkins' right leg, just at the knee-joint, that had been sorely afflicted since last winter. In the corners of the fences, and lolling against the trees, on the sunny side, might be seen the negroes, in various lazy groups, talking in a low voice. Some old aristocratic family black would, with officious zeal, hold his young "Massa's" horse, and boast of him as he walked away; while his wife or daughter would speak of their young "Missus," and tell how many beaux she had. These old servants have as much family pride as their masters. On this occasion young Pete was in the woods, within sight of the meeting-house, but in rather an unfrequented place, with a whole troop of little blacks around him, displaying his various treasures of marbles, gingerbread, twine, red cents, and fips, with the zeal of a connoisseur, who exhibits a diamond, whilst he pronounces it of the best water. By his officiousness in attending upon Willoughby and Cavendish—holding their stirrups, tightening their girths, &c.,—he had contrived to levy a contribution upon both of them. Early in the morning, he slipped round to the grocery store, added to his stock of marbles, bought his mammy some 'bacca, himself a great chunk of gingerbread and a Jews-harp; and, with his change jingling in his pocket came whistling to church. His jacket was buttoned, by one button, just above the pockets, so that their openings or

mouths were drawn down tightly over their accumulated treasures, that projected luxuriantly on either side. A large old-fashioned pin, that by rights belonged to Mrs. Bradshaw, flanked the button, and made assurance doubly sure. When he unpinned his jacket, he carefully deposited the pin in his cuff, and then, unbuttoning the garment, he exclaimed—

"Now, niggers, keep your eyes open! Do you see this little child—this white alley?" said he, showing a white marble, after wetting it in his mouth: "look at the streaks in it. She 's a little pealer—she cost two of the prettiest red cents you ever seed—she 's my man! Who 'll play, niggers? There 's twine, that the rabbits 'll love to have round their necks. There 's fips for you, niggers! five of 'em, and look at them red cents. Look at this Jews-harp! it ain't iron, it 's silver; I can make her sing betterer than 'ary lady at that are church, but my two missusses. Here," said he, taking out of his hat, the top of which he had tied with twine, so that it looked like a sugar-loaf, a large piece of gingerbread, "here, niggers, here 's some gingerbread for you; this nigger's got his belly full. Wait till church is guine in, and we 'll go down to the road, and I 'll treat the whole on you to some cherry-bounce. Take care! take care! there 's massa Clinton, and them gentlemans, and young missusses. I must tend their horses!" exclaimed young Pete, running towards the church. "Here, gum! darn it! Joe Carlton keep that marble for me," said Pete, as a marble bounced out of his pocket. On he went, not having time to button his jacket, which, nevertheless, he held together with his elbows pressed down on his pockets.

The young men gathered round Bradshaw and welcomed him. It was evident that he was a great favorite, and that they were proud of his acquaintance. He had not the least show-off in his manner; on the contrary he seemed almost boyish, as he grasped their hands, inquired after their parents, and spoke of their schoolboy pranks together. Even the oldest men seemed anxious to speak with him, and listened when he spoke upon any subject, not as they generally listen to young men, with restif impatience or indifference, but with affectionate respect. He knew all the country belles, from the blacksmith's daughter, a pretty girl, by the by, to Miss Carlton. His manner was the same to all. They greeted him joyously, asked him why he had not been to see them, and told him he must be sure to ride over. All the negros, young and old, knew him: and, as he passed them they were sure to speak to him, and receive a kindly remark: so was it with his sister and Mary Carlton.

With sober and quiet dignity the congregation were soon all gathered into the church, like, to use the Scriptural phrase, the sheep in the fold. The sermon was a plain practical one—upon good works, such as all denominations of Christians might subscribe to, without offense to any of their sectarian notions of faith.

After the service was over a number of the young gentlemen and ladies of the neighborhood rode over to the Purchase, and spent the remainder of the day there. Cavendish was known before in the neighborhood, and popular. It was pleasing to observe how quickly Willoughby became a favorite. His frank manners, manly deportment, fine person, and general intelligence, interested every one. He seemed so soon to catch the hue of the society around him. He gave pleasure not by attempting the arts of pleasing, but by giving himself up to the social impulses of his companions. "There was so much heart in his manners," as Emily Bradshaw observed. He was a young man of fortune; or rather he had the expectation of a very large one, at the death of his only relative, an uncle. Willoughby was an orphan, and the only blood connexion that he had in the world was this uncle.

In speaking once of his uncle to Bradshaw, Willoughby said: "My uncle, Bradshaw, is one of the strangest men you ever saw: he is generous, at times, to a fault—that is, when the wind blows right—and he 'll chirp about like a bird: you 'd think to see him then, that he never had a sad moment—after a while, he falls upon what he calls one of his dark days, and then every thing goes wrong with him—he hates to part with a fip, gets tetchy, wayward, usurious, and fancies his best friend his foe. It proceeds from ill-health—a disorder of the liver, which the doctor told me once, in confidence, for he dare not tell the old gentleman, he thought partially affected his mind. He has no children—never was married—and he received by inheritance a large estate, to which he has all his life been adding. He has now the largest fortune in the west. He has treated me with wayward harshness several times, but he always made more than an atonement. Generally, he gives me every thing that I want—and, I really believe, is sometimes angry with me because I don't spend more money; but he is a strangely suspicious being."

CHAPTER IX.

As the fall advanced the young members of the bar, the students and others, at the suggestion of Bradshaw, formed a debating society. They met night after night, preparing a constitution and adding to their numbers. Bradshaw exerted himself to get up the institution and to infuse an *esprit du corps* into the society. He would dwell, among his companions, with no common enthusiasm, on those accounts in the lives of eminent men which tell of their first efforts in debating societies.

"Practice is the thing," he would say, "and we must go a-head; 'keep moving, dad, keep moving,' as young Rapid says in the play.—We must keep moving with a high purpose. Without going back to the ancients—to the cave of Demosthenes, and his shaven crown, and six months' self-imprisonment—to Cleo-

re's trials and studies, and a hundred others; look at the moderns! Poor Curran, by Jove! we are told that his wife and family occupied the room in which the debating society to which he belonged met—they let him occupy it because he had no other—and he had to move out bag and baggage, wife and children, every Saturday night that they might meet. When old Bob Lyons took him his first fee Curran said himself that the only furniture of his room was a bed, table, a few broken chairs, a pregnant wife, and three children. What a beautiful passage that is in his speeches, where, addressing Lord Avonmore, between whom and himself there had been a misunderstanding, he reminded him of their early associations; Avonmore burst into tears.—Avonmore was, in those days which Curran referred to, not worth a sixpence himself.—When Curran was at college the faculty were about censuring him for his slovenliness; in self-defence, he told the anecdote of Avonmore. 'Mother,' said Avonmore, 'I wish I had eleven shirts!'—'Why so, Barry?'—'Because, mother, I think a man, to be a gentleman, should have the full dozen." Do ye take? Curran had but one, a first-rate excuse for not changing. Erskine went to the Robin Hood debating society night after night: by practicing there, he acquired that command of his powers which enabled him, in his very first speech at the bar, to come out all excellence. Burke first signalized himself at a debating society, by opposing a journeyman baker, who, Goldsmith said, was fit to be lord chancellor. Look at our own great men!—Judge Chase, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, happened to go into a debating society in Annapolis, and there heard William Pinckney, who was but an apothecary's boy. 'I do remember an apothecary,' realizing Shakspeare's description, no doubt. Chase was so struck with his talents that he advised him on the spot to study law; and, as Pinckney had no means, Chase took him into his own house. Henry Clay made his first effort in a debating society, in Lexington, Kentucky, I believe—your hailing place Willoughby.—When Clay rose to speak, instead of addressing the president of the society, he said 'Gentlemen of the jury.' This shows that Clay often thought of making a speech before he did make one; and if he had not often thought of it, he would not only have been embarrassed at first, but, in all probability, he would have failed completely. I tell you what it is, most of us must get our bread by the wagging of our tongues, and I am for commencing the practice early. Washington Irving, in speaking of a woman's tongue—and we may say it of a man's—says it is the only edged tool that grows sharper from constant use. Ay, Judge, I see you smile! You think children should not play with edged tools. I know it; but remember, we are apprentices to a trade that requires the use of these edged tools, and if we would not cut our fingers with them when old, we must use them when young. 'Words are things;' and in our profession it is scarcely saying too much, to assert that they are every thing."

The debating society was formed, and gradually increased until it numbered upwards of a hundred. The society held its meetings in a very large hall, over an engine house—"an appropriate place for spouting," as Bradshaw was wont to remark—where they had crowded audiences every public evening. On every other evening, only, were the public admitted, because there were many members who wished to break the ice, but who shrunk from doing it before a large audience, which might embarrass them so much as to prevent their proceeding; an event that is not so likely to occur before a smaller audience, composed only of members of the society, with whom the speaker is personally acquainted; and, if it did occur, the mortification would not be so great. Besides, it would not redound to the credit of the society, to have its members fail in a public attempt: and it is one of the most disagreeable things in the world, to a sensitive mind, to witness it. When the society was first got up, some of the students of the law were for having it exclusive. But Bradshaw laughed at the idea. "If you can convince us, gentlemen," said he, "that intellect is confined exclusively to our profession, agreed, and we will have our debating society a theater for displaying it, and we will all be stars. But

> 'Genius is of no country; her pure ray
> Spreads all abroad, as general as the day.'

There is both rhyme and reason in those two pithy lines of Churchill, the satirist. Your notion would be a good subject for his muse, if she would stoop to it from her supreme dominion. Ay, and genius is of no profession, either. By Jove, I know a young blacksmith, round the corner, to whom some of us will not be able to hold a candle. No, sirs, I am for having every young man join, who is respectable, be he who he may, or what he may. Let us have our society upon republican principles. Let the majority elect the officers and decide the questions; and, as a matter of courtesy, on public evenings, we must invite our audience to vote upon the merits of the debate. Let our constitution and by-laws be as simple as can be, so that we may have no disputes about them: for what is more tedious than such disputes? Notwithstanding the republican principles I have just avowed, I was going to propose that we should put every fellow in Coventry who makes a long speech upon constitutions and by-laws."

Bradshaw spared no pains to improve himself in speaking and composition. Though he had not half the reputation for studious habits that many of his fellow-students had, yet he *thought* much more than any of them. He was not so often seen with a book or pen in his hand, and he was often caught in his little room, over the office of the gentleman with whom he read law, with his arms folded, in a state of abstraction, or stretched out, apparently listless, on three or four chairs, or-

walking up and down his room, talking to himself; but, generally, in all these moods, he was unravelling some intricate question, or repeating the thoughts of some author in his own language, that he might the more impress them on his mind; or he was preparing himself for some discussion before his society, and making over and over to himself a train of argument, which, though he put not one word of it on paper, he, nevertheless, had as pat, as much by *heart*, as if he had committed it all to paper, and then to memory. This is, perhaps, the best way to study; for then the student carries about with him ever his intellectual gifts. When he writes a speech and commits it to memory, in the act of writing he only seeks to put his thought down, and in speaking, to pick it up. In this habit he is apt to lose or injure his powers of extemporizing—for the mind is as much influenced by *habit* as the body; and having accustomed himself to speak prepared language, no matter how well he may be acquainted with his subject, he cannot speak without that preparation—consequently, his mental exercise, when speaking, is but an act of memory, from which the excitement that arises in the creation of an argument, or even in expressing it in extemporaneous language, is banished. This makes a speaker a mere actor: and, though he expresses his own thoughts, his mind is a reservoir, and not a fountain—it has none of the gush and glow, the sparkling vivacity, and the crystal clearness of the spring.

Found, as often as we have said Bradshaw was, without pen or book, it gave him a reputation rather for idleness than industry, among those who did not know him well: a reputation which, with a Sheridan-like vanity, he was at no pains to contradict; when the fact was, that in mental industry, as we have already observed, he equalled any of his compeers. From such habits of study as Bradshaw's, many men have obtained a reputation for idleness. Patrick Henry, for instance: who can doubt, that when watching for hours his fishing-cork without even a nibble, or when rowning days through the woods, that he was forming those bright creations which astonished his contemporaries. When Sheridan's friends thought him asleep in bed, he was in bed, it is true, but was preparing his speech for the evening in the house. Curran's favorite habit of study was with a violin in his hand, running over some of his favorite tunes: those who saw him indulging his musical taste, just before making his great efforts, thought, doubtless he was very idle, and that his speeches were all miraculous creations. So they were miraculous creations, but, as Moore said of Sheridan, "like a skillful priest, he prepared the miracle of the moment beforehand." Much has been said of the extemporaneous reply of Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, in the Senate of the United States, on Poote's resolutions,—so it might have been extemporaneous as to language, but the great constitutional argument which that speech contains, has been the elaboration of Mr. Webster's political life.

Bradshaw had every natural advantage to make an orator:—a fine person, most graceful manners, one of the most expressive faces in the world, capable of every variety of expression, and a voice loud and clear in its high tones, while its lowest were silvery, and as distinct as Kean's, the tragedian, and an eye like an eagle's. At the table of Mr. Glassman, who was very fond of theatricals, and who esteemed acting, in some respects, the sister-art to oratory, he frequently met the distinguished actor, B———. Once, after dinner, Glassman and B——— recited different passages from Shakspeare, and they called on Bradshaw to do the same. With some diffidence he complied. They were much struck with his powers, and the tragedian used all his eloquence to induce him to join the stage.

"Why not," said he, "you will make much more money than you possibly can at the bar, and then the applause of the theater is as gratifying as that of the bar."

Bradshaw did not state his reasons for not complying with the advice of the tragedian: he, however, pleased the actor so much, that they became very intimate. Bradshaw took lessons in oratory from him, and he derived from his instructions great practical advantages.

"That 's it, that 's it," the tragedian would exclaim, after Bradshaw had recited for him some of the best passages of the drama,

"O, what an Ovid was in Murray lost!"

So said Pope of his friend Mansfield, and so may I, with a little change of the line, say of you,

"O, what an actor was in" Bradshaw "lost!"

"Be careful—you waste your voice too much; that is, you too often make it exert its utmost powers: if you were to perform a tragedy—Richard the Third, for instance, or Lear—you would be exhausted before you got into the fifth act, for which you should husband your energies. In speaking a speech, you will, perhaps, be more liable to exhaustion, because you must go on without a breathing spell. It is execrable to hear a man speak after his energies are exhausted. Pray you, avoid it, as Hamlet would say. By the by, that speech of Hamlet to the players, is the best advice in the world to your profession as well as to mine. If I were you, as a speaker, I never would study a gesture for a particular passage: it is proper in our profession but I doubt if it would suit in yours. On the stage, whether our feelings are in cue or not, we must go through the part as it is set down, and, of course, when we come to the affecting passage, we must use the appropriate gesture. In this respect the orator has the advantage of the actor. You are not compelled to be pathetic, whether

your feelings will or not: but we, though not in the 'melting mood,' must assume the feeling, though we have it not, when we reach that passage in Othello, where the melting mood is necessary. You will be careful never to attempt the pathetic, the awful, the sublime, or even the ridiculous, but where you feel it. There is such a sympathy between heart and heart, that the commonest man in your audience will find you out if you do. Remember this, that when you have waked a feeling—an impulse—no matter of what passion, you can easier pass to another—it 's very opposite—than you can call up a feeling from the dead level. You understand me; I mean that when your audience are excited, you can easier make them both laugh and weep, than you could make them laugh if they were not excited. I told you not to prepare a gesture for a particular passage—you should not. If there is any imperfection in your gesture—if you are too hurried, for instance—correct it—correct all such imperfections, until your gestures impulsively assume a naturalness: Naturalness! sacrifice any thing, every thing to nature. I would rather see a speaker awkward and ungainly, where he felt, than ever so graceful and appropriate where he did not feel. Canning, for instance, had thrice the grace of Brougham, but Brougham produced much greater effect—was more powerful—that is, in plain language, he felt deeper what he said. Some one has said, I forget who, that a gesture should be 'felt, not seen.' That is a just remark. Oratory is like Pope's description of beauty. It is not the eye or the brow that we call beauty; and it is not the tone, the look, the intellect, the gesture—Demosthenes to the contrary, notwithstanding—that we call oratory.

'But the full force and joint effect of all.'"

Bradshaw applied himself closely to his legal studies, but not so closely as to neglect polite literature or general information. On the contrary, he made himself familiar with all the great English poets and prose writers: in the interval of his law studies he resorted to them as recreation. He accustomed himself to composition, and occasionally wrote for the press, not only prose, but sometimes he attempted poetry, for which he had a taste. Often, after a long deliberation on the subject to be discussed at his debating society, he would write out an argument, pro and con, on the question, and then go to his society; and without taking with him a note, or repeating a line of what he had written, he would enter into the debate. In this way, not only by the force of his great natural talents, but by his industry, he surpassed every member of the society, although there was a great deal of talent in it, and men much older than himself. There were some who detracted from him, it is true: for when was there high talent that had not detractors? but this was only with a few members of the society who envied him: with the great majority, and with the visiters, he stood without a rival. Cavendish would often press hard upon him, not in oratory or general information, nor in power of language, but in close argument, and in dry, quaint humor. Willoughby, in wild declamation, keen remarks, and odd phraseology, would sometimes produce a strong impression; and Jekyl, the blacksmith, of whom Bradshaw spoke—though his pronunciation was bad, his sentences ungrammatical, and his manner awkward; and though he possessed comparatively very little information, yet by the dint of powerful native talent, to borrow an illustration from his own craft, he would weld his arguments together with such sledge-hammer force and directness, that it often required all Bradshaw's eloquence, with appropriate quotation, varied knowledge, and great powers of argumentation, to remove the impression. Jekyl possessed a remarkably pure heart and mind,—he had no envy in his composition.—Bradshaw had broken his father's chaise, and drove round to the blacksmith-shop, at which Jekyl worked as a journeyman, to have it mended. While he was mending it, Bradshaw entered into conversation with him, and was pleased. Afterwards, in his walks, he would often stop in and converse with Jekyl while at work. In this way an intimacy grew up between them; and often, after his day's work, Jekyl might be seen walking round to the room of Bradshaw, where they would sit and converse for hours. Bradshaw proposed Jekyl as a member of their debating society; and in spite of the opposition of some of the members, whose aristocracy was offended, he had him elected. Jekyl had no wit or humor, nor powers of retort, and was, withal, very sensitive. Some of the members—and particularly one named Talbot, who possessed considerable talent, and more malignity—would frequently ridicule his bad pronunciation and grammatical errors. The blacksmith would suffer in silence: for, as we have observed, he had no talent for reply. On such occasions Bradshaw always came to the rescue of his friend: his indignant eye and withering sarcasm had silenced such remarks for some time, when, on one occasion, Talbot, who had been beaten in debate by Jekyl, in reply, was guilty not only of ridiculing his grammatical errors and bad pronunciation, but of the mean personality of alluding to his occupation. Bradshaw rose indignantly—it was a public debate—and said, "Mr. President, is it necessary for me here to repeat the well known anecdote of a celebrated character, who had originally been a shoemaker, but who rose by the dint of great talents, and in spite of many obstacles, to distinction and power, and who was reproached with his former vocation by a certain person. 'Sir,' said he, in reply, 'by my industry, and with what gifts God gave me, I have arisen to be what I am: if the gentleman who taunts me with what I was, had been bred a shoemaker, he would have been a shoemaker still.' Sir, I will say this for my friend, the blacksmith, that if some ten or twenty years hence, the gentleman who has been so courteous in this debate, should then throw the smithy in his teeth, he may relate the anecdote which I

have alluded to, with perfect applicability to that gentleman and to himself."

Bradshaw uttered this in a feeling and dignified manner; the whole audience, many of whom were mechanics, responded to it heartily, with a burst of applause: no uncommon tribute for Bradshaw to receive, but which was peculiarly grateful to the feelings of Jekyl, and humiliating to Talbot: for they both felt that the sentiment was applauded, as well as the utterer. Talbot never forgave Bradshaw; for among the audience were some of the most fashionable belles and beaux of the city, his acquaintance, who were in the habit of attending the public meetings of the society, which was, in fact, a place of fashionable resort. On Jekyl it produced as deep an impression, but of a far different kind. He was a lover, a painfully sensitive one; and he had brought with him to the debate, on this evening, the young girl whom he was wooing, who accompanied his mother and himself. He was deeply attached, and tremblingly alive to the issue of his attachment; for the maiden had not yet been won. Bradshaw's manly and high, yet courteous bearing, and the promise of a splendid career, which his efforts at the debating society had augured for him, already made him the town talk. This simple incident was, therefore, remembered by Jekyl with abundant gratitude. As the assembly broke up, he grasped Brakshaw convulsively by the hand; but his emotion would not let him say one word. Bradshaw caught the beaming eye of the maiden full upon him. With a quick sagacity he saw how matters stood—he saw, too, that Jekyl observed her happy expression, and as he shook the blacksmith's hand, he whispered to him significantly,

"Go a-head, my dear fellow; 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Remember, this is both *literally* and metaphorically true." That night Jekyl took heart, told his love, and was accepted. If he had sunk beneath the taunt of Talbot, and it had passed unanswered, would he have been accepted? Upon such slight things depend our weal or wo. Suspecting Jekyl's love affair put Bradshaw in mind of Selman's; and, as he left the debating society, with Cavendish and Willoughby, and took an arm of each, on their way to Fleming's, he observed—

"As Selman never takes part in our debates, and as Miss Penelope frequently attends, we must be true to our conspiracy of helping him on, and make him president of the society.—What say you?"

"Ha! ha!—good!" said Kentuck. "I thought this evening, as Miss Penelope has such admiration for oratory, that if Selman does not come out, he might hurt his suit.—It 's a first rate idea to make him president, for then he will not be expected to speak; and, as he can 't, it is just the thing."

Not long after this debate, one was held on the question,—Whether woman was equal to man in intellect? Bradshaw maintained the superiority of man's, though he thought they were of a different order: that man's was like his frame, strong, towering, muscular,—and that woman's was like hers, delicate, yielding, graceful; that she expressed best the thoughts that develope and cultivate the affections, and tell of their gentle sympathies and fond, dream-like hopes—that she best controlled the youthful mind, and taught it, at her knee, those duties which mould the after being, and make it what God intended;—that *he* expressed the dark and daring, and ambitious emotions, those of power, of mastering passion in a wayward nature—that he was meant to govern his kind, as he had governed in all ages of the world.—He concluded by saying, woman had the best heart and man the best head. Many of the sex attended the debate, and Talbot was the zealous advocate not only of their equality, but, in his zeal, and inspired by their presence, he proclaimed them superior to man, and pronounced a high wrought eulogium on them to that effect. While he was speaking, Bradshaw wrote the following epigram on him, and handed it to Cavendish, who was mischievous enough, when Talbot took his seat, to read it aloud. It caused a great laugh at Talbot's expense, and rankled in his spirit.

EPIGRAM.

Talbot, proclaimer of great Nature's plan,
Announces woman, master of the man;
And says she came not as lone Adam's mate,
But, coming after, came to legislate.
Methinks I see him, in his proper station,
Tied to her apron strings of legislation;
Minding, with henpecked humbleness of mien,
The scolded dictates of the thundering queen—
Giving to her his breeches and his vote,
And decked as woman, in her petticoat.
To save him from his lady's dread undoing,
Poor Jerry Sneak called loud on brother Bruin;
But Talbot, like the Grecian, loves to yield;—
When stern Zantippe, *reigning*, took the field,
And from the upraised window hurled the shower—
The sage looked up with blessings on her power.
That woman is your equal, who can doubt?
Sure, modest merit soon would find *that* out!
Alas! in your philanthrophy of mind,
You make yourself a standard for mankind.

CHAPTER X.

Through the winter Bradshaw studied hard, prepared himself diligently for the debates at his society, and seldom listened to the voice of pleasure. Miss Carlton remained in town during her father's absence at Washington, where he was attending to his congressional duties, or rather writing home letters, franking papers and packages, and endeavoring to find out, not what was the best measure, but what would take best; in short, attending to the personal considerations of a re-election. His daughter improved beyond all rivalry in every mental and fashionable quality; and, as she ripened into womanhood, her loveliness became more and more attractive and dazzling. Mary had not yet "come out;" that is, set up formally to visit and be visited. Nevertheless, many were the students of law, young merchants, and young men of fashion and fortune, about town,

who called to see her, and took every occasion to join her in her way to and from school. Among the latter named gentlemen, who employed their time in cultivating their whiskers and propping up the posts at the corners of the streets, was Mr. Bates, who might frequently be seen lounging near the corner, by which she passed in her way to school, waiting to escort her there. Her way was through the court-house square, where she would frequently meet Bradshaw, as he passed to and from his boarding house. Bradshaw would hurry along with his cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder, often in the coldest day, without it; and though he would, apparently, be thinking of anything but the scene around him, as, in fact, he generally was; yet he saw what was passing, as might be known by his instant recognition of any one whom he knew, however slightly. An observer would have been struck with him, even in passing—the quick, momentary, penetrating glance he threw on every passer-by—his frank and free salute to every friend—the respectful bow to age—the graceful touch of the hat to every casual acquaintance—and the urbanity and perfect ease with which he would lift it to a lady, showed the ease of practiced courtesy, and the self-sustainment of self-respect. Whenever Miss Carlton met Bradshaw, they always had something to say to each other, much to the annoyance of Mr. Bates. She would say, "Remember, Clinton, you go to the ball with me to-night;" or, "I have a letter from your sister, and if you want to read it you must call and see me;" or, "I am going with the Hollidays to the theater to-night, and I expect you for a beau: as you know Mr. B—— so well, I like to hear you criticise his acting," &c.

In a fit of jealousy against Bates, who was very attentive to Miss Perry, as well as to Miss Carlton, Selman had told Bradshaw of the conversation concerning him, which he overheard between Bates and Turnbull, at Mr. Perry's party. The morning after Selman told him Bradshaw met Miss Carlton, as usual, with Mr. Bates by her side.

"Good morning, Miss Carlton," said he, "you and I used to be schoolmates, you remember, and we still go to school, though not together; I to the law and you to Miss Copeday. Pray, how long has *Miss* Bates been your school-mate?"

This came so unexpectedly on Miss Carlton, and was said in such a manner, that she could not refrain from laughing; and as she did not like her present school-mate, she quickly replied,

"About a month, sir."

All this was overheard by a number of young men, who were stationed at the corner—acquaintances of Mr. Bates. He was a very effeminate fellow, and they bored him nearly to death with it. It effectually stopped his gallantries to Miss Carlton. Time rolled on. In the mean while, Bradshaw had delivered several addresses before different literary societies of the city, written a series of numbers on politics for the press, which were extensively noticed, and made many political speeches at the town and ward meetings of the people: he was becoming a great favorite with all classes. Bradshaw was not yet admitted to the bar, but he would often muse and speculate, sometimes with a melancholy, sometimes humorous emotion on the feelings and characters of his friends and acquaintances, who were admitted and waiting for business, or who were on the eve of being admitted. Every young lawyer, and particularly the idle one, remembers his admittance to the bar, and his first efforts. How vividly he recollects the alternations of hope and fear, as he contemplated the near and nearer approach of the day when he is to stand before the committee appointed to examine him. At one moment he determines to put a bold face on the matter, and dash right ahead. At another, the "ghost of his departed hours" rise up before him, and frighten him from all propriety and all law. Sometimes, like the ghost of Banquo, it will not down, and desperately he determines to quit the law altogether. He thinks over all the law he has read, and deuce take it! he cannot remember a first principle. "Certainly, certainly," says he, "my law, like Bob Acre's courage, oozed from the end of my fingers, when I wrote that note, requesting to be examined. I 'd better quit the law altogether," thinks he, "for a moment—my constitution can't stand it." "What! quit it," says Pride, "just on the eve of an examination? what will the world say," and if Pride should be reconciled to what the world would say, up starts Poverty with a peremptory, "You can't, sir." Poverty is an absolute tyrant, even in a republic, and must be obeyed. Then the poor student will catch up first, one law book, and then another, hastily glance over the first case that presents itself, finds he knows nothing about it—looks at another—don't know it. Well, I 'll read it through, I may be asked this very case. He reads it for a while—closes the book—glances his eye upward, as if to scan futurity—then into the fire, as though a cloud had passed over the ceiling, and obscured his vision—jumps up—buttons his coat tight over his heart, like one about to brave an imminent peril—adjusts his neckcloth, and walks hastily out to meet his fellow students, and talk over the characters of each and every member of the committee of examination. O, ye grey beards of the profession! if ye have sins, they are then assuredly remembered. If ye have the virtues of charity and good humor, your want of legal knowledge is called anything but a fault; and the fact that you have never rejected a student, is remembered, while your consistency of character is eulogized. The important hour arrives, another, and the long agony is over. The next day, a pithy advertisement announces that ——— ———, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, offers his professional services to the public; and it tells where his office is to be found. That said office is designated by a well painted piece of tin, which tells the twice-told tale to the indifferent public.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

My gentleman thinks, at first, that he has the world in a sling. He sits, installed in his professional chair, like the man in the "Arabian Nights," with his glass ware before him, which it has taken his last cent to purchase, and which he thinks he will sell at great profit, and accumulate great wealth; and how he will have a sultana at his feet, whom he will indignantly spurn: he suits the action to the word, and, lo! the glass ware flies into a thousand fragments. Thus, too often dreams the young lawyer, and thus to fragments fly his hopes: they die, though, as our friends die, with a treacherous promise of returning health to-day, yet passing away to-morrow, to the clod and to the worm, followed by others, and by others, till he stands—alone!

At last, he volunteers—all great men have volunteered: Curran, Erskine, Pinckney, Webster, Wirt, Clay—and he determines to volunteer, too. Now comes on a second trial, as nerve-rending as the first: to manage the case, to examine and cross-examine the witnesses to, argue before the court the point of law, and to address the jury. That which he had looked to as the *summum bonum* of all his youthful aspirations, is within his grasp; but it is not as it seemed. He may fail! But, then, who ever succeeded in his first effort? Curran completely failed. Erskine said he never could have got on if he had not felt his wife and children pulling at his gown for bread: (I wish I had a wife and children, for a moment thinks the new attorney and counsellor at law.) Sheridan failed, —and—but, no matter,—I'll—I'll astonish the natives yet. In the mean time, as the copy-plate says, "I'll do my best, and leave the rest."

Bradshaw, in contemplating his admittance to the bar, was not much disturbed by the feeling above described, but he had the very temperament to be thus disturbed, if he had spent his time in idleness. He was singularly constituted: to a sensitive and imaginative mind he added great energy and action, a subtle knowledge of men, and a just perception of facts. He understood the relative situations of men and things, without suffering his imagination to throw one of its rainbow tints across the clear vision of his judgment. In him, genius and common sense were combined. Whenever he mingled in the world, in whatever scene he might be, he was always studying character: and while he had the sagacity to understand it, he had an acute sensibility, which appreciated and sympathized with the emotions of every one, no matter how dissimilar to his own. Though subject, constitutionally, to great depression of spirits, by keeping his energies always alive and active, he generally dispelled them: and when gloomy views of the world, and of himself, crossed him, he went forth and mingled with the crowd, determined to brace himself for every encounter. Being thrown, by his early sickness, upon his own mental resources for amusement, he had endeavored to acquire the philosopher's great precept, "Know thyself." He felt that he must keep over himself—over his passions—a strong guard; he felt this the more, as he knew the watchman had sometimes slept, or yielded to the allurements of the rioters whom he should have quelled.

As we have observed, Bradshaw had a very extensive acquaintance, which was not confined to the higher circles of society. At the political meetings he had become acquainted with men of every class; with the keepers of the lowest groceries and taverns, as well as with the highest, and he knew their highest and lowest customers. In the large city in which he lived there was a criminal court, exclusively for the city, in which offenses of all kinds were tried, and where there were, of course, many criminals. In an election for mayor of the city, a young man whom Bradshaw knew, had committed an assault and battery, for which he had been indicted. He came to Bradshaw, and was very anxious that he would defend him.

"I somehow feel," said the young man, "that you will do me better justice than any body else—and all my acquaintances advised me to come to you."

"Garson, I would defend you with the greatest pleasure," said Bradshaw, "but I have not yet been admitted to the bar."

"I wish to mercy you would be admitted, Mr. Bradshaw, and defend me. They accuse me of stabbing, which I never did. It will be a serious business with me: my wife is troubled most to death. What shall I pay you, sir?"

"You 're a good client," said Bradshaw, smiling; "but wait till I have defended you. Call round this afternoon, at three o'clock, and I 'll tell you whether I can or not. If I cannot, I will recommend you to a good lawyer."

Garson had scarcely left, when Cavendish entered the room.

"Well, Cavendish," said Bradshaw (Cavendish had been admitted some time), "how comes on the practice?"

"Toll, loll," said Cavendish: "with hard scratching, I shall manage to live and let live."

"I believe," said Bradshaw, "that I shall be admitted, not to the civil court, but to the city criminal court. I mean to attend the lectures, particularly those on practice, again. The criminal law is simple, and, I flatter myself, I understand it as well as some of the gentlemen who practice it—though I may not have as great pretensions as they have to being a *criminal* lawyer. However, Garson, a young draymam, who thrashed a fellow who interrupted me at a political meeting, one night, has been indicted for stabbing a man. He wants me to defend him, and I think, under the circumstances, I ought to appear for him."

"I think so, too," said Cavendish. "All you have to do, is to pass over to the courthouse—the criminal court is now sitting—and get some one to suggest to the court that you wish to be admitted. Old Price has the greatest kind of notion of you, and he will appoint a committee on the spot. The old fellow

says that the court over which he presides is of as much more importance above the civil court, of as much more importance (here Cavendish imitated the judge's peculiar manner) as are men's lives and liberty of more importance to them than their property.

Bradshaw entered the court, and had the application made. The court, on the instant, appointed Mr. Shaffer to examine him. Mr Shaffer was a formal, yet, where he took a liking, a frank old gentleman, with a great deal of eccentricity. He possessed great tact and eloquence in defending criminals. He was a gentleman of the old school of the bar, a kind of legal antiquary, who retained all the old habits. He still cultivated a queue and powdered his hair; and, though very old, retained his intellect, as might be seen in his quick twinkling grey eye.

"I feel, your honor, that, in fulfilling this duty, I shall lessen my own fees—but it gives me pleasure, Mr. Bradshaw. Shall I now attend you sir?"

Bradshaw left the court with Mr. Shaffer. As they were leaving it the old gentleman cut his eye at him, and asked, "Mr. Bradshaw, can you make a glass of whiskey-punch?"

"Yes, sir," said Bradshaw, "and drink one, too, if you will do me the honor of drinking with me."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "then you are qualified—I will make out your certificate—quite qualified to be a lawyer, according to the present method of making them."

"Suppose we walk into the oyster house, that I may prove my qualifications; and you will then, if you please, sir, give me the certificate."

They entered the oyster house, or, to give the establishment the title with which its owner designated it, the Court-House Restaurateur, where Bradshaw proved to Mr. Shaffer that he was doubly qualified for admittance, and where the the veteran showed that he was amply qualified to judge of such qualifications.

"Mr. Bradshaw," remarked Mr. Shaffer, gladdening over the memory of other days, while he revived it, "the times at this bar are not as they used to be, sir; I never felt myself, sir, I never felt myself since they tore down the old court-house, and built this. To be sure, sir, the old one was an old affair, it had none of the tinsel and bedizzened finery of this, with your damask drapery over the judgment-seat, where the image of the goddess sits as her prototype swings over a tavern door, and she hears just about as much wrangling and brawling. This is a splendid affair—a splendid affair our new court-house. You don't remember the old one—give me the splendid eloquence—that 's the kind of splendor for a court room; and the old halls echoed it in my young day. 'When I was young, ah, woful when!' as some one sings. Scott's character of Pleydel, in his Guy Mannering—I heard you speaking of it in conversation the other day with the Judge—is just the fac-simile of our lawyers—I mean of what our lawyers used to be, sir. In those days, sir, the profession lived like men; yes, sir, like gentlemen: they took their ease, sir, and they attended to their business with a free and easy spirit. They loved their wine, sir, and they enjoyed it. Why, Mr. Bradshaw, now-a-days, sir, you must perceive it yourself—now-a-days, the souls of our lawyers are wrapped up in speculations and per centage: they have money to lend, sir, at fifty per cent. interest—and they care no more for the dignity of the profession than if there was not such a thing. No, sir, the spirit of chivalry in our bar departed with the old court-house; and, as we lawyers would say, sir, there was no animi revertendi. Often, sir, often do I call up those days; but they are becoming a bitter memory. I stood upon the spot, the other day, where the old court-house stood, and, like he who came to the place of his birth, and asked for the friends of his youth, Where are they? and echo answered and said, Where are they? Thus I asked, Where are the noble spirits of by-gone days—the true models of what the profession should be? Echo's was the only answer; and I felt a sense of desolation heavy on me—signs of dotage, I suppose the present generation would tell me. It may be, sir; it may be. I am an old bachelor, with no kin nor kind, except an infirm brother much older than myself. I am the last of my race, as a man and a lawyer—'Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'"

"You mistake the feeling, indeed, sir," said Bradshaw, touched with the old gentleman's evident emotion. "The oak, that by its vital strength has outlived its companions, braving many winters, and spreading its leafy honors in many a summer, is the noblest oak of them all. We seek its patriarchal shade with reverence; and the wild vine by, that would have crept, but for its support, clings to it and towers."

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Shaffer, his eye glistening, "I appreciate your sympathy with an old man's regrets—that feeling which honors age, sir, is a blessed one: no matter in whose person it is honored. I might read you a long lecture upon our profession; but, sir, another time. Remember, you must not forget to give old Nancy a dollar or two on your admittance; she claims it, sir, from all, and has, for these fifteen or twenty years past, from every lawyer who is admitted. I know but one man who ever refused; and that was that fipenny-bit fellow, Scraps—a sample of your modern lawyers, Mr. Bradshaw. She berated Scraps so roundly for it, at every place she met him, and treated him with such contempt and derision, that I believe the fellow, gingerly dog that he is, would give one hundred dollars to escape the odium. Nancy has great popularity in the class from which he gets many of his clients; and she has lost him many a one, by laughing, in her rough way, at his pretensions, and telling tales, which she has no qualms about inventing, or rather coloring, of his blunders in the practice."

"I know her very well, sir; her care-for-nobody manner and her shrewdness have often amused me," said Bradshaw.

"She is an odd fish, sir. To speak plainly, she has been a harlot, is a hag, though she pretends to be religious; and, I have no doubt, often feels so. Nancy is good-natured, when unprovoked, and generous to the poor and miserable of her own class. She has, withal, a great observation of character; and she knows the private history, and the little indiscretions of every member of the bar. As a jockey would say, sir, she can strike the sore place—offend her, and she 'll do it. For many years she has, every morning while the court sat, arranged her table in the area, and sold cakes and apples. When the old court stood, sir, she frequently made her appearance there with a figure and finery widely in contrast with her present appearance. She was then, though none of the youngest, even then, quite a good-looking woman, with a bright eye, fine teeth, and a fair complexion. Since, she has had the small-pox, has lost her teeth, and her face is the very fac-simile of an old saddle-cover. I like to speculate upon character, sir; my profession has led me a great deal among mankind, when they were moved by the deepest and darkest emotions. I have discovered this, that many a one, whom we would think, at first glance, entirely depraved, often cherishes affections of the gentlest and holiest character. Not only has Nancy good points of character,—some of the best.—but she had an affection for a drunken husband, a worthless dog in every respect, that was unsurpassed. Nancy had been a camp girl, in the revolution. She could tell as many tales of some of the British officers, as she can of our bar, sir. Well, her husband deserted, and miraculously escaped, and she with him.—They settled here when the war was over, and they lived near the old court-house. When he would lay out o' nights, in his drunken frolics, she would search the whole town for him: it was then small, and could be searched. I remember her well, with the light in her hand, looking and inquiring after him.—Well, sir, she found him, one night, crushed to death, in the street: a vehicle of some kind had passed over his neck. On her own shoulders, unassisted, she took him home. I have seen criminals, sir, on the eve of condemnation, and on the eve of being executed, and I have seen their relatives and friends with them, in every variety of wo—but I never saw deeper anguish than that woman exhibited. I happened to meet her bearing the body into her house. Yet she was, at that very time, unfaithful—notoriously so, to her husband; and her unfaithfulness, it is said, caused him to take to the bottle—or, rather, was his apology for taking to it as often as he did. He would drink, he said, any how—but Nancy's ways made him drink more; for, though she did treat him well, and take him out of the gutter, yet he knew where the shoe pinched. Now, the dog knew just what she was before he married her, but he would drink, and wanted an apology. She, being more the soldier of the two, acted upon her own responsibility, and sought no apology or justification for her errors." Delighted at having a pleased listener, Mr. Shaffer, who had a high respect for Bradshaw, continued—"Josey is another character, sir: the old fellow who sweeps out the court-room—he has followed that vocation ten years, at least. Observe the difference: Nancy knows every suitor and every witness who attends court; Josey about as many as the first day he commenced to sweep it. Every acquaintance that he makes, except with the judge, lawyers, and a few others—who, by some peculiar circumstances, have impressed themselves upon his memory—pass from his recollection, as the sweepings pass from the hall, under his skillful broom. There is quite a taking between old Josey and Nancy. It amuses me often to see him, leaning upon his broom, and her, with her hands poked into her pockets, but with her head set back with an air of other days, conversing together; Josey—

"The Lord be merciful to all his people! this is a woful and wicked world!" exclaimed Nancy, who, at this moment, entered the Restaurateur, and threw her basket of apples and cakes on the table, with a total disregard to the fate of its contents; so much so that several of her best pippins bounced out on to the floor, unnoticed. "The Lord have mercy upon us! this is a wicked world—high and low, rich and poor, are 'bout the same—so much alike as two pippins. Ay, here ye are, Mr. Shaffer, and ye, young Mr. Bradshaw—I put the question to ye, tell me, can a judge take the benefit?"

"What! the benefit of the act, Nancy?" asked Shaffer.

"Yes, the benefit of the act, as ye call it; getting rid of yer debts by paying nothing," exclaimed Nancy.

"Why, certainly, Nancy, why not? a judge has no privilege from arrest, except when court sits. A judge may go in debt if the people will trust him, just as Judge Harper did; and he may take the benefit, just as I am told the judge has."

"Ay, the thing 's done—the Lord love us. Well, I just say this, that the judge has condemned many a better man than he is himself."

"Why, what 's the matter, Nancy? is the Judge your debtor?" asked Shaffer. "I have not seen you so much moved since the olden time—since the days of the old court."

"None of yer ripping up old scores, Shaffer, none of that—the old court house is gone, and let by-gones go with it;" replied Nancy, indignantly. "But I am not thinking of myself, now. I am thinking of old Josey Mulvany—the way he has been treated would rise up in judgment against a saint, if a saint could act so like an unchristian sinner. He is a lone man, as I am a lone woman; many a weary day has he swept yer old court house, or yer new one, I mean, to save a little penny to keep his old age. And where is it? I ask ye, where is it? gone to the prodigalities and abominations of his honor's pleasuring. I 'd

give my last apple for eggs to pelt him; a pretty Judge to decide right between man and man, and to spend the hard yearnings of a poor old man, trusted to him for safe keeping."

"How much money of Josey's had the Judge, Nancy?" asked Bradshaw.

"How much!" exclaimed Nancy, "why, two thousand and five dollars!—hard yearnings, day and night, wet and dry, hungry and cold—just by the labor of his hands, and by the sweat of his brow; for Josey is not a man who can twist and turn through the world, and pick up fips doing nothing, till he raises dollars. It 's sinful—there is a curse in God's providence for such treatment. He looks just as if he thought nothing—like a man sleepy with drink—the heart's heavy when a man looks that way. It 's worse than a wake: a man had better be dead than have nothing to live on. If he had so treated me, I be bound I would have spurred up to him. I would let him know a piece of my mind, before a full courthouse. Here is Josey now. Come in, Josey, and take a little comfort."

"A small drap, if you please, Mr. Bnuley," said Josey, with a dejected look, advancing to the bar.

"If liquor is made for anything," continued Nancy, "'t is for the comfortless. I used to tell my husband, Jonathan Lape—I called him Johnny—says I, 'Johnny, there 's no 'casion for ye to drink so; ye 've got a good house over yer head—(I was the provider, as ye know, Shaffer)—ye 've got a good house over yer head, and what for should ye drink?—and so perpetually, like an old sewer?'—for Johnny was a man that would drink anywhere, and anything that had drunkenness in it. 'If,' saye I, 'ye feel a little out of sorts—(as a body, ye know, will feel)—take a little of the best—the best can't hurt ye, but don't drink like a hog in a swill tub.' Ye know, yerself Shaffer, that I was true and tender to Johnny."

"I don't know that you were *true*, Nancy; I thought you were tender," replied Shaffer.

"Shaffer!" she exclaimed, indignantly, cutting her eye at Josey, to see if he observed the emphasis on *true;* on observing that he was engaged in swallowing the brandy toddy, and did not, she continued, mildly—"Yes, ye may well say I was tender to him; for it was on my very door-sill, when I was bearing his dead body—woes me—on these old shoulders—I did 'nt think he was dead—then I met yereelf. An awful night I spent—ye left me to raise some of the neighbors, Shaffer, and a long, long time ye staid—at least, it seemed so, and I dared not leave him for fear he might come to, and want help—he was stone dead." Here Nancy suppressed her emotions for a moment, and then continued—"I defy the whole world to say but that I buried him decently; and the first money that these hands yearnt, I paid old Philpot fifty dollars—I done part in washing—to put over him a white marble tomb-stone, and ye yerself, Shaffer, wrote the description (inscription) for me."

"I did, Nancy," said Shaffer; and he reached his hand towards her basket, to take a chestnut, which she observing, pushed close up to him, saying,

"Help yerself, Shaffer; ye 're as welcome as the blossoms in May."

"How did this loss happen, Josey?" inquired Bradshaw.

"Why, sir," replied Josey, "I thought a judge couldn't break; and folks kept talking and talking agin the savings' bank—so I told the judge one day, when I was sweeping out, that I somehow thought the bank was ricketylike—and I axed him if he would take care of my money; he said he would, and I gin it to him—that was next Christmas come a year. This morning I was belated, and I was jist a dusting round the insolents' (insolvents) room, when the clark was reading about the benefit of the act people, and I heard the judge's name—I thought a judge couldn't take the benefit—and it was read off plain debtor to Joseph Mulvaney two thousand and five dollars—it ought to have been two thousand and ten, for I gave him five yesterday—I couldn't help calling right out to know if that was me? and Mr. Blakely said it was—the brush fell naterally out o' my hand; and I don't know what 's happened since."

"Don't be afraid of the drop, Josey, it can't hurt ye; and come home and take a mouthful o' warm dinner with me. Ye can leave yer lone bit in the court till another time."

After taking a "drop" herself, Nancy and Josey departed to her house. For some time there had been a matrimonial engagement depending between these two; and after they had got to Nancy's house, and had dinner and a few more drops of comfort, Nancy, betweenwhiles, telling Josey of the hardships of the war, by way of reconciling him to his misfortunes as evening approached, said,

"Now, Josey, I 'll jist speak to you like a plain honest women. Yer situation at the court-house being all alone in that ere big building at night, and you getting old, was venturesome—for afflictions strike old people sometimes at once—and I am old and lone—so the word has been spoken between us, ye know, that we would come together. Now, if yer two thousand and five—or ten, it ought to be—dollars were safe, Josey, ye, yerself, would have to axe for the time and get the license. But you mustn't go to that big building to-night—ye 'll feel sad and awsome—if ye staid here, folks would scandalize an old woman, and it becomes us to nuss a good name: so, if ye e'en say so, I 'll jist step to the court afore it shuts, and get the clark to make a license, and I 'll stop in to Parson Gowler's, and bring him along."

That evening, Nancy was made Mrs. Mulvany.

CHAPTER XI.

Bradshaw appeared for Garson, made a very able defence for him, and he was acquitted. This, with his previous reputation as a speaker, and a young man of great talents,

threw him into a very extensive criminal practice. He defended every one who applied to him, from a petty larceny, through all the grades of crime. In this way he became acquainted with almost every criminal, and with every constable, watchman, and rioter in the city.

One day Jekyl called to see him, and invited him to his wedding. "I am going to be married," said he, "to-morrow evening. I have a shop of my own now, as you know, and I am doing a pretty good business."

"How do you come on with that newspaper?" asked Bradshaw.

"Why, I assist Branson in writing for it occasionally; he thinks my plain way of scribbling, and my being a mechanic, helps it along with my brother mechanics. When I first wrote little pieces for my own amusement, he looked over the grammar and punctuation: but since, I have applied myself hard in what leisure time I had, and I now can write grammatically, I believe, and punctuate with correctness. I attend strictly to my business through the day, but at night, and on Sundays, I study close—and I have learned, while working in my shop, to arrange my ideas, so that I can go home and write them right off. I wish I had more time. I improved myself the most when I was sick, and staid at your father's. It was the happiest time of my life. Rebecca, when we are married, will help me on a good deal. She has some little money, five hundred dollars, with which I can extend my trade; and she makes these patent stocks, by which she gets a good deal. I think I might buy out, probably, Branson, in the Mechanics' Advocate. I should like to do it. But it seems to me like presumption, in taking the control of a paper. It is only a weekly paper, to be sure, but it has a good circulation among the mechanics and they generally pay well; but I never could make it fashionable, or get it among the merchants."

"I 'll tell you what it is, Jekyl," said Bradshaw; "think seriously on the subject. You can obtain valuable correspondents, I know. There 's Willoughby; his sketches of Kentuck character are admirable. Those pieces of his, published in the Patriot, have been copied and praised every where. I saw one of them, the other day, in an English paper, and spoken of very highly. Cavendish is always taking notes of the trials at court, and it would give him the greatest pleasure to furnish you with the leading cases. As for myself, why, you know, if I can do any thing for you, I am entirely at your service, not only in the way of scribbling, but, if you are pushed to pay off your hands, I could occasionally help you out. I obtain pretty heavy fees from some of the rascals whom I defend. I sometimes spend them in books—all sorts—see how I have stocked my library—or in other ways, which don't make me such a grateful return—and if you would come and borrow it from me, and pay it when you choose—when it is convenient—it would do me a service, for I should study more and feel better. Think well on it first, Jekyl, and when you decide—if you let me know some time before you take hold—I can obtain for you some communications that may be of service to you. So to-morrow night you are to be Benedict, the married man, hey? Well, I don't know when my turn will come."

On the appointed evening, Bradshaw attended the wedding, and was delighted with the unsophisticated character of the couple. He met there many of Jekyl's friends, with whom he was very popular. It was late when he left; and he stopped at a grocery, kept by a celebrated electioneering character, near by, which made him very late on his way home. It was a cloudy night, the wind blew in gusts, and the lamps, not being well protected from it, shed an uncertain beam, which rendered objects indistinct and deceptive. Sometimes the wind would entirely subside, and the flame of the lamp would be erect, shedding over the pavement a steady track of light; but, in an instant, objects would be so changed to the eye of Bradshaw by the flying dust and flickering flame, that he would fancy impediments in his way, and turn to avoid a shadow. Having found some difficulty in passing up the Main Street, owing to obstructions consequent upon laying and repairing the hydrant pipes, in that more public way, Bradshaw took a round-about direction, and entered a more lonely and less respectable avenue. Several outrages had been committed at this period upon passengers; and in the loneliness of the place, and from its character, Bradshaw, though courageous, felt that there was very little chance of assistance, should he be beset. The night grew darker, and the gusts of wind louder and more frequent—in the pauses of the gusts his steps sounded along the streets without any interruption to their echoes. All at once a voice broke forth from a by-street, leading into the one on which he trod, some ten or fifteen yards above him; and, as he advanced, he heard a person, who seemed to be a lad, say, "Don't hold me so tight."

Some one replied, very gruffly, "I know you of old, you young rascal; you have escaped me before, but you don't do it this time, by gad. You think you 've a right to set the town to rights, do you? I 've set it to rights, too, I can tell you; this very night I made one of your fellows feel this pontoon, though he was a man, and had stolen a genteel suit to play gentleman in."

"I 've been with nobody but Cornish, and big Bob, to night," replied the other; "and the street is as good for me as it is for you, though you be a watchman."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"If I get you into the jail once, I 'll have it poured into you—now mind me. They say you have been stealing, and to jail you go."

By this time the persons entered the street in which Bradshaw was, at the moment he reached the intersection. They proved to be a watchman and a lad, both of whom Brad-

shaw recognized. The watchman was a strong, athletic man, named Johnson, who was known to be cruel, and at once a coward and a bully, and vindictive in the extreme. The boy was called Fritz, a notorious character, and known to the police for his viciousness, and a certain dash of wild justice and magnanimity which blazed out in his worst actions. He had several times been indicted for assaults and house-breakings; but he had always contrived to escape, either by his own ingenuity, or that of his counsel. He possessed one striking virtue in the eye of a lawyer—he always paid his fee; and if he had no money to pay it at the time the service was rendered, his promise to pay was religiously kept. Bradshaw had twice appeared for him, and had succeeded in getting him off; he had a sort of liking for him.

Without letting Fritz know that he recognized him, Bradshaw said to the watchman, "Johnson, how are you? I see you are a good officer." "Ay, lawyer, is that you," replied Johnson, in a tone of assumed frankness, though it wanted the real click. "I expect I 've got a case for you,—this fellow's been going the nag again. I suppose you 'll be for clearing him; though I hope you 'll" and he spoke angrily, "not think it necessary to abuse me to do it, as you did before."

"Why, Johnson," replied Bradshaw, "you must not blame me, my good fellow. I did what I could for my client; and I puffed you up in another case—a sin for which I have yet to account; and let me tell you, a much greater one than the other;—Fritz, how goes it? I see you 're in durance vile."

"Vile enough, sir," replied the boy; "but I did'nt expect to see you down our way."

Bradshaw explained why he was there; and as the watchman led Fritz towards the watch-house, which was precisely in his route, though many squares off, he walked on with them. Johnson was evidently displeased, and Fritz as evidently pleased, that Bradshaw had joined them. The accusation of theft, which Johnson had made against the boy, had dashed him; for he inquired in an anxious tone, of Bradshaw if he would be his lawyer. Bradshaw replied that he would, and was on the eve of lecturing him on his course of life, and its inevitable consequences, thinking it a fit occasion to produce an impression upon him, when he recollected that it would be of no use in the presence of the watchman. They walked along in silence for some time; Bradshaw had fallen behind, and the watchman strode on before, holding the boy by the collar, and almost dragging him along. After many steps in silence, Bradshaw heard the watchman say, as if unconscious of their presence, and speaking to himself, "I had a d—l of a rough scrape along here before to-night."

"What did you remark, Johnson?" asked Bradshaw.

"Nothing," replied the watchman; "only there is a good many spats along here, by these lanes and alleys; and I reckon, if this fellow (shaking Fritz) goes the voyage, there will be some less."

Here the watchman and his charge crossed a narrow lane, which intersected the street. Bradshaw had fallen so far behind, that he did not reach the crossing until they had passed it. He heard footfalls, as he thought, approaching in the lane, and, as he was about crossing it, he saw a person start from under a door-way, as if he had stepped from concealment, and he heard a voice say,

"Cor, hist!" or "Cornish!" he could not determine which, "we must save him before he gits to the watch-house." A gust of wind caused the lamp at the corner to waver, just as Bradshaw stepped past it, and the form was lost in darkness. He stopped for a moment to listen, and tried to penetrate the shade but in vain; he saw nor heard no more, except the utterance of his own name, spoken, in a tone as if to inform another person who he was.

Under all the circumstances,—Fritz being his client, the watchman a malicious fellow, who was, perhaps, transcending his duty, Bradshaw did not feel himself bound to communicate to him what he had heard; for if he did, it might not prevent the attempt at a rescue, and the watchman would spring his rattle, and raise an excitement, which might militate against Fritz on his trial. It, also, would greatly have added to the unkindness of the boy's treatment. Johnson hated Fritz for some pranks of old, which he had played him, and he only wanted the least color of excuse to cloak his revenge. Bradshaw determined to turn down the next cross lane, that he might not be a witness of the affray, if any should arise. He reflected—from the person at the corner naming him, that he was known; and he thought it more than probable his presence would have no effect in deterring them from their designs. They knew him, perhaps, to be Fritz's counsel, being his friends they had most likely witnessed his trial, in which Bradshaw drew Johnson's character in no flattering colors, and they of course believed him to be well disposed toward his client, and no favorer of Johnson. By this time they had reached the cross street; and Bradshaw remarked, "I go this way—so good night to you."

Fritz said, in a subdued voice, "Good night, sir; but don't forget me."

"You know I will not, Fritz," said Bradshaw; while Johnson remarked, "Well, Lawyer, if you will go that way, good night to you."

They parted, Bradshaw turning down the cross lane. He pursued his way, thinking over the characters of the individuals whom he had just left. Fritz, he fancied, under different circumstances might have been all that was noble, while, thought he, it would require all the regenerating influence of Christianity, of which my father is so fond of speaking, to make any thing of Johnson, but a low, selfish, cunning knave.

Bradshaw determined if he met Fritz's

friends, whom he thought he knew, though not by name, to advise them against attempting his rescue. The lane and the surrounding neighborhood were filled with persons of the lowest order, and of the most depraved habits. Bradshaw was in their very head quarters. However, on he went, regardless of what might be the consequence. The lane, though long, was lighted but by two lamps, placed at either end: there had been one in the middle, but it had been so often broken and replaced, that at last not even the post was left by those who like not the tell-tale glare. As Bradshaw approached the place where it had stood three men passed him; he could distinguish that one of them had on a cloak, and that all had clubs, but he could discern no more. One of them struck with his club three times upon the pavement as they passed, and almost immediately afterwards, it was observed, "He 's not one of us; he 's a ruffled shirt fellow: let 's bring him to." Bradshaw felt that he was in some danger, but he resolved, as the best means of acting, to meet them as they turned to overtake him.

"Who are you?" inquired one of them, very roughly. "A friend, if you give me no cause to be your enemy," replied Bradshaw, in a calm, but fearless tone.

"It 's Mr. Bradshaw, who was Fritz's lawyer," whispered one of them to his companions, which Bradshaw overheard.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said Bradshaw; "I don't know who you are, and if I suspect truly what you are after, I don't want to know, for if you attack Johnson you will only get yourselves into trouble—I may be compelled to be a witness against you—and you can't save Fritz."

"Fritz! Fritz! in dangor," exclaimed all of them at once, "we must save him, come what may."

From this Bradshaw thought he discovered that they were not the persons whose conversation he had overheard at the corner. He, therefore told them the circumstance, knowing that, if they thought Fritz had friends at hand to save him from the clutches of Johnson, they would not follow after him. He remarked, also, "Boys, you had better let it alone. I will do what I can for Fritz, and you could not overtake them before they got to the watch-house, or to that part of the city where Johnson could get speedy help, if you should attack him."

"You are in great danger, in being here, sir," said one of them; "for there has been a great fuss in the lane to-night, and the boys are up, with the devil in them."

"I am in the middle of the stream boys; returning is as bad as going on. What shall I do?"

They conversed with each other apart, about, as Bradshaw thought, giving him the "word," as they called it. One was in favor of giving it, while the others strenuously opposed it.

"But we must see him through," said one of the opposers, "for he helped Fritz out of two scrapes, and, if he takes a lark's case in hand, he 's true as steel—as if he took a king's—and he can just about fan that d——d states attorney out."

They came up to Bradshaw, and the one with the cloak, assuming to be spokesman, said, "We will walk with you to the end of what we call our bounds, sir."

"If you think that I am in danger, I will be obliged to you, if you will," said Bradshaw.

Attended by these guardians Bradshaw proceeded onward; the one with the cloak walking by his side, and the others behind.—They did not straggle along in the reckless manner in which such characters generally deport themselves; but, on the contrary, they walked like persons who had purposes and reflections of a decided, perhaps, sombre cast. Connecting all this with the watchman's manner and conversation, Bradshaw could not but think something serious had occurred.—They walked on in silence, till they heard foot-falls a-head of them, when one of the two behind stepped before Bradshaw, and joined the persons advancing. Some conversation took place between himself and them, and he walked with them until they met Bradshaw; when he took his place beside his comrade, and the others passed on. The persons who passed were three in number, and, as far as Bradshaw could guess, in the almost total darkness that surrounded them, one was Fritz.

After a moment or two, Bradshaw broke silence, by asking, "What is the reason that the street is so still? I have understood that there was fun and frolic going on here at all hours."

"Why," said the one beside him, "there was a ball here to-night, at Dean's, and one man, that nobody knew, was dirked, and another clubbed—they pretended to be first-rates—the watchmen came down and there was a scatterment—I believe one of the chaps quarrelled with the watchman—the boys soon got to covey."

Here a door opened, and a light streamed forth.

It occurred to Bradshaw that his companion with the cloak seemed anxious to avoid his observation; for, as the light shone upon them, he stepped back to those behind. The wind was blowing furiously: in a moment it died away, when a startling shriek was heard in the direction of the house from which the light had appeared.

"There was no fun in that holler," said one of the "boys." He had scarcely spoken when a voice, seemingly that of a woman, was heard, apparently in mortal difficulty, exclaiming, "O God, are there none to help me! For mercy's sake, sir, for mercy."

"Boys!" exclaimed Bradshaw, buttoning his coat, "I can't stand this, I must see what 's the matter." As he spoke, he ran towards the house.

"Mr. Bradshaw, you had better not; something will happen to you," exclaimed they all at once—but, unhearing or unheeding, Bradshaw rushed on: he opened the street door of a mean frame house, where he thought he

heard the voice of distress, and stopped to listen. In a moment, he heard another cry, which seemed to be at his very ear. He stepped hurriedly in, and fell, in consequence of the floor being lower than the street. He started to his feet, unhurt, and saw a light through a crack of the door; as he advanced towards it, a voice said in supplication, "Indeed, I 'm not what you take me for."

"Not what you take her for!" exclaimed a female voice tauntingly, "She yells as if she was the Virgin Mary, instead of the trull of any body." Another cry for help, and Bradshaw burst open the door and sprang into the room. On the floor, in one corner, shrinking from a ruffian, as if she would have pressed herself through the wall, was a beautiful girl, in the most fashionable attire, with her hair loose upon her shoulders, and her bonnet off of her head, but confined to her person by the string holding it to her neck; her dress was disordered, her cloak on the floor, and her whole appearance and manner but too plainly told her fears. In another corner of the room was a bed, on which were lying, with their tawdry finery on, two women whose characters a glance could read, and who were, evidently, much intoxicated: by their bed stood an old stained table, on which were a light and a bottle of liquor. A fire burned on the hearth, and was supplied with fuel from another corner of the room, where a quantity of old barrel staves, and shavings were scattered about. In the opposite corner to that in which were the women, was another bed. Standing over the girl, and holding her by the wrist, was a ferocious-looking ruffian, whom Bradshaw recognized in a moment, as one who had been found guilty of stabbing a man with intent to murder, and who had contrived to escape from the officers, as they were taking him to the jail late on the evening of his condemnation: a reward of one hundred dollars had been offered by the sheriff for his apprehension. He had, just before Bradshaw entered, removed a wig and a pair of false whiskers from his head and face, and was in the act of throwing them on the bed when Bradshaw stood before him. He started, and involuntarily attempted to replace them—finding that he was seen, he mashed them in his hand, and exclaimed, facing Bradshaw,

"What do you want here?"

"I heard the cry for help, sir, as I was passing by," said Bradshaw. "and I came in to see what was the matter."

"Save me, for God's sake, sir, save me!" exclaimed the girl, springing towards Bradshaw. "I have been misled here; I know not these people."

"Not know me, Jane Durham! look at me *now*, and know me," exclaimed the man.

She looked at him intently for a moment, clasped her hands, and exclaimed—"My God! Henry Adams. But, sir," said she, wildly; turning to Bradshaw, "I did not know him until this moment—and if I do, he has no claims upon me. I am nothing to him. O, *sir*, if you love your sister—if you love your mother—protect me."

"Do not be alarmed—certainly I will," said Bradshaw.

"Certainly you will!—will you?" exclaimed Adams. "What claims have you to her, sir? Is she your w———?"

"She is not," said Bradshaw; "nor shall she be yours, without her consent."

"Go, you ruffle-shirted rascal. Begone!—leave that thing where you found her, or I 'll brain you."

The third word had scarcely passed the man's lips, ere Bradshaw rushed to the hearth, in which some of the bricks were loose, seized one, and hurled it at him. It missed him, just grazing his head, and made a great hole in the plaster of the wall where it struck. When Bradshaw moved to the hearth, Adams thought that he was leaving Jane Durham (the girl) through fear of him, and he advanced, and again seized her. She shrieked fearfully.—Bradshaw caught up the part of a hoop-pole, three feet in length, and thick, from the rubbish in the corner, and Adams had just time to dodge his head, when the stick descended with such force upon his shoulder as to fell him to the ground.

"Murder! murder!" exclaimed Adams. "Moll, call the larks. Don't murder me—don't murder me."

Here one of the women staggered to a door in the side of the wall, and the other leaped from the bed, and, with a demoniac countenance and the most horrible imprecations, advanced upon Jane Durham. Bradshaw seized the woman by the shoulder, and, with a violent shove, pushed her into the heap of rubbish;—at that very moment, Adams, who had recovered his feet, sprang and caught him by the throat. "You shall die the death!" said Adams, as he pressed him to the floor. Bradshaw's presence of mind, on the instant, saved him. He seized Adams as he fell under him, and, as if there were a posse of watchmen at the door, called out, "Come on, Johnson; we have the prize!" The ruffian let go his grasp in a moment. Bradshaw, who wanted him to run, still affected to hold him. They struggled an instant, when Adams broke away, and, with the speed of thought, disappeared through the door, up the stairway, where one of the women had gone. Bradshaw caught up the girl's cloak; threw it around her, and hurried her into the street. They had scarcely proceeded ten steps, when Adams, discovering the artifice which had been practiced by Bradshaw, mustered his associates, who were rioting up stairs, and rushed out in hot pursuit, determined on revenge. As soon as Bradshaw heard them burst open the door, he drew the girl into the skeleton of an old frame building, whose windows, doors, and floors were gone; and they hid from observation in the angle formed by the chimney. They had scarcely placed themselves there, when the ruffians reached the house.

"Run on a-head, Joe," said Adams; "Pete and Blackey have gone the other way. May be," continued he, to his companion, "they 've hid in some of these old buildings. I 'll kill 'em, by hell, if I come across 'em."

Saying this, Adams entered the door.—"Come on," said he, to his companion.

"No, I won't," said the other, "without a light. If he 's such a desperate chap as you say, he 'll blow a man's brains out, or dirk him, in the dark."

Adams paused a moment; and then seeing part of the white dress of the girl, spread as it were, against the wall, as she crouched into the corner, he entered, with uplifted club, and, with all his force, struck the dress within an inch of her head. Just as Adams struck, Bradshaw, whose dark dress prevented him from being seen, but who could see the faint outline of his adversary's person between him and the door, grasped the hoop-pole, which he still retained after the encounter in the house, and dealt Adams such a fearful blow over the head, that the ruffian fell senseless to the ground, like a lump of lead, without uttering a groan. Adams's companion, at the door, ran off, without saying a word. Bradshaw put his hand down, and felt the temples of Adams; finding that he was perfectly senseless, he caught the hat from his head, felt by his side for the club, and whispered the girl in a quick, low voice—"Take off your bonnet, and put on this hat. Courage!—my pretty girl courage!—our lives depend on it!—There, wrap your cloak round you. Don't let the wind blow your cloak open, and show your white dress. Here, take this club in your hand—carry it under your arm, as a watchman carries his pontoon. If we meet them, don't you say one word; but, if we get into a row, while I engage them, do you escape."

"O! don't leave me! don't leave me!" said the girl.

By this time they had stepped over Adams, and entered the street. The wind still blew in wild gusts, while, occasionally, it was still as a summer's eve. Fortunately for Bradshaw and his charge, it was darker than it had been; though the drifting clouds occasionally permitted the star-light to appear. Away before them, in the distance, they saw the faint glimmering of the lamp, at the end of the lane.

"Don't put your arms through the arm-hole of your cloak—they will discover you by your white sleeves. Step as firmly as you can," continued Bradshaw, in a whisper, as they walked on. "Give me that hat, and take mine: that covers your eyes, and you can't see where you tread. No! no! give me mine again: the rim is so narrow 't will show your curls, if a light should flash on us. No, no, I must not let you take my arm; if they should meet us, they will take us for dandies at once, and attack us."

They rapidly approached the lamp at the end of the lane. As they advanced, though Bradshaw could not hear steps, yet he knew there was some one approaching, for, every now and then, something would obstruct the gleam of the light. All was darkness and silence: not a light could be seen from any of the houses, nor a voice heard. Bradshaw was satisfied that, if they got into any difficulty, he must rely upon his personal strength, and what stratagem he might practice; and he felt now his perilous situation more than he had before. The steps of persons advancing were now distinctly heard.

"Step firmly, my brave girl—step firmly," said Bradshaw, in a quick whisper; and, when he got within ear-shot of the approaching persons, he said, in an angry, decided tone, that made the poor girl at his elbow start, and grasp his arm—"Here come two other watchmen; we must turn back with them, Johnson, and join the watchman above, and catch that scoundrel and his gang: there 's a reward offered for them." As soon as they heard this, away they ran, cutting across the lane. One was the fellow who ran away from the door when Bradshaw knocked down Adams, and the other was the person whom Adams had sent on to overtake Bradshaw. Bradshaw and his charge passed on to the lamp in safety. He could not but smile, as the light struck the beautiful features of the girl, to behold the inappropriateness of the ruffian's hat, with the delicate and chiseled outlines and lady curls which it shaded; and then the club under her arm, and the masculine step which she affected, contrasted strangely with the extreme delicacy of her form, and the fright and anguish upon her countenance. Her face lighted up with a wild gleam of joy, as they passed the light; but it was succeeded by an expression, sad as the gloom of the darkness that, in a moment more, encompassed them. Bradshaw began to reflect, as he hurried rapidly on, that, perhaps, he had killed Adams; and that he had endangered his own life for a girl whose character could hardly be good—for one, at least, of whom he knew nothing—for whom he had acted knight-errant, and was leading, he knew not where. "Well," thought he, "be this girl who she may, if she is frail, she is beautiful; and if she does sell her favors, she has, at least, the right to decide who shall be purchaser. Besides, her great distress was evident; and be that as it may, I would have served the scoundrel right, who dared to use such language to me, if I had killed him on the spot."

As these thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, Bradshaw conducted his charge on, and they entered the street to which the lane led, and which was parallel to the one where Bradshaw met Johnson and Fritz. The street on which they had entered led to the heart of the city, and to what is not always characteristic of the heart of things or men, its most respectable part.

Bradshaw had just cheered the girl, and told her they were out of danger; when, immediately before them, as the stars twinkled forth, and the gusts of wind ceased for a moment, they saw five or six men standing in a strange silence.

"What shall be done?" said one of them, whose voice Bradshaw thought was Johnson's, the watchman's; "these fellows have murdered the man! shall we leave him till morning?"

"Leave him till morning—no, that 's against the regulations; there is no place where we

can put him, and he must be taken to the watch-house. Johnson, step up to the next light—there 's some boxes there—you can put one against the wall, and get the light out—shade it with your hand, and bring it here, and let us see who he is."

A strange thrill ran through every nerve in Bradshaw's body.

"It 's no use," said Johnson, "to get the light. I shall break my neck, may be, in getting on the box."

"Johnson, I don't know what 's got in to you to-night," said the other man. "Here, some of you hold his head up till I run for the light."

The man accordingly went. "Let us cross over to the other side," said the girl, "and hurry on."

"No, no," said Bradshaw, "I want to see who the man is." Bradshaw stepped up to the men, just as the one who had gone for the light returned with it. He recognized Johnson, and thought he had not his usual officiousness. As the light shone upon the faces of the by-standers, Johnson turned and discovered Bradshaw.

"Ah! Mr. Bradshaw," said he, "this is a late hour, I did not think you were such a bold rover. There 's danger in these places."

"I 've found it so," said Bradshaw, anxiously pressing by Johnson to look upon the body. It was that of a middle-aged man, as far as Bradshaw could see by the light, dressed in a new suit; and he looked as if he were not a townsman. The features were rough and pallid; and across the right eyebrow there was a terrible gash. The hair was matted with blood—the eye glazed—the muscles of the whole face relaxed—the mouth half open, and the lip livid.

"He 's as cold as a wagon-tire," said the watchman who held the light. "Who knows him?"

"Feel his pulse," said Bradshaw; and, as he spoke, he stooped and felt it himself. "He 's not dead; his pulse beats faintly — very. You 'd better break up one of these boxes, form a litter, and carry him to the watch-house."

The watchman with the light held it up to the features of Bradshaw, to see who it was that had the presumption to speak so authoritatively to the guardians of the night; but, on discovering Bradshaw, he said—"Yes, Lawyer, that 'll be the best way."

"Jones," said Bradshaw, addressing him, "step here, one moment: let me say a word to you."

As Jones and Bradshaw walked apart, Johnson approached close to them, seemingly with the most intense anxiety to hear what Bradshaw was communicating. Bradshaw told Jones that Adams was up the alley, and advised him to go up and take him, and get the reward.

"But can't you go with us to show us the place," asked Jones.

"I might, but for this person whom I defended against him. How far must I escort you, my fair ally?"

"O Mr. Bradshaw, don't leave me," said she.

"Cannot one of these watchmen see you home, Miss?" asked Jones.

"Yes, yes, sir, any thing, if Mr. Bradshaw is engaged."

"I 'll see you home myself, my pretty ally," said Bradshaw, "come take my arm and we will go. Perhaps I should not wish him further harm, as he is, doubtless, hurt already; but he stabbed a man under very aggravated circumstances, and his conduct to you shows that he deserves punishment—that he should not be permitted to go at large."

"I don't want him hurt," said the girl, "but, I wish he was away—I don't like to be in the city where he is. My God! there seems to be a fatality that dogs me like a blood hound. Those women, those women on the bed! shall I ever be what they are? Mr. Bradshaw, how shall I express my gratitude, and what is the gratitude of one like me?"

"Don't think of that, my fair ally. I declare you make a right good watchman. Which way shall we turn?"

"This way, if you please, sir; I live in the two story brick, in the lane, just above Mr. Glassman's."

"Ah, just above Mr. Glassman's! Do you know Mr. Glassman?"

"Yes, sir," said she faintly.

"He left town to-day, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, I believe he did."

Bradshaw was anxious to ask her concerning the ruffian Adams, and how she came in the house; and at the mention of Glassman's name he felt a much greater curiosity, but he refrained from asking any questions; as it was evident to him she did not wish to speak of herself, and if questioned, in the overflow of her feelings, she might tell something which she afterwards would regret having revealed—and further, when Glassman was named, it occurred to him she might be so situated with regard to that gentleman, that delicacy toward him required he should not seek her confidence. They soon passed the residence of Glassman, and arrived at hers; she passed quickly up the steps—three in number—supporting herself by the railing.

"Walk in, sir," said she to Bradshaw.

"Thank you, my fair ally, but 't is late."

"Do walk in one moment, sir," said she, "till I see that all is safe."

They found the door unlocked, and they walked in together—she threw the room door open; the room was small, but elegantly furnished. It contained a sofa, a side-table,—full of books,—and a piano: many beautiful pictures adorned the wall. On the table burned a candle that glimmered in the socket. Lying on the hearth-rug, before the fire, asleep, was a black servant girl.

"Phœbe," exclaimed Jane Durham, pushing her with her foot, "Phœbe, get up, get up."

The servant started, and seeing her mistress with Adams' hat upon her head, she exclaimed, "thieves!" lustily, taking her for a robber.

"Don't you know me?" said her mistress, throwing the hat on the floor.

"Bless me, Miss Jane! Miss Jane Durham!" said the servant, clasping her hands together—"I 've been looking every where for you. I wondered, and wondered. Oh! I 've been so frightened." Here she rubbed her eyes, and saw Bradshaw, she started, looked at her mistress for a moment, and said no more.

"Shut the door, Phœbe," said her mistress, "and hand Mr. Bradshaw some refreshments, from the side-board in the next room. Will you take wine, sir, or something stronger?"

Bradshaw, who felt chilled and somewhat exhausted, smiled, and said he would take something stronger—the direction was accordingly given to the servant.

Bradshaw could now more closely and calmly observe Miss Durham; she could not be twenty. She was very beautiful, her features regular and delicate, her eye dark and dazzling, and the expression of her countenance shifting and variable. Her form corresponded with her features. Bradshaw could not but observe the beauty of her hand, and the paleness of her brow, as she sat on the sofa, and without looking into the glass arranged her hair. Her manner was forced—for, while adjusting her curls, and conversing with Bradshaw, she would gaze for a moment, thoughtfully—anxiously—and then, by an effort, appear self-possessed and cheerful.

After partaking of some refreshment, Bradshaw rose to depart.

"May I hope to see you again, sir?" said Miss Durham, with rather a confused air.

"Certainly, I anticipate that pleasure, my brave and beautiful ally," said Bradshaw, shaking hands with her, as he left the room. She followed him to the front door, and said—

"Mr. Bradshaw, think of me as you may—be what I may, my gratitude shall not be less pure or less enduring."

"Don't speak of that, don't speak of that Good night to you;" and he pressed her hand once more, and departed.

"Well," thought Bradshaw, as his solitary step echoed along the pavement, "this is an adventure. How that villain pressed my throat! With what lightning-like rapidity one thinks, when in danger! There is no doubt of it, excitement goes a great way in developing mind. I thought of my whole life, in an instant, when that villain sprang upon me. Great revolutions call forth intellect. Why? Not only because every thing is turned topsy turvy then, but because, surrounded by peril, man's ingenuity and intellect are more active—he must escape the dangers that continually threaten life and limb,—sagacity, like a sentinel on a watch-tower, encompassed by the enemy, must not only be wakeful, but ever watchful. A bonnie lassie, and Glassman! How he reminds me of Sir Roger de Coverley—honest, where women are not concerned. Well this vice is a pleasant thing, but the responsibility—the responsibility."

CHAPTER XII.

About twelve o'clock the next day, as Bradshaw was seated in his office, he heard a voice down stairs, exclaiming, "Bradshaw, where are ye, man?"

"Here, Nancy; walk up."

"Yer a pretty attorney and counsellor at law, to have yer office up into a third story. Do ye think, man, that the people will be pilgrimating up to ye? Have ye got already to be a counsellor of such importance?"

"No, Nancy, not exactly; I am not a counsellor at all, yet."

"Not a counsellor! What do ye mean? Ye have paid me my fee—a five dollar bill, instead of a one—Scrags, that lump of meanness, refused that—and generous ye were. He'n't ye admitted yet? Ye are funning. I have heard ye often plead."

"Why, not to the civil court yet, Mrs. Mulvany; only to the criminal; and I was admitted there to defend a friend of mine. I have no great anxiety to begin the practice, until I know more about it. I mean the civil practice."

"Ye speak like a wise man, for a young one: 'Taint always the horse that 's first entered that wins the race."

"You are right, Mrs. Mulvany,"

"Don't Mrs. Mulvany me, now, Bradshaw; call me Nancy. Nancy, I may say, is my born name; for I 've had it all my born days. Mrs. Mulvany is well enough with folks that don't know me. Not that I 'm ashamed of Josey's name. It would make any lone woman like me respectable. But Nancy my first husband always called me, and Nancy I like folks to call me; for sometimes a voice seems like his, and puts me in mind of times long gone, when I was young, and my name sounded to me, and most when Richard called it, like a bird's note in spring time."

"Nancy, you are sentimental this morning."

"Sentimental! if ye mean by that high-flying notions that don't turn out true, it 's wrong to noss them. They come across all of us sometimes. Bradshaw, do ye know the girl, Jane Durham?"

Bradshaw smiled at the penetrating glance Nancy cast on him, and said, "I saw her last night."

"Did you never see her before last night?"

"Not that I remember of, yet it seems to me that I have; but Nancy, must I undergo a cross examination?"

"Not if it will criminate yerself. Bradshaw, as ye lawyers say; but the poor girl is in a woful trouble, and she thinks that ye can help her out. She was a kind of crazy like this morn—and she called on yer name, but not like a poor thing in histeriky fits, calls on a man that has misused and deceived her. I ha'n't felt for a human cretur so much for manys the day. She says that ye can help her out of her trouble, and she wants to see ye. Will ye go?"

"What 's the matter with her, Nancy?"

"What 's the matter!—why, the poor

thing 's accused of murder, outright murder, and Johnson the watchman—the wretch!—to treat a woman so—dragged her from her bed early this morn before Squire Bailey, and the Squire committed her to prison. I met them as I was going to market to get some of the best fruit,—ye know if a body don't go early, they can't get the best—and he was dragging her on in a manner that made me berate him till he behaved more decenter.—And, as I knowed the poor girl, apples and every thing jest went clean out o' my head, and I went with her. She told the magistrate that ye could tell where she was in the night? Johnson don't like ye—does he?"

"I believe not," replied Bradshaw.

"I jist saw as much, for he treated her worse when she spoke of ye, and he wanted to drag her all the way over to the jail. But I opened on him—and made him get a hack—and I paid for it myself, and went with the poor thing to the jail. I wanted to get the jailer, old Presley, to do well by her, and he would and wanted to, but Johnson spoke so by her that he locked her up in the common room. Johnson abused her for every thing."

The dark spot gathered on Bradshaw's brow till it lowered with the fiercest passion, which Nancy observing, remarked—

"Bradshaw, if the poor thing is any thing to ye, if ye 've ta'en her from Glassman and she 's yer mistress, as ye call it, yer bound to do by her."

Bradshaw here hastily explained to Nancy all he knew of the girl, and of the events of the previous night, and asked—"What of her and Glassman?"

"Why, as ye know Glassman so well, Bradshaw, being as yer so often with him, I thought ye knew his character, but may be he did not like to tell a young man, and a man kind and smooth-spoken, and looking like ye, of such things. I bethought me, when the girl spoke of ye, how ye stood. And as I used to call to see her, and sell her apples, and she never spoke of ye, I did not know what to make of it—but when the heart 's wrung, it says what at other times it hides. Well, it 's jest so—is it? Ye must do yer best for her, Bradshaw."

"Assuredly I will, Nancy: but who is she accused of murdering?—who is she?—where is Glassman?"

"Why, she is jest accused of murdering—a man in —— lane last night, I couldn't gather much of the case afore the magistrate, only I know that Johnson swore hard agin her."

"Did he swear that he saw the man stabbed by her?"

"Yes! yes! he swore every thing."

"Who is she, Nancy?"

"Why, she jist lives in the little brick above Glassman's, in the lane. She is with Glassman. She never told any thing about herself—and she has such a way, that I never asked her. Though she be 'a mother, an' no wife,' as the ballad sings, yet, I tell ye, there 's many a wife that 's worse. Glassman's gone somewhere, on some spree—God only knows where. I expect the poor thing 's been inveigled to Dean's, by some way or other that she didn't dream of. I 've no trust in Johnson, and I told him so, plump down. I didn't like the way he acted no how. But, Bradshaw, ye must go and see the poor thing. It ain't best for a young man to go on these missions—but ye 'd best go. Ye was with her last night, and I promised, faithfully, to send ye."

"I'll go at once," said Bradshaw. "This is pretty much of a mission for a young man like me, as you say, Nancy. The girl is certainly beautiful, and the impression haunts my mind that I have seen her somewhere. Come, Nancy, suppose you walk over."

"No, I'd best not honey; it 's pretty much of a walk, and ye 'd best see her alone. She 'll speak more freely to ye. I 'll go myself, this afternoon. Poor thing! her trouble's sad to see and hear."

The jail was a considerable distance off, in the outskirts of the city. A wall surrounded it, making a large enclosure. In the jail lived the jailer, with his family, consisting of a wife and three or four children: one of them a grown girl, by a former marriage, named Lucy. Bradshaw knew the jailer, Job Presley, very well. Job, considering his situation, which he had held for many years, was a very kind-hearted fellow. He valued himself greatly on his knowledge of "human natur," as he pronounced it, and was, also, in his own opinion, a great politician, and acute in the law. Bradshaw understood him exactly; and while most persons thought old Job rough and unfeeling, the fit representative of his profession, in all ages (as, in fact, he seemed to them), Bradshaw appreciated him; and, as he loved to study character, he would often stop at the jail to see the prisoners, his clients, and to have a talk with Job, and draw him out. Bradshaw also delighted to chat with his daughter Lucy, whose guilelessness and simplicity, he said, reminded him of the flower blooming in the very shade of the Upas. Lucy had seen and heard enough of vice to know well of it; but it affected her heart no more than would the perusal of the Koran affect the Christian, who had already studied, understood, and been profoundly penetrated by the truths of the Bible. Job's apartments were in one corner of the jail, and were kept as neat, by his tidy little wife, as if they were rooms in a palace. She was a talkative woman,—as what woman is not?—and somewhat self-willed; but she was very kind to her step-daughter, Lucy, and so they got on very well. Job was a forbidding-looking man at first sight, and always so to one who was not an observer. He was quite neat in his dress, for a jailer—for, though his clothing was coarse, and he wore a great jacket, which almost covered his hips, into the pockets of which he generally thrust his hands, yet he kept his apparel scrupulously brushed. He was standing on the steps of the jail—not at the entrance to his own rooms, but to the prison—looking through the grated gate in the wall, out upon the few passers-by, in the outskirts of the city. The wall was as high as

the second story of the jail, and the steps on which Job stood were not fifteen feet from the gate, and directly opposite to it. As soon as Bradshaw came up to the gate they saw each other.

"Job," said Bradshaw, "how are you? Will you let me in?"

"Certainly, Squire, and out whenever you choose, and that 's what I can't say to any one in these walls except to old Job Presley himself." So speaking, he unlocked the little gate, that was imbodied in the more ponderous one, and let Bradshaw in. Bradshaw shook him cordially by the hand, and Job proceeded, with his usual caution, to turn the key.

"Job, what news have you to-day?" asked Bradshaw. "There 's rather a stir to-day, sir?—There was a murder committed at Dean's, last night, or somewhere about them lanes, and we 've got a pretty girl, a very pretty girl here, on the charge, that don't seem used to these things. I 'm glad you 've come: she said she wanted to see you. I expect it 's a hard case. Johnson kind of persuaded me she was a common thing, but I did n't believe it, at the time. However, as he seemed to insist upon it so, I thought I 'd best be safe, and lock her up with the rest. I asked Johnson if she was any thing to you, and he said not. I never saw her before. I know, from human natur, that she 's not used to these things."

"By Jove! you 're right, Job; as far as I can gather from what I have heard and know of her. I 'll apprenticeship myself to you some of these days, to learn character."

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw," said Job, self-complacently; "I 've seen all sorts of characters in my day. And I 've studied them from a jail-bird to a Governor; but I 've seen the most of the worst kind and it 's my candid opinion of the best kind that they 're not much to be trusted."

"Job, I believe you 're right. Come, my good fellow, and let me see the girl. What kind of a girl is she, Job?"

"Why, sir, as I may say, one of the prettiest-looking girls I ever saw. My daughter Lucy thought well of her, and so did my wife; they 're acute, quiet acute, in understanding woman character."

They now entered the jail. It had a great hall through it, from which a flight of steps ascended to the upper stories. The thick oak floor, the ponderous iron gratings and bars, the hand-cuffs and chains against the walls, all remind one forcibly of the locality. On either side of the hall strong doors led to the apartments of the prisoners. Two doors secured each entrance; one was a grated door, through which those of the prisoners who were suffered to come out in the passage from their wards or cells—which were built on each side of it—could speak with the jailer, or such of their friends as were permitted to see them. There were different cells for solitary confinement, and well furnished rooms for the gentlemen debtor who preferred a suite of apartments, and was able to pay for them. Below was the dungeon deep for the irreclaimable malefactor. Job himself led the way to the room in which Jane Durham was confined. As the keys turned in the locks of the passage door, a loud laugh was heard from a room at the other end of the passage. Job and Bradshaw entered the passage, and the careful jailer locked the door after him. When they reached the door of the apartment in which the females were confined, four or five squalid, haggard faces, some still bearing the traces of beauty, appeared at the grate. They gazed at Bradshaw intently, and one of them turned quickly round, and in a tone that Bradshaw overheard, said, "Old Moll, here comes Job with her chap, and he 's a gentleman—you 'd better mind."

"Let 'em come," replied a voice within. "Old Moll has had her day, too, and now she goes in for the plunder."

Bradshaw and the jailer entered. There was a fire in a stove in the middle of the room; the air was confined and hot, and of such a noxious and unwholesome nature that it seemed to have contagion in its very breath.

"What have you got your stove so hot for?" exclaimed Job. "Do you want to burn out all your wood in the morning? What do you put your meat in the stove, and leave it there, for? You 'll breed a fever!"

While Job was speaking Bradshaw looked round. A woman, whom, at a glance, he recognized to be the one, who, on the previous evening, sprang from the bed at Jane Durham, when he rescued her from Adams, and who was called old Moll, was hastily endeavoring to conceal something under her mattress. On a mattress, beside Moll 's, leaning on her arm, with haggard look, and dishevelled hair, stripped of her shawl, bonnet, and gown, and endeavoring to cover her neck and shoulders with a miserable, dirty, and torn blanket, was Jane Durham. Her look of utter destitution and wo struck even old Job forcibly, accustomed as he was to such scenes.

"Who did that? Who stripped this young woman?" asked he, in a loud imperative voice, and with an angry look, that made even old Moll start. "The one that did it 's got to be locked up by herself, I can tell you that." "O! no matter, sir," said Jane Durham; "she is welcome to it all—let her stay here, sir, and keep all—put me for God sake in the cell, and not her. Oh, Mr. Bradshaw! I 'm undone—a miserable forlorn and destitute wretch. I sent for you, sir; but I 've no claims on you—I 've no means. You risked your life for me last night, and knew me not. 'T was kind in you—the great God will reward you. I 'm innocent—I 'm innocent of this charge! As sure as there is a holy Providence above us, I am innocent of this charge—but I am, indeed, a miserable wretch." She fell upon the bed, and hid her head in the blanket. A big tear stood on the iron cheek of old Job. Bradshaw spoke not—he folded his arms, while indignation seemed to predominate in his feelings against Johnson first, and then against the jailer for putting the girl in such a room. But a moment's reflection curbed his anger against Job; and

when he saw the tear upon his cheek, he forgot it. Bradshaw knew that the only way to get any favors for the poor girl was to manage Job; and he left his office with the determination to do so.

"Job," said Bradshaw, "that woman Moll has the girl's clothes hid in her bed, there."

"So she has," said Job. "Mr. Bradshaw, you 've a quick eye, sir," and he advanced to Moll's bed, to take the clothes.

Moll, with a face of unblushing effrontery, exclaimed, "They 're mine! they 're mine!—the hussy stole them from me last night; and———"

"You lie!" said Job; and seizing her, led her out of the room to a cell. She made no resistance, as she knew it was of no use. When Job left the room with old Moll in charge, instinctively and without reflection, he locked the door after him.

"We've got a man among us, what 'll happen?" said one of the wretches, with a discordant laugh. The others said nothing, but looked silently at Bradshaw, doubtless with a wish to discover the connexion existing between him and the girl.

"Here, Miss Durham," said he, lifting her shawl and gown from the bed of old Moll, and handing them to her, "arrange your dress; don't be alarmed, you shall be removed from here."

Bradshaw spoke in a soothing tone, and as he laid the shawl and gown on the foot of the bed, he turned away that he might not observe her. The women, wretches as they were, were struck with his delicacy, and an involuntary respect seized them.

Old Moll, who had been taken up by the watchman, in the night, while they were in search of Adams, as soon as Jane Durham was locked up with them, took from her her bonnet, shawl, and frock, and began abusing her in the most horrid language, telling the women around that Jane Durham had come to her house, raised a fuss, and made off with a fellow, after having stolen her dresses and killed one of her friends. Moll made Jane Durham bring her bed, and place it beside her own, and, after taking Jane's bonnet, she amused herself with reviling and tormenting her, much to the gratification of most of the inmates of the room, who took a hellish delight in witnessing the distress of one so young and beautiful, enjoying the anticipation that she would soon be what they were. One or two would have taken the poor girl's part, but for their fear of old Moll—the hag, who was a notorious character, mocking them, if they even looked commiseration, or refused to join in reviling and taunting their prey. We cannot rehearse the scene.

Job now returned, opened the door, and, entering the room, said, "Squire, you must pardon me; I am so much in the way of locking the door after me that I forgot you were in."

"It 's no matter, Job; I wished to remain." And while Jane Durham was hurrying on her dress and looking for her comb, to keep her hair from her face, Bradshaw recounted to Job the events of the previous evening, and all that he knew of her, with regard to Glassman, remarking, "Glassman is away, I don't know where. I shall attend to her case, if he does not; and, Job, you must move her out of this place."

"Yes, that must be done, sir: I hate to lock her up in one of these cells, and I don't know where to put her."

"Job," said Bradshaw, "you see the girl is young and beautiful, and your knowledge of the world correctly told you at first, that she was not used to these things. She 's evidently modest, and any man's daughter may be misled by a man like Glassman."

"Yes, Squire, you 're right," said Job.—"I shouldn't ask Mr. Glassman to my house, humble if it be. I have full confidence in Lucy, Squire,—but, Mr. Bradshaw, throw temptation in nobody's way. Glassman 's a bit of a rascal, I suspect, if he is a great lawyer. But what shall we do with this poor girl?"

"Job, there 's no danger of her escaping—Haven't you a room any where that you could put her in? I 'll pay whatever it may cost Have you no room in your part of the house that would do?"

"Why, yes," said Job, "I 've got rooms in my part of the house, as you say—but it 's a movement I never made before, and I 've been jailer here six years—and then there 's my family—my wife."

"Oh! I don't think your wife will object to it, Job."

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Job, quickly, "I am master in my own house; but still the women have their rights. The girl spoke to my wife and Lucy, and they wanted me to put her somewhere else, and not lock her up here in the common room, but Johnson over-persuaded me. It ain't that I think the girl will hurt my family, but I don't know who she is exactly; and the most knowing men may be mistaken in human natur."

"That 's true, Job; but, I hardly think you are mistaken in this case?"

"Well, Squire, I don't think I am. Let 's take the poor girl out into my office, and I 'll see my wife and Lucy, and see what can be done."

The women looked on in amazement, to see old Job show so much feeling. The three left the room. Job, as usual, locked the door, and tried it with great care and then led the way to his office, where he and Bradshaw left the girl, and proceeded to the part of the jail in which his family were. Jane Durham felt a relief that almost made her cheerful; she had overheard most of the conversation between Job and Bradshaw; she felt that they took an interest in her, and Bradshaw's kind attention, and his service to her the previous evening, led her to believe that she was not altogether friendless. Bradshaw and Job had scarcely proceeded ten steps, when Job observed,—master, though he boasted himself in his own family,—"Mr. Bradshaw, I wish you would go on and speak to my wife and Lucy about this poor girl. Women have their rights, you know, Mr. Bradshaw? You can explain all

of it, to put their minds to rest, as to what she is, and I 'll go and bring her along; she has a mighty pleading look, and then she 's monstrous pretty."

"Well," thought Bradshaw, "this is speedier done than I thought it would be. No bail allowed on a charge of murder? I don't believe she has committed any murder. There 's something wrong in Johnson—I 'll come across him like a flash of lightning, some of these days, the scoundrel. Better get the girl in Job's family, if I can, than have to manage with Bailey, the magistrate, or have a sitting of the judges on a question of bail. Besides, what bail could she get? there 's no bail in murder. If I could manage it, I would have to be bail myself—couldn't be—I 've not the property. Besides, if the girl is kept here, and where Job's family can, occasionally, see her, it will have a good effect upon her. I must manage to see Glassman. There 's one thing certain, there 'll be all sorts of tales flying all over town about me. Well, let them fly.—The girl is most beautiful. The mental agony that she has suffered! There is a sin registered against her betrayer, deep as the mark upon the brow of Cain! Can he be Glassman!" With these and similar reflections, passing like lightning through his mind, much more rapidly than we have recounted them, Bradshaw entered the apartment of Job's family.

"Miss Lucy, my jaileress of hearts, how do you do to-day? Where is your mother, and how is she?"

"O! Mr. Bradshaw, is that you, sir?—Walk in," exclaimed Lucy, ceasing her occupation of rocking the cradle, in which she appeared mechanically engaged, with her knitting untouched in her lap. "Mother 's well, she 's gone up stairs a minute."

"Lucy, what were you thinking about, so earnestly?"

"About a poor girl, sir; who was brought in to-day, accused of murder; my heavens! Oh! she is so beautiful, sir, and so sorrowful. I don't believe she is any more guilty, than that sleeping baby. I never felt so bad before, for any body. Daddy didn't want to put her among the other people—but Johnson, the watchman, insisted it was best. The poor thing, sir, said she knew you." And Lucy gazed earnestly at Bradshaw.

The wife of the jailer, at this moment, entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Bradshaw," said she; "I thought I knew your voice. Lucy was telling you about the girl this morning. She said she knew you (a look, keener than Lucy's, accompanied this remark of the worthy Mrs. Presley). She 's very pretty, and, indeed, I am sorry for her."

Here Bradshaw recounted to the jailer's wife and daughter, in his eloquent and powerful manner, the whole scene of the night; and, also, the situation of Jane Durham in the jail. He told Mrs. Presley that her husband wanted to put her in one of the rooms of their establishment (here the jailer's wife bridled); "But," continued Bradshaw, "your husband and myself thought I had better tell you the circumstances, and ask your advice, and how you felt on the subject."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Presley, with a smile; "I thought she was wronged when I first saw her."

"So your husband told me madam," remarked Bradshaw. "He said that you saw instantly she was a different being from those he locked up. He observed that women understood women much better than men."

"You may well say that, Mr. Bradshaw. Let me see, there is the room just beside us, that opens into this; we can lock the door that opens into the yard, and she can have that—there 's a bed and chairs in it; not so good as she has been used to, may be—but people can't always choose. She can stay there a spell, and if we like her, and there is no objection made, she can put what furniture in it she wants, if she turns out what we think her."

After paying a compliment to their kind feelings, which Mrs. Presley received, consciously, and Lucy, blushingly, Bradshaw left them, to find Job and Jane Durham.

As Bradshaw approached the jailer's room he heard old Job, in a high key, speaking to some one, who, by the voice, he recognized, instantly, to be the lawyer who refused to plead Nancy her fee.

"I tell you what it is Mr. Scrags," said Job, "the thing can't be done, sir. The man is in for counterfeiting, Mr. Scrags, and he 's been in before for robbery—he 's a great jail-bird: and it 's against human natur, standing as I do, jailer of this establishment, to take the irons off of that man, much less to give him the freedom of the passage without his irons, and no report from the doctor that he 's sick, and no word ——"

"I 'll get you word from the sheriff, and be d——d to your human *natur*, as you call it," said Scrags, angrily.

"Well, Mr. Scrags," replied the jailer, "you may damn human natur just as much as you choose, it 's all one to me; though a man may just say, that if human natur 's damned, the whole lot of us is gone that 's all. But, Mr. Scrags, when the order from the sheriff comes, the order is to be thought on. By an act of the session of the general assembly before last, I believe it 's in the eighth volume of the statutes—I know it 's in the pamphlet of rules for the government of the jail—it is enacted and provided, that there shall be trustees appointed to look into the affairs of the jail—and they must look into the affairs of the sheriff, too, with respect to the jail. And ——"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Scrags, half in jest and half in anger. "Job, you had better turn lawyer at once, and commence business. I have no doubt that the whole bar will take you in at consultation, and every litigant will employ you. Ha! ha!—Job Presley, Esq., attorney at law. Ha! ha!—good!"

"They might employ a worse man, Mr. Scrags, and not go far," exclaimed the offended Job.

"I have no doubt of it, Job," said Scrags.

"From your intimacy with criminals you've learned the criminal law, and with rascally debtors, the civil law—hey!"

"My manners, sir," said Job, "if you allude to that (for with all Job's boasted knowledge of the law, he did not understand the distinction between civil and criminal law), are just what God gave me, and never put on to serve a purpose; and, as for my criminal information, I got that from the lawyers who come here to get tender mercies showed to their clients—get their leg-irons off—so that they may give leg-bail to Job Presley some dark night. Then I shall be in the right trim for studying the law, which you advise, Mr. Scrags; as my discharge, as jailer, would leave me nothing to do."

Scrags felt that he was wrong. He was on the eve of damning old Job for a scoundrel, notwithstanding; but he reflected that he might finesse with the jailer some other time, —so he forced a laugh, and departed.

Meanwhile, Bradshaw had entered Job's office where Jane Durham sat in the corner, with her head bowed down, and her veil drawn over her face. He was about speaking to her, when Job, who had stepped out during his altercation with Scrags, returned. Wiping the perspiration from his forehead, Job remarked—

"That Scrags needn't think to circumvent me. He can't do it. Take the irons off of that jail breaking fellow, hey! and give him the liberty of the passage! He'd be off before you could say Jack Robinson; but not before Mr. Scrags had been paid for advising me to take the irons off of him."

"Why, Job," said Bradshaw, "you came out upon him in style."

"Now, didn't I, squire? When a man pretends to be a gentleman, why, says I, let him be a gentleman; and when he's a rogue, let him be a rogue. Kitely that died,—the mail robber,—you didn't know him, Mr. Bradshaw, did you?"

"Yes—I believe I did," replied Bradshaw; "a good-looking fellow that died here a year ago."

"The very same," replied Job. "He died of a putrid fever; and one night, when he was very bad, I watched with him. It was the morning before he died: a man you know, sometimes seems to get better just afore he dies. Well, I somehow liked him, and I set up with him. It was about midnight. I didn't hear a single chain move in the whole jail. Kitely and I got to talking confidential. He told me he did not think he would live; and, as I'd done a favor to him, he'd tell me something. About a week before he was taken sick, I had taken the irons all off of him, because Scrags asked it, and he complained. What do you think,—it's as true as you set there, Mr. Bradshaw,—Kitely told me that he had given Scrags one thousand dollars to get the irons taken off of him, and to furnish him with a file, and implements to get out. He told me just to move his bed a little, and I could see the hole he had dug, before he got sick. Sure enough, I moved the bed, with him on it, and there was the hole. Laying on the wet earth, that he had crammed in his bed, made him sick. I turned to ask him more questions, when he fumbled at his bed head a minute, and brought out a purse. 'I saved this from him,' said he, in a trembling voice, 'he got all but this—he was a traitor—he brought a letter into me from a friend—he didn't know what was in it.' Here poor Kitely," said Job, "had to lay back and gasp for breath: he raised himself upon his arm and went on—'He didn't know what was in it. The letter told me that if I escaped Scrags had got my friend to promise that he would receive me and secrete me; and when the reward was offered for my apprehension he was to betray me, and Scrags and him was to share the reward. I sent for Scrags, yesterday, hoping that he would come to see me. If he had, and there had been strength enough in me, I'd stabbed him to the heart.' Them was his very words, Mr. Bradshaw—his very words; and he stretched out his hand, with the purse in it, and he said—'Yes, Job, I've saved this from him,—take it, Job, and give it to your daughter Lucy, the day she gets married, or any day you like. There's no ill luck in it, Job—I came honestly by it, as I am a dying man. Give it to your daughter Lucy, Job—she'll save this jail, as long as she lives in it, from God's curse. Give it to her—I wish it was a million. I heard her persuading you to move me from here, when I was first taken; but I would not be moved, because I'd be discovered. She has sent me every thing to tempt a sick man's palate; and, day by day, she asks me, through my window there, that looks out into the yard, how I am, with a voice that sounds like an angel's.' Yes," said Job, with deep emotion, "his very words; and he put the puss into my hand, and pressed it, and fell back dead—cold and clammy as the clay under him. But, what was I talking about?" continued Job, rubbing his hand through his hair. "Mr. Bradshaw, did you speak to my wife and Lucy consarning this young woman?"

"Yes," said Bradshaw. "Your wife, Job, likes your idea, and so does Lucy. Miss Durham," said Bradshaw, addressing her, "I will call and see you this afternoon, when you are more self-possessed. Don't be alarmed: Job will treat you kindly. Make up your mind how much you can tell me of your case. Think over the whole case. Here's Mrs. Presley and Lucy. Good bye."

Jane Durham burst into tears as Bradshaw departed. Lucy and her mother led her to their rooms. Old Job went with Bradshaw to the gate, to let him out.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Job, "don't tell to any one the case of poor Scrags and Kitely, that I told you. I've never told it to mortal men before. It's no use, you know—Scrag's word would be taken before mine; and then, if it was not, who would believe Kitely? Scrags would say, I've felt all unhinged today, ever since I saw that poor girl in the room. All at once, it came over me, suppose Lucy should be so placed. It's wrong—I

know it 's wrong, for a man to have these kind of feelings, like a woman. This is the first time I 've had 'em since Kitely died, and that 's a year gone."

CHAPTER XIII.

When Bradshaw left the jail he resolved to call, in his way home, at the office of the Squire, Bailey, who committed Jane Durham, and learn from him the testimony against her. The more he saw of her, the more deeply interested he became in her case, and the stronger became his conviction that she was "more sinned against than sinning." Johnson's conduct satisfied him that there was some foul play. Nancy had observed Johnson's anxiety to commit her to jail—the jailer's account further proved it; and, connecting this with what Bradshaw, himself, marked in his conduct, when he met him and Fritz, and, also, when standing by the body of the murdered man, he felt convinced that the watchman had a mysterious agency in the affair of the night. For his enmity to himself Bradshaw could easily account. He had, as we have already observed, severely commented on Johnson's conduct in a certain trial, before a crowded court, and in a manner that one of the watchman's temper could neither forget nor forgive. And then Glassman—Glassman always appeared, in his mind's eye, when he thought of Jane Durham. "I must find Glassman," thought he: "no one seems to know what has become of him; but I 'll speak to the magistrate; and this afternoon I will learn from the girl, herself, the real facts." The office of the magistrate lay directly in Bradshaw's way to his own office. He entered it, and found him within, seated at his table, behind a railing, constructed for the purpose of keeping the curious crowd at a proper distance from the magisterial person. "Familiarity begets contempt," says the proverb, of which Mr. Bailey had thought, as well as of the safety of his books and papers, when he ordered the railing to be made. Around the stove, within the railing, were several constables, "cussing and discussing" the police affairs of the day with the representative of justice. The subject of conversation, when Bradshaw entered, was the murdor, and the arrest of Jane Durham. Jones, the watchman, whom our readers remember went for the light, when Johnson refused, was saying—

"It 's a strange kind of business to me—it 's mixed up so that I can neither make head nor tail out of it. Johnson swears here this morning, that when he heard a rumpus in at Dean's he rushed in, and saw the girl give a knife to one of the fellows, and tell him to kill the rascal, if he wanted her to think well of him. The fellow took the knife, yet neither of these chaps that 's been arrested does Johnson swear to as being the man; but he says he would know the man, if he saw him. Mr. Bradshaw, good morning, sir;"—and Jones advanced to Bradshaw, and they stepped aside.

"Jones, how did you come on last night?" inquired Bradshaw.

"Badly, Squire, badly,—we went up the lane, to the house you told me of. We couldn't get lights for some time. We found old Moll there drunk, and she said she had none; and when we did get 'em, the wind blew them out; howsomever, we lit 'em again; but by the time we got 'em in again, the bird, if he was there, had put. One of the fellows told me, who is a kind of a half stool pigeon, that he was much hurt; but that he had been carried off. We had to give it up: the murder and the fuss before had made them keen of scent. But we 're going to-night, a whole posse of us, to see if we can't catch him."

"I 've a great mind to go with you," said Bradshaw, reflecting that if he did, he might elicit something in the case of Jane Durham.

"Squire, you would do us a mighty service, if you only would," said Jones.

"What time do you go?"

"Not before eleven o'clock. If they should see us prying about there while they were stirring, they 'd pass the word, and we shouldn't see hide nor hair of 'em."

"But had you not better go in the day time. If he is hurt very much you may find him stowed away somewhere; or you could, at least, reconnoiter the premises."

"Yes, that 's true," said Jones; "but we know the whole premises; and night 's the best time to find 'em, for they 'll be drinking and carousing round, and be off their guard."

"Well," said Bradshaw, "I will go with you."

"Shall we call round at your office, sir?"

"No, I 'll stop in at the watch-house. Jones, what is the testimony against the girl?"

"Why, Squire, bilious, very bilious. Johnson swears that he saw her give a knife to some fellow,—but the fellow 's not found."

"Where's the man?"

"He 's round at D——'s Hotel. We took him there from the watch-house this morning. We found out who he is—his name is Samson Carpenter. He is, they say, from the country."

"He 's not dead yet, then?"

"He wasn 't this morning, sir, though he has never spoken a word. He breathes very hard. He can't stand it long."

Here a watchman entered, and said Carpenter had died.

"Where was he hurt?"

"A deep gash on the head, sir?"

"But is he stabbed?"

"I don't know, sir. I just helped to carry him to the watch-house last night, and then I went after that Henry Adams, and left him with Johnson and the rest. The man that was hurt had a friend with him: he appeared here to-day, and gave in his testimony, and, I believe, he had some business he couldn't put off; so he gave security for his appearance, and left town. The court, you know, commences next month."

"Yes. What was his testimony?"

The watchman could not say, and Bradshaw turned to the magistrate, to inquire. Mr.

Bailey told him little more than he had previously learned. Johnson swore positively that he saw Jane Durham give the dagger to one of the boys, and make the remark alleged. The friend of Carpenter, whose name was Lowry, the magistrate informed Bradshaw, swore that a girl at Dean's had quarrelled with Carpenter, and threatened him; but he could not say whether Jane Durham was the girl or not. "And Johnson said," continued the magistrate, "that old Moll would swear positively she saw the girl, Jane Durham, stab Carpenter."

"How can that be," said Bradshaw, "when Johnson has already sworn that he saw the girl give the knife to one of the boys, expressing the desire that he would kill him?"

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw," said Bailey, "I committed her finally, to await the sitting of the court; I cannot properly hear the case, can I?"

Bailey misunderstood Bradshaw's interest in Jane Durham, as did every one, except those to whom he had explained the events of the night, and very naturally.

"These things, you know," said Bradshaw, in answer, "are never very formally done; and if any thing very favorable to the girl should transpire, you would certainly have no objection to hear and act upon it."

A sudden thought struck Bradshaw, and he left the magistrate's hastily, to put it into execution; namely to ask Job not to let Johnson, the watchman, go to old Moll's cell unaccompained, for he could not but think that his evident malice towards himself and the girl, would induce him to prompt old Moll to mischief; which, from what he had seen of her character, and conduct to the girl, he believed would be an easy matter.

Bradshaw had scarcely advanced three steps from the door when he saw before him, coming directly to the magistrate's, Johnson, with old Moll. His first impulse was to warn Johnson that he was aware of his conduct; but, upon second thought, he resolved to meet him as if he had not the least suspicion of him.—Bradshaw stopped until Johnson reached the spot where he stood: when the watchman saw Bradshaw he started, and seemed anxious to avoid being seen; but he rallied, and said,

"Squire, so you know we caught the girl who committed the murder last night. I took her to jail this morning. Job tells me you got him to be kind to her. If I had known your feelings, I might have treated her better; but here 's old Moll, who saw her stab the man."

"Yes," said old Moll, "you may cut up rowdy tricks in my house, and kill people for her, but you can't save her neck, neither; and if you had killed me, when you shoved me into the corner, you couldn't have saved your own, without her false swearing. But my time 's come."

Johnson frowned, and shook his head at the hag, as she spoke.

"Yes, my time 's come; the day 's been when I was better than her; and the day 'll be when she 's worse than old Moll; ha, ha! What I saw I 'll swear to; you 'll have to speak hard, to save her, though you have a glib tongue."

Bradshaw said nothing, but followed Moll and Johnson into the Squire's. Old Moll, Bradshaw soon discovered, was intoxicated: Johnson was irresolute. Bradshaw's presence seemed to produce an effect on him which he could not throw off. The magistrate asked him twice what he wanted, before he answered, by saying—

"This woman will prove, sir, that the girl you committed this morning, stabbed the man, and———"

"Yes," said old Moll, stepping up to the magistrate, "I 'll swear to it, pint blank—hand me the book. I saw her stab the man at Dean's."

The magistrate looked at Bradshaw, inquiringly.

"I have no objection," said Bradshaw; "you may as well examine her—though the girl should be here."

"Moll, you 've been drinking," said the magistrate. "Who gave you drink?"

"I gave it to myself," said Moll.

"That 's a lie," said Jones, the watchman, "for when I took you to the jail this morning, you had no money."

"I gave her something to drink," said Johnson, quickly, "as we came along. May be she had not best be examined. I didn't think 't would harm her. Shall I take her back, sir?" said he, to the magistrate.

"We might as well hear what she has to say," said Bradshaw, to the magistrate.

The greasy Bible, that so many profane lips had kissed, was now presented, perhaps, to the profanest of all. Supporting herself against the railing, with one hand, while with the other she raised the book to her lips, old Moll took the oath, and, with a toss of the head, faced Bradshaw, who had seated himself carelessly by the side of the magistrate, and was, apparently, making unmeaning figures on a sheet of paper with a pen.

"Tell what you know about this stabbing, Moll," said the magistrate.

"I know this much about it," said Moll, "that last night there was a ball at Dean's, and that that girl,—I don't know what her name is,—Jane something, I believe, came there, and got cutting round, and that a strange man, that looked countryfied, asked her to dance, and she wouldn't; and a fuss was raised, and she stabbed him."

"You saw her stab him?" inquired the magistrate.

"O yes, Mr. Bailey," said Moll, in a tone that was affectedly gentle, "I saw it; you may be sure I saw it, Squire—you know I 've sworn to it."

"Mr. Bradshaw, will you ask any questions?" said the magistrate.

"A few sir," said Bradshaw, "if I have favor enough with Mistress Molly to get an answer;" and, then, in a jesting indifferent tone he put his questions, while he seemed to be figuring on the paper. "What time was this, Molly?"

"I can't tell the exact hour. I didn't note

the time: may be eleven, may be twelve. I can't say—she did it, that 's enough."

"Whom did she go to the ball with?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"Did you see Johnson there?"

"No.—Yes, I believe he was there," she continued, after glancing at Johnson.

"Who went to the ball with you?"

"What 's that to your business?" she replied.

The magistrate told her she must reply properly; and she said "Sall Sanders."

"Who else?"

"Henry Adams," she replied, after some hesitation.

"Where is Henry Adams?"

"I don't know;—dead may be. There was more murders than one, that night, I expect."

"Is Henry Adams the man whom I saw in the house with you?"

Moll hesitated a long time, and then said—"No."

Bradshaw now asked her a great many indifferent questions, and then carelessly inquired—"How came the girl, Jane Durham, at your house?"

"She went there with Sall, Henry Adams, and me," was the reply.

"Henry Adams, then," remarked Bradshaw, "is the same man that I saw in your house?"

"Yes: the same man that you killed—and you ought to be stretched for it."

"Describe the scene when Jane Durham stabbed the man at Dean's."

"I can't describe it: I know nothing about it. I saw her stab him, and that I swear to."

Bradshaw here said that he had but one more question to ask. "Why did Jane Durham go to your house?"

Moll hesitated for a long time, and, at last, said, "After she had stabbed the man, Adams and Sall persuaded her to go to hide from the watch." As Moll could give no security for her appearance at court, she was remanded to the jail, that she might be forthcoming at the trial. When Johnson and Moll left the room Bradshaw handed the testimony of Moll, which he had written off as she gave it in, and requested the magistrate to read it, and see if it was not correct. He read it, and said it was perfectly so. "Then," said Bradshaw, "be so kind as to sign it, and I will keep it till the trial." He did so. After being reminded by Jones of their engagement for the night, Bradshaw withdrew. He went in search of Willoughby; told him of the whole case, and remarked,

"Willoughby, I know you are fond of adventures. I don't wish to enter this business to-night, without some one with me whom I can trust better than one of these watchmen: I wish you would go with me."

"With all my heart," replied Willoughby: I meant to propose it to you, when you first said you were going."

"Which of you enacts Sancho Panza?" asked Cavendish, who was by. "Which of you, I pray? It must be you Kentuck: and, Bradshaw, here is Don Quixotte, and the lady fair—Glassman's frail lady—is the Dulcinea del Toboso. Well, you 'll get your heads broke, in all human probability. Your knight-errantry is devoted, if not elevated—but I forgot the reward! you go halves, I suppose. You put me in mind of an anecdote I have seen of George Selwyn, the celebrated wit: he had a great *penchant* for the spectacle of an execution, and hearing that several malefactors were to be beheaded in Paris (the guillotine was not yet invented), he crossed over for the purpose of witnessing the scene. On the appointed day, by the favor of the police, he took his station beside the fatal instrument. The executioner seeing the evident interest he took in the business, supposed him an English gentleman of his own craft; he therefore, with a profound bow, offered him the bloody axe. 'Thank you, my dear sir,' said Selwyn; 'I am only an amateur.' If you only go in as amateurs, of course you cannot expect any part of the reward; but when the true thief-takers give a jollification on the strength of it, you will, of course, attend, as their particular friends." So speaking, away went Cavendish.

"The Judge is an odd fish," said Willoughby. "To look at his phiz, one would no more expect humor in him, than in the weeping philosopher; but he has it, and loves it as a gourmand does his favorite dish. Yet he has a good deal of sentiment, and is one of the best-hearted fellows I ever knew. Don't you think highly of his talents, Bradshaw?"

"Certainly, very. He is fond of the profession; and that is the secret of success in it. He and I were schoolmates here, in town; he was always just such a fellow. He would have all the school laughing: and, in the midst of the merriment, never move a muscle—looked as if he wondered what they were laughing at. One day, at a public examination, he fixed the bell-rope to his dog's collar, as the animal lay asleep, and quietly came up stairs, and took his place in his class, looking as if the fate of Cato and of Rome hung upon his solemnity. You know the prinkiness of a public examination: the boys in their best, and the parents and friends looking on so attentively and anxiously. In the midst of it the bell began to ring vehemently—for the dog rousing up and finding himself fast, jerked with a vengeance. 'There 's fire! fire!' exclaimed Cavendish. The whole school took up the chorus, and away he broke, down stairs, the first of all, and let his dog loose, before any one discovered the cause—the boys following after. It has always been a cause of inquiry among the boys how the bell was rung. Cavendish with the gravest face imaginable, would enter into the discussion, and wonder if a house could be haunted. I happened to find it out, but have never mentioned it, just that I may allude to the circumstance when some of our old school-mates are by, and watch Cavendish's face. He don't know, to this day, that I know it. Don't you say any thing to him about it; and the next time we are all together, where there are any of

our old school-mates, I 'll speak of the fact, and do you keep your eye on the Judge. The teacher was a very peculiar man, and a great lover of wit and humor. He had a habit of throwing his hat, which he always wore in school, at a boy, when he misbehaved; and he would make him bring it up, and punish him. One day he came in school with a new hat. The moment Cavendish saw him, he began to cut a good many pranks: he wanted him to throw his new hat at him. The teacher saw him, and was in the act of hurling it, when he caught himself, and exclaimed—'Cavendish, if my hat was not too good, I would throw it at you.' Cavendish looked at him with a face of the most child-like simplicity, and said—'Throw your head, then, sir.' The old fellow, contrary to what would have been the conduct of most teachers, shook the Judge by the hand, and laughed heartily. They never meet now, but what they have a long chat together. The Judge, too, sometimes acts very oddly, without meaning any jest. He prides himself very much upon being polite in his own house. You know in what an old-fashioned house he lives; the furniture, and every thing around and in it, are in keeping. One day we had been out riding, and we returned very much fatigued. He insisted upon my staying all night with him, and we retired very early. He conducted me to a large, solemn-looking room, in which was a very large bed, hung round with massive dark curtains, and left me. For some time after I retired, I lay awake, thinking of feudal times, baronial castles, and so forth. I fell asleep with such thoughts. I was awakened by a voice that said, I know not what. Starting up, I beheld a figure at my bed-side, with a light in its hand. In the bewilderment of the moment I really thought myself in some castle's keep; but I was speedily aware of where I was, by the Judge's apologetic tone. 'Bradshaw, my dear friend,' said he, 'excuse me: I forgot to ask you if you would have any thing. Are you warm enough?' Just as he spoke, the clock struck two.—Mark me—he 'll come round to my office this evening, to go with us, on this 'Quixotic expedition,' as he calls it."

"Ha! ha! Well, he really is an odd fellow. Do you think he 'll go? Bradshaw, suppose we step in here, and take some oysters, and then walk round through the lane, where you were last night. I should like to see the locality."

Bradshaw assented; and, after taking some oysters, by way of dinner, they proceeded to that part of the city. Bradshaw pointed out to Willoughby the place where the body of Carpenter was found; and they passed on, and entered the lane. Here and there might be seen a brick tenement, but the most of the buildings were miserable shanties. The lane was narrow and dirty. In many places the houses were partially under ground, in consequence of the lane having been graded since they were built. A few of the frame ones were of two stories; and as you looked up the lane, the houses on either side reminded you of two rows of militia on their first day of training, who find it impossible to stand in regular file. Here the refuse of the city congregated. It was the common sewer of her outcasts.

"You may travel through all Kentuck," said Willoughby, "and see nothing that reminds you of this, with, perhaps, the exception of one or two places in Louisville. Such looking places always strike me with sadness."

"Fisher Ames says," remarked Bradshaw, "'that a large city is the standing army of ambition.' Throw a community into commotion, and here you may gather mercenaries for any purpose. If mobs do not always originate in these haunts, here, at least, are found the spirits whose similars made France a demoniac democracy, who are fit for any purpose of evil—the worst, and for nothing of good."

"Bradshaw," said Kentuck, "I don't know how you feel about it, but I am morally as well as physically healthier in the country. With my dog and gun, roaming through the woods, I feel no headaches, and few of the excitements that lead to vice. In a crowded city, the bustling inhabitants, the news, and rumor of news, the many scenes that attract, the various food for passion, the very noise of the streets, keep one in a perpetual state of excitement; at least one of my temperament, who has lived in calmer scenes. And yet, like a love for the cup, this excitement, which at first may be disagreeable, becomes, after awhile, a pleasure, and at last a want."

They had now passed a considerable way into the lane.

"Here I met those two fellows I spoke of," said Bradshaw, "who scampered off." As they advanced, they observed several men at the door of a low grocery, eyeing them suspiciously. A woman came out of a house, as if about to cross the street to another: on seeing Bradshaw she stared at him a moment fiercely, and then turned and entered the door she had just left. Bradshaw thought, though he was not positive, that she was the woman whom he had seen on the bed with old Moll. A drunken man staggered out of the grocery, followed by a woman of the most wretched appearance, who was heaping upon him the most profane curses. The young men at the door of the grocery, after whispering earnestly together, followed after Bradshaw and Willoughby, on the other side of the street.

"Bradshaw," said Kentuck, "those fellows have some mischief in their heads. It always provokes me when I see such rascals eyeing and speaking of one in the way they seem to be. Let 's cross over among them, and ask them some questions regarding the rumpus last night. We 'll see what metal they 're made of."

"That won't do, Kentuck; we 'll soon find that they have a kind of metal which we haven't—cold steel. I 'm not armed the least, are you? Besides, there is no necessity for an altercation with them, and there 's no honor in it. I shall appear for the girl and I don't want to provoke these fellows against

me. They were probably at the ball last night, and may be witnesses in this case. Don't you know that the feelings of these wretches are such that, if they were angry with a lawyer, they would as lief as not swear away the life of his client. No; I must conciliate them, and find out the facts. Many a lawyer loses his case by assuming a hostile attitude towards the opposite witnesses. By the day of trial I shall know much more of the real facts of this case—and there is something dark in the business—by this course, than I could in any other way. The best place to let the rascals know I 've found them out, and to expose them, too, is before the jury. In this way I may protect the innocent, and hit the evil doers with a vengeance."

The conversation on the opposite side of the street was characteristic.

"I wonder who those fellows are?" said one of them—"they 've ruffle shirts. Just look at that tall fellow—he shows fight this very minute. By hokey, there 's a good deal of strength in him—he cares for nobody."

"That little fellow," said another, "is Bradshaw, the lawyer, who pled for Fritz—he 's the one who liked to killed Adams last night about a gal. He 's a buster—any way you can fix him. He fit his way last night through the lane, with a gal, in spite of the whole of 'em. He knocked Adams down just at a word. He ought to be mobbed."

"Mob who?" said a slim-looking lad, who had left the grocery and joined them, while this conversation took place. He could not be more than seventeen; he had a quick eye, handsome features, with a kind of sailor dandyism about him: a mole skin cap was set jauntily on the side of his head. He was younger than any of those he addressed, and much smaller. "Mob who?" said he; "not Mr. Bradshaw. If you do, Fritz takes the other side."

The persons here stopped, and the one who spoke last turned round and said to Fritz,—"Fritz, I don't believe you 're the clear grit, any how."

"Clear grit, or foul grit," replied Fritz, "he did me a service when there was nobody to help me. When old Scrags asked me fifty dollars and I hadn't a cent, he got me off. He went my bail once till I was tried, and kept me out of jail; and when my trial came on, he got me off again. Clear off, and I haven't paid him a cent for it. If there 's any plunder any where, say the word, and I 'm in with you; but if you cut up any shines on him, I 'll blow the whole gang."

"You 'll turn state's evidence, will you?" said the fellow, advancing in a threatening manner to Fritz.

"Pete," said Fritz, looking him steadily in the eye, "hands off! you mus'n't lay the weight of your little finger on me, man, in anger."

"Do you dare me?" said Pete, who was a tall, double-fisted fellow, "I could pick you up, tie you in a double beau-knot, and throw you over my shoulder."

"If you can," said Fritz, I can let daylight into you as you 're doing it."

"Come boys?" said one of the company, "none of this. You will raise a fuss presently, and we had better be looking out for chances. Come let 's go to the balloon ascension—it 's no use to follow after them."

They, accordingly, faced about, and left the lane by the way that Bradshaw and Willoughby entered it. Kentuck and Bradshaw walked on to the other end of the lane; and after standing there a moment, conversing and looking around them, they determined to return through the lane to their offices, that they might understand the place thoroughly—a spirit of adventure actuating the Kentuckian, and a fixed determination to save the girl, and find out the true state of the case, moving Bradshaw.

"I begin to feel an interest in this business, Bradshaw," said Willoughby—"these scoundrels are a caution. I expect that Adams is a leader among them. Such miserable debauchery and villiany as theirs is a wonder to me If a man were a robber-chief, and held the fastnesses of a mountain, or lived as Schiller described his Robbers, or as a free, bold spirit might in the far west, there would be some romance in the life; and the perilous adventure would be in the free air, where exercise would give vigorous health, and renewed energies. But these poor devils here, surrounded by dirt and smoke, and dogs of bailiff's, are like a hunted 'coon in a fired wood—they have no fair shake for it. The hallooing, the smoke, the fire, conquers them before they are seen—uses them up at once. The warfare of society upon these spirits is like that of the savages of the woods against their foes; it hunts them down without mercy. Confound it!—I feel that these things are not right. Yet how can you mend them. Here am I now, coming to-night as I would go to a fox hunt, to see a fellow run down—earthed."

"But the fellow deserves it, you must remember Kentuck," said Bradshaw; "and, if, by leaving him undisturbed, we could be satisfied that he would do no more harm, why, I would rather give him a blessing than a curse, as I left him. But we must protect the weak and the defenceless: this is not only the duty of man individually, but of society. To feel for such wretches as this Adams is natural in a generous spirit, for he feels for all. But think of the woman, Kentuck."

"That 's a fact! For that reason I want the fellow caught, and I want to see these characters."

"We don't start before eleven, you know," said Bradshaw, "and I am engaged to go to the ball. You go, don't you."

"Yes, I 'll see you there, and we can both leave together. Mind, Bradshaw, don't miss me. If you do, I will be after you."

CHAPTER XIV.

Bradshaw had determined to go to the jail in the afternoon, to see Jane Durham and learn from her the facts of the case. But it was

wearing late by the time he reached his office, and he entered the court to speak to Nancy of her.

"Honey," said Nancy, "I see ye take an interest for the poor thing. It 's right, and ye 'll have yer reward. The poor thing is deserving and has been badly treated. I 'm old, ye see, Bradshaw, but I 've been young, and I know a woman's feelings—yes! I say it in humbleness, a sinful woman's. May be I 've been more of a sinner than this young woman—but I 've not suffered as much, and there 's a morciful Providence for all." So speaking, Nancy screamed at the top of her voice, after her black girl, Beck, who had strayed away somewhere, and said, "I 'll go over and see the poor thing;—and so ye tell me, honey, that Job Presley has been kind to her, and has her out of the jail with his wife. She 's a feeling woman, a very feeling woman, and so is her daughter Lucy. Beck, ye hussy, where have ye been? A pretty trollop ye are to be caterwauling about, and leave me to 'tend to every thing. What 'll ye come to by such conductions? Here, attend, and none of your fooling around among the fellows.—Mind, the big pipins are two for a fip. The frost killed 'most all the fruit this year, and if folks get good fruit, they must pay for it."

With Mary Carlton leaning on his arm, Bradshaw entered the ball-room, following Kentuck, on whose arm leaned Emily Bradshaw. Though Miss Bradshaw's parents were religious, they had little or no objection against their daughters partaking in such amusements. Miss Bradshaw had no fondness for them, but her brother was anxious for her to attend, and the fashionable society in which she was thrown, whenever she visited the city, compelled her to comply with some of its requisitions, or seem very puritanical. She went very little into society, for her extreme delicacy shrank from its glare; but this very circumstance made her more admired. The hackneyed man of the world, wearied with the flirtations and arts of some fashionable belle, might often be seen with respectful courtesy attending Miss Bradshaw, throwing aside the mere manners of the ton as qualities, which, in this instance, were not most likely to please. Her pale brow, her dark hair, her simple dress, her most winning manners, that wore the impress of the gentlest heart, and the feminine loveliness of her face and figure struck every one. It was an interesting sight to see Miss Carlton and Miss Bradshaw conversing together, the one leaning on the arm of Bradshaw, and the other on that of Willoughby. The tall proud form of the Kentuckian, his expanded chest, his face and head, on which nature had stamped her noblest impress, contrasted finely with the delicate being who held his arm. The slender form of Bradshaw, his intellectual head, his penetrating and fiery glance, formed another contrast with the blue laughing eye and fairy figure of Mary Carlton. Standing together and contemplating the dancers, they formed a group that would have interested a painter.

The music sounded merrily: Mary Carlton might be seen threading the mazes of the dance to meet her partner, Bradshaw, like a fairy in a labyrinth. There was Henry Selman, dancing with Miss Penelope in high glee; occasionally glancing, with a triumphant air, at Mr. Bates, who was attitudinizing on the confines of the dance. Propped against a pillar—not far off was the judge, with both hands in his pockets, in humorous observation of Bates, looking as if he were contemplating a statue of woe.

"Bradshaw," said the Judge, in the interval of the dance, "I thought you were going a thief-catching, to-night."

"So I am, but only as an amateur, as you say. I don't go until eleven."

"Well, joy go with you: have you told the ladies of your anticipated achievement?"

"No, we wait until we have conquered, before we blow the blast of triumph."

"What if you are the conquered? Will you be suffered to leave the lane on your parole of honor?"

"I don't know, Judge; we go like the savans in Napoleon's Egyptian army, probably, to be laughed at by the troops, and to be treated with no respect by the barbarians, should we fall into their hands."

"Likely: here comes Kentuck. Willoughby, what time do you commence your possum hunt, to-night?"

"About eleven, I believe."

"It 's delightful employment, and so characteristic of a Kentuckian, to go a hunting."

'Oh Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.'

"Suppose you should be surrounded, will you die upon the field? or will you tuck up your coat-tails and heel it—raise a dust in that way? You had better wear roundabouts. 'He who fights and runs away,' etc. I've been looking at Bates this half hour. Well, I don't wonder that fellow's thoughts are always dull when I reflect the subject is always himself."

"Why, Judge, you 're in spirits to-night, judging from your conversation," said Willoughby; "but not from your phiz: that always plays possum to your feelings, except when you are sad; and then it gets the spirit of contradiction in it, and looks comic."

"A Kentuckian's phiz," replied the Judge, "is pretty much like his country."

"How 's that?" asked Willoughby.

"He has his hair every which way, untouched by the comb or scissors, like his forests, unpruned and free. His forehead is like one of his hills—bluff and bold, and with just as much brains in it. His smile is not like his glorious rivers—

'Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.'

His chin, when it is shaved, looks like a platter licked clean by a cat. His neck is as open as a prairie. His form 's like one of his girdled trees: and his arms are the branches,

when tossed by the winds His cheeks are rich alluvial, where plenty of pork and whiskey has been deposited. His manners are those of a bear taught to dance with a chain round his neck, and to grin when his tail is pulled. His oratory is like a north wind roaring through a wilderness. His eye twinkles like a star, but it is not with the borrowed light of any kind of lore, but merely with the pride of a rooster, thinking of his dung-hill."

"Ha! ha! Good," said Kentuck, "when we consider that I saw this very extemporaneous effusion written off on the back of one of the Judge's briefs, this very day, and blotted all over with emendations."

"Willoughby, that 's no such thing," said the Judge, coloring.

"A fact," said Willoughby, laughing. "And, Judge, carry out your analogies. You 're a Virginian, and Virginia is said to be the mother of old Kentuck. If such is the character of the daughter, what of the mother? She, like the mother of the Gracchii, as Calhoun said, when asked for her jewels, may point to her children—but most of her great ones are now gone; and, like all old women, she is now *past bearing*."

In such jesting, which provoked no anger, the young men whiled the time, until the courtesies of the ball called them off.

"Well, Selman," said Bradshaw, to the admirer of Miss Penelope Perry, "how do you come on in the court of love?"

"Why, Bradshaw," replied Selman, with a delighted smile, "better. I cut Bates out to-night. I don't know why it is, but he is not as attentive to Miss Carlton as he used to be. He directs his whole battery against Miss Penelope, now; but I think he 's losing favor—ain't he?"

"I think he is. She looks very well to-night."

"O, very. Bradshaw, she won't let me dance with her too often. Do engage her for a set, and keep that Bates away."

"With pleasure."

As Bradshaw advanced towards Miss Penelope, he whispered to Willoughby: "Kentuck, I 'm going to engage Miss Penelope for the next set—or will you?—and I 'll engage her for the set after. You must dance with her, and help Selman on. We must keep him in good spirits, and make him a beau here, among the fair."

"To be sure. We must row Bates up salt river. I 've set the Judge on him, by telling him, which is a fact, that Bates said he looked like the great owl at the menagerie. Bates refused to pay but two dollars at the supper, the other night, because, he said, that was all it was to cost. The breakage cost two dollars a-piece, besides."

"His love for the rhino is hereditary. I 'm told that the frail fair one, Catharine P———, pledged a diamond ring to him, the other day, for ten dollars, worth fifty; and he refused to return it, because she did not redeem it at the time stipulated."

"Whew!—the devil! It ain't possible, Bradshaw, I don't believe that."

"Ask the Judge. He tells the tale with a holy horror. The girl, I believe, is his client He swears he 'll get the ring."

"Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw to that lady, "may I have the pleasure of dancing with you the next set?"

"If I am not engaged, sir; I promised Mr. Bates, that I would dance with him; and he looks as if he were about to claim my promise."

"Ay, are you such an interpreter of Mr. Bates's looks?"

"Not at all, sir; but I wish to keep my promise—at least for my self-respect."

"When did you promise him, Miss Penelope?"

"In the beginning of the ball."

"Ay, did he name the set?"

"No, sir."

"Then will I cut him out? He has not yet paid his respects to you, to claim the promise. A pretty fellow! If you have only your self-love to gratify in dancing with Mr. Bates, and *no other love*, allow me to assure you that your best way of gratifying that self-love is to dance with me."

"How so?" asked the lady, laughing.

"Because it will be the very way to show Mr. Bates, that you have forgotten a promise, which his self-complacency is indifferent about remembering. Why, you don't know but that he himself has entirely forgotten it."

Miss Penelope took Bradshaw's arm, and they were soon in the dance.

"You seem to enjoy yourself," said Willoughby, in another part of the room, to Miss Emily Bradshaw.

"O yes, sir, I generally enjoy myself. I see the Babel, without feeling the stir. I mean a very great deal of it. It is really delightful to look round on the happy faces—isn't it?"

"It really is; but do you take no note of the sour ones?"

"O yes; I observe that they are sour, but I can't interest myself in the mere sourness. I like to watch the contrast. We may see sour faces any where. You know it is said that the reason so many married couple look so much alike, is because they have looked so long at each other that their features at last acquire a resemblance. If this be true, we should be careful how we take too deep an interest in the feelings of the crab apples of our race."

"I must tell Cavendish of that. He 's so fond of contemplating odd people, and strange spectacles, that I must warn him. His face shows already his propensities."

"Yes,—but I don't think it will ever alter his heart."

"No, I don't think it will; though, he gets very cynical, sometimes."

"But," said Bradshaw, who was passing by, and overheard the remark, "as Goldsmith said of Johnson, all of the bear that the Judge has about him, is the skin."

"Thank you, sir," said the Judge, who was at his shoulder; "that is an ermine of which I am not ambitious. You valiant gentlemen who go forth on such a glorious expedition

to-night, should be equipped in that way. No, I 'm wrong—I should not recommend to you the bear's skin, but that which a certain other animal assumed for valiant purposes—the lion's. But you 'll be found out."

"How so?"

"As he was found out by the *bray*."

"Ha! ha!—but we can't take you along, Judge, though you are thus equipped."

"Why not?"

"Because you 'll be found out, without it."

"I understand you, sir,—I 'm not only an ass, but the stupidest of the tribe,—hey? Well, I 'm not ass enough to go."

Bradshaw passed on, and Cavendish and Willoughby stood beside his sister.

"I have'nt seen you in the dance yet, I believe, Mr. Cavendish," said Emily Bradshaw.

"No, miss, that is an enjoyment in which I seldom join. The fact is, I have a hatred to such skipping about. There must be pleasure in it to some people, of course, or they would not practice it. This jumping up and down, and running to and fro seem to me a relic of barbarism; just as I consider the jewel in Miss Carlton's ear (I 'm glad to see that you do not wear them, Miss Bradshaw) is a barbaric ornament—the relic of a ruder age. A Shawnee woman, you know, wears one in her nose as well as ears. I don't see why the ears should be complimented in this way, at the expense of the nose."

"The nose, you know, is complimented with specs," said Miss Bradshaw. "Do you consider the use of specs a barbarous custom!"

"No, certainly, we cannot: but I consider them a sorry sight—sorry *spectacles*. I think a man would almost be justified in making a resolution against wearing them, like Dean Swift. Think of our students, particularly of medicine—why is it that so many of them require specks? It must be for the dignity of the profession. Think of them gaping about through their glasses, like a cat in a gooseberry bush, looking by moonlight after a mouse. If there is any thing wanting in the paraphernalia of Mr. Bates, it is a pair of spectacles. Behold him!—he is skipping in the dance, now, like an ape in high health: ten minutes ago I saw him Byronizing against a column, and looking like many a fellow I have seen at the bar, ruminating on the consequences of sheep-stealing."

"Mr Cavendish! Mr. Cavendish!" exclaimed Emily Bradshaw, "you 'll lose your good name for amiability, if you often speak in this way."

"It will not be the loss of the reputation, if I have it," said Cavendish, "but your opinion that I deserve to lose it, that would pain me, Miss Bradshaw. How beautifully Miss Carlton dances!"

"Yes," said Willoughby; "like a sunbeam on a stream—but, Judge, may be Bates is ruminating on the gentlest kind of theft."

"It must be on a petty larceny, sir. The heart that he could steal would not be worth much."

"Kentuck," said Bradshaw to Willoughby, as another cotillion was forming, "it 's half after ten; we should be off."

"That 's a fact," replied Kentuck. "Half after ten! why, by my watch, it is after eleven. What shall we do?"

"Suppose we get Cavendish to see Miss Carlton and my sister home, and go."

Willoughby looked blank, and asked, "what about our dresses?"

"We can get a rough overcoat at the watch-house, and that will do. Cavendish, you 'll see the ladies home for us."

"Why, Bradshaw, I expected to go with you. If you get into a scrape I don't want you to get your head broke, when I might prevent it by going."

Bradshaw and Willoughby exchanged smiles. They explained to Cavendish that they could not all go; and, after a good deal of trouble with him, he agreed to remain. They made their apologies to the ladies, and departed.

They were soon at the watch-house. At the door, they met Jones, with four other watchmen, going upon their mission to catch Adams. A few words were exchanged between them, when the watchmen entered the watch-house, to obtain for Bradshaw and Willoughby the necessary disguises.

The watch-house was situated in the center of the city. It was the house where the watchmen met to receive the orders of the captain of the watch, and to which the rioters and marauders of the night were brought and locked up, to await a hearing before the magistrate, who always attended early in the morning. The room the young men entered was low and long: a dingy lamp of tin hung suspended from the ceiling. Along the walls were benches, permanently fixed, on which lay, at length, or reclined in any attitude that pleased them, those watchmen who were not on duty. Behind the desk, near a fire-place, was a large, square-shouldered man, with a dread-naught coat on; his cheeks were adorned with an immense pair of whiskers, and through his bushy eyebrows his reddish eye glowed like a cigar in a dark night, in the mouth of some sturdy smoker. This was the captain of the watch.

"Lawyer," said he to Bradshaw, "so you 're going a larking to-night. I heard of your business with Adams last night: I wonder, being as you 're a small man, that you came off so well. The fellow's a noted gallow's bird, and fights like vengeance. He has sworn he won't be taken alive: you 'll have tough times to-night."

"There is no harm in taking him dead, is there?" said Bradshaw.

"Not exactly," said the captain, hesitatingly; "but it would be best to take him alive."

Bradshaw did not mean all that might have been meant by this phrase; but he knew among whom he stood. He remarked,

"I have no enmity against the fellow; but he 's a great rascal, and he ought to be taken. Jones here has a large family, and is a good watchman, and I want him to get the reward." So saying, the young men, who had put on

dread-naught coats and old hats, and the watchmen departed together. They reconnoitered in the neighborhood of the alley for some time before they entered it. Several squads of young men, frequenters of the neighborhood, passed them; but they were much more peaceable than usual; the late transactions having quelled their turbulence. It must have been after one, when they entered the lane. Loose clouds had been floating in the heavens since dark; after midnight, they gathered in huge masses, and the wind began to blow roughly.

"What think you of the business, Squire?" said Jones, in a whisper, to Bradshaw, as they approached the house where Bradshaw had contended with Adams: "had we best enter the house?"

"Why, Jones, I should ask you; but my opinion is, we had better enter some of these houses. I wish I had a pair of false whiskers on, I could enter then without the least fear of detection, and pass for a watchman, or one of them, as I chose."

Jones inquired of his companions if either of them had a pair of whiskers to spare, and after some explanation, one of them agreed to lend his for the purpose. Bradshaw, accordingly, fitted them on as well as he could, without a glass. It was agreed that the watchmen were to wait in the old frame building, in which Bradshaw had hid with the girl from pursuit, until a signal was given, and Bradshaw and Willoughby were to enter the grocery, and see if they could make any discoveries.

"Kentuck," whispered Bradshaw, as they advanced towards the grocery, "what do you think of this business?"

"First rate," was the reply. "I 'm for going the whole hog. Suppose, we turn thief takers, and rival Vidocq or old Hays?"

"We will, if we succeed, but remember this is our first attempt. Have you pistols?"

"Yes, two of them, and a dirk."

"So have I. Let 's have the word Kentuck for our watch-word, and if I hear you call it, or you me, we must come to the rescue. I 've no idea of having my profile spoilt, or of being carried out feet foremost; and, therefore, if any of these fellows flash their knives dangerously, it will be worse for them."

The grocery store was a high frame building; on one side of it was a vacant lot, and on the other a frame house not quite so high, and divided from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Bradshaw and Kentuck entered, and passing up by a counter, they took their station near a stove. Seated by the stove were two young men, who looked at the new comers and stretched out their persons so as to take up as much room as possible. The one by Willoughby put his feet on the only chair that was between them. As soon as Kentuck observed it, he said, "My good fellow, if you 'll let your carcass occupy but one chair, I 'll take a seat"—and without waiting for the removal—he lifted the chair, let the fellow's leg fall, and sat down. The man stared at Kentuck, who returned his glance with the mildest expression in the world, which the fellow observing, and mistaking for "no fight," said, "Do you want a fuss here, my young lark?"

"Why, I don't much care," said Kentuck, in a drawling tone. "If there 's a fuss, I shall be into it to a certainty; and if there ain't a fuss, I shall sit still. I tell you what it is, stranger, I 'm all the way from old Kentuck; you 've heard of such a place, may be? It 's a place for varmints, wild varmints, I tell you. The word there is go a-head. You 've hearn tell of people licking their weight in wild cats, hain't you? I 've seen it done. May be I could do it—should like to try? You 've hearn tell of rowing a man up salt river, hain't ye? Well, I 've seen it done; there 's no joke in it. Did you ever see a man bite the head of a nail off? Bring me one."

While Willoughby spoke this, he stretched his legs out, and looked the man in the face with the most imperturbable indifference.

"You 're a picture," said the fellow, struck with his don't-care manner.

"Now, ain't I?" said Kentuck. "I 'm not one of your pictures to hang round a girl's neck, though: I am a full length painting.—One of your pictures that may dangle in a strange kind of frame, some of these days—two posts upright, and one across, with a rope and the picture at the end of it, so well done that the whole people are admiring the *execution*. Do you take, stranger?" The fellow nodded, and grinned. "Well, it 's no matter—while we live, be merry. What 'll you take to drink?"

"If you 're for drink," said the fellow, "I 'll take a little whisky."

"Ay, of the moutain dew," said Willoughby. "What 's this landlord's name."

"Scratch, they call him."

"Here, Scratch," called out Willoughby, to an old man by the door, who was keeping a sharp eye upon his moveables—"let 's have some of your very best; no deception, old boy, or you 'll get scalped, just as a wild Indian scalps a fellow. They learnt the trick to the Kentucks, and we can do it like lightning. I 'll bet you a treat, for the company, that I 'll take this Kentuck" (and he thrust his hand into his pocket, and produced a curiously wrought, large knife), "I 'll take this Kentuck, and with one sweep, just one, round your head, I 'll leave you, old Scratch, in the condition for a namesake, with no more hair upon your crown than there is on the back of my hand. What say you?"

"Sir, the liquor's good," said Scratch, "and I want no such experiments."

"Old boy, you 'd scarcely feel it. It 's a mere circumstance, you 'd look just as well with a scratch; and who knows but what you might get a pension by the scalping? But, no matter, if ever you want it done you must call on me. Stranger," continued Willoughby, turning to the fellow beside him, "I 've been a river character, a wild woods river character; I 've seen sawyers, and swamps, and snags, and alligators, and every thing. Why, the sprees you have here, in your lanes

and alleys, are nothing to Natchez under the Hill, or the swamps at New Orleans. They 'll dirk a fellow there just to keep their hands in. I 've seen knives there flash around like sunbeams, and I just sat among 'em as I set now, and looked on."

"What brings you all the way here?" asked the fellow who had just taken his liquor, and who felt warmed towards Willoughby.

"Why, when I was last at New Orleans, I took the sea, round from there, and landed at New York, looked round there a spell, cut up in other places, and at last came here. I happened to get the word while I was in this here city, that an old comrade of mine had got into hardships somewhere down this way, and I thought I 'd just take a look after him."

"What 's his name?"

"Adams," replied Willoughby. "Do you know such a man, stranger?"

"What besides Adams, is his name?"

"Henry Adams," said Bradshaw, who observed that Kentuck was at fault. "He 's been a high boy in his generation. The word reached us to-day that he 'd got into a bad fix. It wasn't to-day, exactly, it reached us, but last night. You see, we took a spree, and got lodged in the watch-house. While they were talking with us the watchman came in, and told about some fellow having a fight here last night with Adams, and how Adams got hurt—knocked down two or three times about a girl, at a place they called old Moll's. He described the place pretty exact, and I knew it must be in this lane."

As this conversation was going on the landlord, old Scratch, came round from behind his counter, with a light in his hand, and observed, narrowly, the young men. It occured to Bradshaw, from the landlord's interest, that, in all probability, Adams was in his premises. The scrutiny seemed to awaken Scratch's suspicion of the new-comers, for he said—

"You 've got the best kind of tailoring, I see, under them old coats; and they look a good deal like a watchman's. What have you been after?"

"Fun, my old roarer," exclaimed Willoughby, to whom the eye of the landlord had been mostly directed; for, as our readers have observed, he had talked the most, and also exposed his countenance and dress in a manner that made Bradshaw, at first, fear they would be found out. Willoughby's consummate acting satisfied him there was little danger, and delighted him. "Fun, my old roarer! I can't call you a salt river roarer; though you 're not far off of the salt water. I see you 're fresh; but do you think a man of my inches wouldn't wear the best, if best was to be found? As to the getting, that 's not your business, my old Scratch. You 'd better let me scalp you, and get a good top-knot in place of those rough stubbles you have on your crown. Look at me," continued Willoughby, slapping his thigh: "do you think I was born with these pants on? Man, just eye them—they 're as soft as a girl's cheek. I 'd take them off now for a better pair; and why not take off your hair if you can get better? You 're now a scratchless Scratch. But keep dark, my old fellow; don't flare your light so much this way. I 've some acquaintance in this city that I wouldn't like to see me in your establishment: they 'd suspect my respectability."

Scratch took the hint, and replaced his light on the counter, deliberated a moment, and withdrew. He returned, after a short absence, to the back part of his shop, and beckoned Bradshaw and Willoughby to him.

"What kind of a looking man is this Adams, that you speak of?" inquired Scratch.

"He 's a thick-set, bull-necked fellow," said Bradshaw, "with black hair and eyes. He was lately in jail. I went there to see him; but they wouldn't let me in."

Old Scratch hesitated a moment, seemed perplexed, and remarked, unawares—

"He says he has known men like you, but none that they call Kentuck."

"My old boy," said Kentuck, "can't a man change his name, and have what these lawyers call an alias. You don't think a free rover sails always under the same flag, do you?"

"No," said the old fellow, with a grin, "I guess not. But what do you want to see him for?"

"To see him for!" exclaimed Willoughby. "The devil! Why, don't you know that the watchmen and constables are after him, hunting high and low?"

"Yes," said Bradshaw, who was satisfied that Adams was in the house; "they 'll be down upon you presently, and raise the devil. We want to get him off some where if we can. We heard the watchmen say, the other night, they would turn over every stone in the city for him."

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Scratch, —"can't a man do for a friend, without always getting into trouble!"

"Scratch," said Bradshaw, "they 'll blow you sky high if they find him; and they 'll take him, besides. He 's a fellow that 'll tell on any body to get himself off. By thunder, I don't want him to tell on me. I want to hide him."

"It will be hard work to move him," said old Scratch. "He 's very bad: he 's got his foot twisted all out of place: his head and shoulder is terribly bruised. Come on; let 's see if we can't do something for him. Mind, I depend on you as his true friends. You 're on no account to reveal the place where you find him."

So speaking Scratch led the way to the back part of his house, and then, by a ricketty pair of steps, to the second story. His house was uninhabited, save by himself, and those outlaws whom he harbored. All his goods, that were of any value, were in the front part of his shop: they consisted, principally, of liquors, which, together with a few dry goods, and a barrel or two of fish, and some cordage, comprised his stock in trade. The second story had two or three rooms in it, which, as

the doors were open, the young men could observe were filled with all kinds of rubbish, of the most inflammable materials.

"You see," said Scratch, chuckling, "they may hunt the hare, but they can't find him. If them dogs of constables press too heavy on me, do you see?—I can just let a candle fall in you old tar barrel, and if they don't scamper like old rats, what 's that to me?"

Bradshaw and Cavendish felt in a quandary, as to how they should act on seeing Adams. but, as they could not communicate with each other, by a tacit understanding they determined to follow to his hiding place, and trust to circumstances. The watchmen, would, doubtless, keep their station until they heard the signal, or the young men left the grocery. If Adams was much disabled they could easily take him; but the main point was to prevent the interference of old Scratch and his company, before they could communicate with the watchmen:—however, on went the landlord, and they followed after. He led the way to the corner of the building, next to the vacant lot, beside the tar barrel to which he had pointed, and touching a board, that seemed to be nailed against the wall to repair a dilapidation, a narrow door opened, which led by a ladder to a kind of third story or cock-loft. On entering the apartment it appeared long and narrow, with the ceiling unplastered and slanting, which was, in fact, formed by the roof of the house. There was no flooring on the rafters, only, here and there, a board laid across in different directions. Treading a board that appeared to lead to the sky-light, the landlord opened a door close to the eves, which they had to stoop to enter, and Bradshaw and Willoughby found themselves in a miserable room, if room it might be called, on the floor of which, on a mattress, lay Adams. The ruffian's encounter with Bradshaw had been no child's play; he looked squalid and feverish. He was so altered from sickness, and his wounds, Bradshaw scarcely knew him. The Kentuckian eyed his broad chest, bony arms, and bull neck, and wondered how Bradshaw could have contended successfully, with such superior strength. The landlord, with the candle which he held in his hand, lit one which stood by the bedside of Adams, and then stepped behind the young men. Willoughby had to stoop very much, in consequence of his height, and the lowness of the room. Forgetting, for a moment, this necessity, as he stepped forward, he struck his head against the roof with such force as to throw him off of his balance. In the impulsive effort to recover himself he threw out his hand, and struck from the head of Bradshaw the watchman's hat and false whiskers. Snatching a pistol from his bedhead, and aiming it at the head of Bradshaw, Adams exclaimed, in the same instant that he fired—"We 're betrayed!" The ball grazed the left temple of Bradshaw, and ploughed its way right over the top of the head of the landlord. The bone of his skull was thick enough to resist its entrance—but it nearly did for him what the Kentuckian offered to do with his knife. Uttering a yell of pain, old Scratch descended the ladder with all possible speed, and fastened the door after him. Bradshaw threw himself upon Adams just as he was cocking another pistol, and he had scarcely time to force his hand in a harmless direction, when he pulled the trigger, but it only snapped. Willoughby sprang upon the body of the ruffian, as he attempted to fire, and said—"I 'm the strongest—let me hold him. Run, Bradshaw, and bring the watch."

Quick as thought, Bradshaw hastened down the ladder. He found the door fast: but, placing his body against the wall, and his feet against the door, with main force, after a powerful effort, he burst it open, and tumbled into the room. Within ten feet of him, near the tar barrel, stood old Scratch, with the light in his hand. Bradshaw rushed past him, and descended the steps, into the grocery. There were several persons around the stove, who evidently had been startled by the report of the pistol. Bradshaw looked round to see if there was any back way, through which he could pass out; for he reflected that without his false whiskers and hat, he might be known to some of them as the one who had hurt Adams. He saw no way of passing out, but by the front door. As he rapidly advanced to do so, the fellow who had been conversing at the stove with Kentuck, asked—"Where 's the other fellow? Who fired the pistol? Where 's your whiskers and hat, my lark?"

"Keep dark," said Bradshaw; "I left them up stairs. There 's watchmen hid away, about here, I believe."

"The devil! What will Adams do? Don't you smell something burning?"

At this moment Old Scratch called out from above—"Knock him down—kill him! he 's a spy."

The fellows immediately placed themselves in a threatening attitude: one brandished a formidable club, and others drew their knives. They stood directly between Bradshaw and the door, calling out—

"Traitor, spy—we know you. Say your prayers!"

"Make way, my brave boys," said Bradshaw, nothing intimidated, drawing and cocking a pistol as he spoke. "Make a clear passage. Put up your knives and clubs. The first man who attempts to use one I 'll shoot dead."

"Don't fear him," exclaimed the fellow who had previously spoken: "his pistol 's not loaded. Didn't you hear it go off, up stairs?"

"Why don't old Scratch come down," said another fellow, intimidated by Bradshaw's manner, "and help us, if he wants him caught?"

"See, boys?" said Bradshaw, producing another pistol, and holding one in each hand, —"two pistols have not been fired: one must be loaded. Your blood be upon your own head! The first one that attempts to stop me is a gone case."

So speaking, he passed deliberately by them, while old Scratch came running down stairs, crying out, "Stop him!" They followed, but

at a respectful distance, after Bradshaw, determined to dog him. He crossed over to the old building in which were the watch. He thought it best not to call them, as the fellows might then scamper off; and he wished them to be taken. They followed after him, giving, at intervals, a low whistle, which was answered from the upper part of the lane, where footsteps were heard advancing. All at once, the cry of "Fire! Fire!" from a hundred tongues, burst forth in that fearful tone, that tells it is near: at the same moment, a blaze of light revealed, to Bradshaw, the forms and faces of the watchmen, among whom he stood.

"We 've found him," said Bradshaw, "He 's at old Scratch's."

He turned and beheld the old villain's house on fire, with the flames blazing out of the second story windows. It immediately occurred to him, that Scratch had set it on fire; and the rapid progress of the flames was proof enough that his train, of which he spoke, was well set. Bradshaw looked anxiously round for Willoughby, but in vain. He told the watchmen, hastily, the circumstances; and requested them to take Scratch in custody, if they should see him. He then entered the burning house, in seach of Willoughby. He proceeded as far as the steps to the second story, but he found it impossible to ascend—the whole was in a blaze; and in places the fire dropped down into the grocery, through the floor, which, in several places, was burned through. He called in a loud voice, stood listening, and called again and again, but there came no answer. By this time, a great crowd had gathered; the bells were ringing; the cry of fire sounded through the city; and the noise of the engine bells and wheels was heard in the lane, as the hose-men ran to and fro, unreeling the hose. When Bradshaw re-entered the street, two engines were in full play on the fire. On the opposite side, he saw old Scratch looking very composedly on the house. Springing forward, and seizing him by the throat, Bradshaw exclaimed, "Where 's my friend? Tell me, or I 'll choke you? Where 's Kentuck?"

"In the house," said the old fellow, doggedly.

As Bradshaw was in the act of pressing him to the pavement, he glanced towards the house, saw the trap-door open, and, in a moment after, Willoughby stood on the roof. It seemed to swing and tremble beneath his weight. Stooping down, Willoughby helped Adams through the door, and, half dragging him, for he could not help himself, they reached the chimney that stood near the adjoining house, divided, as we have before described, from it by an alley of about seven feet in width. Luckily for them, the wind blew in the opposite direction, so as to bear the flames towards the vacant lot. The whole of the house on that side was burning; and great bodies of flame broke upward through the very roof at that corner. The engines directed the whole body of the water there, but it seemed inevitable that the two must perish. "Where 's the life escape-ladder?" was called out on every side. "Not come yet, not come yet," was the answor. The crisis was so fearful that the immense crowd looked on in breathless suspense. The firemen worked away at their engines without their accustomed song, in dead silence, with their eyes upturned to Willoughby and Adams. The Kentuckian stood erect, with his arm resting on the top of the chimney; his hat and watchman's cloak he had left in Adams' room; a splendid cable chain of gold, then the fashion, was plainly perceptible, over the breast of his mole-skin vest. At his feet, cowering and clinging to the roof, with both his hands, was Adams. His face expressed the wildest horror; in heart-rending tones he was calling on the crowd for God's sake to save him.

As soon as Bradshaw saw Willoughby, he called out to him, in a firm, clear voice, that every man in the crowd heard, "Willoughby! Kentuck! hold on: I 'll bring you a rope from the next building." Willoughby waved his hand.

To throw off his coat and boots, catch up a coil of cordage, and enter the adjacent house, were, with Bradshaw, but the work of an instant. Several of the crowd said it was no use, as he passed them; and one or two, from the best of motives, endeavored to restrain him, but he rushed on, and, in a moment more, he stood on the roof of the next house to the grocery. He put the coil of rope round his neck; with one spring, he lit beside Willoughby; but he would have fallen, had not the Kentuckian caught his hand, for he had to jump on the slanting part of the roof, in consequence of the chimney. The roof cracked and smoked; a cry of horror burst from the crowd.

"Here, Kentuck, put this rope round you, and let me let you down," said Bradshaw.

"No, let 's put it round this poor devil first," said Willoughby, "and let him down. I would have dared the risk of jumping on the next roof, but I could not leave this man to die, while there was hope."

While they spoke, amidst the breathless silence of the crowd, they tied the rope round Adams, and lowered him down in safety. Willoughby wrapped the rope round the chimney, made it fast, and said—

"Now, Bradshaw, do you descend."

"Not until you are first down," said Bradshaw.

Willoughby folded his arms, and looked at Bradshaw.

"No, Kentuck," said Bradshaw, "I got you into this difficulty. You 're making the peril greater for both of us by waiting. Go a-head!"

"Come on!" called out the crowd, "come on! the roof is falling!"

The Kentuckian still paused; Bradshaw sprang upon the next building, as the only means of making him take the rope. As Bradshaw leaped, Willoughby seized the rope: scarcely had it felt his weight, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash. The crowd thought for a moment that both were lost.—But, when the roof fell, the chimney stood; and Willoughby clung to the rope, and held

himself suspended, for an instant, by an admirable presence of mind, in air, till the smoke somewhat subsided; and, while the flames were yet smothered under the roof, he let himself down in safety. By almost a miracle, Bradshaw, when he jumped on to the next house, maintained his footing. This he could not have done, had he not been in his stocking feet. If the Kentuckian had tried it, he must have fallen, booted as he was.

"Is he safe?" called out Bradshaw. "Is Kentuck safe?"

"Safe as an old 'coon!" exclaimed Willoughby; "how are you, Bradshaw?"

At the name of Bradshaw, the crowd huzzaed loudly. The deep silence—the fearful suspense—that had held them awed, was now broken, and they shouted again and again.—Bradshaw felt a thrill of real pleasure as he looked down on the sea of heads, and saw so many approving faces upturned towards him, and the many from the house-tops and windows. It gave him greater pleasure, though, when he heard the crowd below huzzaing for Kentuck. Adams, overjoyed at his deliverance from the fiery death, had, though in the custody of the watchman, told the crowd around of Kentuck's generous risk for him; while, in no measured terms, he was denouncing old Scratch, who had disappeared. The miserable male and female tenants of the lane gathered round Kentuck, who was endeavoring to find his way to Bradshaw, in wonderment and admiration; and strange to tell, his gold chain hung untouched round his neck.

The first person that Bradshaw met, when he descended, was Fritz, with his boots and coat in his hand.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Fritz, "I just got here when you threw off your coat and boots; a fellow was making off with them, when I stopped him. When I saw you on the top of that house, sir, I thought you wouldn't need 'em."

"Fritz, my good fellow," said Bradshaw, "you and I have both learned that, to be in danger, is not always to be hurt. A miss is as good as a mile, you know."

"That 's a fact," said Fritz, smiling, knowingly.

"Fritz, I want to see you particularly.—You must call at my office as soon as you can."

The boy promised to do so. As Bradshaw was passing through the crowd, he met, at the same instant, Willoughby and the Judge.

"You 're pretty specimens of human nature," said the Judge, who evidently was much moved, but who appeared very cynical; "pretty specimens of human nature, to disguise yourselves to catch a poor devil, that you may, perhaps, hang him; and, when you 've caught him, to risk your lives to save him. Bradshaw, you showed some feeling, if not sense, in trying to save Willoughby, but as for the Damon and Pythias friendship between Willoughby and this Adams,—I can't understand it. To stand on a house-top, beside a felon, whom you have caught when you had no business to catch him; and because he can't get off, to burn with him, is a *luminous* idea! There 's nothing like it, except that of a Hindoo widow burning on the funeral pile of her husband. And that 's not like it; for she burns according to law, and the law must be respected. How much a Kentuckian's understanding is like an Irishman's, to be standing up there in such a theatrical position—'Get up,' said a watchman, to Pat, 'the house is on fire.' 'An', by hokey, what do I care?' said Pat, 'go till the landlord—I 'm only a lodger.' And you, Bradshaw, after you had jumped on the house to let that Adams down, first; and then to stand parleying with a Kentuckian as to who should descend! A Kentuckian, who, if he could get a crowd to look at him, would take Sam Patch's leap any time, or ascend in a balloon for the sake of the claps he 'd get. It is preposterous, by Jove! I picked up the biggest brickbat I could find, and hurled it at you with real vengeance!"

They had, by this time, reached the outskirts of the crowd.

"Whose hack is that?" shouted the Judge, to a hackman, who was driving.

"A gentleman sent a boy to our stable for it, just now, sir," said the hackman. "He ordered it here."

"'Twas I," said the Judge. "That Jackson has hacks, to be got at all hours, night and day: it 's a great convenience. Here, boy," giving a boy some silver, "you 've been quick. Bradshaw, get in; you look feverish, now.—As soon as I saw you safe—I knew you must have pitched your clothes any where—so, to prevent you and Willoughby being taken for madmen, or the inmates of these places, burnt out, without clothing, and roaming in search of it, I sent a boy round for a hack. You 're pretty spectacles, Willoughby—parading a gold chain—it 's lucky it wasn't stolen: his friendship for Adams saved it—and a ball-room dress, in these haunts, to catch a rogue. He looks like that mad tragedian, that came into the court, the other day, and cut up his antics. A sixty dollar suit for such a purpose!—there 's your vanity again! I suppose you wanted to shine out before the Desdemonas of the lane. I saw a whole crowd of women after Kentuck, like, I wont say what. It 's a marvel you were not knocked in the head. Bradshaw, I wonder you had not more sense than to go on such an expedition, in a gentleman's dress. Whose old coat is that, and where 's your hat? You 'll catch some cutaneous disease from that rascally garment, that will last you for life."

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning Bradshaw awoke with a violent pain in his arm, occasioned by the manner in which Willoughby seized it, when he jumped on the roof beside him. He had also caught a violent cold, which was accompanied with a severe fever. Willoughby and Cavendish went to see him in the morning,

and found him in bed, ill, and getting worse. They determined not to send for a physician there, but to see Miss Bradshaw, who was staying at Mrs. Holliday's, with Miss Carlton and inform her of the circumstance. As soon as Mrs. Holliday heard of it, she insisted that Bradshaw should be removed to her house, where his sister might attend him. This was too agreeable to the affection of Miss Bradshaw, for her to make any objection, other than to express a fear of the trouble it would give. Mary Carlton smiled at that. "You know, Emily," she said, "he is very patient: I have helped you to nurse him before. Besides, I know he will soon be well enough to sit up and talk; and then a whole host of beaux will be coming to see him. I will see him, if he 's sick; and who 'll want to be troiloping to a boarding house? No—he must come here."

In half an hour Miss Carlton and Miss Bradshaw stood by Clinton's bed-side, at Mr. Holliday's. The speedy administration of medicine, by a skillful physician, broke the fever the second day after his confinement; and he was able to sit up, though his arm was terribly swollen.

"And, so," said Miss Carlton, entering his room with a newspaper in her hand, "Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, you 're a perfect hero—listen." So speaking, she read a full account of Bradshaw's adventure in the lane, when he rescued Jane Durham from Adams; and, also, a narrative of the events at the fire: Willoughby's noble conduct, and Bradshaw's aid, at the imminent risk of his own life. High compliments were paid to Willoughby for the risk he ran to save the life of Adams, whose real character was told. Speaking of Bradshaw, in conclusion, the paper stated the fact, that when the multitude heard the name of him who so daringly saved the life of his friend, they greeted him with loud and long huzzas. "This tribute of applause," continued the editor, "Mr. Bradshaw, though a very young man, who has not yet commenced the practice of the law, except in the criminal court, has often received, for his great talents and splendid eloquence in the assemblies of the people. We are happy to know that it was given, in this instance, to the impulses of a heart that is as brave and magnanimous, as his genius is commanding." This was from one of the first editors in the country, who never paid an undeserved compliment. Miss Carlton attempted to read it in a mock-heroic strain, but, before she got to the conclusion, she threw down the paper and ran out of the room, to hide her emotion. She soon returned, with a piece of fancy work in her hand; and seating herself on the sofa, very busily engaged herself with it, for a few minutes. At last, throwing back her curls, but without looking at Bradshaw, she asked—

"Who is this 'beautiful creature' that the paper speaks of, Clinton?"

"A client of mine, Mary; and, you know, we must keep the secrets of our clients."

"You make great pretence to mystery, sir."

"Not a particle. I scarcely know more of her than the paper speaks of."

"She is very pretty—is she?"

"Beautiful."

"Can she, can she be a murderess?"

"I think not, Mary; there 's a mystery in the case, which I can't unravel."

Here the servant entered, and said there was an old woman at the door, who wanted to see Mr. Bradshaw.

"Who is she?" asked Bradshaw.

"The old woman, who sells cakes at the court-house," was the reply.

Bradshaw desired the servant to ask her in. Nancy entered in her best habiliments. Her cap was crimped with puritanical precision, and a black silk dress of the finest, graced her person. It was made after the ancient fashion, with pockets, and the plaits in it were very carefully folded.

Nancy made a courtesy to Miss Carlton, and advancing to Bradshaw, she exclaimed, "Well, Bradshaw" (our readers have already observed, that Nancy seldom said Mister), "honey, I 'm glad to see ye; I sent Beck to inquire after ye, and I come myself yesterday, and the day before—but, I would'nt have ye disturbed—I only wanted to know how ye were."

"Thank you, Nancy, I am getting better; I heard you were so kind as to call and ask after me. Nancy, this lady is Miss Carlton, daughter of Mr. Carlton, who lives next to my father's. I believe you didn't see her when you were at my father's."

"No, I did not, but I heard tell of her. Honey, ye 're a bonnie lassie, as my first husband used to say. I remember yer mother, well. Ye 're like her, but ye have better health. I knew ye were not a Bradshaw; they have dark hair and eyes. Bradshaw, honey, I 've been this morn to see the girl, Jane Durham. She 's sore distressed, on occasion of yer being hurt and sick; ye must'nt fail to do your best in her case."

"Have you heard any thing more, Nancy?"

"Nothing more, honey. I just stopped this noon, at the jail, to see how things come on, and to have a little talk with my old gossip, Mrs. Presley. There I saw Jane Durham: she had heard of yer being hurt, the day after it happened, by the watchman, who brought Adams to jail. I promised to send her word how ye were, by my Beck. She 's a forlorn, poor girl, my dear," continued Nancy, turning to Miss Carlton, "but she 's an injured woman, and she has a woman's feelings. Ye 're rich, my dear, and ye have friends, and ye stand high in the world. Ye have all that wealth can buy. Ye can never know—no, it is not in God's providence: I hope it is not—that ye should ever know the deep sorrow that has entered this young woman's heart. Yet, why may ye not?—why may ye not? Ye are beautiful: so is she. Ye are rich: she is poor—yet, riches may fly from us like thistles on the wind, and then friends go; and any thing 's a shelter that keeps rain and snow out. Though we are sheltered, what can keep us from sorrow? Honey, I don't

speak to ye to hurt ye, dear. No! if ye have not one sorrow, ye must have another—for none of God's creatures are free. Them that ye have not, honey, ye can feel *for*; and I see that ye do: I see it in yer bright blue eye. If Bradshaw should be forgetting of this poor girl, ye must remind him, dear. She 's no murderess—she 's no murderess. So, dear," continued Nancy, after a pause, looking fondly at Miss Carlton—"ye 're no Bradshaw, but ye and he have been brought up together. I bethought me, at first, that ye could not be brother and sister—I 've seen Bradshaw's sister, and a sweet one she is; but ye two may be nearer and dearer: ye may be a Bradshaw yet."

So speaking, and telling Bradshaw that she would call and see him, and bring him some fine fruit, when the doctor would let him eat it, Nancy bid him "good bye." Miss Carlton, in great confusion, without glancing at Bradshaw, left the room with Nancy, to show her to the door.

"A Bradshaw, yet!" exclaimed Bradshaw, rising and walking hurridly up and down the room; "that would be as sweet as satisfied ambition. But ambition must be satisfied first; no, not satisfied; but I must be on the course, leading, and the goal in view, before that crowning joy can be. Can it be, though I were?—she is so young, so beautiful, so rich, —suiters will press around her with every art that man can practice. I must meet a dozen Richmonds in the field, and, perchance, have to contend against her father. What cares she for me, but as a sister cares? She showed emotion, in reading that newspaper praise; so would my sister show just such emotion—'t is natural—we have lived together since our childhood. I have pressed her lip, and held her tiny hand in playfulness, before I knew what passion was, or dreamed of it—and thus, in her innocence, she feels now. *Now*, I cannot keep the fire from my lip, when I press hers. She does not think of me as a lover. Yet, by heaven, if her heart is unengaged, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, you have a tongue, and why not seek to win her? I have every opportunity—I feel that I have an influence over her; but it is, perchance, but brotherly. And, if I have the opportunity, is it manly to win her with her splendid dower, and in her glorious beauty, and I nothing to throw into the other scale, but this frail form, that she may love? No, no, no, Clinton Bradshaw; this genius—this commanding genius, if you have it, that this puffing paragraph talks of, must control men first, and win the high places."

He walked up and down the room rapidly, while his flushed cheek and burning brow showed the fever had not subsided.

"Yes, yes, I must win the high places first. Bah! who would throw away ambition? Wolsey thought not of the advice till he had lost all. In this free land, thank God, we have no kingly power to damp our aspirations. All may aspire. Be blessings on republicanism! None can hold back the spirit, in this land, that men would honor. But," said he, pausing before the glass, "must every little circumstance touch my health? O that I had Willoughby's body, to endure! He looks as fresh this morning as a May day breaking. Will I last, will I last in this toilsome way before me? By heaven! while I, from very sickness, must lie upon the road-side, with feeble pulse and drooping head, some one, whom I left in the dim distance, may pass me. Well, well," said he throwing himself on the sofa, "sometimes I think, perhaps, 'tis in my better moments, that I might wed Mary, and live upon the Purchase, and let my days glide on, like the stream before our door. Under my old patriarchal oaks! Yes! I could live in peace, if Mary were by my side—as peacefully, as contentedly, as happily as I lived in my childhood, when each other's presence was joy enough."

Pursuing these reflections, he leaned on the stand, beside him, and wrote the following

STANZAS—TO MARY.

I've thought, in many a dreaming hour,
If I could win the voice of fame—
The wreath without a fading flower,
That gathers round a glorious name—
That come what might, I should be blest;
The gay, the fair, might take the rest.

That woman's smile should but attract,
Like music at the gorgeous play,—
Given between each passing act,
To while the tedious time away:
That when the scene employed my care,
I'd heed not how she went, nor where.

Even as the boy who takes the bird,
And loves to mark its panting breast,
And breathes it many a pretty word,
And gives it all that birds love best;
With woman thus I thought to play,
Then wearied, let her flee away.

That wish for fame is but a dream,
Which only in my dreams can live;
And could I realize the theme,
What could its frail possession give?
The bird, alas! her notes I've heard;
O that I now could win the bird.

She should my every thought engage,
'T would be my joy to hear her sing;
I'd keep her in a willing cage,
And of my heart I'd make the string:
Then lady-bird we could not part,
But with a seared and broken heart.

"No, no," said he, pushing the stand from him; "I've the blues from loss of blood and pain. This is namby pamby speculation. I must go ahead."

Pursuing such reflections, Bradshaw wrapped himself up in his cloak, and fell asleep on the sofa.

After Nancy left Mrs. Holliday's, Mary Carlton (she was alone, Miss Bradshaw having gone out to get some little delicacy for her brother) hurried to her chamber, and sat at the window gazing out into the street, where her thoughts were not for an hour. Her eye was animated, and the color went and came,

though she sat alone, at the course of her own thoughts. She buried her face in her hands, while her rich curls fell over them, and mused, and smiled, and wept, and blushed, by turns. She seemed irresolute what to do. Bradshaw, she thought, might want something, and she ought to go and see. She hesitated, and at last, with a noiseless step opened his door, and saw him asleep on the sofa. Stepping to the stand, she beheld "Stanzas to Mary," in Bradshaw's handwriting. She read them hurriedly, picked them up, put them down, gazed on the manly brow of Bradshaw, so calm in sleep, the eye closed like a weapon sheathed, and quickly replacing the paper with scrupulous exactness, but with a trembling hand, in the very spot she found it, she left the room, with timid step and fluttering heart, cautiously closing the door after her.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day after the incident recorded in the last chapter, Bradshaw had recovered, with the exception of a painful arm, which he was obliged to wear in a sling. He had not yet left the house, when the following note was handed to him.

To Clinton Bradshaw, Esq.

Sir—In honor of your intrepid conduct, displayed at the fire in —— lane, on Tuesday evening last, and in respect to your talents and character, we have the high gratification, as a committee in behalf of the fire companies of our city, to invite you to a public dinner, to be given at the City Hotel, at such a time as your health will permit: of which please apprize us. Permit us to hope that your rapid restoration will give us the honor of meeting you at the social board very soon.

We are, sir, with sentiments of the highest respect,

Yours, truly,

Watson Johnson, Joseph Clooney,
Jonathan Cavendish, William Scott, } Com.
Henry Selman, Bird Pleasants,

Willoughby was also invited. In his note accepting the invitation, Bradshaw mentioned the following Monday, as the day when his health would allow him to attend. On Monday, a sumptuous dinner was, accordingly, served up, in an immense hall, which was crowded. Bradshaw had the post of honor, and beside him sat Willoughby. When the cloth was removed, Bradshaw was toasted in a highly flattering manner, and received with three cheers, when he rose to return his thanks. His remarks were admirably calculated to produce effect. His language and thoughts were felicitous, and every word was seconded by the voice and the eye. They cheered him over and over again, as he spoke, while his powers, like every true orator's, gathered and glowed till there was not an unmoved heart in the assembly. A true orator can make any subject, where you touch his feelings, of deep interest to his audience. He complimented Willoughby in the happiest manner, and said—"he deserves all the honors of this occasion: he risked his life, to save one whom he could have no motive to save, but the promptings of a heart that could not let the most lowly, and the most unworthy suffer. I acted," continued Bradshaw, "to save him who possessed these noble qualities of which I have just spoken, who is an ornament, and an honor to society, and who, from a love of adventure, and from a friendly regard to myself, was thrown into danger. None could have blamed him, if he had left Adams to his fate—it was a fate which all would have said the ruffian merited. But I—I—had I not exerted myself for the rescue of my friend—and under these circumstances, I would have deserved, ay, richly deserved, the fiery death which he escaped." When Willoughby was toasted, in noticing this remark of Bradshaw, he said—"My friend, to whom I owe the deep debt of gratitude for my life, and who, if his life had been lost in attempting to save mine, would have fallen, as though a star, which had newly risen above the horizon, with a glorious track before it, and with men's eyes upon it, in wonder and admiration, had become suddenly extinct, has been pleased to say, I deserved the honors of this occasion. Now, ain't this a pretty story?—when if he had not been *there*, I could not possibly have been *here*."

During Bradshaw's confinement Mr. Shaffer had been appointed state's attorney, in which capacity it was his duty to prefer the indictment to the grand jury against criminals, and to appear in behalf of the state at their trial. The court was soon to set, and Bradshaw was anxious to know what would be done in Jane Durham's case. She had not yet, of course, been indicted; but he was satisfied that Johnson would do all in his power to have a bill found; and he was desirous that it should not be done until he knew more of the case—had spoken with her on the subject, and had heard something of Glassman. Before the fire, he had inquired several times for Glassman among his acquaintance, and the answer was, he had left town; but Bradshaw could not learn where he had gone. Twice he had been to Glassman's house to inquire, but he found it shut up and he rapped in vain at the door—no servant came. Glassman was a man of such erratic habits, that his disappearance for a day or two was scarcely noticed, but by those who had intrusted business to him, and who feared that he was neglecting it. He was not habitually intemperate, but he took too frequently what is called a "frolic," or "spree," during which, for days together, he would plunge into every excess, which was sometimes followed by severe indisposition. The day of the public dinner was the first that Bradshaw had left the house since the fire: and when the company broke up, he walked round to Glassman's office, in the hope,

of hearing something of him. On the rapper of the door of the dwelling part of the house, he saw a napkin tied; and he hesitated, at this sign of sickness within, whether he should rap or not. While he stood in perplexity, he saw Mr. Shaffer, the new state's attorney, passing; and joining him, he inquired if he could tell him any thing of Glassman.

"Mr. Bradshaw, my respects to you, sir," said Mr. Shaffer, in his formal, but courteous manner, "I understand, my young friend, that you have been doing yourself great honor lately; honor at the fire, sir, and honor to-day at the dinner, which has been given to you. You deserve it, sir, and I understand that there was a very large assemblage who were very much pleased; an evidence of a popularity which I have no doubt will increase. You ask me, sir, for Mr. Glassman. Mr. Bradshaw, there is a man of great talents, who, like the sun in a cloudy day, has scarcely given a glimpse of the brilliancy which he possesses—his vices, sir, have obscured what should have been a most brilliant career. Sir, Mr. Glassman, as I have just been informed (for I had some business with him, and I have been enquiring for him for this last week), is just out of the hospital, sir, where he has been, to use the vulgar expression, as crazy as a bed-bug, from a fit of intemperance. His friends, sir, don't want this publicly known, and they have been trying all they can to conceal it; but, sir, I may mention it to you. It is melancholy. Every young man should reflect upon it. Glassman is now better—he was brought home this morning. He is still quite ill, his nerves are in such a state that his physicians has deemed it proper to forbid his being seen. Is your business urgent, my young friend? come, this is my office, you know. Walk in."

Bradshaw accepted the invitation, and entered Mr. Shaffer's office. After they were seated, he congratulated the old gentleman on his appointment, and said, "I shall obtain more fees, Mr. Shaffer, and lose more cases."

"Ha! ha! Mr. Bradshaw. You compliment me, sir. But, as I'm getting old, I must occasionally get you to assist me, when some stern case comes up. I see you rescued a girl from that notorious scoundrel, Adams, the other evening. She is accused of murder, I 'm told, sir. Since, too, you have caught Adams. Well, sir, that was a bold stroke. He is one of the greatest offenders, and most determined ruffians, I ever knew."

Bradshaw thought this a fit opportunity to speak to Mr. Shaffer of Jane Durham, and he accordingly narrated to him the whole circumstances; observing,—"Though, Mr. Shaffer, you are the attorney for the state, I feel no delicacy in mentioning this to you. My object is not to get a fee, but to have justice done. The girl I do not believe is guilty—my suspicions rest elsewhere."

"Well, sir, I will look into the case particularly. I think I have some talent at ferreting out a bad cause."

After a few common-place observations, Bradshaw took his departure, and went over to the jail.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Job, "I missed you sorely. I wanted to ax you on several pints of law that I 've been disputing upon with them magistrates that come here. I tell 'em it may turn out that Job Presley knows more of the law than they think for."

"Oh! Mr. Bradshaw, you 're good for weak eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Presley, as Bradshaw entered her apartment; while Lucy rose to hand him a chair. "I 'm a sight," said Bradshaw to Lucy, "which I suspect your eyes, Lucy, will not soon require, then. Where 's my fair client?"

"She has, just this moment, gone into her room, sir. She was wishing very much to see you," replied Lucy.

"How do you like her?"

"Oh! very much, indeed, sir. She helps mammy and I, at our sewing, or she sits and reads to us. We don't believe one word that 's said against her. Will you walk in? Here she is, sir."

Bradshaw, accordingly, entered the room, and Lucy left it, closing the door after her.—Jane Durham showed great joy at seeing him, and after, with many tears, expressing her deep sorrow for the trouble she had given him, and for the great risk which he had run on her account, she told him she would narrate to him—if he could spare time to listen—all that she knew of Adams, and how she came in the lane; protesting, at the same time, that she was entirely guiltless of murder. "I am a guilty creature," she said, "but no murderess, no murderess! But there is a curse on me, it may be, that demands my life. Yes, a curse, a curse—Oh! how have I fallen! how have I fallen!" she burst into tears.

"Calm yourself, Jane," said Bradshaw, in a soothing voice; "why exaggerate your errors into crimes? You let your imagination brood too much on the events of the lane; one, possessed of your sensibility, never can see her situation, when there is any difficulty in it, in a proper point of view. Unfortunate circumstances may place any one in, apparently, the most desperate difficulty; but, remember, that the darkest night is often succeeded by the brightest day."

"Mr. Bradshaw, you don't remember me?" said Jane Durham, in a more cheerful tone.

"No, I do not remember you," said Bradshaw, "but it strikes me forcibly that I ought to remember you—that I have seen you somewhere. Where was it?"

"I have been your schoolmate," replied she, with a deep blush. "We must be about the same age. Don't you remember Jane Durham, who used to go to Mr. Lusby's? pretty Jane, they used to call me. It may be, that the vanity engendered in my heart then, ruined me."

"Bless me, yes," said Bradshaw, "I remember you. Pretty Jane! I remember you well; we must, as you say, be about the same age. We were about twelve, when we were schoolmates?"

"Yes, sir, near that age. My father hired a small farm from Mr. Carlton; we lived just before you get to the school-house, on the left hand side, you know, after you passed the Branch. You frequently used to stop at my father's, as you went to school, and ask if "pretty Jane" had gone yet. I was just twelve when my father moved away from the neighborhood of the Purchase, and went to Long Swamp to live, near the third turnpike gate, a little this side of the village they call Fair View."

"I felt that I had seen you somewhere," said Bradshaw, "and that I ought to know you. Pretty Jane! how often you have sung for me! Do you remember it? Why, we have paddled in the Branch together, after many a pretty pebble. Well, Jane, I am glad I came through the alley that night: be assured, that I will exert myself all I can in your case."

"Oh! I know you will, sir; I know you will. As soon as I heard the watchman mention your name, by the dead man, I thought it must be Mr. David Bradshaw's son. I had heard of you often. Mr. Glassman talks a great deal of you. And when I came to inquire of aunt Nancy, I knew you must be the same." She mused a moment, and then continued, in a sorrowful strain—"My father is dead, you know, sir. He died shockingly, shockingly! My mother! my mother! she's dead now, too—I have an uncle living in Pennsylvania; he 's all the kin I have on earth.—Believe me, I have tried to resist degradation and shame—I have tried as the weak bird tries to resist the net of the fowler. Mr. Bradshaw, indeed, I have been unfortunately, miserably situated. Whom have I had to guide, to advise, to shield, to protect me? My father—it is not wronging even the dead, to say it—was no father to me; and my mother! she meant well, generally, but she was weak and easily deceived. We lived comparatively happy, while we were on Mr. Carlton's place; my father, intemperate as you know he was, even then, was still within some bounds—the good examples round him, in some measure restrained him, and at times, we had hopes that he would do better. How fondly, even then, a child, with all my apparent giddiness, I nursed the hope!—After some low debauch, in which he would abuse my mother and myself, often turning us out in the cold nights, into the woods, where, in the leaves, we have slept, or lain down with the beasts in their wretched shed, have we crept towards the house in the morning early, and appeared to be busy about it, at our work, to prevent the neighbors from suspecting our situation.—Sometimes, after one of these miserable nights, he would come out and call us in, and ask my mother, in a kind tone, for his breakfast: then, partly from remorse, and partly from the shattered state of his nerves, he would weep, declare how much he loved us, and say this should be the last time we should be so treated. Oh! with what watchful anxiety would my mother and I try to keep him from drink. We would sit by him, together, for hours, and try to talk cheerfully, and, as if nothing had happened,—if mother had to go away, to attend to the cows, or get wool to card, I would sit by him, child as I was, and try to amuse him. If he wanted tobacco—and often, after one of these scenes, and while he yet felt ashamed of it, he would say he wanted it, as an excuse to go to the grocery, on the road, and drink—as soon as he expressed the wish, I would insist upon going, and in the dark night, on the lonely road, I have hastened off to get it, while mother would try to amuse him till I returned. At last, when, as he often would, he avowed his purposes, and said he didn't want tobacco, he wanted drink, mother would persuade him to let me go and buy it for him, hoping that, by keeping him at home, we might restrain him within some bounds, or, at least, hide the vice from our neighbors, which we could not prevent; he would say he had no money, and he must go himself to get credit; mother would then produce her last cent, which we had obtained for carding or knitting, and send me. Alas! for what good? The neighbors knew it long before we dreamed they knew it. And when the drink was brought to him at home, he would get crazy on it, drive mother and myself, in the middle of the night, into the woods, lock the house, and threaten our lives, if we dared to return to it. These scenes, which were not unfrequent, even when we lived on Mr. Carlton's place, became, I might almost say, of daily occurrence, when we moved to Long Swamp. At the Swamp we were miserably situated—we lived in an old log house, off of the road, but within sight of the village and the grocery. We had no comforts—comforts! we often wanted bread. My mother's health grew worse and worse from the unhealthy situation. My father never brought a cent into the house, and often, with threats and the most horrible curses, extorted from my mother the few she had, that were to buy us bread for the only meal we had in the twenty-four hours. In winter we had no wood; while my mother has been shivering in her wretched bed, with an old blanket for a covering, and the wind whistling through the logs on her, I have cowered over a few coals in our desolate hearth, and at every noise I heard, started up and looked between the logs, through which you might have put your fist, out on the old fields, in which our cabin was situated, with the fear and dread of seeing my father staggering over the heath muttering curses on us, as he came. Oh!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands together, "this was heaven to what I have known. One day, I remember it now, as I felt the superstition then that it was ominous, one cold winter's day, I sat by our lonely hearth, and thought it would not be wrong to pray to Heaven, that, in returning from the village, my father might never be permitted to enter the house again. I started at a noise I heard without, while a conviction of the wickedness of my own thoughts struck me with terrible dread. I looked through the logs, and beheld my father, who was so drunk that he could not walk alone, staggering towards the house, support

ed by a man whom I did not know then, but who was Adams."

Here a gentle tap was heard at Jane Durham's door, and Lucy Presley entered and said, "That her mammy had got supper; and would'nt Mr. Bradshaw come and take a cup of tea with them."

"With great pleasure, Lucy," said Bradshaw.

"Come, Jane," said Lucy, in a kind tone, to Jane Durham: and they were soon seated round Mrs. Presley's table. The jailer's wife and Lucy had arranged every thing in apple-pie order, in honor of Bradshaw. There were several kinds of preserves; bread of the whitest; toast of Lucy's making, and biscuits, spread out on a table-cloth white as snow. The tea—Nancy had often proclaimed that Mrs. Presley made as good a dish of tea as any body need taste—would have made Dr. Johnson take his thirteenth cup. The jailer's wife bustled around; and officiously, with her apron, wiped off a chair, and handed it to Bradshaw. She had dressed herself in her best cap—while Job had put on a clean shirt and cravat, with a fine broadcloth coat, that he had had for years, and which he only wore on extraordinary occasions. Much as Job liked Bradshaw before, and he had often been heard to say, pointing to him, that that young lawyer was going to take the rag off the bush, at that bar; yet his rescue of Jane Durham from Adams, which he had heard from the girl herself—his conduct at the fire, and the talk which it had made about town—the dinner, and Bradshaw's speech, of which Job, who had been in the city, had heard great accounts, all combined to raise him higher in the jailer's admiration than any other man had ever stood. Job brought the newspaper home that gave an account of the fire, and of Bradshaw and Willoughby, and read it with great unction to his wife and Lucy. "There," said he "what did I always tell you about Squire Bradshaw, from the first time I set eyes upon him! What did I tell you? every body 's found it out now—there it is in print—I guess they know, too, that old Job Presley knows something about human natur.—When a man 's done a thing, any body can say he did it; but it is'nt every body that can foretell that he could do it—that 's the pint"—said Job, as he finished reading the article in the paper—getting, not without great difficulty, over some of the longest words, which he attributed to his bad eyesight, as he wiped his spectacles—"that 's the pint. I can read human natur just as I read that paper—better! I can read human natur without specks.—There, daughter Lucy, put that paper away. Mr. Bradshaw 'ill be in more papers 'an that, 'afore the sod 's on him, if Job Presley knows any thing."

At supper Job questioned Bradshaw, over and over again, of the manner in which they managed old Scratch, and took Adams. He laughed loud and long at the narrative Bradshaw, who told a tale well, gave of Willoughby's conversation with the fellow at Scratch's. Time slipped away unobserved by Bradshaw, as he sat conversing with the jailer and his wife, daughter, and Jane Durham. Not feeling very well, for the excitement of the day had given him a violent headach, he arose, and telling Jane Durham he would call over and see her again soon, he bid them good night, and left the jail.

CHAPTER XVII.

Old Mr. Bradshaw intended having a survey made of the boundaries of the Purchase, as one of his neighbors, who was a testy, litigious character, seemed anxious to create a dispute on the subject, alleging that Mr. Bradshaw's fence encroached considerably on his property. Clinton had promised his father that he would attend the survey, and the day after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, the old gentleman entered his son's office, and told him the surveyors and neighbors were to meet that day at the Purchase, and he had come in for him.

"I must see Mr. Shaffer first, father," said Bradshaw, "concerning a case that may come up in the criminal court, as the grand jury have met."

"I will wait here, then, till you return, my son. Neighbor Styles talks a great deal touching that boundary line; and I wish you to attend."

Bradshaw found Mr. Shaffer in the criminal court. The judge had just concluded his charge to the grand jury, and they were retiring.

Bradshaw stated to Mr. Shaffer his father's wish, and asked him if he had learned any thing of Jane Durham's case.

"You 've put me on a strong scent, my young friend," said Shaffer. "I 've been pumping Johnson on the subject, and old Moll. It 's a foul business, I believe—but I 'll manage it. You can go in the country, and no fear for your fair client. Let me see: this is Tuesday—nothing will be done in her case this week. You had better go in the country and take a little fresh air. You look thin, my young friend."

"I shall be in town," said Bradshaw, "the day after to-morrow. If you should have business at the jail, Mr. Shaffer, do have some conversation with Jane Durham."

"It is my intention, my young friend—it is my intention. Acting in my capacity, Mr. Bradshaw, proceedings should not be had against so young and interesting a woman, as you represent this one to be, without due deliberation."

"If any thing of importance against her should turn up, Mr. Shaffer, in my absence, will you do me the favor to inform me of the fact, by note? Send it to Jackson's livery stable, with directions to have it sent out to me immediately, and your order will be obeyed."

"I will, my young friend. You need have no fear in the case. There has been foul play, and it must be ferreted out. Mr Bradshaw,

you must shake the dust of the city, and of your law books, off of you, when you get into the country, and give yourself an airing. You look thin, my young friend, quite thin and sallow. Too much study is a mistaken notion, sir—entirely a mistaken notion. The brain's like the body, sir: fatigue it, and it cannot do as much work as when it was fresh; and this is most particularly the case, if the body that furnishes the brain with blood happens to be none of the strongest."

Bradshaw bid Shaffer "good morning," and hurried to his office. Writing on a card where he had gone, and when he would return, he stuck it on his door with wafers, and entered the chaise with his father. In their way out they drove by the jail, where Bradshaw stopped a moment, informed Jane Durham where he was going, and told her that she had better speak freely of her case to Mr. Shaffer.

On Wednesday the neighbors and surveyers met, and, notwithstanding long rigmarole remarks from farmer Styles, who was a bit of a scamp, the surveying progressed rapidly. On Thursday and Friday, however, it rained in torrents, and the party did not go out. Saturday morning they commenced again; when, near mid-day, as they were running the line through a wood, a horseman came bounding across one of Mr. Bradshaw's freshly sowed fields, that was skirted by the wood, and exclaimed, as soon as he got within hearing of Clinton Bradshaw—

"Squire, there's one of your cases called up—a gal for murder. She was in the bar when I left. She begged and prayed so to see you, that I rode in a great hurry. She said she would pay me. Do you know if she has money, squire? Nancy said she would pay if the gal didn't. Here 's a writing the gal sent you. She 's mightily skeered."

Bradshaw hastily snatched the note from the constable, and read as follows, in a hand scarcely legible—

"Mr. Bradshaw: They have me in court for the murder. For mercy's sake, come to me.

"Jane Durham."

Bradshaw started, in utter astonishment! He could learn nothing from the officer, except that she was arraigned for the murder, and she wanted to see him.

"Is it possible," said Bradshaw, "that Shaffer has done this?"

"Mr. Shaffer's not in town, sir," said the officer. "He got word, last Tuesday afternoon, that his brother, who lives some fifty miles up the country, was taken suddenly sick. He posted right off to see him, and left Mr. Scrags to attend to the state's business. Scrags had the indictment found the next day; and, this morning, he sent right over to the jail for her, and said she must be tried whether or no, right off. The poor gal's frightened woful. When they put her in the bar she fainted. They recovered her, read the indictment to her—she pled 'not guilty.' The Judge asked her if she had a lawyer, and she said, you. I asked her where you were, and she told me you was here. She said she could get money to pay me, and I bolted right off."

Bradshaw told his father he must leave him instantly, and hurried to the stable for his horse. He mounted, and rode rapidly to town, accompanied by the officer, from whom he could learn nothing more than what he had already communicated. The first object that met Bradshaw's eye as he hurried into court, was Jane Durham at the bar, with her hair loose about her head, and her eyes fixed on the door with a vacant stare. After a moment's bewilderment, she recognised Bradshaw, and starting up, exclaimed, in accents that went to the heart of every one present,

"Mr. Bradshaw, Oh! I am not guilty."

She would have fallen prostrate on the floor if one of the officers of the court had not caught her.

"She 's his Miss, I expect," said one of the crowd to another.

"Likely," said the other, who was a frequenter of such places as Dean's—"she feels bad for herself; but if she killed a man who was just seeking his pleasure, she deserves what she 'll git."

The Judge, in sharp accents, said to Bradshaw, as he entered, "Mr. Bradshaw, the court have waited for you, sir."

Bradshaw told the court, "that he was entirely taken by surprise, in the case; did not know that there was even an indictment found, and from a conversation with Mr. Shaffer, he———"

"May it please your honor," exclaimed Scrags, jumping up, and interrupting Bradshaw, "I stand in the place of the state's attorney—this indictment has been found, now, three days—the counsel for the prisoner has never asked for a copy of it, nor had any witnesses summoned; he knows the law, sir."

Bradshaw here arose to explain to the Judge what had transpired between Mr. Shaffer and himself, but the Judge interrupted him.

"Mr. Scrags acts for the state's attorney, Mr. Bradshaw: he tells the court this is the only indictment that has been found—the court must either go on with this case or adjourn. What witnesses have you, sir?"

Bradshaw here spoke to Jane Durham, and requested her to take a seat by him. She did so. He asked her if she had any witnesses.

"None, whatever, sir—none, but God!"

"Is there any one, who, you have reason to believe, would be of service to you? If there is, you can make a deposition to that effect, and I can have the case put off."

"No, Mr. Bradshaw, I have none—not one—I know not a soul, that I saw there, but old Moll, and she 's against me."

"That you saw *where?*" asked Bradshaw.

"At a place they call Dean's."

Bradshaw spoke to Mr. Scrags, and asked him if he would not consent to have the case put off till the return of Shaffer.

"Till the return of Shaffer! why, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Shaffer deems me competent to attend to this business, sir, or he would not have requested me to do so."

Bradshaw here addressed the court, told them he was entirely taken by surprise, and wanted time to prepare for trial, and arrange his thoughts on the subject.

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw," said the judge, "if you had any legal reason for continuing the case—the court would grant it—but it seems the prisoner has no witnesses—and a gentleman of your capacity does not want any time to prepare on the testimony of the state's witnesses—if you do, there will be time enough to apply for it when you have heard the testimony: you have no legal grounds for a continuance, sir; and as there is no other case that we could call up in its place, if the state's attorney insists upon going on with this, you have no alternative."

Mr. Scrags arose, and said he must insist upon going on with the case. "It is a very plain one, I assure your honor," said he; "the prisoner is indicted in the first degree."

The court ordered the jury to be sworn. Bradshaw did not challenge any of the panel, but sat anxiously conversing with Jane Durham.

After the jury were sworn, Scrags arose and stated to them that the young woman, Jane Durham, was indicted for an offense, which involved her life; and that he would prove, by three witnesses, that on the evening of ———, at a ball, at Dean's, a house of notorious character, the prisoner at the bar quarrelled with a man named Israel Carpenter, a stranger, whom she had allured to the place, and struck him several blows over the head with a large club, and stabbed him repeatedly—of which wounds he died. The speaker here went into a disquisition on the enormity of the offense, and the necessity of making an example of some one, in these times of frequent crime.

The first person called to the stand was old Moll. She appeared sober, and in a reckless, impudent manner, stated that she was at Dean's ball, and saw Jane Durham. "That very 'oman," said she, pointing to her, "hit the man with a club, over the head; and stab him with a dirk she snatched out of somebody's hand."

While Moll was giving in her testimony, Bradshaw observed Fritz in the crowd, and called him. He conversed with him several minutes, when Fritz left the court. As Fritz left, old Job, the jailer, entered, puffing and blowing, with his daughter Lucy by his side. Bradshaw spoke apart with Job, while Jane Durham, imploringly, beckoned Lucy to her. Jane was seated at the trial table, beside Bradshaw, and poor Lucy hesitated to enter the railing, when Nancy, who came in at this moment,—she had been going in and out all the time,—took her by the hand, and led her to Jane Durham.

"Take a seat by the poor thing," whispered Nancy, "and comfort her."

"Oh! Lucy! Lucy! won't you stay with me till it is all over," asked Jane Durham of the jailer's daughter; and she threw her arms round her neck, while such heavy sobs, which she in vain tried to suppress, broke from her bosom, that the judge said they had better conduct the prisoner to the window, a moment, and throw it open. Old Moll was ordered to take a seat. Nancy and Lucy supported Jane Durham to the window. The apple woman then made her way through the crowd, and soon returned with a glass of wine and water, which she insisted upon Jane Durham's drinking.

"Don't be cast down, dear," said she, "don't be cast down, it may turn out better than ye think." Nancy wished to comfort her, but she felt there was little ground. Lucy stood by her side, holding one of Jane's hands in both of hers; which she patted with her own, with a quick, unconscious motion, while the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Bradshaw said not a word to any one, but walked up and down the space between the seats of the lawyers and the little box, in which the prisoner generally sat, with so dark a brow that no one interrupted him. He spoke a few moments with Job, and while conversing with him he met the gaze of Johnson, the watchman, who turned away his head the moment he caught Bradshaw's eye.

The court now ordered the case to be resumed. Jane Durham, much more composed, took her seat by Bradshaw, with Lucy by her side. Old Moll went through her testimony. "Have you any questions to ask this witness, Mr Bradshaw?" asked Scrags.

"None, sir," replied Bradshaw.

"Bradshaw is conducting his case very strangely," whispered one of the old practitioners to another: "why don't he have the witnesses examined apart? I suspect that it is so bad a case that he dares not cross-examine. The girl don't look like a murderess. I would cross-examine if I were her counsel."

"Call your next witness, Mr. Scrags," said Bradshaw.

"Henry Adams!" called out Scrags.

Jane Durham started up like a deer, when the ball of the hunter enters its heart, and looked wildly round. Her bonnet had been taken off at the window, by Lucy; and the start, and an ashy paleness that accompanied it, were observed by all. Lucy spoke gently to her; and, as if unconsciously, she resumed her seat, pale as marble, and as statue-like.

The impression, against their wishes, was produced upon the audience by Jane Durham's manner, that she was guilty. Adams had one of his hands in a sling; and he limped considerably, as he approached the witness stand. With a fiendish smile he looked first at Bradshaw, and then at Jane Durham, before he faced the jury.

Adams related, with regard to the murder, just what Scrags had said he could prove. Bradshaw, when Adams had gone through his examination in chief, said he had no question to ask.

The court, as well as the bar, was surprised at his conduct; but he seemed not to notice it, and spoke to no one around him.

The physicians, who examined the dead body, gave in their testimony; they stated that there were two wounds on the head

of the deceased, either of which would have caused death: both fractured his skull terribly.

"I have but one more witness to examine, may it please your honor," said Scraggs, rubbing his hands; "call Johnson, the watchman, Mr. Clerk, if you please."

Johnson, as he passed Scraggs, whispered, "Don't you think it will do without my testimony?"

"Oh, no!" said Scraggs, "we must clinch the nail."

Johnson took his station on the stand, and braced himself against the railing.

He stated, that hearing an uproar at the Dean's ball-room, as he went his rounds, he entered to quiet it, and there saw Jane Durham, etc.—swearing almost with verbal exactness, to what the other witnesses had sworn.

"Shall Johnson quit the stand, Mr. Bradshaw," asked Scraggs, exultingly, "or have you any questions, sir?"

"No questions, sir," said Bradshaw.

"Have you any witnesses, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I believe I will examine you first, Mr. Scraggs."

"Examine me, sir!" exclaimed Scraggs. "Why, Mr. Bradshaw, I know nothing of this business. What do I know?"

"I want your answers, under oath, Mr. Scraggs."

"May it please your honor," said Scraggs, addressing the court, "I know nothing in the world of this business. Is it proper to examine me, who officiates here for the state's attorney?"

"Certainly it is," said the Judge; "the state's attorney might be himself examined, and I see not why you may not be examined, Mr. Scraggs. If an illegal question is put to you, you need not answer it. Be sworn, sir."

Scraggs was accordingly sworn; his manner was very much confused. As he took the stand he threw a furtive glance on Johnson and Adams, while they, evidently with the greatest anxiety, were observing him.

"Mr. Scraggs, when did Johnson first speak to you about this case?" asked Bradshaw.

"He spoke to me about it last week, sir."

"When did he give you a deed of his house and lot, sir?"

Scraggs started, and looked at Johnson, while Johnson as intently looked at him.

"Speak out, sir," said Bradshaw, in a commanding tone.

"This morning," muttered Scraggs.

"He gave you a deed of his house and lot this morning! For what professional service was that deed given?"

Scraggs hesitated a long time. He then turned to the court, and said it was for professional advice—and he was bound not to expose the business of his clients.

"Sit down Mr. Scraggs," said Bradshaw.—"Johnson, take the stand a moment."

Johnson, with a countenance as full of terror as it ever had been of audacity, took the stand. There was a breathless silence in the court room, which had now become crowded, the report having gone through the city that a trial for murder was going on.

"Don't criminate yourself, Johnson," said Scraggs, to the watchman, as the latter passed near him, in a voice which was meant to be a whisper, but which burst out in a tone loud enough to be heard over the whole court, in spite of himself. Every one looked astonished. The Judge, in expectation of some startling development, said nothing. Bradshaw began by asking Johnson questions concerning the murder. In his answers, the watchman contradicted himself at every step—his perjury was apparent to all—big drops stood upon his forehead,—while in the very height of this mental torture, Bradshaw changed the nature of his questions, and asked him—

"How many blows did you strike the man under the lamp?"

"What man?"

"Carpenter, the dead man, whom you accuse this young woman of murdering—out with it—I know it all, Johnson, as well as Mr. Scraggs."

"Then, Scraggs is an infernal scoundrel if he told you!" exclaimed Johnson, hardly knowing what he said.

"May it please the court," said Bradshaw, rising, "the business of to-day may well astonish. I was ignorant when I entered the court of much of what I have since learned—though I was satisfied that this young woman was innocent. Johnson murdered the man Carpenter—he suborned these two witnesses, old Moll and Adams—and he bribed Mr. Scraggs to bring the case on in the absence of Mr. Shaffer. This I shall prove by the testimony of Joseph Presley, the jailer, and the reverend Mr. Norris, the chaplain of the prison, and by the testimony of an individual at the jail, who overheard a conversation between old Moll and Johnson the day old Moll appeared before Squire Bailey. And, by two whom I expect here momently, I will show that Johnson, not only by his own confession, but by the evidence of others, is the murderer—others, who saw him do the deed. Mr. Clerk, please to swear Mr. Presley. Job, tell the jury what you know concerning this business."

"Why, do you see, gentlemen and the court," said Job, "I'll jist tell all I know about it in my own way, if you'll let me. When this poor girl was brought to jail, I didn't think her guilty, nor did Squire Bradshaw. Old Moll treated her so bad in jail, that I knew she had a spite agin her. Mr. Scraggs came over to the jail, and had a talk with Moll—and you know I couldn't refuse him, because he wanted to see her as a lawyer. But I kept my eye on him—and him and Johnson came there one day, and asked to see Adams—so I told 'em I would bring him out into a room—the room's got a thin partition, though it seems thick—and you can see through it in two places, from the room that jines it, that 's dark. Well, I jist took Adams into that room—they said they wanted to see him alone—so

I left 'em alone. But I told Parson Norris the circumstance—and I told him, according to human natur, them men was plotting villany—because Adams had been so hurt by Squire Bradshaw when the squire saved the gal, Jane Durham, from him, that he could scarcely move in his cell; and when I told him that Johnson and Scrags wanted to see him, though it pained him every step he took, he went to the room. Well, the Parson and I went into the room that jines—and we heard them talking—Johnson said, after a good deal of talk round, that they might accuse him of killing the man—for he had knocked him over the head hard enough, and, says he to Scrags, 'if you 'll have the indictment found agin this girl, Jane Durham, I 'll be a witness aginst her, and so will Adams. She 's a thing that has no friends,' said Johnson—his very words, (here Jane Durham held down her head, and wept as though her heart would break), and we can fix it without any fuss—'yes,' said Adams, 'I hate her as I do h—ll—I 'll swear to any thing; and, as she was at the bail, we can easily make it out, if we git old Moll to help, for Johnson knows that I know he did for the dead man, and so does old Moll. But I won't work for nothing,' said he: 'you must promise to git me a pardon—and if you can 't do that, you must bring me tools when I git well, that I can cut out.' They promised to do so—and then Johnson promised Scrags, if he would promise to do the business, to give him a deed of his house and lot."

The Reverend Mr. Norris corroborated Job's testimony. The person who overheard the conversation between old Moll and Johnson in the jail, stated, that he was standing at his cell door, next to a cell in which old Moll was confined, when Job, the jailer, came there with Johnson, and took old Moll out of her cell into the passage, and left Moll and Johnson together, and went to the cells in the other end of the passage: he could see as well as hear them, through the hole in his door. When Job was out of hearing, the witness stated, Johnson asked old Moll if she would go to Squire Bailey, and swear against the girl, according to her promise. She hesitated, and said, "You killed the man, and you must pay me high for it." He said, he would pay her what he promised; and when Job came to them, they all went away together. Bradshaw here said, with the permission of the court, he would ask Adams and old Moll some questions. Adams was called to the stand; but he refused to move a step, and told the court and jury they might all go to hell. Old Moll was called up. She tossed her head, faced Bradshaw, and asked him when his trial was to come on, for trying to murder a man in her house. She broke forth with the vilest abuse of him and Jane Durham. The court ordered her to be taken away.

Bradshaw here arose to request an order of the court for the arrest of Scrags, but, on looking round the room, he discovered that worthy had gone. A warrant was issued for him.

The jury by acclamation acquitted Jane Durham; and the court ordered the sheriff to take Johnson and old Moll, and keep them in close custody. It was now almost dark, and the court adjourned. Bradshaw told Jane Durham, who sat as if in a trance, that she was at liberty, and he would order a hack, if she wished, and take her to her house. But she said she would rather go to the jail with Lucy, upon which the kind-hearted jailer's daughter was insisting.

"Wait till the crowd pass out," said Bradshaw, "and I 'll order a hack, and go with you."

Meanwhile, as the shades of night gathered in, old Job, with several constables, left the court-house for the jail, with Adams, Johnson, and old Moll in custody. A great and incensed crowd, which had been gathering all the afternoon, and which a large city so soon furnishes, on any excitement, and of various materials, followed after the constables and their charges, hooting, hallooing, and, occasionally, throwing missiles at the prisoners. Old Job, fearing a rescue, or that some of them might be hurt, or escape in the crowd, proposed that they should return to the court-house, and wait till the crowd had gone. At this, Johnson, who hoped there would be some chance of escaping, taunted him with cowardice; and, as the constables proposed going on, Job said no more. The jail, as our readers are aware, was (and is) in the outskirts of the city: the nearest way that led to it was across a common, in which direction the constables conducted the prisoners—the crowd following close at their heels.

"We had better take the round-about way, through the streets," said Job.

"Don't bother yourself, old turnkey," replied one of the constables; "we have the charge of 'em to the jail, and I 'll warrant they get there: all you have to do is to see they don't get out after you 've turned the key on 'em."

"Well," replied Job, "it 's your business to get 'em there—that 's a fact; but if I know any thing about human natur, we 'll have a fuss on the common, or my name's not Job Presley—we 'll have some bones broke—now mind it."

On they went, notwithstanding Job's admonition. It was almost dark when they reached the common; the crowd still pressing on them, their violence increasing with the darkness.

"Boys," said Job to the prisoners, "I 'll tell you one thing, in the beginning—I 've got two pistols loaded to the top, and if any one of you tries to get off, I 'll shoot him down—now mind me."

On the common there were many loose stones, and the bones of animals, whose bodies had been dragged there when the city was smaller. The crowd here made furious demonstrations, not of rescuing the prisoners, but of committing a violent assault upon them. Job was well known in the city, and every moment some one would call out to him, from the crowd, "To clear out, that they 'd do for the villains." "Job, we 'll save you the trouble of locking them up, my old boy." "Yes, we 'll put them into the canal."

"No, boys, you can't do that," said Job, turning round to the crowd, in answer to the last remark. "He who's born to be hung will never be drowned."

"Ha! ha! hurra for old Job Presley!" shouted a hundred voices.

Such is the nature of a mob, that this little jest of Job appeased the most of them,—and seeming disposed to await the tardier visitation of justice on the prisoners, they followed to the jail, cracking jokes with Job, who kept them in good nature, till the gate closed upon himself and the prisoners. He then, through the bars, thanked them for their company, the safe escort they furnished, and bade them good night, telling them he would always rather lock them *out* than *in*; at which they gave three cheers for old Job Presley—bade him take good care of the prisoners, and dispersed in the greatest good nature, laughing heartily, as they went on their way.*

"That's just the way with human natur," said Job, in great glee.

"Human devil!" exclaimed one of the constables, "I thought you said there'd be bones broken crossing over the common."

"Bones broken!" exclaimed Job, in high disdain; "and so there was bones broken! Warn't them old bones, on the common, broken at a furious rate? Don't you know, according to law, there's two mistructions (constructions) upon every thing? Yes! and there 'd been heads broken, too, if it hadn't been for me; but you didn't care, I suppose, as you couldn't ha' lost any brains, no how."

CHAPTER XVIII.

After Job had seen his prisoners—Adams, Johnson, and old Moll—safely locked up, he entered his apartment, where he found Bradshaw, Jane Durham, and Lucy, who had ridden to the jail in a hack, and got there before him. With no small degree of self-complacency, Job narrated how he had put the mob in good-humor, and saved the lives, as he alleged he verily believed, of the whole concern.

Bradshaw and Jane Durham had partaken of Mrs. Presley's tea; and while the jailer's wife was preparing a cup for him, Bradshaw said to him—

"Job, if it is not against your regulations, I will walk with Miss Durham in the jail-yard—it is so beautiful a night; if you are willing, Miss Durham."

Miss Durham said she would like to; and that, if Bradshaw felt interest enough in her now, she would continue the account she was giving of herself, and tell how she came in the alley. And Job said,

"O certainly, squire, certainly: there's no accusation agin her—the saddle's now on the right horse. That Adams, I tell you, is a worser devil 'an the whole on 'em. I'm sorry we shu'n't be able to hang him as well as Johnson. Well! him and old Moll will go the voyage together—that 's certain. He hates you (to Jane Durham) more 'un any man ought to hate a woman."

Jane Durham turned suddenly pale, and said she knew it.

"Well, he can't harm you," continued Job, "for I've locked him up in his cell, fast enough. Yes, squire, you can walk in the yard—certainly. She can come in jist when she chooses, and you can go out jist when you choose. There 's a guard at the gate, and I'll tell him. I don't think," continued Job, laughing, "you could get over that wall, if you was to try. Chaps have escaped that way, once or twice; but it was by using some boards that were in the yard, that ain't there now."

The night of the fire was the last one of winter, or rather, we should say, of the rough weather, as the first spring month had nearly passed. Very rough weather had occurred in this month, but by one of those magic changes, that sometimes take place in our climate, every appearance of winter had disappeared three or four days previous to the evening of which we now speak. The change produced the sensation that every one has felt—a desire to go into the open air. The night was perfectly calm, the moon was in the upper sky, and not a cloud was to be seen. The air was balmy and refreshing, and so stirless that its breath could not be felt, save in its invigorating influence. The jail was built of large dark stone, that had an ancient appearance; its small windows, with their closely set iron bars in the thick wall, that projected in a castellated manner above the roof, and hid it from view; together with its great size, and the high strong wall around, and the evident strength and security in every thing that met the eye, gave it the look, to an imaginative mind, of some of those old baronial possessions of which we read. The jail was so dark-looking, and the wall around it so high, that though the moon shone full upon it, it appeared to lie in shadow. To the right of the jail, in the yard, was the gallows, which had been erected for the execution of two pirates: beneath it were several graves. There executed criminals had formerly been buried, but latterly their bodies had been taken to Potter's field. There was nothing in the jail yard but some flowers, around the jailer's apartments, which Lucy cultivated—and, sad contrast! the gallows. The ground was hard, with a short dry grass upon it; and immediately about the graves, and under the gallows, the grass grew long; for those who had the liberty of the jail yard seldom trod in those ominous precincts: it might be, too, that the ground was fertilized there, by the decomposition of the bodies beneath it. As the moon shone full upon the jail, here and there, a dark face could be seen looking between the bars of the narrow windows, to catch a little air, or a little light, like helpless, hopeless despair from the regions of the damned, upon the beatitude above. An indistinct hum—the indefinable noises of the city—on whose outskirts, as we have said, the jail stood, fell upon the ear with a murmuring ceaseless sound. Save this, though it was so

* Mobs, lately, have not been so good-humored.

early, nothing was heard by Bradshaw and his companion, as they walked on through the large yard. All at once, as they approached the gallows, Jane Durham lifted her eyes from the ground, and, beholding it, said, in a melancholy voice—

"See there, Mr. Bradshaw, there 's the gallows, the place for murderers; shall we go and sit at its foot, and talk of destiny? If," said she, with affected gaiety, "'there is a destiny that shapes our end, rough hew it as we may,' then am I going directly to it; but where is the Jack Ketch, and the unfeeling crowd, and the priest to shrive me?"

"Jane," said Bradshaw, "I am going directly to it, too, according to that; and do you know, that I don't believe either of us will die there, unless as martyrs—and this, you know, is not the age of martyrdom. No, Jane, there is no more danger there for you than for me—but come, you were telling me of yourself, the other evening, when Lucy interrupted you; let us walk this way, and let me be a listener." As Bradshaw spoke, he turned away from the gallows, and they passed round a corner of the jail, which hid it from view. There was a short bench, immediately against the wall of the jail, under a window, on which Bradshaw and the girl sat down.

"If stone walls have ears," said Jane Durham, as she sat down, "how many a sad tale have these walls heard! and, perhaps, of many a wretch as guiltless as I, of the imputed charge."

"But stone walls have only terrors, according to that proverb, for the guilty, Jane. However, there may be a listener, at the window above us," said Bradshaw, looking up at it;—it was about two feet and a half above their heads;—"no, there cannot be, either, for half of the cells, as they call them, along here, are under the ground; and, if there should be a prisoner in this one, he is below where we are sitting—the window is far above his head, and he has no means of reaching it to listen."

"Oh, I should not care if he did hear me! Why should I—but it is natural that I should—no matter—he cannot." She sat silently for a moment—wiped her eyes, in which she was trying to suppress the tears and said—

"Where was I? How bright the moon is! I was telling you of the day. Oh! how well I remember it!—when Adams came home with my father. Three years had rolled over us since we left Mr. Carlton's. In all that time I lived in a perpetual dread: daily, daily! hourly, hourly! things were getting worse. The destitution, the utter hopelessness of my poor mother's condition and my own, had gone right into my heart; and I could feel it in every throb, like a load of lead. It is there still, with a mountain's weight added to it. When I saw my father coming, I went behind my mother's bed, and they did not see me when they first entered. 'What! have ye no fire—ye lazy hussy,' exclaimed my father, staggering towards the bed, 'have ye no fire. Get up, and be off after some wood.' Adams laughed, and caught my father, who would have fallen as he stepped towards the bed, had he not been supported by him, and led to a seat—an old broken chair on which I had been seated. My father bent down over the coals, and continued cursing my mother. Adams really seemed to enjoy it—and to take a delight in drawing him out, and getting him to repeat his imprecations and charges against her. He, I believe, had been drinking as much as my father; but the liquor made him even more fiendish, while he showed its effects much less."

"'Take that spinning-wheel there, and put it on the fire, Adams,' exclaimed my father, 'I 'm as cold as if I hadn't a drop in me. I 'd go to hell to get warm.!'

"Adams took hold of the spinning-wheel, and was going to break it, when I jumped from my hiding-place, and begged him not.

"He gazed at me a moment, and then handed me the wheel, saying; 'Why, Bill, is that your daughter? She 's pretty! What will you take for her?'

"'You may have her for the asking,' said my father—cursing me.

"He entered into conversation—and I did all I could to conciliate him, and please my father. While we were speaking, a man came over the old field, by our cabin, with a load of wood on a sledge, and he stepped in to warm himself. He was surprised to see we had no wood such a cold day; and he went out and brought some in—made up a fire, and threw off a good many logs for us when he went away. Adams then went down to the grocery to bring something for us to eat; and, notwithstanding I had a horrible dislike to him—and well I might, from his manner to me—yet I rejoiced on account of my mother.

"After this, Adams almost lived at our house. My father was out with him late and early. Adams had acquired a great influence over him; and they brought food and clothing to the house, which led my mother and me often to wonder where they could have obtained them, as neither of them ever did any work. They would return in the middle of the night with flour, butter, eggs, meat, and various articles, of almost every kind; some of which were very costly. They had fixed up our dwelling into something like comfort, by stopping up the chinks between the logs with stones and clay. They remained within all day, and at night went out. Through the day, they would drink and sleep, and seemed anxious not to be observed; for they staid most of their time up in a kind of loft, above the room where mother and I were: they brought home, one night, a small sheet-iron stove, and put it up there, introducing the pipe into the chimney; when they would go up into the loft they often dragged the ladder after them, and only let it down for me to take up their dinner, or water to mix with their drink. Thus the winter wore away, and the spring came. In the mean time, Adams importuned me with the most infamous proposals, and when I treated him with contempt he offered to marry me, and got my father to second him. My mother was bedridden; and

I was her constant companion, day and night. I kept from her my trouble as long as I could, but she caught me repeatedly weeping and sobbing through the night, and insisted upon knowing what ailed me. I told her; and, also, that I loathed Adams, who, I believed, was every thing that was bad; that he was leading my father into every wickedness; and, that he would not only bring deeper sorrow on us than we had ever known, but sin and shame. My mother seemed staggered by what I said. All at once, my father's manner to her changed. Since his connexion with Adams he had drunk less than he formerly did; he was less at home, and he was kinder than he had been for years; this made her think, though she was fast falling into the grave, that happier times were yet to come. In fact, *she* was comparatively happy to what she had been before we knew Adams. Not so with me. I believe, from the manner in which my father spoke to me, when he first told me he wished I would marry Adams, that he would have avoided it, but he dared not. I told him how Adams had behaved to me, and that I would do any thing to please him but *that*. He looked angry, as I spoke: he was perfectly sober: and I have sometimes thought it might have been at what I told him of Adams. It was after this he became kind to my mother, and asked her to persuade me to marry Adams.—When she spoke to me on the subject, I begged her, on my knees, never to mention it to me again. This was in the night: early in the morning, my father came home with Adams, and she told him what I had said. I was out of the house, but I knew it by his manner, when I came in. He looked moody, and went into the loft to Adams. In a short time, I heard them conversing together: Adams was very angery. I heard my father say, 'Have patience; she 's but a girl: she 'll consent yet.' Adams replied, with an oath, 'She must consent, or I 'll blow you, old boy. It must be quick, too—I *will* have her.' I heard no more. Adams descended the stairs, and looked furiously at me, as he went out. This man was so much of a ruffian that, though he pretended to be attached to me, he never could assume a gentle tone, in speaking to me. His eye glowed on me like a hyena's, impatient for its prey. I never left the side of my mother, and he never could wile me away by any art, or I know not what would have become of me.

"In about an hour my father descended from the loft, very drunk. He sat down, called me to him, and tried to persuade me that Adams would make me a good husband, and to marry him. I told him I could not. He then stamped, raved, and swore he would kill me. Then he fell to entreaty, and said I would save his life by it. He moved me so that I was on the eve of consenting, when Adams came in intoxicated. Without saying a word he went up stairs, and sternly called my father. What my father said seemed to pacify him, for I heard no more high words between them, the whole day; and, at night, they went out together. In the middle of the night my mother awoke, and heard me sobbing, and began to speak to me of Adams.—She used every entreaty; and, after extorting a half promise from me that I would marry him, she fell asleep. I arose,—for it seemed to me that I never should know sleep again,—hurried on my clothes, and sat down on a chair, where I rocked myself to and fro, for hours. At last, I rose up and went out. The night was beautiful: just such a night as this. Away, in the moon-light, I saw the village, and I thought, could there be one there so miserable as I? I had no companions—no one from the village ever came to see my mother: and whenever I went there, to buy any thing at the grocery, some of the by-standers would stop me, and ask questions about my father and Adams, and throw out dark hints. The only persons that ever came to our house were some of the neighboring negroes. In fact, my father, but particularly Adams, discouraged the coming of any one else. I heard Adams once say to my father—'Let the niggers come; they can't bear testimony against a white man.' The night was, indeed, beautiful. I sat down upon the door-sill and looked round upon the scene, and thought that God's bright world was a mockery to me. The scene increased my sense of loneliness and desolation, and I walked behind the house and entered a dark stable, that Adams had built of rough logs,—for I felt as if I wanted to be in the dark,—and I covered myself up in the straw. How long I remained there, I do not know; but, at last, I heard footsteps near to me, and, in a moment afterwards, the door of the stable opened, and Adams and my father entered.

"'Confound it,' said Adams; 'while you were drinking there, I gained all this booty! What in the devil kept you so late?'

"'Why,' said my father, 'after I left you, as I told you, I ran that rusty nail into my hand, up to the head, in getting over a fence. My arm is so swelled, and it pains me so, that I feel it at the top of my shoulder.'

"'You must bathe it in whisky,' replied Adams. 'But get a spade. We must put this ready into that tin box that 's over the door, and bury it here. Nobody will ever think of looking into the stable for it. I like to done for that fellow. I tell you what, he loves cash. After I knocked him off of his horse, I had to give him two pretty deep digs with my carving knife, before I got it. Come, be after the spade—it 's round the house, I believe.'

"My father went after the spade. Adams stood within the stable, where the light shone on him through the door. I dared scarcely breathe. Once he turned his face towards me. I felt a cold chill in every vein: I thought he had discovered me. My heart seemed to me to beat so loudly that he had heard it. It occurred to me that he knew I was in the stable, and that he would send my father away for something, and then what would become of me! As this reflection crossed my mind, I was on the eve of springing up and darting past him when he muttered to himself, with a devilish smile, tossing up what appear-

ed to be a purse of money, and catching it, as he spoke—

"'This is a big haul to-night. Bill thinks more of his daughter than I thought was in him. I 'll frighten him till I get her. She begins to give in, hey. I 'll pay her up for this fooling—the way her mother 's fixed is nothing to what she 'll know.'

"My father now entered with the spade, said he couldn't at first find it, and as he complained very much of his arm, Adams put the money in the tin box, dug the hole, and buried it; he covered it over carefully, pushed a stick in, so that he might find the place, and came right to where I lay, lifted a bundle of straw from my side, threw it down and stood over me. After standing a moment he gathered up some loose trodden straw, that lay at my very feet, walked away, and scattered it over the spot where he had buried the box. All the while my father kept walking to and fro, shaking his hand, blowing on it, and exclaiming how much it pained him. When Adams had scattered the straw, they left the stable. As soon as they left, I hurried to the door to see which way they went: my anxiety was to get into the house undiscovered. As they passed round one corner of the house, I ran like lightning round the other, and got to the door before they turned the front corner.—Just as I was lifting the latch, they came round the corner and saw me. I pretended to have been in the act of leaving the house, remarking, 'Is it you? I heard a noise, and did not know what it was.' Adams tried to be very gentle, was in high spirits, and said, 'Jane, your father has run a rusty nail in his hand, and it hurts him: you ought to make a bread and milk poultice for it.'

"At my father's request I did so. In applying the poultice, I was astonished to see how much the arm was swollen. He was in great pain: he drank deeply to deaden it, but without effect: at last he took a large quantity of opium, which Adams was in the habit of using, threw himself on the floor, and went to sleep. When my father awoke he was delirious—raving mad. The swelling had extended from his arm, which had become perfectly black, to the body; Adams had to assist me while I bathed it, my mother could do nothing. She lay in bed and looked on, while the ravings of my father frightened her nearly to death. In his ravings he spoke as if he had committed crimes at the instigation of Adams; and he would curse and bite at him as he held him. This infuriated Adams so much that he threatened to kill my father, and struck him several times over the head with such violence that he became insensible, and continued in stupor for several hours. I could make no resistance to Adams' assault on my father, but I fell down on my knees before him, and begged him in mercy to desist. He sat down by him, as he lay insensible, and said not one word until he recovered. My father looked languidly round, asked for water, and said he was much worse, but he did not seem to know that Adams had ill treated him. I asked him, if he did not think I ought to go somewhere for a doctor. He said yes, yes, and begged me to go at once. 'Go,' said he, 'to Squire Bennet's, at the village—there 's a great doctor comes from town to tend his wife for a cancer. Go and get him to come here, for God's sake, or I shall die. We 'll pay him any thing—Adams will pay him,' Adams said not a word, but looked as moody and dark as I had ever seen him—after awhile he lightened up, and said—

"'Yes, go, Jane—go at once. I 'll stay with your father until you come back. If the doctor isn't there, get them to tell you when he comes, and you can go, at that time, after him.'

"I have said the village was in sight of our house, across the old fields, but we could not go directly to it in consequence of the swamp, which lie immediately between them. The path wound by the side of the swamp, and then through a wood to the village. The wood was very lonely—the trees of great size, and close together, while many wild vines and bushes grew among them. I left the house, and hurried on, with a rapid step, to Squire Bennett's, thinking all the time of my father. I had got about half way through the wood—to the loneliest spot in it—when I heard quick steps behind, and I turned, and beheld Adams not ten feet from me. My first impulse was to run, but he called out, 'Jane, your father says'—and, thinking he had some message from my father, I involuntarily stopped till he reached me. He then caught hold of my arm, and asked me, 'If I had been fooling with my father.' 'How fooling?' said I. 'Are you willing to marry me? Stop till you answer!' he exclaimed. 'There take a seat upon that log.' 'We can talk as we walk on,' said I. He forced me to sit down by him—saying, 'No, it must be settled before you walk another step. You can't fool me. You heard what your father said in his crazy fits! I see you think it 's true. Then, by ——, you can't leave this woods until you promise to marry me. I'm not going to have you to tell tales! Do you promise me?'

"I knew not what to do, or say. I was terror-stricken by his manner, for he seemed desperately resolute. 'Let me go on for the doctor,' said I, at last: 'this is no time to talk about such things: wait till my father gets well.'

"'Ha!—you want to deceive me, do you!' he exclaimed, seizing both my hands, and looking at me with an awful eye. 'You shall die before you do! Do you mark that? Yes, die on this spot! I have you *now!*' he exclaimed, with a malicious laugh. 'I can do with you just what I choose, and then end you and chuck you into the swamp. Will you marry me, my bird?'

"'I Will! I will!' I cried out, for he looked as if he would fulfill his threat; and I feared he would, be my promises what they might.

"'You will, hey!—that 's right! When?'

"'When my father is well. Let me now go, I entreat you, for the doctor!'

"'Then swear it!' said he—'swear it!'

"'I swear,' I faltered out.

"'You must swear,'' he exclaimed, 'ac-

cording to law!' And he drew from his pocket a small Bible that I had often read to my mother, made me get down on my knees before him, put both hands on the book, and swear to keep my promise, with the awful penalty, if I did not, of having my mother and father murdered before my eyes by him, and of being myself his victim, with the most terrible denunciations upon my soul eternally. 'Here,' said he, handing me the Bible, 'the book 's yours; take it, and remember your oath. I 'll remember the other, if you don't —mark that! Can I trust you,' said he, and he grasped my head, with a hand on each side of it, pushed it back, and looked me in the eyes steadily. 'Remember, you 're mine, whether you keep your oath or not, and if you don't, you 'll see your father and mother die, and I 'll burn you up in the house with them. Go after the doctor.'

"'At his bidding I arose. I felt as if I were about fainting; but, fearing the awful consequences if I should, situated as I was with him, I summoned an unnatural energy, and, after staggering a few steps, hurried on. He stood, looked after me, and when I had proceeded a few yards from him, he called out, 'Stop!' I stood still. 'Come here.' I obeyed his command. 'Do you remember your oath!' said he, between his teeth, as he grasped my shoulder, 'I do! I do!' I exclaimed. 'Will you keep it?' he asked, pressing my shoulder as if he meant to crush me to the earth. 'I will! I will! I will!—only let me go for the doctor!' 'Go,' said he; and I hurried off with all the strength I could command. I dared not look behind me until I got to a turn in the path; then I stole a fearful glance, as I turned, to the place where I had left Adams; he had followed a few steps after, and was standing as if irresolute. I stood behind a tree, and looked at him. He walked up and down several times, and then hastened off towards our house. I felt relieved when I knew he was not dogging me, and, with a quick step, I advanced, but not without casting many and many a fearful look behind. Thinking of nothing distinctly, but with confused thoughts of every thing—my half promise to my mother of the previous night—Adams burying the money—what he said—his treatment to my father—my father's illness—my mother's—this last scene with Adams—passing through my mind, and acting like a spur to hurry me onwards, I soon reached the house of Squire Bennett, in the village. I entered his office, and found, within, several persons; some of whom I took to be constables, and some I knew to be neighboring farmers. I soon discovered they were talking of the robbery which Adams had committed.

"'Is there no clew for detecting the robber?' asked the squire.

"'The doctor says,' observed one, whom I took to be a constable, 'that it ain't proper to talk to him about it yet, he 's so badly hurt. He 's got two stabs in him, deep ones, and then, you see, he laid out all night and bled like a pig.'

"'It 's old Jemmy Swartz, the drover, you tell me,' said Squire Bennet, 'who lives over by the Purchase?'

"'Is it possible?'" interrupted Bradshaw. "'Why, Jane, I remember the circumstances of his being robbed and stabbed, perfectly: he was just returning home, after having sold a drove of cattle."

"Yes, sir," continued Jane Durham, "the very same. The squire asked me what I would have. I related to him the terrible state of my father's arm, and said we wanted to have the doctor, who came out to see Mrs. Bennet, to come and see him.

"'Why, my dear,' said the squire, who was a good natured man, 'I don't know whether the doctor will go or not: he 's a great press of patients. However, you had better come and see him yourself—he 'll be here about half after four, this afternoon.'

"I enquired after Mrs. Bennett's health, and left the office. Scarcely any one observed me, they were so much occupied in talking of the robbers.

"'It will be hard work to find out the fellow that did it,' said one of the by-standers—'at least, till Jemmy is well. The robber managed well—we couldn't track him at all—he either went up, or come down the main road.'

"I left the squire's, and was soon on my way home. Home! what a home! When I reached the outskirts of the woods, near the village, I sat down on a stump and wept bitterly, wringing my hands in very anguish. At last, I dried my eyes and reflected upon what I should do. I determined to escape Adams one moment, and then I thought of the horrible oath he had made me take, and that it was impossible. Well, thought I, with a casuistry, which, I think, much less wrong now, than I did then, for I shuddered while I used it, I promised to marry him when my father was well, but I did not promise that I would not tell how he has treated me, making me swear to marry him. The threats which he used in the woods, when he said I believed what my father said in his crazy fits, and he was not going to let me tell tales—frightened me awfully—while the very suspicions that he expressed, gave me a hint, which he little thought would occur to me. I hoped, while my father was ill, Adams would not importune me, and to prevent him from doing it, I determined to tell to my father, while he was by, merely as if I were telling the news, the conversation which I had heard at the squire's office, without narrating that part of it which stated it would be hard to find the robber. Knowing Adam's selfish nature, I was satisfied this would keep him so much on the alert, for himself, that he would forget me. Then again, I thought, if my father died, and somehow, I feared he would, the only way of escaping Adams would be to inform the magistrate he was the robber. This could not hurt my father in the grave, and it would save me, from worse than death: but the thought of the risk I should run, if Adams suspected me in the least of having such an intention, gave

me a sickness at the heart that almost overcame me. Had it not been for my poor mother, I don't think I ever would have returned to the house; but, after reflecting upon all these suggestions again and again, and upon my poor mother's condition, I resolved, in the event of my father's death, if there was no other way of avoiding a union with Adams, to inform upon him. I then fell down on my knees, by the stump, and clasping the Bible in my uplifted hands, I prayed, with the fervor of my whole soul, and with streaming eyes, to God, that he would forgive me if I was wrong in taking such a horrible oath—that he would suffer me to escape without breaking it—and that, if I must, to save my mother and my father, be the wife of Adams, he would sustain me; for I felt I could not sustain myself. I arose by a sudden resolution, and soon reached home. I found my father calm and conscious, but much worse. His arm was offensive to the smell, and his body, all in the region of the shoulder, inflamed and black. He did not complain of much pain. Adams was by his side; he had brought down their bed from the loft, and spread it on the floor for him. My mother was sitting up in her bed, gazing on my father. I told my father I was to go for the doctor again, at five o'clock. He asked me who I saw, and I related the conversation concerning the robbery. My father looked at Adams when I told it. Adams started, walked about the room, whispered something to him, and after asking me a great many questions, went up into the loft.

"At five o'clock, I went for the doctor. He had seen Mrs. Bennett when I arrived, and was just getting into his gig, having said he could not find the way to my father's. I addressed him, and earnestly entreated him to come, saying I would run on before, and show him the way. He inquired if I was the wife of the sick man: I told him I was the daughter."

"'Miss,' said he, 'I cannot suffer you to *run* on before and show me the way; but if you will ride with me, and point it out, I will go.'

"Perhaps I should have said that, expecting the visit of the doctor, I had fixed up our cabin, and arrayed myself in a new dress (which my father had given me, in hopes of coaxing me to marry Adams), with all the neatness I was mistress of; for, I thought, if I looked well-dressed, he would feel more sure of being paid, and be more apt to come.

"I entered the doctor's gig. We had to go a considerable distance further, by the wagon-track, than by the path through the woods—for a gig could not travel on the path, and the wagon-track went round the woods, and came out above the swamp, into the old fields. The doctor, you know him,—or did know him, for he 's dead now—was the celebrated Dr. P——n. He spoke very kindly to me, as we rode along, and gave me an ease which has surprised me often since, when I have thought of it. I told him of my father's hand, my mother's illness; and, without my knowing it, he had learned from me every thing I dared to tell of myself and family, by the time we reached our house. My father and mother were alone when we entered. I saw Adams peering down on the doctor, from the loft. After a few minutes he descended. The moment the doctor beheld my father's hand, he exclaimed—'Why was not a physician sent for before?' He asked several questions concerning my father, and then turned to my mother. He took a seat by her bed, felt her pulse, and spoke kindly to her, observing that he would prescribe for her, too. He then again examined my father's head and arm, and, looking at his head, said—

"'He must have been severely beaten on the head—was he not?'

"Adams spoke up quickly, and said—'It was in getting over a fence that he hurt his hand: he fell on his head.'

"Adams eyed me, but I tried to show no emotion.

"The doctor here gave me directions as to bathing my father's arm, and giving him medicines.

"I told him we had not the medicines, and asked him if he thought we could get them at the apothecary's shop in the village.

"'Yes,' said he; 'come with me. I will drive you there in a short time. It 's in my way to the city.'

"Adams did not offer to go; for, in the present state of excitement in the village, on account of the robbery, he had no wish to make his appearance—yet I thought he did not like the idea of my going with the doctor.

"When we entered the gig, the doctor asked me who Adams was; and he evidently suspected something wrong from my confused answers.

"'Do not be alarmed, my dear,' said he; 'but it is proper that I should say to you your father is in a dangerous condition.'

"I burst into tears. He soothed me and changed the subject, asking me a great many questions of myself. At the village he obtained the medicines for me, and drove me back home. He stopped a moment at the house, repeated his directions as to the medicines, and hurried off, as it was nearly dark.

"When the doctor went, Adams cross-questioned me a great deal as to what he had said to me, and of my answers. The doctor came the next day, all the way from the city, to see my father. He said the hand was mortifying; and he feared it was too late for an amputation. So it proved. Three days after the first visit of the doctor, while Adams was away—and he had absented himself a good deal since the robbery—my father called me to his bed-side, and was apparently very anxious to communicate something to me. After several vain efforts to speak, he faltered out, 'NEVER MARRY ADAMS!'—and died."

Overcome by her emotions, Jane Durham here buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Bradshaw knew it was best to let her grief have its way. After a few minutes, she continued:

"My father's last words satisfied me that

his fear of Adams had been the only motive that induced him to ask me to marry him. It fixed my determination never to do so. Adams hired some of the neighboring negroes to d g a grave near the house, where the corpse was laid. My mother—my poor mother, notwithstanding all she had suffered from the neglect and abuse of my father, loved him dearly; his death afflicted her sorely. It was almost too much for her at the time, and it hastened her end. The earth was scarcely on my father before the bed on which he died was removed out of the room, and while I was sitting on it, with feelings I cannot describe, Adams asked me 'When we should be married!' Forgetting all prudence, I exclaimed, never! never! My father, with his dying breath, told me never to marry you!

"Adams started as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

"'Did he say that?' asked he of my mother. She said nothing, but inclined her head. He clenched his hand, and facing me, asked, 'Do you mean to keep your oath?' At this instant the doctor drove up to the door. While the doctor was fastening his horse, Adams came close to me, looking like an incarnate devil, and said, in a low voice through his teeth—

"'Remember your oath! Get ready to-night—I will bring a preacher here, and we will be married.'

"The doctor entered. He sat down by my mother's bed, and tried to make us forget our misfortunes, by interesting us in the case of the robbery. He said he was attending Swartz—that he was better. 'To-morrow,' continued he, 'the magistrate will attend him to take his deposition. He may, by taking cold, or by some imprudence, be taken off yet. It is proper his account of the robbery should be made public—he can, I believe, describe the person of the robber.'

"Adams, you may suppose, was no careless listener to this. He kept his seat a moment or two; and, as I passed near him, he said, 'Mind, I will come to-night:' and he left the house. My mind was made up: I looked after him till I saw him enter the woods; and when the doctor left the house, I followed him out, and narrated to him, hurriedly, my situation, and all I knew of Adams and of the robbery.

"'There is not one moment to be lost?' said he. 'Get into my gig, and I will drive you to the magistrate's: you must make a deposition of the facts; and to-night, instead of having you for a bride, Jane, the handcuffs of the constables will clasp him much more appropriately—the infernal scoundrel! Don't be alarmed: it will be so arranged that when he comes to the house to-night, he will be taken.'

"The doctor drove rapidly to the magistrate's—called the squire into a private room, where I narrated the facts that I knew of the robbery, the burying of the money, etc. The warrant for his arrest was intrusted to three trusty persons. My dread was to return to the house, and spend the awful interval till the coming of Adams. I could not leave my mother alone—that was impossible—and I feared Adams might be at the house, suspect me, and fulfill his threat, or that something terrible would occur at his arrest. The doctor read my feelings, and told me not to be alarmed. 'I will take you home,' said he, 'and, as it is now near night, I will stay with your mother and yourself until they have taken him. He must, also, be well secured—I never read of a greater scoundrel.'

"The doctor took the magistrate aside, borrowed a pair of pistols from him, and took me home. He told me the plan was to take Adams as he came through the woods, if possible, but, if not, to surround the house after he had entered. 'You and I have the post of danger, Jane,' he said, 'and, therefore, of honor;—I joke. Don't be alarmed: there 's no danger; I shall dissect the scoundrel yet.'

"'Could not the constables hide in the stable?' said I.

"'Oh, no! that won't do. If Adams should be in the house when they entered the stable, he would see them, and, probably, he is now lurking in the woods, watching if any one comes to the house.'

"We found my mother terribly frightened: she told us that, a short time after we left, Adams had returned, and threatened to kill her and me, if I did not marry him. He had been up in the loft, armed himself, and gone out, saying, as he went, he would return to-night."

"I got supper for the doctor while he sat and conversed with me—oh! so differently to what I had been used to. You know, at school, Mr. Bradshaw, I was thought to be fond of study; so much so, that Mr. Lusby, as my father was poor, and could not school me, rather than I should not be taught, received me without charge. I availed myself of all opportunities of reading, at the Swamp, but they were precious few, indeed. A Bible and an old volume or two were all the books I ever had, and they were burned by my father, in a fit of intoxication. Listening to the doctor, and thinking of his kindness, I, at times, entirely forgot my own situation, Adams, and the catastrophe awaiting him. Hours thus passed away. My mother lay in bed, in a kind of insensibility—her usual way. About eleven o'clock we heard footsteps approach the door, and some one stopped at it, as if listening. We heard a low whisper, and then the persons walked round the house.

"'It 's Adams, I suspect,' said the doctor, in a low tone: 'he has some one with him. It may be the constables; if it is, it is no use to go out; and, if it is Adams, I had better let him come in. The constables will surround the house and be more sure of him.'

"It was a bright moonshiny night: there were no trees around the house, and the constables, if they were on the alert, must have secreted themselves in the woods.

"'Don't be frightened,' said the doctor; 'we must converse as if we had no suspicions.' So saying, he took up the conversation, as though there had been no interruption. We

heard some one again advancing, and, in a moment more, the door opened, and Adams entered, with an ill-looking man, dressed in a rusty suit of black. He spoke to the doctor gruffly, told his companion to sit down, and took a seat himself.

"'Is Mrs. Durham worse?' asked Adams of the doctor.

"'Much worse,' said the doctor, without turning to Adams, for he was scrutinizing his companion in black.

"'Why, Hollands,' he exclaimed, 'is that you?'

"The man was somewhat confused, but he soon rallied, and said, 'Yes, sir.'

"'What brings you away out here? there is a poo, chance for you in the country, isn't there?'

"'People die every where, sir,' replied Hollands.

"'I brought him out,' said Adams, 'to attend my wedding. Jane and I are to be married to-night. It's rather soon after the funeral, but her father and I were friends, and it was his last wish I should marry her, that she might have some one to take care of her, and—'

"Here, the door opened without the ceremony of a rap, and three constables entered, followed by a magistrate and two other persons. Adams started up, as if his first impulse was to dash by the constables out of the house, but the number deterred him, and he sat down.

"'Mr. Adams,' said one of the constables, 'I arrest you, sir.'

"'For what?' asked Adams, keeping his seat and endeavoring to be self-possessed, while his husky voice and blanched cheek betrayed his emotion.

"'Here is the paper,' said the constable, showing the warrant, while himself and companions got close to him.

"'Who applied for it?' asked Adams turning to the magistrate.

"'Jane Durham,'' replied Mr. Bennet.

"'I never killed the old man, her father,' exclaimed Adams. 'She has sworn to a d—d lie. Ask the doctor there, he 'll tell you that his hand mortified, and killed him.'

"'Tis not for murder,' said the magistrate: 'it is for the robbery of Jemmy Swartz.'

"Adams trembled, while his assumed self-possession forsook him. He looked at me with a deadly hate, then to the door, as if he would escape; but he saw the effort would be hopeless, as several persons stood between him and it—and by it one, not the most valiant of the party, ostentatiously displayed a great horse-pistol. After a strong effort to recover himself, he seemed to reflect whether my testimony could affect him—for he had some familiarity with courts of justice—and asked,

"'Can what her father said against me, to her, be given against me?'

"'To make a long story short,' said the magistrate—'she saw you bury the money.'

"Adams snatched a knife from his pocket and sprung at me—but the constables caught him instantly. He struggled fearfully with them, striving to get at me, but they hurled him to the floor, and bound him hand and foot. He loaded me with imprecations, and said he would have my life yet. 'This is not a hanging matter,' said he. 'It is only penitentiary, and that don't last for ever. When I 'm out, look out.'

"'Don't mind him,' said the magistrate. 'Come and show us where he buried the money.'

"I led them to the stable, and pointed out the place. They soon dug up the tin box, and found in it five hundred dollars in notes, and a few dollars in silver. The notes were in the drover's pocket-book, which had his name on it. I left them searching about the stable, and went into the house to see after my mother. Just as I entered, one of the constables said, pointing to the man whom the doctor called Hollands, who came with Adams—'We ought to take this man to jail—oughtn't we? he 's his comrade.'

"'You've no proof against me,' said Hollands, very much frightened. 'I never heard tell of the robbery before. I can prove, pint blank, that I was in town. Adams will tell you I had nothing to do with it—had I, Hen?'

"'You had as much to do with it as I had,' said Adams.

"'Sir,' said Hollands, turning to the doctor, 'I haven't seen him, sir—I 'll swear to it—I haven't seen him for these two weeks, before to-night.'

"'What did he want with you, Hollands?' asked the doctor. 'Tell the whole truth, now—that 's the best way for you. Honesty 's the best policy.'

"'Why, sir,' said Hollands, after a good deal of hesitation, and stammering, 'I 'll just out with the matter. You see, Adams come to me, in town, last night, a little after dark, and he asked me to go and drink with him, and I did. While we were drinking, he asked me how I come on; and if I got many bodies for the doctors now-a-day: and if they paid well. I told him there was bodies wanted, but the season not being sickly, there was a poor chance of them; that I wanted one very badly, just now; and would go halves with any body who would help me to get one, and give him no trouble about it. 'Well,' said he, 'if you 'll do me a small favor, I 'm your man. You know,' said he, 'you 've played the parson in some of our shines. If you will put on your old suit of black, and go out to the Long Swamp with me, and pretend to marry me to a girl there, I 'll give you a body that 's right by the house—a fresh one: you may have it all yourself. You can ride out with me in a carry-all I 've got; and when you 've married me to the little hussy, I 'll help you to dig up the body. You can take it to town in the carry-all.' I asked him who the girl was. He said she was a fool of a country girl, who was his miss; that she bothered him to make an honest woman of her; and that I could do it as well as the best kind of a parson. I agreed to come with him, and we came out.'

"Think of it, Mr. Bradshaw, it was the body of the father, with which he meant to

procure the ruin of the daughter! Why dwell more upon him. He was convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

"In the court-house, at his trial, he could not hide his hatred of me: He cursed me outright, and threatened my life, while I was giving in my testimony. He asked to address the jury just before they retired. He told them I had killed my father; that my character was infamous; that a negro who was my paramour—had assaulted the grover, and given me the money, which I had buried in the stable, and that I had it on him to screen myself and the negro. After the death of my father, and the conviction of Adams, my mother and myself continued to live at the swamp. She was rapidly sinking to the grave; Dr. P——— continued to attend her through the spring and summer, till she died. I might say he was at the house almost every day."

Here Jane Durham paused, and Bradshaw could see the blush mantling on her cheek, even in the moonlight. "I have narrated," she continued, "the most wretched part of my life, save that which I have to add to it of the last week; but not the most sinful. You know, Mr. Bradshaw, that Dr. P——— had every qualification to win a woman's affection. Reflect, reflect, sir,' I was little more than sixteen. He was an angel of light to the men I had known. He had been the means of rescuing me from Adams—he had befriended me when I had no friend—he had been kind to my father—I saw him daily by the bed-side of my mother, he supported her and me, when, but for him, we might have starved. He brought me books; he praised my mind; he sat by me for hours in our lonely dwelling in the old fields, as my mother lay insensible, on her bed, and taught and read to me. He praised my person, and told me how I should adorn it—and all this before he spoke to me of love. I had thought of him by day and by night, and loved him without once thinking of the passion, or its consequences. Is it any wonder that I gave him my affections, yielded to him without any tie, but the tie which we are told is linked in sorrow and in shame, when I could not, would not yield to Adams, let what might be the tie. I know, I know he loved me," said she, bursting into tears—"he may have struggled with his feelings more than I struggled with mine. Better born, better bred—but for the distinctions of society and my miserable family, I might have been nearer to him, if not dearer; and more honorable, if not more happy—yes, yes, much more happy—for the very education he gave me—the refinement he taught—the sensibility he enlivened—told me more acutely what I was. But if I erred in yielding—mastered by a passion which I could not control—yielding to a tie of love, when no other tie was dreamed of—and not that—for I deemed him unmeasurably above me—if I erred, has not mine been the sorrow, and the shame, and the deep humiliation.—Who, I ask, would hear my story, and wish to make it their own? Who can hear it, and not feel that I have some justification for what I am. No, merciful and holy God! I may toil another to my heart, for the daily bread which I eat in bitterness, and in bitterness give to my child; but he who first won it is there indelible and ever present as you bright star in heaven—if I ever yield this faded and frail form for bread, it shall not be to sustain my own miserable life—no—but my child's, my child's, there is no prostitution, at least of the soul, in that. But why dwell upon this? I thought I had taught myself entirely to hide such feelings. The world, sir, has no ear for that sophistry, though it is an impulse of our better nature, that tries to apologize for the errors which our pride, as well as our conscience, tells us is not justifiable."

"Towards midsummer my mother died; she passed away like the flame from the wick, when the oil is exhausted. She said just before she died to Dr. P———, 'I see how it is with you and my daughter. I wish, Oh! how I wish it had been otherwise. It would have saved me a pang keen as death, but you have a good heart, and if you do not cast her off—and do not, let her dying mother charge you, do not—she will be happier than her mother, though she was a lawful wife. Bury me by my husband—he was unkind to me while he lived, but he was my husband, and now he's in his grave, he cannot hurt me, though I am near to him, with even an unkind word.' I did not think my mother dreamed of my situation with Dr. P———. She had seen it all—but not until it was too late—and then her affection for me would not let her speak of it—it burst out though in her dying words. We buried her by my father. Long, long, after the grass waved over her, and I had left the Swamp, and lived in the city, did her last words sound in my ears sleeping and waking.—Those words of hers, 'a pang keener than death,' have been a thousand deaths to me. I thought of them the first morning I spent in prison with that wretched woman, till I believed the judgment of God had fallen on me, and I was to be like her: they will haunt me till the sod is on me, as it is on my poor mother. But whoever sinned that did not sorrow for it: here, even in this world, the unknown retribution of the other weighs us down with an undefinable dread—a dread, that, while it stretches to the dark beyond, encompasses us here, poisoning our joy, and maddening our sorrow.

"No one not placed in my situation can judge of my feelings. It is easy to say what I should have done, but who would have done otherwise?—who could have done otherwise?—My mother's last words rung in my ears, but I had yielded before I heard them. They but made me unhappy when I recalled them. Dr. P——— sometimes brought to the house, in town where I lived, friends to sup with him: and, among others, Mr. Glassman. Mr. Glassman has his faults, I know, and they are said to be many and grievous: but you know he is a fascinating man, and no one sees his errors but those who feel them. Almost every evening, through the winter, and often in the summer he would sit hour by hour, and con-

verse with Dr.———: he was his most intimate acquaintance. He possesses that worldly wisdom that Dr. P——— so much wanted, and he was often his adviser. Dr. P———'s brow would often darken, when playing with his child, as he thought of its birth; but the lectures at the college, after he was appointed professor, and his extensive practice, with his increasing ambition (for, as he felt his powers among men, his purposes became more determined and loftier), so occupied his mind, that he rarely, at last, let such reflections trouble him. I observed this more particularly, after he became acquainted with Mr. Glassman. Mr. Glassman, who seemed to know every thing, would talk to him in such eloquent terms of his profession—of the great men in it—and of the glorious opportunity there was for him to become distinguished. Oh! how Mr. Glassman loves talent—it made even me ambitious of cultivating my mind when I 've heard him converse. Whenever he would come to see the Doctor, and he was not in, he would scarcely stay a minute. I once asked him why he did not stay longer. He looked at me with a soul searching eye, and said—'Jane, I have a bad character among your sex—the doctor is my friend: he loves you, you love him—if I call here while he is out, and stay, some busy tattler will tell him that my visits are prompted by another feeling than that of friendship. Though I may have deceived one of your sex, when they trusted in me—so don't trust me—I never deceived one of mine. The Doctor is my friend: on his noble and generous nature I might rely with confidence, that no slanderous imputation of the world would break our friendship—but I should be careful that no suspicion should, for a moment, darken it—particularly when that suspicion would strike a tender point—a point upon which men are most vulnerable—and when I can so easily prevent it. Therefore, do not, from the impulse of your courteous feelings, ask me again to stay, because a woman's voice has a power over me which I have not schooled myself to resist.'

"Mr. Glassman always treated me with respect, and when other gentlemen came to the house with the Doctor, his manner to me made them respectful. Dr. P——— had told me of Mr. Glassman's infirmities—that he was subject to fits of low spirits, and that, without being at all an habitual drinker, he too frequently sought relief in the cup. One evening, I shall never forget, Mr Glassman came to the house intoxicated. What he had drank did not enliven him; on the contrary, it increased his melancholy almost to madness. When he entered, I observed he looked sad; but I did not discern any thing in his conduct that showed his condition. Dr P——— saw it, and tried to cheer him with lively conversation, but Mr. Glassman shook his head, and said—

"'No! P——, it won't do. Come, Jane, sing to me, sing Burns's song to Mary in Heaven. You are the image of a woman I loved and love, who loved me more even than you love P———. I wronged her. She is dead: if the grave would but give her back to life again, what a different man should I be. Remorse! remorse! I cannot drown it. Lethe is but a fabled stream, or I would make a pilgrimage to the world's end to find it, if but to take one draught of its oblivious waters.—Come, Jane, sing to me—sing to me.'

"I, accordingly, sang for him. After struggling with emotions that shook his soul, he became calmer, and spoke of his past life.—While he told how wildly he had erred, and how, in the violence of his passion, he had crushed his better nature, he conveyed a moral to us, which he meant to convey, no doubt, and which was not the less effective from the unobtrusive manner in which it was drawn—not in bold relief, at the end of the narrative, but woven in every word of it.

"In the mean time, Dr. P———'s practice became so extensive that he had hardly a moment he could call his own. When the cholera was here, he was up and out night and day. I begged and prayed with him, for my sake, for his child's sake, to take care of himself, but he could not resist the voice of distress—he often neglected the wealthiest to visit the poorest. His humanity became known, and in the middle of the night there would come for him some child or wife, and beg him to go and see a father or husband. When he has asked the place of their residence, I 've shuddered to hear some miserable lane or alley mentioned, where vice, poverty, and disease were struggling for supremacy. I became so much alarmed one night, brooding over my fears, that, when the doctor, who had been out twice since midnight, got up to attend to one of these wretched calls, I threw my arms round him, and begged him not to leave me, feigning sickness myself—'Jane,' said he kindly, 'don't be frightened for me. I could not rest with the consciousness that a poor wretch was ill whose life I might save. Think, think a moment—your heart will tell you I should not. You know I am a sinner,' continued he, smiling, 'and I must do something to wash away my sins. Boerhaave says that the poor are the best patients: for God is their paymaster: so, come, let me go; and the first rich man who sends for me may go somewhere else for a doctor, and I will stay with you.' He kissed me, and went.—Near daybreak he returned, and complained of being somewhat unwell, and asked to see Glassman. I sent for him; and Mr. Glassman and he were alone for half an hour. When Glassman came out of the room he said the doctor was quite unwell: that he had given himself medicine, but that some of the profession must be with him: he, accordingly, hastened after them. When I went into the doctor's room he looked wretchedly. He asked me to sit by him and hold his hand, in a voice scarcely audible, so rapid had been the advance of the disease. I summoned all my energies, called the servants and told them to get hot water, and all the other appliances, for I was satisfied he had the cholera. But he beckoned to me, and said, 'No! no! only weak: I want rest—sit by me.' I had no doubt of his own knowledge of his case, and

sat down by him: Alas! he who had so much sagacity in others' ills, knew not his own."

Here Jane Durham folded her arms closely, and, by a strong effort, continued to speak, but each word seemed to choke her.

"He died—the next day, he died—I need not dwell upon it—we were left, my child and I—to—(here she burst into a flood of tears, that choked her utterance.)

"Did you know Dr. P——, Mr. Bradshaw?" she said at last.

"Slightly," said Bradshaw. "He deserved all the regard you gave him, I have no doubt, Jane; for every one reveres his memory."

"Yes, yes! I stole into his room, when they had laid him in his grave-clothes, and gazed upon his manly face, that had so often smiled on me, till I thought he could not be dead—and I spoke to him in a low voice, as if to wake him. I know no more—I had a kind of dream. I thought I was buried by my mother, and a flower that Dr. P—— had planted on my grave, was rooted in my heart and nurtured there, and watered by my tears.—Oh! the gladness, when those tears flowed freely—and then, I thought, Adams stood over me, with that man beside him, and that they were bartering for my body. I started up with a terrible scream. I had been two weeks delirious. Oh! the agony of returning consciousness. I looked around me with a stony eye, that was as dry as an arid desert, and I thought, if I only could weep, the fountains of life would flow healthier, and cool the fiery fever in my veins. I wept, at last, long and bitterly, and I felt a sensation at my heart's core, as if some one had done me the deepest injury, and I was learning to forgive them.—I know not why I should have had this feeling, but so it was; and whenever it returns upon me, though I cannot help it, I shudder frequently at my own dark broodings, with a superstitious dread that such repinings bode no good.

"After my recovery, Mr. Glassman told me there was a house of the doctor's which I had better occupy. Accordingly, I moved into the one in which you saw me. 'The doctor,' he said, 'had left money in his hands for me.'

"When I came to reflect upon it, I hardly thought it could be so: but what could I do?—and how generous in Mr. Glassman so to cover his kindness! Mr. Glassman frequently comes to see me—very frequently, but he treats me with the same respect and kindness that he ever did. I know the world would not believe it, but, sir, we are as we were.

"Mr. Glassman told me he had been more regular in his habits, latterly. Sometimes he would come to see me, excited, and ask me to sing to him. Once, since the doctor's death, he was very ill, for sometime, from a fit of excess. I had him brought to the house, and waited on him. As he recovered, I would sing for him, and read to him, hour by hour. Since then, until lately, I did not know of any thing of the kind in his habits: but he's a strange man; yet, I would lay down my life for him—for, whatever he may be to others, he is every thing that is kind and gentlemanly to me.

"Week before last, when the carpets wanted shaking, and the windows washing, Mr. Glassman told me that he would send a man, who had been hanging about his office, to do it. The man, accordingly, came. I did not observe him particularly, but gave him directions what to do, told Phœbe to assist, and thought no more of him. Several times he came and asked me to look at the window or carpet, and see if he was doing them to please me. I thought the man was anxious to please; and, that I might not wound his feelings, I looked over his work, and told him it was all right. After he had done the work, he called several times, to know if there was any thing more to do. Phœbe saw him when he came, and I frequently heard him in the kitchen, in conversation with her—but I thought nothing of it. One evening—the night you rescued me in the lane—I was sitting, thinking of Mr. Glassman: for I had not seen him for two days, and I felt alarmed. I was wondering why he had not been to see me, as I generally saw him twice or thrice, daily; when, nearly nine o'clock, a hack drove up to the door, and this man, whom Mr. Glassman had sent to clean the carpets, came in and told me that Glassman was intoxicated and crazy at a tavern; and that he was in a private room, and kept calling for me. The man said he himself was doing an odd job there, and happened to see Mr. Glassman in that state; and when Mr. Glassman was put in a room, the tavern-keeper told him to wait upon him. 'Glassman was quiet,' he said, 'a moment, and asked if I hadn't been there, and if I was not coming.' My feelings—my many obligations to Mr. Glassman, did not allow me to hesitate. I asked the man if he could take me to the place? he answered, quickly, 'yes,' and said he had brought a hack for that purpose. I determined to go, not having the least suspicion, and being anxious to do what I could to restore Mr. Glassman to himself. Accordingly, I hurried on my cloak and bonnet, and entered the hack with him. We drove rapidly, I knew not whither. The man spoke not, and I sat absorbed in my own reflections. After driving a considerable distance, and, I thought, turning many corners, we at lasted stopped in a narrow lane. It was dark, and I could see objects very indistinctly; for, you remember, it was a gusty night. The man stepped out and tried to open the door of the house—knocked repeatedly: no answer was given. He then entered the hack, and told the hackman to drive to Dean's. I asked him, as we drove away, if Dean's was the tavern where Mr. Glassman was? He said 'yes.' 'Why did you not drive there at once?' I asked. He hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'that he had come there for a nurse for him. The tavern-keeper said he'd better get one, and directed him here.' It seemed to me strange; but I reflected the man was, perhaps, not very bright, and said no more. We soon stopped at another house.—I heard the sound of a violin. Around the

door was a crowd of men and boys, whose conversation shocked me. The man who rode with me, asked a boy he called Fritz, if he had seen old Moll. The boy replied, 'No.' The man then came to me, and said we had better go in. He was evidently perplexed.—I asked him if Mr. Glassman was in there. He replied that he was—but that we 'd have to go through a ball-room, that, perhaps, I wouldn't like. I still had no suspicion of the truth of what the man had told; but I thought he must be stupid or drunk. I entered the house with him.

"I have seen little of the varieties of life, but I immediately discovered, from the persons around the door, that this was a hall of the very lowest description of people—every moment the profanest and most shocking language saluted my ears. Can it be possible, I thought, that Mr. Glassman is here?—The man preceded me, leading the way into the room where the dancing was; saying that we must pass through it, to get into Mr. Glassman's room. The company in the room I cannot describe—they were wretched men and women; almost all of them were intoxicated, and many were drinking at a counter that stood in one corner covered with decanters. I told the man I would turn back, and he must come in the morning and take me to Mr. Glassman. 'Just come on,' said he, 'to the other end of the room, and take a seat a moment, and I will see the landlord, and we will find Mr. Glassman.' I followed after him, and took a seat—the men and women, as I passed along, stared at me, particularly the women, and addressed me in a language, much of which I did not understand, but what I did made me shudder—they called my companion, familiarly, 'Parsnips,' and asked him what game he was after now, and who I was. He gave some answer I did not understand, and pointing to a seat told me he would be back in a moment. I heard him ask, as he left me, of some one who stood staring at me, if he had seen old Moll—'Yes' said the person, 'she is at the other end of the room.' Left alone, I scarcely had time to think, before a number of men and women gathered round me, and asked me who I was. The men attempted to seize me and take off my bonnet, and the women stood by cursing me. One person, who was quite a lad, told them to let me alone—that I was nothing to them.

"'Yes,' said a woman, pushing a man towards me, who looked like a countryman, 'put her and this new chap together.'

"'Hands off!' said the one they called new chap; I can't stand every thing.' Here a terrible confusion and quarreling occurred: knives were drawn, and lives threatened. I know not what happened; I buried my head in my cloak to hide the sight. I heard the cry of murder,' 'don't kill me!' and, 'Johnson, you 'd no business to hit that man!' amidst many others! but I dared not look up. A crowd appeared to pass out the door, and descend the steps tumultuously. I looked round the room—there were very few persons in it and they were drinking and laughing at the counter. I did not know what to do—I feared to address them, and I thought, at first, that I would go out and try to find my way home, but the quarreling, noise, and imprecations without, in the street, determined me to stay where I was until the tumult had subsided—I sat still in the most painful anxiety; it appeared to me a lifetime. I kept my head buried in my cloak and bonnet. As two persons passed me, I heard one say to the other—'There 's a gal sewed up; let 's see who she is!' 'Oh! no matter,' said the other, and they passed on. After what I thought a very long time, the man who took me there came to me and said he thought I had gone home, or he would have been with me before. 'The larks are waiting,' he continued; 'you had better let me take you home—Mr. Glassman's not here.' I followed him out with alacrity: there was not a single person at the door; we entered a hack, and away it drove. I asked him if there was any one killed, he said, 'yes, there was.' 'Killed!' exclaimed a woman's voice, beside him, that made me start. 'I guess there was more 'an one done for—Johnson, the watchman, I reckon, could tell about it—he treated me to find out if I knew, but I guess old Moll 's not exactly a young one—but he must keep a look out when the court sits. I 'm pretty much slewed. Who 's this gal you 've got here!"

"No matter; I 'll show you before long," said he, in a voice that startled me—it sounded so like one of old. I hoped for the best, but I said not a word. Why was I so situated? What did it mean? I knew not, yet I feared to speak. The night was so dark and gusty, that I looked out in vain to observe the place. We stopped at length, but I could not discover where. The woman got out first, and tried to open a door; she could not, and called to the man to assist her. 'Wait a moment,' said he, as he went to her. He opened the door for her, returned to the hack, caught me in his arms, lifted me out, and told the hackman to drive on. I called out to the driver, and entreated him not to leave me; but he laughed, cracked his whip, and redoubled his speed. The man bore me into the house where you rescued me, Mr. Bradshaw. Not until the moment he discovered himself, had I the least suspicion that the man was Adams. I thought myself safe from him at least for ten years."

"He escaped from the penitentiary two months since," said Bradshaw; "he came here under an assumed name, and remained unsuspected until he stabbed a man in a row; he was then arrested, and discovered to be the notorious Adams who robbed Jemmy Swartz—and who was well known for other delinquencies before that affair!"

"Oh! Mr. Bradshaw; how shall I express my gratitude! In that lonely, horrid place I thought no help could come. Those women, gracious heaven!—to think that they should delight in the ruin of one of their own sex—that old Moll, I never did her any harm—yet she appeared to entertain the most demoniac hate towards me—her laugh!—I thought

myself among demons"—(here Bradshaw and Jane Durham arose from the bench against the jail, under the window, on which they were seated as we have described). "What will become of Adams?—though he is in these prison walls, I do not feel safe."

"Your oath! take that," exclaimed a voice behind them, through the prison window. At the same moment, Jane Durham said, faintly, "Gracious heavens! Adams, he has stabbed me!"—and would have fallen, but for Bradshaw, who caught her in his arms, lifted her from beneath the window and looked up at it. A sinewy arm, bare to the shoulder, was thrust through the bars; in the hand of which the blade of a large Spanish knife gleamed bright in the moonlight. Between two bars above it protruded the head of Adams—the countenance was livid with rage—he made two or three desperate plunges at Jane Durham as Bradshaw bore her beyond the reach of the instrument—and then something was heard to fall within the prison—his face became death-like—his hand dropped the knife—his features were horribly convulsed, while, in choked accents, he exclaimed, "The chair has fallen—I 'm hanging by the head—save me—hell—Oh!" He made repeated convulsive efforts to catch the bars with the hand that was thrust between them; but he had either lost his self-possession, or he was so situated as not to be able to bend his arm to reach them, for he strove in vain.

"Support yourself with your other hand," exclaimed Bradshaw, who comprehended his situation in a moment, and whose humanity merged every other feeling, "and I will get you assistance from Job." As he spoke, he bore Jane Durham towards the jailer's apartment.

"I am not hurt much, I believe, sir," said she, as they reached Job's door. "I was not near enough for him to strike a deadly blow. For mercy's sake, Mr. Bradshaw, leave me, and get him released from his awful situation—he will die, and it will be my fault."

Job was smoking his pipe, cozily, in his room, talking with his wife and Lucy. Bradshaw hastily informed him of the situation of Adams, looking, as he spoke, at Jane Durham's wound. It was on the top of the shoulder, bled profusely, but did not appear deep or dangerous.

"The devil," said Job, as he jumped up to get the keys, his thoughts occupied, not upon Adams's danger, but in wonderment how the ruffian could have contrived to hide the knife from him. "The devil, I didn't think the scamp could circumvent me that way—a large Spanish knife, hey! How could he a got it?—I 'll take my Bible oath he had'nt it when I put him in—nor when I took the irons off of him (Job and Bradshaw were proceeding to the cell of Adams, as the jailer continued). I took the irons off, you see, Mr. Bradshaw, because the scamp was in a poor way. Yes, he must have clum up to the window with the chair. The irons hurt his leg, for that 's badly swelled. I don't see how he could have got his head between the bars—it 's rather of the biggest (here Job opened the first door that led to a range of cells, in one of which was Adams). This lock turns as slick as grease; and the door opens without creaking—it ought to—all 's well greased. I like to get in an' out, Mr. Bradshaw, without making a noise that every rascal can hear."

"Job, you tread as light as a lady—it 's only my step that sounds."

"Yes, Squire, I tread light, though I be heavy. You see I 'm used to it; and, at night, I commonly put on a pair of Indian rubbers, so that I can take the rounds, and hear and not be heard."

As Job spoke, they reached the cell of Adams. The cells, as we have observed, were partly under ground. The window was high up, so that Adams, when he overheard the conversation, was compelled to put the chair against the wall, and stand on the back of it to discover who were without. The jail wall was very thick, the windows small, and the bars nearer the outside. The horizontal bars were closer than the upright ones; so that Adams when he mounted on the back of the chair (and it was a precarious foothold,) to see the individuals immediately under his window, had to protrude his head out sideways, and then turn it to look down. Enraged by Jane Durham's narrative of his conduct, and determined to take her life; yet, being unable to reach her as she sat, he had to await the moment of her rising, to strike with the probability of satiating his vengeance. By the movement of his person, in the desperate effort to inflict a deadly wound, he had pushed down the chair; and being unable, in that situation, to turn his head and withdraw it, he hung, of course, suspended by it. He could not relieve himself, as we have stated, with the hand that held the knife; and the other, not yet having recovered from the blow which Bradshaw gave him on the shoulder, at old Moll's, was useless: consequently, when Job and Bradshaw entered his cell, they found him hanging by the head, with his back towards them. A slight, jerking motion was made by his legs. Bradshaw caught hold of them, so as to relieve him, and called out to Job to put the chair against the wall, and get his head loose.

"Wait one moment, Squire," said the imperturbable Job, "till I fasten the door. No tricks upon travelers. Ha!" continued he, as he placed the chair against the wall; "look at that, now—one of his shoes is off; he had his knife sewed in the sole of it. (Mounting the chair, and feeling his head.) He 's dead, Squire—gone—died upon, I may say, a natural gallows for such a jail-bird. He wasn't born to be drowned—though he didn't expect such a hanging as this. I can't get his head loose—he 's as cold as them leg-irons. Well, among his other robberies, he 's robbed the penitentiary of more 'an five years of services, adjudged: and of many more debts of the kind, on which, if I may speak according to law, the state might have got judgment, but not *execution*—ha! ha! (All this time, Job was trying to get the head out.) It can't be

done, Squire—we 'll have to get help, and slant his body round, and get him out that way. Let go his legs, Squire. You needn't to hold him up—he 's as dead as though he was hung according to law: and that would have been a more honorable death, and a better one, to a certainty, than going this gate—for he 'd had time to repent, and a priest with him to pray—and time to think about his sins, and not gone out of the world trying to commit murder. It 's awful," continued Job, standing on the floor with folded arms, looking at the body—"it 's awful! You can't help feeling, though you oughtn't to feel for such creatures. It 's his own fault, and he 's nobody to blame but himself. You see, Squire, I let him have the chair, because he said his leg pained him, when he lay down with it, all the time—and he couldn't walk on it—and he wanted to set up a little. It 's wrong to be kind to these prisoners—they always pervert it to harm themselves. Well," said Job, as they left the cell, "I must get help, and get him down—and send off for the crowner and have a 'quest over him. Every prisoner in this 'ere jail shall know his end; and let it be a warning to 'em not to try to escape, or cut shines through the bars."

Job went for help, and Bradshaw to learn if Jane Durham needed a physician. The knife of the ruffian had penetrated her shoulder about two inches. The wound had bled freely, but the blood was now stopped by the appliances of Mrs. Presley, who thought that nothing serious was to be apprehended.

Jane Durham here stepped into her room for a moment, and Bradshaw followed her.

"Miss Durham," said he, "the only time I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. P———, he attended me professionally: his death was so sudden that I never remunerated him—you must allow me to cancel my indebtedness," and he inserted her his pocket-book.

"No, no! Mr. Bradshaw, I am indebted to you for more than life, and you cannot owe———"

"Nay, my beautiful, brave ally, you will deeply wound my feelings, if you do not take it. When you leave here look over Dr. P———'s books, and you will find that I am indebted to him this amount—if you do not, you can return it. Come, pretty Jane, my old schoolmate, you must take it—do you not remember how I used to pluck the wild flower for you, when you sang me a sweet song—that was a boy's gift, for the pleasure you had given; this is no gift at all; it is offered only because it is your due."

She stretched forth her hand; Bradshaw pressed it, and left in it the pocket-book.

"Jane, you told me once, after I had given you a rose, that you kept the stem when every leaf had gone. Now, to please an old schoolmate, just keep the book when its leaves are gone, in memory of auld lang syne. Remember, I give it to you as a knight of old would give his glove—a gage that I will be your champion, let who will enter the lists against you."

"Mr. Bradshaw, you press me to the earth with gratitude," said Jane Durham, while a blush glowed over her cheek, neck, brow, and bosom so vividly that she hid her face in her hands.

"Gratitude! I should be the grateful one, Jane: why, for the little service I did for you the other night, I have been greeted with shouts, huzzas, and praises from hundreds—for knocking down Adams, and for the mere circumstance at the fire. Take care of your wound, Jane—you must cure it without a scar—you must not have the least memorial of that ruffian near you. Good night."

"Lucy," said Bradshaw, as he entered the adjoining room, "do you know whether your father has got down the body of Adams yet?"

"Yes, sir," said Lucy, who was putting on her bonnet and cloak, "they 've got it down. Good gracious, ain't it terrible? Daddy says that his neck is broken and twisted, and his under jaw is broken, and many of his teeth are pushed out—but he was a bad man."

"Yes, Lucy, very. Where are you going?"

"I 'm going, sir, to stay with Mrs. Mulvany: her old man, Josey, is not very well, and she wants company."

"Who goes with you?"

"My daddy, sir."

"I can save him the walk, Lucy. I go directly by Nancy's; and you must let me be your beau."

Lucy blushed; and on the instant her father entered.

"Ah, squire!" exclaimed Job, "I 've just been to hunt the knife; here it is. It 's pretty much knife, I can tell ye. Well, he 'll never see it again, that 's sartin. His head 's mashed all to pieces, sir. We 've got him ready for the crowner. Squire, I 'll send you word when they meet, that you may depose. Come, Lucy."

"Job, I 'll save you the trouble—I go right by Mrs. Mulvany's, and I 'll see that Lucy gets there safe."

"Why, Squire, I can't think of giving you such a trouble."

"No trouble, Job, at all; it 's right in my way, man. Job, you know you told me that there were no boards in the jail yard, and you defied me to get out," said Bradshaw, laughing.

"Well, so I did, squire, and so I do," exclaimed Job: "you don't think you could ha' got over this high jail wall with the bench that was under Adams's cell window, do you?"

"Not exactly; but, if I were a prisoner in your jail, Job, and were to break jail, and get into the yard, don't you think, with the steps of the gallows, and the rest of it, I might contrive to scale the wall?"

"Furies! squire, that 's a true bill; and I never thought of it before—ain't that wonderful! You see, boards that 's left about the jail yard 's my fault, but it 's the sheriff's fault, if the gallows is left standing—I 'll tell him, though."

"Why, Job, it 's not natural that a jailer should think a malefactor would mount the gallows, to make his escape, hey!"

As Bradshaw and Lucy left the jail, Job

walked round to the gallows, and shook the steps and planks of it—then, after taking keen looks over the jail, he proceeded to his apartments, ruminating upon what had happened, muttering, as he went—

"It won't do to take the gallows down now we shall need it."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Lucy, those are pretty flowers of yours," said Bradshaw to the jailer's daughter, as they passed them; she tripping along by his side.

"Yes, sir; but sometimes I think I 'll never touch them again—the soil is so poor, and then the prisoners, who have the yard, take them, or tread over them so often."

"What beaux have you at the jail, Lucy?"

"Not many, sir—and, indeed, Mr. Bradshaw, there come so many bad men to jail, young men, too, who look as if they should be good, that though I don't suspect people, it seems to me I ought."

"And, Lucy, have you never been in love?"

"I have had likings, sir, but—"

"But what, Lucy?"

"I thought they would not please daddy, sir, and I tried to forget them."

"And you have not altogether succeeded?"

"Not altogether, sir."

"Lucy, I 'm too young to give you advice. I may stand in need of it myself, but—"

"Daddy says, sir, he thinks your advice is better than any of the lawyers."

"Ah! does he, Lucy? Well, as your daddy thinks so well of me, if ever I can be of any service to you in any way, you must not forget to ask it, will you?"

"No, sir, I will not."

"Lucy, you have behaved so kindly to Jane Durham that you deserve to do well. I 'll lay my life on it, you are the best girl that ever was in a jail. But beware of those persons about the jail: bad men love the fair flower, but they do not care to nurse it—even before it fades they neglect it; and when it withers, they rudely trample it in the dust—you have heard Jane Durham's story?"

"Yes, sir, and a hard life, indeed, she has had of it. Adams is the worst man, I think, I ever heard of."

"True, Lucy; but any one would shrink from such a wretch as Adams, by a kind of instinct; his roughness, his ferocity are not relieved by a single virtue that I can discover, and his countenance tells the tale on him at once—but there are others that are good-looking and fair spoken, who are as bad as Adams."

Lucy held down her head, and sighed.

"Lucy, let me give you this advice. Do not listen to any of these men, who have the liberty of the yard, if they speak to you of liking you. And when your good heart leads you to ask some sick prisoner through his prison windows, how he is; do not let your gentle, girlish sympathies too quickly believe the tale he tells you of his innocence. Receive his gratitude as your mother or your father would receive it. Do not think too much of the pretty words he tells it in—he may be very bad and seem to be very good. Some one of them may tell you he has reformed for love of you; but it will be much harder, may be, to keep good feeling alive in him, even though he has, than it is to cultivate your little bed of flowers, by the jail wall. How careful you have to be of that! The soil is so bad, and the prisoners who have the yard, take them, after you have so kindly tended them. Thus will it be with the gentle virtues—with love even of you, Lucy, in such a man's heart—his rude companions will tear them up after you have planted them, and nursed them with so much care, and you 'll have so often to water them with your tears. What kind of man is Johnson, the watchman, Lucy?"

"Oh! sir, from what came out to-day, he must be a very bad man. But I have always heard he was a very bad man. He got a good salary as a watchman—and he owned the house he lived in. His wife and daughter took in sewing, and every cent they made, he spent; and he treated them very badly—so folks say."

They here reached Nancy's door, and Bradshaw told Lucy to remember him to Nancy, and bid her good night.

"Bradshaw," exclaimed Nancy, who was coming out of a gate by her house. "Come in, and let me see ye yerself, and I 'll remember ye the better, man."

"How 's Josey, Nancy?"

"Better, honey, better—he 's had a bad rheumatiz, but he 's better. That 's Lucy with ye; she 's come to stay with me, is it? Come in a minute. I 've just been in the yard to get a brick to heat for Josey's feet—it 's better than a flat-iron, ye see, because that won't hold the heat so long, and the handle 's in the way—it 's very grateful to the rheumatiz. Come in."

Bradshaw and Lucy entered. Bradshaw sat a few moments, talking with Nancy, and then bid them good night.

"Lucy, dear," said Nancy, when Bradshaw had gone—"where did ye see Bradshaw?"

"At the jail, ma'am."

"Hand me that black bottle, Lucy, dear, in the corner of the cup-board. My hussy, Beck, ye see, runs about of errands so much through the day, that I let her go to bed. And niggers, being as they hain 't got the sense of white people, require more sleep, like dumb animals. And what did Bradshaw say to ye, honey—how come he to come with ye, dear?" proceeded Nancy, while she busied herself in making a little hot toddy for Josey; tasting frequently, to ascertain that the ingredients were properly mixed, adding now a little brandy, now a little sugar, and occasionally, a little water.

"What did he say to ye, dear."

"He gave me good advice," said Lucy, innocently.

"About what, honey," asked Nancy, glancing over her shoulder, at Lucy.

"Not to trust the people at the jail—any of

the men who have the yard, if they should speak to me of liking me," said Lucy, blushing.

"Good advice," said Nancy, pausing in the act of raising the glass to her lip, which she affected just to sip—"Bradshaw's a young one to give it, though—and he's not a professor of religion; but he's a good heart. He said nothing to ye but good advice, Lucy?"

"And he asked me of Johnson, the watchman, and his family."

"That 's an awful business, to-day, Lucy—that Johnson is as black-hearted as the evil one himself—he deserves hanging. I don't know when I felt for a human creature more than for that poor thing to-day. I wonder how she come to be at Dean's—it 's a low place;—she 's pretty, and she 's been awfully tempted. We 're sinners all. Lucy, dear, just tread lightly into the back room and bring me the Bible that 's open, on the foot of Josey's bed. How did you leave Jane Durham?"

"She 's happier than she was; she 's been walking in the jail-yard with Mr. Bradshaw, all the evening."

"Walking in the jail-yard with her," said Nancy to herself, with a half humorous, doubting smile, as Lucy left the room. "Good advice agin, I wonder! The poor thing likes Bradshaw; I just see where it 'll end—there be a fuss 'atween him and Glassman." Lucy here returned, and Nancy said to her:—"There, Lucy, that 's a good girl. Take a seat, and trim the candle, dear; I 'll do some knitting. We are weak creatures, all. That was a most excellent sarmunt we had last Sabbath morn, honey, from Mr. Gowler; there was real unction in it. 'Lead us not into temptation,' was the text. Temptation is an awful trial Lucy, and hard to resist. This is a wicked world; the natur of man is as prone to evil, as the sparks to fly upward, and for that matter, woman's too. I sometimes, honey, set and think—between whiles, when I 'm not selling at the court, and Beck's away, and I 'm not talking to no body, I have an awful time to think—I set and think of the snares, and pitfalls, and trials, and temptations, and backslidings—backslidings is a common sin, Lucy.—that besets the whole of us. I sometimes wonder to myself, how the world gits on so well, considering all things—the vanities, and wickedness, and tribulations, and besetments that 's around about us. But we must buckle on our armor, as good Mr. Gowler says, and fight the wicked one. Read out, Lucy; read out—your voice sounds to me like as if it was meant to read the Word."

Meanwhile, Bradshaw proceeded to his office. On his way he met Fritz.

"Fritz," he exclaimed, why did not you return to the court to-day, with the witness, who, you told me, was with you when you saw Johnson murder the man?"

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw, I've been hunting him all day, and I 'm after him now; I 'll bring him round to your office to-morrow."

"Well, do. How did you get away from Johnson, that night, Fritz—I never asked you?"

"Two of the boys came up, sir, and hustled him while I run."

"What was the reason the lane was so still that night?"

"Why, sir, the fuss sent some of the boys to covey, after the ball broke up—they were afraid of being brought in—and others were prowling about slily to catch some steamboat characters, who had been in the lane, just after dark, and had a fight with some of the boys. We had mustered strength, and expected to pay 'em up. I was looking round for them, when Johnson caught me. I expect he thought I knew something of the murder, and he wanted to put me in jail, and keep me safe from telling."

"Did not you pass me in the lane, that night, just before you get to old Moll's."

"Yes, sir, one of the boys, who was with you, came a-head and met me. He told me who you was, and that they were a going to see you through the lane. I thought I 'd go on; for the watchman, I expected, would be after me."

"Well, Fritz, take care of yourself, and bring big Bob round to my office as soon as you find him. Oh, why do they call Adams Parsnips?"

"Because, he said, sir, 't was the first thing he ever stole."

Bradshaw had scarcely left Fritz, while he walked along leisurely, enjoying the calm moonlight, when he was overtaken by Willoughby and Cavendish, arm in arm.

"Bradshaw," said the Kentuckian, "what girl was that you were walking with past the theater, on the *dark* side of the street?"

"Where were you?" asked Bradshaw.

"At the corner, by the magistrate's office," said the Judge, "your tongue was running like a steamer's wheels. Who was she?"

"Job's daughter."

"What Job?" asked the Judge.

"The jailer's daughter, Lucy."

"Bradshaw you 're a pretty fellow! Quite appropriate, though—and in character—a thief-taker, one night, and the gallant of a jailer's daughter another—I suppose you have the laudable intention of doing your best to make old Job as great a sufferer as was his namesake," said Cavendish.

"Judge, we must get you a tub, by Jove it 's all you want to be the Diogenes of our modern Athens."

"Well, I can tell you this, Bradshaw, in earnest," said the Judge; "that if you have any intention of playing the gay Lothario with this poor girl, who, I am told, is as good as she is pretty, that when I light my lamp to find an honest man, I 'll not walk round by your office for the purpose."

"Judge, you 'll finish your days in the pulpit, I 've no doubt—and, like too many of the cloth, you 'll think that all virtue is confined to your class. No, sir; your Roman friendship estimates my honorable feelings rather lowly. I 'll flirt with her who likes flirtation—I 'll go as far as I am led—I 'll meet, perchance, more than half way, the proffered blandishment that courts solicita-

tion. Nay, I may pass the Rubicon, but not over the ruins of a broken heart, a violated friendship, or a betrayed confidence."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Bradshaw," said the Judge. "I know you are something of a Cæsar in ambition; and I did not know but your morality also resembled his."

"The Judge lectures you like a very Cato, Bradshaw," said Kentuck; "and I hope you'll lay it to heart: for he's a righteous judge."

"You're marvellous godly men, upon my word!" exclaimed Bradshaw, laughing. "You've been to the theater—hey? The Judge here would enact the Hypocrite to perfection, and Kentuck, I think I hear you as Maw-worm, exclaiming, 'He's a saint.'"

"Then you don't think you'll ever play the character of Joseph," said Kentuck to Bradshaw.

"Joseph!" exclaimed Bradshaw—"what, Mrs. Potiphar's Joseph?—never, if from no other consideration than a respect for my garment. The Judge now enacts another Joseph, Joseph Surface, admirably—he has such 'excellent sentiments!'"

"This all may be very witty, Bradshaw," said the Judge; "but I'm sorry to hear you express yourself so—I hope it is the ambition of saying witty things, and not your notions of morality that dictates to you. And, to speak upon a matter of company—jailer's daughters and frail ones in allies,—you had better confine your republicanism to your politics."

"Bah!" said Bradshaw. "My republicanism teaches me self-respect in all respects.—Don't you know that the great poet says you must not

> '——have too much respect unto the world,
> They lose it that do court it with much care.'

Yes, sir; this world is like a coquette—woo devotedly, and you're jilted—treated as Garrick treated his friends—

> 'He let off his friends as a huntsman his pack;
> For he knew, when he chose, he could whistle them back.'

But stand upon your reserved rights, as a man, which you did not part with, when you became a party to the compact of society—and society will respect you. Who lives in that splendid mansion?" continued Bradshaw, pointing to one near them.

"D——" exclaimed the Judge.

"Well—his father was a Scotchman, and was sold, on his arrival in this country, as an 'indented servant,' to pay his passage money. He applied himself, after his time was out, to commerce—made a fortune; and there his son lives, a very clever fellow. The servant who will come to his door, when you pull the bell, is an 'indented servant'—sold to pay his passage from the *auld* country: no more and no less than what D——'s father was. Lucy Presley is the daughter of old Job Presley, the jailer, whose father fought in the good fight of our revolution, and held the respectable station of lieutenant in the continental army. He had not a sixpence when the army was disbanded, and he married the daughter of a tavern-keeper, and died a short time afterwards of strong waters. Job was born after his father's death; and, in due time, ran about his grandfather's tavern, no doubt, a curly headed ragamuffin, who held a traveler's horse for a copper, and consorted with stable boys, whose greatest envy was a well-appointed horse jockey. Lucy is of a good family—hey, Judge! Yet, the Miss D——s might think it strange to meet Lucy Presley in society:—nevertheless, Lucy has more beauty and more intellect than all the Miss D——s put together: and I am not saying that they are not very clever girls—good, honest, true-and-true descendants from old D——, an 'indented servant,' who was no less a personage than their grandfather. Now, I think no more of the Miss D——s because they have wealth—nor should I think less of them, if they wanted it; and it is perfectly indifferent to me who their grandfather was so long as they are ladies, and behave as such. But should it ever so happen—and such things often happen—that Lucy, humble as she now is, should be invited into society, and I should hear the Miss D——s speak of the distinction of 'their set,' and the sin of admitting a jailer's daughter among the aristocracy, I should, with the coolest voice in the world, mention who Lucy was—her family,—and ask if one generation could make or break titles to aristocracy; and upon what aristocracy was founded?—whether the grand-daughter of a soldier of the revolution, who was beautiful and good, had not as high claims upon the attention of society, as the grand-daughters of an honest old Scotchman, who was a freeman, or, rather, a *freedman*—because he worked out his freedom, but not in the battle-field."

"Why, Bradshaw, I thought you liked the Miss D——s," said Cavendish.

"So I do—and I like them because they have much less assumption than persons generally, who have acquired wealth as they did;—and so long as they are as they are, God speed them, and continue with them all the blessings that wealth bestows. But the moment they claim peculiar privileges and immunities, on the score of wealth,—I would give the honor to whom it is due,—I would blazon the grandad's indentures on their front door, and do all I could to promote a match between one of the Miss D——s and their 'indented servant,' because I should be for keeping their wealth in their peculiar line of aristocracy—to which society I would confine them."

"D—n the D——s!" exclaimed the Judge, who was full of family pride, for he claimed descent from one of the first, wealthiest, and foremost families in the revolution—a family that had possessed an immense entailed estate, which, under our republican government, as estates tail are not known, passed out of their hands by a prodigality which knew how to spend, but not to earn. "Bradshaw, every body says you write those lampoons that are making such a fuss in Jekyl's paper. Why don't you lampoon these upstarts?"

"Now, Judge, there you're wrong. I should begin my lampoon on family pride, if I lampooned any such follies. I wish Selman were here; I'd make a whole host of such quotations on the subject: from Burns, about rank being but the 'guineas' stamp,' and a man being the 'gold, for aye that'—yes, and the ploughman-poet might have said that there is less alloy in the unstamped gold than in the guinea—from Pope, on the 'blood of the Howards;' from Tom Jefferson; from Burke, who, though he was the great champion of aristocracy, did not respect it much in the person of the duke of Bedford, when defending himself and son from the Duke's attack—from, in fact, all the great names of modern and ancient times. It 's well enough for him who has no other distinction but his wealth, to boast of that—it 's all he has to boast of.—He who has nothing but family pride can have pride, of course, in nothing else. We who carry our stock in trade upon our shoulders must—ay, you laugh—you think we may not have enough to speak of—no, we never should have enough to speak of ourselves; let others speak of it—that 's the kind of pride that I pride myself in. Self-sustainment is my theory. Blow high or blow low, and I 'll practice it."

"You 're right, Bradshaw; only I 'd have this self-sustainment, as the true Kentuck spirits have it, from the heart, from impulse, from nature," said Willoughby.

"So would I," said Bradshaw, "have it from the heart, but I 'd call the head in as a co-operator. I tell you what it is, we must always call the head in to the help of that same fluttering, palpitating, trembling, impulsive agent. Why, though you are lion-hearted, yet, if the net is round you—you remember the fable—you are confined by cords that you cannot break, unless the little mouse cuts through them, and lets you out! Your heart may be ever so big and so valiant, but when it gets you into a scrape, Judge, when the net 's around you, you have, after all, to set that mouse of a head of yours to work."

"Mr. Bradshaw, what do you mean by that?" asked Cavendish, petulantly; "I don't understand you, sir."

"No harm, Judge, no harm," replied Bradshaw, laughing, "I think too well of your heart to disparage your head."

There were but few persons stirring at this hour. This conversation commenced in a fashionable and much-frequented street, and before it had continued long, the young men came to a halt, at a corner, where there had been a great fire, and where nothing stood around them but its ruins. Here they parted: Bradshaw strolled on, for he wished to be alone, and the excitement of the day had banished sleep. Standing, at last, upon a hill that overlooked the city, for he had rambled to a favorite spot, ruminating upon the thoughts which the conversation had called up, he said, in soliloquy, almost aloud—"Bah! what can the few wealthy men in that city do for me; leave me their fortunes they won't, though I were ever so much their humble servant; give me a daughter one of them might, if the lady fair were willing, and if willing she were—

> 'Though father and mother and a' should gae mad,
> Whistle, and I will come to you my lad.'

I must remember that quotation for Selman's benefit—who couldn't reconcile mammy or daddy afterwards. But I can earn wealth sufficient, without any such proceedings. The vote of Lim who lives in the largest mansion in that full city, is no better than his vote who tumbles with a dozen others out of a shanty. Ay, and it is often given with not half so much disinterestedness—the great mass of the people mean to do right—they seek no office and expect none. Give me old Job's vote and influence in preference to D————'s any day. And as for family pride—if that counts—have I not the proud, imperial purple of the "commonwealth of kings," the Pilgrims in my veins—made hotter by this southern sun, which my fathers preferred to a colder beam? No, let these men dive and dig, and delve and toil on to make wealth, and be aristocrats—heaven save such aristocracy—nothing else can save it beyond one generation in our country. Truly has some one said, that here 'the children of the rich are the parents of the poor.' Let them get wealth—they 'll spend the more some day to do honor, may be, to their humble servant. Let them get wealth, and bring their sons up in sloth; 't will keep them out of my path. If Talbot were poor, he might do something; but now, bah! he will be spurred into an occasional feebie effort, and fail. And his wealth will give him all the leisure to canker and fester over it. But I—the stern necessity is on me to labor—to do head work—and if the sweat of the brain is like other sweat, a plebian offering to the goddess industry, may be I may pluck, in my rough road, a certain leaf or two, and hide the sweltering stain upon my brow, as Cæsar hid his baldness. 'Impossible,' said Mirabeau—'that word is not in my vocabulary,' nor shall it be in mine."

CHAPTER XX.

Scraggs had so far eluded justice. When he left the court-house he forged a check upon one of the banks for ten thousand dollars, obtained the money, and left the city in a steamboat, before his absence from the court was observed. It was thought he had gone to one of the new states in the far West. As Mr. Shaffer had not yet returned, the court appointed Bradshaw to attend to his duties; in their fulfillment the case of Johnson, the watchman, was presented to the grand jury. They found an indictment against him for murder in the first degree.

Johnson sent his wife and daughter to Bradshaw, to implore his tenderness. Of course, he resisted, but not without being deeply moved by their tearful solicitations. A by-

stander, to have heard them, would have supposed that Johnson was one of the best husbands and fathers in the world. In such cases, lawyers are often placed in situations that probe their feelings to the core; but as Erskine said, on a memorable occasion, they should "do their duty, and leave the consequence to God."

What lawyer has not observed this difference between the sexes, namely: If a woman is indicted for an offense, who attends her in the awful presence of justice, to console and cheer her, braving the stare of the gaping crowd, the humiliation of such companionship and such a connexion?—a mother or a sister. How seldom a father, a brother, or a husband! If a man is placed in the bar, who is most solicitous for him?—always his aged mother, his broken-hearted wife, or his sorrowing daughter. Shame, sorrow, degradation, contempt, are all forgotten in the strength of a woman's love. How seldom in a man's! if he attends—and when does he?—his look towards the prisoner at the bar, though his nearest relative, is often dark and scowling—a sense of the shame that attaches to himself weighing on him at the very crisis of the prisoner's fate. A woman's look is that of compassion and sympathy. She thinks not of her own situation, or of the opinion of the crowd around her, as regards herself: if she glances at them, it is only when some part of the testimony makes for or against *him*, or the judge, or the lawyer speaks upon some strong point, that she may discern their opinions of his fate. She watches his every movement: if she is near him, she anticipates his every want—she hands him the glass of water to quench the fever that anxiety has produced—she walks by his side from the court to the prison, and from the prison to the court—she sits as near to him in the court as possible—she would sit in the bar with him, would they allow her—she waits for hours to exchange one word with him through the grated door—she rakes and scrapes all she can to make him decent at his trial, that his appearance may produce a favorable impression. If the awful verdict is against him, she forsakes him not, though all the world have forsaken him. In the last extremity, she is by his side with a love that, like a noble arch, pressure strengthens. She attends him to the very foot of the gallows—his ignominy, his ill-treatment of her are not thought of. Whose wail was that, which, when the fatal drop fell, pierced every ear and every heart with the conviction that there was one whose pang was keener even than the dying convict's?—'t was hers. And she will beg his body, and compose decently the distorted limbs, and bury him with care. The spot where he is laid, though known as the murderer's grave—which the world points to with horror, and where superstition says no grass will ever grow—is, nevertheless, a hallowed spot to her, where she will even plant the flower and nurture the grass, to induce the belief that, if superstition is correct, the sleeper is innocent. What the poet makes her say is true—

"I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!"

Johnson made a desperate struggle for his life. He employed, as his counsel, the celebrated Mr. W———t.

In this city, where our narrative is laid,—which, as we have before told our readers, for good and sufficient reasons, we may not name, there being, may be, more truth in our story, than is necessary to make a novel—in this city it was customary for the ladies (the very fashionable ones), to attend important trials, when it was understood that there would be nothing said that a delicate ear might not hear. The ladies were very anxious to attend this trial. First of all, perhaps, they wished to see Jane Durham, of whom they had heard a great deal; and, secondly, they were desirous of hearing the speech of Mr. W———t, who was esteemed, by many of the best judges, the best advocate of our country, and that of Bradshaw, whose rising reputation, and marked character, were becoming, daily, a subject of more interest; and, lastly, if we were scandalous, or even disposed to attribute to the sex some of those characteristics, which certain cynics have attributed to them so often, that the common ear has been abused, we should say, some personal considerations of the array they would make, mingled with their curiosity. Certain it is, that, at the house of Mrs. Gray, the day before the trial, several of the fair fashionables, among whom she was the leader, after debating the matter among themselves, whether there would be any impropriety in attending the trial, resolved, unanimously, that there was none. And Willoughby, Cavendish, and several other gentlemen, were advised that their services, as beaux, were expected on this occasion.

"They should have called us into the council," said Cavendish to Willoughby, "before they determined to poke themselves into the court-house, and push us out of our seats, to witness a trial for murder! This is worse than yours and Bradshaw's mania for thief-catching. They 'd better commence the practice of the law, at once. They 've got to wearing the breeches,—at least so their ankles indicate,—and, by and by, they 'll throw off their own apparel, and stand revealed in ours. But, Kentuck, we must take the girls, Miss Carlton and Miss Bradshaw: they want to hear W——t and Bradshaw—a proper curiosity in them. I 'll wait on Miss Bradshaw."

"You 'll miss the figure, there," said Kentuck. "I have engaged to attend her and Miss Carlton, myself. I 'll resign Miss C. to you, if you say so."

"Ah! jumps the cat that way? I thought you told me once, you 'looked to the west when you went to your rest'—quoting Burns."

"So I do; and I may tell you that the Purchase lies directly west from the city—but I 'm Bradshaw's friend, as well as yourself. And as I am a broad-shouldered Kentuckian, I can push my way through the crowd better

than you; and I want Miss Bradshaw to have a good seat, that she may hear her brother."

"Very *friendly*," exclaimed Cavendish. "Well, from the same friendly motive, I'll escort Miss Carlton, and follow in the wake of your broad shoulders—she takes an interest in Bradshaw, too, I take it."

The night before the trial, Bradshaw, an hour after dark, closed the book which he was reading in his office, and, rising, said to himself—

"To-morrow comes on the trial of Johnson. W——t will make a great speech. He ought to; he is grey in greatness, with the experience of fifty winters on his head—with an intellect ripened, matured, in its fullest vigor. Like certain rare trees, it bears fruits and flowers—the imagination of the poet and the subtlety of the logician at the same time. Well, I've been studying hard all day; I can't know the case better if I study it till it comes on. I'll slip on my best bib and tucker; wear a careless mien—a smooth brow—and go to the party:—but—

'Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.'"

When Bradshaw entered the court room the next morning, he found Nancy seated at her usual place, within the door of the large area, from which passages lead to the clerk's office, the civil court, the criminal court, etc., eyeing sharply over her specks the motley crowd—anticipating, no doubt, a rich harvest, for she had a more than usual supply on her table, temptingly arranged.

"Beck, you hussy, stand close to me. Two for a fip, honey—them apples are two for a fip. The frost killed 'em all last spring—and, remember, this is spring again. Ah! Bradshaw, is that ye—no news of Scrags yet."

"No, Nancy, not a word."

"Ye may depend he 's gone for good, Bradshaw: he was the meanest white man going—he was jist like one of them apples I've pitched away there—*rotten to the core;* he 'll be overtaken yet in his iniquity, ye may depend. Ther 's a judgment agin him."

Bradshaw passed on.

"Beck," exclaimed Nancy, to the girl, "pick up yer spelling-book; don't ye see it 's drapped in the dust. Though I 'm none of yer abolitions, as ye call 'em," continued Nancy, addressing an acquaintance who was buying some apples; "for I believe niggers were meant for slaves—yet they ought to have learning enough to read God's word. Beck can spell now. In her book ther 's some reading besides spelling; and I like to look over it myself sometimes—it 's as good as a sarmont."

"Ah, dears," continued Nancy, as she turned and beheld Miss Bradshaw and her companions; "ye 've come to hear the trial, hey? Well, it ain't often such sweet girls as ye come to court—and I wish all that come could have such happy faces—but that can't be. Miss Emily, your brother has brought this murder to light, bravely;—he kept dark till the nick o' time."

The ladies stopped and spoke with Nancy. She pressed nuts and apples on them. Kentuck put his hand in his pocket to pay for them.

"Kentuck!" exclaimed Nancy (she gave him the appellation his friends generally gave him), "wait till I ask ye, will ye? Dears, get good seats. Jist on them chairs, behind the jury-box, is a good place. Josey Mulvany!—I was jist calling to Josey to get ye chairs—but the poor man's got the rheumatiz."

The ladies entered the court room, and were so fortunate as to obtain the seats recommended by Nancy.

"Who is that beautiful creature that Mr. Bradshaw is talking with?" asked Mary Carlton, of Willoughby, a few minutes after they were seated.

"Where?—Ah! to the left of the box opposite;—that 's the fair lady for whom he played knight errant."

"What a sweet face that girl has beside her!"

"She 's the jailer's daughter. Bradshaw calls her his jaileress of hearts."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Why, Mr. Bradshaw is as republican, as democratic in his gallantry, as he is in his politics."

"We must give him credit for sincerity, at least," said Miss Carlton; "for unlike many politicians, he practices what he preaches."

Bradshaw here discovered them, and made his way through the crowd to the side of Mrs. Gray. The lady laughed, and repeated to him what she had said.

"Lucy, lady," said he, in reply, "is what Halleck, our American poet, calls one of 'Nature's Aristocracy.' The flower that blooms in a jail yard is as beautiful, to me, as that which grows upon the castle walls,—more so, if in itself it is beautiful; because it must have rare virtues to win the respect of the inmates of such a place—and Lucy has won it. Flowers, lady, cannot choose their brith-place, any more than the fair beings of whom poesy makes them the type."

Here the O yes—O yes—of the crier rang through the court-house. Bradshaw took his seat at the trial table. Johnson was brought in, and placed at the bar. The prisoner made an effort to look frank and unembarrassed. When the indictment was read to him, he said, not guilty, in a husky voice. His weeping wife and daughter followed him, and took their seats touching the railing which encircled him. They looked around anxiously—at the judges—at the lawyers—at the crowd—where, seemingly finding nothing in the expression of their countenances favorable to their relative, they turned, with imploring eye, to the glittering throng of their own sex, who, in the pride of beauty and wealth, occupied nearly half the place allotted to the lawyers, and all the space behind the jury-box,—there, indeed, they met sympathetic looks.

"What detains us, Mr. Bradshaw?" asked the Judge.

"May it please your honor, we wait the coming of Mr. W——t. The clerk had better call the witnesses: in the mean time Mr. W——t will, no doubt, arrive."

While the names of the witnesses were being called, Mr. W———t entered. Mr. W———t was a tall, thick-set man, dressed well, may be with a little dash of dandyism; for, knowing the interest the cause had excited, he was not unmindful either of the physical or mental man. He had a full face, rather cadaverous complexion, which proceeded partly from excesses, that had impaired his constitution in early life, though now he was a model of all "that might become a man." From complete obscurity, and doubtful parentage, he had forced his own way; and not only reformed the indiscretions—to use no harsher term—into which an acute sensibility, contemplating his friendless condition, in his start in life, had plunged him, but he had won a reputation, which, for forensic eloquence and legal acumen, was not surpassed by any of his countrymen. He had devoted himself exclusively to his profession, what so few American lawyers of commanding talents do. His eye was blue—nose hooked—forehead compact, and broad. His manners were those of a finished gentleman.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Mr. W———t, "I see I shall have to gird on my best armor. I am rather rusty in criminal law—it is some time since I have practiced it—though we often gathered our greenest laurels in this field."

Bradshaw bowed, and, smiling, said, he came not to gather laurels, but to accustom himself to the field in which they were won.

W———t smiled, shrewdly, and shook his head.

The testimony given on Jane Durham's trial against Johnson was now presented to the jury *in extenso*. We need not recapitulate it. Job Presley, the Rev. Mr. Norris, and the person who had overheard the conversation by his cell door, between Johnson and old Moll, were, of course, examined, and cross-examined by Mr. W———t, but all his skill could not detect them in a contradiction, nor lead them into one. The next witness called to the stand was Fritz. He corroborated all that Jane Durham had stated of the events at the ball. It was he who told the crowd around her, in the ball room, to let her alone. He stated that the quarrel arose between the stranger, Carpenter, who was killed, and some of the frequenters of Dean's, about a girl who lived with old Moll, called Sal, and because of his intrusion among them, he not being, as they said, of their set. The girl had brought him to the ball, and quarrelled with him after he got there; and when some of the company took it up, she gave one of them a dirk, and told him to stab Carpenter. Carpenter was stabbed, but not seriously, when, in the midst of the riot, Johnson, the watchman, came in. The company gave way to him, and did his bidding, all but Carpenter, who, not knowing he was a watchman, used ill language to him, at which Johnson struck him repeatedly with his pantoon, and led him by the collar out of the house. Johnson treated him so roughly that some of them called out not to kill him. Fritz and another followed Johnson out; the watchman led Carpenter by the collar some way from the house, when the crowd returned to it. Carpenter asked Johnson where he was going to take him, just as they got by the lamp, and Johnson knocked him down: he fell with his head against the curb-stone. While he was down, Johnson kicked and beat him, telling him to get up. Finding he could not rise, the watchman stooped down, and tried to lift him, muttered something to himself, and walked up to old Moll, who was standing in the shade, against the house, not far off. They spoke in a low tone; Fritz and his friend not wishing Johnson to know that they observed his conduct, returned to the ball. Fritz was followed by Big Bob, the person who was with him, and saw Johnson assault Carpenter—his testimony was the same.

Jane Durham, also, was examined. When she told of Johnson's manner by the dead body, Mr. W———t inquired how she came there. In answer, she narrated how Bradshaw had rescued her, in a way that interested the whole court—while every one was impressed with her beauty, her friendless condition, and her modesty. All eyes were alternately fixed upon Bradshaw and her. "Bradshaw is really blushing," whispered Talbot (the gentleman, our readers remember, who reproached Jekyl for being a blacksmith, at the debating society, for which Bradshaw commented severely on him) to Mrs. Gray: "this is the first time I ever saw the soft suffusion in his cheek."

"When for such a cause shall we see the soft suffusion in your cheek?" asked Miss Carlton, who overheard him.

"Never, I fear, Miss Carlton, if I have to frequent such places as this young woman has described, to show my chivalry."

"I hope you may never frequent them for any other purpose," said Mrs. Gray, who liked not Talbot's implication, and who was one of your ladies who cared not what she said. Mary Carlton turned, and affected to attend to the trial—but her thoughts wandered, and were troubled.

The physicians who examined the dead body were sworn: they testified, unanimously, that there were two wounds on the head, either of which was sufficient to have caused his death, as the skull was fractured terribly in both places. One wound was on the top of the head—it had completely mashed in the skull—the other was over the eye; and it was thought was produced by Carpenter's falling against the curb-stone, when he was knocked down. His body was found a considerable distance from the lamps; and, from marks upon the clothes, it evidently had been dragged there. A witness stated that he knew Johnson well; and when he left the hall, he overtook him dragging a man along. He asked Johnson what was the matter, and he replied, he was taken a drunken man home: witness asked if he should help him, and Johnson replied, that he could manage him—witness thought it strange, but passed on.

The prisoner had a Mrs. Beazeley called in on his behalf—a young widow of rather doubtful character, who kept as her sign (probably for fear of mistake), emphatically said, "A

genteel Boarding-house." She was dressed very gaudily. Pinky sharp features, and a shrewish eye, which she tried hard to subdue into an expression of amiability, and which was almost hid in the abundance of her curls, appeared under her bonnet, as she timidly removed her veil.

The judge was at times a very stern man, and having seen a good deal of the worst of human nature, his tones were, when he thought he had a bad specimen before him in the shape of a witness, keenly peremptory.

After trying in vain, with the assistance of his half closed hand applied to his ear to hear the lady, he exclaimed—

"The court can't hear one word you say, madam: you *must* take off your bonnet."

The widow thought the judge had as full authority in all matters in the court house as she had in her household, and, therefore, dreamed not of disobeying. She started, drew a long breath, and, with trembling hands, took off her bonnet—when, lo! all her curls, being fastened to the side of it, were removed, of course, and the widow stood before the audience with her hair gathered up on the top of her head as tight as it could be drawn—so tight that the bit of red list that bound it, actually drew up her eyebrows, and, as her hair was very short, it stood out from the top of her head, like the scalp lock of a Mohawk. An irresistible burst of laughter broke from every one in the court room; in which the judge could not refrain from joining, while above the uproar, Nancy, who liked not the widow, was heard to exclaim,

"The Lord love us! the vanity of that woman—saw ever a body the like of that? she looks for all the world like the sign of the Ingin, at old Broadbelt's."

The widow glanced round the court, with an eye from which all amiability had fled—it literally flashed fire. When she heard the exclamation of Nancy, her concentrated rage found an object. Shaking her fist at Nancy, while her top-knot shook in unison, she called out, in a voice almost choked with rage,

"Yes, you hussy—you hag—I've got as good a head of hair as 'ary lady in this here room. Don't they wear false curls—you—you—you've got no more hair under your old hypocritical, methodist cap, than there is on the back of my hand, and you may thank your sins for it."

Nancy who was standing on an elevation, within the railing, that extended on each side of the prisoner's box, had tossed up her spectacles to the top of her head—or, as the eloquent biographer of Patrick Henry says, speaking of that orator, when about to say his severest things, she had given them the "war cant," and placed her arms a-kimbo, in the attitude of making an annihilating reply, when the authoritative voice of the judge instantly restored order, though the eyes of the respective parties still flashed the defiance and retort they dared not utter.

The widow replaced her bonnet, and with a voice tremulous, not with modesty, but with passion, and loud enough, in all conscience, gave in her testimony; which was of an immaterial character.

Mr. W———t took two positions, in the defense of the prisoner. First. That, in entering the ball-room, and in arresting any one who was disturbing the peace, the watchman was in the fulfillment of a duty which he was bound to perform; that Carpenter, the deceased, was guilty of a breach of the peace, and that the watchman was bound to take him to the watch-house; that Carpenter resisted his authority, and the watchman had a right to use force; and, if death was the consequence, the act could not be felonious homicide, but was excusable, if not justifiable. Secondly. That, if Johnson had committed any offense, it was not murder, but manslaughter.

Mr. W———t dwelt upon these positions with unusual eloquence. Knowing the deep excitement prevailing against the prisoner, he addressed the jury like one under no feeling, one way or the other; but merely as a calm reviewer of the circumstances. It was done with consummate skill. He ridiculed, with great tact, the eves-dropping, as he called it, of Job—and he quoted Scripture against the chaplain. Now and then, a stroke of pathos was thrown in, that touched every heart.

While Mr. W———t spoke, Bradshaw's eye was on the jury, with an occasional glance at the audience, then on the jury. Without seeming particularly to observe, he marked every wrinkle on their brows—each compression of the lip. When a juryman altered his position, moved an arm, rubbed his hand through his hair, he noticed whether it was emotion or the want of it.

Notwithstanding Bradshaw's frequent speaking, his practice in public, his schooling in private, his power of self-control, and his perfect knowledge of the case, he felt a tremor in every fibre of his body, when he rose to reply. He saw and understood the impression produced by Mr. W———t, and he was painfully anxious for himself. The idea that he might fail, for a moment swallowed up all his other ideas, like Aaron's serpent. At this instant he caught the eye of Talbot: an expression lurked in it which he liked not. In a moment he was the most self-possessed man in the court house. How much our foes help us on in this world! What they say against us, makes us achieve more than all our friends can say for us. In another moment Bradshaw forgot every thing but the case. Without any attempt at rhetoric or display—with a bosom almost bursting with the burning thoughts he wished to utter, he calmly and clearly recapitulated the arguments, and examined the positions taken by Mr. W———t.

It is not often that the possessor even of great oratorical talents can produce a great effect. He must have a great subject, or have his feelings so interested as to make it great to him. Bradshaw had many motives to exertion, and they all pressed on him with their united weight: but, a few moments after, he forgot them all in the cause—and then his great powers began to develop themselves. Now and then, when he observed the agitation

of the prisoner—the gratitude that beamed in the lustrous darkness of Jane Durham's eye—his sister's deep and proudly affectionate regard—Willoughby's and Cavendish's friendliness—Talbot's envy—Mary Carlton's look of delight, her almost tearful joy—and last, though not least, when he marked the fixed, and somewhat agitated, attention of W——t, he thought of himself, of Clinton Bradshaw, and his brow wore the proud consciousness, that Cæsar's might have worn, "the black-eyed Roman, with the eagle's beak," when, in the forum, he first successfully opposed the veterans who had

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy,"

Or that Chatham's wore, when, notwithstanding "the atrocious crime of being a young man," he vanquished the veteran debaters. But these feelings were momentary; and, towards the close of his speech, they were merged, lost, overwhelmed in the cause. Then, every look, tone, gesture, every winged word, breathed, burned with eloquence—every eye was on him—every heart was unconscious of any thing but the emotions which he called up. He described Johnson refusing to get the light—shrinking away from the dead body—in such a manner that every one was startled with the fear of guilt in his own heart. He denounced his attempt to fix the crime upon Jane Durham, because "she had no friends," in a voice that swelled, and rolled, and echoed through the court-room, mingling itself with the feelings of the audience, like a trumpet-call to vengeance in a righteous cause. It sounded like the denouncing spirit's pouring forth the vials of wrath. A wild, unnatural excitement ran through the court—the prisoner started and glared horribly around, as if he thought they meant to seize him. At this moment Bradshaw exclaimed in his boldest tone, "What say you—guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty! guilty!" involuntarily burst from the lips of many of the audience, and several of the jury.

Bradshaw took his seat.

After the lapse of some moments of profound silence, Mr. W——t arose and made a speech on a prayer of instructions, which he offered to the court; not with any hope of having the prayer granted, but for the purpose of giving the jury time to cool from the effects of Bradshaw's eloquence. The judge, in charging the jury, advised them not to make up their minds *now*, but to retire to their room and deliberate upon the subject. He defined to them the different degrees of murder, according to the statutatory provisions of the state (the second degree being unknown to the common law); and he appeared to incline to the opinion that the prisoner's guilt was of the second degree.

The jury here retired, and the court adjourned.

After the crowd had left the court-room, as Judge Price was passing out, he said to Nancy, with a quiet humor lurking in his mind, but with a face as grave as though he were on the judgment seat.

"Nancy, you literally astonished me to-day. I thought, considering you have been so long about the court-house—acquainted with all the lawyers; going in and out, even of the bar, whenever you chose—a privilege which no other woman is permitted to, supplying us all with fruit, and having known us so long, I really thought you felt as high a concernment in the dignity and becoming gravity of the court as though you sat upon the bench; I need not say how much I was mortified to-day!"

This was touching Nancy on a tender point:—she had been so long a kind of appendage to the court, that she actually deemed herself necessary to the administration of justice—and though she held herself authorized to say of court and bar what she chose, yet no one could speak disrespectfully of them in her presence, except of Scrags, without being reprimanded—for the judge she had the highest respect, and she therefore replied in the greatest confusion,

"The Lord love ye, Judge Price, I never thought at all about it till I said it. I was like the weak old woman that spoke in church—and as soon as she heard herself speak, she called out—'O! I've spoke in church—there, I've spoke agin in church.'—And next to speaking in church, is speaking, for a body like me, in the court. Every part and particle that concerns this here court, I feel as if it was my own character; but, the Lord love ye, Judge, and be merciful to all of us—this Mistress Beazely, with her Dunstable bonnet and curls—bless me—why she lived with me once; and a pretty trollop she was—ye may swear to it—not worth half as much as my bluckey, Beck, if proper conductions is the thing. The trouble I had with her, when she was a girl, was a sin—she flirted about with the fellows—the trollop, jist as bare-faced as she stood in the court to-day, when her bonnet was off; and what modesty she put on was all sham, like her curls, that o' rights belong to some poor dead body. She's an ungrateful cretur, judge. My Beck told me this very morn, that she heard her tell old Kate—the hussy—that pertends to sell good clean fruit, when she's as dirty as she can be—that she ought to move her table up here to the court, and have a stand by the other door. That's her gratitude, to hurt me in this style. Think of it!—my Beck told me of it this morn, as true as ye're standing there, judge, jist after Mistress Beazely went into court; and she smirked and smiled at me, and talked her prittiest—the varmint—'afore she went in. Who would have thought of her conception? This is a wicked conceptious world! But let old Kate bring her apple-table here! if there ain't a sally, as my first husband used to say, when he talked about the wars, my name's not Nancy."

"Nancy, you've the true spirit of the war in you," said the judge, laughing; "but remember, you and your husband fought on the wrong side."

"Till we come over to the right, judge! When he left the British, I left them, and we joined the Continentals. They maintained their rights, and so will I, for lawyer Bradshaw, and ye know, yerself, Judge Price (for I've hearn ye say it), that no man at this bar has a better head than Bradshaw, he tells me that I'm intitled to sell here, by myself, by a prior right—the right, I think he called it, of description—(*prescription*)."

The Judge passed on, saying—"Yes, Nancy, he can give you as good advice as any one. He has managed this case admirably, to-day; but you know I must not say a word about it, as I may have to decide the question of *description*."

CHAPTER XXI.

At night we find Bradshaw alone in his office. I will not go out and see the ladies, thought he, for they may think I came for compliments. "Compliments," said he, aloud to himself, as he looked through his window, at the court-house opposite, and saw a light shining through the window of the jury-room, notwithstanding the law to the contrary—"this long deliberation looks as if they would be unmerited, if given. Surely, they will not let that scoundrel off. If they do, he may, indeed, consider himself scot free, at liberty to commit murder and perjury whenever it pleases him. If he is acquitted, he will be terribly revenged upon Fritz and Jane Durham, in some way or other. He would make a bold blow at me, if he dare; but that he won't dare, unless he could take a bond of fate. No! no! I indulge no ill feelings against such as he, but he ought to be convicted—something must be done for his wife and family, if he is—yes, and he ought to be convicted on the first count. Our juries, here, are so tender in these cases that they scarcely ever bring in the verdict that justice requires. If he escapes he may thank Mr. W——t for it. By Jove! he's every inch a lawyer and an orator. The blues! the blues!—I have the blues like all wrath, as Kentuck would say."

Here he heard a rap at his door, which he had locked. He descended the steps (both the rooms were occupied by him—the lawyer who formerly occupied the room below having taken another office), opened the door, and Selman entered.

"Ah! Selman, is it you? Come in? I haven't seen you for some days."

"I saw you in the court to-day, but not to speak to you," said Selman.

They were soon seated in Bradshaw's office, the same in which we had the pleasure of introducing them to our readers. Selman's face was considerably elongated beyond its wont, and, after seating himself, he gazed abstractedly at the lamps.

"Bradshaw," he at length said, "I am used up, a gone case, tetotally gone."

"What's the matter, my dear fellow?"

"The public dinner to Clinton Bradshaw, Esq., has knocked me into a cocked hat—into the middle of next week."

"How so?"

"How so. I've been round here several times to see you, Bradshaw, and ask your advice, but you were out. You're the only man that I can confide to on this subject.—Why, Cavendish is such an odd fish, and so cynical, and so little calculated to give advice, that I wouldn't dream of speaking to him; he thinks so little about women, that I do believe he holds every fellow a born fool that is troubled about them. And there's Kentuck—he's a first rate fellow; but he'd laugh outright if I were to tell him of the infernal fix I've got into; so I've just kept it until I saw you."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I've got my walking papers, with a vengeance!"

"The devil! How did that happen? I remember when I saw you at the ball—you were carrying every thing before you," said Bradshaw, with a look that he had hard work to keep in proper sympathy with Selman's.

"The day of the dinner, I got high, you know, very high—dirn it. Well, after you left, I staid there with the Judge and Kentuck till after dark—and then, as the devil would have it, when wine's in, wit's out—as the devil would have it, I went round to Mr. Perry's. There was Miss Penelope with Bates: the fool sticks to her as if he had a right to her. The family were all out but she. I took a seat, and being in high glee, I ran on like a mill-clapper—told all about the dinner—a whole rigmarole about Miss Durham and you—and about Willoughby and Adams. I don't know what I didn't say, hardly, or what I did. After telling all this, and cutting at Bates (for I wanted to drive him off, or outset him), I felt a little sobered down, that's a fact, but still high. I didn't get to the corner of the street, above Perry's, before Bates past me. He left just after me—he had determined to set me out, you see. I walked slow, and when Bates got out of sight, I turned round and walked back towards the house. I thought it would be a first rate chance to see Miss Penelope, and speak right out to her on the subject."

"What subject, Selman?"

"Why of my attachment—what other subject had I to speak to her upon. When I drew near the door I thought it wouldn't do, and I determined that I'd just pass by,—but as bad luck would have it—you know it was a beautiful night—Miss Penelope was standing at her door. As soon as she saw me advancing towards her she turned to go in; I was by her side in a moment; handed her into the room. She looked serious, but I didn't think of it at the time. To make a long story short, she let the cat out of the bag; made a plump declaration, and she plumply rejected me with the dignity of a tragedy queen. Think of that, Bradshaw, and of your penetration. You told me, a long time ago, you thought she liked——"

"What did she say to you?"

"Say to me!—why, I told her my attach-

ment, and asked her if I might dare hope for a return, and she told me I could not, and that my conduct on that evening was sufficient to determine her, even though she had previously entertained other sentiments towards me; she up and told me that she didn't think I was aware of my situation, and she advised me the next time I dined out, to stay out. Her very words, by Jove!"

"Did you leave, then?"

"Leave then; no! I did my best to apologize, and told her that I might be a little excited, but no more. 'No more!' said she; 'why, Mr. Bates observed it the moment you left here.' Bradshaw, oughtn't I to give Bates a kicking?"

"What else said Miss Penelope?"

"Why, I did all I could to get her to retract; but she wouldn't. She said, at last, though she could not receive me as a suiter, she would always be glad to see me as a friend. As a friend—think of that, Bradshaw, that 's always the word when a fellow gets his walking papers. The fact is, in these times of saving girls in alleys, men at fires, and making great speeches, a man of only reasonable sense is a mere circumstance with the women. Did you ever know a fellow to be in just such a fix as I am?"

"Often—it 's one of the commonest things in the world."

"Bradshaw, you know my condition at the dinner. I was not very high, was I?"

"You were elevated a little."

"Well, I believe I was. When I was running on before Bates, I thought I had the world in a sling—but I was about the soberest man you ever saw when I left there the second time. I was sobered instanter—I came round here to have a talk with you about it; but you were not in. What do you think of it, Bradshaw!"

"Selman, you don't believe in poetry, and hate quotations, yet I think Mazeppa's remark—the hero whose wild ride Byron so gloriously describes—applies to your case:

> 'Who listens once, will listen twice
> Her heart, besure, is not of ice,
> And one refusal 's no rebuff.'

Don't be cast down, Selman; Rome was not built in a day. Miss Penelope likes you, my dear fellow. She was provoked that Bates should have seen you excited, for you know she has a high notion of womanly propriety and of the respect due from a lover. If Bates, now, had been tipsy, she would probably have laughed at him."

"Bradshaw, that 's a fact,—he did go home with her high from a party; and I heard her telling your sister and Miss Carlton of it; and she ridiculed him without mercy. I wonder if she told of my being tipsy."

"I haven't heard that she did."

"Bradshaw, I wish you would see her, and speak to her on the subject. You know I wasn't very high at the dinner—and I swear to you I didn't drink one drop after I left there. I determined to see Bates, and kick him like thunder: but when I came to think upon it, it occurred to me every body would inquire into the fuss, and it would go all over town that I was as drunk as a fool, and kicked Bates for telling; and it might bring Miss Penelope's name in it."

"What shall I say to Miss Penelope?"

"Just what you would say for yourself, if you were in such a fix."

"Well, I will do so, if you think it will be of any service to you; but don't be too much in the dumps. Come, let us go into the Restaurat, and have some Champagne and oysters."

"I 've sworn off from drinking," said Selman, "but I 'll take some oysters."

Bradshaw smiled—

"You think it 's shutting the stable, after the horse is gone—do you?"

"I think you will be able to catch the filly yet. I will drink to your success in sparkling Champagne,

> 'The spring dew of the spirit, the heart's rain;'

and you shall pledge me in cool water, or hot coffee, and I 'll tell Miss Penelope of the sternness of your resolutions. Ah! there they are hanging at it yet," said Bradshaw, looking up at the jury-room, as they passed out of his office.

They entered the oyster house, and were soon comfortably seated in one of the boxes, with the curtains drawn, discussing their oysters. In a few minutes two persons entered the oyster house, in conversation. Bradshaw's love of approbation became more active than his alimentiveness, to speak phrenologically, when he heard a person whom he knew, by his voice, to be Bates, ask,

"Mr. Talbot, how did you like the speeches, sir?"

"Mr. W———t 's was a great effort," said Talbot; "and I wonder how the jury can deliberate so long—he made out a plain case of excusable homicide: his compliment to Bradshaw was rather poetical—very poetical; poets deal best in fiction: and as for Bradshaw's reply, I do assure you, Mr. Bates, I have heard him and others make a better speech at our debating society. That long compliment to W———t, though it may all be true, was very fulsome to a man's face; but, I suppose, as Mr. W———t had condescended to tickle Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Bradshaw was in duty bound to do his best to tickle Mr. W———t. Did you ever hear any thing like that long puff upon woman! I thought he would never get through with it ("ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Bates). Now, that was outrageous, in a court of justice, in a case of such interest to a fellow being."

"A man hears truth from his enemies," whispered Bradshaw to Selman.

"Don't you think so?" continued Talbot to Bates.

"Decidedly so, sir; decidedly so," said Mr. Bates.

"Did you observe how Bradshaw acted the interesting, when he commenced his speech? His blood 's as cold as an iceberg—he has more stage trick in him than any man I ever knew,

—he does every thing for effect. It was all done to please the ladies."

"I was surprised to hear W——t speak so highly of his speech," said Bates.

"O he 's bound, in gratitude, to do so—and the dear creatures will puff it, too, no doubt. He showed so much chivalry, in rescuing the girl from her paramour! I wonder what could have taken him to —— lane at such an hour? I had no idea he frequented such places. What did Mr. W——t say of him?"

"High compliments: that his sagacity—that was the word he used—struck him as much as his eloquence; and that he must have studied hard, and practiced speaking a great deal: he praised his gentlemanly manners, too."

"Manners! it 's all manner with him," exclaimed Talbot.

"Mr. Talbot," said Bates, "I wish you had been at Mr. Perry's the other evening, the day of the dinner to Bradshaw. Selman, who assumes to be a suiter of Miss Penelope, came there gloriously drunk, and behaved in a manner worthy of the company in which he became inebriated."

"I 'll make him eat his words," whispered Selman to Bradshaw, rising.

"Wait a moment," whispered Bradshaw, "till they get deep into the narrow passage—we 'll make them back out, as a drayman makes his horse back out of a narrow alley, with one hand on their throats and the rod *in terrorem*."

"I don't think much, between ourselves," said Talbot to Bates, "of the sobriety or morality of either the orator or his friend."

The next moment, Bradshaw, who had taken the whole bottle of Champagne, and Selman stood before them. Bradshaw, with folded arms, endeavoring to suppress his passion, faced Talbot, without saying a word.

"Listeners hear no good of themselves. Mr. Bradshaw," said Talbot, in much confusion.

"But sir, they have power to redress the evil," said Bradshaw, with an ominous calmness.

"Help me! help me! Mr. Talbot," called out Bates, in a smothered voice.—for Selman had knocked him down;—and, while one hand grasped his collar, he was doing his best with the other, in the shape of a clenched fist, to revenge not only his wrongs of this night: but, also, all he had suffered from Miss Penelope's frown. "Selman! Selman!" exclaimed Bradshaw, taking hold of him, "you are stronger than Mr. Bates." At this moment, while Bradshaw stooped to take Selman from Bates, Talbot, who stood over them, aimed a dastardly kick at the head of Selman, which might have spoilt for ever, the good looks of the lover of Miss Penelope, had not Bradshaw, who had his eye on Talbot, caught his leg in such a manner as to throw him on the floor. Talbot's head struck a chair as he fell. Starting up, nearly maddened with mortification and pain, he seized a poker from the stove; and made at Bradshaw, with a fell determination. Bradshaw, since the affair in the lane with Adams, had gone armed, suspecting that he might be assaulted by some of Adam's gang, at night: as Talbot advanced, he drew a pistol, and aiming it directly at him, said—

"Keep cool, Mr. Talbot; this is a business, sir, not to be settled with the weapon of Bailie Nicol Jarvie—you had better put down your poker—you are the aggressor, remember."

As Bradshaw spoke, he returned the pistol to his pocket, and Talbot threw down the poker.

In the meantime, Bates had escaped from the clutches of Selman, and rushed to the stove: though the temperature without was warm, that within required a fire. Unmindful of this, Bates in his rage seized from the top of the stove a hot brick, with the intention of hurling it at the head of Selman, but he dropped it instantly, parting at the same time with all the skin from the palm of his hand. He danced about in agony, blowing and shaking the afflicted member. Selman, whose good humor returned the moment he saw the discomfiture of his rival, advised him to bathe it in brandy.

During the fracas, the proprietor of the restaurat was not silent, "Gentlemen! gentlemen! do keep the peace," he exclaimed, while, "like a fawning publican," he took care to say or do nothing to offend any body.

"Mr. Talbot," said Bradshaw, "you are aware, sir, that we were no eaves-droppers—we unintentionally heard what you said. You seemed regardless who heard you, for you pronounced your opinions in a public bar-room. I am not quarreling with what opinions you may be pleased to entertain of my abilities; but, sir, those which you expressed of my 'sobriety and morality,' involve my character—and, sir, I must have satisfaction."

"I did not speak for you to hear," said Talbot; "and I did not speak publicly—for there were none in the room but Mr. Bates and myself, that I knew of."

"This is trifling, sir. I expect you to say that you have no foundation whatever for the remarks you made, concerning my character—that you acted improperly in" ——

"I shall say no such thing, sir," said Talbot.

"Then, sir, *now* is as good a time as any. Mr. Bates will, I have no doubt, act as your friend: Mr. Selman will be mine. Let me prevent interruption, sir."

So saying, Bradshaw walked to the front door, which was of glass, to which five or six steps descended from the street, and fastened it.

The landlord here remonstrated.

"Don't be alarmed, Joe," said Bradshaw to him, for he knew him very well. "If I should be hit, you can take me to my office, which is only a few doors off—and it is at Mr. Talbot's service. You may consider me the challenger (he continued, addressing Talbot). Here are weapons, sir (laying a pair of pistols before him on a table)—how shall we fire?"

"Why, gentlemen, you are not going to murder each other in my house, are you!" exclaimed the astonished landlord.

"Keep cool, Joe; no murder, man," said Bradshaw.

Here the efforts of some one trying to open the door, through the glass of which the parties could be distinctly seen, though not without descending the steps, was heard, and a voice exclaimed—

"Halloo! what are you after! Bradshaw let me in."

Talbot, holding one of the pistols in his hand, said—"Mr. Bradshaw, you are a better shot than I."

"Not at all, sir," said Bradshaw, "I 'm told you can snuff a candle. I never yet performed that feat Wait a moment, Kentuck (addressing the person at the door, who was Willoughby, and who was calling on them to open the door), wait a moment, and I 'll let you in."

Willoughby here broke a pane of glass, and thrusting his head through, exclaimed—"What are you after; are you going to fight! Bradshaw, what 's got into you?"

"Mr. Bradshaw," said Talbot, "open the door, sir, and let Mr. Willoughby in—he is a gentleman, and if you are agreed, we will abide by what he advises in this case."

"With all my heart, sir," said Bradshaw.

Bradshaw turned and proceeded to the door: as he undid it, the report of the pistol in Talbot's hand was heard, and the ball shattered a pane of glass above his head, and so near to it that the ball grazed his hair.

"Mr. Talbot did you fire, sir?" exclaimed Willoughby in astonishment, as he hurried into the room.

"I—I, fire, sir, certainly not, the pistol went off accidentally as I was putting it down. It did not go off in your direction, did it?"

"Rather in Bradshaw's; it hit just over his head as you may see," said Willoughby, pointing to the shattered glass.

"It went off entirely accidentally, I assure you. Were you observing me, sir?"—to the landlord. The publican protested he was looking at Bradshaw.

"Were you, Mr. Selman?"

"No, sir," said Selman, "when Bradshaw turned to go to the door, I turned to look at Mr. Bates's hand."

Mr. Bates vowed that he looked only at his hand.

Bradshaw observed Talbot steadily, for a moment, and then said,—"Mr. Talbot, will you state the history of this business to Mr. Willoughby?"

Several persons passing—attracted by the report of the pistol—had entered the house, and the young men retired to a private room; where Talbot made an ample apology to Bradshaw and Selman; the latter would have forgotten to require one from Bates, had not a private hint from Talbot reminded him of it. All having professed themselves satisfied, wine was ordered, and after they had pledged each other, Bates and Talbot withdrew.

"Let 's have some more wine," exclaimed Willoughby, after Talbot and Bates had left. "Bradshaw, you were for doing things in Kentuck style, hey! And Selman went old Kentuck, too. Selman, you 've made Bates's eyes look like the bow of promise—of all colors.—He 'll not be able to make his appearance for three or four weeks; his hand may be said to be branded by the precipitancy of his valor. I would commend the painter to his phiz, for the expression of unutterable wo. I wish the Judge had been here; he has missed a circumstance."

"Though I had my dander up when Bates called for help, I could not but smile to see the tireless, rapid energy with which Selman pounded him. He seemed like a man working by the job, who was trying his best to see how much he could accomplish in the shortest possible time," said Brudshaw.

"Ha! ha!" said Kentuck, "good—and then you tell me the moment he burnt his hand, Selman played the good Samaritan, and offered to pour oil on the wound, in the shape of brandy. Selman, I like you for that, my old boy—that 's the true grit—come here 's to you. May Miss Penelope Perry—why don't you fill up your glass?"

"Thank you, Kentuck—I 've a bad headache."

"But you 'll like the toast, Selman."

"I believe I 'll treat resolution," whispered Selman to Bradshaw; and forwith, with a merry eye, he drank Willoughby's sentiment, that expressed the hope nearest to his heart. All at once recollecting that he had a particular appointment which he should have kept an hour before, with much reluctance, Selman departed.

"Bradshaw," said Kentuck, when they were left alone, "keep your eye on Talbot. It 's no use, perhaps, to blab a mere suspicion of a man; but that pistol went off because the trigger was pulled. It 's a damning thing to say of any man; and of a man of such respectable connexions, it ought not to be said for their sakes, if it could be helped. There 's no proof of it—but, keep your eye on him.—I was in the act of seizing him by the throat, and charging him with the intention of shooting you; but it is too much, too much to say of any man who is respectable, unless you have strong proof of it."

"I 'm satisfied," said Bradshaw, "he meant to shoot. There was guilt in his eye—he would not look at me. As you say, there is no use to say any thing about it. I saw that Bates, Selman, and Joe all suspected him—let him run—I determined not to speak of it until you spoke. He 's much less pluck than I thought he had, Kentuck."

"I thought once he had pluck: but, whew! it was rather tough to hear him tell over all he had said behind your back, as he thought, and then to make that humble apology—but a man who will fire at another's back will do any thing to avoid facing him."

"Come, let 's go to my office and smoke a cigar; I have some very superior ones, presented to me by old Broadbelt."

They accordingly left the oyster-house.—When they got opposite the court-house door, Bradshaw saw Nancy, by the light of a dark lantern which she held, in the act of fastening a large tin kettle to a string which was lowered from the window of the jury-room, where the jury were still locked up, unable to agree

on their verdict. In an instant the kettle rapidly ascended, and the window was let down.

"Ah, Nancy, is that you," said Bradshaw.

Nancy spoke not until she reached them; when, holding the light to their faces, she exclaimed—

"Ah, is it ye, honies? Ye see, Bradshaw, the jury must have the creature comforts. I never could make out the sense of the law that keeps them there without food—but I suppose they 'll make their minds up quicker."

"Nancy, what will be the verdict of the jury, do you think?"

"Why, honey," said Nancy, whispering, "do ye see, I jist a little after dark, in sweeping out the passage by the jury-room—Josey, ye know, has the rheumatiz, and can't attend—in sweeping out by their door I heard 'em counting how they stood. There was one for letting him off; three for manslaughter, and eight for murder. I could tell by their talk, Bradshaw, that his treatment of the poor thing, Jane Durham, and his trying to get old Moll to parjure herself—and his parjuring himself, was the thing that made agin him. Ye may depend, honey, ye spoke jist right on them pints—you made the people feel that Johnson deserved hanging—and, honey, he 'll hang, ye may depend."

Nancy here went on her way, and the young men were soon seated in Bradshaw's office.

"Talbot's enmity to me," said Bradshaw, musingly, "arose, I suspect, from that little affair in our debating society, when I defended Jekyl from his sarcastic allusions to his trade. Jekyl is getting on well with his paper, Kentuck. He has been editing it for some time, and he improves very much. He is decidedly a man of talents, and has quite a turn for politics."

"Yes," said Willoughby, "he is a man of strong mind, and a heart true in every beat."

"I took tea with him the other day, and spent all the evening with him. There he was, when I called, seated in a neat but plain room, at a table, not with his papers scattered about every way, as you would suppose from his former slovenly habits, but folded up neatly. His chin was new-reaped, his hair tastefully combed his shirt collar clean.—his strong, iron features never looked so well. By his side was his wife, one of the neatest little women you ever saw; not what you would call handsome, but pretty—and with an intelligent expression, that makes her look, when animated and pleased, really fascinating. She's proud of him, and he's proud of her. I left there, and, at the fashionable hour, entered Mr. Jones's fashionable party, and grew at outs with the gay world, and all thereunto belonging. I have the blues, to-night, as badly as a moonstruck poet."

"No wonder!—a man who has been through so much excitement as you have lately; and," continued Willoughby, smiling, "a man who keeps all his passions down with the rein and bit, except his ambition, must expect the blues, as you call them—particularly, if he has such strong passions, in other respects, as a certain friend of mine, they will get the bit between their teeth, sometimes, and bound away.—Bradshaw, I hold the heart is a democracy of many passions—and they must rule together, and upon republican principles, to make a man happy. If one passion obtains the mastery, it becomes a tyrant; and the rest, though kept down for awhile, will become turbulent and disorderly—while the frame, like the country in which the invader has been resisted, is wasted and worn. Don't you think so?"

"It 's not a bad notion; and I suppose, therefore, Cassius was 'lean and hungry.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

The next morning, near eleven o'clock, the jury having agreed upon their verdict, left their rooms, and pronounced Johnson guilty of the murder. By the exertions of Bradshaw, a considerable sum of money was raised by subscription, for his wife and daughter, with which they opened a shop. The profits arising therefrom, together with what they received for the sewing they took in, enabled them to live much more comfortably than they ever had before—for they not only had more means, but they were relieved from the brutality of the watchman.

Bradshaw had frequently called to inquire how Mr. Glassman was, and learned he was getting better, slowly; but his physicians deemed it unadvisable for him to see his friends, as yet. At last, Jane Durham, who had left the prison, and was living in her house, near Glassman's, told Bradshaw Mr. Glassman wished to see him so much, his physicians had consented.

Bradshaw found Glassman wan and weak, sitting up in bed.

"Give me your hand, Bradshaw," said Glassman. "I have heard all that has happened, since I have been ill, from Miss Durham. Fortune seems determined I shall be indebted to you, my friend. Let me say it, Bradshaw, there lives not the man to whom I would rather be under obligations. I have but a poor return to make, but 'I will wear you in my heart of hearts,' as Hamlet did Horatio, with more even than a woman's disinterestedness. I have been like the navigator who approaches the whirlpool, and who feels too full a confidence in his skill, only to weigh the difficulties that encompass him. You see me what I am—no matter—my race is ending; and I cannot retrace it, and start again. Come, take a seat—a fig for this sentimentality. Drop me a few drops of laudanum. You look a little thinner than when I saw you last. The stir, excitement, and, particularly, the intellectual strife of life, don't fatten a man."

Bradshaw soon left Glassman, fearing that conversation would debilitate him. As the spring advanced, Bradshaw frequently rode out with his friend, and they often visited the Purchase, where Glassman would remain, sometimes, for several days. The healthy

situation and the quiet scene did much to recruit him. The inmates of the Purchase could not but feel deeply interested in him, and he felt he breathed a healthier moral as well as physical atmosphere with them. Bradshaw was now admitted to practice in the civil court, and he commenced, not like other young men who have the practice to learn after they have become practitioners; but with a knowledge of it, which he had acquired by great attention in the office where he was a student, and by frequent attendance in court. He did not visit the court, like many other students, to while away the hour in careless conversation but to learn his profession. He jested and talked as gaily as any of them, when nothing particular occupied the attention of the bar, and when he did there was generally a group around him; but as soon as a case of importance was called up, he would quietly steal away from his companions, take a favorable position, and hear and see every thing relative to it. After he had heard the speeches of counsel, he would often shut himself up in his office, and make a speech, first on one side, and then the other. He would try to present the facts in a more striking light, and illustrate the law with better analogies. In a lovely dell, not far from the Purchase, through which the stream, of which we have spoken, passed, in the quiet summer, Bradshaw would frequently wander, and build an argument upon any subject that occurred to him. A passionate lover of poetry, he would recite the best passages from his favorite authors, with as much attention to the emphasis and gesture as if he were preparing himself for the stage. As the fourth of July drew near the committee selected by the citizens to make arrangements for celebrating the day, appointed Bradshaw the orator, and Talbot to read the Declaration of Independence.

Talbot, who was a man of talents, and both emulous and envious, with more reasons than one for disliking Bradshaw, determined to forestall his oration, by making one himself in the nature of prefatory remarks to the Declaration of Independence. What he said was well said, and well written; but Talbot, though his manner was insinuating and distinct, had not the "power of speech to stir men's blood." Bradshaw possessed it, and he had prepared himself with great care. His oration was all before him, and he had it in his heart, as well as head. Just before he arose, the martial music filled every cranny of the immense church in which they were celebrating the day, and gave him that enthusiastic excitement so necessary for one to produce an effect on such an occasion, and which one of his temperament would be likely to feel, under such circumstances; the more particularly, when in the great crowd he not only recognized many of his acquaintances of both sexes, but, also, in the soldierly army, many veterans who had distinguished themselves in the late war. Some of the banners so tastefully arranged, had not always floated on a holiday; they bore plainly, perceptible to all, the marks of stern encounters. Bradshaw alluded to the veterans, to the well fought field, in which they had triumphed, to the banners that then waved over them in glorious war, and now waved over them in glorious peace, so eloquently, that the whole audience, by one impulse arose, and gave three cheers of enthusiastic approbation.

"It 's no use," said Talbot to himself, "for any one to attempt to compete with Bradshaw, in producing a mere theatrical effect, he 's always tickling the ears of the groundlings."

In the afternoon, a large party of gentlemen, among whom were Bradshaw, Willoughby, &c., accompanied by the ladies, made an excursion on the river (we will say, if our readers please). They glided delightfully along. Halleck has beautifully described similar scenery—

"Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent
Green isles and circling shores, are blended there
In wild reality!"

They had a fine band of music on board; and beholding such scenes in such company, on such a day, it may be supposed there was general pleasure.

"I like this scene," said Willoughby, with enthusiasm, to Bradshaw, his sister, and Miss Carlton. "One of the prettiest scenes I know of, approaching this character, strange as it may seem to you, is in the West. Stand in Cincinnati, on the landing, in a clear summer's sun-set, and look over the river on Newport, opposite. The Licking river flows into the Ohio, dividing Newport and Covington. In the angle formed on the Newport side, stands the arsenal, one of the earliest brick buildings in all that region. A tall flag-staff, immediately on the bank of the river on the point, bears our banner—the stars and stripes. A hill, covered with trees, lies behind Newport, and gradually slopes down to the plain, on which the little town stands. The houses are mostly white, and they have many trees beside them; and you see very few persons walking about. It appears so still, and contrasts so strangely with the landing on which you stand, full of bustle and business! Your eye glances from the busy scene around you, from the river which darkly rolls,—for it lies in shadow,—to the sleeping flag, with its ample folds hanging calmly down ('a metaphor of peace,' as Shelley says), the arsenal, the town, the trees, the hill—all lit up with the golden splendor of the setting sun. It gives a tint of poetry to every thing, and flings a rainbow radiance on the clouds. Perhaps a hawk circles over all, and you hear the evening drum-beat of the soldiers. As the sun sinks behind Cincinnati, the shadow from the river lengthens, gradually moving up the bank, with insidious progress, until the golden tints pass away from the houses and trees of Newport; and, after lingering a moment among the foliage, on the hill-top, fade into twilight. I have often thought," continued Willoughby, turning to Miss Bradshaw, "when I 've looked

upon the scene, that the time would come when it would be celebrated in songs of love and chivalry. Why not? It is beautiful too, by moonlight. Those rivers, between the towns, will make them not exactly a Venice, a city of the sea, but they may make them a city of the rivers; and, then, with the addition of a few canals, many a gondolier may 'softly wake the tide.' Let me see—would it be better for a lady to live down or up the river from her lover?"

"Up," said Bradshaw; "because to row to her would be considered no pain—but who would like to row from her, when the interview was over? It would be struggling, not only against your own inclinations, but against the stream—strong, both against you. Leander leaped, no doubt with an exulting bound, into the Hellespont, when he went to meet Hiero: but the returning, Kentuck, the returning! I should think, unless the wave bore him from the shore, he would often let it bear him back."

"O no, Mr. Clinton," said Mary Carlton—"she had better live down the stream, because, going up, the oars would be heard; and, remember the song—

> "——So softly wake the tide,
> That not an ear on earth may hear,
> But hers, to whom we glide."

"True, Mary; you are right. I suppose the lady might have a double motive for living down, not only that he might 'wake the tide' softly, in going, but that the tide might keep him."

"I suppose such a wish might glance across her mind," replied Miss Carlton, archly, "if he were a favorite lover."

"Then, if I were a favorite lover," said Bradshaw, "that tide in the affairs of men I would take at the flood."

"Because it leads on to *fortune*," whispered the Judge, who was in one of his cynical moods, to Willoughby.

They landed at a place celebrated in the late war, where the captain of the boat had an excellent collation spread for them. After partaking of it, they sang, recited, and enjoyed themselves in various ways.

Selman and Miss Penelope were of the party. The former took Bradshaw by the arm, and they walked aside: when they were out of hearing of the rest, Selman said,

"Bradshaw, I wish my dear friend, if you get a chance, you would just take a walk with Miss Penelope, and speak to her on that subject."

"Where were you, Selman, all the way on the boat?"

"Why," said Selman, "since that affair with Bates, Miss Penelope has treated me very well, considering: and I was to call, and escort her to the steamboat. Bradshaw, to tell the truth, that blue coat of mine was too infernal shabby. I went, last week, to Jemmy Dobson—he 's a lying rascal; I 'll never get another coat from him as long as I live—and got measured for a coat and pants, upon the promise that he would let me have them early this morning, without fail. After he promised me, I just wore my blue one any where; and yesterday afternoon, near dark, going down the court-house lane, Kentuck passed me; I threw a rotten apple, that Nancy had thrown out, after him, and he—I hate such jokes—seized a bunch of those little yellow candles from a fellow's pole, who was passing—such roughness is just like a Kentuckian—and took me right in the back. I never thought of sending my coat to have it taken out. This morning Dobson didn't send home my coat—I had nothing to wear to hear the oration. I had to slip round to his shop: I found him going out, and I insisted upon his finishing my coat. I 'd have knocked him down if he hadn't. I was at his infernal shop for three hours—and I was too late to see Miss Penelope to the boat. It 's a ridiculous business, any how; but, you know, Bradshaw, serious things often grow out of such affairs. When I came on board Miss Penelope spoke to me, and that 's all. I thought, at first, she meant to cut me dead. I couldn't rally my spirits, so I laid down in one of the berths."

"That coat fits well, Selman. Jemmy Dobson is a good fit."

"Do you think it fits me well?" said Selman, with a pleased smile, eyeing the garment.

"Yes; very. Brummel himself would pronounce it the thing."

"I hoped it would fit me. The coat itself cost me thirty-five dollars, and I gave fifteen for the pants. Jemmy is a good cut, that 's a fact, but, Bradshaw, he 's the greatest liar living. I felt like the devil, though, when I got to the boat—she was just starting: I was all of a perspiration, and I had to make pretty much of a jump, to reach her."

"I didn't see you come on board."

"No! I saw you, and Willoughby, and Cavendish standing together; and I thought Willoughby would blow me about the candles. Cavendish would harp at it for ever. You know, Bradshaw, this ridicule knocks a fellow all into a cocked hat with the women. Since I blacked Bates' eyes, I tell you, he 's a case. Dern it, just as I think I 've got every thing right, something or other happens, and uses me up—the way I 've been bedeviled is a caution. Do you think she likes me, Bradshaw?"

"Yes, I do."

"By gracious! I don't know what to think of it. The women have all got crazy with you and Willoughby, lately—particularly with you, this girl, the fire, and your speeches. I wish I could get a chance of achieving something—I 'd risk my life to do it. I 'm actually tired with hearing Miss Penelope dwell, dwell, dwell upon these things all the time—it strikes me, sometimes, she 's talking at me."

"Have you spoken to Miss Penelope since we 've been here?"

"Yes—I asked her if I should help her, at the table. Bradshaw, if you get a chance, do take a walk, and speak to her on the subject.

Don't go out of sight, Bradshaw; and, if it 's favorable, just take off your hat, and I 'll join you."

"Well, there 's Miss Penelope now. I 'll ask her to take a walk with me—if she does you must keep your eye on us, Selman—and join us, if I take off my hat. Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, addressing the lady, "will you walk in the woods? I 'll show you the marks of the bullets in the trees: allow me to cut one of them out for you. It is appropriate, on this day, to obtain a memorial of the battle."

The lady took Bradshaw's arm, and they walked through the woods.

"How changed is this scene," said Bradshaw, "from that when the two contending armies were here fighting for victory or death."

"Yes," said Penelope "I 've been thinking of it ever since we 've been here. I never see Mrs. Glover, but I think of the battle and her husband, who was killed in it."

"Colonel Glover? Yes, I 've heard of him—though she looks care-worn, and is not young, she is still beautiful."

"Yes, very. Don't you know it was a love match? She really mourns for him."

"Yes, there 's every thing to hallow such an attachment. He was so young, so kind-hearted, so brave. Not very far from here in an open space, beneath a tree, is a beautiful little monument erected on the spot where he fell, and where they buried him. There are many like him—I 'm told he was one of the most sensitive lovers you ever heard of—a frown from *her* moved him more than the front of battle. It 's always so with such natures. There was a great deal of artlessness in his character. She, I dare swear, caused him many an anxious hour—nay, many an anxious week, or month, perhaps, or year, before she said yes to him."

"It 's a lady's privilege, Mr. Bradshaw—they have to yield in every thing afterwards and for my part," continued Miss Penelope, laughing—"I think, while we have the power, we ought to exercise it."

"To inflict a wound, Miss Penelope?"

"Oh? but it is so delightful to cure it."

"But, do not ladies inflict such wounds sometimes merely to show their skill in love's archery—and, though they mean to be merciful—remember, a deep wound never closes without a scar."

"Deep wounds! Mr. Bradshaw, you don't think such wounds are deep, do you?"

"Yes, Miss Penelope, in a sensitive nature deeper than you imagine. A man who really loves, is always painfully sensitive—and the exhibition of such sensitiveness is always a proof of attachment. A man of the world, who woos a lady merely for the worldly advantages that such a connexion would give him, never shows any sensitiveness. He courts as he gambles; he looks upon both as a game in which the loss of self-possession would endanger his success. No! no! sensitiveness is a proof of attachment. You ladies laugh in the plenitude of your power, and say you would inflict the wound; but I know *you* would not, Miss Penelope—your gentle nature would not let you."

Miss Penelope made no reply, but walked on, musingly.

"Colonel Glover fell near here, I believe," said Bradshaw. "Well, we have all to die—and dying on the battle field is a death to be coveted. In these times of peace, a man, however brave, may whistle for glory. There is many a man whose courage is only known in his resenting a private indignity—a falsehood; who, in the hour of battle, would have won the laurel. Come, Miss Penelope, will you rest upon this moss? How beautiful! How velvet-like! at the foot of this old oak. It was a witness of the battle, and there is glory in its shade."

Bradshaw spread his handkerchief for Miss Penelope, and threw himself at her feet. He was getting matters in a favorable train for discovering the real state of her feelings towards her lover, without awakening her suspicion of his intentions. He had no doubt of her partiality for Selman, but he wished to discover its extent before he spoke to her of his "infernal fix," to use her lover's own expression. But poor Selman, who had been on the rack all the time they were walking—which seemed to him an hour,—when he beheld Bradshaw with his hat on his head, as tight as if it were nailed there, throw himself at the lady's feet beneath the oak with an easy air, and with a proximity which he himself would not have dared to assume, could stand it no longer. The green-eyed monster in his bosom gave himself, like the lap dog in the Rape of the Lock, on a momentous occasion, the "rousing shake." He advanced towards them with a hesitating step and an embarrassed look, affecting not to know they were there, but his spirit failed him when he drew near them, and he stopped and turned his ear in their direction, with the vain hope of hearing what they said, while he pretended to be engaged in contemplating the party he had left.

"Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, "there 's Selman—he 's brave, generous, intelligent, and he loves the very ground you tread upon—shall I call him. Sel——"

"No, no, I insist you do not, Mr. Bradshaw," said the lady, in a low voice, deeply blushing. "Oh! where did you buy that summer hat?—it 's made of strange straw; let me look at it."

"Miss Penelope, Selman loves you with a devotion that has never been surpassed—he has loved you for years, unchangeably—he made me his confidant, and requested me to speak to you on the subject—I have no skill in the gentle art, lady; but I smiled, and told him that if I thought his suit propitious, I would take off my hat!"

Bradshaw handed his hat to Miss Penelope. As she was studying the plats of the straw with great diligence he called out to Selman—

"Selman, lend me your knife, will you? I want to cut a bullet from the tree."

Selman turned, and with no slight degree of alacrity, hastened to give his knife to Bradshaw.

"Confound it!" said Bradshaw, "I thought that knot was a bullet mark—there are a great many in the woods. Miss Penelope, I am determined you shall have a testimonial of the battle;"—and leaving his hat in her hand, and Selman by her side, he walked away as if in search of one.

When Bradshaw had advanced some little distance in the wood, he turned round, and with a peculiar smile observed the pair he had left. Selman had taken his place at Miss Penelope's feet, but at a more awful distance than he himself had occupied—the lady still held his hat, from which he judged, by the turn of her head, she cast frequent sly looks at Selman.

"Selman's a man of good sense," said Bradshaw to himself; "but who, hearing him discourse of his passion, and his tribulations, would suspect him of it? Well, it 's no great shame for any one to play the fool in love, for it has made fools of the wisest—and such fools! If Selman knew the passage, he might rant with Castelio against the sex. How he hates quotations!—he 's no verbal memory, and I suspect has worried himself not a little in attempting to commit the tender beauties of the poets. It 's wrong to tease him; for though this love does make a fool of him, he suffers none the less,—the more rather, as he has an inkling of the fact himself. He has less tact than any biped I ever saw:—that tact 's a marvellous proper thing in a man. Talent without it is a glorious vessel without a steersman—and tact without talent is a canoe with a good one—such sculling and skelking to save a miserable cargo not worth saving!—combine the two, and you have a glorious bark, and a gallant armament ready to go forth upon the waters at all seasons—blow high or blow low. With them you may not discover worlds like Columbus, because there are none to discover but you may conquer and control them—and, above all worlds, the world of the heart."

Indulging such reflections, Bradshaw advanced until he trod on a natural meadow, begirt with the woods. A rich long grass covered the field, with here and there a clump of wild wood or a solitary oak standing in its pride alone, or a knot of wild flowers all redolent with the richness of summer. Beneath a majestic oak that was full of bullets stood the monument of which he spoke, erected to the memory of the gallant Colonel Glover who fell there in our late war with Great Britian, in an engagement in which he led the bravest corps on the field. He was buried where he fell, by his soldiers, who disheartened, retreated after they had performed the hasty rite. They rallied however; and after a hard conflict, forced their foes to take to their boats. Bradshaw stood beside the monument and with a quickening pulse, read as follows:

"*To the Memory of*
THE GALLANT
COLONEL WILLIAM GLOVER,
who fell on this spot
IN DEFENSE OF THE LIBERTIES OF HIS COUNTRY,
this Memorial was erected
BY HIS COMPANIONS IN ARMS."

"Glory to the battle-field, and to the sleeper!" exclaimed Bradshaw, with enthusiasm. "What, though there is blood upon thy laurel, Glover! it is the blood of those who came to enslave the free. There let it be; a jewel in the cap of liberty, that crowns thy monument. How beautiful the sky above! how beautiful the earth beneath! how tranquil all around! yet here the foot of battle trod with thundering sound. On this spot was the thick of the fight, and 't was on such a day as this.—Through the woods there—through that opening that leads to the river, came the marshaled host. And over this field to meet them, came Glover and his little band. How I should like to be a captain in such a cause, with brave men round me. It would be better than making speeches to their memory—it would be earning the tribute."

Bradshaw threw himself at the foot of the monument, and leaning his head upon his hand, gave himself up to ambitious reveries.

In a few minutes he heard the sound of music, and, looking through the opening in the woods, saw the party whom he had left, coming in the direction of the monument, doubtless with the intention of visiting it, preceded by the band of music. He lay delighted with the martial sound for a moment, and then with a sense of the ridiculous, which the present scene inspired, in contrast with the one on which he had been musing, he arose, smiling to himself, and commenced cutting a bullet from the tree. They soon reached the spot where he stood, Miss Penelope leaning on Selman's arm, while he held Bradshaw's hat in his hand.

"Why, Mr. Bradshaw, is that you!" exclaimed Miss Penelope: "you 're a pretty runaway, sir"

"These bullets are difficult to extract, Miss Penelope—Selman, your knife is qualified now to be put in the painting of the end of all things. Miss Penelope, how much this oak is like a gentleman's breast! Some of these bullets, when they struck, were nearly spent, and just lodged within the bark, skin-deep; others have gone deeper, and some have doubtless pierced the heart. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding these heart wounds, the tree, as you see, is green and flourishing."

Selman looked at Bradshaw, and shook his head imploringly.

"Miss Penelope," Bradshaw continued, "how forcibly this scene reminds one of Byron's lament for young Howard, in Childe Harold,—

'———When showered
The death-bolts deadliest, the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempests lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard.'

Selman, what 's the next verse? Don't you recollect it?"

Affecting to put on a look of memory, while chagrin prevailed, Selman said—

"No, I don't remember it"

"Ah! I have it," said Bradshaw, and he recited with feeling—

"'There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which, living, waves where thou did'st cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive,
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring,
Came forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought, to those she could not bring.'"

"Oh! Mr. Bradshaw, how beautiful and how appropriate!" exclaimed Miss Penelope.

"And, Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, "you were speaking of Mrs. Glover to day, you remember, and her mournful beauty; further on, Byron expresses the sentiment you uttered—

'————Though the sound of fame
May for a moment sooth, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored, but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.'"

"Bradshaw!" exclaimed Selman, petulantly, "you had better mount the monument, and give us the whole poem."

"If I were to begin," said Bradshaw, "I should certainly go on as long as Miss Penelope approved; but, Selman, too much of a good thing, you know, even of love. [this was said in a whisper, which only Selman heard] is good for nothing."

About night-fall, the party returned to the city.

"Bradshaw," said Kentuck, "it 's a beautiful night. The ladies propose going out to Mr. Carlton's: it will be a delightful ride in the moonlight. Come, let 's to S——y, and take a luxuriant bath, and then for a merry ride."

"I 'm for a bath," said Bradshaw, "but not for the country."

When they parted, Bradshaw repaired to Jane Durham's.

"Well, Jane, my old school-mate and fair ally, how did you spend the fourth?"

"With the undistinguished throng," said she: "I repaired to the church this morning, sir, and heard the oration."

"Ah! I *felt* your presence. Let me see—yes, you sat to the extreme left, and kept your veil over your face. I thought I caught an eye I knew through it—you sat then just before Miss Carlton."

"Yes, but you did not look at me, Mr. Bradshaw; you looked beyond me, as the mariner looks beyond the poor wreck, upon the waters, to his home. Well, my life, ignoble as it has been, has not been useless; I can say I have been the cause, in some measure, of the development of genius. I see the account of your speech, which Mr. Jekyl published, is going the rounds of the papers—it gives me notoriety. Mr. Jekyl's wife will be jealous of the praises which he lavishes upon my good looks. I saw the ladies look at me to-day as if they did not know what to make of me. Oh, your sister has a sweet face!—and what a beautiful blue eye Miss Carlton has—she is lovely, indeed. I should say she *was* proud, but frank and independent."

"I don't know that she is proud—she certainly is frank and independent."

"I like her step—there is something bewitching in her, independent of her beauty. I have been melancholy to-day; I know not why—sad—sad. I have escaped a most horrible fate; and I ought to feel thankful and grateful—and I do; but why, why will mournful thoughts intrude? No, no! no one can err and be happy."

CHAPTER XXIII.

One bright summer's day, Bradshaw called on Miss Carlton, at Mrs. Holliday's, and found her alone, looking over the prints in a costly and beautiful album, which her father had given her.

"Clinton," she exclaimed, as he entered the room, "you have just come in time. Now you shall not refuse. I had just rung the bell to send John to your office with a peremptory note, sir, requiring—a lady has a right to require—that you would write in my album; it is a high honor, sir. I wish you to write in it the first. Come, though I 've heard you say that you never would write in an album—they were such namby pamby things—yet this is not a namby pamby one; and I did not buy it for the vanity of receiving compliments in it; it was given me by my father."

"It is a beautiful one," said Bradshaw, taking a seat by her side, and looking over it; "these pictures are in fine taste. See that one, Mary; how devotedly that lover holds his lady's hand. Have there not been moments in your life when you wished you could be like that picture, for ever to remain as you were, when *now* should be for ever."

"There may come such moments," said Miss Carlton, slightly blushing, and laughing, as she threw back her curls, "but remember, *now* I 'm fancy free."

"Ah! those are beautiful lines of Moore's, written in a lady's album, in which he hoped that in her heart he could find an unwritten place, as in her book. He says:

'Oh, it would be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there.'

Your heart, then, is unwritten upon Mary—and who may write there?"

"It must be done with sympathetic ink, sir," said she, archly; "the name on my heart can only be read by the light of the flame from another's."

"Good! good!—report says that Mr. Bates, and Turnbull, and Talbot, have all been at your shrine. Have neither of those gentlemen kindled flame enough to make the ink visible?"

"Oh! I don't know; they haven't tried yet."

"Talbot has been trying, I 'm told, for some time."

"He has not tried hard enough, then—there must be more fuel on the flame."

"He goes with *you* to the Springs, does he not?"

"No, he does not go with *us* to the Springs. He goes, I believe, as others go."

"And Mary, I suppose, this is to be the first of your going formally into company, as the fashionable phrase it?"

"I don't care about going to the springs. I would rather stay at home; but father wishes it."

"Well! Talbot will have many opportunities. You had better say yes to him, Mary, at once."

"Yes to him, at once!" exclaimed Miss Clinton, angrily. "Clinton, don't you persuade me too much; recollect, you have an eloquence that is irresistible, folks say."

"Ah! Mary, if I had, I would not plead Talbot's cause for the wealth of the Indies, I would ——"

Here the servant entered, and announced visiters.

Bradshaw sat a few moments after their announcement, and then withdrew, taking with him the album. He went to his office, and after walking up and down the floor, five or ten minutes, he wrote in it the following

LINES.

Mary, the gay and glittering world,
With many a dream to gladness given,
With many a fairy hope unfurled,
Like gorgeous clouds in summer even;

With many a pleasure, whose bright hue
Is woven from a poet's dreams;
With many a joy, that seems all true,
In whate'er fond shape it seems.

Like a bright bird in beauty glancing
O'er a smooth, yet unknown sea;
Thus, Mary, thus, thy steps advancing;
Thus, the gay world is wooing thee.

And thou: Oh! never yet the gay
Have wooed a fairer to their throng;
Though from them has the poet's lay
Chosen the very soul of song.

Thou, with a step as light as Love's,
E'er a rude breath has touched his wing;
When on he sports through moonlight groves,
To taste the balmy breath of spring—

When all around to joy is given,
And the fair stars, love-list'ners, true,
Have met, as if to hear of heaven,
In some fond lover's interview;

Thou, thus art entering 'mid the gay;
And Mary, like that love boy, thou
Wilt make o'er wounded hearts thy way,
E'en with his own laughing brow.

How often in the mazy dance,
How often, wilt thou, Mary, move;
Unconscious that each passing glance
Awakes so many dreams of love.

How often in the moonlight eve,
With some one happy by thy side;
The fairy web of hope thou 'lt weave,
Forgetting all the world beside.

Alas! dull care so much deforms!
These sunny moments come between,
Like sun-shine in the time of storms,
Gilding a darkly colored scene.

Mary, there is a cloud for all—
A speck in summer's brightest day:
In autumn, how the scared leaves fall!
In winter, where, alas! are they?

Enough! I must not speak of sorrow,
Beautiful, gay girl, to thee;
If it must come, it shall not borrow
Anticipation's frown from me.

Mary, I may not tell thee more,
Like a gay bark, thy step is free;
I stand upon the lonely shore,
A left one, looking after thee.

Bradshaw had scarcely written the lines, when he saw, passing by his window, Mrs. Holliday's servant: he called him in, and after wrapping the album up, carefully, desired him to give it to Miss Carlton.

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day. Bradshaw, who had been up late the previous evening at his studies, did not arise until the first church bells disturbed his reveries; when, looking out on the beauty of the morning, he determined to visit the Purchase.

He mounted his horse, and, turning from the turnpike, entered an old county road, now scarcely ever used, that wound round by Mr. Carlton's, leading by the foot of his garden, to the Purchase. The sounds of the church-bells grew fainter and fainter, as with a free rein, he dashed along. The road was unpaved, narrow, and winding. He often had to bow his head, to avoid the branches of the trees, which hung over it, from either side. The bright day infused its gladness into his spirit, and merrily, merrily, he went. As he passed by Mr. Carlton's garden, he saw Mary Carlton standing by the door of the summer-house, and he called out to her—

"What! Mary,—not at church?"

"No; they 're all gone. They called round for me: I was to go—but, being, like the rest of my sex, capricious, I all at once determined to remain. They return here, and dine. Are you going to church?"

"Not unless *you* go. Are you all alone?"

"There is nobody but the servants about the house, and the house-keeper. You had better go to church."

"I think not, Mary. I will put my horse up, and be by your side in a moment, fair lady; and if you convince me I ought to go to church, by the same argument I 'll convince you, and we 'll go together."

Bradshaw rode to the house, gave his horse to a servant, and entered the garden.

"There, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, is one of the prettiest roses you ever saw. Let me put it in the button hole of your vest: no! in your coat—it will look prettier. Why have you such a Byronian propensity for wearing black? I declare, if Sully were to paint your

portrait, and it was ever so good a likeness, I should not know it, unless he put you in sables."

"Why, Mary, you have on black, too."

"But I don't always wear black."

"No!—you look well in any thing. That 's a beautiful silk, and then it fits you so well; and that pearl buckle. Why, you 're a lady of taste."

"You 've too many pretty speeches lately, Clinton. Come, I want you to find fault with me."

"Find fault with you! I can do that easily."

"How?"

"By indulging my imagination."

"There it is again! Clinton, you are an abominable flatterer; and you 've no conscience about it—you flatter all alike, and, I expect, commit your pretty things to memory, beforehand."

"Yes, I always have them *by heart*."

"So Miss Penelope Perry says. Upon my word, sir, you paid a great compliment to the rest of the ladies, on the fourth of July, to leave them all, and wander away in the woods, for heaven knows how long, with Miss Penelope. Mr. Selman is convinced, no doubt, that you take a deep interest in his suit."

"Yes, he is thoroughly convinced of it, I hope."

"No doubt; and of what is Miss Penelope convinced? Has your eloquence persuaded her to accept Mr Selman?"

"I hope Mr. Selman's eloquence has had that effect, without my aid."

"You were the junior counsel, I suppose, then, Squire Bradshaw, and opened the case—just made a statement of it. Miss Penelope came out to the Purchase last night, and has gone to church with Mr. Selman. She said she expected you out; and from her manner, one might think she wished you to continue the pleading—or, perhaps, you intend to *file a declaration* in another case."

"I shall have no opportunity. Miss Penelope goes with you to the Springs, does she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does she go with you to Washington?"

"No—I believe she returns. Did she not tell you?"

"No. Mary, you will be away a long time if you go from the Springs to Washington, and stay there until Congress adjourns."

They had, during this conversation, entered the summer house and seated themselves by a table, on which were books, fancy baskets and a number of other articles; among them, Miss Carlton's album. Bradshaw turned over the leaves of the album while he spoke, and in doing so, he discovered that the lines he had written in it were cut out.

"Mary," he asked—"what has become of my scribbling?"

"I cut it out," said she blushing.

"Ah, Mary—then you thought them unworthy of your book?"

"No, sir."

"Then you did not like the sentiments?" asked he, his brow slightly flushing.

"Perhaps, Mr. Clinton, I may like the sentiments so much as to have cut them out to keep them all to myself—liking them above even the vanity of showing them. But here, sir," said she, rising from his side, and plucking a flower, "here 's a sprig of heart's ease for you—I must run to the house to give some directions about dinner, that I had forgotten.—and, Mr. Clinton, by the time I return, do you write me some verses on it. I take so much care of your verses that you can't refuse." And she, laughing, left him. Bradshaw gazed fondly after her; and, as she entered the house, he wrote on the blank sheet of a novel, the following

IMPROMPTU.

How easy 't is to give the flower,
That emblem's careless ease of heart;
Yet give the very gift the power
To bid that careless ease depart.

For if forth from its budding leaves,
Young, nestling Hope should breathe her sigh,
Too soon the trusting lover grieves
To find the flower, and hope must die.

Then, Mary, ere again we part,
O give me back the priceless dower—
The careless, happy ease of heart
That cheered me ere you gave the flower.

"Here!" exclaimed Miss Carlton, as she returned, and entered the summer-house—"here 's the squirrel you gave me: I 've made him quite tame; but I still have to keep a chain round him. Let me see what you have written. Ah!—what a Byronian hand you write. Give you back your heart. I doubt, Mr. Clinton, if you ever had a heart. A wretched hand—a wretched hand, you write, sir. You 'll have to make your declaration by word of mouth to Miss Penelope. If you write it, the only passion you 'll awaken will be downright anger at your abominable scrawl. Look yonder!—there they come from church. How well your sister rides. Mr. Willoughby is by her side: he 's one of the handsomest men I ever saw. And there 's Miss Penelope and Mr. Selman: just observe how Mr. Selman amuses himself with switching the leaves off of the trees. Come," said she, putting the novel, in which the verses were written, into a fancy basket which she held in her hand, and throwing her handkerchief over it—"we must not be found here *tete-a-tete*: Miss Penelope will grow jealous. Come, bring my squirrel."

"No, Mary, let us remain here a moment. How beautifully they wind along!—Kentuck's a glorious horseman."

"Yes, sir. And what do you think of Miss Penelope?—This afternoon you may have an opportunity of *filing your declaration*."

"Stay, Mary, and let me file it now," said Bradshaw, seizing her hand, and speaking in a trembling tone.

"No! no!—Come, Clinton, let 's go to the house," exclaimed Miss Carlton, trying to laugh away a blush.

Bradshaw held her hand a prisoner, while he said—

"Mary, you are on the eve of leaving for the Springs, and then for Washington. You will be absent a long time. I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you before you depart. Hear me, Mary," and he gently drew her to a seat.

She bowed her head till her rich curls covered her cheek, as Bradshaw continued, in a voice that had passion and eloquence in its every tone—

"Where you go, you will have many lovers, Mary. I know it—I *feel* it: the proudest, the wealthiest, the greatest of the land. They will gather around you in the beautiful and brilliant scenes where you will be the loveliest. And I—I—will you sometimes remember me then?—I will look after you, and listen to hear of you with more passionate fondness than I can tell. Will you sometimes think of me, then, Mary?"

"I will," murmured Mary.

"Mary, I have sometimes hoped that you had a regard for me; but then it seemed to me but as a sister's. Shall it be more, Mary—say, shall it be more?"

Mary whispered that it should.

"Bless you, bless you, my beautiful, my own Mary, for what you have said. Mary you have not been much in the world yet, in it, courted, admired, loved, worshiped, idolized, as you will be, this preference will be tried a way that you dream not of. I would not steal your heart. I ask no pledge from you, which another may make you repent you have given. But if, when you return from the world—then, when I am more in it than I am now, for, by the spirit of the Pilgrims, I will be—then, if I may thus hold your hand and learn from you that your feelings are unchanged, I shall be happier—no no: there is a passion beyond words. Mary, I have not had one dream of ambition in which you were not the guardian angel. I have not built one fairy castle in which you were not the loved one. My house-hold gods can never make me happy, unless you are by my hearth. I struggle in the thick crowd to deserve you. 'T is not so much that my name may sound in men's ears that I press on, but that you may pronounce it, and deem it not unworthy to be yours."

Bradshaw caught her in his arms, passionately, as he spoke. At this moment the garden gate was heard to open, and Miss Carlton sprang away from her lover, exclaiming "O my squirrel, my squirrel, he 's gone." And she hastened out of the summer-house after him, and Bradshaw followed.

It was the party from church that entered the garden.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Miss Penelope, laughing: "your *sudden* determination to stay at home was to catch runaway squirrels, was it?"

Miss Carlton was very much confused; but Bradshaw stopped before her, so as to hide her confusion. He had caught the squirrel, and he handed it to Miss Penelope, saying,

"You see, Miss Penelope, it is easy to catch runaway squirrels, when you have a chain round their necks. No matter how far you go into the woods, there is no danger of their escaping—they become attached—they 'll always play about the place where you are—at any moment you may seize the chain, and draw them to you."

"Very well, Miss Mary Carlton," said Miss Penelope, turning away from Bradshaw, with a consciousness of what he meant: "so I suppose your sudden determination kept Mr. Bradshaw from going to church."

Mary Carlton, who had recovered from her confusion, said, archly, "Do you think, Miss Penelope, that I will let you run away with all the beaux? No, indeed. Mr. Bradshaw was quite pious this morning—as anxious as Robinson Crusoe to see and hear the church-going *belle*. He wanted another *tete-a-tete*, like that of the battle-ground, but gallantry forbade him to leave me; and I peremptorily refused to go to church with him—for I have no intentions of furthering your designs on two or three gentlemen at once."

Selman, who was by the side of Miss Penelope, complacently switching his boots with his riding whip, started and looked blank, when the latter part of the sentence fell upon his ear, while Miss Penelope exclaimed,

"And so, Mr. Bradshaw, you would not come to church, you 're out of my books entirely, sir: I 've done with you."

"Miss Penelope," said Bradshaw, "you must not pronounce judgment before you hear the cause. I 'll have to get Selman to plead it for me."

"Yes," said Miss Penelope, "you should; Mr. Selman is so admirable a pleader, no doubt, in his own causes."

"Dern it," whispered Selman to Bradshaw, "don't begin your foolery, and knock every thing into a cocked hat," while Mary Carlton said,

"Penelope, we know you 're a kind of female Napoleon, in the world of the heart—that you go on conquering and to conquer; but I 'll rally all the girls as my allies, and then look out for a Waterloo defeat."

"Even then," said Selman, "Miss Penelope will have the consolation of knowing that she has had the crown."

"Oh! certainly, Mr. Selman; and, that your devotion was to herself, and for herself—that it had nothing to do with the jewels and the diadem."

In the progress of the afternoon Bradshaw left the company, and sauntered out alone in a noble grove, near the house. Selman, who surmised there had been some tender passage in the summer-house, between Bradshaw and Mary Carlton, and who took, of course, a sympathetic interest in such matters, joined him in his walk. Bradshaw suspected his intentions, and was not long kept in doubt; for Selman looked round cautiously, and then, in a quick, but subdued voice, he asked,

"Bradshaw, hey! how did you come on in the summer-house?"

"What, on *that subject*, Selman?"

"Yes! Your own subject, I mean. I thought, probably, there might be something between Miss Mary and you. She took me up pretty short about jewels. I don't like such allusions."

"This is a devil of a world, Selman," said Bradshaw, with a most melancholy voice.

"Hey! What? Thunder! Has she rejected you?"

"The thing's pretty much fixed, I suspect."

"Well! I never was more astonished in my life—never. I would not have believed it if you had not told me. I always was satisfied she liked you. Why, dern it, she don't pretend to hide it—she evidently prefers your company to all others."

"Yes—that may be, Selman; but, you know, she lived at the Purchase, and it may be only a sisterly regard. When there 's love in the business a lady is very apt to be shy, and, at least, affect to like the society of others—particularly, when her lover is by."

"I don't know but what that 's a fact—for you say Miss Penelope likes me, and every body sees she treats me just so."

"It 's hard to form a correct opinion of women, Selman."

"Hard! I consider it a matter of moral impossibility. The more I think of it, the more I 'm perplexed. Just when you think you 've fixed them," continued Selman, shaking his head with the gravity of Lord Burleigh, in the Critic, "by Jove, they fix you. But, Bradshaw, I'd no idea of it. Miss Penelope has said to me, in confidence, that she was satisfied Miss Carlton was attached to you—her very words. She has refused Talbot, who 's a confounded good-looking fellow, and talented—refused him, pint blank; and, as for Bates, she laughs at him. Bradshaw, you stood it well; your manner did not betray it. She was confused when we came up. It 's just the reverse with me. I always look like a fool, or, at least, feel like one; and Miss Penelope laughs. Why, you seemed in as good spirits as usual, all day."

"How do you and Miss Penelope come on?"

"Oh! I haven't spoken to her on that subject since that dern night of the dinner. I want her to forget it. She treats me very well, though. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, very."

"The fact is, Bradshaw, I think Bates is a gone chicken:—that whaling I gave him, did for him, at any rate. Well! well! I thought you could get any of the women: I did, upon my honor. I begin to believe that Talbot, since Miss Carlton has refused him, is making up to Miss Penelope—don't you think so?"

"I saw him escort her to church, last Sunday. Did she take his arm?"

"Take his arm!—no!—did she?" exclaimed Selman, in great alarm. "She never would take mine. I kept at a distance behind them, from church—but I watched them. She didn't take his arm—I'll swear to it—going home. Did you ever see her?"

"Never. I've seen her take Kentuck's."

"Yes, I know it; and I don't know what to make of Willoughby, either. I haven't the faith in him I used to have."

"Why not?"

"Why not! Why, I suspect him of having a sly hankering after Miss Penelope; and I don't think its very friendly on his part. He 's a confounded fine-looking fellow, and he has a taking way with the women. Have you heard him speak of returning to Kentucky, lately?"

"No, I have not."

"Nor I—not one word now-a-days. Bradshaw, I wish you would find out what his feelings are with regard to Miss Penelope."

"I will. But, to tell you the truth, I don't think you have any thing to apprehend from him. He 's your friend: he knows of your attachment; and, I am satisfied, he entertains no thought that way. You must not say a word on this subject of mine, to any one, Selman."

"Not I!—not a word!—what are you going to do, Bradshaw?"

"Leave matters just as they are, and go ahead at the law!"

"Well, I would have sworn that she liked you, and I believe it now just as firmly as if she had told you so!"

During the latter part of this conversation they had left the grove, and were walking towards the house. Bradshaw parted from Selman to visit the stables. The latter, in profound and perplexed rumination, on "the subject" of their conversation, entered the porch, and met Miss Carlton leaving it.

"Which way, Miss Mary, all alone?"

"For my fancy basket, sir, that I left in the summer-house."

"Let me save you the trouble."

"Thank you, sir, I doubt if you could find the one I want, there are several baskets—but come on."

"Miss Mary how did you enjoy yourself on the fourth?"

"Oh! very well, sir. How did you enjoy yourself, Mr. Selman? I thought you seemed quite in a philosophic mood for such an exciting and patriotic occasion."

"I—Oh! Miss Mary, I enjoyed myself very much towards the latter part of the day; in the morning I had a bad headach. I was prevented hearing the oration. How did you like it?"

"Very much—I like every thing Clinton says."

"Ah! *every* thing."

"Yes, sir—every thing I hear him say. Why do you echo me?"

"O nothing—I rejoice to know you 're so universally pleased with him—I wonder he don't get married."

"It may be, Mr. Selman, that Mr. Bradshaw, like other gentlemen that you and I know of, don't find the ladies so very consenting as your vanity has led you to believe."

Selman gave his coat collar a twitch, as if it did not set to please him. By Jove, thought he, Bradshaw's in a bad fix. He was in the act

of concocting a remark, when Miss Penelope, who had observed them from the window of the house, moved by impulses which our readers may easily imagine, entered the garden. Towards night Emily Bradshaw returned to the Purchase, her brother and Willoughby escorted her there, and then proceeded to town. Selman and Miss Penelope remained with Mary Carlton. After the ladies had retired to their chamber, while Mary stood before the glass, arranging her hair for her pillow, Miss Penelope, who sat at the open window looking out upon the garden, and thrumming with her pretty fingers against her lips, broke a silence of some moments, by saying—

"The truth is, Mary, we must yield to these creatures, the men, after all."

Mary Carlton paused, in the act of confining a stray curl under her cap, and, with an arch expression, said—

"I know it—I suppose, Miss Penelope Perry, you have no insuperable objections to yielding, have you!"

"Why, not insuperable, exactly; but one hates to give up one's liberty, and the pleasure of tormenting—It won't do to torment a husband; as soon as you begin it with him, my gentleman will pick up his hat with such a provoking quietness, and wend his way to his office or counting-room, to the theater, or on a fishing or gunning party, with the indifference of a Grand Mogul. I declare to you, Mary, I hate the thought of it. I wonder now if Henry Selman could bring me to consent to have him, if he ever would take on such airs afterwards."

"Its more than probable he would, unless you abate the airs you put on now."

"I wish I was a queen—Queen Elizabeth, as Scott describes her, with Raleigh, Essex, Leicester, all at her feet; wouldn't you like it?"

"Yes, for the pleasure of giving a princely hand to such a princely fellow as Essex."

"I don't believe I 'd be merciful, as Mr. Bradshaw says, to any of them. But then the misfortune is, Mary, that we can 't commence a flirtation, however much in jest, without getting the heart touched after awhile—this sentimentality is my abhorrence! What a love-sick swain Mr. Henry Selman would be, should he get involved in the tender passion."

"What a love-sick swain he is you mean! And the truth is, Penelope, you have not a proper regard for his feelings."

"Ho, ho, you 're getting sentimental—quite a sign, Miss Mary. You don't pretend to deny, now, that there was some tender passages between you and Mr. Bradshaw to-day, in the summer house, do you?"

"Penelope, you seem to think, because Mr Selman has made a 'tender of his affections to you,' that every body else has received similar tenders."

"You can't hide it from me, Mary. Mr. Bradshaw was cunning enough to hide your confusion, and try to confuse me; but I saw through it, and I shrewdly suspect, from his manner and yours, that his eloquence prevailed."

"Ah! indeed, what makes you think so?" asked Mary Carlton, affecting to put her question in an indifferent tone.

"Oh, I 've some experience, Miss Mary, as well as you. When a lady tries to hide a gentleman's confusion, on such an occasion, it shows—but, come, what do you think it shows!"

"It shows," said Miss Carlton, laughing, "that she has made a conquest, and is doubtful; rather disposed to yield—but she wants pressing, hey! Penelope; such, for instance, as you may form some idea of, if you remember what happened in the garden, after I left you and Mr. Selman there, to-day."

"Go on!" exclaimed Miss Penelope.

"Well, when the lady is anxious to exhibit the gentleman's confusion, it proves that she is a coquette, who only cares for conquest—for glory; that she has no clemency, and would chain the conquered to the wheels of her triumphal car."

"Go on, Mary, and tell us what 's the sign when the gentleman hides the lady's confusion."

"Oh, I know no more—here ends my catechism."

"Well, I 'll instruct you; when a gentleman tries to hide a lady's confusion, on such a tender occasion, it shows that she has been wooed and won—witness the summer-house this morning, when you were catching runaway squirrels. You must keep a tight chain round the neck of your squirrel, Mary, I tell you. If you knew what was said to me on the fourth, you would think there was some probability of my cutting you out."

"Ah, well, you were determined I should not cut you out this afternoon. But, joking aside, what are you going to do with Mr. Selman?"

"Do with him what you 're determined to do with Mr. Bradshaw—have him, I suppose; and I declare to you I hate the thought—but as one must settle down into matrimony, sooner or later, the sooner the better."

"A fair conclusion, Miss Penelope Perry."

"Mary, Henry Selman is as blind as a beetle to a similation. Sometimes I really pity him; do you think he didn't tell me, after you left us in the garden this afternoon, that he was afraid you had acted very coquettishly, and rejected Mr. Bradshaw."

"Nullified the union! Poor fellow—he thought Mr. Bradshaw's experience must tally with his own. He did not know, that though you sometimes pretend to hoist the single star, you are, nevertheless, like the rest of womankind, for union to a man, as the epigram says."

"Mary, you should have heard my sister Priscilla, the evening of the fourth of July.—Such a lecture she did inflict on me! Poor Prisy has had her day with the dashing beaux, and she begins to settle down into an idea of parsons and sober sedate gentlemen of a certain age. She has a sisterly regard for me, and, I expect, when about my years, she was a complete flirt; she flirted herself out of two or three lovers, and is now as repentant as any,

sinner you ever saw; she is so anxious to make amends for it that I have no doubt she will accept the first staid, sober, discreet gentleman who offers. Indeed, she scolded so loudly, and threatened such awful threats of telling mother—whom Mr. Bradshaw has talked into believing Henry Selman the best young man in the world—of my improper conduct and total disregard of Mr. Selman's feelings, as she called it, that I was forced to promise her that the next time the poor creature talked to me of love, I would just stop his mouth at once, and for ever, on that subject, by accepting him. I suppose Mr. Bradshaw has persuaded you to make him the happiest man in the world—is not that the way these lovers phrase it?—at such an early date, that it is too late for me to ask you to be my bridemaid, and I must be yours."

Long before their conversation ended, their cheeks were upon their pillows. Selman, who rested in the adjoining room, reported to Bradshaw that, long after midnight, he heard the indistinct hum of their voices, and though (shameful that he should confess such a thing) he tried his hardest to hear, he could not distinguish one word of their conversation.—What was further said we may not relate, for we fear our fair readers have accused us already of betraying secrets which gentlemen are not entitled to hear.

Not long after the above conversation, Miss Penelope and Selman were married. Mary and Emily were her bridemaids, and Bradshaw and Willoughby, his grooms'-men. In due time Mary Carlton went to the Springs. She corresponded regularly with Emily Bradshaw, and gave her piquant accounts of the motley crowd, among whom she moved the most attractive belle. Frequent reports reached Bradshaw of her conquests. These reports not only told what gentlemen were wooing her, but of engagements made, &c., &c. Talbot was frequently mentioned as one of the best received of her admirers. All this Bradshaw heard with feelings which required a stubborn effort to command. Though he would not believe them, they gave him a heart chill often, but he banished them from his reflections with a stern pride.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As the time approached, when the candidates for state legislature were generally announced,—Jekyl, who, as our readers are aware, had become the editor of a weekly paper, called on Bradshaw, and said—

"Mr. Bradshaw, they talk of bringing you out for the legislature."

"Ah! do they. What chance do you think I'd stand?"

"I think you would be elected."

"I'm told that Talbot intends being a candidate. Is it a fact?"

"I have heard such a rumor, but I don't know what credence to give it. Old Broadbelt and yourself, I have no doubt, will be elected. Have you been spoken to on the subject?"

"Yes, several of my friends have mentioned it to me."

"There will be a meeting of the wards of the city where I live—of the mechanics—next Thursday evening, and you will be nominated."

"Jekyl, my friend," said Bradshaw, "if I'm nominated, of course I wish to be elected; there are several very popular men spoken of as candidates, and as a number of important measures will be brought before our legislature this winter, there will be a deep interest felt in the election. I am obliged to you for your friendly feeling towards me; but you must give me time to think upon the business before the nomination is made."

"The workies are determined to nominate you, Bradshaw. It will be done. You can decline, you know, if you choose, after the nomination is made; but I really think you will be elected, and it will be of service to you in your profession."

Here a client entered, and Jekyl took his leave, saying he would call again.

When his client left, Bradshaw walked to Glassman's, with whom he had promised to sup, and go to the theater, determined to consult him on the matter.

"Why, Bradshaw," said Glassman, "as Sir Roger would say, much may be said on both sides. You know, as I have told you, I've no turn for politics myself. The law is a jealous mistress, and requires, I might almost say, exclusive devotion from her votaries, if they would be successful: at least from most of them. Those who have high talents may wander, and yet advance in her good graces, even facilitating their progress by a knowledge of politics: for politics is the philosophy of law—but the number is small. You know there are many who can practice what they have only learned by rote, as the mountebank, by the aid of chemistry, can perform many tricks, though he knows nothing of the properties of the science. Thus practice too many lawyers. When a lawyer would be great, a knowledge of politics—I do not mean of party politics, but of the political history of his country—is necessary to his success in the high walks of his profession. But, now-a-days, alas! politician and trickster, statesman and charlatan, are synonymous terms. Yet we—you are not compelled to tread the road, in becoming a politician, that others tread—if I have read you right, your nature will not let you. A man of your character and talents (I speak to you as a friend—I use no flattery) cannot avoid becoming a politician. You have every requisite for making a statesman: no ambition can be loftier than that of a successful and patriotic one—and, as you will sooner or later enter the arena, be your resolutions now what they may, I do not know but what you had better commence now; you can thus test the soundness of your partiality for political life, and if you think yourself unfitted for it, which if you do justice to yourself, I believe you will not, you can quit it at

once, and much easier than if you were to commence politician after you had acquired an extensive legal reputation: *then* you would be more anxious to succeed even than you are now, because you would be aware more would be expected from you, and ambition grows: yet, to tell the truth, your capability might be less, for the fact is, few lawyers who commence politicians late in life, do succeed. The law, as Burke says, is the 'Chinese shoe of the mind,'—and, to make a pun, if you put the shoe on early, and wear it perpetually, you must expect to have a narrow *understanding*. To quote Burke again, 'when a new and a troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent,' the man who has been all his *life* acting from precedent, and particularly from the technical precedents of the law, is in a situation that, whatever may be his natural capacity, is an embarrassed one, in which he is just as apt to go wrong as right. Bradshaw, I do not know of any animal in natural history, who has so much unmitigated dulness about him, and upon him, as one of your mere lawyers. Meet one of them where you will, under any circumstances, at a bridal, or burial, at a play-house, or a prayer-meeting, and, if he can possibly find, or make an opportunity, he will poke some mooted tweedle dum tweedle dee point of law at you. His brain is like his parchment, engrossed with technicalities and quibbles: every thing else is foreign to the record."

"Yet, ours is a noble profession."

"Certainly, a noble profession to a noble mind,—a mind that connects literature and general science with it. But the fact is, Bradshaw, the mind must be a great one, indeed, that the study of the law does not 'cabin, crib, confine.' In my intercourse with men, who stand the highest in their profession, I have been literally astonished with the extent of their ignorance, and the audacity with which they will proclaim it, like a states' witness recounting his rascalities."

"That was a pungent sarcasm of Burke on Erskine, when he said, in combating Erskine's notions of an impeachment, that a nisi prius lawyer, giving an opinion upon the duration of an impeachment, was like a rabbit that breeds six times a year, pretending to know of the gestation of an elephant."

"But it does not come under the definition that some one gives of wit—'a good thing well applied.' It is a good thing mis-applied, in that instance, though, no doubt, it applies generally to nisi prius lawyers. I think Erskine the model of a constitutional lawyer. Was it not Johnson who said, that he who would write the English language correctly, must devote his days and nights to Addison? I should say that the advocate who would utter arguments that convince, and eloquence that warms and persuades, must devote his days and nights to Erskine. I know no forensic efforts that, take them all in all, compare with his. Read his argument in Hatfield's case—what a profound exposition of the different species of insanity, of their characteristics, and the legal responsibilities of each. What a glorious constitutional argument is that, on the trial by jury, in the Dean of St. Asaph's case. His defense of Stockdale I have read over and over again—that is a fine passage where he describes the 'striking spectacle daily exhibited' at Hastings' trial: and he well characterizes the efforts of Burke and Sheridan, as 'anathemas of superhuman eloquence.' That is a fine passage, too, where he describes the nature of British dominion in the east; and what can be more eloquent than his description of the 'savage, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence.' His conclusion, where he says that the benevolent author of our being will judge us, as the jury should judge the passages in the book of Logan, which were indicted as libellous,—'holding up the great volume of our lives, and regarding the *general scope of them*,' is not surpassed in appropriateness, and in the combination of *reason*, eloquence, and sound morality, in any forensic effort I know of, unless it is by himself, in the defense of Bingham.

"Erskine, Mr. Bradshaw, in his intercourse with the bar and bench, was a model of what becomes a lawyer. In his very first effort, when unknown, and when judges are more apt to be courted than opposed by a young aspirant, Erskine acted not only fearlessly, but nobly. When Lord Mansfield, from the bench, told him, in no very gentle manner, that Lord Sandwich was not before the court, Erskine exclaimed he would bring him before the court, and indignantly commented on his conduct. Remember, that Sandwich was high in place and in power, that Erskine was powerless—was making his first speech, and in a borrowed gown, for he was too poor to buy one—that he had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain. I am wrong, he *had* something to gain,—the approval of his conscience, and his country,—the best rewards of honorable exertion. This manly spirit guided and guarded him through life. Erskine had his errors—who has not? For my part, when I gaze upon the diamond I think of its brilliant qualities, and not of the dirt that may sometimes partially obscure them. But you know his speeches, Bradshaw, as well as I—better, for you are fresh in them. Our professional men should devote themselves more to literature, biography, poetry, and history."

"It seems to me," said Bradshaw, "that our statesmen—and most of them are, or have been, lawyers—are not surpassed by any in the world."

"Certainly not," said Glassman. "I was not speaking particularly of our very foremost men, though they, I think, do not enough cultivate literature—law and politics (and I fear, party, personal politics) engross their attention, at least, now-a-days—I was speaking of the profession, generally. In a country where there is so general a diffusion of knowledge, as in ours, 't is not he who knows the most, that has the greatest influence, but he who can make himself best understood, and who pleases while he instructs. Who

thinks of wading through the interminable speeches of our congressmen? Most of the speakers do not want information on the subject on which they speak; but they deliver it in a jumbled, discordant mass, often with as little attention to the construction of their arguments, as their sentences. And, as for beauty of language, historical citation, or literary adornment, except in the speeches of two or three of our leading men, I do not know where you can find it."

"Did you know the late William Pinckney?"

"Ah! yes. You should have heard him speak of Erskine. When Pinckney was minister at the court of St. James, he became acquainted with him, and heard him repeatedly. He entertained the highest opinion of him. Pinckney was, perhaps, the most thoroughly ambitious man I ever knew. He labored in his last cause harder than he did in his first; and in every cause, as if his professional reputation depended upon it. Pinckney's style was too verbose and declamatory, and his manner violent beyond all description. Before he went to England, I am told by those who often heard him, his manner of speaking was mild and persuasive, and his voice silvery: on his return, he adopted a directly opposite oratory, which did not suit him. He was an intense student. We have often met in attendance on the supreme court, and I have repeatedly occupied a room adjoining his: when, if I had been a prisoner to my own, I could have told when any case of great importance, that excited public attention, and in which a distinguished man was to oppose him, was before the court. He would often walk his room all night; and not unfrequently, as I lay in bed, did I hear the rehearsal of the argument, which, the next day, I listened to in court. His perseverance was tireless. He loved his profession, devotedly; and, I doubt much, if, in any other vocation, he could have won so high a reputation. His mind was of an order that could rather acquire than create. He could not have succeeded in a work of the imagination—he might as an historian, if he had improved his style. But with the law his mind was thoroughly imbued—he comprehended its broadest principles, while he made a microscopic observation of the merest technicalities. His mind was argumentative and subtle; his figures of speech, his flights of fancy, cost him more labor than his argument: he almost always wrote them out, and committed them to memory. His argument was perfect without his fancy-work; and his fancy-work was perfect without his argument. His fancy did not grow out of his subject, like the leaf from the summer bough; it was rather stuck on it, like a flower in a cup, for display; and a certain chilliness reminded us that it was a hot-house plant—a forced cultivation. Yet, as a lawyer, I know not his superior; and no man could do better than to confide his case to Mr. Pinckney—because he never neglected it through indolence, pleasure, or inattention; and, if he took it in hand, he attended to it, not more for emolument, than for success and fame. An anecdote is related of him, which strikingly shows his character. When at the court of St. James, he was dining in company with Burke, Sheridan, Fox, and a host of great names, when a discussion arose upon some line in Virgil, I believe. All of them expressed their opinions but Mr. Pinckney; and, as he had said nothing, *pro* or *con*, they appealed to him as umpire. He had to confess his ignorance of the Latin language; but when he left the company, he sent immediately for a teacher and commenced the study of it. He became an accomplished Latin scholar. While abroad, I am told, he was a hard student of the law, and a regular attendant on the courts, so that, when he returned, and again became a practitioner, instead of his contemporaries finding him rusty, as they expected, he entered the lists with his armor bright, and armed at all points."

"I like that in his character," exclaimed Bradshaw; "it shows *character*."

"Bradshaw," said Glassman, musingly—"yes, you had better be a candidate for the legislature. I think you will be elected. The Superior Court will meet, you know, at ——, the same time as the legislature. You ought to attend that court, and your election will send you to —— in a double capacity, as a legislator and a lawyer. But, come, let us go to the theater—Mrs. Drake, the western actress, makes her appearance to-night, for the first time, I believe, on our boards. Your friend, Willoughby, whom I like very much, who is just such a man as you describe him to be, promises me great things in her performance."

The theater was crowded. Mrs. Drake appeared in the "Soldier's Daughter;" and when the curtain fell, Glassman, after the silent musing of a moment, exclaimed,

"I cannot remove the impression from my mind, that it is impossible for Mrs. Drake to play any other character than this—she plays so naturally that, never having seen her before, it seems to me it is her own character; and yet, you tell me, in Bianca and in Julia she is just as great. Oh! what a gift is genius! and how fascinating in woman!"

CHAPTER XXV.

It is not our purpose to designate, in these idle pages, either of the political parties that now distract, or, if you please, divide our country. We are just from the thick of the fight ourselves, and we turn, with pleasure, from the stern reality to fancy; happy, if experience has taught us to copy from the great book of the world a not incorrect page or two.

When the anticipated meeting of which Jekyl spoke convened, Bradshaw was unanimously nominated for the state legislature. The moment the nomination was made, a committee was appointed to wait on him forthwith, and request his attendance at the meeting. The committee found Bradshaw at his

office, and, in a few minutes, he stood among his friends. They received him with enthusiastic applause. From that evening to the day of election, he attended meetings almost every evening, in the different wards—made speeches and friends. Talbot had, also, been nominated by a number of his friends, but he still loitered at the Springs, and left those who nominated him to electioneer for him. What is every body's business is nobody's business. Old Broadbelt and two others were also candidates. The city was only entitled to two representatives.

Bradshaw was elected: he led the polls fifteen hundred and five votes. Broadbelt stood next. Talbot was within three hundred votes of Broadbelt. He returned to the city only two weeks before the election. His reputation for talent was high, and his family influence very extensive. If he had used half the exertion of Bradshaw, he would have been elected instead of Broadbelt.

In the winter Bradshaw attended the legislature, of course; and there he was thrown a great deal with Glassman, who was in attendance on the Superior Court. Glassman and Bradshaw roomed together. With his usual energy and perseverance, Bradshaw devoted himself to his duties. He did not show off in much speaking, and in making sarcastic remarks upon country members. He guarded the interests of his constituents, and conciliated even those whom he was compelled to oppose. Such was his popularity and tact, that persons from every part of the state, having business at the seat of government, would request his kind offices. Glassman, with real friendliness, assisted him in various ways, and exerted himself to advance his popularity and influence.

"Bradshaw," said Glassman to him, one night when they were seated together in their room, "you have made an impression here of the right sort. Most young men go to the legislature to speak; you came here to act, and you have acted well. 'Much speaking,' said John Randolph, in his best days—a maxim which he afterwards forgot, or, at least disregarded—'much speaking, Mr. Speaker, will cheapen abilities much greater then mine.' You have done nothing to cheapen your abilities in that line; in fact, you have done nothing that gave a touch of their quality, except your speech on the canal bill. Every body, the generality of persons, I mean, expected you to make splendid declamations; you have done better, you have shown yourself a thorough man of business. This spirit of interminable speech-making is the curse of our legislative halls. It is not only in bad taste, but a man loses his object by it, if it be any thing more than to make a speech which nobody will read. Our members of congress appear to think that their election gives them

'Full and eternal privilege of tongue,—

that they may measure out their speeches as a clothier measures out his cloth, and the poorer the quality, the more they can afford to inflict for their *per diem*."

In enacting laws that cannot interest our readers, the session of the legislature passed. Bradshaw and Broadbelt reached the city of their constituents at night; the former obtained a horse from his colleague, sent word to the Rev. Mr. Longshore to have his office opened in the morning, and rode out to the Purchase. He found his father and family well. Mary Carlton was still at Washington; and he spent the evening in looking over her letters to his sister, which gave an interesting account of the characters and scenes of the capital. Not unfrequently his name occurred in the correspondence; and when it did, he would pause and puzzle over the writing, and try to divine, in the shape of the letters formed by her delicate hand, the feelings which possessed her bosom while she wrote. What slight and trivial things are of interest to a lover—no matter how manly or determined his character. Bradshaw inquired for Willoughby, and learned he had not been to the Purchase for three or four days. In the morning, bright and early, he departed for town. As Bradshaw left the house he heard Pete's mother, calling at the top of her voice, for her runaway assistant, who had left the churn just as the butter was "coming;" and gone, she knew not whither. When Bradshaw reached the gate he found the recreant functionary parading it open with officious display, and holding in his hand what had once been a hat.

"Pete, don't you hear your mother?"

"Yes, Massa Clinton, but I want to shut the gate after you.

"And you want toll, hey?"

Pete grinned, and dropped his hat to catch the fip, as Massa Clinton put his hand in his pocket.

Bradshaw was glad to find himself once more seated in his office. His reverend attendant had put every thing to rights. He installed himself in his great arm-chair, and looked around, musingly, upon his books and papers, as we gaze upon the faces of familiar friends after a long absence.

While thus engaged, a thin, peculiar-looking old man entered his office; and, sans ceremonie, took a seat. After a premonitory cough, and a rapid glance around the room, the stranger asked,

"Are you Mr. Bradshaw, sir, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw?"

"I am, sir."

"Fine day, sir; we shall have summer on us quick—ugh, ugh, ugh (coughing), you 're just from the legislature, I 'm told?"

"Yes, sir; I returned last night."

At this moment Willoughby entered the office. He was dressed in a full suit of black, with a broad band of crape round his hat; his fine countenance was unusually pale and troubled.

"Bradshaw, my friend, how are you?" said Willoughby, "you 're welcome back."

"Kentuck, my heart of hearts—all hail to

you!" exclaimed Bradshaw, jumping up and seizing him by the hand, "what's the matter!—is your uncle dead?"

"Yes, he's gone to his long account."

"When did you hear it? I congratulate you upon your immense possessions."

"The day before yesterday. Bradshaw, my immense possessions are like the Irishman's flea—put your finger on him, and he's not there. I am not worth the boots I stand in—my uncle has not left me one cent."

"Not left you one cent! Is it possible! damn him! Why did you put on black for him?"

"The old gentleman always treated me well: his wealth was his own, I suppose.—It's a hard cut, Bradshaw. I expected to inherit the largest fortune in the west, and here you see me, penniless, and in debt. My uncle has been deceived by cringing scoundrels round him. No matter—no matter: I wear this black for the good points in his character; he was peculiar—he had bad health—he—no matter, let his errors sleep with him—he was my father's brother."

"Take a seat, my friend," said Bradshaw. "Are you sure there's no mistake in this?"

"None; the letter's from my uncle's intimate friend. The old gentleman, like Swift, has founded a hospital for lunatics. A cool million gone to support those who have lost their wits, while I must live by mine; think of that, master Brook."

Here the stranger, who had arisen during the conversation, and advanced to the door, passed out. Bradshaw was so much interested in his friend that he did not notice him.

"Kentuck," said Bradshaw, grasping his hand, convulsively, "my noble friend, you have that in you which will surmount sterner obstacles than the loss of fortune—you have glorious talents: God's best gifts—your uncle could not dispossess you of them. Be admitted to the practice of the law, when the court sits, and let us open shop together—hang out our shingle on the outer wall. You and I, Kentuck, against the field."

The Kentuckian released his hand from Bradshaw's grasp, to dash a tear from his eye. "This is manly," he exclaimed, "but, Bradshaw, I will speak to you plainly: I am a beggar—I meant to return to Kentuck, and force my way,—but—but there's a strong spell binds me here—your sister!—I am attached to her—I have not told her of my attachment—I don't know that she suspects it. I will accept your offer. We will hoist our shingle together—I will struggle hard; and when I can support her as she should be supported, I will tell her of my attachment, and win her, if I can, if your family has no objection."

"Kentuck, I am the only worldly one of my family. Rich or poor, I would rather call you brother than any man in this big city.—It is a hope I have nursed long: I suspected your feelings. Come," continued Bradshaw, smiling, "mount your horse and ride out to the Purchase; see Emily—speak to her on 'that subject,' as Selman would say,—now is the time to find out whether she loves you for yourself, Kentuck."

"No, Bradshaw—no, not now—not now."

"Yes, *now*, Kentuck, *now!*"

Here a number of Bradshaw's political friends, who had heard of his return, entered his office. While he was welcoming them, Willoughby left the room. In a moment afterwards, Bradshaw hurried after him; but he could not discover in what direction he had gone, and he was compelled to return to his company.

In the meantime, Willoughby, internally resolving not to go to the Purchase, almost mechanically proceeded to the livery stable, and mounted his horse. He rode in a direction from the Purchase, for sometime, brooding on his altered fortunes. He took from his pocket the letter informing him of his uncle's death, and the disposition of his property, and read it again—there was, alas! no mistake in it—he knew the hand-writing well.

"I could bear it without a murmur," said Kentuck, to himself, "were it not for my love of Emily Bradshaw. But why should I be such a fool?—I have never told her of my attachment. What is my loss of wealth to her?—why should it prevent me from going to the Purchase!—there I have always been treated with the greatest hospitality, and there I ought to go—but merely as a visiter."

While Willoughby pursued these reflections, his horse, that had been suffered to proceed without guidance, turned his head towards the Purchase, his accustomed route; and the rider having convinced himself that he ought to go there, but merely as a visiter, now put spurs to his steed, as if anxious to arrive before he altered his determination. He had not ridden far before he checked the career of his horse, while he resolved some doubts on the propriety of his resolution; and in the midst of these conflicting feelings he reached Mr. Bradshaw's gate. His horse stopped, while the rider, without attempting to open the gate, sat deliberating upon what he should do. He was just on the eve of determining to return to the city, when he reflected that it was his *duty* to visit the sister of his friend, and these who had always treated him with so much hospitality; and, looking through the fence, for he had, until this moment, been inattentive to objects around him, he beheld Mr. Bradshaw in the act of descending from his chaise, in which sat Mrs. Bradshaw, to open the gate.

"Stay, Mr. Bradshaw," exclaimed Willoughby, "and let me open it for you."

"Mr. Willoughby!—good morning, sir—if you please. You are quite a stranger."

"I have had some business that has kept me in town," said Willoughby. "Is Miss Emily at the Purchase?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bradshaw: "ride up to the house; you will find her there. We're going to neighbor Bryant's, who is sick."

Willoughby found Emily alone. With a quicker eye than her parents, she observed

his mourning-suit, the broad band round his hat, and asked him if he had lost a friend.

"My only relative on earth, Miss Emily; my uncle."

She inquired when he died, and then, to relieve Willoughby's feelings, turned the conversation.

"Mr. Willoughby," she said, "I am obliged to you for the song you sent me the other day. I have been practicing it, and—shall I sing it for you?"

"If you please, Miss Emily. I like it, I suppose, because it was set to music by a professor* whom I became acquainted with in Louisville, and who is now living in Cincinnati; he possesses fine musical taste and talent."

Emily Bradshaw ran her hand over the keys, thoughtfully, and then sang as follows.—

"ABSENCE.

"'T is said that absence conquers love,
But, Oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot:
Lady, though fate has bid us part,
Yet still thou art as dear—
As fixed in this devoted heart
As when I clasped thee here.

"I plunge into the busy crowd,
And smile to hear thy name—
And yet as if I thought aloud,
They know me still the same:
And when the wine-cup passes round
I toast some other fair;
But when I ask my heart the sound,
Thy name is echoed there.

"And when some other name I learn,
And try to whisper love,
Still will my heart to thee return,
Like the returning dove:
In vain! I never can forget,
And would not be forgot;
For I must bear the same regret,
Whate'er may be my lot.

"E'en as the wounded bird will seek
Its favorite bower to die,
So, lady, I would hear thee speak,
And yield my parting sigh:
'T is said that absence conquers love;
But, Oh! believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot."

After the song ceased there was a silence for some moments, which Miss Bradshaw interrupted, by asking,

"Then you return to Kentucky, Mr. Willoughby?"

"No, Miss Emily. I don't know what I shall do." So saying, Willoughby rose to depart.

"Do stay to dinner, Mr. Willoughby. Brother will be out this afternoon, and he will be company in for you."

Emily Bradshaw observed that Willoughby was wrapped in a brooding, unquiet melancholy—and she exerted herself to dispel it. This gave a tenderness to her tone, always of the gentlest, that won upon his feelings, and unmanned his resolutions in spite of himself.

He arose, advanced to the door as if to leave—and then returned to Emily's side, and told her all—of his uncle's will, of his poverty, and of his love. "I could have borne it myself," said he, "Emily—I beg pardon, Miss Bradshaw; but I had hoped——"

"I know what you would say, Mr. Willoughby," said Emily Bradshaw, looking up into his face, with a frankness worthy of her forefathers, with an eye, such as one of the most gifted of her sex has ascribed to her race, on Plymouth rock, an eye—

"Lit by her deep love's truth."

"I know what you would say, Mr. Willoughby. I should feel hurt with you should you attribute to me the least mercenary feeling; there is my hand—you never asked it till to-day—you have had my heart long ago: I gave it to you when you were thought very rich, and I cannot take it away, and I would not," continued she, smiling, "though you are very poor." In an altered tone she added, "I care not what worldly advantage wealth might give to me. I have been taught to consider it a snare to the falling—but, indeed, I am sorry for—sorry that your uncle did not better know your—your worth." She wept; Willoughby pressed her to his heart, and dried her tears upon his bosom.

Willoughby sat by Emily Bradshaw, and told her of his intention of applying himself to his studies, and of the proposal which her brother had made to him of a partnership. He was certain, he said, that his profession would soon yield him a handsome income; and then talked over and over again with her, the plan of his future life. How susceptible a generous and brave nature is of the gentlest and tenderest emotions! The Kentuckian, as he thus conversed with Emily, thought of his loss of fortune with a glow of pride; for he felt that he was appreciated for himself, and he gazed on the fair girl by his side, and pressed her to his heart, with a passion amounting to enthusiasm. Emily Bradshaw cared very little for the loss, except as it affected her lover; and the manly manner in which he bore it only endeared him to her the more.

Mr. Bradshaw did not return home until late in the afternoon. Mrs. Bradshaw entered the house while her husband drove the chaise to the carriage-house; Willoughby followed after him—narrated to him all that our readers are aware of, and asked him if he had objections to his alliance.

Mr. Bradshaw listened to Willoughby with an emotion which he in vain tried to repress. He took him by the hand, and, after a silence of some moments, said—

"You are not a religious man, Mr. Willoughby, but you have generous and noble impulses—and they govern you. I hope and believe that you will make the rule of action they dictate, a duty—a religious duty. Your

* Mr. E. Thomas, to whose music the author is indebted for the popularity of several songs.

uncle has done very wrong; he has brought you up to expect a very large fortune, and has cut you off, it seems, without any alleged misdemeanor on your part, merely through a whim, a caprice, or the improper influence of those around him in his dying hour. He did not know what effect it might have upon you. It would plunge many a young man into irreclaimable dissipation. I honor you for the manliness you have shown, and the resolutions you have made. I did not wish Clinton to study law, for I feared the vanities of the world would mislead him. He has done well so far; and I hope the Lord will forgive me if I have felt unbecoming pride in the world's report of him. I hope Clinton does not set too much store upon the honor of men. It is more uncertain, even, than the gifts of fortune. I have enough of wealth—it satisfies all my wants; and why should it not satisfy my children? Emily (Mrs. Bradshaw) and I are getting old; it would be hard for her and me to part with our daughter—we should be all alone. If you follow your profession you will have to live in town, and our daughter and our son would then both be away from us in the gay world. Why should you follow the law? I have often heard you say you loved the simple pleasures of a country life; could not you be happy here? Mr. Willoughby, you have my daughter's affection—pure and unsullied affection; and you have, wrapped up in her, a father's and a mother's deep, deep love. You will have, under God, the happiness of more than one committed to your charge. My son," continued Mr. Bradshaw, in a tremulous voice, "think of what I have said—and may God, of his infinite mercy, bless you both."

Old Pete, who was taking the horse from the chaise, was an unobserved hearer of this conversation. He had more than once, with the pride of a family servant, boasted (negros are quick in discovering such things) of the "rich and monstrous brave looking beau his young missus had," to the neighboring negros, and he felt a deep mortification—your old family servants feel as deeply as their masters anything that concerns the family—when he heard Willoughby tell Mr. Bradshaw of his disinheritance. As they left the carriage-house together, Mr. Bradshaw, wrapped in his own thoughts, piously ejaculated, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Now, did ever any nigger hear the like of old Massa Bradshaw!" exclaimed old Pete, petulently tossing the harness which he had just lifted from the back of the horse into the bottom of the chaise. "The Lord didn't take away Massa Willoughby's money at all—his mean uncle take it away, and I hope old Satan 'll roast him for it."

CHAPTER XXVI.

We leave Willoughby with the lady of his love, and return to Bradshaw. After his political friends had left him, he sat alone in his office, musing on the disinheritance of Willoughby, when the peculiar-looking personage, with the cough, of whom we spoke in the last chapter, again entered.

"Ugh, ugh!" coughed he, "much business doing in the Legislature, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Yes, sir," said Bradshaw, offering him a chair, "considerable."

"This is the first time you have been to the Legislature,—ugh, ugh!—is it?" asked the stranger, picking up a newspaper and casting his eye over it.

"The first time, sir," answered Bradshaw, eyeing the interrogator more closely. He was an attenuated, dyspeptic person, with a suspicious glance, and a hurried and abrupt manner. Bradshaw at once discovered he was a *character*, and it struck him that he wished to communicate something or other, but did not well know how to begin. Half musingly and half attentively, Bradshaw answered him as he continued his interrogatories.

"Much talent there, sir?"

"Not any marked individual talent—there 's rather a democracy of it—it 's pretty nearly equally distributed."

"A democracy of talent!—ugh, ugh!—you go in for democracy, do you?"

"For a democracy of rights," said Bradshaw, smiling at the oddness of the stranger, "but———"

"Sir," exclaimed the stranger, "you have the notions of the—ugh!—of the French revolutionists—sorry to know it, sir,—sorry to know it."

"You didn't hear me out: I was going to say,—but I believed that nature was opposed to a democracy of talent,—I 'm not exactly a French revolutionist, for I don't agree with him, who, when some member of the national convention of France, called Mirabeau the 'distinguished member,' jumped up in a rage, and exclaimed—'they had no distinguished members there, they were all equal!'"

"Ha! ha!—ugh—I like that much—never saw that before—must remember that—good many young men of your profession here, I suppose, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"Yes, sir, any quantity of them—if you have professional business you can have your pick of some dozens."

"Some dozens, hey, ugh!—Fine place, I suppose, to study the law."

"That 's problematical—there are too many temptations here to allure one away from study."

"Yes, I thought so. Most young men, who come here from other states, disregard parents, guardians, and every body else, hey,—and take to frolicking. Do you know, Mr. Bradshaw,—ugh! ugh!—do you know———"

"Halloo, Bradshaw, I 'm glad to see you back again!" exclaimed Selman, throwing open the office-door.

"Ah! Mr. Benedict," exclaimed Bradshaw, "my respects to you." And they shook each other cordially by the hand.

"Bradshaw, you look a little thin. Have you seen Kentuck? That 's a pretty will,

isn't it, of that uncle of his. Bradshaw, what 'll he do?"

"Do!—why, practice his profession—It will be better than vegetating upon a fortune! Don't you think so, Judge?" continued Bradshaw, addressing Cavendish, who, at this moment, called to welcome him home.

"Think what?" asked the Judge.

"Why, that Willoughby will be better without a fortune than with one."

"Think!—by Jove!—I think the carcass of that uncle should be hung as high as Haman's. Willoughby is of a most respectable family—he is the only living representative:—the old fool, I have no doubt, was crazy. Willoughby always represented him as a man of sense, with peculiarities, but possessed of a strong mind. I have no doubt he was crack-brained from the first—the will, I believe, could be broken—I've a great mind just to slip out to the west (I've long had a notion of going there to see the country) and inquire into the business. Willoughby says the letter informing him of the death is from an intimate friend of his uncle, and that there can be no mistake in it.—But, I tell you what, that intimate friend may have been too intimate! Do you doubt he has been left a large legacy. It's preposterous to believe that any uncle, having his senses, would disinherit such a nephew as Willoughby, his only blood relation in the world—the only one of his family—an ancient family—to endow a hospital for lunatics, He must have been a lunatic himself."

"I believe you're half right, Judge," exclaimed Selman. "What do you think, Bradshaw?"

"The Judge may be near the truth," replied Bradshaw—"his uncle's a poor devil. But if it be as we fear, Willoughby has talents and energy; and, making a fortune, and winning with it an honorable name, will be better than stagnating with a dukedom."

"Stagnating with a devildom!" exclaimed Cavendish. "Willoughby ought to have the inheritance. This poverty is no such easy matter, Mr. Bradshaw."

"Why, Judge—I know it," remarked Bradshaw; and, after musing several minutes, he continued—"that will ought to be looked into—you're right—I have nothing particular to prevent my taking a jaunt with you, if you go west—what I meant to imply was, that Kentuck's situation is not so bad, after all. He has talents and a profession; and while he and his friends should use every exertion to recover his fortune, he nor they should not mope on the loss of it. "Judge," continued Bradshaw, with a peculiar smile, "where is there a man with a large fortune that the people delight to honor? Fortune does not bear away the honors of our land: luxuries and superfluities, of course, it gives, but not the luxuries and superfluities of renown—public estimation, political power, or legal skill: these are the luxuries of *mental* wealth. I have been cogitating, ever since I saw Kentuck, upon his loss of fortune. No man, that I have ever known, would do more honor to a princely estate than Kentuck. Without being the least prodigal, or living in enervating luxuries, he would devote his income to the enjoyment of those around him—and, in this, find much of his own; he would be public-spirited and generous, and would improve his mental gifts, without devoting them to acquire fame or power: thus, he would pass through life, respected and beloved. But, believing, as I do, that Kentuck has great natural talents, forcing his own way, as he will now have to force it, I have no doubt (at least, I hope—for Kentuck, to tell the truth, is not of a very ambitious nature) that he will stand among the first men in the country. I cherish these reflections when I think of the conduct of the heartless old fool—his uncle. If Kentuck had been a cringing, time-serving Blifil of a fellow, he would have got every cent of that old rascal's money. Yes, if he had truckled to him, and watched his humors like a slave, and eschewed frankness and honor, and nobility of character, he would now be the possessor of a cool million."

"He 'll find out his true friends now," said Cavendish. "How some of the old mothers, who have been courting him for their dear daughters, will cool off; and notwithstanding Kentuck is such a good-looking fellow, I fear the daughters will *cool* too."

"Come," said Bradshaw, starting up; Lyons has a branch of his firm at ———, in the west, and he knows Kentuck's uncle. He can give us some information that will be of service, perhaps. Kentuck bears it like a man; he has such a sensitive and high honor, and his feelings have been so wounded, not by the loss of his fortune, but by the neglect of his uncle, that he had better remain here; for, were he to go, if there has been any fraud in the will, the wrong-doers would be thrown upon their guard by his presence, which might defeat the ends of justice; on the contrary, no one would suspect any thing from our visit. I like your thought, Judge, and we must put it in execution at once."

The young men had been so busied in Kentuck's loss that they did not remark the presence of the stranger, who sat reading the newspaper.

Bradshaw, thinking of him for the first time since the entrance of his friends, said:—"Keep your seat, sir;—the paper is at your service. I will return in a few minutes, and if you have any business with me I will then attend to it. Come," addressing Cavendish, "let's go and see Lyons; we may learn something from him, and if there is any thing to strengthen your suspicions, Judge, why, Westward Ho!"

The young men left the office together. They were no sooner gone than the old gentleman started up, exclaiming—"Poor devil!—ugh! ugh!—of an uncle, hey—believe I am. My nephew's the only one that gives me a good character; put on black for me though he was disinherited! that hurt me worse—ugh! ugh!—than if he had cursed me. Yes, I am a poor devil; and I have been deceived, like a poor devil:—but I 'll make

him amends. He 's popular, why, he 's very popular; and this keen eyed fellow thinks he has first rate talents,—so they all thought at home. I 'll leave him every cent I have—yes, I 'll deed it. He put—ugh! ugh!—on black for me, though I did disinherit him: I 'll deed it so that I can't alter my mind. I 've been deceived by Dodridge—that greasy, godly, Christless, rascal. I must speak to this Bradshaw and tell him every thing—or he 'll be out to the west, and proclaim me a fool and a poor devil through the whole country."

The old gentleman was interrupted in his train of reflections by the entrance of Nancy Mulvany, the apple woman.

"Where 's Bradshaw?" she exclaimed, resting her apple basket on the edge of the table. "I thought he was in."

"Be in presently, I expect, good woman. What 's the price of apples?"

"Two cents a-piece, and four for a fip. I 'm tired out!" and she threw herself into a chair.

"Two cents a-piece, and four for a fip—that 's a devil of a price!"

"Devil of a price!—they were as dear agin this time last year."

"They were, hey! I can get them in Kentucky for a fip a peck,—what do you think of that, good woman?"

"Don't good woman me; my name 's Nancy Mulvany. Ye 're not in Kentucky now; and, if you want apples at a fip a peck, ye must go to Kentucky for 'em. I wouldn't, woman as I am, carry 'em for that."

"You wouldn't hey!—ugh! ugh!—good woman—ugh!"

"Don't good woman me, I tell ye."

"Well, bad woman, then—ugh!"

"Man!" said Nancy, starting up, "I don't know ye; and if ye want to pass an insult, say so. I don't believe ye 're from Kentucky, at all."

"Why not, Mrs. Mul—what 's your name?"

"Because I never knew a Kentuck but what was a gentleman. Young Willoughby—Kentuck they call him—wouldn't own ye."

"May be I wouldn't own him, Mrs. Mul. What kind of a man may he be?"

"The right kind of a man!—true to the back bone, and ginrous and just."

"Let me have a fip's worth of your apples, if you please, Mrs. Mul—ma'am."

"I think ye 'll like 'em," said Nancy, softening down as she handed him the basket: "help yerself—ye 're from the far away state of Kentucky. Did ye know Kentuck—I mean young Willoughby?"

"Why, yes—I believe, mayhap I did—ugh! ugh!"

"Well, I hope to goodness gracious ye 've come to comfort him. His uncle, they say, what had a large fortune, and was to leave it all to him, is dead and gone, and not left him the first cent. It 's a sin and a shame that it should be so—a sin and a shame. His uncle must ha' bin a weak-minded cretur."

"Is young Willoughby—what kind of a man is young Willoughby, ma'am—ugh! ugh!"

"What, Kentuck! why him and Bradshaw is, among men, like them two big pipins there, among my apples, the best of the whole on 'em."

"I 've heard of Bradshaw."

"Heard of Bradshaw! every body what has ears has heard of him—and may hear him, too, of a court-day. It would do you good—he can beat the best at this bar; and it isn't me only that says it—every body says it. These apples came off of his father's farm—and a fine farm it is; and they 're fine folks. His sister is the right kind of a young lady, I tell ye.—When two young men are thick, and one has a sister—there 's the reason—may be," said Nancy, knowingly.

"Ugh! ugh!—what 's that, what 's that! good woman?"

"It may be, and it mayn't be," said Nancy, lifting up her basket, "but I mus'n't stay on the gossip all day. And ye 're for seeing Bradshaw, are ye—he 'll do your luwing for you as good as airy one, any where, ye may depend. I wish I could see him; I 've missed him mightily—but he 'll be in the court in the day. Ye 'll find them good apples—I must—there 's Beck, now, gaping along, the lazy varmint. Beck, ye hussy, take this basket to the court;"—and Nancy hurried out—handed the basket to her and followed after.

As our readers have discovered, the letter to Willoughby, announcing the death of his uncle, and his disinheritance, was an artifice practiced by the uncle himself. The uncle was a suspicious, wayward man; full of odd notions and inconsistencies. One of his strong suspicions (in which there was much more truth than in many other of his whimsicalities) was, that the attentions he received were for his wealth; and though the world showed him a respect on that account, which they else would not have shown, yet he was wrong in attributing the regard of his nephew to that score. This, to do him justice, he was slow to do; and if his nephew had remained in Kentucky, the suspicion, if awakened in his mind, would only have passed over it like a cloud over the sunny face of nature, without making any impression; but Dodridge, a canting hypocrite, who lived near him, anxious to displace the nephew in the uncle's regard, in the hopes of being his heir, and knowing he could not succeed while the nephew was daily with his uncle, persuaded the old gentleman to send him to an eastern law-school. Willoughby, desirous of visiting the eastern states, and wholly unsuspicious of the design of Dodridge, was delighted with his uncle's proposition, and gladly complied with his wishes. In his absence the sly and insidious knave, watchful of every favorable opportunity in the gloomy and suspicious moods of the uncle, undermined, by a process too tedious and contemptible to dwell upon, his belief in the affection of his nephew. After he determined to disinherit him, his conscience smote him; and he got a friend to write the letter which the nephew received, and went on by the same mail to learn his character and conduct while away, and to discover, in a disguise

which he had assumed, the state of his nephew's feelings towards him.

His name was Chesterton (he was Willoughby's maternal uncle), and in the inquiries which he made, on his arrival in the city, he heard Bradshaw spoken of in the highest terms, and that he was the most intimate friend of his nephew; his purpose, therefore, in visiting him was to hear, by indirect means, of Willoughby; but he did not know well how to break the ice; for being of a suspicious nature, as we have said, he feared he might be suspected himself. When Willoughby entered Bradshaw's office, while Mr. Chesterton was there, and communicated to his friend his supposed loss of fortune, he did not notice his uncle at all, nor would he, in all probability, have known him if he had, as he supposed him dead. Mr. Chesterton felt a deep humiliation when he heard his nephew speak of him as he did, and saw him in mourning for his disinheritor; and, but for a sense of shame in the presence of Bradshaw, he would have made himself known to his nephew, and have explained to him how he had been deceived by Dodridge; but, as it was, he left the office, fearful that Willoughby might recognize him. He called on Bradshaw again, anxious to hear more of his nephew, and then he heard what Willoughby's friends said, as we have recorded. It had been his purpose to return to Kentucky without making himself known to Willoughby, and, after deeding his property to him to explain the whole matter by letter; but when he heard Cavendish and Bradshaw consulting on going west to inquire into the will, and saw them leave the office in furtherance of that intention, with many a cough and much worriment of shame—for such characters are very sensitive to ridicule—he resolved to await the return of Bradshaw and confide in him. Accordingly he remained until Bradshaw returned, and narrated to him all of what our readers have been informed. Bradshaw listened in silent surprise: his first emotion was heartfelt joy for Willoughby, and then he felt in no small degree provoked with himself, that his sagacity should have been so completely asleep as not in the least to have remarked the stranger, except for a nervous old fellow, who had some mole hill of a matter to consult him upon, which, in his own estimation, amounted to a mountain.

"And so you think I am a poor devil!" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton, snappishly, after waiting some moments for a remark from Bradshaw.

"O no, Mr. Chesterton," said Bradshaw, blandly: "you remember you have not disinherited your nephew—you are not dead, sir. You mean to make your nephew your heir—and I hope you may live long. I have no doubt you will outlive every shadow of suspicion of the regard of your nephew. A man of wealth, sir, is too apt to be courted for his wealth; and it is proper and rational that he should endeavor to find out who are his real friends—who have a true affection for him. You have found out your nephew, and you have found out Dodridge."

"Found out Dodridge!" exclaimed the old gentleman, starting up with a flashing eye,—"ugh! ugh!—Yes sir, I have found him out, and he 'll find me out with a vengeance—the half-methodist, half-quaker, whole-hog knave. To make me, his best friend, act so like a fool, like a poor devil—ugh! ugh!—Your phrase was proper, Mr. Bradshaw—but, sir, I 'll fix him. The first time I catch him on my farm I 'll make a will, and prove it on his non-combatant—ugh!—pious back. I 'll be witness, judge, and jury—my black man Tom shall be executioner. I 'll inflict thirty-nine on him, or my name 's not Chesterton—ugh!—he shall give a receipt for it—ugh!—that it was well laid on. Let him go to law; I 'll pay the fine—ugh! ugh!—it will be in place of the property I meant to have left him: that 'll be his legacy, Mr. Bradshaw; and he 'll have to leg it off of my farm in double quick time, or—ugh! ugh! ugh!—I 'll double it—ugh! ugh! ugh. Where 's Willy, I wonder—my nephew, Willy. I want to see him, and I hate to see him, too. The dog would put on mourning for me, though I am a poor devil, and did disinherit him—but where is he?"

"I suspect he rode out to my father's, sir. If you will ride with me—'t is but a few miles—I have no doubt we will find him there."

Mr. Chesterton readily assented; for he was very quick and impulsive in all his feelings, as we have said. On their way to the Purchase he asked Bradshaw innumerable questions of his family, &c., which, aware as Bradshaw was of Willoughby's attachment to his sister, he frankly answered, though without speaking of that. The old gentleman was in raptures with his free, easy, and courteous manners; and, before they reached the Purchase, Bradshaw had reconciled him to himself, which, of course, prepared him to be pleased.

Willoughby and Mr. Bradshaw, sen., as we have related, left old Pete to his reflections in the carriage-house. They entered the dwelling and found Emily alone. Mr. Bradshaw placed Emily's hand in Willoughby's, blessed them with a fervent and holy blessing, and left the room to find his wife. The lovers, left alone, strolled out together,—for the spring was again coming,—happy in themselves, and forgetful of all else.

"My dear Emily," said Willoughby, as she placed her arm in his, and gently and fondly pressed it to him—"my dear Emily, you have indeed made me happy. Out of what seemed the greatest misfortune of my life has arisen the greatest blessing. Yet it is selfish in me, love, in my poverty to woo you—and Oh! how unselfish in you to be thus won."

"Selfish!—why selfish?" said Emily, clasping her hands together, and thus, as it were, locking herself to his arm while she looked up into his face. How soon love like theirs, when once acknowledged, becomes confiding of its every thought! "No!—I am the selfish one; for it gives me more pleasure—more *selfish* pleasure—to show the world I love you for yourself, than your wealth could possibly have given me."

"I am, indeed, rich, in such a love—that gentle heart of thine, this fairy little hand are mine—mine—am I not rich? Do you know, Emily," continued he, smiling, "that my self-opinion has grown beyond all bounds, to-day. If, hereafter, it is remarked that my vanity grew great when I grew poor, it will be your fault, and you know your father tells us, and my father, love, that it is a great sin—think what you have to answer for."

"You grow a flatterer, like brother Clinton.—How much you reminded me of him, then—Oh! there he is now, in a gig. Who can that gentleman be who has left him, and is advancing towards us?"

Willoughby and Emily were walking in a pathway, that led through an orchard in sight of the lane. Bradshaw had pointed out Willoughby to Mr. Chesterton, and the old gentleman immediately declared he would join him: jumping from the gig, almost before Bradshaw had time to check the horse, he hurried towards him.

"Nephew!" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton, as he drew near the lovers; "nephew! don't you know me? It 's all a d—d hoax—I 'm not dead—ugh—ugh—you 're my heir—every cent, every cent—ugh—Dodridge is a knave."

In an instant, nephew and uncle were in each other's arms.

"Willy, Willy—ugh—ugh—my noble boy, you must forget and forgive—I 'll make amends—every cent—ugh—every cent—Dodridge 's an infernal scoundrel.—In mourning for your old uncle—hey, boy—the only one that didn't abuse me—I 'm sorry—sorry;" and the old man sobbed aloud.

"No matter, uncle," said Willoughby; "you were right to try me, if you thought my affection for you was feigned. Uncle," continued Willoughby, after a pause, in which neither spoke, "you have been all your life trying to find one who would love you for yourself alone—You have advised me to seek such a one. I have succeeded, uncle: I told this lady—Miss Bradshaw, uncle—whom I have long loved—I told her to-day, for the first time, of my love, and of my poverty, as I thought, and she told me she loved me for myself—did you not, Emily?"

Miss Bradshaw would have been very much embarrassed, not knowing how Mr. Chesterton, who struck her, as he did every one else, as being a very singular man, might regard her, had he not instantly exclaimed, taking her hand at the same time,

"Happy to see you, Miss—I've heard of you. And so the dog was determined to be happy in spite of me, hey,—and you are content to be happy with him, without a cent from his old uncle—ugh! ugh!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Mary Carlton was still at Washington with her father. Congress was holding one of its long sessions, and she wrote to Emily Bradshaw she was desirous to get home once more, but her father insisted upon her staying with him until the adjournment of congress, when he would return to Oak Park (the name of his estate adjoining the Purchase), and spend the summer there. "Home, home, home," she wrote in her letter, "I am almost crazy to get home. 'There is no place like home,' I sing the song so often, that I really believe the folks here begin to think I know no other. Oh! how I long to see you all. How is Mrs. Penelope Selman? and what does she think of matrimony? and how does her loving lord wear the yoke connubial? How she used to worry him! does she worry him still? and how in the name of love and matrimony does he bear it! And how is our friend Kentuck?—I beg pardon, I remember with what precision you always called him, Mr. Wil-lough-by. What pro-di-gi-ous dignity some ladies have on some occasions! Emily, Emily, you 're sly, very, very sly. You mention Ken—Mr. Wil-lough-by, so seldom in your letters, and with such an inconsequent kind of a style, that one would think, who didn't know you, and who didn't know our sex, that he was the most casual acquaintance in the world. Do you remember that Miss Edith Bellenden, in Old Mortality, in writing to her uncle, the Major, speaks of trumpery novels, and such gear in her letter, and only has a word or two in the postscript, for the danger of her lover, Morton? Now you are a heroine, very much like Miss Edith Bellenden, I take it, Miss Emily Bradshaw.—I've heard it all from Penelope: she wrote me a long letter the very moment she heard it—on the afternoon of the day when Ken—Mr. Wil-lough-by's uncle, what a strange man, went to the Purchase with Clinton—does Mr. Clinton ride ghosts about? Is the uncle a vampire?—And so you accepted the poor disinherited knight when he hadn't a cent? how provoking, that you will have to be the richest bride in the country. You were so much in the pouts, when you heard it was all a sham, that you could not write to me, I suppose: you 'll now play Miss Lydia Languish, of course, and lead your lover a life of it. Or will you just be married in a plain kind of a way, and no more of it? Penelope is deeply interested for you. She tells me, Mr. Wil-lough-by is the most devoted lover extant. Well, I once thought that your devotion to your pilgrim-name was so great you would never change it. But then there is so much chivalry and constancy in a Kentuckian—and such a Kentuckian! How did he make his declaration, Emily? He told you, with a most funeral face, he was not worth one cent, and you 'loved him for himself alone!' Where did you own the 'soft impeachment?'—in the country, I hope, for the sake of all 'true lovyers.' Apropos; a gentleman had the—what shall I call it—you now are a judge and can decide! had the ——— to tell me the other day, making a quotation from Halleck to express himself, that, think of his impudence, Emily, for ain't it impudence? that a declaration, when a girl truly loved the declarer, sounded to her,

'——— Welcome as the cry,
That told the Indian Isles were nigh,
To the world-seeking Genoese—
When the land breeze from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.'

'World-seeking!' well, we seek a world when we seek true love; for the 'world of the heart' is all the world to us. What, though we find that world—too often, like the Genoese, we meet with cold neglect. I declare now, isn't that an envious reflection, considering under what circumstances I write to you? Pray, has such a world been discovered yet? are you upon the voyage, and do you mean to be the discoverer? That is, are you sanguine as to that point? Envy again.

"Congratulate me! I have an old beau here. Understand; not one who has been paying his *distresses* to me for a long time, and is, therefore, an old beau, but one who has seen the olden time, a man of eld, as ancient, to be as limited in the computation of his years as truth will possibly admit, as ancient as my father, and looking at least, twenty years older. Fancy me cocking up my chin, while I write the name of the Honorable James Wortley, Secretary of the ———! He has a very large fortune; he lives here in great style! ! ! he is an aspirant to the presidency! ! ! ! My father and the Honorable Secretary are as thick as two lovers. My father eulogizes the Secretary in a good set speech three times a-day; namely, at breakfast, dinner, and supper; and between whiles, he drags him into his discourse so often that I suspect the discourse is frequently made for the sake of the parenthesis, as Miss Edith Bellenden's letter was written that she might append to it a postscript. Let me inform you, nevertheless, that though he is ancient of days, he is an agreeable and intellectual man; but you know his reputation. You have only heard of his talents—his great politics, knowledge, &c., &c. You ought to see himself. Could you ever abide your courtly cold man, except at a birth-night ball? You ought to see him, as I say—yes, you must see him: I shall bring him in my train, ahem! to Oak Park, that you may. I shall have him dye his hair first of a raven black—it is now of a blue black—his last dye not being good—with here and there, a greyish streak, like the silk that I wore the last time you saw me, and got stained—hold himself very erect—he always is erect, when he thinks of the weight of years he carries—and of this your blooming presence will remind him—get his coat judiciously padded, a new set of teeth, and after this preparation, now, that I know you have been won, you shall see him. He shall put on his fascinations, but not *all* of them: for I would not throw Mr Willoughby in the shade completely. You shall see what I have done at Washington:—and, if you had not thrown yourself away on a wild Kentuckian, I meant, on my return, to have taught you and two or three other girls, good and true, of our set, my trick of winning hearts; and like Captain Bobadil (I have been to the theater so often, that you see all my thoughts find resemblances there.—Oh! for the green fields once more), with his select company, we would kill off any number of men, 'by computation.'—'By computation?' Ay, when you see my beau putting his best foot foremost—it will be his left, for he has lately had a twinge of the gout in the right, which has swollen it considerably, and made him limp on that side—it will be impossible for you to tell how many years he computes—as impossible as it is to compute the number of worldly advantages which my dear papa thinks will result from—no, I won't say the word. It takes two to make a bargain, it is said, and, therefore, papa and the Honorable Secretary, being two, think they have made a bargain on certain persons being one, but—would you believe it?—it takes three to make the bargain I speak of. Wait till we meet—I'll keep you awake a whole night listening.

"Do, my dear Emily, in consideration of my father's health and mine, and of the *young* gentleman's who will attend us—some day when you are walking with Mr. Willoughby—he caring not whither, so *you* walk with him—do wend your way to Oak Park, and see—oh, what a climax!—that the rooms are well aired. Do, now.—there's a good girl—and for your reward, be gentle about your pillow. May he—the *boy*—love, I mean, why was he not a girl?—or, to please prudes, why not it?—may he seek your lattice with the dew of fairest flowers upon his wing, and leave it on your lip to be *stolen*, when you are willing. Don't you think I want an 'ounce'—no, a pound, 'of civet, to sweeten my imagination.' Don't let Priscilla Perry see this letter for the world. Don't read this part to Penelope, for she will, in her mischief, repeat it to Priscilla, and I shall depart from her good graces forever, but not before that 'good apothecary' has dosed me to death with lectures on propriety.

"'This moment John came in and gave me your letter. My dear, dear Emily, you deserve to be happy, and indeed you will be. The most romance loving lady in the land would be satisfied with your fate.

'O young Lochinvar is come out of the West!'

"Kentuck is a noble fellow. Do you know you will be envied by every girl in the country—except one? It is so romantic, I laid down my pen, and cried and laughed for an hour. I shall soon be home, but I see how it is, we shall roam no more together over the Purchase. Three 's bad company. Well, ma'am, do you mean to live in Kentuck? I mean the state. No! no! Emily, that must not be: it must be stipulated in the bond that you do not leave us. Mr. Willoughby has no relative but his uncle, and he must be content to remain. Wait till I get home. We girls must make the old gentleman as pleased as Punch with himself, and with us, and keep him. If he says he wont stay, and expects to take you with him, I will invite him out to take a walk with me, inveigle him by the bank

of the deepest part of the Branch, and give him a sly push in, and so end the matter; for you must not, must not leave us. But I know your father and mother could not part with you—oh, how I have been worrying myself, for fear you would leave us.

"Tell Clinton that his canal speech has been republished here very handsomely, in pamphlet form, and that it sells like a novel, that Mr. Clay quoted from it yesterday with high compliments, that grave senators explore it with curious eyes—that fair ladies repeat the beautiful extracts—and last, though not least, that no less a personage than your humble servant, whenever she hears him puffed, takes unto herself the honor of boasting of his acquaintance, and becomes garrulous of the accomplishments, address, colloquial talents, oratorical powers, flashing eye, and brave bearing of Clinton Bradshaw, Esquire; for all which personal praise, be it known to him, through you, he is indebted to my imagination—which don't choose to stop at trifles, when it gets a going—as he may see in the above sentence.

"Give my love to your kind dear father and mother; tell them I am happiest at the Purchase. I am tired of the dissipation and heartlessness around me. Remember me to every living thing on the Purchase—to old Pete, and aunt Sally, and all the race of Pete's, young and old. I'll tell you of a weakness of mine, last night—for weakness it would be called here, and whenever I want to make myself an object of ridicule in this community, I'll tell it. You know how often we have knelt at your dear mother's knee, and said, 'Our Father who art in Heaven,' after her, and how often since we have said it together? Last night I was at a brilliant party. I had, just before going, heard pleasing things of you—of home; there they were repeated. I felt a strange giddy excitement. Arrived at our rooms, when the party was over, I threw myself on my pillow, while facts and fancies whirled through my brain wildly. I fell, at last, asleep, and awoke in the night, after an unhappy dream—it struck me I had not said 'Our Father'—it was the first time I had neglected it since we knelt at your mother's knee. It made me feel so wretched that I was hours before I sobbed myself to sleep. I am feverish and unwell to-day; but it is the dissipation of this place, which, thank heaven, will soon be over. I have scribbled all this just to relieve myself.

"God bless you, my dear, dear Emily.

"M. C."

"P. S. You are right. You always told me you preferred Mr. Willoughby's society to any other gentleman's—you never said you loved him—and I don't know that any girl should confess it even to herself—*if she could help it*, Emily, until my gentleman has plumply and in good set terms made his declaration—but alas! love, like murder, will out.

"M. C."

Mr. Chesterton (Willoughby's uncle) had become a guest at the Purchase. He talked sometimes of returning to Kentucky to look after his estate; but the fear of the ridicule that would attach to him, when the circumstances attending his pretended death and endowment of an hospital were known—(the friend who had written the letter announcing his death to Willoughby was held to secrecy, but Chesterton feared the report would travel to the west—kept him no unwilling guest at the Purchase. Emily's gentleness and beauty won his regard, and the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw impressed him with a great respect for them. Clinton, he said, would make a marvel of a man if he was'nt such a d—d democrat. The old gentleman prided himself upon his aristocratic opinions. To his nephew Mr. Chesterton was abundantly kind, it was evident he was making every reparation in his power for his mistrust of him. Sometimes, when he thought of Dodridge, he was restif to put his threat into execution; but, on the main, he was more contented than he had been for years. He bustled into town to hear the news, and by the time he had chatted with Bradshaw and half quarreled with his Jeffersonianism, and strolled around, his cough would come on, he would say, and then he would be off in a hurry for the Purchase, that he might get where there was quietness and recruit. He averred himself descended from an expatriated cavalier, who left England in the troubles of Cromwell's time, and settled in Virginia, and thence, he said, his ancestors emigrated to Kentucky. He said he never liked the Puritans till he saw Emily Bradshaw, and now he considered it providential that he had crossed the mountains, and his nephew was to make such a match—for it was good with men and horses—ugh! ugh!—to cross the breed; and he was a great judge of horse-flesh. Clinton Bradshaw knew how to humor him, to a fraction, and to draw him out. At first Mr. Bradshaw had a strong repugnance to Mr. Chesterton as one of his chastened feelings and Christian charity could entertain against any one; but it gave place, when he came to know him better, to other emotions. Notwithstanding Mr. Chesterton would occasionally express some heathenish opinion, or let slip an oath, he daily more and more suppressed the one, and coughed lustily when he found himself on the eve of uttering the other; and, in a short time there grew to be a real liking between them. Mr. Bradshaw saw his daughter's affections were deeply engaged by Willoughby, and that the Kentuckian loved her with the full fervor of a manly heart; and he was extremely solicitous that all should harmonize. He could not bear the thought of separating from his daughter. Mrs. Bradshaw told the uncle that it must not be—she could not part with Emily. Willoughby, in compliance with Emily's wishes, and in obedience to his own, said he meant permanently to locate himself with Emily's relatives; and it was agreed that, after they were married, if Mr. Chesterton wished, they would make a visit west with him. Mr. Chesterton, at first, expressed himself very desirous that his nephew, when married, should live in the west;

but, having no relatives there, he daily became more and more weaned from it, and wedded to his new friends. He would frequently aver, among the neighbors, with whom he soon became very familiar and talkative, that he liked the old Puritan, as he called Mr. Bradshaw, much; and that, if he were put upon his oath, he would say Mr. Bradshaw was the most honest man he had ever met with. "A good man," he pronounced him, "but a d—d Puritan. We agree now like two pickpockets; but if he and I had lived in old Noll's time, and had met, we'd have fought with a vengeance." In the evenings, at the Purchase, while the lovers would stroll away, or sit apart, Mr. Bradshaw and son, and Mr. Chesterton would hold long conversations "on things in general," as the latter gentleman expressed it, "and on Methodism, farming, John Wesley, Puritanism, the settlement of New England and Virginia, and the revolutionary war, with a host of other matters, in particular." Mr. Chesterton had read and traveled much; he had a shrewd perception of character, where his passions were not concerned, and he delighted to expatiate upon it. Nothing pleased Clinton more than to get him upon that topic, for he would show off all his own eccentricities in describing those of others; while he thanked God, with the sincerest belief, "that he had not—ugh! ugh!—an oddity, whim-whom, peculiarity, or eccentricity, in the world." "This having a ridiculous point" he would say, "about one is no joke, gentlemen—no joke—understand me—to yourselves, though others may find great fun in it."

Emily, leaning on Willoughby's arm, often took the path-way to the park, to superintend the household arrangements for her friend. The Kentuckian was always by her side.—Thus, weeks passed away. In the mean time, the following paragraph, from the pen of a Washington correspondent, who was esteemed accurate, went the rounds:

"Among the things that are to be, rumor says the Hon. Samuel Carlton will be elected to fill the vacancy in the Senate, occasioned by the resignation of ——— ———, who has been appointed a judge. Mr. Carlton, however, will have a powerful competitor in General Murray, whose revolutionary services were arduous and self-sacrificing. It is said that Mr. Wortley, who is from Mr. Carlton's state, will throw his influence in the scale of Carlton; and the honorable secretary, from appearances and report, has good and sufficient reason therefore. Mr. Carlton's daughter, who has been the reigning belle here all this winter, and who deserves all the praise her beauty and accomplishments have won her, is to bestow her hand—so rumor says, and appearance justify it—on the honorable secretary. This match, though equal in other respects, is not in years—the secretary, however, does his best to prevent and repair the dilapidations of time. At all hours he may be seen beside the blooming beauty, whose sprightly vivacity and wit seem to impart new life to him. He seems no longer deeply immersed in politics."

Clinton Bradshaw, carelessly, in the court house, picked up the newspaper; and glancing his eye over it, fell on the above paragraph. He betrayed an emotion, which, he had schooled himself to believe, required sterner things to start. He had scarcely calmed the disquiet of his brow, when Cavendish (the court had not been called yet, and the members of the bar were lounging around their desks), went up to him, where he was seated, with a number of young men near, and asked—

"Bradshaw, have you heard the news from Washington?"

The "from Washington," put Bradshaw on his guard, but—

> "The stream that seems to thee so still,
> Hath such a tide below!"

In an indifferent tone he asked, "what news?"

"Why, that Mary Carlton is to marry Mr. Wortley."

"Heard it! to be sure I have—listen;" and Bradshaw read the paragraph from the letter. While he read, the young men gathered around him. He betrayed no emotion in reading, and when he finished, observed—

"There, gentlemen, our richest heiress, and loveliest lady 's gone—and my old schoolmate, too, whom I have beaued so often, and talked so much romance to."

"Bradshaw, confound it," said Cavendish, provoked at his manner, "I thought you were in love with her."

"We were schoolmates, you know, Judge, and—but I don't tell tales out of school—particularly on myself. Miss Carlton has fascinations that would make a lover of a stoic, but—

> 'What care I how kind she be,
> If she be not kind to me?'"

"Bradshaw, I shall suspect you of puppyism, if you speak in this indifferent tone of a lady whom you have known so long, and—"

"Why, Judge—these gentlemen, judge us, Judge—the fair lady has made as great a hole in your heart as in mine. Here 's an admirable critique on Booth, in Richard, the night before last: I become stage-struck whenever I see him."

"Bradshaw," said Cavendish, without heeding his last remark, "it must be true; Talbot is just from Washington, and he swears to it. It is preposterous to think she would marry that old man—it 's January and May."

"Well, Judge, though it is preposterous, May wedded January, you know; the blooming rose was encircled by the snow. What a cold embrace! The snow did its best to melt; the widow's mite is as acceptable in the eye of charity as the rich man's gold; and why may not the withered heart be as acceptable in the court of love as one as full of blood and buoyant passions, even as your honor's?"

Thus will wounded pride jest with what is dearest to it. "When did Mr. Talbot arrive?" asked Bradshaw.

"Last night! he has been nearly all winter at Washington."

"Ay! has he been a worshipper?—knelt he at the shrine?"

"I suspect he did. Here 's Talbot, now," said Cavendish.

Since the affair between Bradshaw and Talbot in the court-house Restaurat, they had been on speaking terms, and Talbot had made advances to sociability, which Bradshaw received without reciprocating, but with the easy unembarrassed manner which characterized him.

Talbot advanced to the circle, and was greeted by his acquaintances. He offered his hand to Bradshaw, which he took, and asked—

"What news from the capitol, Mr. Talbot?—you bring sad tidings to the Judge and me. We have been rivals for many years for Miss Carlton's smile; and, from what we hear, we have agreed to pronounce the grapes sour."

Talbot had joined the group when he saw Bradshaw with the intention of telling the news, and enjoying his dismay. He was, therefore, astonished, suspecting, as he did, Bradshaw's feelings, at his tone of easy raillery.

"My tidings are from the newspapers, sir," said Talbot.

"Ay, coming fresh from Washington, we feared you had some more authentic source of information—Judge, there 's hope for us yet—these lying letter writers will say any thing. Have you any idea, Mr. Talbot, who wrote the letter?"

"Me—I—not I, sir."

"Understand me, sir," said Bradshaw, archly—"I do not say that you wrote the letter—though your friends here have given you credit for many of the letters that have appeared in this journal—they have been very accurate and very acute—the letters, I mean."

With a heart ill at ease, Bradshaw left the court-house. "Can it be," thought he, "that—no—'t is false. But then to have her name coupled with Wortley's in that manner—the tone of the letter insinuates her willingness—yes, by heaven, Talbot wrote that letter. In her letter to Emily she laughs at Wortley—but a woman—who can read a woman?—It cannot be—she has a hold on my very heart-strings. What a gentle passion love is, when undisturbed!—but mistrust plants daggers in the heart. He who loves with his whole soul, and acts nobly, amidst rivalry, suspicions, and morbid misgivings, has a god-like spirit—Wortley and Carlton have some political scheme between them—I have no doubt.—Carlton wants to be senator, and Wortley aspires,—heaven save the mark!—to the presidency, and to the daughter—I 'm told he 's subtle as a serpent. Her father has suspicions of our attachment. If I am re-elected to the legislature, for whom go I for senator? there 's the rub—Mary will soon be home."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Congress adjourned, Miss Carlton, in the charge of a friend, left the capitol for her native city, while her father passed with Mr. Wortley, into the interior of the state, where that gentleman lived before he was appointed Secretary of the ———. These gentlemen were on an electioneering tour. It was their intention, after travelling through the state, to spend the remainder of the summer at Oak Park, where Mr. Wortley was to be the guest of Mr. Carlton. Mr. Carlton had set his heart or rather his head, on making a match between his daughter and Mr. Wortley; and that gentleman, full of politics and the tender passion, was travelling with his father-in-law, that was to be, as his sanguine hopes flattered him, with the double purpose of recruiting his good looks for the court of love, and his party for the election day.

'T was a beautiful spring afternoon, and the inmates of the Purchase were partaking of its enjoyment. Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Chesterton, and Clinton, were sitting before the door in conversation; and within sight, straying through the orchard, were Willoughby and Emily Bradshaw. Young Pete had just passed the door, on his way to bring up the cows, whistling as he went to the dog, that like a well-fed animal of more pretensions, had been napping away the hours after dinner. Jowler, at Pete's call, started up, looked round, stretched his legs fore and aft until his back formed a hollow, gave himself a shake, looked after Pete for a moment, and then turned his tail on him, and entered his house, in a manner that said as plainly as any dog's manner could say, "Pete, I can't go with you, this evening." Jowler had scarcely entered his house, when he jumped out, barking quickly:—at the same instant young Pete called out, "Oh, Massa Clinton! there comes Miss —— Yes, it 's she looking out of the windy."

"Miss who?" called out Clinton. "Is it Mary?—Miss Carlton,"—and he sprang towards the gate.

"Yes, it 's Miss Mary, by goley ——"

"Peter—are you swearing?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, sternly.

Pete slunk behind the carriage, which now drove up; and Mary Carlton was greeted by her old friends with a heart-felt welcome.

"Oh!" said she throwing herself into Mrs. Bradshaw's arms, "my more than mother—this, indeed, seems like home to me."

"Ugh! ugh!" coughed Mr. Chesterton—"as Jack Dryden says:

> 'Old as I am,—ugh! ugh!—for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet.'

Ugh! ugh!—why don't you introduce me to the lady?"

"I ought to know you, Mr. Chesterton," said Mary, making a courtesy to him, and offering her hand, with a laughing eye—for she knew him from Emily's description. "I ought to know you, for I have heard——"

"Of my character, hey? Who has been writing my character to you?" asked he, darting a quick glance around.

"Emily," said Mary, laughing.

"Ugh! ugh!—then I know she gave me a good character," said he, with a pleased smile, —"didn't she?"

"Why, I can't say exactly, good: she represents you a gay Lothario———"

"Mary! Mary!" exclaimed Emily.

"As a gay Lothario," continued Mary, without heeding the interruption, "who had been making many a wild foray against the hearts of the girls in our neighborhood. She tells me Mr. Willoughby has learned to practice your winning ways exactly."

"Ha! ha!—ugh!—I understand you: you're an arch one. I shall like her (said he, aside to Bradshaw). I understand you; and have you no intentions at a foray yourself? You've been taking, by force of—ugh! ugh!—arms, the hearts of the Solomons of the nation, at Washington; and now you have come here, as Burns says of one his lasses, 'Like Alexander, to spread—ugh!—your conquests further' —hey?"

"I see that your sagacity," said Mary, "penetrates my intentions at once—so away with all stratagem: therefore, I warn you, sir, to beware of your heart. I'll take it if I can; and I'll wear it, if I do, on my sleeve, or at my apron-string."

"You will, hey? and you'll give me a fair chance at yours?"

"Certainly. But, Mr. Chesterton, you must fight fair; you have the advantage of me, as you are such an old campaigner."

"Ha! ha!—you've hit me—ugh!—old campaigner! Yes, I'm in the hospital of the invalids: I shall do battle no more."

"I take you," said Mary, archly: "that 's your art—you Kentuckians are used to bush-fighting; you know how to play 'possum, Mr. Chesterton."

"Hit me again!" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton; and then he observed, aside, to Bradshaw —"playing 'possum!—ugh!—do you understand?—alluding to my will, my hoax, my poor devil business. I like her, though—I like her. She'll keep life in me, boy: she has the beauty of a Houri, and the wit and grace of a Cleopatra. Why the—ugh! ugh!—devil don't you—ugh!—court her?"

Beautifully the moon rose o'er the Purchase that night. The tree tops were tipped with the mellow light that lived along the landscape, glittering in the ripples of the Branch like the dimple in the cheek of laughing childhood.—The breath of the early spring flower scented the air. It was a night for the full flow of the affections, and, above all, for love.

"Let us ramble," exclaimed Bradshaw, to Mary Carlton. She took his arm; and, followed by Willoughby and Emily Bradshaw, they walked forth under the glorious moon-lit sky.

"Whither—ugh!—away, my fair foe?" asked Mr. Chesterton, who was conversing at the door with Mr. Bradshaw, "whither away? —have you made Clinton a prisoner to your power?"

"No, sir, only an ally. You are too much for me without assistance, so—"

"Ay, I understand it; you mean to take him into copartnership, as a-*sleep*—"

Suspecting what was coming, Mary blushingly hurried Clinton on, observing: "It 's a beautiful night."

"Beautiful; shall we wander by the Branch, Mary?"

"Yes, to the old sycamore; it seems an age since I have seen it."

Occupied with their own hearts, and with each other, Willoughby and Emily followed them, though at a considerable distance. As the pair of lovers took the winding path through the orchard, and then along the Branch to the old sycamore, they seemed, indeed, the proper living beings of such a scene. Leaning on Willoughby's arm, Emily looked up into his face with an absorbed and full affection; while he clasped her hand, that trembled like a prisoned bird, and gazed upon her like a star upon the wave that reflects deep within its depths the living light—and thus they walked in silence. The very happiest hour of love is such a silent one. Mary Carlton leaned on Bradshaw's arm; and, as she stepped along, would, for a moment, bow her head, flower like, and watch, apparently, her little fairy feet, or turn to her companion, as if she sought a repetition of what he said; yet she heard him distinctly—or she would turn her head away and smile archly, or look up at the full-orbed moon, or on the landscape—and, thus walking, they discoursed.

"Were you anxious to return, Mary?" asked Bradshaw.

"Indeed I was, Clinton: what is more wearysome than your fashionable society, where you feel little or no interest in any one; and they feel not the least in you. If there is any thing worse than your mere fashion, it is the mixed set of place-men-patriots (I 'm qualified to use such words, I've heard nothing else), office-hunters and holders, and the varieties of north, south, east, and west, that you meet in Washington; I"———

"I see," interrupted Bradshaw, "that the letter writers have been trying to do justice to your merits, as a belle, Mary: and that Mr. Wortley has acknowledged your power, which, according to the letter writer, aforesaid, you mean to exercise in mercy."

"What letter writer?—What did he say?"

"You did not see it, then;" and Bradshaw repeated the extract we have given.

"Who could have written that?" asked Mary, in a mortified and angry tone.

"I hope, Mary, there was no ground for it."

"Grounds for it!—Clinton! Clinton! I thought you knew me better."

"And so I do, Mary; but it provoked me to see your name coupled with any one's in that way. Tell me, was Talbot very attentive to you at Washington?"

Mary spoke not.

"Will you not give me your confidence?"

"Yes, I will. But," asked she, laughing,— "when did your authority commence, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw?"

"When, dearest Mary, *may* it commence?"

"That depends upon your conduct, sir. But why do you ask me such a question of Mr. Talbot?"

"I have a particular reason?"

"Am I not to have your confidence, too?"

"I suspect Talbot wrote the letter."

"It was base in him if he did!" exclaimed Mary. "For, at Washington, he renewed a suit which he made some time ago. Heaven knows, I never gave him any encouragement; and, that he might no more importune me, I —I told him the state of my feelings. He affected surprise, and said that he thought Mr. Wortley was his favored rival. I, with indignation, taxed him home at once, and asked him if he had ever seen any thing in my manners to Mr. Wortley to justify such an opinion. After hemming and bawing, he confessed he had not; but, he said, it was evident what my father's wishes were with regard to Mr. Wortley. The new light that burst in upon me, when he spoke of my father, set me to thinking of Mr. Wortley's intentions, and of father's; and, with a provoked sense of the ridiculous—more than half mad with myself, and yet I did not know why I should be—I sat down and wrote that long rigmarole to Emily. My father spoke to me afterwards; said I treated Mr. Wortley coolly, and that he had invited him to spend the summer at the Park. I had made up my mind to speak plainly to him, and was on the eve of doing so, when, at the moment, some one called. This was just before I left Washington. My father never spoke to me on the subject again, and I had no opportunity of speaking to him; and, somehow or other—never having been much with him, and when I am, conversing little with him, even on common place matters, never having given him my confidence, for he never sought it—I shrank from making an opportunity. I wish, indeed, now, that I had. But," assuming a livelier tone, she said—"there, Mr. Inquisitor-General Bradshaw, you have had my whole history. Do you wish to cross-question?"

Bradshaw caught her hand to press it to his lips—she snatched it away, and said—

"You 're a pretty fellow, Mr. Clinton Bradshaw, to pretend to such deep interest in your humble servant. You hold this interest in most of the sex, don't you? That gay, young, rich widow, Mrs. Douglas, who knew you at the legislature, and afterwards visited Washington, made you quite the theme of her conversation. She more than once insinuated in public, and would inform any one in private, plainly, that the speaker of the eloquent canal speech made more eloquent speeches even than that, and when, too, he had the inspiration of one listener, only; but she would add, with a blush and a smile, and a sigh, his eloquence does not always prevail."

"Ah! you became acquainted with the fair widow, did you? She attended the debates regularly, and has a claim, I believe, to the attentions of every *young* member, particularly on his first appearance. So, wishing to go unscathed,—she handles that double-edged weapon, the tongue, awfully,—I met the 'Douglas in her hall' with all becoming courtesy."

"Oh! Clinton, isn't she a character! She visited Mrs. Royal, and they had a battle-*royal* with their tongues. It is creditably reported that the Douglas beat. Mrs. Royal attacked her unmercifully in her Paul Pry, and the widow took the paper about with her, read it in all companies, and laughed uproariously. She took a great liking to Colonel Crockett: the way she went a-head amused the Colonel as much as a bear hunt. She praised you a great deal."

"She has a deal of shrewdness. I suppose she discovered"——

"That I took an interest in you, you would say," interrupted Mary Carlton. "I declare, Clinton, you 're growing quite artless in your character—quite natural. Think! you haven't paid me one compliment yet."

"I was going to say, that she discovered, from my conversation, the state of *my* feelings."

"'T is very seldom that you betray the state of your feelings, Esquire Bradshaw. Knowing which fact, I cross-questioned the widow to discover what—to tell you the truth, sir—you might have said of me. It was precious little; for she said, after knowing me a month, and seeing me every day, 'Miss Carlton, ay, I was wondering where I had heard your name, and now I remember me, Mr. Bradshaw spoke of you one night at a ball.'"

"And thought of you, always, my beautiful love."

"I wish you would oftener express your admiration to others. That 's just like a woman, isn't it? It slipped out. You 're a great miser of your admiration, Mr. Clinton, to any but myself—saw the widow every day, and spoke of me but once."

How often, when a woman is most conscious of her power, her tone towards her lover is that of raillery and badinage. And what a slight circumstance will awaken that consciousness at times; and how much it takes to awaken it at others? On Mary Carlton's arrival in the city she ordered the coachman to drive immediately to Mrs. Holliday's. It was a long time before a servant obeyed the rap—at last the door opened.

"Why, Sue, you blackey, I thought you were all dead and buried," exclaimed Mary, as she hurried by her and hastened to her aunt's usual sitting room. "Where 's aunt Holliday?"

"I declare, if it ain't Miss Mary," exclaimed Sue, clapping her hands together. "All gone out, Miss Mary; missus ride to spend three or four days in the country, way out twenty mile; she went yesterday"—

"And you 're all alone," said Mary, as she entered the drawing-room, followed by Sue, and threw herself on a sofa.

"Yes, miss, I 'm keeping house."

"You look well, Sue; how you grow: you 're a pretty house-keeper! why don't you know that you mus'n't place the window

open that way; the sun will take all the color out of the carpet and curtains."

"Yes, Miss Mary, I know that; but young Mr. Bradshaw come here to-day; I told him all was out; but he come in, threw right open the windy, and lay right down on the sofa there, and kept looking at your picture (there was a picture of Mary opposite the sofa, by Jarvis), and I forgot to shut it after he went away!"

"What did he say, Sue?"

"Nothing miss, only he asked when you 'd come home—if missus had a letter from you when—"

"Where did he go?"

"He rid away on horseback."

"Did he—did—he—say any thing about me, Sue?"

"No, Miss; he just lay down on the sofa, looked at the picture, and asked me for a glass of water. I brung it—and then he forgot that I told him that missus had no letter from you—for he asked me again—and then he went away. He gave me a half a dollar, and told me, when you come, I must come my own self round to his office and tell him.—Why, were you going, Miss Mary?"

"You say aunt won't be in—if Clin—I 'm going out to old Mr. Bradshaw's farm, Sue; to the Purchase."

When a man truly loves, no matter how cold, or worldly, or ambitious his nature, he is often betrayed by his passion into a boyish confession of *her* power in his every tone and look, which, though he knows well of, and tries to control, he cannot—which gives his manner a kind of silent shyness. Bradshaw was as unsusceptible of this sensation we speak of as any other man, but as Mary Carlton stood before him, so graceful, so beautiful, so accomplished,—having caught from the world all the adornment and elegance it could bestow, without altering, in the least, the naturalness of her character, or the gentleness and goodness of her heart, realizing all in her that his heart had panted for in its young dream of love,—he felt, in the still moonlight, in this scene of his boyhood, with her by his side, a woman, who had roamed by his side a girl, and whom he had loved then, as now, from whom he had been longer parted than he ever had been before—he felt

"What he could ne'er express, yet could not all conceal—"

an overpowering sense of her loveliness and of his love.

"My beautiful, my own Mary!" he exclaimed; "I knew not how much I loved you, till you were away.—Raphael's canvass never gave back more truly a lovely form than did my heart yours:—it lived, breathed, burned there. Ambition, worldliness, the strife of the thick crowd forsake me in your presence to-night. I feel now how Mark Antony lost the world for love—and yet he should not have lost it—*she* should have been to him, in the stormy strife for empire, a light to guide, a star of blessed destiny. When I feel the stir of ambition most, I feel strongest the necessity of your love. Where can men learn such holy, such disinterested counsel as from the lips of her who has linked her destiny with his? In a free country like ours, where popularity is every thing, where can he find one who will so much advance him, as one with your powers to please? Call this not selfishness; I say it because in every scene of life my spirit is wrapped up in thine. Mine is not the holiday love that, like the bird, must seek the grove to tell its tale—that only lives where flowers bloom and fountains sparkle. No, Mary, no! if I obtain power in this great land, and men's applause and influence, by your gentle aid must I win and use them. And, if I fail, as thousands have, stranded by an adverse tide, or without power—having miscalculated my strength—to 'ride the waves of glory'—when, all baffled I am driven back to the obscurity whence I emerged, to the Pilgrim's Purchase—will you not make the pilgrimage with me? Shall I not pillow upon a heart whose every throb will still be mine? Your voice will have no reproach for me; its every tone will be a lullaby of rest. Yes, I would leave the strife of the world, as my pilgrim fathers left their father-land, and find in thee, my own Mary, a world of love beyond it all."

Bradshaw, as he spoke, held a not unwilling hand, and pressed a lip that chid not.

"I know: every body says you can be what you please, Clinton. You do not know how many things the great men in Washington said of you—how many questions they asked of your character—if you were ambitious—what side you took in politics."

"Did they?" said Bradshaw, while a proud smile broke over his countenance, and his eye became lustrous as the bright evening-star to which he elevated his brow, and on which, in abstraction, for a moment he fixed his gaze.

"Yes, Clinton, but shall I indeed be to you all you have said? Am I indeed so necessary to your happiness?"

"My Mary, the praise which you have uttered from any other lips could not move me. Then you are unchanged, and you did think of me in the gay world!—bless you!"

Beneath the aged sycamore the lovers plighted anew their faith, the moon had been shining on them much longer than they imagined, ere they arose to return to the house. Just as they entered the little gate to the palings that surrounded the dwelling, they overtook Willoughby and Emily, who, like themselves, were just returning: at this moment, the cheerful voice of our early acquaintance, Miss Penelope Perry, now Mrs. Selman, greeted them.

"Oh, you romantic creatures!—here have I been these two hours, like Miss Patience on the monument, cold in the cool moonlight, waiting to see you; and you have been wandering, like a Jack-o'-lantern, down by the Branch. Only see what all this love ends in!—the person puffing that cigar, and sitting opposite to me, not beside me: is Mr. Henry Selman, who once"——

"Penelope, my dear," said Selman, in a low half-provoked, half coaxing tone, "don't, now, trifle so."

"Who once," continued his lady, laughing, but without heeding the interruption, "gave unto your humble servant, ladies, a devotion which would shame the chivalry of your knights—and now behold him smoking the filthy weed in spite of my remonstrances against the pollution of his breath. I wish we two were twain again just for one moment."

"Yes, indeed, if you were Penelope," interrupted Mary Carlton, "you would have that cigar extinguished quicker even than was Sir Walter Raleigh's, when his servant, who had never seen him smoke, thought he was a case of self-combustion, and threw a pail of water on him. I've learnt a lesson."

"Is it possible, Mrs. Selman," asked Bradshaw, "that my friend Hal has obtained such authority as to pronounce 'no pipe, no Parr.'"

"Oh yes, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Selman; "it would seem so. I happened to read an article in some book or other this very afternoon, while I was waiting for my lord and master to bring me out. It told an anecdote of Dr. Parr and a lady. The lady refused to let the Dr. smoke in her best room, on account of her curtains, as well as of herself—he remonstrated, but she was peremptory. He called her the best tobacco stopper in England. One of two things appears—either that I have none of the powers of command of the lady, or Mr. Selman has none of the qualities of Dr. Parr."

"My dear," exclaimed Selman, "you know very well I told you I wouldn't smoke if you had any objection."

"There, now, Mr. Selman, why did you not tell that before, sir;—I only wished our friends to see that I had not lost all my authority—I"——

"Ah, my dear!" exclaimed Selman, in haste to be delivered of a pun—"now I *smoke* you."

"Clinton, my boy," said Mr. Chesterton, who had been in the house, reading, but who on hearing the voices had come to the door, "ugh—Dryden has a fable versified from old Chaucer to the point, pat—ugh—it kept me, my boy, from matrimony. A lusty—ugh—knight, it says, did a very naughty—ugh—thing in king Arthur's time, for which he was sentenced to death—ugh. At the queen's intercession he was saved, provided he could find out 'what women most—ugh—desire.' What a deal of a trouble he had to find out—any body who sees the sex now-a-days—ugh—could tell him. At last an old hag told him—ugh—but the condition—she told him true, nevertheless—ugh. Repeat the lines if you know them, I can't for coughing."

"If Selman has no objection," said Bradshaw, laughing—"and if I remember them. Ah! you know the hag tells him, and he tells the queen—I had more than one proof of them to-night.

——'My lady liege (said he)
What all your sex desire is sovereignty!
The wife affects her husband to command;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land;
The maids are mistresses, even in their name.
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This at the peril of my head I say,
A blunt plain truth,—the sex aspire to sway;
You to rule all; while we, like slaves obey.'"

"Ugh—ugh—a fact—a very truth—ugh—I believe it kept me from matrimony. It seems you don't mind being governed, though, you democratic dog, you—"

"The only sovereign we democrats bow to, is the lady of our choice. And you remember, Mr. Chesterton, the hag's condition was that the knight should grant whatever boon she should desire; and when his life was saved, she claimed his hand. She turned out to be a beautiful woman—and, Selman, will you excuse me? knowing your former fondness for a quotation, I have fallen into a trick of it,

'And their first love continued to the last.'

I've no doubt you will verify it, Selman," continued Bradshaw, bowing to Mrs. Selman.

"I'm in a fair way to verify the sovereignty quotation," said Selman.

"Ugh—ugh—you 'll all verify that, young gentlemen, I can tell you."

"It appears you will not be so controlled, Mr. Chesterton!" exclaimed Mary Carlton, laughing.

"Not, unless you conquer, fair queen—I shall—ugh—hold out to the last. I shall resist your apron-strings until you have me bound fast with them, as a slave resists the chains of servitude."

"Oh, you barbarian! And when I've conquered, and I drag you forth, like a captive Goth, amidst the splendors of Rome, you will pout in barbaric dignity, I suppose."

CHAPTER XXIX.

In due course of time, Mr. Carlton returned to Oak Park, with Mr. Wortley as his guest. The worthy politicians had been gathering their forces with all possible care—rummaging in the remotest parts of the state, like an old wife in a sly corner, for some article she had packed away against the day she would want it. Many an old politician, who had been laid upon the shelf, and who deemed himself so entirely forgotten, as to have sundry suggestions from his wounded vanity, on the propriety of taking the other side, in order to remind his former friends of his existence, and his country of his patriotism, in some flaming resolutions that he contemplated introducing in the first county meeting that should be held, was speedily disabused of his erroneous impressions, and forthwith made firm, either by a letter, visit, or completury frank of "public documents," long enough for a year's reading.

Mr. Carlton, knowing his daughter was

treated by the Bradshaws with parental care, gave himself no trouble on her account during her childhood. He felt, indeed, that the inmates of the Purchase were better guardians for her than any he could appoint, or than he could be himself. As she grew up, by tacit consent, she visited her friends and relatives the Holidays, and between her father and them a cold courtesy was at length established.—His professional business, his speculations in property and in politics, left him no leisure, sometimes for months, to call and see his daughter. He was satisfied to know that she was well, and with his neighbors, whose solid, unworldly qualities he could not but respect, while he felt that to imitate them was not the way to advance in the world; and therefore, he was content to praise them. Full of schemes for the accumulation of wealth and for political advancement, years glided away, and the flowers of the Purchase budded together unsevered by Mr. Carlton. As Mary grew up, her father oftener called to see her: he took great delight in her playfulness, vivacity, and wit, became proud of her, but there was no communion of the heart between them.—When Mary was told that her father would be out at such a time to see her, she would say to Emily Bradshaw, with an arch smile, for she possessed a natural observation of character, and understood what would please her father, "Now, Emily, I must put off my puritanism, look my liveliest and prettiest, and put on my most fashionable dress; for if my father thought me the least puritanical in my notions, he would whisk me off to boarding-school."

Mr. Carlton, therefore, knew little of his daughter's feelings, even in her childhood, and as she grew older, if possible, less, for she discovered how entirely he wished her to act a worldly part, and naturally shrunk from conversing with him on schemes where she felt she must thwart him. He had her taught every accomplishment, and lavished jewelry, dress, and wealth upon her, believing it, judging from himself, the best way to win her affections, or rather to control them to his own bestowal, which he was determined to do, for his political advancement as well as for her worldly advantage. Of the boy, Clinton Bradshaw, he had thought not at all—and when Clinton grew towards manhood, and his great talent became a topic of public notoriety and praise, Mr. Carlton had an early opportunity of finding him one whom he could not use, and who would probably one day cross his path, unless he advanced very rapidly: for one of Clinton's first speeches, was at a political meeting, got up by Mr. Carlton, for the purpose of producing a certain effect, by the passage of a set of resolutions which he had brought with him, cut and dry, for the occasion. Bradshaw took a stand against the resolutions, and offered an amendment to them, which, after a long debate between him and Mr. Carlton, was carried. Mr. Carlton felt himself under too many obligations to the Bradshaws to show any dislike towards Clinton; in fact, motives of policy were more than sufficient to restrain such an exhibition, were his dislike even deeply rooted, which it was not: and if Clinton had shown the least symptom of being subservient to him, they would have been very good friends, as the world goes. Bradshaw supported Mr. Carlton for congress, though latterly, he was dissatisfied with some of his votes; and was certain to differ with him on the presidential candidate, if Mr. Wortley was his choice.

Mr. Wortley was a gentleman of talents, who had held several distinguished stations, and who was one of the thousand and one talked of candidates for the presidency. He was a native of the same state with Mr. Carlton and Clinton. It was thought his own state, as a matter of pride, would certainly support him, and in the multiplicity of candidates, it was believed by his friends, he would be able to carry the vote in several other states, as it was asserted his popularity was fast increasing.—Therefore, there was no knowing what would turn up, and consequently the knowing ones who were on the fence ready to take the strongest side at the first break of sun-shine on Mr. Wortley's prospects, turned their faces to him whenever they could steal the time from others.

Mr. Carlton and Mr. Wortley had long been friends, and the former had every reason to believe that in the success of the latter, he would hold one of the highest and most honorable offices in his gift—an expectancy which he could not found on the anticipated success of any other candidate. Mr. Wortley, also, was a man of wealth, and these considerations were sufficient to impress the father with the deepest conviction of the advantage of such a match to his daughter. Occasionally, when he heard his daughter teased about Bradshaw, a suspicion of her attachment would pass over his mind—but nothing in her manner would revive it; for, observing there was little or no cordiality between her lover and her father, she never spoke to her father of him, and he never mentioned Bradshaw to her, from two motives: First, it occurred to him, if his daughter was pleased with Bradshaw, it was but a girlish partiality, which would be soon forgotten in the bustle and adulation of fashionable society—when she was away from him, and heard not his name mentioned: Secondly, he could not in his conscience speak against Bradshaw: and, if he had reconciled his conscience to it, which he could have done upon a push, expediency would have told him, that as his daughter was devotedly attached to Clinton's family, and had every reason to be so, her generous feelings would be aroused in his vindication, and the very effect might be produced which he was endeavoring to avoid—for we at least never dislike those whom we vindicate, and we often learn to love them.

Bradshaw's attachment to Mary Carlton had grown upon him unawares: and when he discovered its unconquerable strength, or rather when he discovered it was returned, he determined to win a reputation and the means of supporting her in affluence; commensurate,

somewhat, with her expectancy, before he asked her hand. To this his own pride, but more her father's manner towards him, moved him.

The day after the arrival of Mr. Carlton and his guest at Oak Park, Bradshaw rode out to make a formal visit to him; for there was a great show of courtesy between them, particularly on Mr. Carlton's part. But, somehow they kept, since the political meeting we spoke of, the "ice of ceremony" frozen to its hardest between them, which Bradshaw seemed not unwilling to break; for his manner was frank, unrestrained, and free, and, as if he were not the least aware that there were any passages in their intercourse disagreeable to Mr. Carlton; while the manner of that gentleman to him was that of pique, which he feared to vent, and could not entirely conceal. In fact, Bradshaw had the desire to be friendly with Mr. Carlton; but he would not, by look, or smile, or tone, compromise the independence of his conduct; or advance a hair's breadth more than he was met. He quickly perceived Mr. Carlton's manner had changed towards him since his amendment to his resolution; but he resolved to show him (Bradshaw was under the impression Mr. Carlton knew he was attached to Mary), that while there was no change in himself, he had acted, and would act, perfectly independent—with uninfluenced and fearless purpose in expressing his opinions, and in acting upon them.

As Bradshaw gave his horse to a servant, he asked for Mr. Carlton, and was told that he, with Mr. Wortley, had taken a walk; the servant did not know where, but he believed to some of the neighbors.

"Electioneering," thought Bradshaw.—Where 's Miss Mary!" he asked.

"I believe Miss Mary 's in the garden, sir."

Bradshaw entered the garden, and then the summer-house, and found Miss Carlton arranging a number of books which she had brought from the dwelling, on a table.

"Mary, how blue you 're getting!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, Clinton! is it you? Walk in, am I not blue? yes, as blue, sir, as Mrs. ——"

"No, Mary; you are not as blue as Mrs. ——. Her blueness is that of skimmed milk—blue from thinness. Her stocking won't take the dye, though she dye it ever so often. But you 're like the sky above you—

"'Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.'"

"What, a quotation and a compliment again. I thought you had done with such things, when Penelope married—"

"No, there are some who always remind us of poetry and praise. What book is that open there!"

"Moore's Life of Sheridan—one of your idols. And Moore says, sir, notwithstanding Mr. Sheridan was an exception—that 'Nature delights to put her costliest gems in the *frailest* vessels:' a very foolish thing on the part of Dame Nature, certainly; but the fact, if it be a fact, is, I suppose, abundantly satisfactory to the vanity, and quite a balm to the bodily condition of Mr. Clinton Bradshaw. Clinton, Sheridan was a very scurvy fellow. I shall detest the very mention of his name—how he neglected that lovely and devoted wife of his! And yet I have no doubt he made as many soft speeches as some I know of, when he wooed her." There was a strange coldness in her tone, which Bradshaw did not understand.

"Doubtless, lady; for he knew how to make speeches. What a time he had of it to win her!"

"Yes, and with what treachery he acted towards his most intimate friend, and to his brother!"

"Will not a lady forgive the treachery which is practised for love of her? He may tell her, with the poet, that 'treachery was truth to thee.'"

"If she does, she is sure to be punished for it, as Mrs. Sheridan was punished—'Treachery truth to thee,' that 's fiction, Clinton—false foul fiction—Mrs. Sheridan found it out to her sorrow, indeed."

"Mary, what 's the matter? Why, such a tone?"

"Why, Mr. Talbot—no matter."

"Mr. Talbot—no matter;—but it is matter, Mary; and matter of the deepest importance to me, if it gives sorrow to you."

"I meant to play the hypocrite and be 'treacherous' when I met you, but—Clinton, Clinton, is it true; can it be true, that you made a jest of me publicly in the court-house, and said I was to marry Mr. Wortley, called us January and May, and laughed at me?"

"Ha! now I understand it—By heaven! Talbot and I will meet upon that narrow pass ere long, where one of us will leap the precipice," muttered Bradshaw between his clenched teeth.

"Clinton, Clinton Bradshaw, remember what the violence of your passions have done—do no injury."

"Mary, what said he?" asked Bradshaw, in a tone of assumed mildness. "What did Talbot say I said of you, Mary?"

"That tone of calmness cannot deceive me, Clinton," said Mary, alarmed at the danger in which a quarrel would involve her lover, and forgetting, in the alarm, every feeling else;—"I don't believe it—I meant not to tell it to you—you must promise me on your honor to say nothing about it."

"Will my honor allow me to make such a promise, Mary?"

"It will—it will."

"Mary, listen to me:—Talbot has been poisoning your ear against *me*—it is proper, you know it is proper, Mary, that I should know what he has said."

"It was said to no one but myself, Clinton;—let it pass."

"No, Mary, it must not pass. If you will not tell me, Talbot shall!"

"What, will you go, Clinton Bradshaw, and represent me as a tale-bearer to you of what he says!"

"Mary, you told me the last night—happy night—we spent at the Purchase, that you

had, in Washington, when Talbot importuned you with his suit, told him of what had passed between us. He knew, then, that I loved you; that my love was not frowned upon—nay, let me not hunt for delicate phrases—was returned. Well, knowing this (Bradshaw's frame trembled with rage)—knowing this, he writes a letter that you are to marry another! Yes, by heaven! I believe he wrote that letter—a published letter: on the heel of it he returns and proclaims the truth of the report; and while it rings in my ears, in the jests and jeers, and glad regrets of those around me, he listens to hear what I shall say—what I shall say, when pride, stung to madness by suspicions and unrequited passion, buries the barbed arrow in the heart, and smiles and jests with the desolation that withers it. Yes! he listens. Did I not know that he was listening? And think you that I would suffer him, if you had so fallen from your high promise, and wrecked my dearest hopes, to read it on my brow?—

"'This mask before the babbling crew—
This treachery was truth to thee.'—

No! lady—I may die a martyr to this love I bear you yet; but, like the Indian at the stake, no note of lamentation shall break from me, to gladden the heart of such as Talbot: it is not in my nature; but it is in his, and he shall answer for it." And he started to go.

"Clinton—do not leave me! Oh! do not leave me in this ungovernable passion."

"Listen to me, Mary. After this letter was written—after Talbot confirmed the report—after the jests and jeers that echoed it, rung in my ears—at which, in the sin of my agony (for it was sinful, it seems, to feel on this occasion) I dared to say that such a union would be blooming May with hoary January, —after all this, I met you: did I taunt, did I reproach you—did I cast at you what Talbot uttered, and mistrust you upon his authority?"

"Oh! Clinton! Clinton!" she exclaimed—"if I reproached when you did not, 'twas because I loved you the more."

Bradshaw caught her to his heart. "My noble, my frank, my beautiful love—forgive me. A conviction of how unworthy I am of you, suffered me not to read your feelings. Know you not that———"

At this moment Mr. Carlton, accompanied by Mr. Wortley and Talbot (two of them, at least, astonished witnesses of the scene), stood before the lovers. Talbot, if not so much astonished, was, at least, as much enraged—for the latter part of the conversation of the lovers had been overheard by the intruding party, who had opened the gate unheard, and whose footsteps had fallen noiselessly on the grassy walk of the garden.

"Mary—Miss Carlton—what does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, in astonishment and anger. "What does it mean, I say?" and he stamped upon the floor furiously.

Mary sunk on a chair, which happened to be near her; and bowing her head in confusion, covered her face with her left hand, while her right one unconsciously remained in Bradshaw's grasp; his unengaged hand was thrust into the bosom of his vest—a habit with him. Talbot's glance upon them was the concentration of envy and ill-will.

"What does this mean, Miss Mary Carlton?" continued Mr. Carlton, more furiously. Mary spoke not; and, turning to Bradshaw, he asked—"What does this mean, sir, Mr. Bradshaw?"

"It means what it seems, Mr. Carlton," said Bradshaw, proudly—for he could not brook the tone in which he was addressed.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Carlton, "I see through you; I've been informed of your character,"—here he looked at Talbot, in a manner that told Bradshaw, though it was not meant where the information came from—"Sir, you 're a villain!"

"Mr. Carlton," said Bradshaw, "you well know that your age, and the respect I bear your daughter, protect you, or you would not use such language."

Our readers, to understand the extent of Mr. Carlton's passion, must be informed that when Mr. Wortley and Carlton left the house together, Mr. Wortley recounted to Carlton the contents of a host of letters he had received; giving him most flattering accounts of his prospects for the presidency: after which, and after saying, that in the event of his elevation to that high office, he should require, as he had often told him, his friendly aid, he delicately hinted that it would be the greatest pride and pleasure of his life if the tie between them could be made yet stronger. Now these worthies understood each other from the beginning; but there 's an explicitness in words, in airy words, when they tell to hope her dream, that for a moment seems to place the reality, which, in fact, may be as far off as ever, in your grasp. Mr. Carlton delightedly caught at the hint; and father and son-in-law, that were to be, became entirely confidential with regard to their anticipated domestic relations. Mr. Carlton had no doubt, knew, in fact, that his daughter's affections were entirely unengaged. She might have had slight preference at one time, which all girls, just from school will, for a week or two, entertain; but latterly, this foolish romance (if she had ever entertained such) had given place to a proper view of things. Thus conversing, like the lovers, they "forgot all time," until they were joined by Talbot, who had spent the previous night at the Park; and who, in a conversation on that evening with Mr. Wortley, in answer to that gentleman's inquiries concerning Bradshaw's talents and influence, for Mr. Wortley was electioneering, and was curious about one so much spoken of as Bradshaw, had not failed to let him know that Clinton was opposed to his pretensions; of which opposition Talbot gave a most exaggerated account; professing himself, at the same time, the devoted friend of Mr. Wortley. He pronounced Bradshaw's talents more overrated than any man's he had ever known; and was satisfied, he said, that he

was as high as he ever would be. Mr. Carlton was by at the conversation; and Talbot afterwards spoke to him apart, but with a hope that he would not let it be known from whom it came, and told him that Bradshaw was as much opposed to him as to Mr. Wortley, and was, in fact, the chief promoter of a call for a public meeting that was to be held in the city on the next evening; at which, it was rumored, the propriety of a measure which Mr. Carlton had warmly advocated in Congress was to be discussed.

Talbot, seated in a large bow-window of the mansion, and hidden by the curtains, had overheard Bradshaw ask for Mary Carlton, and saw him enter the garden. He immediately seized his hat and hurried out in search of Mr. Carlton and Mr. Wortley; resolving, by hook or by crook, to lead them to the garden, and prevent the *tete-a-tete* of the lovers; for it not only awoke all his envy and jealousy to know that they were together, but he dreaded an explanation between them of what Bradshaw had said in the court-house, when the report of Mary's marriage to Wortley was spoken of, which he had foully misrepresented to her.

Let us return to the summer-house. The tone and manner of Bradshaw increased the rage of Mr. Carlton.

"You deserve worse lahguage than any I can use," he exclaimed: "you have taken advantage of my daughter's being at your father's, and endeavored basely to steal her affections—yes, sir, *steal* her affections!"

"Father," interrupted Mary Carlton, with dignity, "there was no stealing in the case—I freely gave my affections."

"Don't speak to me—if you disobey you 'll find yourself a beggar. Yes," continued Mr. Carlton, addressing Bradshaw, "steal her affections! Why did you not speak to me, her father, as an honorable man would have done? No, sir, this is in keeping with the rest of your Jesuitical and vil————"

"Mr. Carlton," said Bradshaw, interrupting him, "spare your lungs, I pray you, sir; there is to be a public meeting to-night, when you may have to use them. Mr. Talbot, it will not be agreeable to Miss Carlton to have her name connected with mine in recounting, either in letter writing or scandalous tattle, this scene. You act at your peril, sir."

"Clinton! Clinton!" exclaimed Mary, "remember your promise; do not—do not——"

"Mary," said Bradshaw, "your very slightest wish shall be my inviolable law. Mr. Wortley, I regret our acquaintance was not renewed under less turbulent auspices; we have not had leisure to exchange even the courtesies of a greeting. I bid you good morning, sir:" and Bradshaw lifted his hat, leisurely left the garden, mounted his horse, and rode to the city. Bradshaw sat in his office all the afternoon, brooding over what had occurred. There was more tenderness in his love for Mary Carlton than he had ever felt before; he had loved her for her bewitching vivacity, for her beauty, for her wit, for her mind—which was every day impressing him more and more with its superiority to the generality of her sex,—he had loved her with a proud love, connecting her with the dreams of his ambition; but now his heart gushed over towards her, and he thought not of these qualities—he thought of the pure and loving spirit that dwelt in her bright form. He long mused in a revery of love. Then the gentle emotions which she called up fled as he thought of her father; and as Talbot crossed his mind, an expression amounting to loathing passed over his countenance. Bradshaw had rather a taste than a talent for poetry, and he often sought to express his emotions in a hasty rhyme; seizing a pen he wrote as follows (Talbot's Christian name was Andrew).

RECIPE FOR MAKING A TALBOT.

Take just enough of law to lead astray,
And just enough of politics to bray—
Of virtue, just enough to talk about it,
And just enough of faith, in faith to doubt it—
Of spirit nothing, and of honor naught,
And not one gleam of independent thought—
No love of country, and no sense of shame,
And no aspiring for a lofty name—
Not art enough to make a lucky knave,
Of fawning, *quantum suff.* to make a slave;
With it enough of moral strength to say
An "ay" or "no," as interest leads the way;
Behind his back, with safety in the blow,
Take all the courage that would strike a foe,—
Courage that aims a bullet at his brain,
And trembles so that 't is a fruitless aim—
A serpent's smoothness, and a parrot's prate,
And, when there 's safety, floods of Billingsgate;—
No incantation need you say or sing,
Mix these ingredients, and you 'll have the thing.

CHAPTER XXX.

The political meeting for which Clinton Bradshaw advised Mr. Carlton to husband his strength, had been called by the party who were opposed to Mr. Carlton, together with some who were personally favorable to him, but who entirely disapproved of the course he had taken in regard to a particular measure. That measure we may not designate, for it is our purpose to meddle not, in these pages, at all in politics; and we allude to it because it is necessary in our history—though we name not its character, nor comment on its consequence; and we rejoice that we can progress just as well without doing either. Mr. Carlton's determination to spend the summer at home, was, no doubt, made with a view to his popularity. In the fall, the congressional election was to take place, and he intended being a candidate for re-election. Believing in the adage, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," he resolved, if the people would re-elect him, still to hold his seat in congress, and afterwards to become a candidate before the legislature for the vacant seat in the U. S. Senate. Therefore, if he should be elected Senator, he could easily resign his seat in the House of Representatives; and, should he fail in his senatorial ambition, he

would still be a Representative. The tour which he had taken through the state with Mr. Wortley, was as Wortley's friend, to add that gentleman's strength to his own, in his senatorial aspirations; for it was thought, as we have said, that Mr. Wortley's native state, from motives of pride, if for no other reason, would support him in the presidential contest.

As soon as Mr. Carlton reached home, the meeting to be held this night had been called. He had been taught to believe, by some of those sycophants who always gather round, at least, a *rich* politician, that the excitement was a mere bubble, that would dissolve in air—in empty words. Bradshaw, though generally in favor of Mr. Carlton's course, was opposed to that which he had taken on this particular occasion, of which we speak; but he had no part in getting up the meeting, though Talbot had asserted to Mr. Carlton that he was the arch mover of it. Resolutions declaratory of the opinions of the state legislature, of which our readers are aware Bradshaw was a member, passed that body after a warm debate, and chiefly by Bradshaw's exertions, in which the opposite course to that pursued by Mr. Carlton was recommended to Congress; but when this meeting was called, Bradshaw said he felt no inclination to take part in it, remarking—"I have no wish to attack Mr. Carlton; and when I am myself attacked, it will be time enough to speak upon the subject." Therefore, Bradshaw was surprised to see in an evening paper of this day—a paper devoted to the interests of Mr. Carlton—a severe attack upon himself, as the originator of the meeting, in which he was denounced as the covert foe of Mr. Carlton—a snake in the grass, who had not courage to show himself.

"I understand it," said Bradshaw to himself, as he paced up and down his office, just before the meeting convened; "Carlton thinks I 'm a mere political popinjay that a breath of his can annihilate. The scene of this morning has determined him to crush me at once—ha!—but for that I might still have continued an humble member of the legislature—a member of the legislature, where young, unfledged gentlemen of all sorts, sizes, and conditions do congregate—but I have other aspirations—and, if I had not, how dare I to take a course political contrary to the opinions of the Hon. Samuel Carlton?——Pah!—I do flatter myself that he is most egregiously deceived—may be the honorable gentleman will have hard work to hold his own—this popularity of mine, if I have any, has grown up in the dark, while he was away! on his dunghill!! Snake in the grass. Think of that, my Pilgrim fathers. What sought ye thus afar? to leave behind you a posterity who should shrink from expressing their free opinions—opinions they were bound to express! Have ye, whose course was as straight as an arrow, left a race whose path is as obliquitous as the serpent's. I did think to temper your blue-law spirit with a little worldly caution, if not heavenly charity—your stiff necked notions with a little courtesy—and to accommodate myself in other things to the spirit of the times; but—the fact is," said he pausing, "I have little of the rock in me, and less of Plymouth rock than any other; for but for Mary—I fear if the truth were told—I should have been at war with this great Goliah—in his own estimation, before. I 'll have a sling at him to night for my honor, if not for my love—I 'll wait and hear him. He would serve me as I 've seen a big boy serve a little one—he puts a chip upon my head, and then dares me to dare him to knock it off. Well I shall dare him—I know this question I think, thoroughly—I have examined it over and over; I shall not be caught napping. Ay, the meeting is held in the square opposite Mrs. Holliday's—'t will be a large one—the probability is that he has brought Mary in with him. 'Never strike a man,' says somebody, 'unless you mean to knock him down.' He thinks, perchance, if I dare to appear there, he 'll annihilate me on the spot, and show Mary what a lover and what a father she has!—well, so be it! if it must be so."

In this disjointed manner Bradshaw soliloquized for some time,—till, at last, the hour of the meeting arrived. Just as Bradshaw left his office he was hailed by Jekyl

"Mr. Bradshaw," said he, "is that you?"

"Ah, Jekyl, my friend, I know your voice, though I can't distinguish your person—what news?"

"Step back into your office one moment; I want to say a word to you, Mr. Bradshaw."

"Walk in." They entered the office.

"I suppose you have seen the attack, or rather the attacks on you in the Evening Gazette."

"Oh yes."

"Well, I 'll tell you who wrote them! you know there are two, one editorial, and the other a communication. The editorial was written by old Carlton himself, and the communication by my particular friend, Talbot. One of the hands of the Gazette was at my office not ten minutes ago. He says he has set up the manuscript, both of Carlton and Talbot, often, and that he knows their hands, and he 's certain of it."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, fact—old Carlton miscalculates his own strength, and underrates yours—or he 's been misled in some way. There 'll be a louder call for you than Carlton thinks for—don't fail to come, I must hurry off." So saying, away went Jekyl.

Alone, Bradshaw pursued his way to the meeting. It was now some time after dark, and from the many persons before and behind him, all tending in his direction, he knew the meeting would be a very large one. Various comments were made by the crowd, to which Bradshaw was an unobserved, but not a careless listener.

"We shall have good speaking," said one; "Mr. Carlton is no slouch at it, and Brad-

shaw 's no chicken if he *is* young—he 's game to the back bone. He beats every thing I ever heard."

"I mistrust him," said another, in reply: "folks say he wants to marry Carlton's daughter—he 's against Carlton in this business—but he hangs back, as I have heard, on this account."

"Why, ain't he a-going to speak to-night?"

"Some say he is, and some say he ain't; but I mistrust him. I 've seen him with the daughter once or twice, and I think there 's something between them."

Here the speakers crossed the street, and passed out of the hearing of Bradshaw.

"Can it be possible," thought he, "that my attachment for Mary Carlton is thus talked of—a town talk? Can it be believed of me, that love of the daughter shuts my mouth after this fashion?"

He was interrupted in his reflections by hearing his name mentioned, in a squad of five or six, just before him.

"Yes," said one, "we must have Bradshaw out—let 's get together, and call him with a vengeance."

"To be sure, we must have him out. He 's a young man, like one of us, and he 's no mean pride in him, that keeps him from knowing a poor man."

"Have him out! no, indeed," said another—"I go for Carlton—did you see the paper?"

Bradshaw found a great concourse of people at the place of meeting. It was held, as we have said, near Mrs. Holliday's mansion, which fronted on a public square, and opposite to which was a large hotel. From a first floor window, of the last mentioned building, a temporary stand, or hustings, was erected, and a couple of engine lamps, borrowed from the engine company for the purpose, were so placed as to throw their light on the form and face of the speaker. The crowd stood in the street, and, such was the interest taken in the meeting, that it was computed there were from four to five thousand persons present.

With some difficulty Bradshaw elbowed his way through the crowd, who, however, made room for him, whenever, by the flare of the lamps, or by the voice, as he asked for passage, they recognized him. When he entered the room, from the window of which the stand was erected, he beheld Mr. Carlton, with a number of his friends around him, in lively political conversation. Mr. Carlton was stating to them his reason for the vote he had given, and they were listening with approving nods and smiles: among the most conspicuous in approbation was Talbot. As soon as Bradshaw's acquaintances in the room observed him, they gathered around him, and one of them said, "Bradshaw, Mr. Carlton intends, he says, to give it to you, for the part you took in passing these resolutions."

"Ah, does he? Well, I must summon fortitude to receive."

"Ugh—ugh—and courage to reply, I hope, my boy," said Mr. Chesterton, who bustled up to Bradshaw's elbow, and slapped him on the shoulder. "I 've—ugh—come up all the way to town to hear you—*you* sly dog—*never* spoke a word of this meeting, hey—steal a march on every body, would you? I heard it by the merest accident, that you were going to hold forth. D—n it, I would have been provoked with you, if I had missed—ugh—this———"

"When did you get in, Mr. Chesterton?"

"Ugh—not ten minutes since: called at your office for you—ugh. I heard all the great stump-speaking in Kentuck in my day—Pope, Clay, Barry, Joe Davies—all of them—ugh—we used to hold the meetings in———"

Here the uproar of the crowd without, calling on the speakers to commence, drowned the voice of Mr. Chesterton; and Mr. Carlton pushed by Bradshaw, with an assumption of great dignity, and, assisted by Talbot, stepped on to the stand. There was considerable applause and clapping of hands, when he made his appearance, though not so much as he seemed to expect.

Bradshaw's friends, in the room, called out to him to step out on the stand, and show himself; but he laughed, shook his head, and said, "I 'll wait awhile, till I hear what 's the play."

Mr. Carlton went into a long history of his political life, and dwelt upon all the leading public measures he had advocated, until he came down to the particular one under consideration. Upon that he expatiated at large, spoke of the resolutions of the legislature, and said, "That he was sorry so respectable a body of men should have been so misled by a set of designing demagogues; one of whom, at least, who, he was sorry, represented the same people with himself, might have waited the prompting of older and abler heads."

"Is Mr. Bradshaw present?" interrupted a voice from the crowd.

"I am here, sir," said Bradshaw, stepping out on the stand, where the light shone full upon him, and lifting his hat.

"Hurra for Bradshaw!" shouted a thousand voices; to which there were as many dissenting hisses from the strong friends of Carlton, whom the speech of that gentleman, and the paragraphs in the paper had incensed against Bradshaw. Bradshaw stood erect, and looked round upon the crowd, while the hurras and hisses continued for more than a minute.—At last there was silence, when Bradshaw said, in a courteous, clear tone, that every one present heard,

"I am here, my fellow-citizens, and ready to defend myself; which, with your leave, I will do, when your honorable Representative in Congress has concluded."

"Go on now, Bradshaw!" shouted a number, while others told him to be off, "you won't do," &c. He did not appear embarrassed, but, putting on his hat, stepped back, and leaned against the house, remarking, as he did so, "When Mr. Carlton 's done, my friends, I will not detain you long."

Mr. Carlton now, thinking the sign strong in his favor, became much more personal and severe on Bradshaw, who stood by, looking on the crowd, from which he not unfrequently cast his eye to Mrs. Holliday's window opposite,

where he was satisfied he saw Mary Carlton, for, every now and then, she would leave the window, at which the ladies sat, and walk across the room restlessly, and, whenever she did so, the light from the large lamp on the center-table shone full upon her features.—Bradshaw felt a stern indignation against Mr. Carlton, and, for the while, thought of Mary only as the witness of his reception from her father's friends. He, however, waited without showing any emotion, until Mr. Carlton concluded, and when that gentleman finished, there was a long and loud call for Bradshaw, from both sides, as all felt anxious to hear him. "Ugh!—ugh!"—coughed Mr. Chesterton, who had taken a seat on the temporary railing, by the wall, near Bradshaw; "now my boy, there's a chance for you. Pour it on to him—'scalding lava,' as old Parr said."

As soon as Bradshaw advanced to the place which Carlton had left, a deep silence reigned over the crowd. Men like these keen encounters of their fellows' wits—they look on with pretty much the same kind of feeling that inspired those of old, when they pressed to the gladiatorial arena, where he who showed the most skill, and made battle most bravely, was sure to win the approbation of the multitude.

There is a wish to do justice, and an impulse to generosity, that runs like electricity, through a large crowd, when they are not controlled by a deep rooted prejudice, or an absorbing, passionate purpose, that always will display themselves when there is any thing to call them up.

Without any premonitory flourish, and with great apparent calmness, Bradshaw said, in the first place, he had nothing to do with the call of the meeting, and stated why, in his legislative capacity, he had advocated the resolutions above mentioned. He did his duty, he said, and left Mr. Carlton to do his—nothing more was said, he continued, on the subject, until Mr. Carlton returned, and the call of a meeting by those who thought that gentleman had not acted with an eye to their political interests, was, Bradshaw thought, the very thing Carlton should have sought, if he was aware that there was any dissatisfaction with his course. But Carlton was not prepared to meet dissatisfaction, let alone censure, and he returns not only dissatisfied with, but highly censorious of, those who dared to act contrary to his notions. Here Bradshaw, with indignant rebuke, commented upon Carlton—and then, changing his tone suddenly, to one of ridicule, he apologized for Carlton's apparent self-sufficiency, and said he was to be excused as he was fresh from Washington, where, as they all knew, he led among the magnets of the land—heaven save the magnets!—and that, on his leaving Washington, he had taken a tour to superintend the political infant schools that had been established throughout the state, under his patronage. "He has been teaching the young political idea how to shoot, in the country," said Bradshaw, "for he knows, that,

'Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines'—

and when he returned, and found that our opinions wanted pruning, he set right to work; and, as I had been a member of the legislature, and had expressed some unpruned notions, when this meeting was called, he looked upon me as the naughty boy at school, who has been caught in one act of mischief, and is sure to have laid at his door, or, rather, on his back, every prank that is afterwards played. The fact is, he wanted to drive me into an act of rebellion—to compel me to take part in the *barring out*, so that, when he gets in, birch in hand, he may inflict upon me an awful punishment."

Here Bradshaw turned towards Mr. Carlton, to whom Talbot had handed a chair, and who had seated himself very conspicuously near the light, with the look and manner of a frightened urchin, who is begging off. His droll suiting of the action to the word, took every body by surprise, and caused an uproarious shout of laughter and applause; at which Mr. Carlton jumped up in a passion, and shaking his finger at Bradshaw, called him "a buffooning, boyish demagogue." The threatening finger of Carlton, so like a pedagogue's, made the thing still more laughable; and the whole crowd *took*, in a moment, and laughed and shouted loud and long. Carlton, not at all perceiving the humor of the scene, turned to the people, and denounced Bradshaw with furious gesticulations; not one word of what he said was heard: and this, if possible, increased the uproar; for what is more ridiculous than a man bellowing and furiously gesticulating to a crowd, who hear not one word he says, for laughing at him.

"No!" exclaimed Bradshaw, with great popular tact, when the uproar at length ceased, and Carlton had taken his seat, "no, my fellow citizens, I am under no man's patronage or pupilage—I am one of the poor ones who go to the great free-school of liberty."

At this there was a stirring hurra for Bradshaw, mingled with groans and hisses. All, at length, were silent, except one, who, from the midst of the multitude, kept interrupting Bradshaw's efforts to resume, by an admirable imitation of the bleating of a sheep, which caused those around him involuntarily to laugh. "Turn him out," exclaimed some: "Give that sheep some grass," said others—still the bleating continued. "Turn that fellow out," exclaimed many of the crowd, indignantly.

"Don't interrupt him, I beg of you, my friends," said Bradshaw, "he can't help it—he is the great bellwether of our honorable representative's flock; and what you hear is *instinct*, not imitation."

The bellwether's bleating ceased with the laugh that the remark occasioned, and Bradshaw, changing his tone, went on with great dignity; and with an eloquence that kept every man in the crowd an excited listener. He showed that he was right in the view he had taken of the measure under consideration; that, previous to his election he had advanced

the same opinions he now held; that he was elected on these grounds; and that, therefore, he was bound to advocate them on the floor of the legislature; that he did so without being in the least influenced by Mr. Carlton's opinions. For," said Bradshaw, "if I had been disposed to consider him as 'Sir Oracle,' I should have instantly reflected that, like the oracles of old, he courted that ambiguity necessary to the success of the oracular craft, which might have left me a victim, where I expected to be a victor; for, however much there may be a doubt of our 'Sir Oracle's' foretelling from what direction the popular breeze *will* blow, none will question the admirable facility with which, like the weather-cock, he adapts himself to the breeze when blowing."

"Fact!" "fact!" "true!" "true bill!" shouted many of the crowd.

"My fellow citizens," resumed Bradshaw, "in conclusion, I have but one remark to make."—Here he took the Evening Gazette from his pocket, and read the articles it contained against him. The editorial article accused him of duplicity, of political tergiversation, of professing friendship to Mr. Carlton, and pretending to be his political friend, and of acting like a snake in the grass against him. "Of the communication," said Bradshaw, referring to the article signed Junius, which, Jekyl said, a hand in the Gazette office told him was written by Talbot,—"of the communication I now say nothing but this, that I know the dastard who wrote it, that he is now present, and that I tell him to his face and to his teeth, that he is a dastard and a coward;—but of this editorial article I wish to speak: I pronounce it untrue, in every respect—false in spirit and in letter; and I charge the *honorable* Samuel Carlton, our *most honorable* Representative in Congress, with being the writer of it."

Mr Carlton started up, and advanced forward, as if to address the people, when Talbot sprang to his side, drew him back, and whispered something in his ear, of which Bradshaw heard, "Tell them you consider it impertinence in Bradshaw, that you 're not here to answer such charges." "I must give up my....."—"No! no! on your honor, no!" interrupted Talbot—"We....."—Bradshaw heard no more.

After a minute's whispering with Talbot, Mr. Carlton went forward, and said, after clearing his throat, "'T is true, gentlemen, I did write that article—I sent it in town this morning—I did not request it to be put in editorially—I expect to prove every word in it—every word—you shall have my authority some other time—I must consult with the gentleman first."

Mr. Carlton stepped back—the crowd uttered not a word. Bradshaw at this instant, and for the first time since he had commenced his speech in looking towards Mrs. Holliday's, thought of Mary Carlton, and the pain that all this must give her. He took the place that Mr Carlton had left, and said—

"My fellow-citizens, I deem it but an act of common justice to Mr. Carlton, to say that I believe he has been most foully and falsely deceived with regard to my personal as well as my political course towards him. I pronounce his authority a liar, and dare him to the issue—I am almost morally certain of the dastard; but he is no candidate for your favor, *now*; and when he is, I shall not shrink from meeting him at Philippi."

Bradshaw's friends gave three cheers for him, while those who cheered not made no demonstration of disapproval, and the meeting broke up.

"Don't leave us, Bradshaw," exclaimed a number of Clinton's political friends, who had gathered round him in the bar-room of the hotel. "Come, let us adjourn to a private room, and take something."

"Thank you, my dear fellows—but I must be off to ——— county, where the court sits the day after to-morrow."

"Ah!" said one, "you go to defend the kidnapper—old Lee—the rascal: don't you!"

"Yes."

"I 'm told you made him pony up to a pretty considerable tune; but, come, you can spend a half hour with us, nevertheless."

"Thank you: I cannot, indeed—'t is now eleven. At four the stage calls for me, at my office; and I have a trunk full of books to pack up. Your country lawyer is keener than he of the city: he uses no library, and carries his law in his head. The juries in —— county think a lawyer very profound, if they see him dog-earing a big book. For the more effect, I take a trunk full, and shall parade them, in regular files, as a militia-captain displays his band on a muster day, on the trial-table, before the jury. I take with me a parcel of new books, with the fairest covers on them, like a clear conscience. I have often thought that one of your old law books, that has been thumbed and soiled, with only here and there a white spot, was the very fac-simile of the conscience of an old lawyer. Good night!"

Bradshaw crossed the square, towards Mrs. Holliday's. The light was still burning in the front room, but the shutters were closed. He hesitated at the door. Was Mary still there? Was her father with her? Mrs. Holliday was away: could she be alone? He paused a moment before the door, and then deliberately ascended the steps, and rang the bell. In an instant it was opened by Sue; and Bradshaw asked—

"Is Miss Carlton in, Sue?"

"No, sir—Oh! it 's Mr. Bradshaw—yes, sir, Miss Mary 's in, and so is Miss Emily. Missus was gone away, and I was keeping house."

"And an excellent housekeeper, I have no doubt, you are, Sue. What gentlemen are here?"

"Mr. Kentucky, sir, and a strange gentleman, what coughs: he 's gone to bed," replied Sue, showing her ivory with delight, at Bradshaw's compliment to her housekeeping.

As Bradshaw entered the room Mary Carlton started up from a table, at which she was writing, to meet him; and then, checking herself, said—

"Come in Clinton."

Bradshaw advanced, and, seizing her proffered hand, pressed it to his lips; and gently encircling her waist, asked—

"Do you forgive me, love, for all I have been compelled to say of your father, in my own defence?"

"Clinton," said she blushing deeply, "don't you see Emily and Mr. Willoughby?"

"'Behave yourselves before folks,' as the song says," said Willoughby, laughing.

Bradshaw turned, and, for the first time, observed him sitting on the sofa, in the back room, beside Emily.

"Ah! Kentuck," exclaimed Bradshaw, "you see I live in so much light here, from bright lamp, and brighter eye, that, dazzled as I am, I cannot, through the folding-doors, pierce the darkness. Miss Emily Bradshaw—my respects to you, sis: where 's Mr. Chesterton?"

"Just gone, most unpoetically, to bed."

"I did not know that you were in town.—I saw Mr. Chesterton, but lost him, somehow or other."

"Bradshaw, I expect nothing yet but that I shall be disinherited in your favor."

"If you think so," said Bradshaw, laughing, "I 'll make such an agreement with you as John Horne made with the nephew of the individual whose name he *took*, and became John Horne Tooke. But where 's Mr. Chesterton, we must not let him hear the agreement!—The uncle was an odd fish," said Bradshaw, lowering his voice, "often quarrelled with his nephew, and on one occasion the misunderstanding went so far that the uncle told Horne if he would take his name, he would leave him his estate; Horne did so, but entered into an agreement with the nephew, as he was satisfied the uncle would soon quarrel with him; that, no matter to which of them the estate was left, they should go halves."

"Ah! I never saw that before."

"Didn't you? It 's told in Tooke's life.—The uncle left the estate to the nephew; the scamp promised Tooke a certain part of it, which he said was all he wanted, and afterwards refused to give it to him. Tooke sued him and recovered it. So let Mary and Emily be the witnesses, and it 's a bargain if you say so."

"These ladies fair cannot well be witnesses, Bradshaw; for, I hope, before my uncle shuffles off this mortal coil, they will have changed their names, and ladies may not be witnesses for, or against their lords, saith the books."

"Lords! how that sounds," exclaimed Mary Carlton.

In a few moments Willoughby, in a low voice, sat conversing in the back room with Emily Bradshaw, and Clinton, taking a seat by Mary, asked her in as low a tone, what she was writing.

"A note to you, Clinton, a note to you, charging you, if you had any regard for me, not to involve yourself in a duel with Talbot."

"Duel with Talbot!—My dear Mary, there is no fear of that: Talbot could not be kicked, cuffed, or horse-whipped into a fight."

"Then, will you promise me that you will not fight him?"

"Mary! Mary!—no, love, I must not promise you that; but I will promise you, if he challenge me for any punishment I may inflict upon him, I will not meet him, unless you say—for you shall be judge—that my honor demands it. But don't talk of Talbot. With whom did you come to town?"

"With my father, Mr. Wortley, and Talbot in the same carriage—the most disagreeable ride I ever took or ever expect to take. Oh! Clinton, my father and I had such a scene after you left. He wished to compel me to marry Mr. Wortley, whether I would or no. I cannot tell you how stern and unkind he spoke. I became indignant: I told him plainly and openly of all that has passed between us. He threatened to disinherit me, he reviled me; but, no matter—'t is sinful I should feel anger against my parent. But, Clinton, why should he compel me?—I have never been with him any length of time in childhood, or since. When did he ever seem to take a parental affection in me? Often, for months, I have not seen him, and then 't was a cold greeting. And now, when I may be subservient to his ambition!—Oh! I never knew a mother's care—Yes!—I have known a mother's care, and a father's care; but it was not at the Park. After years, when he has been to me almost a stranger, shall I ——"

"Mary, I would not let these things trouble me with a second thought. As for the disinheritance, love," said Bradshaw, with a smile—"have you not heard the agreement which Kentuck and I are to make? I am rising rapidly into practice. If I were to quit politics, and devote myself to the law, and to making money, I have no doubt that in a few years I could acquire a large fortune. I ——"

"No, Clinton, money-making never will content you—never should content you—nor mere reputation as a lawyer. You can stand among the highest—why not the very highest?—in political power and public consideration. You do not know how ambitious I have learned to be at Washington. 'T is not the wealthiest man, there, who is sought for, Clinton—followed, applauded, courted—nor the wife of the wealthiest, who draws round her the considerations of the great.—You see, 't is selfishness in me."

"Then, Mary, at once be mine, and teach me to be ambitious, and to aspire."

"Teach you to aspire!"

"When will you be mine, love?"

"I must see my aunt Holliday, Clinton—I must speak with her of my father—I must not act unadvisedly—I am strangely situated.—My father brought me in this evening, and has not called for me—he has, I suspect, gone out without me. I must see aunt—I must consult aunt."

"Brother! Mary!" interrupted Emily Bradshaw, from the back room, "do you intend to talk there all night?—'T is after twelve."

"It is!" exclaimed Mary Carlton. "Bless me, the neighbors will tell aunt, when she returns, that we have kept open house here, and

had parties every night. Mrs. Gray, our near neighbor, has the School for Scandal enacted in her parlor every evening."

"Good night, sis," said Bradshaw, to his sister. "I shall not see you for a week or more, as I told you I must be in —— county the day after to-morrow."

"You defend a kidnapper, do you, Clinton?" asked Mary.

"Yes, Mary," whispered Bradshaw; "and if you would let me steal you, I think I could defend myself ably in any court in Christendom, particularly in the court of love."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DAY or two after the public meeting, the proceedings of which we have very imperfectly given, while Bradshaw was attending court in —— county, a meeting of those opposed to the re-election of Mr. Carlton was called. Jekyl was one of the prime movers of it. It was very numerously attended. Jekyl nominated Bradshaw as a candidate for congress, in opposition to Mr. Carlton, and Cavendish seconded the motion in a very able speech, in which, with cynical asperity, he ridiculed Carlton, and was truly eloquent in his praise of Bradshaw. The nomination was accepted with great unanimity.

The friends of Carlton were very much incensed at the proceedings—they called counter-meetings, and passed violent resolutions against Bradshaw. The press, on Carlton's side, denounced him unsparingly, and threw out broad hints of charges against his private character, which, if Mr. Bradshaw insisted upon being a public man, should be substantiated and published.

Jekyl had, in the increase of his patronage, been induced to enlarge his paper, and issue it tri-weekly, instead of weekly, and he was doing very well with it. He hoisted the banner of Bradshaw, and the moment he did so Carlton's friends dropped his paper. Such is the encouragement given to the freedom of the press! And not content with this, a squad of them had a meeting, and deputized two of their number to wait on, and inform him, that if he continued to support Bradshaw, they were determined to ruin his paper, and that, if he would take the side of Carlton, he should be greatly benefited. "Gentlemen," said Jekyl to them, when they had delivered their message, rising with indignation from his chair, "I have always eaten the bread of honest independence, and, I thank God! whether my paper rises or falls in this contest, while I have my health I can still earn it. Mr. Farren, you are a man of wealth and influence—and I did not believe, until to-day, sir, what was said of you—that you were a sycophant, and a time-server. You, Mr. Lyle, are descended from a revolutionary worthy, sir. I am sorry to tell you what I do, that you are the degenerate son of a worthy sire. You would sell your birth-right. Tell the gentlemen that they may do their worst. Mr. Bradshaw was my earliest and best friend: I believe him politically right. I won't give up the ship, sire—the cause—the paper—while I have the means to circulate it. I shall give an account in my next paper of your message, gentlemen; and I shall publish your names and the names of those who sent you. Now, there 's the door—make a bee-line out, if you please, gentlemen, and never enter it again, unless you wish to feel the arm of one who has been an honest blacksmith, and who will be an honest blacksmith again, before he 'll follow the tracks of either of you."

The day after the visit of the gentlemen, above mentioned, to Jekyl, eighty-three of his subscribers sent the peremptory order, "*Stop my paper.*" This did not abate Jekyl's zeal for Bradshaw, nor prevent him from publishing his interview with Farren and Lyle, with their names, and the names of those who sent them, in full. These gentlemen were highly incensed, and made a most furious attack on Jekyl, through the columns of the Gazette. In reply, he spared them not, and dealt as severely with Mr. Carlton. The day after this last publication, while Jekyl was sitting alone in his office, our reader's acquaintance, Mr. Chesterton entered.

"This—ugh!—is Mr. Jekyl, editor of the Mechanics' Advocate?"

"Yes, sir."

"My name is Chesterton."

"Take a chair, Mr. Chesterton," said Jekyl, offering him a chair.

"Give me—ugh—your hand, my boy, I 'm glad to know you—you 've heard of me!"

"Yes, sir, I 've often heard your nephew, and Mr. Bradshaw, speak of you."

"Ah! you 've heard of—ugh—my poor devil business, as master Clinton called it—hey!—of my will—sir, I had fawning knaves—Dodridge and other sycophants, sir—ugh—ugh—who deceived me. After my nephew left me, sir, I had nobody but them and my slaves about me—slaves all. I don't like—ugh—democracy, sir, your democracy; but I honor an independent man, and I despise, from my soul, this cringing and fawning spirit—subscribers dropping off—hey?"

"Yes, sir, and I 'm gaining a few."

"Ugh—glad to hear it—that 's good for Bradshaw. I like that boy; he suits me to a T, to a fraction—ugh—ugh—ugh—he 'll thunder in the capitol yet, hey! suppose you know my nephew,—Kentuck they call him—is to marry his sister?"

"Yes, sir, I 've heard so."

"Well—ugh—of course—then I 'm interested in the family."

"Yes, sir."

"Ugh—well then I 'm interested—ugh—in you and in your paper—ugh. I don't do it for your d—d democracy—understand. I 've no chick nor child; Willy 'll get all, except what I leave to Bradshaw. Ugh—ugh—may be my purse is as deep as some others we might name, ugh—ugh—ugh—so go a-head, my boy, and when you want any money, I 'm your man. This is to be a tight

contest; Bradshaw ought to be home: Carlton made a stump speech last night, and abused him like a pick-pocket. Good deal of —ugh—boisterous Billingsgate in him—hey? —can't you make your paper a daily, hey?—and meet that daily lie—that Gazette, with a daily — ugh — contradiction and castigation. You must do it; I 'm your man; any time you 're ready, I 'm your man. Ha, ha, so you ordered the rich, rascally ragamuffins out, hey! we must beat 'em—we must beat 'em—ugh what do you say of a daily, hey?"

"I don't think, sir, that Carlton's friends can hurt me much more; they 've stopped two hundred papers, though, already."

"Ugh—they have, hey? well, don't say any thing about it, but put me down for two hundred papers. I understand—don't do it to help a Jacobin, what I take you to be—ugh—but I like the boy, Bradshaw, and we must beat them."

"I had, since I came out for Bradshaw, sixty new subscribers, who came to the office unsolicited, and subscribed. When Bradshaw returns, if he determines to be a candidate"—

"Determines to be—ugh—ugh—a candidate!—he must be a candidate; that 's your —ugh—d—d democratic Jacobinical doctrine, 'neither to seek nor decline;' ha! ha! ha! —ugh — ugh — preposterous; but Bradshaw must hold to it, and you must hold to him as the candidate, that 's all—but I interrupted you."

"I was about remarking, sir, that if Bradshaw determines to be a candidate, and I think he will, I may safely say I can make a daily of my paper with a little assistance. I could give a mortgage on the establishment; it is now free and unincumbered—I could make a daily of it and run the Gazette hard."

"Ugh—ugh—it must be done. Some puppy—did you see it? some puppy of a correspondent has an article on a stranger's meddling in politics, and—ugh—ugh—takes me off. I 'll cane him if I find—ugh—him out—takes me off; the anonymous knave, did you see it."

"Yes, sir, I saw an article in that paper yesterday, alluding to a stranger's interfering in our politics," said Jekyl, with a smile, which he could not suppress; "but I was not aware he meant you, sir."

"You smile, hey!" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton. "Ugh—I understand: you 're thinking of Pope, the poet, hey! and mad Dennis—Dennis the critic—ugh—my thunder Dennis, hey?"

Jekyl protested that he was not, and that he did not know to what Mr. Chesterton alluded.

"Don't know to what I allude—ugh—ugh —my cough 's bad to-day. Why, when Pope's Essay on Crit—ugh—icism was published, Dennis—Dennis and he were at daggers drawn—stepped into the booksellers—ugh—opened the poem, and read,

'Some have, at first, for wits, then poets passed,
Turned critics next, and proved '—ugh—' plain fools at last.'

Ugh—ugh—ha—' By gad! he means me!' exclaimed Dennis—mad Dennis. Do you take now, my boy, my brave blacksmith?"

"Yes, sir," said Jekyl, laughing heartily at Mr. Chesterton's oddness; "I take."

"Ha! ha! it 's good, ain't it? I tell you, my brave blacksmith, General Morgan, of our revolution, was a blacksmith: did you know it! We must have a caricature—ugh—ugh. I bedeviled a fellow nearly to death once, with one of them—ugh—you remember when Bradshaw made the people laugh so, when he talked—ugh—about the barring out, and put on the look of an archin—ha! ha!—ugh—the fellow 'd made a good actor, first rate. Well—ugh—we must have a caricature, and have him barring old Carlton out of Congress —ugh. Scene, Congress Hall—ugh—doors and windows all shut, Carlton, with a switch in hand, mounted on the backs of—ugh—what 's their names?" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton, snapping his fingers with impatience. "Ah, I have the rogues; mounted on the backs of Farren and Lyle, trying to get in the window—ugh—ugh—ha! ha! Bradshaw has the window a little way open, and is knocking him on the head with a bundle of papers, some inscribed with the name of the measure Carlton has been advocating, and some Mechanics' Advocates. Hey! what do you think of it!" continued Mr. Chesterton, who had been walking up and down the office, every now and then, stopping before Jekyl. "What do you think of it?" he asked, stopping short. "Yes; and there must be a bundle of Gazettes sticking out of Carlton's pockets, and a fellow behind him, who is trying to get one of them, catches him—ugh—ugh—by the coat tail, and, ha! ha! that prevents him from getting at Bradshaw—ugh—ugh—there 's a notion for you, my brave Morgan blacksmith."

Jekyl, who never restrained his impulses, threw himself back in his chair, and gave way to a hearty laugh, which Mr. Chesterton attributed entirely to his caricature, and was pleased accordingly.

"Ha! ha!—ugh—a good notion, you think, hey! who draws? who draws? I 've a thousand things here," tapping his head with his finger; "yes, a million, if I could only get them written down."

Jekyl was delighted with the idea of ridiculing Carlton, and told Mr. Chesterton that a young friend of his, an engraver, who had a great turn for such things, would be glad to get the job, and would execute it admirably.

"That 's the thing—the very—ugh—thing!" exclaimed Mr. Chesterton, "let him meet me here this evening if—ugh—you say so. And set about your daily arrangements, by that time too, folks like your paper—ugh —I know it will go with a little—ugh—pushing. We 'll wax the rascals!" So saying, Mr. Chesterton departed, stopping, however, at the foot of the steps, and calling, "Mind—my brave Morgan, not antimasonry—blacksmith, don't forget this evening."

The day Bradshaw returned to the city, the following article appeared in the Gazette:—

"LEE, THE KIDNAPPER.

"We have just learned that this notorious character has made his escape from —— county jail, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—Clinton Bradshaw, Esq., whom a certain set here, headed by a quondam blacksmith, now the editor of the Mechanics' Advocate, would elevate into a congressman, was sent for by Lee to defend him. In times of such political importance to the aspirations of Mr. Bradshaw, it is to be persumed that he, Bradshaw, would not leave here without a considerable 'consideration.' And we were, therefore, not surprised to hear that Lee, who is a counterfeiter as well as a kidnapper; gave him the enormous sum of five thousand dollars!!! to defend him. We may expect ere long to have counterfeit money circulating in our city, particularly in the payment of election bills—it is but justice to say of the leading members of our bar that they refused to defend Lee for any sum. But to our purpose—Mr. Bradshaw, on his arrival at —— county, went to the jail to see Lee.' The jailer showed him to the room, where Lee was confined with other prisoners, but so dainty are the olfactory nerves of this aspirant to congress, whose general company in this city would not warrant such an opinion, that he refused to speak with his client in the common room, saying that the smell was too offensive—think of that, Mr. Editor Jeky!—that the smell was too offensive, and beside, he wished to see Lee in private. The jailer, who is an unsuspecting man, took Lee out of the common room, and suffered Bradshaw to be alone with him, in a room which he—the jailer—is in the habit of occupying as a kind of office, wherein he keeps the irons not in use, the keys, &c. The jail is on the outskirts of the village, as county jails generally are; and in the room into which Bradshaw and Lee were introduced by the jailer, and left together, there is a window that looks out on a common, at the foot of which is a thick wood, full of undergrowth, that terminates in an almost impenetrable swamp. The jailer went about his usual avocations, not presuming to lock Bradshaw up with Lee, and expecting he should have notice from Bradshaw of his intention to depart. But no such a thing, Bradshaw left without saying a word to the jailer, merely telling his wife that she had better look after Lee—Lo! when the jailer went '*to look after Lee*,' the window above mentioned was found open, a window that requires at least the strength of two men to open it, and Lee is not a strong man, and the bird had flown.

"We leave the reader to his own conclusion We have a host of *farts*, with regard to the morals and character of this youthful aspirant, that shall be forthcoming, if he still insit upon thrusting himself before the public, in opposition to one of our most talented and worthiest citizens.

"We warn Mr. Bradshaw, in time, of the exposures which his friends seem determined to force upon him. When a man is content to remain in a *private* station, the press should have nothing to do with his character; but when he insists upon being a public man, then should his misdeeds be made *public*, in justice to the people whose support he seeks."

The moment that Bradshaw saw the paragraph, he walked to Glassman's office with the paper in his hand, and read it to him. "What do you think of that, Glassman?"

"I've seen it," replied Glassman; "but I wished to see with what kind of a countenance you would read it—you 'll do for a politician, my friend; and that 's what cannot be said to every man possessed of political talent. Now, if you had raved and swore, I should have advised you to quit politics. What are your intentions?"

"This paper, you know, is controlled by Carlton. Well! I 'll run him a race, blow high or blow low—on that I am resolved.—And I 'll make Janson, this rascally editor, contradict every ——"

"You must leave Janson to me—I understand him exactly; and as I stuck him once for heavy damages, in a libel suit, for a client of mine, when he had laughed, and told me I could not obtain a six-penny verdict, I think I can manage him. What is the foundation of this?"

"The foundation is, that Lee bribed the jailer to suffer him to escape, and it was agreed between them that when I went to see Lee, and just after I had left him in the room to which he was always brought, he was to pretend to knock down the jailer and make his escape, which he did. The jailer's wife, not knowing their agreement, manfully resisted Lee's escape, in the passage, where she chanced to meet him, and he knocked her down. The jailer over-reached himself; for, not knowing what had happened to his wife, he hoisted the window that opened on the common, and then rushed out the door, and raised a hue and cry—told the people that Lee had knocked him down, and then escaped through the window; and away he went, with a number of them, towards the woods.—Others, more anxious to see how Lee got out, than where he went, hurried to the jail to gaze on the open window, when, lo! the jailer's wife told how Lee had knocked her down, and escaped through the back passage; and she showed her wounds. This discrepancy in the account of the jailer and his wife, raised suspicion: the jailer's appartments were searched, and three hundred dollars, in bills, some of which were identified by Lee's fellow prisoners, as having been in his possession, were found there. The jailer was arrested, and confessed the fact!"

"Truly, Janson has a lively imagination!" exclaimed Glassman, laughing. "He would have made a good novelist or poet. It is recorded of Sheridan, your favorite (old Sherry, as they used to nickname him, for good reasons), that he one day asked his wife if, since they had been married, she had ever kissed any man but himself? 'No, my dear—but why do you ask?' 'Well, have you ever wished to kiss another?' 'No, not even wished; but, tell me why do you ask?"

'Egad! my dear, I 'm up for parliament; and, if you have, they 'll find it out and print it.' This is the age of *inventions*, you know.—Some one said—who was it?—that a certain parson's preaching was a forty-horse-power preaching—he preached so well. Janson, there is no doubt, has a forty-horse power of lying—for, to my certain knowledge, the rascal, if you will suffer me to make a wretched pun, *steams* it with a vengeance. But, Bradshaw, my friend, this is a good omen—this abuse. It is a proof they fear you much; and would, therefore, put you down by any means, fair or foul. If the election came on to-morrow, Carlton would undoubtedly beat you; but you will gain on him every day.—You should draw him to the stump as often as possible. He prides himself on being a veteran on the stump—and so he is; but you must serve him as Napoleon served the veteran Wurmser: take more prisoners from him than you have soldiers, till, at last, he himself has to capitulate. Men are often weakest when they think themselves strongest. He holds himself to be a marvellous man on the stump."

"I think he is a good stump speaker," said Bradshaw.

"Yes, so he is, in some respects; but he wants tact. The thing is, not so much to make in itself a great speech, but a speech that is great to your audience. Burke, in his splendidly drawn character of Townsend, says of him, that he had the power of 'hitting the house between wind and water.' He might have made a better speech, and shot over their heads. You don't want the reputation so much, do you? of making great speeches as of gaining great ends—speaking is the means."

On inquiring for Mary Carlton, Bradshaw found that she had left town, and had gone to Mrs. Holliday, who, as our readers are aware, had made a visit to the country. The lovers, when they last parted, had promised to write to each other, and Bradshaw had written to Mary, but had received no answer. In the mean time, weeks wore away, and the political contest between Carlton and Bradshaw was growing warmer and warmer: Jekyl had attacked Mr. Carlton with so much severity for some of his land speculations, that Carlton had thought proper to institute suit against him for slander; and was determined, it was said, to prosecute him to the utmost rigor of the law. The caricature made its appearance under the auspices of Mr. Chesterton, and, owing to the excitement, it took excellently well, much to his delight. It presented admirable likenesses of the opponents, though Bradshaw was represented as a smooth faced urchin with the collar of his shirt turned over his jacket, and the head of Carlton projected at a "pro-di-gi-ous" length from the body and shoulders of Dominie Sampson. It was a great annoyance to Mr. Carlton; for, go where he would, his resemblance, as if distorted by a wizard, stared him in the face.

Every moment of Bradshaw's time was occupied. His professional business had accumulated so rapidly upon him since the adjournment of the legislature, that he found either that he must neglect his business or take a partner. Willoughby appeared to have given up the idea of practicing since the arrival of his uncle. Indeed, he had become so devoted a lover, that Bradshaw never thought of speaking to him of their contemplated partnership, except jokingly;—and then Kentuck would laugh and say that Emily would not let him practice law, as she had determined to be a farmer's wife. Bradshaw, therefore, made a proposition to Cavendish to become his partner.

"Confound you, Bradshaw," said the Judge, in reply, "I expected you to do this before: agreed; but our partnership shall only last till the congressional election, unless you beat Carlton; for, if you don't I 'll curse and quit you. And, mark you, Bradshaw, don't let any hankering you may have after Mary Carlton—the women have ruined many a man's fairest prospects—I 've d—n little opinion of them—prevent you from dealing with Carlton as he ought to be dealt with."

"Why, Judge, have I not dealt pretty plainly with him?"

"Yes; you have so far done as you ought; you and he will soon have to stump it through town and county—and you must not let any woman's flummery and stuff interfere with—to make a long story short—you must meet Carlton just as if he never had a daughter; now mind that, and I 'll keep close here to our office. Your smooth tongue and stump speeches must catch the birds, and get their votes; then send them to me for lawing, as they call it, and I 'll fleece the fees out of them. I go in for making money. By-the-by, Bradshaw, if you should want a little in your electioneering, I can contrive to lend you. Don't you, Bradshaw, trouble yourself the least about our business; don't think on the law till after the election—I can attend to it."

Not the least efficient of Bradshaw's partisans, were Nancy, the apple-woman, and Job, the jailer. They proclaimed his merits in all places and in all companies.

"Yes," said Nancy, one morning in the market-place, with a host of the market folks around her; butchers, country people, and their customers—with almost every one of whom she was acquainted individually, "Bradshaw will run mightily; and I tell ye he ought to run. I 've knowed him 'afore he first commenced to read law, when he lived at his father's—one of the most respectableist of our honest farmers—I often buy fruit from him,—in the county round. It was going out to get fruit that I used to see the boy—a smart boy he was in head-work then, but sickly; and Mr. Gowler, our parson, tells me—an he 's a feeble man himself—that the smartest folks is often ailing; it 's natural to them. But who can speak, for all that, like Bradshaw; and he always has a kind word for every body—poor or rich, it 's all the same to him, ye may swear. I 've been, this twenty years gone by, tending in yer old court, and yer new court; and I 've hearn the best o' yer pleaders. I 've a right to be a judge in lawing matters, as Judge Price says. Well, I declare to ye all, that in all my

born days, I never heard such a speech as he made agin Johnson, the watchman, when he wanted to lay his own murder at a poor young creature's door."

"Yes, but Nancy," said one of the by-standers, a Carlton man, "they say that the gal gave him a fee in that case?"

"That 's no fact," said Nancy; "the poor thing had no fee?"

"I don't mean exactly that," said the fellow, winking at the by-standers; "you women have a way of engaging young men in your cause."

"That 's a foul-mouth inspersion, Jim Bunks," exclaimed Nancy, highly nettled; "it 's a foul-mouth inspersion, and an unchistian slander, to make such an insinivation agin any woman. The girl 's as good as airy lady in the land. Ain't we all sinners?—answer me that—a sinful, fallen, misled race. I know the first man was misled by a woman: but if yer casting that up, yer throwing dirt on yer own mother, Jim Bunks, and yer sisters; and it 's no use in some families to talk of the universal sins of the world; they 're enough to do to mind their speciality pleas, as the lawyers say."

Jim was hushed up, for certain family reasons, not necessary to mention.

"No," said Nancy, addressing the by-standers; "I can tell ye a nannacdote of myself, that shows Bradshaw to ye. Ye see, Josey Mulvany, afore Josey an' I was married, had laid up two thousand and ten dollars, with hard labor, I tell ye, to keep his old age; and, being unsure of the savings bank, he puts his money in Judge Harper's hands. The Judge took the benefit—that was afore we were married, jist the very day, though. Poor Josey was a comfortless and sad man, ye may swear, and tell no lie. We thought the money, nard yearnings, was clean gone. Every body said it was gone; but Bradshaw he said nothing—but he looked round, and through the business; and he talked to this creditor, and that, and to the Judge; and he worked it so that Josey got every cent of it. He wouldn't take no fee, nor nothing for his sarvice And when I went to him, to say that I and Josey was thankful, he jist took me by the hand—Bradshaw's none of yer high-notioned folks, what think themselves above poor people—he jist took me by the hand, and said, 'Don't say a word of it, Nancy; ye 'd do as much for me, any day, I know,' and so speaking, he jist took an apple, and wouldn't hear another word about it. What think ye all of that, I ask ye? If Josey and I had told our troubles to yer Mr. Carlton, would he ha' done it? But I don't want to say a word agin Carlton, for he 's a sweet daughter; and I had the notion—but I ask ye all if such a man as Bradshaw ain't the man for Congress?"

"You may well say that, Mrs. Mulvany," exclaimed Job, the jailer, who had been a listener to Nancy's harangue; "you may well say that, if I know any thing on human natur.—There 's not one scrumption of arusticrusty in Squire Bradshaw, not one scrumption.—He 's as much of an American, democratic, revolutionary, Jeffersonian republican," continued Job, waving his hand oratorically, "as much, I say, of an American, revolutionary, democratic, Jeffersonian republican, with as little arusticrusty in him as any man that ever went to the continental congress, saving and excepting, always, as the lawyers say, more or less, Genral Washington. As for his law, I always said it, since the first day we shook hands, that he would take the rag off of the bush at this bar—clean off: and Mrs. Mulvany and me has a right to know who 's best among our lawyers—that every man on you, friend or foe, must give into. When he comes over to the jail to see a client, he don't strut and swell, and gape round, like some of your foppy lawyers, and treat me, the 'sponsible person there, as if I was nobody. No! him and I has long talks, and he often stops and takes a dish of tea with my wife and Lucy."

"And a fine cup of tea it is!" interrupted Nancy.

"Yes, Mrs. Mulvany, you may say so," said Job, "and so says Squire Bradshaw. I tell you, the very night that Adams—you 've all heard of him—he 's the fellow that robbed old Jemmy Swartz, many years ago, and played the devil ever since—the night he got himself hung atwixt the bars of the window, Squire Bradshaw took tea with my wife, Lucy, and me. And him and me went together to the rascal's cell, and saw him hanging right by the chin like, and his limbs were just quivering the death quiver. In that very case of Johnson, the watchman, who killed Isriel Carpenter, though Bradshaw did get him hung, that was owing partly to me, for I knowed the human natur of that Scraga, and found him out. The Squire was, at first, in a little of a flurry, in that case—but we managed it. In that very case, the Squire raised a pretty considerable of a sum for the orphans, widows, and daughters. We managed—"

"Job, if you can manage so well at the law," interrupted one of the by-standers, jeeringly, "why don't you turn in and practice it?"

"And why not?" asked Job, disdainfully.

"You 'll have to, I reckon," replied the interrupter, "if you go on, at this rate, talking politics."

"Have to?—Why?"

"You 'll get turned out of the jail for busying yourself so much in political matters."

"Not afore you 're turned in, an' I 've turned the key on you, you rapscallion. I 'm a free man, an' I 'll explain, an' expound, an' expand my free 'pinions publicly, wherever I please. This is a free country, ain't it?"

The crowd spoke their approbation of Job's sentiments, loudly; and, with their approval ringing in his ears, he walked on in his lordliest fashion, with his huge fists thrust into the pockets of his great jacket, so as to bring them almost together, and his market-basket resting on his arm, remarking, as he went—"I 'm a free man, and I go for Squire Bradshaw."

"So do I!" and "So do I!" said two of the crowd.

"And so don't I!" said another.

"That 's the very way it 'll go," said Job, looking over his shoulder: "two to one—that 's enough, I reckon;" and after taking a step or two he remarked, to himself, "there 's a good deal of human natur in man."

Mr. Chesterton, who had been in town for the last day or two, had come to the market-place in search of old Pete, as he wanted to send some message or other to the Purchase, and was a witness to the electioneering talents of Nancy and Job. As Nancy was following in the wake of the departing Job, Mr. Chesterton said to her, at the same time offering her a dollar,

"My goddess Pomona—ugh!—I 'm glad to see you here."

Nancy hearing herself called a goddess before such a crowd, and by such a queer looking man as Mr. Chesterton, whom she had never seen but once before, and who then addressed her in a very different style, feeling herself scandalized, exclaimed—

"Man!—what do ye mean? Yer mistaken in the person—I 'm none of yer goddesses—I 'm no miss of yers—I 'm an honest woman!"

"Ugh!—ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Chesterton, outright.—"She takes me for another Vertumnus!—and in the market-house to imitate that nuraly god!—Ugh!—ha! ha!—He transformed himself to an old woman, while I imitate Jove himself, and come in the Danaean shower! and for such fruit!"

"The man's clean cracked!" exclaimed Nancy, who remembered Mr. Chesterton's manner and remarks, when she sold him some apples, as our readers remember, in Bradshaw's office, which she then thought very strange. "The man's clean cracked! demented outright! Who knows him?" asked she, of the crowd, who appeared to be inclined to adopt her opinions with regard to his mental operations.

"Ugh!—ha! ha!—My goddess, don't you know me?"

"No, man! I don't know you."

"What!—ugh! ugh!—don't you remember we had a little comfortable—ugh! ugh! chat, all alone in Bradshaw's office?"

"Man!" exclaimed Nancy, enraged, forgetting for the moment her impression that Mr. Chesterton was crazy,—"Man, do ye mean to disperse my character in the public market-place! What do ye mean by yer conductions?"

"Ugh!—my dear, good apple lady, you misunderstand me—ab ovo—ugh!—Pomona was the goddess of fruit, and Vertumnus was a god in heathen mythology; just as Mo—ugh!—as Momus ——"

"The Lord deliver me!" exclaimed Nancy, forcing her way through the crowd. "Let me pass! let me pass! he 's one of yer Mormonite preachers—a heathen from the far away wild west—he 's fresh from the evil one with his gold and silver to tempt the followers of the Lord;" and she darted through the crowd in real fright, for she was very superstitious.

The people gathered round Mr. Chesterton, gaping and wondering at him, while he, chuckling to himself at Nancy, looked about for Pete, unconscious of the crowd: at last he asked them—"My friends—ugh!—do you know Peter, who be ——"

"Ah! he 's at it," exclaimed Nancy, who had not yet passed out of hearing—"he 's berating the blessed Peter, and next Paul 'll catch it, and the whole of the heavenly apostles—the Mormon heathen—that I should have discoursed with him, and taken his money! I remember now, he only took a fip's worth, and got no change for his quarter. I must go an' see Mr. Gowler. We 're sorely beset, sorely beset in this world!"

Here, some of the people, half in jest, half in earnest, called on Mr. Chesterton for a sermon. Now, at once perceiving their impression, he hastened away, followed, though, by a considerable number, who thought he was seeking a proper stand for holding forth; nor did he get rid of them till he entered a hack and ordered the man to drive away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

With all his energies, Bradshaw devoted himself to electioneering. In the neighborhood of the Purchase he completely stole a march on Mr. Carlton, as he, before that wily gentleman was aware, had visited all the old farmers, who knew him when a boy, and their sons, with whom he had grown up to manhood, and interested them in his success. He knew he had to contend against the united influence of wealth, and long established and extensive political connexions. If Bradshaw had been consulted himself, on the propriety of his being a candidate in opposition to Mr. Carlton, he would have refused, in all probability. But when he found that a very large meeting had voluntarily nominated him in his absence, and that the friends of Carlton, in public and in private, by speech and by the press, were leaving no stones unturned, not even the dirtiest, to injure his character, personal and political, he determined, come what might, to be a candidate. Having made this determination, he knew well, that to place himself on the course, with any chance of success, it was necessary his exertions should be untiring. Therefore, long before the usual time for calling the meetings, at which the candidates addressed the voters from the stump, Bradshaw again and again visited his political friends in town and country. He frankly told them why he was so anxious; that he felt it a personal as well as political matter. But he made no noise in his operations: apparently, he was leisurely strolling through town with little to occupy him; gallanting a lady, may be, when observed on the main streets, and, when seen in obscure places, appearing to have no particular purpose—with a group at a corner, he paused but a moment, like a passer-by, who has been caught by a casual remark, or who stops to make

one. As usual, he went on Sundays to the country church, but there was nothing of the electioneerer in his manners; they were unchanged. His courtesy obtained no increase, and he did not appear more anxious than formerly to recognize an old acquaintance, or to form new ones.

Bradshaw had a quality which Lord Bacon has praised in Cæsar; a singular power of extinguishing envy. He conversed with men generally upon such topics as they liked, and upon which he knew them acquainted: he never appeared solicitous of distinction; he never assumed; he never seemed doubtful of men's regard, nor anxious for it; he was not the least envious of the standing of other men, and he took his place in all companies as if every body knew it was his, and he himself thought not at all upon it, but was there —no matter how flattering the situation—if we may so express ourselves—naturally. He never seemed to dream that any one, however wealthy or renowned, had the least wish, or would dare for a moment, by the slightest word, or tone, or look in his presence, to derogate from his standing or character (a great point, by the by, in character, this last).

"Willoughby," said Cavendish to Kentuck, one day, "did you ever see such a fellow as Bradshaw! He takes all this abuse on one side, and puff on the other, as a matter of course; how he has schooled himself, or something else!"

"That 's a fact!" was the reply. "The truth is, Judge, Bradshaw never seems to presume the least, and he has the profoundest admiration for talent, and would show all deference to its possessor, did he meet him at a dinner party or ball; but the moment Bradshaw was his competitor at the bar, in congress, any where, that moment he would act as if he were the equal of the greatest man he might so meet, and he has the knack of making the bystanders think it is perfectly a fair match—'Greek meeting Greek.' His friends never feel for him in any situation; the truth is, his ambition is of the loftiest, and he feels now that he is just getting upon the course, where he has a right to enter among the full bloods; and as his strength never yet has been tested, no one knows what he can do. The other day Bradshaw and I dined with Wortley; the old fellow finds that Bradshaw may be a spoke in his wheel (for though he knows Clinton is opposed to his pretensions to the presidency, yet it is his character to conciliate), and he was all courtesy."

"Was Carlton there?"

"Oh! yes, Bradshaw and he spoke not to to each other. Well, W——— was there, the great lion; he voted with Carlton on this certain measure, you know; and, of course, he and Bradshaw differ. W——— lugged the measure into conversation, I thought with a spirit bent on controversy; Carlton doing all he could to draw him out. It was not exactly the place, at a dinner table; however, W——— talked hard at Bradshaw for some time: I thought him really personal. Bradshaw bore it till he could bear it no longer, and then he entered the list. It was a large dinner party, and all were hushed at the self-possessed sarcastic way Bradshaw took him up. Well, Bradshaw three times set him right with regard to opinions which W——— attributed to distinguished men of the revolution; and gave him chapter and verse; and he showed in every respect more knowledge of the subject, more self-possession, and more power. Nobody seemed to think, what is a fact, that he has been thinking upon that subject these six months. He met Carlton upon it, at the meeting called on Carlton's return; and he has since been preparing himself, still on this theme, for the coming stump meetings. You have no idea how Bradshaw studies even his stump speeches. I don't mean the language; that he leaves pretty much to the impulse of the occasion. But there is not a point that may come up in this contest, that Bradshaw has not made himself master of thoroughly. He could get up now out of his bed, if he is in it, and express his opinions, on any subject Carlton may choose to touch upon, right out; and he 'll give you the why and wherefore, apparently, as extemporaneously as the morning salutation."

Weeks rolled on. Bradshaw and Carlton had had many stern encounters on the stump. The election day approached. The press on both sides was daily becoming more rabid: both sides were sanguine. Handbills began to be circulated.

Often, from the stern strife of politics—a strife with her father, in which every weapon had been used to wound him personally—did Bradshaw turn, in thought, to Mary Carlton, and check the vehemence of his passion; but, with unconquerable will, he kept his energies ever watchful, and his spirit ever firm. Twice he had written to Mary, but had received no answer. His sister, with Mr. Chesterton and Willoughby, had taken a pleasure jaunt to a neighboring city—or, rather, they had attended Mr. Bradshaw, who had gone on some important business to his church, to a general conference there; and, from her, he could not hear of Mary. A friend, who had passed through the upper part of the state, told him that he had called to see Miss Carlton, who, he understood, was with Mrs. Holliday, at a medicinal spring, which was celebrated for its waters; and that he was told she was not in good health—but he did not see her. "Not well! Why don't I hear from Mary? 'T is strange!" Such thoughts would occur to Bradshaw a thousand times, in the course of the day, but they would be as often banished by the exciting scenes in which he was an actor, or by the reflection—"She does not like to be here while the contest is going on between her father and myself. She might, at least, write to me. Perhaps she has. The letter may have miscarried: some foul work, may be,"—and again he would be called from love to ambition.

> "Man's love is, of man's life, a thing apart:
> 'T is woman's whole existence!"

Where is Mary Carlton?

"Daughter!" said Mr. Carlton to Mary, a few days after she had left town, and while she was with Mrs. Holliday, on a farm, where we have said that lady was spending a few weeks, whither Mary Carlton had gone to consult her, and where her father had followed her, a few days afterwards—"Daughter (the tone was full of gentleness, changed, indeed, from their last meeting), my dear daughter, I was wrong, very wrong, in wishing you, so peremptorily, to marry Mr. Wortley: let that pass—forget it. What can I have, but your happiness, in view? You are my only child. I have none else to leave my fortune to. I was wrong—but, be assured, it is true what I have told you: this Bradshaw is unworthy of you. This girl—this Jane Durham is a creature, whom, some years since, he defended for murder, and, by some unexpected management, contrived to save from condign punishment. I 'm told she is a woman of some attractions; but you may judge what she is, when she was found in that miserable lane, and accused of murder. Be a woman, my daughter—thank God you are saved from him. I have not minced the matter with you. She has been, from that time to this—all the while he was wooing you—his mistress. There is no doubt of it. An intimate friend of mine, who has your interests, your welfare, deeply at heart, informed me of the fact. You have observed yourself, that the newspapers which I sent you, darkly hinted of it. Before the election day, which is now drawing very near, there will be, I expect, a public exposition of the business. Bradshaw has acted, they say, with great perfidy—though that I cannot well believe, in this instance; for she was a wretched thing, fit for any deed, when he saw her. We have talked it all over two or three times. Now, daughter, I don't want you to be precipitate. Remain here till after the election is over—that 's all I ask of you—so that you will not be subject to his wily arts; for, be assured, though he loves you, my daughter, so much, as he says, yet, you may be sure, such is his anxiety to defeat your father in his election, that he will not seek you—he will not think of you; and, surely, your woman's pride, your sense of self-respect, will prevent you from throwing yourself in his way. Consult your aunt, my daughter, —you think her your best friend—consult her. I have spoken with her—consult her. Be a woman, daughter—be a woman. Good bye. I must hurry to town. This man, who has so much love for you, my daughter, spares not, on that account, your father. In all my life—now I may say, an old man, at least, in comparison with him: for I am old enough to be his father,—in all my life, I never have been met with such bold and unsparing denunciation, and sarcastic levity and ridicule, totally devoid of all respect, as from this man. But it is not on my own account, daughter, I thus speak to you—'t is for you. I would save you. I know you are indebted to his family for kindnesses: but do not let your regard for them plead for him. I did not think you would be grieved so much. Be a woman, daughter." And the father took his leave, mounted his horse, and hastened to town.

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Mary, after her father had left the room, "take this lead off my heart! Oh! take this load from off my heart—or break it, in thy mercy!—break it, and let me die! No!" she continued, wildly walking across the room—"I will not, must not, cannot, believe it. Can Clinton be so false, so base?—have we not grown up together? Yes! yes!—and this love has twined itself into my very being. If it be true, my woman's pride shall support me, though I die! My father never was so kind to me—he seemed to feel for me. Now, I remember—now, I remember: Clinton did not deny he laughed in the court-house, when Talbot spoke of my engagement to Wortley; but it —all this my father has told me—may be a trick of Talbot's. But my aunt seems to believe—she who thought so much of Clinton. Oh! his baseness! The day of the trial he spoke to Jane Durham, and went with her to the jail—his perfidy! to come to me, with his endearments, from this wanton's."—She buried her face in her hands. "There 's aunt coming. I will consult her. Aunt, what shall I do?" said Mary, struggling to be self-possessed.

"My dear niece," said Mrs. Holliday, taking her hand affectionately, "I do not know what to think of it. I have always believed that Clin—that Mr. Bradshaw was attached to you. I have always thought him a young man of high honor; and I have often looked forward to the time, with pride and pleasure, when you and he would be one (Mary wept); but —but, if this is true; and really these hints in the newspaper—what your father says—what I told you Nancy, the apple-woman, said to me, when this girl was tried—it had slipped my mind, as an idle gossip, until I heard your father's account, and then it occurred to me, —I can hardly believe it, Mary, after all; but dear, we will go to the springs, and stay there awhile. Be comforted: all may yet be well; but if it is true, niece, you must forget him."

Mary spoke not for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I will try, I will—but, aunt we—I —let us go to the springs; let us go to the springs, aunt." Mrs. Holliday left the room, and Mary continued to herself—"I had no letter from Clinton, from —— county; he said he would write. He will not write to me here, expecting me home; nor will Emily. If he does write, what 's that to me?—I will return them; he shall explain all his conduct —and—and—he will—he will."

Accordingly, Mary and her aunt passed into the interior of the state, to the springs. But Mary could not quiet her spirit or regain her vivacity: she tried to rally her pride—for there was much of it in her character; but for once it failed. Her first girlish preference had been for Bradshaw, and never, for one moment, had a rival crossed him in her dream of love. If she had reached womanhood before love usurped her thought, and "fancy free" had gone

forth into the world, the courted of many, before she made a choice, such was her character, that, perhaps, she never could have been o'ermastered by the passion so entirely. But, the boy who won her heart—how superior to all the boys around him! and the man who held her heart, had realized more than the promises of his boyhood had given. The voice, that in itself was the most eloquent she had ever heard, had gushed out in tenderness to her—had praised her above all, in her childhood. The eye, that in itself was the brightest she had ever seen, for years had looked in hers with glances that, each year, the more told her were love's. That voice had grown deeper; there was more pathos in it; and that eye had grown darker, and there was more fire in its beam; but voice nor eye had not altered in the passion they expressed; they had but learned to express it with more intense power. The past to her was but a memory of him—and to the future she had sent Hope forth like the dove from the ark; it had returned with a promise, and gone forth again and found a resting place. Alas! thought she, where the bitter waters must o'erwhelm me.

At last, after they had been at the springs some time, Mary said to her aunt, "My dear aunt, this doubt, with nothing to confirm or destroy it, I cannot bear; let us go to town. There may be—there is something false and foul in all this: at least, when I see Emily I will speak plainly to her and to Clinton, and know the truth, and act accordingly. I cannot bear this—let us go, my dear aunt, to town; come, do, dearest aunt, let us go; we will get in just after the election—if it is true, it is all told: this suspense, I cannot bear it. I am peevish, aunt, forgive me"—and she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and sobbed aloud.

To please Mary, Mrs. Holliday, who felt a mother's attachment for her, immediately gave orders for their departure. They traveled the first half day in her carriage; but, in making a sudden turn, in a declivity of the road, which was very rough, the fore wheel of the vehicle was broken. Luckily, no one was hurt; but, in such an out of the way place, it was impossible soon to get the wheel repaired. The accommodation stage came up as they were standing beside the broken carriage, and deliberating what to do. There were, happily, vacant seats in it; and the baggage was transferred from the carriage, which was left in the charge of the coachman, with orders to have it repaired, and away dashed the stage. Traveling in the stage, they arrived in town sooner than was their calculation, when they started in Mrs. Holliday's carriage, as they traveled much faster. It was on the evening previous to the election, an hour after nightfall, that the stage dashed into the city. "Where shall I set you down?" asked the driver of the passengers.

Mrs. Holliday told where her residence was. Another passenger said that his residence was immediately on the way to Mrs. Holliday's. "Do you know," asked he, "where Mr. Glassman lives?"

"What? Glassman the lawyer?"

"Yes."

"I live just three doors above."

"Ay, ay," ejaculated the driver.

The stage soon stopped at the last mentioned passenger's door; a hack that had been rattling behind it for the last square, stopped at the door immediately below. Mary Carlton was seated on the back seat of the stage next to the house, and having heard that Jane Durham lived near Glassman's, her attention was acutely directed to the hack. "Let 's have a light!" said the stage driver to the passenger, as the latter descended from the vehicle, "and tell us which is your trunk?"

At the moment the stage passenger returned with a light, the door of the house below opened, and two persons—a male and a female came forth. Mary Carlton started, could it be Clinton Bradshaw, and was that the girl he defended for murder? The female took the man's arm, the hack door was opened, and as he was assisting her in, she said, in a soft voice—

"Wait one moment, I have forgotten something."

She turned, and in a quick step re-entered the house. The man advanced towards the stage and asked the driver, "Jerry, what do they say of the election up the country?"

At this moment the light shone full upon the face of the speaker, and Mary Carlton recognised at once the voice and features of Clinton Bradshaw.

"Squire, is that you?" said Jerry, leaving a strap half unbuckled, and advancing to take Bradshaw's proferred hand.

"Yes, Jerry: how goes the election in the country?"

"Why, squire, at Pottstown, you 'll have to crack your whip the hardest—I 'm mightily thinking the old chap 'll beat you there—at long swamp, it 'll be neck and neck," continued Jerry, resuming his occupation as Bradshaw turned towards the female, who, at this moment, descended the steps of the door below: "but they do say, that all round the country, by your father's—I was up through there dealing in horses, last week—they do say that you 'll beat him."

"Are you ready, Jane?" said Bradshaw to the female.

"Yes," said she, and he handed her into the carriage, and followed himself, calling out as the door closed on him—"Good night to you, Jerry; crack your whip loud, to-morrow, Jerry, and have your hacks out early."

"Ay, ay, squire, there 's no miss in me," replied Jerry, as the hack drove off. "There 's your trunk," continued Jerry, to the passenger "Dang it! this here smashed buckle kept me a long time. The squire 's a keener—he 's wide awake on all pints, I tell you—I wonder what he 's after, now. Gosh! he 'll run tomorrow like furies."

"I hope not," said the passenger, as Jerry mounted his box, "but I wouldn't care much where he runs, if he wouldn't run to ——"

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Jerry, cracking his whip, "you don't bet on him, hey—you go

for the old racer;" and away rattled the stage.

"Come, niece, love, get out, my dear," said Mrs. Holliday, who had descended from the stage, at her door, and stood offering her hand to Mary.

"Yes, aunt, yes," said Mary, mechanically stepping out, and entering the house with her aunt. "It 's true, aunt; it 's all true," said she, throwing herself on the sofa;—"it 's all true: dear, dear aunt, shall we go back again?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The day of the election was one of great excitement. Long before the polls were opened, groups might be seen at the corners, and in other places, discussing the prospects of the candidates; and through the whole day hacks were traversing the city, in all directions, bringing up the maimed, the halt, and the blind, to the polls. Horsemen dashed from ward to ward, from county to town, and from town to county, in restless desire, to ascertain the state of the election; or bound, perhaps, on some tricky errand of manœuvering or betting. All sorts of reports, and rumors of reports, were current, of the changes in such a township, of the effect produced in such a ward, by such a speech, of the great odds offered in a bet that was refused, of the injury such a handbill had done such a candidate in a certain quarter, &c., &c. Just after the polls were opened, handbills were circulated in quantities, giving a purient account of an unfortunate young creature, named Jane Durham, who had been seduced, and abducted, no one knew whither, by Bradshaw. It was alleged that he had forced her into a hack the previous evening, and that, since, she had not been heard of, &c., &c. An account somewhat inconsistent with previous reports, as related by Mr. Carlton to his daughter. With indefatigable perseverance, Bradshaw visited the polls throughout the town, and in the county, as far as time and distance would permit. The place of voting in one of the wards was at the hotel, immediately opposite Mrs. Holliday's; and Mary Carlton sat at the window, a most unhappy observer of the crowd. The handbill charging her lover with the seduction of Jane Durham, had been thrown in the door, and Sue had brought it to her. With heavy heart she now sat looking into the bustling street—the scene fell with a deep depression on her feelings—"He will be elected," she thought, "and think no more of me, I ought to thank heaven that he quarrelled with my father, or I never should have discovered his character until too late. With what seeming tenderness he helped that poor deceived creature into the carriage last night!" While indulging such sad thoughts, which she in vain attempted to banish from her mind, she at once was startled from her vacant look at the crowd, on beholding Bradshaw ride up rapidly to the polls. He was on horseback; and the moment his friends recognized, they gathered round him. He laughed and talked gaily with them, while they eagerly shook hands with him. She observed him cast his eye towards the house. He does not think of me, she thought. In a minute he descended from his horse, and giving the reins to a boy, standing by, crossed the street. "Will he dare," said Mary to herself, with an indignant countenance, "will he dare to come here?" She had scarcely said it, when Bradshaw, who stopped not to ring the bell, entered the room. He sprang towards her, but she started back, with a "beautiful disdain" upon her lip, and with averted head waved him away with her hand.

"Why, Mary, are you angry, love? In what have I offended? You are like Sheridan's description of justice, 'lovely, though in your frown——'"

"Justice, sir—begone! carry your false words and your false—Mr. Bradshaw, this is an intrusion, sir. Will you not go? If you will not leave the room, I must."

"Mary, explain to me the meaning of all this. I understand you not!"

"I understand *you*, sir, thoroughly. I 'm a witness, though not a willing witness, of your —words are idle. Allow me the privilege of choosing my own company, Mr. Bradshaw—or, if you are determined to remain, I bid you good morning, sir."

"Mary, this is some strange mistake. Explain—why not explain? In what have I offended you? to what do you allude! Has Talbot again—"

"No, sir; no Talbot again. Your friends are calling you, sir—if you are determined to entertain them in my aunt's house, you must excuse my presence." She walked towards the folding-doors.

Bradshaw heard his name called repeatedly, in the street. Advancing to Mary, he asked, "Shall I have no explanation, Mary? I conjure you, by every thing you hold sacred, to tell me what this means? If there is—let me know what there is—"

"I am myself a witness, sir. I was in the stage, and saw you bear off that—that woman."

At this moment one of Bradshaw's friends, who was a little elated, and who had seen him enter Mrs. Holliday's, followed after, regardless of time and place, in his anxiety to inform him of the hand-bill against him. As Bradshaw turned to him, Mary Carlton left the room. Bradshaw led his political friend out, for he required some assistance, and after listening to his maudlin talk for some time, he, with great difficulty got rid of him.

"I see it," said he to himself, as he mounted his horse; "I understand it now. Carlton has told Mary of this Jane Durham case; and she saw me with her last night. Talbot is at the bottom of all this—his time's come. What a spirit spoke in Mary's eye! What dignity—but—I—I—"

Here one of Bradshaw's friends rode up to him, and away they went together.

"Bradshaw, you must stir your stumps," said his friend, as they rode rapidly off: "the

old fellow 's running like the deuce. These infernal handbills were out, in the upper part of the county, yesterday, and the report is that they are doing you a great injury among the farmers."

Let us return to Mary.

"Where did these books come from, Sue?" asked Mary Carlton, of the servant girl, as the latter entered her room, with a number of souvenirs and annuals in her hand.

"Mr. Longshore, ma'am, who cleans Mr. Bradshaw's office, brought them, Miss. He says Mr. Bradshaw sent 'em."

"Ay, he *cleans* his office! is that it? and sends me home my books. Put them on the foot of my bed, by me, Sue;—and, Sue, I 'm not at home if any body should call.—Emily Bradshaw—Did you see Pete in the market this morning?"

"Oh! yes, Miss Mary, and I forgot it till this minute. Miss Emily got home late last night."

"If she should come in, Sue, of course I 'm home; but come and tell me when she comes, first, before I see her. Do I look as if I were not well, Sue?"

"You looks a little pale, Miss Mary; and your voice sounds a little as if you ——"

"No matter—Oh! no matter!—As if you —what?"

"As if you were troubled, Miss Mary."

"There, put the books there.—Don't shut the door."

Mary Carlton opened one of the books, and in a blank leaf cast her eyes on some hastily written lines, in Bradshaw's handwriting. With a quick glance she read—

> The tears of early love are like
> The gentle rains of spring;
> They fall while sunshine laughs, and birds,
> Like hope, are on the wing.
>
> Thus, when first we parted, Mary,
> We wept away the pain,
> While passion, like the opening bud,
> Grew in the dewy rain.
>
> But when love is wrapped in woe,
> And tears refuse to start,—
> Then has the arid season come
> That withers up the heart.
>
> Thus, when last we parted, Mary,
> There fell no dewy rain,—
> And dry will be the fountains, Mary,
> Ere we two meet again.

"That 'arid season' has, indeed, come," said Mary; "that 'dewy rain' can fall no more! no more!"—and she buried her head in her pillow, and burst into a flood of tears.

Late in the afternoon, we next find Bradshaw. With now a bent and angry brow, and now a gentle smile, he was talking with his sister, at the door of the Purchase; Pete was standing at the gate, holding his horse: the animal was all in a foam.

"Tell 'her all, my dear sister—as you love me—tell her all!" were the words he was uttering as we thus find him.

"My dear brother, I will—I will, if I understand you; but you speak very incoherently."

"Here, give her this letter—'t is Talbot's own confession. She 'll understand — my friends wait for me—they 'll wonder, in town, where I am—it may hurt my election. 'T is this way, Emily, 't is this way,—listen, dearest sister, to me,—as Kentuck has told you, Talbot, in a most dastardly manner, attempted my life in an oyster cellar the day Johnson—you were at the trial—was tried for murder. We only suspected it at the time. Since—the other day—two gentlemen who were taking oysters in an adjoining room, came to me, knowing the manner Talbot was acting in this election, came to me, and gave me a certificate that they saw him cock the pistol and fire at me while my back was turned, and I was opening the door to let Kentuck in; Kentuck persuaded me not to publish the certificate, to wait till after the election. 'This morning I saw Mary—I have told you of what passed between us. Talbot, I knew was at the bottom of the report—the handbill. Mary was in the stage—she saw me hand Jane Durham into a hack—tell her that Glassman is in the hospital insane, after a fit of intemperance: I heard of it late in the afternoon. I took Jane Durham to see him—she is the only one who can do any thing with him. That 's all—tell her so, on my honor. I have ridden away out in the country,—Talbot got up this handbill—he skulked away. A fellow who lives just above Jane Durham's, a friend of Carlton's, told him of this 'seduction and abduction.' I showed him—Talbot—the certificates, and threatened to publish them. I told him so before his father and family; and he made the confession to prevent the publication. Tell Mary all, do, dearest sister, all—all. Ride right in, sister—I must be off—get her to come out to the Purchase with you; she will, I know, if you persuade her. I will be out by twelve o'clock to-night—the expresses will be all in then, and we shall know who is elected."—Bradshaw mounted his horse. "Oh, sis!—I saw Sue, as I was starting from town to go in search of Talbot; from what I gathered from her, Mary thought I returned those books, in consequence of what took place this morning: at least, so I suspect. Say to Mary, that Cavendish and I had taken another office; and I ordered the man, when he moved the books, to take Mary's to her. God bless you—we shall know by twelve o'clock who 's elected—bring Mary out with you—show her the letter—she 'll come."

"Clinton! Clinton!" called out Emily, "don't harm Talbot. Oh! do not expose him!"

"Not I, my fair sis. Show that letter to Mary—not I. But he may thank Kentuck for it; I would have done it—blazoned his infamy to the world. I told him to-day what my uncle Toby said to the fly—but not in his benevolent spirit; and I made a kind of exception, I told him there was room enough in the wide world for both of us, but not in our small city; so he 'll take up his line of march,

and he and Scraps may hang out their banners as leaders in whatever city of refuge scoundrels most do congregate; but not when there 's any courage to be displayed. Pete, I owe you a flip; I can't stop to put my hand in my pocket—come right in, sis "—and away he dashed.

On reaching the city Bradshaw rode immediately to Jackson's livery stable, changed his horse, and then proceeded to visit the different wards. People were rushing to the polls, as the hour of closing them drew near, and a great excitement prevailed. Both sides were sanguine, and betting ran very high; but without any odds given on either side: or, if on either, by the friends of Carlton. Night closed in, and the people gathered in crowds around the printing offices to hear the returns, as they were brought in by express. The friends of Carlton congregated round the Gazette office, and those of Bradshaw round the Mechanics' Advocate (Jekyl's). Though the offices were several squares apart, one party could distinctly hear the shouts and hurras of the other, as the returns were read. When there was a shout at the Gazette office, a dead silence reigned over the multitude by Jekyl's, and whenever they shouted, no echo came from the other quarter—while individuals might be seen hastening from one office to the other, anxious to know what were the reports among their opponents, and to discover, from their tone and conversation, their hopes and fears. The night went on leaden wings. At last an express from the county came in, all the townships were heard from, except the Purchase.

"It 's very strange," said Jekyl, "we don't hear from Purchase township."

"It has been *bought* up," exclaimed some punster.

"A great many votes were taken there. Carlton, you say, is a-head one hundred and thirty," said Bradshaw. "Close scratching, by Jove! According to their calculation, what majority did they give me in that township?"

"Not more than fifty," said one.

"You 're wrong," said Jekyl,—"one hundred."

"How many votes have been counted at the Purchase?" asked Bradshaw.

"I don't know—but that 's the largest township."

"How many votes were taken?"

"Don't know—but they say a larger number than ever was taken before."

"That counts in my favor," said Bradshaw—"at least, I think so. Hear how the Carlton men are shouting! It comes on the night breeze, a complete whoop of exultation.—You 're not through the woods yet, gentlemen. I 've been thoroughly through that township, and———"

"I 'm afeared we 're a case, Mr. Bradshaw," interrupted one.

"Hear how the fools shout!" said Geirson, the man in whose behalf Bradshaw made his first speech.

"Yes!—hear to 'em!" said another.

"Wait awhile, boys. I think I *know* the Purchase. If there were as many votes polled there as is generally believed, I 'll run him hard. I may turn a sharp *corner* on him, yet."

"We hope so, squire!—we hope so!" exclaimed they, simultaneously.

At this moment, a great bustle was heard without, while the shouts from the Carlton quarter ceased.

"The last express is in!" called out the crowd. "The news! the news!"

"Bradshaw 's elected!" called out Jekyl. "He leads, in Purchase township, three hundred votes!"

"By Jove," exclaimed Bradshaw, dashing the tear from his eye: "that gives me more pleasure than the victory. The lads that I have grown up with were true to their old school-mate. I thought they would be. I thought I knew them."

"Let 's shout like thunder!" exclaimed Geirson, "and let the other fellows hear *us* now."

Jekyl announced to the crowd without, the vote, and they made the welkin ring again with their cheers. "Bradshaw!" "Bradshaw!" "Bradshaw!" they shouted. Lights were placed in the window, at which Bradshaw made his appearance; and, after being greeted with the most enthusiastic hurras, he returned his thanks to his friends, in language glowing from the heart—in a manner that almost reconciled those of his opponents, who chanced to be by, to his election.

After this, a procession, headed by a band of music, was formed by Bradshaw's friends, and they escorted him to Broadbelt's establishment, where they insisted upon having another speech from him. Bradshaw found at Broadbelt's, Mr. Chesterton, together with Selman and Cavendish, and on asking for Kentuck, he was told that, as soon as the result was known, he had mounted his horse and gone to the Purchase. Bradshaw burned to follow him, but he could not tear himself away from his friends.

"The pedagogue, rod in hand, chased the urchin hard," said the Judge, "but the urchin out-ran him."

"Ha! ha! you 're alluding," exclaimed Mr. Chesterton, "ugh—you 're alluding to my caricature, hey! not a bad notion that. Boy (to Bradshaw), this southern sun improves the Puritan breed—your mother is a southerner, hey! you 'll see what a race Willy 'll raise: by the—ugh—by, speaking of such things, I saw old Carlton at Mrs. Holliday's."

"Was Mary there?"

"Ugh—ugh—why do you interrupt? I did'nt see her. I told the old fellow, plumply, that he had been deceived by that wily dog—ugh—Talbot, and that his daughter would have you, and he could'nt help it—ugh—he was as wrothy as Mrs. Pomona—my apple woman—my goddess, ha! ha! said he wouldn't give her one cent—ugh—ugh—he 's rabid. I told him, if things worked right (winking at Bradshaw), he might be Senator, if he was

beaten for Congress. Egad! he takes it hard: he raged; blew like a porpoise—but I'll manage him."

Bradshaw stole away from Mr. Chesterton, whispered to Cavendish he was not very well, and requested him, if any one should ask for him, to say that he was so much fatigued and unwell, that he had gone home.

"I will, Bradshaw; you ought to go; you look worn out: they'll excuse you; but don't let them see you going. I don't often frolic; but I am determined to go it to-night. We'll drink to you in bumpers. Selman's married now; a tispy frolic won't harm him as much as formerly—hey, Hal?"

"It was on Bradshaw's account that I got high before," said Selman, with some little confusion, "and he got me off; so, if I go in for it now, and there's any—ahem," clearing his throat, "Bradshaw must bear the blame, and plead the cause. 'It is the cause, it is the cause,' hey, Bradshaw, as Othello says."

"Ah! Selman," said Bradshaw, shaking his hand, "if matrimony has reconciled you to quotations, I know you're a happy man." So saying, Bradshaw stole away. After some little delay at the livery stable, he obtained a horse; and, giving him the spur and the rein, he went with the speed of Dick Turpin, or Mazeppa, but with far different feelings. He dashed on with a swelling heart. "I have my foot on the ladder," said he, "and I'll mount—how our neighbors stuck to me!—it made me feel prouder than I ever in my life felt before. When Carlton and I met at the Purchase polls to-day, and the old farmers gathered round me, and left him alone in his glory, I felt like Rob Roy on his native heath, when he proclaimed himself M'Gregor. And my old schoolmates, how they stood for me; and Kentuck, Selman, Jekyl, the Judge, old Chesterton, true as steel—Talbot's expatriated, hey! I've done good deeds to-day; and, by the light of heaven, if ever he return to the city, that certificate—his infamy, shall go forth upon the four winds. And Mary, the only woman I have ever loved—my boyhood's worship—my manhood's passion, idolatry, pride—how wasted and wan she looked! I felt at once, deep in my heart's core, how much I loved her. And she, how completely a woman. That wan look of hers; though pride, wounded pride, flashed in her eye, told me, indeed, I was beloved. I do love such a spirit as hers; and then her all-surpassing beauty, and her gifts of intellect—Clinton Bradshaw," he exclaimed, rising in his stirrups, and speaking to his horse, that at the word sprang forward at full speed; "Clinton Bradshaw, you will win your way in this broad world. 'T is a good omen to be the elected of your lady love, and your countrymen, on the same day. But is Mary at the Purchase!—am I her elected? I trust in God Emily has explained it all. There's the moon; she is above the clouds, at last; they obscure her path no more—she is leaving them like young ambition—gloriously she beameth."

Here he reached the Purchase gate: his horse was so restless and excited that he could not turn his head to the gate, so as to open it. He had to dismount. As he threw the gate open, the horse, with a bound, broke from him, and darted away.

"You're a free spirit!" exclaimed Bradshaw, "and good luck to you!" As the nearest way to the house, Bradshaw cut across the orchard that was intersected by the lane; and in this direction he approached the side of the dwelling. The house was an old-fashioned one, as we have said, of but one story. Through the shutters of his father's chamber, which were partly open, he saw a light streaming. He trod noiselessly, and looked in—he beheld his father on his knees, by a stand on which stood a light. A Bible was open before him, and, with his hands extended on the open page, he was praying fervently. There was no one in the room but his father, and Bradshaw stood with filial awe contemplating the picture. The light shone full upon his parent's long grey hairs, amidst which it beamed, while his fine features wore the expression of deep devotion. Intensely Bradshaw listened.

"Oh, most holy Father!" said the parent, in a fervent voice, "as thou hast vouchsafed to bestow upon him a superior mind—a mind to control his fellows—guide and guard him in the path of rectitude, and patriotism—endue him from on high with the energy of virtue. Let the stern love of liberty of conscience, which brought his forefathers to this happy land, sink deep into his heart. Make him thy servant, Father. Teach him to act for thy glory, and for thy people's good. Make him the succor of the friendless—the righter of the wronged. Let not a usurping ambition mislead him from thee. Temper and chasten his spirit in its aspirings; and let them only be in the cause of virtue and of truth. Teach him to know what thy Son has taught; and oh, enable him to practice it! Give him strength from on high, most holy Father!—And, Parent of all mercy, if thy servant has felt vain-glorious in his success; if I have nursed an unchristian pride, forgive"——Here Mr. Bradshaw bowed his head upon the Bible, and his voice became so tremulous that his son could not hear him. Clinton leaned against the house, and wept. At this moment he heard a voice within a few feet of him, say, in soliloquy, "I wonder Clinton does not come. Oh, what a load is from heart!"

He turned—it was Mary Carlton, who, when the moon shone forth, had stepped out to look and listen for him.

"Mary—my Mary!" said Bradshaw.

"Clinton, O Clinton!" and she threw her arms around him, and buried her head in his bosom.

THE END.