
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



ELINOR WYLLYS.

A TALE.

EDITED BY

J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "PATHFINDER," "TWO
ADMIRALS," "SATANSTOE," &c.

"Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,
That has been, and may be again."
WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1845.



LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

245.
12.
3.

ELINOR WYLLYS.

CHAPTER I.

“Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.”

“What manner of man, an 't please your majesty?”

HENRY IV.

HAZLEHURST's affairs had not remained stationary in the meantime. Mrs. Stanley and himself were already at Wyllys-Roof, when Miss Wyllys and Elinor returned home accompanied by the widowed Jane. The ladies had received frequent intelligence of the progress of his affairs from Mr. Wyllys's letters; still there were many details to be explained when the party was reunited, as several important steps had been taken while they were in New York.

Mr. Clapp was no longer the only counsel employed by the claimant; associated with the

Longbridge attorney, now appeared the name of Mr. Reed, a lawyer of highly respectable standing in New York, a brother-in-law of Judge Bernard's, and a man of a character far superior to that of Mr. Clapp. He was slightly acquainted with Mr. Wyllys, and had written very civil letters, stating that he held the proofs advanced by his client to be quite decisive as to his identity, and he proposed an amicable meeting, with the hope that Mr. Stanley's claim might be acknowledged without farther difficulty.

That Mr. Reed should have taken the case into his hands astonished Hazlehurst and his friends. So long as Clapp managed the affair, they felt little doubt as to its being a coarse plot of his own; but they had now become impatient to inquire more closely into the matter. Mrs. Stanley was growing very uneasy; Hazlehurst was anxious to proceed farther as soon as possible; but Mr. Wyllys was still nearly as sanguine as ever. All parties seemed to desire a personal interview. Mr. Reed offered to accompany his client to Wyllys-Roof to wait on Mrs. Stanley; and a day had been appointed for the meeting, which was to take place as soon as Harry's opponent, who had been absent from Longbridge, should return.

The morning fixed for the interview happened

to be that succeeding the arrival of the ladies ; and it will be easily imagined that every member of the family looked forward to the moment with most anxious interest. Perhaps they were not aware themselves, how gradually doubts had arisen and increased, in their own minds, since the first disclosure made by Mr. Clapp.

“ Harry and myself have both seen this man at last, Agnes,” said Mr. Wyllys to his daughter, just after she had returned home, when alone with Elinor and herself. “ Where do you suppose Harry saw him yesterday ? At church, with Mr. Reed. And this morning, I caught a glimpse of him standing on the steps of Clapp’s office.”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Miss Wyllys, who, as well as Elinor, was listening eagerly. “ How did he look ? What kind of man did he seem ?”

“ He looked like a sailor. I only saw him for a moment, however ; for he was coming out of the office, and walked down the street in an opposite direction from me. I must confess that his face had something of a Stanley look.”

“ Is it possible !”

“ Yes. So far as I could see him, he struck me as looking like the Stanleys ; but, in another important point, he does not resemble them at all. You remember the peculiar gait of the family ? They all had it, more or less ; anybody

who knew them well must have remarked it often—but this man had nothing of the kind. He walked like a sailor.”

“I know what you mean; it was a peculiar motion in walking, well known to all their friends—a long, slow step.”

“Precisely; this man had nothing of it whatever—he had the sailor swing, for I watched his movements expressly. William Stanley, as a boy, walked just like his father; for I have often pointed it out to Mr. Stanley myself.”

“That must be an important point, I should suppose. And yet, grandpapa, you think he looks like my Uncle Stanley?” said Elinor.

“So I should say from the glimpse I had of him.”

“What did Harry think of him?” asked Miss Wyllys.

“Hazlehurst did not see his face, for he sat before him in church. He said, that if he had not been told who it was, he should have pronounced him, from his general appearance and manner, a common-looking, sea-faring man, who was not accustomed to the service of the Church; for he did not seem to understand when he should kneel, and when he should rise.”

“But William Stanley ought to have known it perfectly,” observed Elinor; “for he must have

gone to church constantly with his family, as a child, until he went to sea, and could scarcely have forgotten the service entirely, I should think."

"Certainly, my dear; that is another point which we have noted in our favour. On the other hand, however, I have just been carefully comparing the hand-writing of Clapp's client with that of William Stanley, and there is a very remarkable resemblance between them. As far as the hand-writing goes, I must confess, that I should have admitted it, at once, as identical under ordinary circumstances."

"And the personal likeness, too, struck you it seems," added Miss Agnes.

"It did; so far, at least, as I could judge from seeing him only a moment, and with his hat on. To-morrow we shall be able, I trust, to make up our minds more decidedly on other important points."

"It is very singular that he should not be afraid of an interview!" exclaimed Elinor.

"Well, I don't know that, my child; having once advanced this claim, he must be prepared for examination, you know, under any circumstances. It is altogether a singular case, however, whether he be the impostor we think him, or the individual he claims to be. Truth is

certainly more strange than fiction sometimes. Would you like to see the statement Mr. Reed sent us, when we applied for some account of his client's past movements?"

Miss Agnes and Elinor were both anxious to see it.

"Here it is—short you see—in Clapp's handwriting, but signed by himself. There is nothing in it that may not possibly be true; but I fancy that we shall be able to pick some holes in it, by-and-bye."

"Did he make no difficulty about sending it to you?" asked Miss Agnes.

"No, he seemed to give it readily. Mr. Reed sent it to us a day or two since."

Miss Wyllys received the letter from her father, inviting Elinor to read it over her shoulder at the same moment. It was endorsed in Clapp's hand, "*Statement of Mr. Stanley, prepared at the request of his father's executor,*" and ran as follows:

"July 1st. 183—.

"I left home, as everybody knows, because I would have my own way in everything. It was against my best interests to be sure, but boys don't think at such times about anything but having their own will. I suppose that every

person connected with my deceased father knows, that my first voyage was made to Russia in the year 18—, in the ship Dorothy Beck, Jonas Thomson, Master. I was only fourteen years old at the time. My father had taken to heart my going off, and when I came back from Russia he was on the look-out, wrote to me, and sent me money, and as soon as he heard we were in port, he came after me. Well, I went back with the old gentleman; but we had a quarrel on the road, and I put about again and went to New Bedford, where I shipped in a whaler. We were out only eighteen months, and brought in a full cargo.

“This time I went home of my own accord, and I staid a great part of one summer. I did think some of quitting the seas; but after a while things didn’t work well, and one of my old shipmates coming up into the country to see me, I went off with him. This time I shipped in the Thomas Jefferson for China. This was in the year 1814, during the last war, when I was about eighteen. Most people, who know anything about William Stanley, think that was the last of him—that he never set foot on American ground again; but they are mistaken, as he himself will take the pains to show.

“So far I have told nothing but what every-

body knows, but now I am going to give a short account of what has happened since my friends heard from me.

“Well; the Jefferson sailed, on her voyage to China, in October; she was wrecked on the coast of Africa in December, and it was reported that all hands were lost: so they were, all but one, and that one was William Stanley. I was picked up by a Dutchman, the barque William, bound to Batavia. I kept with the Dutchman for a while, until he went back to Holland. After I had cut adrift from him, I fell in with some Americans, and got some old papers; in one of them I saw my father’s second marriage. I knew the name of the lady he had married, but I had never spoken to her.

“The very next day, one of the men I was with, who came from the same part of the country, told me of my father’s death, and said it was the common talk about the neighbourhood that I was disinherited. This made me very angry; though I wasn’t much surprised after what had passed.

“I was looking out for a homeward-bound American to go back, and see how matters stood, when one night that I was drunk, I was carried off by an English officer, who made out I was a run-away. For five years I was kept in diffe-

rent English men-of-war in the East Indies; at the end of that time I was put on board the *Ceres*, sloop of war, and I made out to desert from her at last, and got on board an American. I then came home; and here, the first man that I met on shore was Billings, the chap who first persuaded me to go to sea. He knew all about my father's family, and told me it was true I was cut off without a cent, and that Harry Hazlehurst had been adopted by my father. This made me so mad, that I went straight to New Bedford, and shipped in the *Sally Andrews* for a whaling voyage. Just before we were to have come home, I exchanged into another whaler, as second-mate, for a year longer. Then I sailed in a Havre liner, as foremast hand for a-while.

“ I found out about this time, that the executors of my father's estate had been advertising for me shortly after his death, while I was in the East Indies; and I went to a lawyer in Baltimore, where I happened to be, and consulted him about claiming the property; but he wouldn't believe a word I said, because I was half-drunk at the time, and told me that I should get in trouble if I didn't keep my mouth shut. Well, I cruized about for a while longer, when at last I went to Longbridge with some shipmates. I had been there often

before as a lad, and I had some notion of having a talk with Mr. Wyllys, my father's executor. I went to his house one day, but I didn't see him. One of my shipmates, who knew something of my story, and had been a client of Mr. Clapp's, advised me to consult him. I went to his office, but he sent me off like the Baltimore lawyer, because he thought I was drunk.

“ Three years after that, I got back to Longbridge again with a shipmate; but it did me no good, for I got drinking, and had a fit of the horrors. That fit sobered me, though, in the end; it was the worst I had ever had. I should have hanged myself, and there would have been an end of William Stanley and his hard rubs if it hadn't been for the doctor—I never knew his name, but Mr. Clapp says it was Dr. Van Horne. After this bad fit, they coaxed me into shipping in a temperance whaler. While I was in the Pacific, in this ship, nigh three years, and out of the reach of drink, I had time to think what a fool I had been all my life for wasting my opportunities. I thought there must be some way of getting back my father's property. Mr. Clapp had said, that if I was really the man I pretended to be, I must have some papers to make it out; but if I hadn't any papers, he couldn't help me, even if I was William Stanley

forty times over. It is true, I couldn't show him any documents that time, for I didn't have them with me at Longbridge; but I made up my mind, while I was out on my last voyage, that as soon as I got home, I would give up drinking, get my papers together, and set about doing my best to get back my father's property.

"We came home last February; I went to work, I kept sober, got my things together, put money by for a lawyer's fee, and then went straight to Longbridge again. I went to Mr. Clapp's office, and first I handed him the money, and then I gave him my papers. I went to him, because he had treated me better than any other lawyer, and told me if I was William Stanley, and could prove it, he could help me better than any other man, for he knew all about my father's will. Well, he hadn't expected ever to see me again; but he heard my story all out this time, read the documents, and at last believed me and undertook the case. The rest is known to the executors and legatee by this time; and it is to be hoped, that after enjoying my father's estate for nigh twenty years, they will now make it over to his son.

"Dictated to W. C. Clapp, by the undersigned,

[Signed,]

"WILLIAM STANLEY."

"Are these facts, so far as they are known to you, all true?" asked Miss Agnes, as she finished the paper. "I mean the earlier part of the statement, which refers to William Stanley's movements before he sailed in the Jefferson?"

"Yes. That part of the story is correct, so far as it goes."

"How extraordinary!" exclaimed Elinor.

"What does Harry think of this paper?"

"Both he and Mrs. Stanley are more disposed to listen to the story than I am; however, we are to meet this individual to-morrow, and shall be able then, I hope, to see our way more clearly."

"Do you find any glaring inconsistency in the latter part of the account?" continued Miss Agnes.

"Nothing impossible, certainly; but the improbability of William Stanley's never applying to his father's executors until he appeared, so late in the day, as Mr. Clapp's client, is still just as striking as ever in my eyes. Mr. Reed accounts for it by the singular character of the man himself, and the strange, loose notions sailors get on most subjects; but that is far from satisfying my mind."

"Mrs. Stanley is evidently much perplexed,"

observed Miss Wyllys; "she always feels any trouble acutely, and this startling application is enough to cause her the most serious anxiety, under every point of view."

"Certainly; I am glad you have come home on her account—she is becoming painfully anxious. It is a very serious matter, too, for Hazlehurst; he confessed to me yesterday, that he had some misgivings."

"What a change it would make in all his views and prospects for life!" exclaimed Miss Wyllys.

"A change, indeed, which he would feel at every turn. But we are not yet so badly off as that. We shall give this individual a thorough, searching examination, and it is my firm opinion that he will not bear it. In the mean time, we have agents at work endeavouring to trace this man's past career; and very possibly we may soon discover, in that way, some inconsistency in his story."

"The interview is for to-morrow, you say," added Miss Agnes.

"To-morrow morning. It is to be considered as a visit to Mrs. Stanley; Mr. Reed and Clapp will come with him. He has engaged to bring a portion of his papers, and to answer any questions of ours that would not injure him in case of an ultimate trial by law; after the interview,

we are to declare within a given time whether we acknowledge the claim, or whether we are prepared to dispute it."

"If you do carry it into a court of justice, when will the trial take place?" asked Miss Agnes.

"Probably in the autumn; they have already given notice, that they will bring it on as soon as possible, if we reject their demand."

"Harry will not go abroad then with Mr. Henley."

"No; not so soon at least as he intended. So goes the world. Hazlehurst's career suddenly stopped by an obstacle we never dreamed of, at this late day. That poor young Taylor in his grave, too! How is Jane?"

"Very feeble, and much depressed."

"Poor girl! a heavy blow to her—that was a sweet baby that she lost. I am glad to see the other child looks well. Jane's affairs, too, are in a bad way, they tell me."

Miss Agnes shook her head, and her father soon after left her.

Hazlehurst was, of course, much occupied, having many things to attend to connected in different ways with the important question under consideration; there were old papers to be examined, letters to be written, letters to be read,

and the family seldom saw him except at his meals. It was evident, however, that all Mr. Wyllys's displeasure against him was fast disappearing under the influence of the strong interest now aroused in his favour. Miss Agnes had also resumed her former manner towards him. Elinor was quite unembarrassed, and frankly expressed her interest in his affairs; in fact, all parties appeared so much engrossed by this important topic, that no one seemed to have time to remember the unpleasant circumstances of Harry's last visit to Wyllys-Roof.

To judge from his manner, and something in his expression, if any one occasionally thought of the past, it was Hazlehurst himself; he seemed grateful for his present kind reception, and conscious that he had forfeited all claim to the friendly place in which he had been reinstated. Once or twice, he betrayed momentary feeling and embarrassment, as some allusion to past scenes was accidentally made by others in the course of conversation.

The family were sitting together after tea, enjoying the summer evening twilight, after a long business consultation between the gentlemen. Harry seemed still engrossed by his own meditations; what was their particular nature, at that moment, we cannot say; but he certainly

had enough to think of in various ways. Harry's friends left him in undivided possession of the corner where he was sitting, alone; and Mr. Wyllys, after a quiet, general conversation with the ladies, asked Elinor for a song. At her grandfather's request, she sang a pleasing new air she had just received, and his old favourite, Robin Adair. Fortunately, it did not occur to her that the last time she had sung that song at Wyllys-Roof, with Hazlehurst as part of her audience, was the evening before their rupture; she appeared to have forgotten the fact, for no nervous feeling affected her voice, though her tones were lower than usual as she did not wish to disturb Jane, who was in a distant part of the house. A letter from Mr. Reed was brought in, and drew Harry into the circle again; it was connected with the next day's interview, and after reading it, Mr. Wyllys made some remarks upon the difference in the tone and manner of the communications they had received from Clapp, and from Mr. Reed; the last writing like a gentleman—the first like a pettifogger.

“I am glad, at least, that you will have a gentleman to deal with,” observed Elinor.

“Why, yes, Nelly; it is always advisable to secure a gentleman for friend or foe, he is the best substitute for a good man that one can

find. But it is my opinion that Mr. Reed will not persevere in this case; I think he will soon be disgusted with Clapp as his brother counsel. To-morrow, however, we shall have a nearer look at all our opponents, and I trust that we shall be able to make up our minds, at least, beyond a doubt."

"I trust so!" replied Mrs. Stanley, whose anxiety had increased painfully.

"I wish Ellsworth were here!" exclaimed Harry; "as his feelings are less interested than those of either of us, he would see things in a more impartial light."

"I wish he were here with all my heart," replied Mr. Wyllys. "I am a little afraid of both of you, my excellent friend, and you Hazlehurst; the idea of not doing justice to the shadow of William Stanley will make you too merciful towards this claimant, I fear. I see plainly, Harry, that you have some scruples, and I caution you against giving way too much to them."

Hazlehurst smiled, and passed his hand over his forehead. "Thank you, Sir, for your advice," he replied. "I shall try to judge the facts calmly; although the idea, that one may possibly be an usurper is by no means pleasant; it is rather worse even than that of giving up to an impostor."

“ It is a thousand pities that Ellsworth cannot be here until next week ; he would have warned you, as I do, not to lose sight of the impostor.”

“ It is quite impossible that he should come until next Monday ; I knew his business would not admit of it when I wrote to him at your request ; but he will be here at the very earliest moment that he can.”

In fact every one present, while they regretted Mr. Ellsworth's absence, felt thoroughly convinced that there were various reasons which gave him the best inclination in the world to be at Wyllys-Roof as soon as possible.

“ I hope Mrs. Creighton will come with him too ; she will enliven us a little in the midst of our legal matters,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“ Ellsworth mentions Mrs. Creighton's coming particularly ; she sends a message to the ladies, through him, which I have already delivered,” replied Hazlehurst, as he took up Mr. Reed's letter to answer it.

“ Well, Agnes, shall we have a game of chess ?” said Mr. Wyllys ; and the circle was broken up, as the younger ladies joined Mrs. Taylor in her own room.

The hour of ten, on the following morning, had been fixed for the interview with the sailor and his counsel. Hazlehurst was walking on the

piazza as the time approached, and punctual to the moment, he saw a carriage drive up to the house; in it were Mr. Reed, Mr. Clapp, and their client. Harry stopped to receive them; and, as they mounted the steps one after the other, he bowed respectfully to Mr. Reed, slightly to Mr. Clapp, and fixed his eye steadily on the third individual.

“Mr. Stanley, Mr. Hazlehurst,” said Mr. Reed, in a quiet, but decided manner.

Harry bowed like a gentleman, Mr. Stanley like a jack-tar. The first steady, inquiring glance of Hazlehurst was sufficient to show him that the rival claimant was a man rather shorter, and decidedly stouter than himself, with dark hair and eyes, and a countenance by no means unpleasant, excepting that it bore evident traces of past habits of intemperance; as far as the features went, they certainly reminded Harry of Mr. Stanley's portrait. The sailor's dress was that which might have been worn by a mate, or skipper, on shore; he appeared not in the least daunted, on the contrary, he was quite self-possessed, with an air of determination about him which rather took Harry by surprise.

A few indifferent observations were exchanged between Mr. Reed and Hazlehurst as the party entered the house; they were taken by Harry

into the drawing-room, and he then left them, to inform Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys of their arrival.

Mrs. Stanley, though a woman of a firm character, was very excitable in her temperament, and she dreaded the interview not a little; she had asked Miss Wyllys to remain with her on the occasion. Mr. Wyllys was sent for, and when he had joined the ladies, and Mrs. Stanley had composed herself, their three visitors were ushered into Miss Wyllys's usual sitting-room by Hazlehurst. He introduced Mr. Reed to Mrs. Stanley and Miss Wyllys, named Mr. Clapp, and added, as the sailor approached:

“Mr. Reed's client, Ma'am.”

“Mr. William Stanley,” added Mr. Reed firmly, but respectfully.

Mrs. Stanley had arisen from her seat, and after curtseying to the lawyers, she turned very pale as the name of her husband's son was so deliberately applied, by a respectable man, to the individual before her.

“I was just asking Mr. Stanley when Mr. Hazlehurst joined us,” observed the forward Mr. Clapp, “if he remembered Wyllys-Roof at all; but he says his recollections of this place are rather confused.”

“When were you here last, Sir?” asked Mr.

Wyllys of the sailor, giving him a searching look at the same time.

“About five years ago,” was the cool reply, rather to Mr. Wyllys’s surprise.

“Five years ago!—I have no recollection of the occasion.”

The rest of the party were looking, and listening, with curious, anxious interest.

“You don’t seem to have much recollection of me at all, Sir,” said the sailor, rather bitterly.

“Do you mean to say that you were in this house five years ago?” asked Mr. Wyllys.

“I was here, but I didn’t say I was in the house.”

“What brought you here?”

“Pretty much the same errand that brings me now.”

“What passed on the occasion?”

“I can’t say I remember much about it, excepting that you did not give me an over-friendly greeting.”

“Explain how it happened, Mr. Stanley,” said Mr. Reed, “Mr. Wyllys does not understand you.”

“I certainly cannot understand what you mean me to believe. You say you were here, and did

not receive a very friendly greeting—how was it unfriendly ?”

“ Why, you showed me the inside of your smoke-house ; which, to my notion, wasn't just the right berth for the son of your old friend, and I took the liberty of kicking off the hatches next morning, and making the best of my way out of the neighbourhood.”

“ You remember the drunken sailor, Sir, who was found one night, several years since, near the house,” interrupted Harry, who had been listening attentively, and observed Mr. Wyllys's air of incredulity. “ I had him locked up in the smoke-house you may recollect.”

“ And you must observe, Mr. Hazlehurst, that is a fact which might look ugly before a jury that did not know you,” remarked Mr. Clapp, in a sort of half-cunning, half-insinuating manner.

“ I do not in the least doubt the ability of many men, Sir, to distort actions equally innocent.”

“ But you acknowledge the fact ?”

“ The fact that I locked up a drunken sailor, I certainly acknowledge ; and you will find me ready to acknowledge any other fact equally true.”

“Do you believe this to be the person you locked up, Harry?” asked Mr. Wyllys.

“I think it not improbable that it is the same individual; but I did not see the man distinctly at the time.”

“I am glad, gentlemen, that you are prepared to admit the identity thus far—that is a step gained,” observed Mr. Clapp, running his hand through his locks.

“Permit me, Mr. Clapp, to ask you a question or two,” said Mr. Wyllys. “Now you recall that circumstance to me, I should like to ask, if we have not also heard of this individual since the occasion you refer to?”

“Yes, Sir; you probably have heard of him since,” replied Mr. Clapp, boldly.

“And in connexion with yourself, I think?”

“In connexion with me, Sir. You will find me quite as ready as Mr. Hazlehurst to admit facts, Sir,” replied the lawyer, leaning back in his chair.

“When they are undeniable,” observed Mr. Wyllys, drily. “May I inquire what was the nature of that connexion?” asked the gentleman, with one of his searching looks.

The lawyer did not seem to quail beneath the scrutiny.

“The connexion, Mr. Wyllys, was the

commencement of what has been completed recently. Mr. Stanley came to lay before me the claims which he now makes publicly."

"You never made the least allusion to any claim of this kind to me at that time," said Mr. Wyllys.

"I didn't believe it then. I am free to say so now."

"Still, not believing the claim, it was singular, I may say suspicious, Sir, that you never even mentioned the individual who made it."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Wyllys, I had unpleasant thoughts about it; we were neighbours and old friends, and though I might make up my mind to undertake the case, if I thought it clear, I did prefer that you should not know about my having had anything to do with it as long as I thought it a doubtful point. I think you must see that was only natural for a young lawyer, who had his fortune to make, and expected employment from you and your friends. I have no objections whatever to speaking out now to satisfy your mind, Mr. Wyllys."

"I believe I understand you, Sir," replied Mr. Wyllys, his countenance expressing more cool contempt than he was aware of. "I think, however, there are several other points which are not so easily answered," he added,

turning to Mr. Reed, as if preferring to continue the conversation with him. "Do you not think it singular, Mr. Reed, to say the least, that your client should have allowed so many years to pass without claiming the property of Mr. Stanley, and then, at this late day, instead of applying directly to the executors, come to a small town like Longbridge, to a lawyer so little known as Mr. Clapp, in order to urge a claim so important to him as this we are now examining?" asked Mr. Wyllys, with a meaning smile.

"We are able to explain all those points quite satisfactorily, I think," replied Mr. Reed.

"I object, however," interposed Mr. Clapp, "to laying our case fully before the defendants until we know what they conclude to do. We have met here by agreement to give the defendants an opportunity of satisfying their own minds—that they may settle the point, whether they will admit our claim, or whether we must go to law to get our rights. It was agreed that the meeting should be only a common friendly visit, such as Mr. Stanley felt perfectly willing to pay to his step-mother, and old family friends. We also agreed, that we would answer any common questions that might help to satisfy the defendants, provided that they did not tend to endanger our future success in the event of a trial. I

think, Mr. Reed, that as there does not seem as yet much probability that the defendants will be easily convinced, it behoves us to be on our guard."

"I will take the responsibility, Sir, of answering other observations of Mr. Wyllys's," replied Mr. Reed. "As the object of the meeting was an amicable arrangement, we may be able to make the case more clear without endangering our own grounds. Have you any remarks to make, madam?" he added, turning to Mrs. Stanley.

It had been settled between the friends, before the meeting, that Mr. Wyllys should be chief spokesman on the occasion; for, although the sailor claimed the nearer connexion of step-son to Mrs. Stanley, yet she had scarcely known her husband's son, having married after he went to sea. Harry, it is true, had often been with young Stanley at his father's house, but he was at the time too young a child to have preserved any distinct recollection of him.

Mr. Wyllys was the only one of the three individuals most interested, who remembered his person, manner and character, with sufficient, minuteness to rely on his memory. The particular subjects upon which the sailor should be questioned, had been also agreed upon beforehand by Harry and his friends. In reply to Mr. Reed's inquiry,

Mrs. Stanley asked to see the papers which had been brought for their investigation.

Mr. Clapp complied with the request by drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket. He first handed Mrs. Stanley a document, proving that William Stanley had made two voyages as seaman, in a Havre packet, in the year 1824, or nearly ten years since the wreck of the Jefferson. The captain of this vessel was well known, and still commanded a packet in the same line; very probably his mates were also living, and could be called upon to ascertain the authenticity of this paper. No man in his senses would have forged a document which could be so easily disproved, and both Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst were evidently perplexed by it, while Mrs. Stanley showed an increase of nervous agitation. Mr. Wyllys at length returned this paper to Mr. Reed, confessing that it looked more favourably than anything they had yet received.

Two letters were then shown, directed to William Stanley, and bearing different dates; one was signed by the name of David Billings, a man who had been the chief instrument in first drawing William Stanley into bad habits, and had at length enticed him to leave home and go to sea; it was dated nineteen years back. As no one present knew the hand-writing of Billings,

and as he had died some years since, this letter might, or might not, have been genuine. The name of the other signature was entirely unknown to Harry and his friends; this second letter bore a date only seven years previous to the interview, and was addressed to William Stanley, at a sailor's boarding-house in Baltimore. It was short, and the contents were unimportant; chiefly referring to a debt of fifteen dollars, and purporting to be written by a shipmate named Noah Johnson: the name of William Stanley, in conjunction with the date, was the only remarkable point about this paper. Both letters had an appearance corresponding with their dates; they looked old and soiled; the first bore the post-office stamp of New York—the other had no post-mark.

Mr. Wyllys asked if this Noah Johnson could be found? The sailor replied, that he had not seen him for several years, and did not know what had become of him; he had kept the letter because it acknowledged the debt. He replied to several other questions about this man, readily and naturally; though Mr. Wyllys had no means of deciding whether these answers were correct or not. Hazlehurst then made several inquiries about Billings, whom he had seen and remembered as a bad fellow, the son of a country physician living near Greatwood. His height, age, appear-

ance, and several circumstances connected with his family, were all very accurately given by Mr. Reed's client, as Harry frankly admitted to Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys.

Mr. Reed looked gratified by the appearance of things, and Mr. Clapp seemed quite satisfied with the turn matters were now taking. Throughout the interview, Mr. Reed seemed to listen with a sort of calm interest, as if he had little doubt as to the result. Mr. Clapp's manner was much more anxious; but then he was perfectly aware of the suspicions against him, and knew that not only this particular case, but his whole prospects for life were at stake on the present occasion.

"Like most sailors, Mr. Stanley has kept but few papers," observed Mr. Reed.

"He has been as careless about his documents, as he was about his property—he has lost some of the greatest importance," observed Mr. Clapp. "Here is something, though, that will speak for him," added the lawyer, as he handed Mrs. Stanley a book. It was a volume of the Spectator, open at the blank leaves, and showing the following words: "John William Stanley, Greatwood, 1804;" and below, these, "William Stanley, 1810;" the first sentence was in the hand-writing of the father, the second in the half-childish characters of the son; both names had every

appearance of being autographs. The opposite page was partly covered with names of ships, scratches of the pen, unconnected sentences, and one or two common sailor expressions. Mrs. Stanley's eyes grew dim for an instant, after she had read the names of her husband and step-son—she passed the book to Mr. Wyllys; he took it, examined it closely, but found nothing to complain of in its appearance.

“This is only the third volume. Have you the whole set?” he asked turning to the sailor.

“No, sir. I left the rest at home.”

“Is there such a set at Greatwood?” asked Mr. Wyllys, turning to Mrs. Stanley.

“There is,” replied the lady, in a low voice, “and one volume missing.”

Hazlehurst asked to look at the book; it was handed to him by Mr. Wyllys. He examined it very carefully, binding, title-page, and contents; Mr. Clapp watching him closely at the moment.

“Do you suspect the hand-writing?” asked the lawyer.

“Not in the least,” replied Hazlehurst. “You have read this volume often I suppose,” he added, turning to the sailor.

“Not I,” was the reply; “I ain't given to reading in any shape. My shipmates have read that 'ere book oftener than I have.”

"Did you carry it with you in all your voyages?"

"No. I left it ashore half the time."

"How long have you had it in your possession?"

"Since I first went to sea."

"Indeed! that is singular. I should have said, Mr. Clapp," exclaimed Harry, suddenly facing the lawyer, "that only four years since, I read this very volume of the Spectator at Greatwood!" If Hazlehurst expected Mr. Clapp to betray confusion, he was disappointed.

"You may have read some other volume," was the cool reply; although Harry thought, or fancied, that he traced a muscular movement about the speaker's eyelids, as he uttered the words: "That volume has been in the possession of Mr. Stanley since he first went to sea."

"Is there no other copy of the Spectator at your country-place, Mrs. Stanley?" asked Mr. Reed.

"There is another edition, entire, in three volumes," said Mrs. Stanley.

"I had forgotten it," said Hazlehurst; "but I am, nevertheless, convinced that it was this edition which I read, for I remember looking for it on an upper shelf where it belonged."

"It was probably another volume of the same

edition ; there must be some half-dozen, to judge by the size of this," observed Mr. Reed.

"There were eight volumes, but one has been missing for years," said Mrs. Stanley.

"It was this which I read, however," said Harry ; "for I remember the portrait of Steele in the frontispiece."

"Will you swear to it?" asked Mr. Clapp, with a doubtful smile.

"When I do take an oath, it will not be lightly, Sir," replied Hazlehurst.

"It is pretty evident, that Mr. Hazlehurst will not be easily satisfied," added Mr. Clapp, with an approach to a sneer. "Shall we go on. Mr. Reed, or stop the examination?"

Mrs. Stanley professed herself anxious to ask other questions ; and as she had showed more symptoms of yielding than the gentlemen, the sailor's counsel seemed to cherish hopes of bringing her over to their side. At her request, Mr. Wyllys then proceeded to ask some questions, which had been agreed upon before the meeting.

"What is your precise age, Sir?"

"I shall be thirty-seven, the tenth of next August."

"Where were you born?"

"At my father's country-place, in ——— county, Pennsylvania."

“When were you last there before his death?”

“After my whaling voyage in the Sally-Ann, in the summer of 1814.”

“How long did you stay at home on that occasion?”

“Three months; until I went to sea in the Thomas Jefferson.”

“What was your mother’s name, Sir?”

“My mother’s name was Elizabeth Radcliffe.”

“What were the names of your grand-parents?”
added Mr. Wyllys, quickly.

“My grandfather Stanley’s name was William; I am named after him. My grandmother’s maiden name was Ellis—Jane Ellis.”

“What were the christian names of your grand-parents, on your mother’s side?”

“Let me see—my memory isn’t over-good: my grandfather Radcliffe was named John Henry.”

“And your grandmother?”

The sailor hesitated, and seemed to change colour; but, perhaps, it was merely because he stooped to pick up his handkerchief.

“It’s curious that I can’t remember her christian name,” said he, looking from one to another; “but I always called her grandmother;—that’s the reason, I suppose.”

“Take time, and I dare say you will remember,” said Clapp. “Have you never chanced to see the old family Bible?”

The sailor looked at him, as if in thought, and suddenly exclaimed: “Her name was Agnes Graham!”

Other questions were then asked about the persons of his parents, the house at Greatwood and the neighbourhood. He seemed quite at home there, and answered most of the questions with great accuracy—especially about the place and neighbourhood. He described Mr. Stanley perfectly, but did not appear to remember his mother so well; as she had died early, however, Mr. Reed and Mr. Clapp accounted for it in that way. He made a few mistakes about the place, but they were chiefly upon subjects of opinion, such as the breadth of a river, the height of a hill, the number of acres in a field; and possibly his account was quite as correct as that of Mr. Wyllys.

“On which side of the house is the drawing-room at Greatwood?” asked Hazlehurst.

“May be you have changed it since you got possession; but in my day it was on the north side of the house looking towards the woods.”

“Where are the stairs?”

“They stand back as you go in—they are very broad.”

“Is there anything particular about the railing?”

The sailor paused. “Not that I remember, now,” he said.

“Can’t you describe it?—What is it made of?”

“Some kind of wood—dark wood—mahogany.”

“What is the shape of the balusters?”

He could not tell; which Mr. Wyllys thought he ought to have done, for they were rather peculiar, being twisted, and would probably be remembered by most children brought up in the house.

Mrs. Stanley then begged he would describe the furniture of the drawing-room, such as it was the last summer he had passed at Greatwood. He seemed to hesitate, and change countenance, more than he had yet done; so much so, as to strike Mrs. Stanley herself; but he immediately rallied again.

“Well,” said he, “you ask a man the very things he wouldn’t be likely to put on his log. But I’ll make it all out ship-shape presently.” He stooped to pick up his handkerchief, which had fallen again, and was going to proceed, when Mr. Clapp interrupted him.

“I must take the liberty of interfering,” said

he, looking at his watch, as he rose from his seat, and moved towards Mr. Reed, asking if he did not think the examination had been quite long enough.

“I must say, gentlemen,” he added significantly, turning towards Mr. Wyllys and Harry, “that I think our client has had enough of it; considering that, upon the whole, there is no one here who has so much right to *ask* questions, instead of *answering* them, as Mr. Stanley.”

“I should suppose, Sir,” said Mr. Reed, also rising and addressing Mr. Wyllys, “that you must have heard and seen enough for the object of our meeting. You have had a personal interview with Mr. Stanley; you confess that he is like his family, like himself, in short—allowing for the difference between a boy of eighteen and a man of thirty-seven, where the habits of life have been so different; you admit the identity of the hand-writing—”

“I beg your pardon, Sir; not the identity, but the resemblance.”

“A perfectly natural resemblance, under the circumstances, I think you must allow.”

“Yes; the similarity of the hand-writing is remarkable, certainly.”

“During the last two hours you have asked the questions which best suited your own plea-

sure, and he has answered them with great accuracy, without one important mistake. What more can you possibly require ?”

“ I do not stand alone, Sir ; we claim the time previously fixed for consideration before we give our final answer. We are, however, much obliged to you, Mr. Reed, for granting the interview, even if its results are not what you may have hoped for. We shall always remember your conduct on this occasion with respect.”

Mr. Wyllys then offered some refreshments to Mr. Reed ; they were accepted, and ordered immediately.

Mr. Clapp was standing near Harry, and turning to him, he said : “ Mr. Stanley has a favour to ask, Mr. Hazlehurst, though you don't seem disposed to grant him any,” he added, with peculiar expression.

“ ‘ A *fair* field, and no favour,’ is a saying you may have heard,” replied Hazlehurst, with a slight emphasis on the first word. “ But what is your client's request, Sir ?”

Mr. Clapp made a gesture towards the sailor, who then spoke for himself.

“ I understand that two of my cousins are in the house, and I should be glad to see them before I leave it.”

“ Whom do you mean, Sir ?”

“Elinor Wyllys and Mary Van Alstyne. I haven’t seen either of them since they were children ; but as I have got but few relations, and no friends it seems, I should like to see them.”

“ You must apply to Mr. Wyllys ; the young ladies are under his care,” replied Harry coldly.

But Mr. Wyllys took upon himself to refuse the sailor’s request, under the circumstances. Having taken some refreshments, Mr. Reed, his brother counsel, and their client now made their bows, and left the house. As they drove from the door, Mr. Reed looked calm and civil, Mr. Clapp very well satisfied ; and the sailor, as he took his seat by Mr. Reed, observed, in a voice loud enough to be heard by Harry, who was standing on the piazza :

“ It turns out just as I reckoned ; hard work for a man to get his rights in this here longitude !”

CHAPTER II.

“Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones!”

TAMING THE SHREW.

ELINOR was all anxiety to learn the result of the interview; and Mary Van Alstyne also naturally felt much interest in the subject, as she, too, was a cousin of William Stanley, their mothers having been sisters. Elinor soon discovered that the sailor had borne a much better examination than either of her friends had expected; he had made no glaring mistake, and he had answered their questions, on some points with an accuracy and readiness that was quite startling. He evidently knew a great deal about the Stanley family, their house, and the neighbourhood; whoever he was, there could be no doubts that he had known Mr. Stanley himself, and was very familiar with the part of the country in which he had resided. Altogether, the per-

sonal resemblance, the hand-writing, the fact of his being a sailor, the papers he had shown, the plausible statement he had given, as to his past movements, and his intimate knowledge of so many facts, which a stranger could scarcely have known, made up a combination of circumstances, quite incomprehensible to the friends at Wylls-Roof. Still, in spite of so much that appeared in his favour, Mr. Wylls declared, that so far as his own opinion went, he had too many doubts as to this man's character to receive him as the son of his friend upon the evidence he had thus far laid before them. The circumstances under which he appeared were so very suspicious in every point of view, that the strongest possible evidences of his identity would be required to counteract them.

The length of time that had passed since the wreck of the Jefferson, the long period during which his father's property had been left in the hands of others, and the doubtful character of the channel through which the claim was at length brought forward—all these facts united, furnished good grounds for suspecting something wrong. There were other points, too, upon which Mr. Wylls had his doubts; although the general resemblance of this individual to William Stanley was sufficient to pass with most people, allowing

for the natural changes produced by time, yet there were some minor personal traits, which did not correspond with his recollection of Mr. Stanley's son: the voice appeared to him different in tone. He was also disposed to believe the claimant shorter and fuller than William Stanley in the formation of his body and limbs; as to this man's gait, which was entirely different from that of William Stanley, as a boy, nearer observation had increased Mr. Wyllys's first impression on that subject.

On these particular points, Mrs. Stanley and Hazlehurst were no judges; for the first had scarcely seen her step-son—the last had only a child's recollection of him. Nor could Miss Agnes's opinion have much weight, since she had seldom seen the boy during the last years he passed on shore; for, at that time, she had been much detained at home by the ill-health of her mother. Hazlehurst had watched the claimant closely, and the interview had silenced his first misgivings, for he had been much struck with two things: he had always heard, whenever the subject of William Stanley's character had been alluded to before him, that this unfortunate young man was sullen in temper, and dull in mind. Now, the sailor's whole expression and manner, in his opinion, had shown too much cleverness

for William Stanley; he had appeared decidedly quick-witted, and his countenance was certainly rather good-natured than otherwise. Mr. Wyllys admitted that Harry's views were just; he was struck with both these observations. He thought them correct and important. Then Hazlehurst thought he had seen some signs of intelligence between Clapp and the sailor once or twice, a mere glance; he could not be positive, however, since it might have been his own suspicions.

As to the volume of the Spectator, he had felt at first morally certain that he had read that very volume at Greatwood, only four years ago, but he had since remembered that his brother had the same edition, and he might have read the book in Philadelphia. In the mean time, he would try to recall the circumstances more clearly to his mind; for so long as he had a doubt, he could not swear to the fact. He knew it was not the octavo edition at Greatwood that he had been reading, for he distinctly remembered the portrait of Steele in the frontispiece, and Addison's papers on the Paradise Lost, which he had been reading; that very portrait, and those papers, were contained in the volume handed to him by Clapp. Both Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst were gratified to find, that Mrs. Stanley differed from them less than they had feared. She confessed, that at one

moment her heart had misgiven her, but on looking closely at the sailor, she thought him less like her husband than she had expected; and she had been particularly struck by his embarrassment, when she had asked him to describe the furniture of the drawing-room at Greatwood, the very last summer he had been there, for he ought certainly under such circumstances to have remembered it as well as herself; he had looked puzzled, and had glanced at Mr. Clapp, and the lawyer had immediately broken off the examination.

Such were the opinions of the friends at this stage of the proceedings. Still it was an alarming truth, that if there were improbabilities, minor facts, and shades of manner, to strengthen their doubts, there was, on the other side, a show of evidence, which might very possibly prove enough to convince a jury. Hazlehurst had a thousand things to attend to, but he had decided to wait at Wyllys-Roof until the arrival of Mr. Ellsworth.

Leaving those most interested in this vexatious affair to hold long consultations together in Mr. Wyllys's study, we must now proceed to record a visit which Miss Agnes received from one of our Longbridge acquaintances, and we shall therefore join the ladies.

"I am sorry, my dear, that the house is not so quiet as we could wish just now," said Miss Agnes to Jane, one morning, as she and Elinor were sitting together in the young widow's room.

"Thank you, aunt; but it does not disturb me, and I know it is not to be avoided just now," said Jane, languidly.

"No, it cannot be helped, with this troublesome business going on; and we shall have Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Ellsworth here soon."

"Pray, do not change your plans on my account. I need not see any of your friends. I shall scarcely know they are here," said Jane, with a deep sigh.

"If it were possible to defer their visit, I should do so; but situated as we are with Mr. Ellsworth—" added Miss Wyllys.

"Certainly; do not let me interfere with his coming. I feel perfectly indifferent as to who comes or goes. I can never take any more pleasure in society!"

"Here is my Aunt Wyllys driving up to the door," said Elinor, who was sitting near a window. "Do you feel equal to seeing her?"

"Oh, no! not to-day, dear," said Jane in an imploring voice; and Elinor accordingly remained with her cousin, while Miss Agnes went down to meet Mrs. George Wyllys. This lady was still

living at Longbridge, although every few months she talked of leaving the place. Her oldest boy had just received a midshipman's warrant, to which he was certainly justly entitled—his father having lost his life in the public service. The rest of her children were at home; and rather spoilt and troublesome little people they were.

“How is Jane?” asked Mrs. Wyllys, as she entered the house.

“Very sad and feeble; but I hope the air here will strengthen her after a time.”

“Poor thing!—no wonder she is sad, indeed! So young, and such an affliction! How is the child?”

“Much better; she is quite playful, and disturbs Jane very much by asking after her father. What a warm drive you must have had, Harriet; you had better throw off your hat, and stay with us until evening.”

“Thank you. I must go home for dinner, and shall not be able to stay more than half an hour. Is your father in? I wished to see him as well as yourself on business.”

“No, he is not at home. He has gone off some miles to look at some workmen who are putting up a new farm-house.”

“I am sorry he is not at home, for I want to ask his opinion. And yet he must have his

hands full just now with that vexatious Stanley case. I must say, I think Clapp deserves to be sent to the tread-mill!"

"Perhaps he does," replied Miss Wyllys. "It is to be hoped, at least, that he will receive what he deserves, and nothing more."

"I hope he will with all my heart! But as I have not much time to spare, I must proceed to lay my affairs before you. Now I really and honestly want your advice, Agnes."

"You have had it often before," replied Miss Wyllys, smiling. "I am quite at your service now," she added, seeing her sister-in-law look a little uneasy.

Mrs. Wyllys was silent for a moment.

"I scarcely know where to begin," she then said; "for here I am, come to consult you on a subject which you may think beneath your notice; you are superior to such trifling matters," she said, smiling, and then added: "but, seriously, I have too much confidence in your judgment and good sense to wish to act without your approbation."

"What is the point upon which I am to decide? For you have not yet told me anything."

"It is a subject upon which I have been thinking for some time—several months. What should

you say to my marrying again?" asked Mrs. Wyllys stoutly.

Miss Agnes was amazed. She had known her sister-in-law, when some years younger, refuse more than one good offer; and had never for a moment doubted her intention to remain a widow for life.

"You surprise me, Harriet," she said; "I had no idea you thought of marrying again."

"Certainly, I never thought of taking such a step until quite lately."

"And who is the gentleman?" asked Miss Agnes in some anxiety.

"I know you will, at least, agree with me in thinking that I have made a prudent choice. The welfare of my children is, indeed, my chief consideration. I find, Agnes, that they require a stronger hand than mine to manage them. Long before Evert went to sea, he was completely his own master; there were only two persons who had any influence over him—one is his grandfather, the other, a gentleman who will, I suppose, before long, become nearly connected with him. I frankly acknowledge that I have no control over him myself; it is a mortifying fact to confess, but my system of education, though an excellent one in theory, has not succeeded in practice."

“Because,” thought Miss Agnes, “there is too much theory, my good sister.” “But you have not yet named the gentleman,” she added aloud.

“Oh! I have no doubt of your approving my choice! He is a most worthy, excellent man—of course, at my time of life, I shall not make a love-match. Can’t you guess the individual—one of my Longbridge neighbours?”

“From Longbridge,” said Miss Wyllys, not a little surprised. “Edward Tibbs, perhaps,” she added, smiling. “He was an unmarried man, and one of the Longbridge beaux.”

“Oh, no! how can you think me so silly, Agnes! I am ashamed of you! It is a very different person. The family are great favourites of your’s.”

“One of the Van Hornes?” Mrs. Wyllys shook her head.

“One of the Hubbards? Is it John Hubbard, the principal of the New Academy?” inquired Miss Agnes, faintly.

“Do you suppose I would marry a man of two-or-three-and-twenty!” exclaimed Mrs. Wyllys with indignation. “It is his uncle; a man against whom there can be no possible objection—Mr. James Hubbard.”

“Uncle Dozie, of all men!” thought Miss

Agnes. "Silent, sober, sleepy Uncle Dozie. Well, we must be thankful that it is no worse."

"Mr. Hubbard is certainly a respectable man, a man of principles," she observed aloud. "But everybody looked upon him as a confirmed old bachelor. I did not suspect either of you of having any thoughts of marrying," continued Miss Agnes, smiling.

"I am sometimes surprised that we should have come to that conclusion myself. But it is chiefly for the sake of my children that I marry; you must know me well enough, Agnes, to be convinced that I sacrifice myself for them!"

"I wish, indeed, that it may be for their good, Harriet!"

"Thank you; I have no doubt of it. I feel perfect confidence in Mr. Hubbard; he is a man so much older than myself, and so much more experienced, that I shall be entirely guided in future by his counsel and advice."

Miss Agnes had some difficulty in repressing a smile and a sigh.

"Of course, I am well aware that many people will think I am taking a foolish step," continued Mrs. Wyllys. "Mr. Hubbard's connexions are generally not thought agreeable, perhaps; he has very little property, and no profession. I am not blinded, you see; but I am very indifferent as

to the opinion of the world in general. I am very independent of all but my immediate friends, as you well know, Agnes.

Miss Wyllys was silent.

“In fact, my attention was first fixed upon Mr. Hubbard, by finding how little he was appreciated and understood by others. I regretted that I had at first allowed myself to be guided by general opinion. Now I think it very possible that, although Mr. Hubbard has been your neighbour for years, even you, Agnes, may have a very mistaken opinion of him; you may have underrated his talents, his strong affections, and energetic character. I was surprised myself to find what a very agreeable companion he is!”

“I have always believed Mr. James Hubbard a man of kind feelings, as you observe, and a man of good principles. Two important points, certainly.”

“I am glad you do him justice. But you are not aware, perhaps, what a very pleasant companion he is, where he feels at his ease, and knows that he is understood.”

“That is to say, where he can doze, while another person thinks and talks for him,” thought Miss Agnes.

“The time is fixed I suppose for the wedding, Harriet?” she inquired aloud, with a smile.

“Nearly so, I believe. I told Mr. Hubbard

that I should be just as ready to marry him next week as next year; we agreed that when two persons of our ages had come to an understanding, they might as well settle the matter at once. We shall be married, I fancy, in the morning, in church, with only two or three friends present. I hope, Agnes, that your father and yourself will be with me. You know that I should never have taken this step, if you had not agreed with me in thinking it for the good of my children."

"Thank you, Harriet; of course we shall be present, if you wish it."

"Certainly I wish it. I shall always look upon you as my best friends and advisers."

"Next to Mr. Hubbard, in future," replied Miss Agnes, smiling.

"When you know him better, you will confess that he deserves a high place in my confidence. You have no idea how much his brother and nieces think of him; but that is no wonder, for they know his good sense, and his companionable qualities. He is really a very agreeable companion, Agnes, for a rational woman; quite a cultivated mind, too."

Visions of cabbages and turnips rose in Miss Agnes's mind, as the only cultivation ever connected, till now, with Uncle Dozie's name.

“We passed last evening charmingly. I read the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel’ aloud to him, and he seemed to enjoy it very much,” continued Mrs. Wyllys.

“He took a nap, I suppose,” thought Miss Agnes. “He ought to be well pleased to have a fair lady read aloud to him,” she replied, smiling.

“The better I know him, the more satisfied I am with my choice. I have found a man upon whom I can depend for support and advice—and one who is at the same time a very pleasant companion. Do you know, he sometimes reminds me of our excellent father.”

This was really going too far in Miss Agnes’s opinion; she quite resented a comparison between Uncle Dozie and Mr. Wyllys. The widow, however, was too much occupied with her own affairs to notice Miss Agnes’s expression.

“I find, indeed, that the whole family are more agreeable than I had supposed; but you rather gave me a prejudice against them. The young ladies improve on acquaintance, they are pretty, amiable young women; I have seen them quite often since we have been near neighbours. Well, I must leave you, for Mr. Hubbard dines with me to-day. In the mean time, Agnes, I commit my affairs to your hands. Since I did not find your father at home, I shall write to him this evening.’”

The ladies parted; and as Mrs. Wyllys passed out of the room, she met Elinor.

“Good morning, Elinor,” she said; “your aunt has news for you, which I would tell you myself if I had time;” then nodding, she left the house, and had soon driven off.

“My dear aunt, what is this news?” asked Elinor.

Miss Agnes looked a little annoyed, a little mortified, a little amused.

When the mystery was explained; Elinor’s amazement was great.

“It is incredible!” she exclaimed. “My Aunt Wyllys actually going to marry that prosing, napping Mr. Hubbard—Uncle Dozie!”

“When I remember her husband,” said Miss Agnes, with feeling, “it does seem incredible. My dear, warm-hearted, handsome, animated brother George!”

“How extraordinary!” said Elinor, who could do nothing but exclaim.

“No; not in the least extraordinary,” added Miss Agnes; “such marriages, dear, seem quite common.”

Mr. Wyllys was not at all astonished at the intelligence.

“I have expected that Harriet would marry all along; she has a great many good intentions, and

some good qualities; but I knew she would not remain a widow. It is rather strange that she should have chosen James Hubbard; but she might have done worse."

With these philosophical reflections, Mrs. Wyllys's friends looked forward to the happy event which was soon to take place. The very same morning that Miss Agnes was taken into the confidence of the bride, the friends of the groom also learned the news, but in a more indirect manner.

The charms of a parterre are daily be-rhymed in verse, and vaunted in prose, but the beauties of a vegetable garden seldom meet with the admiration they might claim. If you talk of beets, people fancy them sliced with pepper and vinegar; if you mention carrots, they are seen floating in soup; cabbage figures in the form of cold-slaw, or disguised under drawn-butter; if you refer to corn, it appears to the mind's eye wrapt in a napkin to keep it warm, or cut up with beans in a succatash. Half the people who see these good things daily spread on the board before them, are only acquainted with vegetables after they have been mutilated and disguised by cookery. They would not know the leaf of a beet from that of the spinach, the green tuft of a carrot from the delicate sprigs of parsley.

Now, a bouquet of roses and pinks is certainly a very beautiful object, but a collection of fine vegetables, with the rich variety of shape and colour, in leaf, fruit, and root, such as nature has given them to us, is a noble sight. So thought Uncle Dozie, at least. The rich texture and shading of the common cabbage-leaf was no novelty to him; he had often watched the red, coral-like veins in the glossy green of the beet; the long, waving leaf of the maize, with the silky tassels of its ears, were beautiful in his eyes; and so were the rich, white heads of the cauliflower, delicate as carved ivory, the feathery tuft of the carrot, the purple fruit of the egg-plant, and the brilliant scarlet tomato. He came nearer than most Christians, out of Weathersfield, to sympathy with the old Egyptians in their onion-worship.

With such tastes and partialities, Uncle Dozie was generally to be found in his garden between the hours of sun-rise and sun-set; gardening having been his sole occupation for nearly forty years. His brother, Mr. Joseph Hubbard, having something to communicate, went there in search of him on the morning to which we refer. But Uncle Dozie was not to be found. The gardener, however, thought that he could not have gone very far, for he had passed near him not

five minutes before; and he suggested that, perhaps, Mr. Hubbard was going out somewhere, for "he looked kind o' spruce and drest up."

Mr. Hubbard expected his brother to dine at home, and thought the man mistaken. In passing an arbour, however, he caught a glimpse of the individual he was looking for, and on coming nearer, he found Uncle Dozie, dressed in a new summer suit, sitting on the arbour seat taking a nap, while at his feet was a very fine basket of vegetables, arranged with more than usual care. Unwilling to disturb him, his brother, who knew that his naps seldom lasted more than a few minutes at a time, took a turn in the garden, waiting for him to wake. He had hardly left the arbour, however, before he heard Uncle Dozie moving; turning in that direction, he was going to join him, when, to his great astonishment, he saw his brother steal from the arbour with the basket of vegetables on his arm, and disappear between two rows of pea-brush.

"James! I say, James! Where are you going? Stop a minute, I want to speak to you!" cried Mr. Joseph Hubbard.

He received no answer.

"James! Wait a moment for me! Where are you?" added the merchant; and walking quickly to the pea-rows, he saw his brother leave

them, and dexterously make for the tall Indian-corn.

Now Uncle Dosie was not in the least deaf; and his brother was utterly at a loss to account for his evading him in the first place, and for his not answering in the second. He thought the man had lost his senses: he was mistaken. Uncle Dozie had only lost his heart.

Determined not to give up the chase, still calling the retreating Uncle Dozie, he pursued him from the pea-rows into the windings of the corn-hills, across the walk to another growth of peas near the garden paling. Here, strange to say, in a manner quite inexplicable to his brother, Uncle Dozie and his vegetables suddenly disappeared!

Mr. Hubbard was completely at fault; he could scarcely believe that he was in his own garden, and that it was his own brother James whom he had been pursuing, and who seemed at that instant to have vanished from before his eyes—through the fence, he should have said, had such a thing been possible.

Mr. Hubbard was a resolute man; he determined to sift the matter to the bottom. Still calling upon the fugitive, he made his way to the garden paling through the defile of the peas. No one was there—a broad, open bed

lay on either hand, and before him the fence. At last he observed a foot-print in the earth near the paling, and a rustling sound beyond. He advanced and looked over, and to his unspeakable amazement, saw his brother, James Hubbard, busily engaged there, in collecting the scattered vegetables which had fallen from his basket.

“Jem!—I have caught you at last, have I! What in the name of common sense are you about there?”

No reply was made, but Uncle Dozie proceeded to gather up his cauliflowers, peas and tomatoes, to the best of his ability.

“Did you fly over the fence, or through it?” asked his brother, quite surprised.

“Neither one nor the other,” replied Uncle Dozie, sulkily. “I came through the gate.”

“Gate!—Why there never was a gate here!”

“There is one now.”

And so there was; part of the paling had been turned into a narrow gate.

“Why, who cut this gate, I should like to know?”

“I did.”

“You did, Jem? What for? what is the use of it?”

“To go through.”

“To go where? It only leads into Mrs. Wyllys’s garden.”

Uncle Dozie made no answer.

“What are you doing with those vegetables? I am really curious to know.”

“Going to carry them down there,” said Uncle Dozie.

“Down where?” repeated Uncle Josie, looking on the ground strewn with vegetables.

“Over there.”

“Over where?” asked the merchant, raising his eyes towards a neighbouring barn before him.

“Yonder,” added Uncle Dozie, making a sort of indescribable nod backward with his head.

“Yonder!—In the street do you mean? Are you going to throw them away?”

“Throw away such a cauliflower as this!” exclaimed Uncle Dozie, with great indignation.

“What are you going to do with them, then?”

“Carry them to the house there.”

“What house?”

“Mrs. Wyllys’s to be sure,” replied Uncle Dozie, boldly.

“What is the use of carrying vegetables to Mrs. Wyllys? She has a garden of her own,” said his brother very innocently.

"Miserable garden—poor, thin soil," muttered Uncle Dozie.

"Is it? Well, then, I can understand it; but you might as well send them by the gardener."

Uncle Dozie made no reply, but proceeded to arrange his vegetables in the basket with an eye to appearances; he had gathered them all up again, but another object which had fallen on the grass lay unnoticed.

"What is that? A book?" asked his brother.

Uncle Dozie turned round, saw the volume, picked it up, and thrust it in his pocket.

"Did you drop it? I didn't know you ever carried a book about you," replied his brother, with some surprise. "What is it?"

"A book of poetry."

"Whose poetry?"

"I am sure I've forgotten," replied Uncle Dozie, taking a look askance at the title, as it half-projected from his pocket. "It's Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,'" he added.

"What in the world are you going to do with it?" said his brother, with increasing surprise.

"I wanted a volume of poetry."

"You, Jem Hubbard! Why, I thought Yankee-Doodle was the only poetry you cared for!"

“ I don’t care for it, but she does.”

“ She! What *she* ?” asked Uncle Josie, with lively curiosity, but very little tact it would seem.

“ Mrs. Wyllys,” was the laconic reply.

“ Oh, Mrs. Wyllys! I told her some time ago that she was very welcome to any of our books.”

“ It isn’t one of your books—it’s mine. I bought it.”

“ It wasn’t worth while to buy it, Jem,” said his brother; “ I dare say Emmeline has got it in the house. If Mrs. Wyllys asked to borrow it, you ought to have taken Emmeline’s, though she isn’t at home. She just keeps her books to show off on the centre-table, you know. Our neighbour, Mrs. Wyllys, seems quite a reader.”

“ She doesn’t want this to read herself,” observed Uncle Dozie.

“ No? What does she want it for?”

“ She wants me to read it aloud.”

Uncle Josie opened his eyes in mute astonishment. Uncle Dozie continued, as if to excuse himself for this unusual offence :

“ She asked for a favourite volume of mine ; but I hadn’t any favourite, so I bought this. It looks pretty, and the bookseller said it was called a good article.”

“Why, Jem, are you crazy, man! You going to read poetry aloud!”

“Why not?” said Uncle Dozie, growing bolder as the conversation continued, and he finished arranging his basket.

“I believe you are out of your head, Jem. I don’t understand you this morning. What is the meaning of this? What are you about?”

“Going to be married,” replied Uncle Dozie, not waiting for any further questions, but setting off at a brisk step towards Mrs. Wyllys’s door.

Mr. Joseph Hubbard remained looking over the fence in silent amazement; he could scarcely believe his senses, so entirely was he taken by surprise. In good sooth, Uncle Dozie had managed matters very slyly through that little gate in the garden paling: not a human being had suspected him. Uncle Josie’s doubts were soon entirely removed, however; he was convinced of the reality of all he had heard and seen that morning, when he observed his brother standing on Mrs. Wyllys’s steps, and the widow coming out to receive him with a degree of elegance in her dress, and graciousness in her manner, quite perceptible across the garden. The fair lady admired the vegetables, ordered them to be carried into the cellar, and received Coleridge’s ‘Ancient

Mariner' from Uncle Dozie's hands, while they were still standing beneath the rose-covered porch, looking sufficiently lover-like to remove any lingering doubts of Uncle Josie.

After the happy couple had entered the house, the merchant left his station at the paling, and returned to his own solitary dinner, laughing heartily whenever the morning scene recurred to him. We have said that Uncle Dozie had managed his love affairs thus far so slyly, that no one suspected him; that very afternoon, however, one of the most distinguished gossips of Longbridge, Mrs. Tibbs's mother, saw him napping in Mrs. Wyllys's parlour, with a rose-bud in his button-hole, and the 'Ancient Mariner' in his hand. She was quite too experienced in her vocation not to draw her own conclusions; and a suspicion, once excited, was instantly communicated to others. The news spread like wild-fire; and when the evening-bell rang, it had become a confirmed fact in many houses, that Mrs. Wyllys and Mr. James Hubbard had already been privately married six months.

CHAPTER III.

“Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this.....?”

HENRY VI.

BEFORE the end of the week, the friends at Wyllys-Roof, after examining all the facts within their knowledge, were confirmed in their first opinion, that the individual claiming to be William Stanley was an impostor. Mrs. Stanley was the last of the three to make up her mind decidedly on the point; but, at length, she also was convinced that Mr. Clapp, and this sailor had united in a conspiracy to obtain possession of her husband's estate.

The chief reasons for believing this to be the case, consisted in the difference of *character* and *expression* between the claimant and William Stanley; the more Mr. Wyllys examined this

point, the clearer it appeared to him, who had known his friend's only son from an infant, and had always felt much interested in him. As a child, and a boy, William Stanley had been of a morose temper, and of a sluggish, inactive mind—not positively stupid, but certainly far from clever; this claimant, on the contrary, had all the expression and manner of a shrewd, quick-witted man, who might be passionate, but who looked like a good-natured person, although his countenance was partially disfigured by traces of intemperance.

These facts, added to the length of time which had elapsed since the reported death of the individual, the neglect to claim his inheritance, the suspicious circumstances under which this sailor now appeared, under the auspices of an obscure country lawyer, who bore an indifferent character, and to whom the peculiar circumstances of the Stanley estate were probably well known, all united in producing the belief in a conspiracy.

There was no doubt, however, but that a strong case could be made out on the other hand by the claimant; it was evident that Mr. Reed was convinced of his identity; his resemblance to William Stanley, and to Mr. Stanley, the father, could not be denied; the similarity of the hand-writing was also remarkable; his profession, his apparent age,

his possession of the letters, his accurate knowledge of persons and places connected with the family, altogether amounted to an important body of evidence in his favour.

It would require a volume in itself to give the details of this singular case; but the general reader will probably care for little more than an outline of the proceedings. It would, indeed, demand a legal hand to do full justice to the subject; those who are disposed to inquire more particularly into the matter, having a natural partiality, or acquired taste for the intricate uncertainties of the law, will probably have it in their power, ere long, to follow the case throughout in print. It is understood at Longbridge, that Mr. James Bernard, son of Judge Bernard, is engaged in writing a regular report, which, it is supposed, will be shortly published. In the mean time, we shall be compelled to confine ourselves chiefly to a general statement of the most important proceedings, more particularly connected with our narrative.

“Here is a letter from Clapp, Sir, proposing a compromise,” said Hazlehurst handing the paper to Mr. Wyllys. It was dated two days after the interview at Wyllys-Roof; the tone was amicable and respectful, though worded in Mr. Clapp’s peculiar style.

We have not space for the letter itself, but its purport was an offer on the part of Mr. Stanley to forgive all arrears, and overlook the past, provided his father's estate, in its actual condition, was immediately placed in his hands. He was urged to take this step, he said, by respect for his opponents, and the conviction that they had acted conscientiously, while he himself, by his own neglect to appear earlier, had naturally given rise to suspicions. He was, therefore, ready to receive the property as it stood at present, engaging that neither executors nor legatee should be molested for arrears; the sums advanced to Halzehurst, he was willing should be considered equivalent to the legacy bequeathed to him by Mr. Stanley, the father, in case of his son's return, although in fact they amounted to a much larger sum.

This offer of a compromise merely confirmed the suspicions of all parties at Wyllys-Roof. The offer was rejected in the same letter which announced to Mr. Reed, that the defendants had as seen yet no good reason for believing in the identity of the individual claiming the name of William Stanley, and, consequently, that they should contest his claim to the Stanley estate.

After this step, it became necessary to make every preparation for a trial; as it was already

evident, from the usual legal notices of the plaintiffs, that they intended to carry the case into a court of justice with as little delay as possible.

It was the first object of Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst, to obtain as much testimony as lay within their reach, upon the points of the capacity and natural temperament of William Stanley. Letters were written in the hope of discovering something through the old family physician, the school-master, and companions of the young man before he went to sea; and Mrs. Stanley even believed that the nurse of her step-son was still living. Agents were also employed to search out some clue, which might help to trace the past life and character of the individual bearing the name of William Stanley. Harry was only awaiting the expected arrival of Mr. Ellsworth before he set out himself for the little town in the neighbourhood of Greatwood, where he hoped to gather much useful evidence.

To what degree he was also desirous of the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Creighton again, we cannot say; but his friends at Wyllys-Roof believed that he was quite as anxious to see the sister as the brother. He had not long to wait, for, punctual to the appointed day, the earliest possible, Mr. Ellsworth arrived, accompanied by Mrs. Creighton.

“ Now, Mr. Hazlehurst, come here and tell me all about these vexatious proceedings,” said Mrs. Creighton to Harry, as the whole party left the dining-room for the piazza, the day Mr. Ellsworth and his sister arrived at Wylls-Roof. “ I hope you and Frank found out, in that long consultation you had this morning, that it would not be difficult to settle the matter as it ought to be settled ?”

“ On the contrary, we agreed that there were a great many serious difficulties before us.”

“ You don't surely think there is any real danger as to the result ?” asked the lady with great interest. “ You cannot suppose that this man is really William Stanley come to life again !”

“ No. I believe him to be an impostor ; and so does Ellsworth—so do we all ; but he makes out quite a plausible story, nevertheless.”

“ But what are you going to do ? Come, sit down here, and tell me about it.”

“ You forget, Josephine,” said Mr. Ellsworth, smiling, “ that we lawyers dare not trust the ladies with our secrets. You must contrive to restrain your curiosity, or interest—whichever you choose to call it—until the trial.”

“ Nonsense !—I am quite too much interested for that ; I shall expect to hear a great deal before

the trial. Is it possible your stock of patience will last till then, Miss Wyllys?" added the lady, turning to Elinor.

"Well, I don't know; I confess myself very anxious as to the result," said Elinor, blushing a little.

"To be sure—we are all anxious; and I expect to be taken into your confidence, Mr. Hazlehurst, quite as far as you legal gentlemen think it safe to admit a lady. Frank has a very bad habit of never trusting me with his business matters, Miss Wyllys. We must cure him of that."

"I am inclined to think, Mrs. Creighton, your patience would scarcely bear the recital of even one case of Richard Roe versus John Doe," said Mr. Wyllys.

"Perhaps not; for I care not a straw for Richard Roe or John Doe, either."

"Would you really like to see the account which this new-comer gives of himself?" asked Hazlehurst.

"Certainly. I speak seriously, I assure you."

"You shall see it this evening," said Harry. "I think you will agree with me, that it is a strange story."

"But, Mrs. Creighton," said Mr. Wyllys, "we have had our heads so full of law, and conspira-

cies, and impostors, lately, that I was in hopes you would bring us something more agreeable to think and talk about. What were the people doing at Nahant when you left there?"

"It was very dull there; at least, I thought so. I was in a great hurry for Frank to bring me away."

"What was wanting, pray?" asked Mr. Wyllys. "Was it the fault of the weather, the water, or the company?"

"Of all together, Sir. Nothing was of the right kind. It was not half so pleasant as Saratoga this year. Even the flirtations were not as amusing as usual."

"I should have thought you might have been amused in some other way," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"Flirtation, I would have you believe, my good brother, is sometimes quite an agreeable and exciting pastime."

"*Faute de mieux,*" said Harry, smiling.

"You surprise me, Josephine, by saying so, as you are no flirt yourself," observed her brother, with a perfectly honest and natural expression.

"Well, I don't know. Certainly I never flirt intentionally; but I won't be sure my spirits have not carried me away sometimes. Have you never, Miss Wyllys, in moments of gaiety or excitement, said more than you intended to?"

“Have I never flirted, do you mean?” asked Elinor, smiling.

“But though you say it yourself, I don’t believe you are a bit of a flirt, Mrs. Creighton,” said the unsuspecting Mr. Wyllys.

“Oh, no, Sir! I would not have you believe me a regular flirt for the world. I only acknowledge to a little trifling, now and then. Miss Wyllys knows what I mean; we women are more observant of each other. Now, haven’t you suspected me of flirting more than once?”

“You had better ask me,” said Mary Van Alstyne; “Elinor is not half suspicious enough.”

“The acquittal of the gentlemen ought to satisfy you,” said Elinor. “They are supposed to be the best judges. Are you sure, however, that you did not flirt with Mr. Hopkins? He was at Nahant with you, I believe.”

“I am afraid it surpasses the power of woman to distract Mr. Hopkins’s attention from a sheep’s head or a paugée.”

“You have really a very pretty view here, Miss Wyllys, although there is nothing bold or commanding in the country; it makes a very pleasant home picture,” observed Mr. Ellsworth, who had been looking about him. “That reach in the river has a very good effect—the little hamlet, too, looks well in the distance; and the

wood and meadow opposite are as well placed as one could wish."

"I am glad you like it. But we really think that, for such simple scenery, it is uncommonly pretty," replied Elinor.

"Yes. Even your fastidious friend, Mr. Stryker, pronounced the landscape about Wyllys-Roof to be very well put together," said Mrs. Creighton.

"Mr. Stryker, however, professes to have no eye for anything of the kind," replied Elinor.

"That is only one of the man's affectations; his eyes are more like those of other people than he is willing to confess. Though Mr. Stryker pretends to be one of your men of the world, whose notions are all practical, yet one soon discovers that he cherishes his useless foibles, like other people," said the lady, with an air of careless frankness; though intending the speech for the benefit of Hazlehurst and Mr. Wyllys, who both stood near her.

"Perhaps you don't know that Mr. Stryker has preceded you into our neighbourhood," said Mary Van Alstyne. "He is staying at Mr. de Vaux's."

"Oh, yes! I knew he was to be here about these times. Pray, tell me which is Mr. de Vaux's place. It is a fine house, I am told."

“A great deal too fine,” said Harry. “It is all finery, or rather it was a few years since.”

“It is much improved now,” observed Elinor; “he talks of taking down half the columns. That is the house, Mrs. Creighton,” she added, showing the spot where the white pillars of Colonnade Manor were partly visible through an opening in the wood.

“What a colonnade it seems to be! It puts one in mind of the Italian epigram on some bad architecture,” said Mr. Ellsworth:

“Care colonne che fate quà?
Non sappiamo, in verità!”

“I understand, Miss Wyllys, that your friend, Mr. Stryker, calls it the ‘Café de mille colonnes,’” said Mrs. Creighton.

“Does Mrs. Creighton’s friend, Mr. Stryker, treat it so disrespectfully? Mr. de Vaux has given it a very good name, I think. It is Broad-lawn now; last year it was Colonnade Manor.”

“And pray, what did Mr. Taylor’s manorial rights consist in?” asked Mr. Ellsworth.

“In the privilege of putting up as many Grecian summer-houses as he pleased, I suppose,” said Harry; “the place promised to be covered with them at one time.”

“ Mr. de Vaux has taken them down ; all but two, at least,” said Elinor.

“ It was fortunate that Mr. Taylor had a long purse,” remarked Mrs. Creighton ; “ for he seems to have delighted in superfluities of all kinds.”

“ I suppose you are aware, Mrs. Creighton, that false taste is always a very expensive foible,” said Mr. Wyllys ; “ for it looks upon ornament and improvement as the same thing. My neighbour, Mr. Taylor, certainly has as much of that spirit as any man I ever knew.”

“ The name he gave his place is a good proof of that,” said Harry. “ If he had called it the Colonnade, that would have been at least descriptive and appropriate ; but he tacked on the Manor, which had neither rhyme nor reason to recommend it.”

“ Was it not a Manor before the revolution ?” inquired Mrs. Creighton.

“ Oh, no ! Only a farm belonging to the Van Hornes. But Taylor would not have it called a farm for the world. He delights in big words,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“ That is only natural, I suppose, for ‘ Don Pompey,’ as Mr. Stryker calls him,” observed Mr. Ellsworth.

The following morning was the happy occasion which was to make Mrs. George Wyllys the wife

of Uncle Dozie. In the course of the week, which intervened between her announcing the fact at Wyllys-Roof, and the wedding itself, she had only consulted her friends twice, and changed her mind as often. At first it was settled that she was to be married at two o'clock, in church, with four witnesses present, and that from church she was to return quietly to her own house, where the party were to eat a family dinner with her. A note, however, informed her friends that it was finally decided, that the wedding should take place early in the morning, at her own house, in the presence of some dozen friends. The dinner was also postponed for a fortnight, as the happy couple intended to set out for Boston the morning they were united.

The weather was propitious; and after an early breakfast, the party from Wyllys-Roof set out. It included Mr. Ellsworth and Mrs. Creighton, who were connexions of the bride, as well as Harry and the family; Mary Van Alstyne remaining at home with Jane.

They soon reached Longbridge, after a pleasant, early drive. On being ushered into Mrs. Wyllys's drawing-room, they were received in a very informal manner by the bride herself. As Elinor had recommended a grey silk for the wedding-dress, she was not at all surprised to find her

aunt wearing a coloured muslin. On one point, however, it was evident she had not changed her mind; for the happy man, Uncle Dozie, was there in full matrimonials, with a new wig and a white waistcoat. The groom elect looked much like a victim about to be sacrificed; he was as miserably sheepish and fidgety as ever old bachelor could be under similar circumstances. Mrs. Creighton paid her compliments to the bride very gracefully; and she tried to look as if the affair were not a particularly good joke. Mr. Wyllys summoned up a sort of resigned cheerfulness; Miss Agnes and Elinor also endeavoured to look as became wedding-guests. The children, who had all received presents from the bridegroom, evidently thought the occasion a holiday. The clergyman having appeared, Mrs. Wyllys gave her hand to the trembling groom, and the important transaction was soon over.

“There is, at least, no danger of Uncle Dozie’s taking a nap,” thought Harry; “he looks too nervous and uncomfortable for that.”

Congratulations and good wishes were duly offered; they served only to increase the bridegroom’s distress, while the bride appeared perfectly satisfied, and in very good spirits. She felt disposed to make a cheerful sacrifice for the benefit of her children, to whom she had secured

an efficient protector, while, at the same time, she was now sure of a prudent friend and counsellor for life ; so, at least, she informed Mrs. Creighton.

“ I am sorry your brother is not here, Mr. Hubbard.”

“ He went to New York on business, last night,” said the groom.

“ I hope you will have a pleasant trip to Boston,” continued Mr. Wyllys.

“ Thank you for the wish, Sir,” interposed the bride, “ but we determined last evening to go to Niagara, as we have both been to Boston already.”

“ We shall hear of you at New Orleans yet,” thought Harry.

Refreshments were brought in, and everybody, of course, received their usual share of the wedding-cake.

“ You see I have set you an excellent example,” said the bride to Mrs. Creighton and Elinor.

“ We must hope that these ladies will soon follow it,” said Mr. Ellsworth, with a glance at Elinor.

“ Shall we thank him, Miss Wyllys ?” said Mrs. Creighton. “ It was kindly meant, I dare say.”

Mr. Wyllys, who was standing near them, smiled.

“ It was only yesterday, Elinor,” added the new Mrs. Hubbard, “ that Black Bess, who made the cake you are eating, told me when she brought it home, that she hoped soon to make your own wedding-cake.”

“ She has had the promise of it ever since I was five years old,” said Elinor.

“ Is it possible that Black Bess is still living and baking ?” said Harry. “ I can remember her gingerbread as long as I can recollect anything. I once overheard some Longbridge ladies declare, that they could tell Black Bess’s cake as far as they could see it ; which struck me as something very wonderful.”

“ She seems to be a person of great importance,” said Mrs. Creighton ; “ I shall hope soon to make her acquaintance. My dear Miss Elinor, I wish you would bear in mind that your wedding-cake has been ordered these dozen years. I am afraid you forget how many of us are interested in it, as well as Black Bess.”

“ Our notable housekeepers, you know, tell us that wedding-cake will bear keeping half-a-century,” said Elinor, smiling.

“ That is after the ceremony I am sure, not before,” said Mrs. Creighton.

Elinor seemed at last annoyed by these persevering allusions, and several persons left the

group. Hazlehurst took a seat by Miss Patsey; he was anxious to show her that her brother-in-law's behaviour had in no manner changed his regard for herself and her family.

“Where is Charlie?” he asked.

“He has gone off to Lake Champlain now. I hope you and Charlie will both soon get tired of travelling about, Mr. Hazlehurst; you ought to stay at home with your friends.”

“But I don't seem to have any home. Charlie and I are both by nature, home-bred, home-staying youths, but we seem fated to wander about. How is he coming on with his pictures? Has he nearly done his work on the lakes?”

“Yes, I believe so. He has promised to come to Longbridge, next month, for the rest of the summer. He has been distressed, quite as much as the rest of us, Mr. Hazlehurst, by these difficulties—”

“Do not speak of them, Miss Patsey. It is a bad business, but one which will never interfere between me and my old friends, I trust.”

Miss Patsey looked her thanks, her mortification, and her sympathy, but said nothing more.

The carriage which was to convey the bride and groom to the steam-boat soon drove to the door; and taking leave of their friends, the happy couple set off. They turned back, however,

before they were out of sight, as Mrs. Hubbard wished to change the travelling-shawl she had first selected for another. Mr. Wyllys, Elinor, and Harry accompanied them to the boat; and they all three agreed, that the groom had not yet been guilty of napping; although Hazlehurst declared, that as the seats on deck were cool and shady, he had little doubt that he would be dozing before the boat was out of sight.

Those who feel the same anxiety for the welfare of the children, during their mother's absence, which weighed upon the mind of Miss Agnes, will be glad to hear that they were all three carried to Wyllys-Roof under the charge of an experienced nurse. And it must be confessed, that it was long since little George, a riotous child, some seven years old, had been kept under such steady, but kind discipline, as that under which he lived during his visit to his grandfather.

Mr. Ellsworth and Harry passed the morning at Longbridge engaged with their legal affairs; and in the evening, Hazlehurst left Wyllys-Roof for Philadelphia; and Mrs. Stanley accompanied him on her way to Greatwood.

CHAPTER IV.

' But by the stealth
Of our own vanity, we're left so poor.'

HABINGTON.

Now that Harry had left the house, Mrs. Creighton's attention was chiefly given to Mr. Wyllys; although she had, as usual, smiles, both arch and sweet, sayings, both piquant and agreeable, for each and all of the gentlemen from Broadlawn, who were frequent visitors at Wyllys-Roof. Mr. Stryker, indeed, was there half the time. It was evident that the lady was extremely interested in Hazlehurst's difficulties; she was constant in her inquiries as to the progress of affairs, and listened anxiously to the many different prognostics as to the result. Miss Agnes remarked, indeed, one day, when Mr. Ellsworth thought he had succeeded in obtaining an all-important clue, in tracing the previous career of

Harry's opponent, that his sister seemed much elated—she sent an extremely amiable message to Hazlehurst in her brother's letter. It afterwards appeared, however, on farther inquiry, that this very point turned out entirely in favour of the sailor, actually proving that nine years previously, he had sailed in one of the Havre packets under the name of William Stanley. Mrs. Creighton that evening expressed her good wishes for Harry, in a much calmer tone, before a roomful of company.

“Ladies, have you no sympathizing message for Hazlehurst?” inquired Mr. Ellsworth, as he folded a letter he had been writing.

“Oh, certainly! we were sorry to hear the bad news;” and she then turned immediately, and began an animated, laughing conversation with Hubert de Vaux.

“What a difference in character between the brother and sister,” thought Miss Agnes, whose good opinion of Mr. Ellsworth had been raised higher than ever by the earnest devotion to his friend's interest, which appeared throughout his whole management of the case.

The family at Wyllys-Roof were careful to show by their friendly attention to the Hubbards, that their respect and regard for them had not suffered at all by the steps Mr. Clapp had taken.

Miss Agnes and Elinor visited the cottage as frequently as ever. One morning, shortly after the wedding, Miss Wyllys went to inquire after Mrs. Hubbard, as she was in the habit of doing. She found Mary Hubbard, the youngest daughter, there, and was struck on entering by the expression of Miss Patsey's face—very different from her usual calm, pleasant aspect.

“Oh, Miss Wyllys!” she exclaimed, in answer to an inquiry of Miss Agnes's; “I am just going to Longbridge! My poor, kind Uncle Joseph! but he was always too weak and indulgent to those girls!”

“What has happened?” asked Miss Wyllys, anxiously.

“Dreadful news, indeed. Mrs. Hilson has disgraced herself! Her husband has left her, and applied for a divorce. But I do not believe it is half as bad as most people think. Julianna has been shamefully imprudent; but I cannot think her guilty!”

Miss Wyllys was grieved to hear such a bad account of her old neighbour's daughter.

“Her husband has left her, you say. Where is she now?”

“Her father brought her home with him. He went after her to Newport, where she had gone in the same party with this man—this Mr. de

Montbrun, and a person who lives in the same boarding-house, a Mrs. Bagman, who has done a great deal of harm to Julianna."

"Sad, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Agnes.

"Charles says it is heart-rending to see my poor uncle, who was so proud of his good name—thought so much of his daughters! Often have I heard him say: 'Let them enjoy life, Patsey, while they are young; girls can't do much harm. I love to see them look pretty and merry.' They never received any solid instruction, and since her marriage, Julianna seems to have been in bad company. She had no children to think about; and Mr. Hilson's time is always given to his business. Her head was full of nonsense from morning till night; I was afraid no good would come of it."

"It is, at least, a great point that she should have come back with her father."

"Yes, indeed! I am thankful for it from the bottom of my heart. Oh, Miss Wyllys! what a dreadful thing it is to see young people going on from one bad way to another!" exclaimed Miss Patsey.

"We must hope that her eyes will be opened now."

"If she had only taken warning from what Charles told her about this Mr. de Montbrun;

He had seen him at Rome, and though he had no positive proofs, knew he was a bad man, and told Mrs. Hilson so. It is surely wrong, Miss Wyllys, to let all kinds of strangers from foreign countries into our families without knowing anything about them."

"I have often thought it very wrong," said Miss Agnes, earnestly.

"But Mrs. Hilson wouldn't believe a word Charles said. She talked a great deal about aristocratic fashions;—said she wouldn't be a slave to prudish notions—just as she always talks."

"Where was her husband all this time?"

"He was in New York. They had not agreed well for some time, on account of her spending so much money, and flirting with everybody. At last he heard how his wife was behaving, and went to Saratoga. He found everybody who knew her was talking about Julianna and this Frenchman. They had a violent quarrel, and he brought her back to town, but gave her warning, if ever she spoke again to that man he would leave her. Would you believe it! In less than a week, she went to the theatre with him and this Mrs. Bagman! You know Mr. Hilson is a quiet man in general, but when he has made up his mind to anything, he never changes it: when he came in from his business, and found where

his wife had gone, he wrote a letter to Uncle Joseph, and left the house."

"But what does Mrs. Hilson say? Does she show any feeling?"

"She cries a great deal, but talks just as usual; says she is a victim to her husband's brutality and jealousy. It seems impossible to make her see things in their right light. I hope and pray that her eyes may be opened, but I am afraid it will be a long time before they are. But it is hard, Miss Wyllys, to open the eyes of the blind and deluded! It is more than mortal man can do!"

"Yes! we feel at such times our miserable weakness, and the influence of evil upon human nature, more, perhaps, than at any other moment."

"That is true, indeed. I have often thought, Miss Wyllys, that those who have watched over a large family of children and young people, have better notions about the true state of human nature, than your great philosophers. That has been the difficulty with Uncle Hubbard; he said girls in a respectable family were in no danger of doing what was wrong; that he hated preaching and scolding, and could not bear to make young people gloomy by talking to them about serious subjects. My father always taught me to think

very differently; he believed that the only way to help young people to be really happy and cheerful, was to teach them to do their duty."

"It would be well if all those who have charge of young persons thought so!" exclaimed Miss Agnes.

"But, oh, Miss Wyllys! I dread seeing my poor uncle! Charles writes me word that he is quite changed—pale and care-worn—so different from his usual look. He says my uncle has grown ten years older in the last week. And such a kind, indulgent father as he has been!"

Tears filled Miss Wyllys's eyes. "Is his daughter Emmeline at home?" she asked.

"Yes; and Emmeline seems more sobered by this terrible business than Mrs. Hilson herself. She sent for me, thinking I might be of some service to Julianna, and persuade her to stay at home, and not return to Mrs. Bagman as she threatens to do."

A waggon was waiting to carry Miss Patsey to Longbridge, and Miss Agnes begging that she might not detain her, she set out on her painful duty. On arriving at her uncle's house, she almost dreaded to cross the threshold. She found Mr. Hubbard in the dining-room; he paid no attention to her as she opened the door, but continued walking up and down. She scarcely knew

how to address him; the common phrases of greeting that rose to her lips seemed misplaced. He either did not see her, or would not notice her. She then walked quite near to him, and holding out her hand, said in a calm tone:

“Uncle, I have come to see Juliana.”

The muscles of his face moved, but he made no answer.

“I have come to stay with her, if you wish it.”

“Thank you,” he said, in a thick voice.

“Is there anything I can do for you?”

“What can be done?” he said, bitterly, and almost roughly.

“Do you wish me to stay?”

“Yes. I am obliged to you for coming to see a woman of bad reputation.”

Patsey left him for the present. She found her cousins together. Emmeline’s eyes were red as if she had just been weeping. Mrs. Hilson was stretched on a sofa, in a very elegant morning-gown, reading a novel of very doubtful morality. Patsey offered her hand, which was taken quite cavalierly.

“Well, Patsey,” she said, “I hope you have not come to be a spy upon me.”

“I have come to see you, because I wish to be of service to you, Juliana.”

“Then, my dear child, you must bring his

High-Mightiness, my jealous husband to reason," said the lady, smoothing a fold in her dress. Patsey made no answer, and Mrs. Hilson looked up. "If you are going to join the rest of them against me, why I shall have nothing to do with you. All the prim prudes in the world won't subdue me as my good-man might have found out already."

"Where is your husband?" asked Miss Patsey, gravely, but quietly.

"I am sure I don't know. He has been pleased to abandon me for no reason whatever, but because I chose to enjoy the liberty of all women of fortune in aristocratic circles. I would not submit to be made a slave, like most ladies in this country, as Mrs. Bagman says. I choose to associate with whom I please, gentlemen or ladies. What is it makes the patrician orders so delightful in Europe? All those who know anything about it, will tell you that it is because the married women are not slaves; they have full liberty, and do just as they fancy, and have as many admirers as they please—this very book that I am reading says so. That is the way things are managed in high life in Europe."

"What sort of liberty is it you wish for, Julianna? The liberty to do wrong? Or the liberty to trifle with your reputation?"

Mrs. Hilson pouted, but made no answer.

"I cannot think the kind of liberty you speak of is common among good women anywhere," continued Patsey, "and I don't think you can know so much about what you call *high life* in Europe, Julianna, for you have never been there. I am sure, at least, that in this country the sort of liberty you seem to be talking about is only common in very *low life*; you will find enough of it even here, among the most ignorant and worst sort of people," said Miss Patsey, quietly.

Mrs. Hilson looked provoked. "Well, you are civil, I must say, Miss Patsey Hubbard; of all the brutal speeches that have been made me of late, I must say that your's is the worst!"

"I speak the truth, though I speak plainly, Julianna."

"Yes, plainly enough; very different from the refinement of Mrs. Bagman, I can assure you. She would be the last person to come and tyrannize over me when I am a victim to my husband's jealousy. But I have not a creature near me to sympathize with me!"

"Do not say that! Your father is down-stairs, grown old with grief during the last week."

Mrs. Hilson did not answer.

"You have known me all your life, from the

time you were a child," added Miss Patsey, taking her cousin's passive hand in her own; "and I ask, if you have ever known me to deceive you by an untruth?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied her cousin, carelessly.

"Yes, you do know it, Juliana. Trust me, then; do not shut your ears and your eyes to the truth! You are in a very dangerous situation; look upon me as your friend; let me stay with you—let me help you! My only motive is your own good; even if I believed you really guilty, I should have come to you. But I do not believe you guilty!"

"I am much obliged to you," said her cousin, lightly. "But I happen to know myself that I have committed no such high crime and misdemeanour."

"Yes—you have trifled so far with your reputation, that the world believes you guilty, Julianna."

"Not fashionable people. I might have gone on for years enjoying the friendship of an elegant lady like Mrs. Bagman, and receiving the polite attentions of a French nobleman, had it not been for the countrified notions of Pa and Mr. Hilson; and now, I am torn from my friends, I am

calumniated, and the Baron accused of being an impostor! But the fact is, as Mrs. Bagman says, Mr. Hilson never has understood me!"

Patsey closed her eyes that night with a heavy heart. She did not seem to have produced the least impression on Mrs. Hilson.

How few people are aware of the great dangers of that common foible, vanity! And yet it is the light feather that wings many a poisoned dart; it is the harlequin leader of a vile crew of evils. Generally, vanity is looked upon as merely a harmless weakness, whose only penalty is ridicule; but examine its true character, and you will find it to be one of the most dangerous, and, at the same time, one of the most contemptible failings of humanity. There is not a vice with which it has not been, time and again, connected; there is not a virtue that has not been tainted by its touch. Men are vain of their vices—vain of their virtues; and although pride and vanity have been declared incompatible, probably there never lived a proud man, who was not vain of his very pride. A generous aspect is, however, sometimes assumed by pride; but vanity is inalterably contemptible in its selfish littleness—its restless greediness. Who shall tell its victims? Who shall set bounds to its triumphs? Reason is more easily blinded by vanity than by sophistry;

time and again has vanity misdirected feeling; often has vanity roused the most violent passions. Many have been enticed on to ruin, step by step, with the restless lure of vanity, until they became actually guilty of crimes, attributed to some more sudden, and stronger impulse. How many people run into extravagance, and waste their means, merely from vanity! How many young men commence a career of folly and wickedness, impelled by the miserable vanity of daring what others dare! How many women have trifled with their own peace, their own reputation, merely because vanity led them to receive the first treacherous homage of criminal admiration, when whispered in the tones of false sentiment and flattery! The triumphs of vanity would form a melancholy picture, indeed, but it is one the world will never pause to look at.

The eldest daughter of Mr. Hubbard, the worthy Longbridge merchant, without strong passions, without strong temptations, was completely the victim of puerile vanity. The details of her folly are too unpleasant to dwell on; but the silly ambition of playing the fine lady, after the pattern of certain European novels, themselves chiefly representing the worst members of the class they claim to depict, was the cause of her ruin. She had so recklessly trifled with her

reputation, that although her immediate friends did not believe the worst, yet with the world her character was irretrievably lost. At five-and-twenty, she had already sacrificed her own peace ; she had brought shame on her husband's name, and had filled, with the bitterest grief, the heart of an indulgent father. Happily, her mother was in the grave, and she had no children to injure by her misconduct.

Patsey Hubbard continued unwearied in her kind endeavours to be of service to her kinswoman ; anxious to awaken her to a sense of her folly, and to withdraw her from the influence of bad associates.

“ It is right that society should discountenance a woman who behaves as Julianna has done,” said she one day, to Mrs. Hubbard, on returning home ; “ but, oh, mother, her own family, surely, should never give her up while there is breath in her body !”

CHAPTER V.

“That which you hear, you’ll swear you see,
There is such unity in the proofs.”

WINTER’S TALK.

WHEN Hazlehurst arrived at the little village in the neighbourhood of Greatwood, he was so fortunate as to find that many persons among the older members of the community had a perfect recollection of William Stanley, and were ready to testify, to the best of their knowledge, as to any particulars that might be of service in the case.

His first inquiry was for the young man’s nurse. He discovered that she had recently removed into a neighbouring State, with the son, in whose family she had lived since leaving the Stanleys. As soon as Harry had accompanied Mrs. Stanley to Greatwood, he set out in pursuit

of this person, from whom he hoped to obtain important evidence.

On arriving at the place where she was now to be found, he was much disappointed, for her faculties had been so much impaired by a severe attack of paralysis, that he could learn but little from her. She seemed to have cherished a warm affection for the memory of William Stanley, whose loss at sea she had never doubted. Whenever his name was mentioned she wept, and she spoke with feeling and respect of the young man's parents. But her mind was much confused, and it was impossible to make any use of her testimony in a court of justice.

Thus thrown back upon those who had a less intimate personal knowledge of the young man, Harry pursued his inquiries among the families about Greatwood, and the village of Franklin Cross-Roads. With the exception of a few new-comers, and those who were too young to recollect eighteen years back, almost everybody in the neighbourhood had had some acquaintance with William Stanley. He had been to school with this one; he had sat in church, in the pew next to that family; he had been the constant play-fellow of A——; and he had drawn B—— into more than one scrape. Numerous stories sprang up, right and left, as to his doings when a boy;

old scenes were acted over again, and past events, mere trifles perhaps at the time, but gaining importance from the actual state of things, were daily brought to light; there seemed no lack of information connected with the subject.

We must observe, however, before we proceed farther, that Hazlehurst had no sooner arrived at Greatwood, than he went to look after the set of the Spectator, to which the volume produced at the interview had belonged. He found the books in their usual place on an upper shelf, with others seldom used; every volume had the double names of Mr. Stanley and his son, but the set was not complete; there was not only one volume missing, but two were wanting!

Hazlehurst sprang from the steps on which he was standing, when he made this discovery, and went immediately in pursuit of Mrs. Stanley, to inquire if she knew which volume was originally missing. She could not be sure, but she believed it was the eighth. Such was the fact—the eighth volume was not in its place, neither was the sixth, that which Mr. Clapp had in his possession; yet Mrs. Stanley was convinced, that only two years previously, there had been but one volume lost.

Harry tried to revive his recollection of the time and place, when and where, he had read

that volume with the portrait of Steele, and Addison's papers on the *Paradise Lost*; he should have felt sure it was at Greatwood, not long before going abroad with Mr. Henley, had it not been, that he found his brother had the very same edition in Philadelphia, and he might have read it there. He also endeavoured to discover when and how the second missing volume had been removed from its usual place on the shelf. But this was no easy task; neither the housekeeper—a respectable woman, in whom Mrs. Stanley and himself had perfect confidence—nor the servants, could form even a surmise upon the subject. At last Harry thought he had obtained a clue to everything; he found that two strangers had been at Greatwood in the month of March, that year, and had gone over the whole house, representing themselves as friends of the family. The housekeeper had forgotten their visit, until Harry's inquiries reminded her of the fact; she then gave him the name of the young woman who had gone over the house with these two individuals. This girl was no longer at Greatwood, but in the neighbouring village; at Mrs. Stanley's request, however, she came to give a report of the circumstance.

“It was in March these two strangers were here, you say, Malvina?” observed Mrs. Stanley.

“ Yes, Ma’am; it was in March, when the roads were very bad.”

“ What sort of looking persons were they, and how old should you have called them ?” asked Hazlehurst.

“ One was a tall and slim gentleman, with curly hair; the other looked kind o’ rough, he was stout, and had a red face. They wasn’t very young, nor very old.”

“ Tell us, if you please, all you remember about their visit, just as it passed,” said Harry.

“ Well, it happened Mrs. Jones was sick in her room when they called; they wanted to see the house, saying they knew the family very well. I asked them to sit down in the hall, while I went to tell Mrs. Jones; she hadn’t any objections, and told me to show them the rooms they wanted to see. So I took them over the house—first the parlours, then the other rooms.”

“ Did they ask to see the bed-rooms ?”

“ Yes, Sir; they went over all the house but the garret; they went into the kitchen and the pantry.”

“ Did they stay some time ?”

“ Yes, Sir; Mrs. Jones wondered they staid so long.”

“ Did they go into the library ?”

“ Yes, Sir.”

“ Do you remember whether they looked at the books ?”

“ No. They didn’t stay more than a minute in the library.”

“ Are you sure they did not look at any of the books ?” repeated Harry.

“ I am quite sure they didn’t, for the room was too dark, and they only staid half-a-minute. I asked them if I should open the shutters ; but one of them said they didn’t care—he said he was never over-fond of books.”

Mrs. Stanley and Harry here exchanged looks of some surprise.

“ Did they talk much to each other ? Do you remember what they said ?” continued Harry.

“ Yes, they talked considerable. I reckon they had been here before, for they seemed to know a good deal about the house. When I showed them the south parlour, the gentleman with the red face said everything looked natural to him, but that room most of all ; then he pointed to the large chair by the fire-place, and said : ‘ That is where I last saw my father, in that very chair ; he was a good old gentleman, and deserved to have a better son.’ ”

“ Is it possible !” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley.

“ But, my dear madam, it was all acting no

doubt; they wished to pass for the characters they have since assumed; it only proves that the plot has been going on for some time. "Do you remember anything else that was said?" added Hazlehurst, turning again to the girl.

"They talked considerable, but I didn't pay much attention. They inquired when Mr. Hazlehurst was coming home; I said I didn't know. The one with the curly hair said he guessed they knew more about the family than I did; and he looked queer when he said so."

Nothing further was gathered from this girl, who bore an excellent character for truth and honesty, though rather stupid. The volume of the Spectator still remained as much a mystery as ever. Nor did a second conversation with this young woman bring to light anything new; her answers on both occasions corresponded exactly; and beyond proving the fact of Clapp's having been over the house with the sailor, nothing was gained from her report. At the second conversation, Harry asked if she knew whether these strangers had remained long in the neighbourhood?

"I saw them the next day at meeting," she replied, "and Jabez told me he met them walking about the place; that is all I know about it, Sir."

Jabez, one of the men on the farm, was questioned: he had seen these two strangers walking about the place, looking at the barns and stables, the same day they had been at the house; but he had not spoken to them, and this was the amount of his story.

Harry then inquired at the taverns in the neighbourhood; and he found that two persons, answering to the same description, had staid a couple of days, about the middle of March, at a small inn, within half a mile from Greatwood. Their bill had been made out in the name of "Mr. Clapp and friend." This was satisfactory as far as it went, and accounted for the sailor's knowledge of the house; though Mrs. Stanley could not comprehend, at first, how this man should have pointed out so exactly her husband's favourite seat. Harry reminded her, however, that Clapp had passed several years of his youth at Franklin Cross-Roads, in a lawyer's office, and had very probably been at Greatwood during Mr. Stanley's life-time.

Hazlehurst had drawn up a regular plan of action for his inquiries; and after having discovered who could assist him, and who could not, he portioned off the neighbourhood into several divisions, intending to devote a day to each—

calling at every house where he hoped to gain information on the subject of William Stanley.

He set out on horseback early in the morning for his first day's circuit, taking a note-book in his pocket, to record facts as he went along, and first turning his horse's head towards the house of Mrs. Lawson, who had been a constant play-fellow of William Stanley's when both were children. This lady was one of a large family, who had been near neighbours of the Stanleys for years, and on terms of daily intimacy with them; and she had already told Harry, one day when she met him in the village, that she held herself in readiness to answer, to the best of her ability, any questions about her former playmate, that he might think it worth while to ask. On knocking at this lady's door, he was so fortunate as to find Mrs. Lawson at home; and, by especial luck, Dr. Lewis, a brother of her's, who had removed from that part of the country, happened just then to be on a visit at his sister's.

After a little preliminary chat, Hazlehurst made known the particular object of his call.

"Do I remember William Stanley's personal appearance and habits? Perfectly. Quite as well as I do my own brother's," replied the doctor, to Harry's first inquiry.

“Mrs. Lawson told me that he used to pass half his time at your father’s house, and kindly offered to assist me, as far as lay in her power; and I look upon myself as doubly fortunate in finding you here to-day. We wish, of course, to collect as many minute details as possible regarding Mr. Stanley’s son, as we feel confident, from evidence already in our power, that this new-comer is an impostor.”

“No doubt of it,” replied the doctor; “an extravagant story, indeed! Nearly eighteen years as still as a mouse, and then coolly stepping in, and claiming a property worth some hundreds of thousands. A clear case of conspiracy, without doubt.”

“Poor William was no saint, certainly,” added Mrs. Lawson; “but this sailor must be a very bad man.”

“Pray, when did you last see young Stanley?” asked Harry of the lady.

“When he was at home, not long before his father’s death. He held out some promise of reforming then. Billings, who first led him into mischief, was not in the neighbourhood at that time, and his father had hopes of him; but some of his old companions led him off again.”

“He must have been a boy of strange temper,

to leave home under such circumstances ; an only son, with such prospects before him."

"Yes, his temper was very unpleasant; but then, Mr. Stanley, the father, did not know how to manage him."

"He could scarcely have had much sense either, to have been so easily led astray by a designing young fellow as that Billings seems to have been."

"Flattery—flattery did it all," observed the doctor. "Some people thought young Stanley little more than half-witted; but I have always maintained that he was not wanting in sense."

"I don't see how you can say so, doctor," observed the sister. "I am sure it was a settled thing among us children, that he was a very stupid, disagreeable boy. He never took much interest in our plays, I remember."

"Not in playing doll-baby, perhaps; but I have had many a holiday with him that I enjoyed very much, I can tell you. He never had a fancy for a book, that is true; but otherwise he was not so very dull as some people make out."

"He had the reputation of being a dull-boy, had he?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Lawson. "At one time, when we were quite children, we all took

arithmetic lessons together, and he was always at the foot of the class."

"He had no head for figures, perhaps. It is more likely, though, that he wouldn't learn out of obstinacy. He was as obstinate as a mule, that I allow."

"What sort of games and plays did he like best?"

"I don't know that he liked one better than another, so long as he could choose himself," replied Dr. Lewis.

"Was he a strong, active boy?"

"Not particularly active, but a stout, healthy lad."

"Disposed to be tall?"

"Tallish. The last time he was here, he must have measured about five feet ten."

"Oh! more than that," interposed Mrs. Lawson; "he was taller than our eldest brother, I know. Full six feet one, I should say."

"No—no, Sophia; certainly not more than five feet nine or ten. Remember, you were a little thing yourself at the time."

"Do you remember the colour of his eyes, Mrs. Lawson?"

"Yes, perfectly; they were blue."

"Brown, I should say," added the doctor.

"No, John, you are quite mistaken; his eyes were blue, Mr. Hazlehurst—very dark blue."

"I could have taken my oath they were brown," said the doctor.

Hazlehurst looked from one to the other in doubt.

"You were away from home, doctor, more than I was, and probably do not remember William's face as distinctly as I do. I am quite confident his eyes were a clear, deep blue."

"Well, I should have called them a light brown."

"Were they large?" asked Harry.

"Of a common size, I think," said the brother.

"Remarkably small, I should say," added the sister.

"What colour was his hair?" asked Harry, giving up the eyes.

"Black," said the doctor.

"Not black, John—dark, perhaps, but more of an auburn, like his father's portrait," said Mrs. Lawson.

"Why, that is black, certainly."

"Oh, no! auburn—a rich, dark auburn."

"There is a greysih cast in that portrait, I think," said Harry.

“Grey! oh, no; Mr. Stanley’s hair was in perfect colour when he died. I remember him distinctly, seeing him as often as I did,” said the lady. “The hair of the Stanley family is generally auburn,” she added.

“What do you call auburn?” said the doctor.

“A dark, rich brown, like William Stanley’s.”

“Now I call Mr. Robert Hazlehurst’s hair auburn.”

“My brother’s hair! Why that is sometimes pronounced sandy, and even red occasionally,” said Harry.

“Not red. Lawson’s hair is red.”

“Mr. Lawson’s hair is more of a flaxen shade,” said the wife, a little quickly.

Despairing of settling the particular shade of the hair, Harry then inquired if there was any strongly marked peculiarity of face or person about William Stanley?

Here both agreed that they had never remarked anything of the kind. It appeared that the young man was made more like the rest of the world, than became the hero of such a singular career.

“Do you think you should know him if you were to see him again, after such a long interval?”

“Well, I don’t know,” said the doctor; “some people change very much from boys to middle-aged manhood, others alter but little.”

“I have no doubt that I could tell in a moment if this person is William Stanley or an impostor,” said Mrs. Lawson. “Think how much we were together, as children; for ten years of his life he was half the time at our house. I am sure if this sailor were William Stanley, he would have come to see some of us long since.”

“Did he visit you when he was last at Greatwood?”

“No, he did not come at that time; but I saw him very often in the village, and riding about.”

“Do you remember his stuttering at all?”

“No; I never heard him that I know of. I don’t believe he ever stuttered.”

“He did stutter once in a while, Sophia, when he was in a passion.”

“I never heard him.”

“Young Stanley had one good quality, Mr. Hazlehurst, with all his faults—he spoke the truth—you could believe what he said.”

“My good brother, you are mistaken there, I can assure you. Time and again have I known

him tell falsehoods when he got into a scrape. Many is the time he has coaxed and teased, till he got us children into mischief—he was a great tease, you know—”

“Not more so than most boys,” interposed the doctor.

“And after he had got us into trouble, I remember perfectly that he would not acknowledge it was his fault. Oh, no! you could not by any means depend upon what he said.”

“Was he much of a talker?”

“No—rather silent.”

“Quite silent,” both brother and sister were in unison here at last.

“He was good-looking, you think, Mrs. Lawson?”

“Oh, yes! good-looking, certainly,” replied the lady.

“Rather good-looking; but when he was last at home, his features had grown somewhat coarse, and his expression was altered for the worse,” said the doctor.

“He was free with his money, I believe?”

“Very extravagant,” said Mrs. Lawson.

“He didn’t care a fig for money, unless it was refused him,” said the doctor.

“Was there anything particular about his teeth?”

“He had fine teeth,” said Mrs. Lawson; “but he did not show them much.”

“A good set of teeth, if I remember right,” added the doctor.

“His complexion was rather dark, I believe?” said Harry.

“More sallow than dark,” said the lady.

“Not so very sallow,” said the gentleman.

“You asked just now about his eyes, Mr. Hazlehurst; it strikes me they were much the colour of yours.”

“But mine are grey,” said Harry.

“More of a hazel, I think.”

“Oh, no! William Stanley’s eyes were as different as possible from Mr. Hazlehurst’s, in colour and shape!” exclaimed the lady.

The conversation continued some time longer, but the specimen just given will suffice to show its character; nothing of importance was elicited, and not one point decidedly settled, which had not been already known to Harry. He continued his round of visits throughout the day, with much the same result. The memories of the people about Greatwood seemed to be playing at cross-purposes; and yet there was no doubt, that all those persons to whom Hazlehurst applied, had known young Stanley for years; and there

was every reason to believe they were well disposed to give all the evidence in their power.

From Mrs. Lawson's, Harry went to the house of another acquaintance, a Captain Johnson; and the following is the account of what he gathered here, as it was hastily entered in his note-book.

“Eyes grey; hair black; rather stout for his age; sullen temper; very dull; bad company cause of his ruin; not cold-hearted; stuttered a little when excited; expression good when a boy, but much changed when first came home from sea; Billings the cause of his ruin.”

So much for Captain Johnson. The next stopping-place was at a man's, by the name of Hill, who had been coachman at Mr. Stanley's for several years. His account follows:

“Hill says: ‘Would get in a passion when couldn't have his own way; have heard him stutter; always in some scrape or other after first went to college; eyes blue; hair brown; sharp enough when he pleased, but always heard he hated books; short for his age when first went to sea, and thin; had grown three or four inches when he came back; should have thought him five feet eight or nine, when last saw him; face grown fuller and red, when came home.’”

From Hill's, Harry went to see Mr. Anderson,

who had kept the principal tavern at Franklin Cross-Roads during William Stanley's boyhood; but he was not at home.

He then called at Judge Stone's: "Mrs. S. thought him handsome young man; Judge, quite ugly; husband says eyes a greenish colour; wife thinks were dark brown; height about my own, said Judge; not near so tall, says Mrs. S.: both agreed he was morose in temper, and dull at learning."

At several other places where Harry called, he found that William Stanley had been merely known by sight. Others related capital stories of scrapes, in which they had been implicated with the boy, but could tell Harry very little to the purpose, where it came to particular questions. Three individuals pronounced him tall, four thought he was middled-sized, two declared he was short. Two inferences, however, might be drawn from all that had been said: William Stanley must have been of an unpleasant temper; while general evidence pronounced him rather more dull than most boys. With these two facts, at least, sufficiently well established, while his head was filled with contradictory visions, of hair, eyes, and complexion, of various shades and colours, Harry returned in the evening, quite jaded and worn-out with his day's exertions; not

the least of which had been, to reconcile totally opposite accounts on a dozen different points.

Mrs. Stanley was awaiting his return with much anxiety; and while Harry was drinking an excellent cup of tea—the most refreshing thing in the world to a person who is fatigued, even in warm weather—he reported his day's work. His friend seemed to think the account anything but encouraging; though Harry declared, that it was well worth the labour and vexation to establish the two facts, regarding the young man's capacity and temper in which respects he certainly differed from the claimant.

“What miserable hypocrites both this man and his lawyer must be!” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley.

“Hypocrisy figures often enough in courts of justice, Ma'am, and is only too often successful for a time.”

“I am afraid, my dear Harry, they will give you a great deal of trouble!”

“I have no doubt of it,” replied Hazlehurst; “but still I hope to defeat them, and, in the end, to punish their vile conspiracy.”

“A defeat would be distressing to both Mr. Wyllys and myself; but to you, my dear young friend, it would be serious indeed!” she observed, with feeling.

“We shall yet gain the day, I trust,” said

Harry. "The consequences of defeat would indeed be very serious to me," he added. "In such a case, I should lose everything, and a little more, as Paddy would say. I made a deliberate calculation the other day, and I find, after every thing I own has been given up, that there would still be a debt of some thirty thousand dollars to pay off."

"It is wise, I suppose, to be prepared for the worst," said Mrs. Stanley, sadly; "but in such a case, Harry, you must look to your friends. Remember, that I should consider it a duty to assist you in any pecuniary difficulties which might result from a defeat."

"You are very good, Ma'am; I am grateful for the offer. In case of our failure, I should certainly apply to my immediate friends, for I could never bear the thought of being in debt to those rascals. But if the affair turns out in that way, I must stay at home and work hard to clear myself entirely. I am young, and if we fail to repel this claim, still I shall hope, by industry and prudence, to discharge all obligations before I am many years older."

"I have never doubted, Harry, that in either case you would do what is just and honourable; but I mourn that there should be any danger of such a sacrifice."

“It would be a sacrifice, indeed; including much that I have valued heretofore—tastes, habits, partialities, prospects, fortune, hopes—all must undergo a change, all must be sacrificed.”

“And hopes are often a precious part of a young man’s portion,” said Mrs. Stanley.

Hazlehurst happened to raise his eyes as she spoke, and, from the expression of her face, he fancied that she was thinking of Mrs. Creighton. He changed colour, and remained silent a moment.

“You would be compelled to give up your connexion with Mr. Henley,” she observed, by way of renewing the conversation.

“Yes, of course; I should have to abandon that, I could not afford it. I should have to devote myself to my profession. I have no notion, however, of striking my colours to these land pirates until after a hard battle, I assure you,” he said, more cheerfully. “Great Generals always prepare for a retreat, and so shall I, but only as the last extremity. Indeed, I think our affairs look more encouraging just now. It seems next to impossible, for such a plot to hold together in all its parts, we shall be able probably, to find out more than one weak point which will not bear an attack.”

“It is certainly important to establish the

difference in temper and capacity between the claimant and William Stanley," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Highly important. Ellsworth is hard at work, too, in tracing the past life of the sailor, and by his last letters, I find he had written to young Stanley's school-master, and to the family physician. He had seen the sailor, and in addition to Mr. Wyllys's remarks upon his gait, which is different from that of William, when a boy, Ellsworth writes, that he was very much struck with the shape of the man's limbs, so different from those of the portrait of Mr. Stanley's son, when a lad, which they have at Wyllys-Roof; he thinks the family physician may help him there. Fortunately, he is still living."

"It is a great pity the nurse's faculties should have failed!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley.

"Yes, it's a pity, indeed; her evidence would have been very important. But we shall do without her, I hope."

"Are you going to Wyllys-Roof again before the trial?"

"No; I shall have too much to do here and in Philadelphia. Mr. Wyllys has kindly asked me, however, to go there as soon as the matter is settled, whether for good or for evil."

"I thought I heard you talking over with Mr. de Vaux some boating excursion, to take place

in August, from Longbridge. Has it been given up?"

"Not given up; but de Vaux very good-naturedly proposed postponing it until after my affairs were settled. It is to take place as soon as I am ready; whether I shall join it with flying colours, or as a worsted man, time alone can decide."

The mail was just then brought in; as usual there was a letter for Harry, from Ellsworth.

Wylls-Roof, August, 183—.

"Our application to the family physician proves entirely successful, my dear Hazlehurst; my physiological propensities were not at fault. I had a letter last evening from Dr. H—, who now lives in Baltimore, and he professes himself ready to swear to the formation of young Stanley's hands and feet, which he says resembled those of Mr. Stanley, the father, and the three children, who died before William Stanley grew up. His account agrees entirely with the portrait of the boy, as it now exists at Wylls-Roof; the arms and hands are long, the fingers slender, nails elongated; as you well know, Mr. Clapp's client is the very reverse of this—his hands are short and thick, his fingers what, in common parlance,

would be called dumpy. I was struck with the fact when I first saw him in the street.

“Now, what stronger evidence could we have? A slender lad of seventeen may become a heavy, corpulent man of forty, but to change the formation of hands, fingers, and nails, is beyond the reach of even Clapp’s cunning. We are much obliged to the artist for his accuracy in representing the hands of the boy exactly as they were. This testimony I look upon as quite conclusive. As to the Rev. Mr. G——, whose pupil young Stanley was for several years, we find that he is no longer living; but I have obtained the names of several of the young man’s companions, who will be able to confirm the fact of his dullness; several of the professors at the University are also living, and will no doubt be able to assist us. I have written a dozen letters on these points, but received no answers as yet. So far so good; we shall succeed, I trust. Mr. Wylls bids you not forget to find out if Clapp has really been at Greatwood, as we suspected. The ladies send you many kind and encouraging messages. Josephine, as usual, sympathizes in all our movements. She says: ‘Give Mr. Hazlehurst all sorts of kind greetings from me; anything you please short of my love, which

would not be proper, I suppose.' I had a charming row on the river last evening with the ladies. I never managed a law-suit in such agreeable quarters before.

" Faithfully yours,

" F. E."

CHAPTER VI.

“What say you, can you love this gentleman?”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

JANE'S strength and spirits were gradually improving. She had been persuaded to take a daily airing, and had consented to see one or two of the ladies in her room. Mr. Wyllys always passed half an hour with her every afternoon; and, at length, she came down stairs, and joined the family in the drawing-room for a short time in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, who came from Philadelphia to pass a day or two with her, found her much better than they had expected.

Charlie Hubbard returned to the grey cottage with his portfolio full of sketches, intending to pass several months at home in finishing his pictures of Lake George; the school-room having

been converted into a painting-room for his use. Miss Patsey's little flock were dispersed for a time; and Charlie was even in hopes of persuading his mother and sister to accompany him to New York, where Mary Hubbard, the youngest sister, was now engaged in giving music-lessons. He felt himself quite a rich man, and drew up a plausible plan for hiring a small house in some cheap situation, where they might all live together; but Miss Patsey shook her head, she thought they could not afford it. Still, it was delightful to her, to listen to plans devised by Charlie's warm heart; she seemed to love him more than ever, since he had even sacrificed his moustaches to his mother's prejudice against such foreign fashions.

"Keep your money, Charles; we can make out very well in the old cottage; more comfortably than we have ever done before. You will want all you can make one of these days, when you marry," said Miss Patsey.

To her surprise, Charlie showed some emotion at this allusion to his marrying, and remained perfectly silent for an instant, instead of giving the playful answer that his sister had expected to hear.

Mrs. Hubbard then observed, that she should not wish to move; she hoped to end her life in

the old grey cottage. They had lived so long in the neighbourhood of Longbridge, that a new place would not seem like home to Patsey and herself. Charlie must come to see them as often as he could; perhaps he would be able to spend his summers there.

“Well, we shall see, mother; at any rate, Mary and I together, we shall be able to make your life easy, I trust.”

Mrs. Hubbard observed, that although they had been poor for the last seventeen years, yet they had never really seemed to feel the weight of poverty; they had met with so much kindness, from so many relations and friends.

“But kindness from our own children, mother, is the most blessed of all,” said Patsey.

Charlie did not give up his plan, however, but he forbore to press it for the present, as he was engaged to drive his sister, Mrs. Clapp, to her own house at Longbridge. Hubbard had kept aloof from his brother-in-law whenever he could, since the Stanley suit had been commenced; any allusion to this affair was painful to him. He had never respected Mr. Clapp, and now strongly suspected him of unfair dealing. He pitied his sister Kate from the bottom of his heart; but it seemed pity quite thrown away.

To judge from her conversation, as Charlie was

driving her home, she had implicit confidence in her husband; if she had at first doubted the identity of the sailor, she had never for a second supposed that William himself was not firmly convinced of it. On the other hand, she began to have some misgivings as to the character and integrity of Mr. Wyllys, whom hitherto, all her life long, she had been used to consider as the model of a gentleman, and an upright man. She soon got up quite a prejudice against Mrs. Stanley; and as for Hazlehurst, he fell very low indeed in her estimation.

“You don’t know what trouble poor William has with this suit,” she said to her brother. “I am sometimes afraid it will make him sick. It does seem very strange, that Mr. Stanley’s executors should be so obstinate in refusing to acknowledge his son. At first, it was natural they should hesitate; I mistrusted this sailor, at first, myself; but now that William has made everything so clear, they cannot have any excuse for their conduct.”

Charlie whipped the flies from his horse without answering this remark.

“I hope William will come home to-night. He and Mr. Stanley have gone off together to get possession of some very important papers; they

received a letter offering these papers only the night before last, and William says they will establish Mr. Stanley's claim beyond the possibility of a denial. Mr. Wyllys and Mr. Hazlehurst will feel very badly, I should think, when they find that after all, they have been keeping their friend's son from his rights."

"They believe they are doing their duty," said Charlie, laconically.

"It seems a stange view of duty to act as they do."

"Strange views of duty are very common," said Charlie, glad to take refuge in generalities.

"Common sense and common honesty will help us all to do our duty," observed Kate.

"No doubt; but both are more uncommon qualities than one would think among rational beings," said Charlie.

"Well, you know, Charles, Patsey used to tell us when we were children, that a plain, honest heart, and plain, good sense were the best things in the world."

"That is the reason, I suppose, why we love our sister Patsey so much, because she has so much of those best things in the world," said Charlie, warmly. "I never saw a woman like her, for downright, plain goodness. The older I

grow, the better I know her; and I love you, Kate, for the same reason—you are straightforward and honest, too," he added, smiling.

"William often laughs at me, though, and says my opinion is not good for much," said the sister, shaking her head, but smiling prettily at the same time.

"I am sure no one can complain of your actions, Kate, whatever your opinions may be," replied Charlie; and whatever might have been his estimate of Clapp's views, he forbore to utter a syllable on the subject; for he respected the wife's affection, and knew that his brother-in-law had at least one good quality—he was kind and faithful as a husband and father, according to common-place ideas of faithfulness at least; for he would any day risk their character and peace to make a little money.

The conversation of the young people soon turned upon their trifling, foolish, unfortunate cousin, Mrs. Hilson; and this was a subject upon which both brother and sister agreed entirely. Before long, they drove up to Mr. Clapp's door, and were received by the lawyer himself, who had just returned with his client; this latter individual was also seen lounging in the office. Mr. Clapp professed himself entirely satisfied with the result of his journey, and

declared that they were now quite ready for Mr. Hazlehurst—sure of a victory, beyond all doubt.

The time had not been lost by Harry and his friends, however; they too, thought themselves ready for the trial. As the important day was drawing near, Mr. Ellsworth was obliged to leave Wyllys-Roof; he had done all he could at Longbridge, and there was still various matters to be looked after in Philadelphia. Mrs. Creighton accompanied her brother, and they were not to return to Wyllys-Roof until after the important question was decided. Hazlehurst was then to come with them; whether defeated or triumphant could not yet be known. Harry's friends, however, were generally sanguine; and Mrs. Creighton was full of sympathy, and in excellent spirits.

There remained another affair, which must also be finally settled in a few weeks. When Mr. Ellsworth returned to Wyllys-Roof, the appointed three months of probation would have expired, and he would either remain there as the affianced husband of Elinor, or leave Longbridge her rejected suitor.

During the past three months, Elinor had taken an important step in life; she had reached a point in experience, where she had never stood before. The whole responsibility of deciding upon a subject, highly important to herself, and

to those connected with her, had been thrown entirely upon her alone. The fate of her whole life would be much involved in the present decision. During the last two or three years, or in other words, since she had first discovered that Harry loved Jane, she had intended to remain single. It seemed very improbable to her, that any one would seek to gain her affections, unless with the view of enjoying the fortune which she had now the reputation of possessing; it was only natural that she should exaggerate those personal disadvantages, which had lost the heart of him whom she had once loved so truly. She had been so much attached to Hazlehurst, that she shrunk from the idea of ever becoming the wife of another; and she considered herself as having tacitly made choice of a single life, which her mother's letter seemed to suggest. But as she never spoke of her views, or alluded to them, her grandfather and aunt were ignorant of this intention; and she soon began to observe with regret that they wished her to marry, and were indeed anxious that she should accept Mr. Ellsworth.

This was the first occasion of any importance on which their wishes and her own had been at variance—it was a new position for Elinor to be placed in. When Mr. Ellsworth made his proposal,

it was owing to the strong, but affectionate representations of Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes, that he was not immediately rejected. Elinor was, in fact, the last person to be convinced of his regard for her ; but she had known his character and standing too well to believe him a mere fortune-hunter ; and after he had once offered himself, could not doubt his sincerity. She mentioned to Miss Wyllys her previous intention of remaining single.

“Make no rash decision, my love,” was the reply at the time. “You are too reasonable, for me to believe that you will do so. Look at your own position, Elinor ; you will be alone in the world—more so than most women. Your grandfather is advanced in years, and my health warns me not to expect a long life. I do not wish to distress you, but to place the truth plainly before you, my Elinor. You have neither brother nor sister ; Jane and Harry, your intimate companions in childhood, will be separated from you by ties and duties of their own. What will you do, my child ? An affectionate disposition like yours cannot be happy alone. On the other hand, here is Mr. Ellsworth, who is certainly attached to you ; a man of excellent character, with every important quality that can be desired. You say you wish to be reasonable ; judge for yourself

what is the wisest course under these circumstances."

Elinor was silent for a moment; at length she spoke.

"It has always been one of your own lessons to me, dearest aunt, to profit by the past, to improve the present, and leave the future to Providence. Yet, now, you would have me think of the future only; and you urge me to marry, while you are single, and happy, yourself!"

"Yes, my child; but I have had your grandfather and you to make me happy and useful. Most single women have near relatives to whom they can attach themselves, whom it is a duty and a pleasure to love and serve; but that is not your case. Elinor, your grandfather is very anxious you should accept Mr. Ellsworth."

"I know it," said Elinor; "he has told me so himself."

"He is anxious, dear, because from what he knows of Mr. Ellsworth and yourself, he is convinced you would eventually be happy; he fears you hesitate from some feeling of girlish romance. Still, we have neither of us any wish to urge you too far. Appeal to your own good, common sense, that is all that can be desired; do not be romantic, dear, for the first time in your life,"

continued her aunt smiling. "I know the wishes of your friends will have some weight with you; do not let them control you, however. Judge for yourself, but take time to reflect. Accept Mr. Ellsworth's own proposition—wait some time before you give a final answer; that is all that your grandfather and myself can ask."

And such had been the decision; three months being the time appointed. Since then, both Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes had carefully refrained from expressing any farther opinion—they never even alluded to the subject, but left Elinor to her own reflections. Such, at least, was their intention; but their wishes were well known to her, and very possibly, unconsciously influenced their conduct and manner, in many daily trifles, in a way very evident to Elinor. In the mean time, September had come, and the moment for final decision was at hand. Mr. Ellsworth's conduct throughout had been very much in his favour; he had been persevering and marked in his attentions, without annoying by his pertinacity. Elinor had liked him, in the common sense of the word, from the first; and the better she knew him, the more cause she found to respect his principles, and amiable character. And yet, if left to her own unbiassed judgment, she

would probably have refused him at first, with no other reluctance than that of wounding for a time the feelings of a man she sincerely esteemed.

The morning that Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Ellsworth left Wyllys-Roof, Elinor set out to take a stroll in the field, with no other companion than her friend Bruno. The dog seemed aware that his mistress was absent and thoughtful, more indifferent than usual to his caresses and gambols; and, after having made this observation, the sagacious animal seemed determined not to annoy her, but walked soberly at her side, or occasionally trotting on before, he would stop, turn towards her, and sit in the path, looking at her as she slowly approached. She had left the house in order to avoid any intrusion on her thoughts at a moment which was an important one to her; for she had determined, that after one more thorough examination of her own feelings, her own views, and the circumstances in which she was placed, the question should be irrevocably settled—whether she were to become the wife of Mr. Ellsworth, or to remain single. Many persons may fancy this a very insignificant matter to decide, and one that required no such serious attention. But to every individual, that is a highly important point, which must necessarily affect the whole future course of life; the

choice which involves so intimate and indissoluble a relation, where every interest in life is identical with one's own, is surely no trifling concern.

It may well be doubted, indeed, if even with men it be not a matter of higher importance than is commonly believed; observation, we think, would lead to the opinion, that a wife's character and conduct have a deeper and more general effect on the husband's career, for good or for evil, through his opinions and actions, than the world is aware of. This choice certainly appeared a much more formidable step to Elinor, when Mr. Ellsworth was the individual to be accepted or rejected, than it had when Harry stood in the same position. In one case she had to reflect, and ponder, and weigh all the different circumstances; in the other, the natural bent of her affections had decided the question before it was asked. But Elinor had, quite lately, settled half-a-dozen similar affairs with very little reflection indeed, and without a moment's anxiety or regret; she had just refused, with polite indifference, several proposals, from persons whom she had every reason to believe cared a great deal for her fortune, and very little for herself. If thought were more active than feeling, in behalf of Mr. Ellsworth, still, thought said a great deal in his favour. She had always liked and respected

him; she believed him attached to her; her nearest friends were anxious she should give a favourable answer; there could not be a doubt that he possessed many excellent and desirable qualities. She would not be romantic, neither would she be unjust to Mr. Ellsworth and herself; she would not accept him, unless she could do so frankly, and without reluctance. This, then, was the question to be decided—could she love Mr. Ellsworth? The free, spontaneous love, natural to early youth, she had once given to Hazlehurst; could she now offer to Mr. Ellsworth sincere affection of another kind, less engrossing, at first, less mingled with the charms of fancy, but often perhaps on that account, more valuable, more enduring? Sincere affection of any sort, is that only which improves with age, gaining strength amid the wear and tear of life. It was to decide this question clearly, that Elinor had desired three months' delay. These three months had nearly passed; when she again met Mr. Ellsworth, in what character should she receive him?

The precise train of thought pursued by Elinor, during this morning stroll, we shall not attempt to follow; but that she was fully aware of the importance of the decision was evident by the unusual absence of manner, which seemed to

to have struck even her four-footed friend, Bruno. She had, indeed, made an important discovery lately, one [which was startling, and even painful to her. She found that there are moments in life, when each individual is called upon to think and to act alone. It is a truth which most of us are forced to feel, as we go through this world; though, happily, it is but seldom that such hours occur. In general, the sympathy, the counsel of friends is of the very highest value; and yet, there are moments when neither can avail.

At such times, we are forced to look higher, to acknowledge that human wisdom does not reach far enough to guide us, that our wounds need a purer balm than any offered by human sympathy. Until recently, Elinor had always been soothed and supported by the affection and guidance of her aunt, but she must now depend upon herself alone. To a young person, called upon for the first time to take an important step, with no other guide than individual judgment and conscience, the responsibility of action may well be startling; even a wise and experienced man will often pause at such moments, doubtful of the course he shall pursue.

It is an easy matter to settle a question, when passion, feeling, interest, or prejudice gives the bias; but where these are all silent, and cool

judgment is left alone to decide, the greatest men feel, to a painful degree, how limited are their powers ; the high responsibility which is attached to free-will rises before them, and they shrink from the idea of trusting their own welfare to their own short-sighted reason alone. Most men, at such times, take refuge in a sort of fatalism ; they stand inactive, until urged in this or that direction by the press of outward circumstances ; or they rush blindly forward under impatience of suspense, preferring risk to inaction.

The occasion of our young friend's anxiety and thoughtfulness was, no doubt a trifling one to all but herself. The cause of her hesitation, however, was honourable ; the opinions, feelings, and motives under which she eventually acted, were alike natural and creditable.

CHAPTER VII.

“Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

As the time for the trial approached, the parties collected in Philadelphia. Harry and his friends were often seen in the streets, looking busy and thoughtful. Mr. Reed also appeared, and took up his quarters at one of the great hotels, in company with Mr. Clapp and his client, who generally received the name of William Stanley, although he had not yet established a legal claim to it. There was much curiosity to see this individual, as the case had immediately attracted general attention in the town, where the families interested were so well known, and the singular circumstances of the suit naturally excited additional interest.

After the court opened its session, it became doubtful, at one moment, whether the cause would be tried at that term ; but others which preceded it having been disposed of, the Stanley suit was at length called.

On one side appeared William Stanley, the plaintiff, with Messrs. Reed and Clapp as counsel ; a number of witnesses had been summoned by them, and were now present, mingled with the audience. On the other hand were the defendants, Mr. Wyllys, Hazlehurst, Ellsworth, and Mr. Grant, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, appearing more particularly for Mrs. Stanley ; they were also supported by witnesses of their own.

While the preliminary steps were going on, the jury forming, and the parties interested making their arrangements, the court-room filled rapidly with the friends of Hazlehurst, and a crowd of curious spectators.

Among the individuals known to us, were Robert Hazlehurst, Mr. Stryker, and Charlie Hubbard, the young artist, who found that his want of inches interfered with his view of the scene, and springing on a bench, he remained there, and contrived to keep much the same station throughout the trial, his fine, intelligent countenance following the proceedings with the

liveliest interest : Harry soon perceived him, and the young men exchanged friendly smiles. Mr. Stryker was looking on with cold, worldly curiosity ; while Robert Hazlehurst watched over his brother's interest with much anxiety.

In one sense, the audience was unequally divided at first, for while Harry had many warm, personal friends present, the sailor was a stranger to all ; the aspect of things partially changed, however, for among that portion of the crowd who had no particular sympathies with the defendants, a number soon took sides with the plaintiff. The curiosity to see the sailor was very great ; at one moment, in the opening of the trial, all eyes were fixed on him ; nor did Harry escape his share of scrutiny.

It was immediately observed by those who had known the late Mr. Stanley, that the plaintiff certainly resembled the family. He was dressed like a seaman, and appeared quite easy and confident ; seldom absent from court, speaking little, but following the proceedings attentively. His counsel, Mr. Reed, bore a calm and business-like aspect. Clapp was flushed, his eye was keen, and restless, though he looked sanguine and hopeful ; running his hand through his dark curls, he would lean back and make an observation to

his client, turn to the right and whisper something in the ear of Mr. Reed, or bend over his papers, engrossed in thought.

The defendants, on their side, were certainly three as respectable men in their appearance as one would wish to see; they looked, moved, and spoke like gentlemen; in manner and expression they were all three perfectly natural; simple, easy, but firm; like men aware that important interests were at stake, and prepared to make a good defence. Mr. Grant, their colleague, was an insignificant-looking man when silent, but he never rose to speak without commanding the whole attention of his audience by the force of his talent.

The judges were well known to be respectable men, as American magistrates of the higher grade usually found to be. In the appearance of the jury there was nothing remarkable; the foreman was a shrewd-looking man, his neighbour on the left had an open, honest countenance, two others showed decidedly stupid faces, and one had a very obstinate expression, as if the first idea that entered his head, on any subject whatever, was seldom allowed to be dislodged.

Such was the appearance of things when the trial commenced. Leaving the minutiae of the proceedings to the legal report of Mr. Bernard,

understood to be in the press, we shall confine ourselves to a brief, and very imperfect outline of the speeches, and the most important points of the testimony; merely endeavouring to give the reader a general idea of the course of things, on an occasion so important to Hazlehurst.

Mr. Clapp opened the case in a regular speech. Rising from his seat, he ran his fingers through his hair, and commenced, much as follows :

“ We come before you on this occasion, gentlemen of the jury, to plead a cause which it is believed is unprecedented, in its particular facts, among the annals of justice in our great and glorious country. Never, indeed, should I have believed it possible that an American citizen could, under any circumstances whatever, have been compelled during so long a period to forego his just and legal rights; ay, that he could be forced to the very verge of abandoning those rights—all but forced to forget them. Yet, such are the facts of the case upon which you are now to decide. The individual appearing before you this day, claiming that the strong arm of the law be raised in his behalf, first presented himself to me, with the very same demand, six years since; to my shame, I confess it, he was driven unaided from my door—I refused to assist him; he had

already carried the same claim to others, and received from others the same treatment. And what is this claim, so difficult to establish? Is it some intricate legal question? Is it some doubtful point of law? Is it a matter which requires much learning to decide—much wisdom to fathom? No, gentlemen, it is a claim clearly defined, firmly established; never yet doubted, never yet denied. It is a claim, not only recognized in the common-law of every land, protected in the statute-books of every nation, but it is a claim, gentlemen, which springs spontaneously from the heart of every human being—it is the right of a son to his father's inheritance. A right, dear alike to the son of one of our merchant-princes, and to the son of the porter on our wharves."

Mr. Clapp paused; he looked about the court, rested his eyes on his client, ran his fingers through his curls, and then proceeded.

"Gentlemen; I have told you that it is the right of a son to his father's inheritance which we this day call upon you to uphold. It is more; it is the sacred cause of the orphan that you are to defend. Yes, gentlemen; at the moment when William Stanley should have taken possession of the inheritance, which was his by the threefold title of nature, of law, and of parental bequest, he was a mere boy, a minor, a wan-

derer on the deep; one of that gallant class of men who carry the glorious colours of our great and happy country into every port, who whiten every sea with American canvass—he was a roving sailor-boy!”

At setting out from this point, Mr. Clapp made a general statement of the case, coloured by all the cheap ornaments of forensic eloquence, and varied by allusions to the glory of the country, the learning of all judges, particularly American judges, especially the judges then on the bench; the wisdom of all juries, particularly American juries, especially the jury then in the box. He confessed that his client had been guilty of folly in his boyhood; “but no one, gentlemen, can regret past misconduct more than Mr. Stanley; no son ever felt more deeply than himself regret, that he could not have attended the death-bed of his father, received his last blessing, and closed his eyes for the last time!” Mr. Clapp then read parts of Mr. Stanley’s will, gave an outline of his client’s wanderings, and was very particular with names and dates. The sailor’s return was then described in the most pathetic colours.

“He brought with him, gentlemen, nothing but the humble contents of a sailor’s chest, the hard-earned wages of his daily toil; he, who in

justice was the owner of as rich a domain as any in the land!" The attempts of this poor sailor to obtain his rights were then represented. "He learned the bitter truth, gentlemen, that a poor seaman, a foremast hand, with a tarpaulin hat and round-jacket, stood little chance of being heard as the accuser of the rich and the powerful—the men who walked abroad in polished beavers and aristocratic broad-cloths."

Aristocracy having once been brought upon the scene was made to figure largely in several sentences, and was very roughly handled indeed. To have heard Mr. Clapp, one would have supposed aristocracy was the most sinful propensity to which human nature was liable; the only very criminal quality to which republican nature might be inclined. Of course, the defendants were accused of this heinous sin; this brilliant passage concluded with a direct allusion to the "very aristocratic trio before him." Mr. Stanley was declared to be no aristocrat; he was pronounced thoroughly plebeian in all his actions and habits. "Like the individual who has now the honour of addressing you, gentlemen, Mr. Stanley is entirely free, in all his habits and opinions, from the hateful stain of aristocracy." He continued, following his client's steps down to the present time, much as they are already known to the

reader. Then, making a sudden change, he reviewed the conduct of the defendants as connected with his client.

“What were their first steps at the death of Mr. Stanley, the father? Merely those which were absolutely necessary to secure themselves. They inquired for the absent son, but they inquired feebly; had they waited with greater patience he would have appeared, for the story of his disinheritance would never have reached him. Whence did that story proceed from? It is not for me to say. Others now present may be able to account for it more readily. No, gentlemen, it is a bitter truth, that the conduct of the executors has been consistent throughout, from the moment they took possession of the Stanley estate, until their appearance in this court. The conduct of the rival legatee has also been marked by the same consistent spirit of opposition, from the time of his first interview with Mr. Stanley, after he had arrived at years of discretion, and knew the value of the estate he hoped to enjoy; from the moment, I say, when he coolly ordered the unfortunate sailor to be locked up in Mr. Wyllys’s smoke-house, until the present instant, when his only hope lies in denying the identity of Mr. Stanley’s son.”

Mr. Clapp dwelt for some time upon this first

interview, and the smoke-house ; as he had previously hinted to Hazlehurst, he laboured to make that affair "look ugly," to the best of his ability. If the language of the Longbridge lawyer had been respectful throughout the preliminary proceedings, his tone in the court-room changed completely. As he drew towards the close of his speech, he gave full scope to a burst of virtuous indignation against wickedness and hypocrisy in general, and particularly against the conduct of the defendants. He declared himself forced to believe, that both Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst had suspected the existence of William Stanley from the first—others might have the charity to believe they had been ignorant of the young man's existence, he only wished he could still believe such to have been the fact ; he had believed them honestly ignorant of it, until it was no longer possible for the prejudices of a long-standing friendship and intimacy to blind his eyes, under the flood of light presented by proofs as clear as day—proofs which his respected brother, the senior counsel, and himself, were about to lay before the court. He wished to be understood, however ; he never for one moment had included in these suspicions—so painful to every candid, upright mind, but which had recently forced themselves upon him—he

repeated, that in them he had never included the respected lady who filled the place of step-mother to his client, whose representative he now saw before him, in the person of a highly distinguished lawyer of the Philadelphia bar; he did not suppose that that venerable matron had ever doubted the death of her husband's son. He knew that excellent lady, had often met her in the social circle; none admired more than he the virtues for which she was distinguished; he had never supposed it possible, that if aware of the existence of William Stanley, she could have sat down calmly to enjoy his inheritance. Such a case of turpitude might not be without example; but he confessed that in his eyes, it would amount to guilt of so black a dye, that he was unwilling to accuse human nature of such depravity; it went beyond the powers of his, Mr. Clapp's, imagination to comprehend. No, he acquitted Mrs. Stanley of all blame; she had been influenced and guided by the two gentlemen before him.

“He had himself observed, that during all the preliminary proceedings, the venerable step-mother of his client had shown many symptoms of doubt and hesitation; it was his firm conviction, it was the opinion of his client, of his brother counsel, that if left to her own unbiassed

judgment, Mrs. Stanley would immediately have acknowledged her husband's son, and received him as such. He appealed to the defendants themselves if this were not true; he called upon them to deny this assertion if they could—if they dared!" Here Mr. Clapp paused a moment, and looked towards Mr. Grant.

The defendants had already spoken together for an instant; Mr. Ellsworth rose: "The answer which the counsel for the plaintiff was so anxious to receive was reserved for its proper place in the defence. Where so much might be said, he should scarcely be able to confine himself within the bounds necessary at that moment. Let the counsel for the plaintiff rest assured, however, that the answer to that particular question, when given, would prove, like the general answer of the defence, of a nature that the interrogator would, doubtless, little relish."

During Mr. Clapp's abusive remarks, and impudent insinuations against himself and Mr. Wyllys, Hazlehurst, placing one arm on the table before him, leaned a little forward, and fixed his eye steadily, but searchingly, on the face of the speaker. It proved as Harry had expected; the lawyer looked to the right and left, he faced the judges, the jurors; he glanced at the audience, raised his eyes to the ceiling, or threw them upon

his papers, but not once did he meet those of Hazlehurst.

“Gentlemen of the jury; you will observe that the question remains unanswered!” continued Mr. Clapp, with a triumphant air. He then contrived to appeal to his brother counsel to declare his own impressions, and gave Mr. Reed an opportunity of affirming, that he had believed Mrs. Stanley inclined to acknowledge their client; he spoke calmly and impressively, in a manner very different from the hurried, yet whining enunciation, and flourishing gestures of his colleague.

Mr. Clapp now proceeded to prepare the way for the evidence; he gave a general idea of its character, expressing beforehand the firmest conviction of its effect on the court. “I have been engaged in hundreds of suits, gentlemen; I have been a regular attendant in courts of law from early boyhood, and never, in the whole course of my experience, have I met with a case, so peculiar and so important, supported by a body of evidence so clear, so decided, so undeniable as that which we shall immediately lay before you;” and Mr. Clapp sat down, running his fingers through his curls.

The court here adjourned for an hour. The curiosity of the audience seemed thoroughly

excited ; when the judges re-assembled, the room was even more crowded than in the morning.

Before calling up the witnesses, Mr. Reed spoke for five minutes ; his dignified manner was a favourable preparation for the testimony in the plaintiff's behalf.

The first fact proved, was the resemblance of the plaintiff to William Stanley ; this point was thoroughly investigated, and settled without difficulty in favour of the plaintiff—some half-a-dozen witnesses swearing to the identity, according to the best of their belief. The fact that the defendants themselves had acknowledged the personal resemblance, was also made to appear ; and Mr. Reed introduced the identity of hand-writing to strengthen the personal identity—several witnesses giving their testimony on the subject. It seemed indeed, clear, from the whole of this part of the evidence, that there was no rational ground to doubt any other difference, either in the personal resemblance, or the hand-writing, than what might naturally exist in the same man, at the ages of eighteen and thirty-seven.

The statement offered to the defendants some months since, tracing the past career of the plaintiff, was now produced, and the principal facts legally proved by different witnesses. Officers and sailors of different vessels in which he

had sailed were sworn. Among others, Captain —, of the packet-ship ***, testified to the plaintiff's having sailed in his vessel, under the name of William Stanley, nine years previously; and it was very clearly proved, that at different intervals since then, he had continued to bear the same name, although he had also shipped under those of Bennet, Williams, and Benson. The statement, as given already in our pages, was borne out satisfactorily in most of its important facts by the evidence; although on some points the counsel for the plaintiffs confessed, that they had not been able to obtain all the legal proofs they had wished for.

After tracing the plaintiff's steps as a sailor, the fact of his having been long endeavouring to bring forward the claim he now made was examined. Mr. G—, a highly respectable lawyer of Baltimore, testified to the fact that seven years previously, the plaintiff had applied to him to undertake the case then before the court; to speak frankly, this evidence surprised the defendants, who were scarcely prepared for it. Then came proof of the different applications to Mr. Clapp, his several visits to Longbridge, and his presence at Wyllys-Roof six years previously, when locked up in the out-house by Hazlehurst; Mr. Clapp repeating at this moment, a very

broad insinuation, that the defendant knew the claims of the individual he had put in confinement. His willingness to be examined, his ready consent to an interview with Mr. Wyllys, Mrs. Stanley, and Hazlehurst, the close examination which he bore at Wyllys-Roof were brought forward; and Mr. Clapp managed to introduce most of the important questions of the defendants at that time, with the accurate answers of the plaintiff, in his account of that meeting.

The court adjourned at this time, and many individuals among the audience seemed to incline very decidedly towards the plaintiff. The personal friends of the defendants looked somewhat anxious, although Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst still showed a steady front. The testimony which we have given so briefly, as much of it has already appeared in the narrative, occupied the court more than one day, including the different cross-examinations of several witnesses by the defendants; this duty fell to the lot of Mr. Grant, who carried it on in his usual dry, sarcastic manner, but was unable to effect any important change in the state of things.

The following morning, the plaintiff's papers were laid before the court. The volume of the Spectator, and the letters already produced at

Wyllys-Roof were shown. In addition to these, the following papers were now brought forward: A letter addressed to the name of Benson, on board the British sloop-of-war, *Ceres*; another directed to William Bennet, on board the Dutch barque *William*, when at Batavia, nearly eighteen years since; this letter was important, as it was evidently written to an American sailor, and alluded to his having been recently shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, and taken up by a Dutch vessel. These documents were all received with great interest, and their probable authenticity seemed generally admitted. Mr. Reed then observed: "We shall close our evidence, gentlemen, by laying before you testimony, sufficient in itself to prove triumphantly the identity of the plaintiff, when connected with a small portion only of that which has preceded it."

He drew from his papers an old Russia-leather pocket-book, with the initials W.S. stamped upon it in large Gothic letters.

Mr. Wyllys made an involuntary movement as it was held up for examination; that very pocket-book, or one exactly like it, had he given himself to the son of his old friend, the very last time he saw him. He watched the proceedings at this moment with intense interest—evident to everybody.

“This pocket-book, gentlemen, is the property of the plaintiff,” continued Mr. Reed. “The initials of his name, W. S., stamped upon it, are half-effaced, yet still sufficiently distinct to tell their story. But the contents of this precious book are of still greater importance to the interests of my client.”

Mr. Reed then opened it and drew from one side a letter, and read the address, “William Stanley, New York, care of Jonas Thomson, Master of the ship Dorothy Beck.” “This letter, gentlemen of the jury, is signed John Stanley—it is from the father of William Stanley, in whose name I now submit it to your examination.”

The letter was then read; it corresponded entirely with the circumstances already known to the reader; its date, nature, hand-writing, all were perfectly correct, and the signature was sworn to by several witnesses. Mr. Wyllys was evidently moved when the letter was read; he asked to look at it, and all eyes were turned on his venerable countenance as he silently examined the paper. It was remarked that the hand which held the letter was not steady, and the features which bent over it betrayed perceptible agitation. Mr. Wyllys turned to Hazlehurst as he finished reading the sheet.

“It is undeniably genuine; the letter of John Stanley to his son!” he said.

A short consultation succeeded between the defendants. Hazlehurst wrote a line or two on a slip of paper, and handed it to Mr. Wyllys, and then to Ellsworth and Mr. Grant.

“Will the counsel for the plaintiff tell us why these documents were not produced at the interview with the defendants?” asked Mr. Ellsworth.

“We had several reasons for not doing so,” replied Mr. Clapp. “Had our client not been received so coldly, and every effort employed to misunderstand him, we should have produced them earlier, although it would have been impossible to have shown them at that meeting, since they were not then in our possession.”

“Will the plaintiff state where, and from whom he first received that pocket-book?” asked Mr. Grant.

Here the counsel for the plaintiff consulted together a moment. It seemed as if their client was willing to answer the question, and that Mr. Reed advised his doing so, but Mr. Clapp opposed it.

“The defendants must be aware,” he said, “that they had no right to question his client;

Mr. Stanley therefore declined answering. He had, already, at the proper time and place, answered many inquiries of theirs in a manner which had doubtless appeared satisfactory to the court, although it had not satisfied the defendants. Mr. Stanley had lost all hope of answering any question of the defendants in a manner *satisfactory to them.*"

Here the defendants were engaged for a moment in making notes.

Mr. Reed proceeded with the contents of the pocket-book. "The letter of the father to his erring son, is not the only testimony we shall produce from the pocket-book of my client, gentlemen."

A printed slip of newspaper, soiled, and yellow with age, was then drawn from one of the pockets, and read by Mr. Reed:—"Married, Wednesday, the 10th, at Trinity Church, New York, by the Rev. Charles G. Stanley, John Stanley, of Greatwood, Pennsylvania, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Myndert Van Ryssen, of Poughkeepsie."

Again the defendants showed evident interest. Mr. Wyllys passed his hand over his face to drive away melancholy recollections of the past; the present Mrs. Stanley was Miss Van Ryssen, and at that marriage he had stood by the side of his friends as the priest united them.

“Is not that a touching memorial, gentlemen of the workings of natural feeling in the heart of a misguided boy? He had left his father, left his home, left his friends in a fit of reckless folly, but when he meets with the name of the parent from whom he is estranged, in an American paper, in a distant land, he cuts the paragraph from the sheet, and it is carefully preserved among his precious things, during many succeeding years of hardships, and of wrongs. But there is another striking fact connected with that scrap of paper; the individual whose name stands there, as connected in the closest of human ties with the young man’s father, is the same, whose legal representative I now see before me, prepared to oppose, by every means in his power, the claim of the son to the inheritance bequeathed him, with the forgiveness of his dying father. The simplest language I can choose, will best express the force of facts so painful. The circumstances are before you; it rests with you to say, whether tardy justice shall not at length make some amends for the wrongs of the last eighteen years.”

The defendants here asked to look at the paper; they could find no fault with it. In texture, colour, accuracy, every point, it corresponded with what it should be.

Mr. Reed paused an instant, and then continued :—“ But, gentlemen of the jury, this old and well-worn pocket-book, the companion of my client’s wanderings and hard fortunes ; the letter from the father to the son, received as authentic, without an instant’s hesitation by the defendants themselves ; the marriage notice of the deceased father and the step-mother, now his legal opponent, are not the only proofs to be drawn from this portion of our testimony.”

Mr. Reed then opened the pocket-book, and showed that it had originally contained a number of leaves of blank paper ; these leaves were partially covered with the hand-writing of William Stanley. The date of his going to sea, and the names of the vessels he had sailed in were recorded. Brief, random notes occurred, of no other importance than that of proving the authenticity of the pocket-book. A sailor’s song was written on one page ; another was half-covered with figures, apparently some trifling accounts of his own. The date of a particular storm of unusual severity was put down, with the latitude and longitude in which it occurred, the number of hours it lasted, and the details of the injury done to the vessel. This rude journal, if such it

may be called, was handed to the jury, and also examined by the defendants.

Mr. Grant took it, observing with his usual set expression, and caustic manner, that "it was certainly the pocket-book of a sailor, probably the pocket-book of William Stanley. It was connected with a singular story, a very singular story, indeed; but, really, there was one fact which made it altogether the most extraordinary compound of leather and paper that ever happened to fall in his way. If he was not mistaken, he had understood that the plaintiff, among other remarkable adventures, claimed to have just escaped drowning, by the skin of his teeth, when picked up on the coast of Africa in the winter of 181—. His pocket-book seemed to have borne the shipwreck equally well; it was landed high and dry in that court-house without a trace of salt-water about it. How did the plaintiff manage to preserve it so well? He should like the recipe—it might prove useful."

Mr. Grant had been looking down very attentively at the pocket-book while speaking, occasionally holding it up for others to see with studied carelessness; as he put the question, he suddenly raised his eyes without changing his position, and fixed them searchingly, with

a sort of ironical simplicity on Mr. Clapp and his client.

"I can tell him all about it," the plaintiff was heard to say by those near him.

There was a moment's consultation between the plaintiff and his counsel. A juror then expressed a wish to hear the explanation.

Mr. Clapp rose and said :

"When Mr. Stanley was picked up by the 'William,' does the counsel for my client's step-mother suppose, that he was the only remnant of the wreck floating about? If he does, he happens to be mistaken. Mr. Stanley says there were two others of the crew picked up at the time he was, with the hope of restoring life, but they were dead. There were also several chests, and various other objects brought on board the 'William.' One of the chests was his client's. The pocket-book was contained in a tin box, which happened to be wrapped in a piece of old sail-cloth, and nothing in the box was wet. It contained several old bank-notes, besides the pocket-book, and they were not wet. He hoped the counsel for his client's step-mother was satisfied."

Mr. Grant bowed. "Much obliged for the explanation; but he was still inclined to think

that there must have been some peculiar process employed with that highly important pocket-book."

Mr. Clapp replied by a short burst of indignation at the intolerable insinuations of his opponent, and appealed to the court to silence them. Mr. Grant was accordingly reminded by the judge, that unless he had something beyond mere insinuations to offer, his remarks could not be listened to. Mr. Reed then related how these papers had been lost by his client some years since; they had been left in a box at a boarding-house, during a voyage he made in the Pacific; the house was burnt down, and Mr. Stanley had believed his papers lost, until he recently heard they were in possession of a shipmate, at New Bedford. Mr. Clapp and himself had gone there, and easily obtained them again from Robert Stebbins, the man in whose hands they had been since the fire. The fact of the fire was proved. Stebbins was sworn, and testified to having saved the box with his own effects, and his having quite lately returned it to the owner, on first hearing an account of the suit in which he was engaged. This part of the testimony was clearly laid before the court by Mr. Reed; and the evidence for the

plaintiff was closed with these papers, and the examination of Stebbins through whose hands they had come.

The cross-examination of the different witnesses was still conducted by Mr. Grant; several of the witnesses were made to contradict each other, and partially to contradict themselves; but as it was only on points of minor importance, no material change could be effected in the general appearance of things, in spite of all Mr. Grant's ingenuity. He kept Stebbins a long time on the stand; and once or twice this individual seemed a good deal confused in manner and expression; still nothing important could be drawn from him, his account of the papers corresponding sufficiently well with that of the plaintiff.

It was late in the afternoon when the proceedings of the trial reached this stage, and the court adjourned. Some of Hazlehurst's friends were uneasy, others were confident of success. Mr. Stryker declared he thought the sailor had made out a very strong case, and he predicted that he would gain the suit. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Stanley and the ladies at Wyllys-Roof were left in ignorance of what passed in the court-room. Robert Hazlehurst, at whose house Mrs. Stanley and Miss Wyllys

were staying, made brief notes of the proceedings every few hours, and sent them to his wife and friends, who despatched them by every mail to the younger ladies at Wyllys-Roof.

When the court met again, the time for the defendants to be heard had arrived.

The defence was opened by Hazlehurst; he had had but little practice at the bar, but, like most educated Americans, it required but little to fit him for speaking in public. His voice was good, his manner and appearance were highly in his favour; he had the best of materials to work with—native ability, cultivated by a thorough education, and supported by just views and sound principles. Energy of character and feeling helped him also; warming as he proceeded, he threw himself fully into his subject, and went on with a facility surprising to himself, and far surpassing the most sanguine expectations of his friends. As for his opponents, they had anticipated very little from him. We give a sketch of his opening remarks:

“It is the first time, gentlemen,” he said, on rising to speak, “that the individual who now addresses you has ever appeared in a high court of justice as an act of self-defence. I have never yet been solemnly called upon to account for my past actions by any fellow-creature. My moral

motives have never yet been publicly impugned. The position in which I now stand, accused of denying the just rights of another, of wilfully withholding the parental inheritance from the son of my benefactor, is therefore as novel to myself in its whole character, as it must appear remarkable to you in its peculiar circumstances.

“I have already learned, however, during the few years that I have filled a place on the busy stage of active life, that in the world to which we belong, Truth herself is compelled to appear on the defensive, nearly as often, perhaps, as Error. I have no right, therefore, to complain. So long as I am included in the same accusation, so long as I am associated in the same defence with the venerable man at my side—one, whose honourable career has furnished to the community represented by this assembly, a noble model of conduct during three-score years and ten; one whom it has been the especial object of my endeavours to follow in my own path through life—so long, I can have no wish to shrink from the situation in which I am placed; I can find no room for doubts or misgivings, as to the wisdom and rectitude of the course I have adopted.

“That the position, however, in which we stand before you, on the present occasion, gentlemen, is one that requires explanation, we readily

admit ; it is too remarkable in its particulars to escape the searching inquiry of justice. We appear in this court, the executors and legatee of Mr. Stanley—his widow, his nearest friend, and his adopted representative—to deny a claim, just in itself, advanced in the name of his only son. Such a position must be either quite untenable, totally unjustifiable, an outrage upon the common decency of society, or it must stand on the firm foundation of truth. You will easily believe, that such a position would never have been taken, under circumstances so extraordinary, by three individuals, possessing only a common share of honesty and good sense, unless they had held it to be one which they could maintain. You will readily admit, that it is the very last position which a man of clear integrity, good character, and natural feeling would wish to assume, unless acting from conscientious motives, and guided by sound reason.

“I have no wish to parade a stoical indifference to the pecuniary interests at stake to-day ; they are such as must seriously affect my fortune for years—possibly for life. A cause involving so large a sum of money, so fine a landed estate, honourably acquired by the late proprietor, and generously bequeathed to myself, must necessarily include many interests of a varied character.

Many grateful recollections of the past, many hopes for the future have been connected in my mind with the house at Greatwood ; from early boyhood I have been taught to look forward to it as a home and resting-place, when the busiest years of life shall have passed. These interests, however, although among the best enjoyments of existence, are of a nature entirely personal ; forgive me, if for a moment I have glanced at them.

“ But, gentlemen, if I have always valued the bequest of Mr. Stanley, from its own intrinsic importance, from the many advantages it has already procured me, from the hopes with which it is connected, and from the grateful recollection, that to the friendly affection of my benefactor, I owe its possession, yet, I solemnly affirm, in the hearing of hundreds of witnesses, that there is no honest occupation, however humble, no labour, however toilsome, that I would not at this instant cheerfully exchange for it, rather than retain that inheritance one hour from its rightful owner, could I believe him to be living.

“ No human being, I trust, who knows the principles from which I have hitherto acted, can show just ground for mistrusting this declaration.

“ But, fellow-citizens of the jury, to you I am a stranger. There is not one of your number, as

I now scan the faces in your box, that I recognize as that of an acquaintance. I cannot, therefore, expect you to believe this assertion, unsupported by evidence of its truth. I willingly leave vain declamation to those who have no better weapon to work with; were it in my power to influence your decision by volleys of words without meaning, sound without sense, such as only too often assail the ears of judges and juries, respect for honourable office you now [fill], would deter me from following such a course; self-respect would naturally prevent me from following so closely the example of the orator who first addressed you on behalf of the plaintiff.

“I have often before heard that orator, fellow-citizens of the jury; this is not the first occasion upon which I have listened with simple wonder to a fluency which ever flows undisturbed, undismayed, whether the obstacles in its way be those of law or justice, reason or truth. But if I have wondered at a facility so remarkable, never, for a single instant, have I wished to rival this supple dexterity. It is an accomplishment one can scarcely envy.

“On the other hand, these wholesome supplies of bombastic declamation form so large a part of the local stock in trade of the individual to whom I refer, that it would seem almost

cruel to deprive him of them ; we have all heard a common expression, more easily understood than explained, but which would be quite applicable to the pitiable state of the counsel for the plaintiff, when deprived of his chief support, his favourite modes of speech—he would then be reduced, gentlemen, to *less than nothing*.”

Hazlehurst’s face was expressive enough as he uttered these words.

“ No, fellow-citizens of the jury, I shall not ask you to believe a single assertion of my own unsustained by proof. At the proper moment, the testimony which we possess in favour of the death of Mr. Stanley’s son, and the facts which have led us to mistrust the strange story which you have just heard advanced in behalf of the plaintiff, will be laid before you. At present, suffer me, for a moment longer, to refer to the leading motives which have induced us to appear in this court, as defendants, under circumstances so singular.

“ The importance which, as legatee of Mr. Stanley, I attach to his generous gift, has not been denied. But, independently of this, there are other causes sufficient in themselves to have brought me into this hall, and these motives I share with the friends associated in the same defence. If we conceive ourselves to be justified

in refusing the demand of the plaintiff, as a consequence of this conviction, we must necessarily hold it to be an imperative duty to repel, by every honest means in our power, a claim we believe false.

“ This is a case which allows of no medium course. On one hand, either we, the defendants, are guilty of an act of the most cruel injustice ; or, on the other, the individual before you, assuming the name of William Stanley, is an impostor. The opinion of those most intimately connected with the late Mr. Stanley, is clearly proclaimed, by the stand they have deliberately taken, after examining the evidence with which the plaintiff advances his extraordinary claim. This individual who, from his own account, was content to remain for years in a state of passive indifference to the same important inheritance, now claimed so boldly in defiance of so many obstacles, we believe to be an impostor ; not a single, lingering scruple prevents my repeating the declaration, that I believe him to be a bold and daring impostor.

“ With this opinion, is it expected that I shall calmly endure that one, whose only title consists in his cunning and his audacity, should seize with impunity, property, legally, and justly my own ? Is it believed that I shall stand idly by, without a

struggle to defend the name of my deceased benefactor from such impudent abuse? That I should be content to see the very hearth-stone of my friend seized by the grossest cupidity? That I should surrender the guardianship of his grave to one with whom he never had a thought, a feeling, a sympathy in common? To one who would not scruple to sell that grave for a bottle of rum?

“ Every feeling revolts at the thought of such a shameful neglect of duty! No; I acknowledge myself bound, by every obligation to oppose to the last extremity such an audacious invasion of right and truth. Every feeling of respect and gratitude to the memory of my benefactor urges me forward; while all the attachment of the friend, and all the affection of the widow, revive, and unite in the defence.

“ But, fellow-citizens of the jury, my own personal rights, sufficient on a common occasion to rouse any man, the duties owed by each of the defendants to the memory of Mr. Stanley—duties sacred in the eyes of every right-thinking man, these are not the only motives which call upon us to oppose the plaintiff, to repel with all the strength we can command this daring act of piracy.

“ There is another duty still more urgent, a consideration of a still higher character, involved in

the course we pursue to-day. There is one object before us, far surpassing in importance any to which I have yet alluded ; it is one, fellow-citizens of the jury, in which each individual of your number is as deeply concerned as ourselves, in which the highest earthly interests of every human being in this community are included ; it is the one great object for which these walls were raised, this hall opened, which has placed those honourable men as judges on the seat of justice, which has called you together, from the less-important pursuit of your daily avocations, to give an impartial opinion in every case brought before you ; it is the high object of maintaining justice in the community to which we all equally belong.

“ I am willing to believe, fellow-citizens of the jury, that you are fully aware of the importance of your own office, of the dignity of this court, of the necessity of its existence, of its activity to protect the honest and inoffensive citizen against the designing, the unprincipled, and the violent. Such protection we know to be absolutely binding upon every community claiming to be civilized ; we know that without it no state of society, at all worthy of the dignity of human nature, at all worthy of the dignity of freemen, can exist ; without active justice, indeed, the name of Free-

dom becomes a mere sound of mockery. I have been taught to hold the opinion, gentlemen, that if there is one obligation more imperative than any other, imposed upon an American by the privileges of his birthright, it is this very duty of maintaining justice in her full integrity; of raising his voice in her behalf when she is threatened; of raising his arm in her defence when she is assailed.

“To move at the first clear appeal of justice, is surely one of the chief duties of every American citizen, of every man blessed with freedom of speech and freedom of action; and, surely, if this be a general rule, it would become a double act of moral cowardice to desert the post when those individual rights, confided especially to my own protection, including interests so important to myself are audaciously assailed. If there are circumstances which partially remove the weight of this obligation, of this public struggle for justice, from portions of the community, from the aged, who have already firmly upheld every honourable principle through a long course of years, and from those who are confined by their natural position to the narrow but holy circle of domestic duties; if such be honourable exemptions from bearing the brunt of the battle, it is only to open the front rank to every active citizen, laying claim

to manliness and honesty. Such I conceive to be the obligation imposed upon myself by the demand of the plaintiff. Upon examination, I can find no sufficient evidence to support this claim; it becomes, therefore, in my belief, by its very nature, an atrocious outrage alike to the living and the dead—an insulting violation of natural justice and the law of the land, sufficient to rouse every justifiable effort in resistance.

“Whenever attention may be called to a question, of a character audaciously unprincipled, even when quite independent of personal advantage and personal feeling, I should still hope that duty as a man, duty as a freeman, would have sufficient influence over my actions to urge me forward in opposition to its unrighteous demands, just so far as common sense and true principle shall point the way. Such I conceive to be the character of the present question; were there no pecuniary interest, no individual feeling at stake, I should still conceive it a duty to hold on the present occasion the position in which I now stand.

“The grounds upon which this opinion as to the character of the case has been formed, the grounds upon which we base our defence must now be laid before you.”

After this opening, Harry proceeded with an

outline of the testimony for the defence. His statement was very clear and accurate throughout; but as it contained nothing but what is already known to the reader, we shall omit this part of his remarks.

After he had given a general account of the conduct and views of the defendants, Mr. Ellsworth proceeded to lay the legal evidence in their possession before the court. The first point examined, was the testimony they had received as to the death of William Stanley. The wreck of the Jefferson was easily proved by a letter from the captain of the American ship Eagle, who had spoken the Jefferson the morning of the gale in which she was lost, and having safely rode out the storm himself, had afterwards seen the wreck. This letter was written on Captain Green's arrival in port, and was in answer to inquiries of Mr. Wyllys; besides an account of the gale, and the wreck of the Jefferson, it contained the united opinions of his mates and himself, that no one could have escaped, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, as the vessel herself had foundered, and no boat could have lived in such a tempest. During a calm which had followed the gale, they had fallen in with fragments of the wreck, some of which had been used in repairing their own vessel;

they had seen several dead bodies, and had taken up an empty boat, and several other objects, but nothing which threw farther light on the subject. William Stanley's name, as one of the crew of the Jefferson, was next produced; this part of the testimony came through our acquaintance, Mr. Hopkins, who had been the owner of the Jefferson.

Then came proofs of the many efforts made by the executors to obtain accounts of Mr. Stanley's son, by advertisements to sailors and ship-masters in all the great ports of the country, repeated during five years; many letters and communications were also produced, all strengthening the report of the young man's death. An agent had been employed by Mrs. Stanley, for one year, with no other object than that of searching for intelligence of her step-son; the man himself was dead, but his letters were read, and sworn to by his wife. Only once had the executors obtained a faint hope of the young man's existence; the second-mate of a whaler reported that he had known a William Stanley, a foremast hand, in the Pacific; but eventually it appeared that the man alluded to was much older than Mr. Stanley's son, and his name was *Sanley*. Nothing could be more clearly proved than the efforts of the executors to obtain accurate intelli-

gence as to the young man's fate; and it was also evident from the reports received, that they could have no good reason to doubt his death.

The next points examined, included the person and conduct of the plaintiff. The bad character of the plaintiff was made to appear in the course of this examination; "a character which seems, at least, to have always clung to that individual under the various names it has pleased him to assume at different times," observed Mr. Ellsworth. It was clearly shown that he was considered a man of no principles, even among his comrades. The personal identity was fully examined; this part of the testimony excited intense interest among the audience, while even the court seemed to listen with increased attention. The opinions of the different witnesses on this point were not disputed; the general resemblance of the plaintiff to the Stanleys was not denied; the similarity of hand-writing was also admitted; but Mr. Ellsworth argued, that such resemblances, among persons who were in no way related to each other, were not uncommon; probably every individual in that court-room had been told fifty times that he was like A., B., or C. Occasionally, such resemblances were really very marked indeed.

He then cited the instance of a man who was

hanged in England on this very ground of personal identity, sworn to by many individuals; and yet, a year after, it was discovered that the real criminal was living; and these two men, so strikingly alike, had never even seen each other, nor were they in any manner related to each other. But who could say whether the plaintiff were actually so much like William Stanley? It was not certain that any individual in that room had seen the young man for eighteen years; but one of the defendants had any distinct recollection of him, even at that time; the colour of the hair, and a general resemblance in complexion and features, might well be the amount of all that could be advanced in favour of the likeness; the plaintiff resembled the Stanleys, father and son: but probably a hundred other men might be picked up in the country, in whom the same resemblance might be found—men who laid no claim to the name or estate of Mr. Stanley. Similarity of hand-writing was not uncommon either; and here some dozen notes and letters were produced, and proved, to a certain degree, that this assertion was correct; in several cases the resemblance was very great; and Mr. Ellsworth maintained, that with the documents in the possession of the sailor, undeniably written by young Stanley, any common writer, devoid of

honesty, might have moulded his hand by practice to an imitation of it sufficient for forgery.

So much for the resemblance. He would now point out the difference between the plaintiff and William Stanley in two points, which, if clearly proved, must convince the jury that identity was utterly impossible, a pure fiction, a gross deception. He then produced the portrait of William Stanley; after acknowledging that there was some general resemblance, he suddenly showed the difference in the formation of the hands, fingers, and nails, between the boy and the plaintiff. This difference was indeed striking, for Ellsworth took a moment to point it out, when the sailor was in court, and engaged in putting a piece of tobacco in his mouth, and his hands were in full view. For a second he seemed out of countenance, but he soon resumed the confident look he had worn throughout. Mr. Ellsworth entered very minutely into this fact, showing that painters usually gave a correct idea of the hand when it was introduced in a portrait; and the impossibility of the natural formation of the hand being entirely changed, either by time or hard work, was proved by the testimony of anatomists. The family physician of the late Mr. Stanley was an important witness at this stage of the trial. He swore to the fidelity of the portrait, and confirmed

the fact of the particular formation of William Stanley's limbs when a boy; he thought it very improbable that a lad of his frame and constitution would ever become as heavy and robust as the plaintiff. He was asked by a juror if he thought this impossible? "No; he could not say it was impossible." The difference in gait was then examined.

"There is yet another point to be examined," said Ellsworth, "similar in nature, but still more decided in its bearing." He then brought forward all the testimony that had been collected as to the temper and capacity of William Stanley; it was clearly proved, chiefly by the young man's tutors and companions, that he was morose and stubborn in disposition, and dull in intellect. So far this point was easily settled; but it was difficult to place the opposite facts of the cleverness and better temper of the plaintiff, as clearly before the court as they had appeared to the defendants. Any one who had seen him under the same circumstances as Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst, during the last three months, would have been convinced of this difference; but in the court-room it was not so easy to place the matter beyond dispute, although two witnesses gave their opinions on this point under oath, and Ellsworth did all he could by attracting attention

to the plaintiff, to his manner and expression; but he was not quite satisfied with the result of his own endeavours.

“ Let us now look at the conduct of this individual ; we shall find it, I think, quite inconsistent with what any man of plain, good sense, would have supposed the most easy and natural course under the circumstances ; while, on the other hand, it is entirely consistent throughout, in being strongly marked with the stamp of improbability in its general aspect, and its details.”

After a review of the plaintiff's course, as it stood in his own statement, he proceeded to investigate his conduct during the last three months, maintaining that had he really been William Stanley, he would have presented himself long since to Mr. Wyllys unsupported by Mr. Clapp ; he would not have found it necessary to visit Greatwood, and examine the house and place so thoroughly before submitting to an examination ; he would not have waited to be examined, he would voluntarily have told his own story in a manner to produce undeniable conviction. For instance, but a few weeks since, when, if we may believe his story, that pocket-book came into his possession again, had he gone to Mr. Wyllys, shown it, and merely told him accurately, from whom, when, and where he had first

received it, he would have been immediately recognized as the individual he claims to be.

Had he been William Stanley, he could have told those simple facts, he would have told them; while they were facts which it was impossible that an impostor should know, since they were confined entirely to Mr. Wyllys and his friend's son—Mr. Wyllys himself having given the pocket-book to William Stanley when they were alone together. He appealed to every man there present, what would have been his own conduct under such circumstances? As to the readiness of Mr. Wyllys to receive William Stanley, could he believe him living, it was proved by the past conduct of the executors, their anxiety to obtain a correct account of the young man's fate, their hopes at first, their regrets at last, when hope had died away.

Ellsworth closed his speech by observing, that after this review of the circumstances, considering the striking differences pointed out in person, temper, and capacity, from those of William Stanley, the irreconcilable difference in the gait and formation of the limbs, and the unnatural conduct of the plaintiff throughout, had Mr. Wyllys received this man as William Stanley, the son of his deceased friend, it would have been a gross neglect of duty on his part.

There now remained but one act to complete the defence. It was concluded by Mr. Grant, who went over the whole case in a speech, in his usual well-known manner, learned and close in its reasoning, caustic and severe in its remarks on the opposite party. His general view was chiefly legal; occasionally, however, he introduced short and impressive remarks on the general aspect of the case, and the particular character of the most suspicious facts presented by the plaintiff; he was severe upon Mr. Clapp, showing a shrewd and thorough knowledge of the man, and the legal species to which he belonged. The Longbridge lawyer put on an increase of vulgar nonchalance for the occasion, but he was unable to conceal entirely his uneasiness under the sharp and well-aimed hits of one, so much his superior in standing and real ability. Mr. Grant dwelt particularly upon the suspicious appearance of the facts connected with the volume of the Spectator, and the pocket-book, both of which he admitted to have belonged to William Stanley originally; and he seemed to manage the difference in temper and capacity more effectually than Mr. Ellsworth had done. His speech was listened to with the closest attention during several hours; after having reviewed the testi-

mony on both sides, and finished his legal survey of the ground, he concluded as follows :

“ Gentlemen of the jury ; the facts of this case are before you, so far, at least, as we could reach them ; there are, doubtless, others behind the curtain which might prove highly important in assisting your decision. You have followed me over the dull track of the law wherever it led us near this case, and I thank you for the patience you have shown. The subject is now fully before you, and I conceive that you will agree with me that in the present case, the counsel for the plaintiff have undertaken a task of no ordinary difficulty. It seems a task by no means enviable under any of its different aspects ; but really, in the whole course of my experience at the bar, it has never yet fallen to my lot to witness so startling a feat of legal legerdemain as that attempted in this court-room by the counsel for the plaintiff. I conceive, gentlemen, that they are engaged in a task seldom attempted since the days of wizards and necromancers—they have undertaken to raise a ghost !”

It was now time for the plaintiff's lawyers to close the trial. Mr. Clapp wished to speak again, but Mr. Reed took the case entirely in his own hands ; he was evidently firmly convinced of the

identity of his client with William Stanley, and the natural indignation he felt at the accusations of the defendants, and the treatment the sailor had received from the executors, gave unusual warmth to his manner, which was generally calm; it was remarked that he had never made a stronger speech than on that occasion. He did not dispute the honesty of the opinions of Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst, but he conceived they had no right to hold such opinions after examining the testimony in behalf of the plaintiff. He conceived that the defendant attached an importance altogether puerile to mere common probability, every-day probability; how many facts, now proved as clearly as human evidence can prove, have worn at first an improbable aspect to many minds! How many legal cases of an improbable nature might be cited! He would only allude to a few;" and here he went over several remarkable cases on record.

"And yet he would even engage to answer the objections against his client on this very ground of probability; much had been said about the volume of the Spectator, but Mr. Hazlehurst could not swear to having read it at Greatwood four years since; while it appeared on cross-examination that his brother had the same edition of that book in Philadelphia, and that

Mr. Hazlehurst was in the habit of reading his brother's books; it also appeared that other volumes had been lost from the house at Greenwood in the course of the last four years. He held it then to be clearly probable; first, that Mr. Hazlehurst had not read that identical volume shown at the interview, but one belonging to his brother; secondly, that the same volume had not been lost within the last four years; that others had been lost was certain, but that this volume had been in the possession of his client for nearly twenty years was *probable*." He went on in the same way to prove the probability of his client's gait having been changed, like that of other sailors, by a life at sea; that his whole body had become heavier and coarser from twenty years' hard work and change of habits. He here made Dr. B——, the physician, who had testified on this subject, appear in a ridiculous light, by quoting some unfortunately obscure remarks he had made under cross-examination.

"Then, as to his client's temper, he hoped it had improved with age, but he thought that point had not been as clearly settled as his best friends could wish; still, it was by no means *improbable* that it had improved under the salutary restraints of greater intercourse with the world. Who has not known persons whose

tempers have become better under such circumstances? As to the capacity of his client, that had also *probably* been roused into greater activity by the same circumstances. Who has not heard of striking instances in which boys have been pronounced stupid by their masters and play-fellows, and yet the same lads have afterwards turned out even brilliant geniuses?" He mentioned several instances of this kind. He went over the most striking features of the whole case in this manner, but we are necessarily compelled to abridge his remarks.

"He accepted this ground of probability fully and entirely; the conduct of his client had been thought unnatural; he conceived that the very same stubborn, morose disposition, which the defendants had laboured so hard to fasten upon William Stanley, would account in the most *probable* manner for all that had been unusual in the conduct of his client. The same boy who at fifteen had so recklessly exchanged a pleasant home and brilliant prospects for a sailor's hardships, might very naturally have continued to feel, and to act as the plaintiff had done."

He then brought together all the points in favour of the sailor. "The resemblance between the plaintiff and William Stanley had been called trifling by the counsel for the defendants; he

considered it a remarkably strong resemblance; since it included not only acknowledged personal likeness, but also similarity of hand-writing, of age, of occupation, the possession of documents admitted to be authentic by the defendants themselves, with knowledge of past events, persons, and places, such as would be natural in William Stanley, but quite beyond the reach of a common stranger. He conceived that the great number of different points in his client's favour was a far stronger ground for the truth of his claim than any one fact, however striking, standing alone. He held that this mass of evidence, both positive and circumstantial, could be accounted for in no other way at all *probable*, than by admitting the identity of his client. He conceived it also probable that any unprejudiced man would take the same view of this case; a case singular in its first aspect, though not more singular than hundreds of others on record, and entirely within the bounds of possibility in every fact, while it assumed greater probability the farther it was examined." He then adverted to several points merely legal, and finally concluded by a strong appeal in behalf of the plaintiff.

The judge rose to make his charge; it was strictly legal and impartial, chiefly reminding the jury that they were to decide entirely from the

facts which had been placed before them ; if they thought the evidence to which they listened sufficient to prove legally the identity of the plaintiff as William Stanley, they must give a verdict in his favour ; if they held that evidence to be incomplete and insufficient, according to the legal views which must be their guide, they must pronounce a verdict in favour of the defendants : concluding with explaining one or two legal points, and an injunction to weigh the whole evidence impartially, the judge took his seat.

The jury rose ; marshalled by constables and headed by their foreman, they turned from the box and left the court-room to consider their verdict.

Another cause was called. The parties interested, their friends, and the crowd of curious spectators poured from the building, discussing as they moved along the probable result, which could scarcely be known until the next morning, for it was late on the fourth night that the trial closed.

CHAPTER VIII.

“*Tout est perdu hors l'honneur !*”

FRANÇOIS I.

HAZLEHURST's friends, fully aware of the importance of the cause to his interests, had followed the trial with great anxiety. Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, Miss Wyllys, and Mrs. Creighton were regularly informed of the events which had passed whenever the court adjourned. The young ladies at Wyllys-Roof, Elinor, Jane, and Mary Van Alstyne were obliged to wait longer for information; they had received, however, regular reports of the proceedings by every mail; they had learned that the trial had closed, and were now waiting most anxiously for the final decision of the jury.

“I had no idea the trial would last so long—had you?” observed Mary Van Alstyne, as the

three friends were sitting together waiting for that day's mail, which must at length bring them the important news.

"Yes; grandpapa told me that it might possibly last a week."

"I don't see why they cannot decide it sooner," said Jane; "anybody might know that sailor could not be William Stanley. Poor Harry! what trouble he has had with the man ever since he came home!"

At that moment carriage-wheels were heard approaching. Elinor ran to the window.

"They are coming!" she cried; and in another instant she was on the piazza, followed by Mary and Jane.

Two carriages were approaching the door.

"Here they are—all our friends!" exclaimed Mary Van Alstyne, as she recognized in the first open waggon Mr. Wyllys and Ellsworth, and in the barouche behind, the ladies, including Mrs. Creighton; while Harry himself sat at the side of the coachman.

Elinor was on the last step of the piazza, looking eagerly towards the faces of her friends as they advanced.

"Grandpapa!" she exclaimed, looking all anxious curiosity as the waggon stopped.

Mr. Wyllys smiled, but not triumphantly.

Ellsworth shook his head as he sprang from the waggon and took her hand.

"Can it be possible!—Is the suit lost?" she again exclaimed.

"Only too possible," replied Mr. Ellsworth. "The jury have given a verdict for the plaintiff in spite of our best endeavours."

Elinor turned towards Harry, and offered him both her hands. Hazlehurst received them with feeling, with emotion.

"I can't acknowledge that I am such a poor forlorn fellow as one might fancy," he said, smiling, "while I have still such kind and warm friends."

Elinor blushing to find herself between the two gentlemen, advanced to receive the kiss of her aunt and Mrs. Stanley. The countenance of the latter lady showed evident traces of the painful feelings she had experienced at the decision. Mrs. Creighton too looked a little disturbed; though graceful as ever in her manner, she was not easy; it was clear that she had been much disappointed by Harry's defeat.

"I am grieved to hear the bad news, Mr. Hazlehurst!" said Mary Van Alstyne.

"Poor Harry—I am so sorry for you!" exclaimed Jane, looking very lovely as she raised her eyes to her kinsman's face.

“Ellsworth, can't you manage to lose all you are worth and a little more?” said Harry, smiling, after having thanked the ladies for their kind reception.

“As I could not keep your property for you with the best will in the world, no doubt I could get rid of my own too,” replied his friend.

When the whole party assembled in the drawing-room, nothing was talked of for a while but the trial. It appeared that the jury had been fifteen hours considering their verdict. The doors of the court-room had been crowded by people curious to learn the decision of the case, and when the jury entered the court with their verdict there was a rush forward to hear it.

“Verdict for the plaintiff,” was announced by the clerk in a loud voice, in the usual official manner.

“Clapp was standing near me at the moment,” said Harry, “there was a flash of triumph in his face as he turned towards me. The sailor actually looked bewildered for an instant, but he soon appeared very well satisfied. As for myself, I honestly declare that I expected such would be the result.”

“It was too late to write to you, my child,” said Mr. Wyllys; “we only heard the verdict in

time to prepare for leaving town in the morning's boat. And now, Nelly, you must give us some consolation in the shape of a good dinner."

It was very evident that although everybody endeavoured to wear a cheerful face, the defeat had been much felt by Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Wyllys, and Ellsworth. Hazlehurst himself really appeared better prepared for the misfortune than any of the party; in fact, he conceived Mrs. Stanley's position to be more painful than his own, though so much less critical in a pecuniary view.

Mrs. Creighton was certainly neither so gay, nor so easy as usual in her manner; one might have fancied that she felt herself in an unpleasant and rather an awkward position—a very unusual thing for that lady. It might have struck an observer that she wished to appear as amiable as ever to Harry, but she did not succeed entirely in concealing that her interest in him was materially diminished, now that he was no longer Mr. Stanley's heir. It was only by trifling shades of manner, however, that this was betrayed; perhaps no one of the circle at Wyllys-Roof remarked it—perhaps it was not lost upon Hazlehurst—there seemed to be an occasional expression in his eye which said so.

After the party had separated to prepare for dinner, Elinor joined her aunt, and learned many farther particulars of the trial.

“Is there no hope, aunt? Can nothing be done? No new trial?”

“I am afraid not. The gentlemen are to hold several consultations on that point, however, but they seem to agree that little can be done. Both your grandfather and Harry were determined to go on if there were the least probability of success; but Mr. Grant, Mr. Ellsworth, and several other gentlemen say they can give them no grounds for encouragement. The trial was perfectly regular, and they think an appeal for a new trial would be rejected; and even if it were granted, they see no reason to hope for a different verdict.”

“And yet there cannot be a doubt, aunt, to us, at least, that this man is an impostor!” exclaimed Elinor.

“No, not to us certainly; but it was not possible to place the proofs of this as clearly before the court as they have appeared to us. Harry says he was afraid from the beginning that this would be the case.”

“How well he bears it!” exclaimed Elinor. “And Mrs. Stanley, she can scarcely speak on the subject!”

“She feels it most keenly. Would you believe it, my child, when we arrived on board the boat this morning, we found Mr. Clapp and this man already there; and at a moment when Mrs. Stanley and I were sitting alone together, the gentlemen having left us, and Mrs. Creighton being with another party, they came and walked up and down before us. Mr. Clapp took off his hat, and running his hand through his hair, as he does so often, he said in a loud voice: ‘Well, Mr. Stanley, when do you go to Greatwood?’ Happily, Harry saw us from the other side of the deck, and he instantly joined us. Of course we did not mention to him what had passed; and although Mr. Clapp was noisy and vulgar, yet he did not come so near us again.”

“What a miserable man he is!” exclaimed Elinor. “And is it possible that sailor is going to take possession of my Uncle Stanley’s house immediately!”

“I do not know, my child. Everything has been left in the hands of Robert Hazlehurst and Mr. Grant by our friends.”

Already had Elinor’s mind been busy with planning relief for Hazlehurst; if he were now worse than penniless, she was rich—it would be in her power to assist him. The point itself

had been long since settled by her, but the manner in which it was to be done was now to be considered. She was determined, at least, that her old playfellow should have the use of any sum he might require, under the circumstances, that would be the easiest and most acceptable to himself. Her grandfather must make the offer. They would either wait until he returned from the cruise in the *Petrel*, or possibly it would be better to write to him while absent.

Elinor had, perhaps, been more disappointed by the verdict than any one, for she had been very sanguine as to the result; she had not conceived it possible that such gross injustice could triumph.

But, alas! how imperfect is merely human justice in its best form! It is a humiliating reflection for the human race, that Justice, one of the highest attributes of Truth, should have so little power among men; that when guided by human reason alone she should so often err!

To guard faithfully the general purity of Justice, to watch that her arm is neither crippled by violence nor palsied by fear, that her hands are not polluted by bribery, nor her ears assailed by flattery, is all that human means can do; but woe to the society where this duty is neglected,

for disgrace and general corruption are then inevitable.

It was a day of movement at Wyllys-Roof; after the arrival of the party from Philadelphia, there were constant communications with their neighbours at Broadlawn, as the long talked of cruise of the *Petrel* had been only postponed for Harry's return, and young de Vaux was now all impatience to be off.

When Elinor went down for dinner, she found Ellsworth and Harry on the piazza playing with Bruno, the fine Newfoundland dog which Hazlehurst had given her when he first went abroad.

"He is a noble creature!" exclaimed Ellsworth.

"I am making friends with Bruno again, you see," said Harry, as Elinor drew near. "What would you say if I coaxed him off to the *Petrel* with me to-morrow?"

"You are very welcome to his company for the voyage if you can persuade him to go. Down Bruno, down, my good friend," she said, as the dog bounded towards her; "I wish you would remember that a thin white dress must be treated with some respect. Are you really going to-morrow?" she added, turning to Harry.

"Yes; we are under sailing orders. I have just been over to look at the *Petrel*, and every-

thing is ready. De Vaux has only been waiting for me—the rest of the party has been collected for some days. I found Smith, the conchologist, and Stryker at Broadlawn.”

“Has your course been finally settled?” asked Ellsworth.

“Yes. We are to circumnavigate Long-Island.”

“You will have an agreeable cruise, I dare say, with a pleasant set of messmates. Hubert de Vaux is a good fellow himself, and Stryker is in his element on such occasions.”

“We are to have Charlie Hubbard, too, and Harman Van Horne.”

“How long will you be gone?” said Elinor.

“Some ten days, or a fortnight at the very farthest.”

“Can we see anything of Mr. de Vaux’s boat from here?” asked Mrs. Creighton, stepping on the piazza.

“Only her masts; in this direction, near the grove,” replied Harry. “She is a schooner, and a beautiful craft, too.”

“Miss Wyllys, you should coax Mr. de Vaux to give the ladies a pic-nic when he returns,” said Mrs. Creighton.

“No doubt he would be happy to do so if you were to express the wish,” said Elinor.

“Unfortunately, I shall not be here. Wyllys-Roof is a dangerous place, one always stays here too long; but I cannot positively afford more than a day or two at present. I have promised to be in town on Thursday.”

Elinor expressed her regrets very hospitably; and they were soon after summoned to dinner.

In the evening, Hubert de Vaux and the gentlemen from Broadlawn, engaged for the cruise, walked in. Charlie Hubbard was there too; he had remained in Philadelphia during the whole trial, and had just returned home that morning.

“And so you are positively going to-morrow,” said Mr. Wyllys to young de Vaux.

“Positively; at six in the morning.”

“Is it part of your plan to stow yourselves away at night in the Petrel?”

“The Petrel’s cabin is not to be despised, I assure you, Sir. It has six as good berths as those of any North-River sloop that ever carried passengers in days of yore. But we shall only sleep on board occasionally for the fun of the thing.”

“At what places do you intend to put into port?”

“We are going to shoot for a day or two on Long-Island; and we shall let the Yankees

have a sight of the Petrel, at New Haven, Sachem's-Head, and Nantucket."

"I have no doubt you will have a pleasant excursion."

"Our only difficulty at present seems the prospect of too much comfort," said Charlie. "Mrs. de Vaux expressed some fears of a famine at Longbridge in consequence of this cruise, we carry off such a stock of provisions."

"Not a bit too much. People always want twice as much on a party of pleasure as at other times," said Hubert de Vaux.

The plan of the cruise was talked over in all its details, and the whole party seemed pleased with the idea. Young Van Horne, now a practising physician in New York, was delighted with the prospect of a week's liberty; Mr. Smith, the conchologist, hoped to pick up some precious *univalve* or *bivalve*; Charlie talked of taking a sketch of Cape Cod; Harry declared he was determined to enjoy the trip, as the last holiday he could allow himself for a long time; and Mr. Stryker promised himself the best of chowders—a sea-dish in which he professed himself to be a great connoisseur. Mrs. Creighton, indeed, declared that he looked upon that season as lost in which he could not make some improvement in his celebrated recipe for chowder.

Whether it was that this lady's gaiety and coquetry instinctively revived in the company of so many gentlemen, or whether she felt afraid of Mr. Stryker's keen, worldly scrutiny, her manner in the evening resumed entirely its wonted appearance. She was witty, graceful, piquant, and flattering as ever, and quite as much so with Hazlehurst as with any.

"What do you say to a game of chess, Mrs. Creighton?" asked Mr. Wyllys.

"With pleasure, Sir; I am always at your service. Not that it is very pleasant to be beaten so often, but I really think I improve under your instructions. You are so much interested yourself that you inspire others."

"You must allow me, Mrs. Creighton, to suggest something for your improvement," said Mr. Stryker.

"And what is it, pray?"

"You talk too much; you make yourself too agreeable to your adversary—that is not fair."

"Oh! it is only a *ruse de guerre*; and Mr. Wyllys beats me nine games out of ten, in spite of my chattering."

"No doubt; but if you could make up your mind to be less charming for half an hour, you might have the honours of the game oftener."

"I must gain the battle my own way, Mr. Stryker, or not at all."

"I leave you to your fate then," said the gentleman, turning away.

Charlie, Elinor, Harry, and Jane were quietly talking together; Jane having now resumed her place in the family circle. They were speaking of Charlie's sketches, and the young widow asked if he ever painted portraits now. Mrs. Taylor wished to have her's taken before she left them to return to her parents.

"You do paint portraits," said Elinor. "I have seen those of your mother and Miss Patsey."

Charlie changed colour, and hastily denied any claim to be called a portrait-painter.

"Yet it would be pleasant," said Elinor "to have a picture of my cousin painted by you."

Jane observed she should like to have Elinor's by the same hand.

"Oh! my portrait would not be worth having," said Elinor, smiling: "certainly not if taken by an honest artist."

"You will both, I hope, fare better from the hands of Mr. I—— or Mr. S——," said Charlie, with some little embarrassment.

Mr. Ellsworth, who had been standing near the group, now asked Elinor to sing.

“What will you have?” she replied, taking a seat at the piano.

“Anything you please.”

“Pray then give us Robin Adair, Miss Elinor,” said Charlie.

Elinor sang the well-known song with greater sweetness than usual—she was decidedly in good voice; both Charlie and Harry listened with great pleasure as they stood by her side. Jane was also sitting near the piano, and seemed more interested in the music than usual; it was a song which the young widow had so often heard, in what she now looked back to as the happy days of her girlhood. More than one individual in the room thought it charming to listen to Elinor and look at Jane at the same instant. Several of the gentlemen then sang, and the party broke up cheerfully.

Little was it thought, that never again could the same circle be re-united at Wyllys-Roof; all who crossed the threshold that night were not to return.

CHAPTER IX.

“I pr’ythee hear me speak!”

RICHARD III.

HAZLEHURST had gone out with his friends, and continued walking on the piazza, first with Charlie and then with Ellsworth. At length Mrs. Stanley called him from the window to say good-bye, as she did not expect to see him again before the cruise; the other ladies also wished him a pleasant excursion at the same moment.

“Good fishing and no musquitoes, which, I take it, is all that is desirable on such an occasion,” said Mrs. Creighton, smiling brightly but carelessly, as she offered her hand.

“Thank you. I suppose you have no commands for Cape Cod?”

“None at all, I believe, unless you can bring us the true Yankee recipe for chowder, which Mr. Stryker was explaining this evening.”

“You will be off so early to-morrow that we shall scarcely see you, Harry,” said Miss Wyllys. “You must come back to us, however, and fall into the old habit of considering Wyllys-Roof as home whenever you please,” she added kindly.

Harry’s thanks were expressed with feeling.

“And in the mean time I hope you will have a pleasant cruise,” said Elinor. “Fair winds and better prospects attend you!” and as she raised her eyes, Harry observed they had filled with tears when she made this allusion to his difficulties. Perhaps Ellsworth made the same remark, and appreciated her kindness; for when Elinor turned to wish him good-night, we strongly suspect that his countenance said so; there could be no doubt, at least, that she blushed at the time, though pale but a moment before.

After the ladies had gone, Mr. Wyllys and Ellsworth went off together, and Harry returned to the piazza.

It was, perhaps, inconsiderate in Hazlehurst to continue walking so late, for the sound of his footsteps fell regularly on the stillness of the night, long after the family had gone to rest, and may possibly have disturbed some of his friends; but many busy thoughts of the past and the future crowded on his mind while pacing that familiar spot, the piazza of Wyllys-Roof. It is

time that these thoughts should be partially revealed to the reader, and for that purpose we must pause a moment in order to look backward.

Long since, Harry's heart had warmed again towards his old play-fellow, Elinor. As soon as the first novelty of a life at Rio had worn off, Harry, whose affections were strong, began to miss his old friends; the more so, since Mr. Henley, although his principles and talents entirely commanded his secretary's esteem, was not a pleasant companion in every day life. Hazlehurst soon began to contrast the minister's formal, old bachelor establishment with the pleasant house of his friend Ellsworth, where Mrs. Creighton did the honours charmingly, and with the cheerful home of his brother, where his sister-in-law always received him kindly: still oftener he compared the cold, stately atmosphere which seemed to fill Mr. Henley's house with the pleasant, genial spirit which prevailed at Wyllys-Roof, where everything excellent wore so amiable an aspect. Until lately he had always been so closely connected with the family there, that he accused himself of not having done full justice to all their worth. He took a pleasure in dwelling on Mr. Wyllys's high moral character, so happily tempered by the benevolence of cheer-

ful old age ; he remembered the quiet, unpretending virtues of Miss Wyllys, always mingled with unvarying kindness to himself ; and could he forget Elinor, whose whole character was so engaging ; uniting strength of principle and intelligence, with a disposition so lovely, so endearing ? A place in this family had been his—his for life, and he had trifled with it—rejected it ; worse than that—well he knew that the best place in Elinor's generous heart had once been wholly his ; he had applied for it—he had won it ; and what return had he made for her warmest affections ? He had trifled with her ; the world said he had jilted her—jilted the true-hearted Elinor, his friend and companion from childhood ! Knowing her as well as he did, he had treated her as if she were a mere ball-room coquette ; he had forgotten her as soon as if it had been a mere holiday farcy of a boy of fifteen. He had been completely infatuated, dazzled, blinded by a beautiful face. That it was sheer infatuation was now evident ; for, absent from both Elinor and Jane, all feeling for the latter seemed to have vanished like a dream.

It is said that love without hope cannot live : the question must be settled by those who have suffered most frequently from the wounds of Cupid ; but it seems evident, at least, from

Harry's experience, that love which has fed plentifully upon hopes for some months, when suddenly put upon a change of diet, and receiving a large dose of mortification to boot, falls immediately into a rapid decline. The recollection of his fancy for Jane was now unpleasant under every aspect, but where it was connected with Elinor, he soon began to consider it as particularly painful. He regretted that he had engaged Elinor in the hasty, boyish manner he had done before going abroad; had he not taken this step, the momentary mortification of a refusal by Jane would have been the only evil. Elinor would not have suffered, and all might have gone well.

Gradually the idea gained upon him, that it was not impossible to repair the past. His conduct had been unpardonable, no doubt; yet, perhaps, it might be forgiven. But even if Elinor could forget his inexcusable fickleness, would her friends ever consent to risk her future peace with one who had so recklessly trifled with her already? Mr. Wyllys had been deeply indignant at his conduct; his whole manner had changed, there had been a cold civility in it when they had met, which Harry had felt keenly—it amounted almost to contempt. Miss Wyllys, too, was no longer the kind, indulgent Aunt Agnes of his boyhood;

there was a very decided coldness and reserve in her whole expression, which it seemed all but impossible to overcome. He wished, however, that he had it in his power to make advances towards a reconciliation; he was prepared for merited coldness at first, but he would willingly submit to it as a just penance, if he could but hope eventually to regain his position with Elinor. Such a wife as Elinor would be, was worth a serious struggle to obtain. Then, at other moments, this idea appeared preposterous to him; how could the Wyllyses ever forgive him after so keen an insult—so cruel a blow? No, it was a dream—he would not indulge in it any longer; he would not think of marrying. He would turn out an old bachelor diplomatist, like Mr. Henley.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Creighton was entirely forgotten in these reveries of Harry's, which formed occasional interludes to his diplomatic labours while at Rio. On the contrary, she was remembered quite frequently; and every one who knew her must always think of the pretty widow as a charming woman; clever, graceful, gay, and well-bred. Nor had Hazlehurst been blind to her peculiarly flattering manner towards himself. The lady was his friend Ellsworth's sister, which was another claim; she was gene-

rally admired too, and this alone, with some men, would have given her a decided advantage : since we are revealing Harry's foibles, however, we must do him the justice to say, that he was not one of the class referred to. When he liked, he liked honestly, for good reasons of his own. At the time he left home with Mr. Henley, he had not been able to decide entirely to his own satisfaction, whether Mrs. Creighton really had any partiality for him or not ; he waited with a little interest and a little curiosity to know what she would do after he left Philadelphia.

News soon reached him that the lady was gay and charming as ever, much admired, and taking much pleasure in admiration as usual. He had known Mrs. Creighton from a girl ; she was a year or two older than himself, and had been a married woman while he was still a boy, and he had been long aware of her reputation as a coquette ; this had no doubt put him on his guard. He had occasionally remarked her conduct himself ; and having been so intimate with women of very different characters—his brother's wife, Miss Wylls, and Elinor—he knew very well that all women were not coquettes ; he had received a higher standard of female delicacy and female truth than many young men. So long, therefore, as he believed Mrs. Creighton a

decided flirt, he was in little danger from her: the lady, however, was no common coquette—cleverness, tact, good taste, gave her very great advantages; she was generally admired, and Hazlehurst expected daily to hear that she was married.

He had become very tired of Rio Janeiro, and very desirous of returning home, long before Mr. Henley was recalled to exchange the Court of Brazil for that of St. Petersburg. Sincere respect for Mr. Henley had alone kept him at Rio; and when he arrived at Norfolk, he was still undecided whether he should continue in the Legation or not. He found that all his friends were at Saratoga, and he hastened there; he was anxious to see the Wyllyses, anxious to see Elinor, and yet he dreaded the first meeting—he had already determined to be guided entirely in his future steps by their manner towards himself; if they did not absolutely shun him, he would make an effort for a complete reconciliation. He knew Elinor was unmarried; he had never heard of any engagement, and he might then hope to regain all he had lost. He arrived, he was received kindly, and the sight of Elinor's plain face did not change his determination; on the contrary, he found her just what he remembered her—just what he had always known her

to be—everything that was naturally feminine and amiable. But if Elinor were still herself, Harry soon found that her position had very materially altered of late; she was now an heiress, it seemed. What a contemptible interpretation might be placed on his advances under such circumstances! Then came the discovery of Mr. Ellsworth's views and hopes; and his friend was evidently sanguine of success. Thus everything was changed; he was compelled to remain in the back-ground to avoid carefully any interference with his friend.

There appeared no reason to doubt that Elinor would, ere long, marry Ellsworth; she herself certainly liked him, and her friends very evidently favoured his suit. On the other hand, Mrs. Creighton seemed particularly well pleased with his own return; she was certainly very charming, and it was by no means an unpleasant task to play cavalier to his friend's sister. Still he looked on with great interest, as Ellsworth pursued his courtship; and he often found himself making observations upon Elinor's movements. "Now she will do this"—"I am sure she thinks that"—"I know her better than Ellsworth"—"She can't endure Stryker"—and other remarks of the kind, which kept his attention fixed upon his old playfellow; the more closely he observed her, the

more he saw to love and admire ; for their former long intimacy had given him a key to her character, and greater knowledge of the world enabled him fully to appreciate her purity of principle, her native grace and modesty, the generous tone of her mind, the unaffected sweetness of her disposition. It appeared strange and unpleasant to him, that he must now draw back and see her engrossed by Ellsworth, when she had so long been his own favourite companion ; still he had no right to complain, it was his own fault that matters were so much changed. As for Mrs. Creighton, Harry could not satisfy himself with regard to her real feelings ; there were times when he thought she was attached to him, but just as it began to appear clear that she was not merely coquetting, just as he began to inquire if he could ever offer himself to a woman whom he admired very much, but whom he did not entirely respect, the pretty widow would run off, apparently in spite of herself, into some very evident flirtation with Stryker, with de Vaux, with Mr. Wyllys, in fact with any man who came in her way. Generally he felt relieved by these caprices, since they left perfect liberty of action to himself ; occasionally he was vexed with her coquetry, vexed with himself for admiring her in spite of it all. Had Harry never known Mrs.

Creighton previously, he would doubtless have fallen very decidedly in love with her in a short time ; but he had known her too long, and half mistrusted her ; had he never known Elinor so thoroughly, he would not have understood Mrs. Creighton. He involuntary compared the two together ; both were particularly clever, well-bred, and graceful ; but Harry felt that one was ingenuous, amiable, and natural, while he knew that the other was worldly, bright, but cold, and interested in all her views and actions.

Elinor's charm lay in the perfect confidence one reposed in the firmness of her principles, the strength of her affections, softened as they were by feminine grace of mind and person. Mrs. Creighton fascinated by the brilliant gloss of the world, the perfection of art, inspired by the natural instincts of a clever, educated coquette. There had been moments when Hazlehurst was all but deceived into believing himself unjust towards Mrs. Creighton, so charmingly piquant, so gracefully flattering was her manner ; but he owed his eventual escape to the only talisman which can ever save a young man, or an old one either, from the wiles of a pretty, artful coquette ; he carried about with him the reflection of a purer model of womanly virtue, one gradually

formed from boyhood upon Elinor's mould, and which at last had entirely filled his mind and his heart.

Since the commencement of the Stanley suit, Hazlehurst had become quite disgusted with Mrs. Creighton's conduct; art may reach a great way, but it can never cover the whole ground, and the pretty widow involuntarily betrayed too many variations of manner, graduated by Harry's varying prospects; his eyes were completely opened; he was ashamed of himself for having been half-persuaded that she was attached to him. How different had been Elinor's conduct! She had shown throughout a warm, unwavering interest in his difficulties, always more frankly expressed in his least encouraging moments; indeed she had sometimes blushed, from the fear that her sympathy might be mistaken for something more than friendly regard for her kinsman. Harry saw it all; he understood the conduct of both, and he felt Elinor's kindness deeply; he was no longer ungrateful, and he longed to tell her so. True, she would ere long become his friend's wife, but might he not, under the circumstances, be permitted first to declare his feelings? It would, perhaps, be only a just atonement for the past—only what was due to Elinor. Harry tried to persuade

himself into this view of the case, as he looked up towards her window, invoking a blessing on her gentle head.

Hazlehurst's reflections, while on the piazza, had commenced with his pecuniary difficulties, and the consequences of his late defeat, but they gradually centered on Elinor in a very lover-like manner, much in the shape we have given them. But, at length, the moon went down behind the wood, and those whose rooms were on that side of the house found that the sound of his footsteps had ceased; and nothing farther disturbed the stillness of the night.

"Did you see the Petrel this morning, grand-papa?" said Elinor, as she was pouring out the coffee at the breakfast-table.

"No, I did not, my child. I took it for granted they were off before sun-rise, and did not look for them."

"They were behind their time; they were in sight from my window about an hour since."

"Some of the youngsters have been lazy, I suppose. I hope Harry was not the delinquent."

"I heard him pass my door quite early," observed Miss Agnes.

"When I saw them," said Elinor, "they had drawn off from the wharf, and were lying in the river as if they were waiting for something that

had been forgotten; the boat looked beautifully, for there was very little air, and she lay motionless on the water with her sails half-furled."

"Perhaps they stopped for Mr. Hubbard to make a sketch," said Ellsworth to Elinor.

"Hardly, I should think; time and tide, you know, wait for no man—not even to be sketched."

"But Hazlehurst told me his friend Hubbard had promised to immortalize the Petrel and her crew by a picture. Perhaps he chose the moment of departure; you say she appeared to great advantage then."

"I should think he would prefer waiting for some more striking moment. Who knows what adventures they may meet with! Mr. de Vaux expects to win a race; perhaps, they may catch a whale, or see the sea-serpent."

"No doubt Mr. Stryker would try to catch the monster, if they were to meet with him. His fishing ambition is boundless," said Mrs. Creighton.

"But there is no fashionable apparatus for catching sea-serpents," observed Elinor; "and Mr. Stryker's ambition is all fashionable."

"Stryker is not much of an Izaak Walton, certainly," remarked Ellsworth. "He calls it murder to catch a trout with a common rod and a natural fly. He will scarcely be the man to

bring in the sea-serpent; he would go after it though, in a moment, if a regular European sportsman were to propose it to him."

"I almost wonder we have not yet had an English yacht over here, whale-hunting, or sea-serpent-hunting," said Mrs. Creighton; "they are so fond of novelty and wild-goose chasing of any kind."

"It would make a lion of a dandy, at once," said Ellsworth, "if he could catch the sea-serpent."

"A single fin would be glory enough for one lion," said Elinor; "remember how many yards there are of him."

"If Stryker should catch a slice of the serpent, no doubt he will throw it into his chowder-pot, and add it to the recipe," said Mr. Wyllys.

"Well, Miss Wyllys, I think you and I might engage to eat all the monsters he catches, as Beatrice did Benedict's slain," said Mrs. Creighton.

"Do you intend to make up with Stryker, à la Beatrice?" asked the lady's brother. "It is some time now that you have carried on the war of wit with him."

"No, indeed; I have no such intentions. I leave him entirely to Miss Wyllys; all but his chowder, which I like now and then," said the lady, carelessly.

"I am sorry you will not be here, Mrs. Creighton, for the pic-nic to the ladies which de Vaux is to give when he comes back," said Mr. Wyllys; "Mr. Stryker will give us a fine chowder, no doubt."

"Thank you, Sir; I should enjoy the party exceedingly. I must not think too much of it, or I might be tempted to break my engagement with the Ramsays."

"Have you really decided to go so soon? I was in hopes we should be able to keep you much longer," said Miss Wyllys.

"I should be delighted to stay; but in addition to my visit to the Ramsays, who are going to town expressly for me, I must also pick up my little niece."

Miss Wyllys then made some inquiries about Mr. Ellsworth's little girl.

"She was very well and happy with her cousins when I heard from my eldest sister, a day or two since," he replied. "She has been with me very little this summer; I hope we shall be able to make some pleasanter arrangement for the future," he added, with a half-glance at Elinor.

"My brother has a very poor opinion of my abilities, Miss Wyllys; because I have no chil-

dren of my own, he fancies that I cannot manage his little girl."

"I am much obliged to you, Josephine, for what you have done for her, as you very well know."

"Oh, yes! You are much obliged to me and so forth; but you think Mary is in better hands with Mrs. Ellis, and so do I. I cannot keep the little thing in very good order, I acknowledge."

"It must be difficult not to spoil her, Mrs. Creighton," remarked Mr. Wyllys. "She is a very pretty and engaging child—just the size and age for a pet."

"That is the misfortune. She is so pretty that Frank thinks that I make a little doll of her; that I dress her too much. I believe he thinks I wear too many flowers and ribbons myself; he has become very fastidious in his taste about such matters lately; he wishes his daughter to dress with elegant simplicity; now I have a decided fancy for elegant ornament."

"He must be very bold, Mrs. Creighton, if he proposes any alteration to you."

"I agree with you entirely," said the lady, laughing; "for the last year or two I have been even less successful in suiting him than of old. He seems to have some very superior model in his mind's eye. But it is rather annoying to have one's taste in dress criticised, after having been

accustomed to hear it commended and consulted ever since I was fifteen."

"You must tolerate my less brilliant notions for the sake of variety," said her brother, smiling.

"I shall hope to make over Mary's wardrobe to some other direction before she grows up," said Mrs. Creighton; "for you and I would certainly quarrel over it."

The party rose from table. Elinor felt a touch of nervousness come upon her as she remarked that Mr. Ellsworth seemed to be watching her movements; while his face had worn rather a pre-occupied expression all the morning, seeming to threaten something important.

The day was very pleasant; and as Mr. Wyllys had some business at certain mills on Chewattan Lake, he proposed a ride on horseback to his friends, offering a seat in his old-fashioned chair to any lady who chose to take it.

Mrs. Creighton accepted the offer very readily.

"I have not been in any carriage so rustic and farmer-like these twenty years," she said.

"I shall be happy to drive you, if you can be satisfied with a sober old whip like myself, and a sober old pony like Timo."

"It is settled then; you ride I suppose, Miss Wyllys."

Elinor assented. Mary Van Alstyne was also

to go on horseback. Mr. Ellsworth thought that he would have preferred escorting one lady instead of two on that occasion. He seemed destined that morning to discover that a lover's course is not only impeded by important obstacles, but often obstructed by things trifling in themselves. Before the chair and horses appeared at the door, there was an arrival from Longbridge. Mr. Taylor and his daughter, Miss Emma, had come from New York the previous evening, and now appeared at Wyllys-Roof; the merchant had come over with the double object of blessing his grandchild, and taking his share in a speculation then going on in the neighbourhood.

The Taylors had been asked to Wyllys-Roof at any time when they wished to see Jane, and they had now come for twenty-four hours in accordance with the invitation. At first, Mr. Ellsworth supposed the ride to Chewattan Lake must be abandoned, but it was only deferred for an hour. Miss Emma Taylor, ever ready for an enterprize of liveliness, had no sooner embraced her sister-in-law, and learned that some of the family had proposed riding, than she immediately expressed a great desire to join them. Mary Van Alstyne very readily gave up her horse and habit to the young lady, and Mr. Ellsworth

walked over to Broadlawn, to invite Bob de Vaux, a boy of sixteen, to be her especial escort. He thought this a very clever manœuvre of his own. While these arrangements were going on, and the Taylors were taking some refreshment, Mr. Taylor had found time to express his regrets at the result of the law-suit.

"I was much disposed, however, to anticipate such a verdict," he observed; "Mr. Clapp is a very talented lawyer for so young a man; this cause, which has attracted so much attention, will probably make his fortune at the bar. But I was fearful, Sir, from the beginning that neither yourself nor your friend, Mr. Hazlehurst, was fully aware of Mr. Clapp's abilities."

"I do not conceive, however, that the cause was won by Mr. Clapp's legal acumen," observed Mr. Wyllys drily.

"Perhaps not; still, I understand that he succeeded in making out a very strong case in behalf of his client."

"Of that there is no doubt."

"And the less foundation he had to work on, the greater his talents must appear," said Mr. Taylor, with a look which expressed both admiration for Mr. Clapp, and the suspicion that he had been assisting an impostor.

“The kind of talent you refer to is not of a very enviable character, I think,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“I don’t know that, my dear Sir,” added Mr. Taylor, as he drank off a glass of wine; “it is a talent which has gained a fine property at least. I regret, however, that my friend, Mr. Hazlehurst, should have suffered so heavy a loss.”

Mr. Wyllys bowed; and well aware that his own views of the case, and those of Mr. Taylor would not agree, he changed the conversation.

“You will find your old place much changed,” observed Miss Wyllys to the merchant.

“Yes, madam. I understand considerable alterations have been made at my former mansion. I had almost forgotten this morning that the estate was no longer mine, and was half inclined to enter the gate as we passed it.”

“I am delighted, pa, that it is not yours any longer!” exclaimed Miss Emma, with a liveliness which accorded particularly ill with her deep mourning-dress. “We shall have ten times more fun at Rockaway. Colonnade Manor was the stupidest place in creation. We were often a whole day without seeing a beau.”

At length, Miss Emma having declared herself more than sufficiently rested, she put on the habit; and the chair and horses were brought to

the door. Mr. Taylor was to set out shortly after in another direction, to go over the manufactory in which he was about to become interested.

All agreed that the day was delightful. There was a fine air, the dust had been laid by a shower, and as the road led through several woods, they had not too much sun. For a while, the four equestrians kept together, and commonplace matters only were talked over; the Petrel was not forgotten. Miss Emma Taylor declared she would have gone along with them if she had been on the spot when they sailed. Bob de Vaux said his brother Hubert had offered to take him, but he did not care to go. He had rather ride than sail, any day.

"Here's for a gallop then!" exclaimed the young lady, "and off the two set at a rapid pace.

"How does that flirtation come on?" asked Miss Emma, when they lessened their pace at some distance in advance of the rest of the party.

"All settled, I believe," replied the youth.

"What, actually engaged? I have been quite exercised about all your doings over here this summer; you must have had a lively time, three or four flirtations all going on at once. But, do you know, I am bent on spiteing Mr. Ellsworth

this morning. He meant to have a tête-à-tête, I know, and only asked *you* just to get rid of *me*. But he shan't have a moment's peace to pay for it; let's turn round and go back again at full speed."

Bob de Vaux had not the least objection; he liked motion and mischief almost as much as did the lively belle; they both enjoyed the joke exceedingly, and succeeded in provoking Mr. Ellsworth not a little. Miss Emma and her companion were in high glee at their success; they would first ride half a mile by the side of the others, then gallop off to a distance, and, at a signal from the young lady, suddenly facing about, they would return just in time, as Miss Emma thought, to cut short any tender speech.

"That young lady seems to have gone twice over every foot of the road," innocently observed Mr. Wyllys, little aware of her object.

"What a restless creature it is!" replied Mrs. Creighton; "she must worry her horse as much as she annoys her rational companions."

"Miss Taylor is a perfect rattle," remarked Mr. Ellsworth. "Quite inferior to her sister, Mrs. Hunter, I should say."

"Her excess of spirits will wear itself out one of these days, I dare say," replied Elinor.

"It is to be hoped so," said the gentleman, drily.

When they reached the lake they dismounted, and passed half an hour at a farm-house to rest, and lunch upon iced milk and dew-berries, which the farmer's wife kindly offered them. Mrs. Creighton professed herself rather disappointed with Chewattan Lake; the shores were quite low, there was only one good hill, and one pretty, projecting point, with a fine group of elms standing in graceful relief against the sky; she thought Mr. Hubbard's painting had flattered nature. Mr. Ellsworth would not allow that Charlie ever flattered; but remarked that it was his peculiar merit to throw a charm about the simplest water scene; and his last view of Chewattan Lake was certainly one of his happiest pictures.

On their way home, Miss Emma and her companion again commenced their quizzing system. Towards the end of the ride, however, the young lady relaxed a little in her vigilance; when they reached a turnpike-gate, about two miles from Wyllys-Roof, she suddenly proposed to Bob de Vaux to run a race with Elinor and Mr. Ellsworth.

"What do you say to it, Miss Wyllys?"

"Excuse me; I had much rather not."

"Oh! but you don't know what I mean. Now,

you and Mr. Ellsworth go cantering and trotting along in such a sober Darby and Joan fashion, that I am sure Mr. de Vaux and I can turn off here, take this by-road, which you know comes in nearly opposite your gate, and although it is twice as far round, I bet you a pair of gloves we are at Wyllys-Roof before you."

"Done!" exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth, delighted with the idea; and off the young lady galloped with her companion.

It is not to be supposed that the gentleman allowed the half-hour that followed to pass unimproved. He could speak at last, and he admired Elinor too sincerely not to express himself in terms both warm and respectful. Although Elinor had been for some time fully prepared for this declaration, yet she did not receive it without betraying feeling and embarrassment. Emotion in woman, at such moments, or in connexion with similar subjects, is generally traced to one cause alone; and yet half the time it should rather be attributed to some other source. Anxiety, modesty, mere nervousness, or even vexation at this very misinterpretation, often raise the colour and make the voice falter. Elinor had fully made up her mind, and she felt that a frank explanation was due to Mr. Ellsworth, but her regard for him was too sincere

not to make the moment a painful one to her. He was rejected; but rejected with so much consideration, so much modesty and feeling, so much good sense, that the very act only increased his regret.

He was much disappointed, for he had been a hopeful suitor. Elinor had always liked him, and he had thought her manner encouraging; Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes had not concealed their approbation; and Mrs. Creighton had often told him she had no doubt of his success. He was more than mortified, however, by the refusal—he was pained. Elinor repeated assurances of respect and friendship, and regretted that she felt herself unable to return his regard as it deserved. She even alluded to his generosity in overlooking her want of personal attractions; she said she had, on that account, been slow to believe that he had any serious object in view. At the time he had first proposed, through her grandfather, she herself had wished to prevent his going any farther, but her friends had desired her to defer the answer; he himself had begged her to do so, and named the time fixed—she had reluctantly consented to this arrangement; and, although the more she knew of Mr. Ellsworth, the more highly she esteemed and respected him, yet the result had been what she first foresaw—

she could not conscientiously offer him the full attachment he had a right to expect from a wife.

Mr. Ellsworth rode on in silence for a moment.

“Is it then true, Miss Wyllys, that I must give up all idea of obtaining a more indulgent hearing at some future day?”

“Judge for yourself if I am capricious, Mr. Ellsworth. Do not imagine that I have lightly rejected the regard of a man whom I esteem so highly as yourself. I could scarcely name another in my whole acquaintance for whom I should have hesitated so long; but—” Elinor paused, suddenly became very red, and then deadly pale.

“But—what would you say, Miss Wyllys? Go on, I entreat!” exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth.

It was a moment before Elinor rallied. She then continued, in a low voice, and in an agitated, hesitating manner:

“Mr. Ellsworth, I shall speak with perfect frankness; your kindness and forbearance deserve it. When I consented to wait so long before giving you a final answer, it was chiefly that I might discover if I could regain entire command over feelings which have not always been my own. I am afraid you are not aware of this. The feeling itself to which I allude is changed;

but be it weakness or not, it has left traces for life. I was willing to make an experiment in favour of one who deserved the full confidence of my friends and myself; but the trial has not succeeded. If I know myself, it can never succeed—I shall never marry.”

And then, after a moment's silence, she gently continued in a calmer tone :

“ But you will soon forget all this, I trust. You will find elsewhere some one more worthy of you—one who can better repay your kindness.”

Mr. Ellsworth chafed a little under this suggestion; though not so much as a more passionate man might have done.

“ To forget one of so much womanly excellence as yourself, Miss Wyllys, is not the easy task you seem to suppose.”

Elinor could have sighed and smiled as the thought recurred to her, that Harry had not found it very difficult to forget her. They had now reached the gate on their way home, and turning towards her companion as they entered, she said :

“ I hope, indeed, you will always remember that you have very sincere friends at Wyllys-Roof, Mr. Ellsworth; believe me, friends capable of appreciating your merits, and aware of what is their due.”

Mr. Ellsworth thanked her, but he looked very evidently disturbed. When they reached the piazza he helped Elinor from her horse, perhaps more carefully than usual. Miss Emma Taylor and her cavalier had already arrived; and the young lady immediately attacked Mr. Ellsworth, bidding him remember his bet. When Mrs. Creighton stepped from the chair, she looked for her brother and Elinor, a little curious to discover if anything decisive had passed, but both had already entered the house.

Mr. Wyllys learned in the course of the day from Ellsworth himself, that he had been rejected; he was very much disappointed, and more disposed to find fault with Elinor than he had ever been before.

“I am afraid you have not acted wisely, Elinor,” said her grandfather; words more like a reproof than any that Elinor could remember to have heard fall from his lips, addressed to herself.

Miss Agnes also evidently regretted her niece's decision; but she said nothing on the subject. As for Mrs. Creighton, she thought it all easy to be understood.

“You may say what you please, Frank, about Miss Wyllys, but you will never persuade me she is not a coquette.”

But this Mr. Ellsworth would by no means allow.

Elinor laid her head on her pillow that night with the unpleasant reflection that four persons under the same roof were reproaching her for the step she had taken that day. But she herself knew that she had acted conscientiously.

CHAPTER X.

“Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.”

HENRY IV.

THE Petrel was a very pretty little schooner, pronounced a crack craft by the knowing ones. She sat so buoyantly on the water when motionless, and glided along so gracefully when under way, that even landmen and landwomen must have admired her. Let it not be supposed that the word landwomen is here used unadvisedly: although the Navy Department is decidedly ungallant in its general character, and seldom allows ladies to appear on board ship, excepting at a collation or a ball, yet it is well known that in some of the smaller sea-port towns, the female portion of the population are so much interested in nautical matters, and give so much time and attention to the subject, that they are looked upon as very good judges of spars and rigging;

and it is even affirmed, that some of these charming young "salts" are quite capable of examining a midshipman on points of seamanship. If fame has not belied them, such are the accomplishments of the belles of Norfolk and Pensacola; while the wives and daughters of the whalers at Nantucket, are said to have also a critical eye for the cut of a jib and the shape of a hull. Hubert de Vaux hoped they had, for he thought it a pity that the Petrel's beauties should be thrown away.

On the morning they sailed, when Elinor had watched the boat as she lay in the river, they had been waiting for Bruno. Harry wished to carry the dog with him; but after following Hazlehurst to the boat, he had returned home again. He was, however, enticed on board, and they hoisted sail, and slowly moved out of sight.

In spite of some little delay, the Petrel made a very good day's work. That night and the following, the party slept on board, and seemed very well satisfied with their quarters. They intended to run out of sight of land before the end of their cruise, but as yet they had landed every few hours for fresh water, vegetables, milk, &c.; as it did not enter at all into their calculations to be put on a short allowance of anything desirable. On the afternoon of the third day, the Petrel

reached the wharf of a country place on Long-Island, where the party landed, according to a previous invitation, and joined some friends for a couple of days' shooting, which proved a pleasant variety in the excursion; the sport was pronounced good, and the gentlemen made the most of it. Mr. Stryker, however, complained that the 'pomp and circumstance' of sporting was wanted in this country.

"So long as we have the important items of good guns, good marksmen, and real wild-game, we need not find fault," said Harry.

Many lamentations succeeded, however, upon the rapid disappearance of game from all parts of the country.

"There I have the best of it," said Mr. Stryker to his host. "In the next twenty years you may expect to find your occupation gone; but I shall, at least, have fishing in abundance all my days; though at times I am not quite so sure of the brook-trout."

"I don't think Jonathan will be able to exterminate all the trout in the land," said Hazlehurst, "though he is a shamefully wasteful fellow; but I really think there is some danger for the oysters; if the population increases, and continues to eat them, in the same proportion

they do now, I am afraid Jonathan of the next generation will devour the whole species."

From Glen-Cove, the Petrel made a reach across the Sound to Sachem's-Head, where Mr. Stryker enjoyed to perfection the luxuries of clam-soup, lobster-salad, and chowder.

Their next port was Nantucket. They happened to arrive there just before a thunder-shower, and Charlie Hubbard was much struck with the wild, desolate look of the island. He pointed out to Hazlehurst the fine variety of neutral tints to be traced in the waves, in the low sand-banks, and the dark sky forming the back-ground. Nantucket is a barren spot, indeed, all but bare of vegetation; scarcely a shrub will grow there, and even the tough beach-grass is often swept away in large tracts; while the forms of the sand-hills vary with every storm. The town itself, however, is a busy, lively little spot—one of the most nautical in feeling and character to be found on the globe. The chief interests of the inhabitants centre in the ocean; and even the very ornaments of their houses are spoils of the deep, shells and fish-bones from distant latitudes, and sailor's fancy-work in various materials, all connected in some way with the sea. Charlie made a sketch of the island, and determined to return there and paint a picture of some size.

The next day, which was Sunday, they remained at Nantucket; there is a pretty little church in the town, and Charlie, Harry, and Mr. Smith attended service there; the rest of the gentlemen preferring to idle away the morning in a less praiseworthy manner.

One of young de Vaux's crew was taken sick here, and he was obliged to secure another man before leaving the island; it was easy to do so, however, as one who was waiting for a passage to New York soon offered, and the matter was settled.

Early on Monday morning they again made sail for Martha's Vineyard; from thence the Petrel's head was to be turned southward, and after coasting the eastern shore of Long-Island, they expected to return to the wharf at Broad-lawn as fast as the winds would carry them. The Vineyard, owing to a more sheltered position, bears a different aspect from the barren sands of Nantucket; parts of the island are well wooded. Choosing a pleasant bay, known to their pilot, where a rude wharf had been built, the party landed and prepared to dine, and pass some hours there.

They were no sooner on shore than Mr. Stryker made his arrangements for fishing. Having secured bait, Dr. Van Horne and himself, with one of the

men, took the Petrel's boat and rowed off from shore, changing their ground occasionally, until they had turned the point which formed the bay on one side, and were no longer in sight. De Vaux and Smith took their guns and went into the wood. Charlie brought out his sketch-book, and was soon engaged in taking some tints, in water-colours, from a heavy bank of clouds which had been slowly rising in the west for several hours. Hazlehurst was lying on the grass near him, with a spy-glass, watching a couple of sloops in the distance. Turning his head accidentally towards the spot where they were commencing preparations for dinner, Harry saw one of the men, the new recruit, whom he had not yet remarked, looking at him closely. It struck Hazlehurst that he had met this man before; the sailor saw that he was observed, and after a moment's hesitation he approached, touching his hat with the common salutation of a seaman, and looking as if he wished to speak, but scarcely knew how to begin.

"Have you anything to say to me, my friend? It strikes me I have seen your face somewhere lately."

"If you are Mr. Hazlehurst, I guess, Sir, you see'd me not long since," replied the man, a little embarrassed.

It suddenly flashed upon Harry's mind, that it was during the Stanley trial that he had seen this person. Yes, he could not be mistaken, he was one of the witnesses for the plaintiff on that occasion. Hazlehurst gave him a keen look; the fellow faltered a little, but begged Harry to step aside for a moment, as he wished to speak alone with him. They moved to the adjoining bank, within the edge of the wood, and a conversation followed, of some consequence to Hazlehurst, certainly. After a few prefatory remarks, this man offered to make important revelations, upon condition that he should be screened from justice—being considered as State's evidence—and rewarded by Harry for volunteering his services; to which Hazlehurst readily agreed.

We shall tell his story for him, rather as it appeared at a later day, than in the precise words in which it was first given at Martha's Vineyard. By his disclosures, the villany of Clapp and his client were placed beyond a doubt; and he himself was good authority, for he was Robert Stebbins, the witness who had sworn to having returned the pocket-book and the accompanying documents to the plaintiff as their rightful owner. He now confessed that he had perjured himself for a heavy bribe, but stood ready to turn State's evidence, and reveal all he knew of the plot. Those papers

had actually been placed in his care thirteen years since by his own brother, Jonathan Stebbins, who had died of small-pox in a hospital at Marseilles. This brother had been a favourite companion of William Stanley's from his first voyage. They had shipped together in the Jefferson, and before sailing, Stanley had placed a package of papers and other articles, for safe-keeping, in an old chest of Stebbins's, which was left with the sailor's mother in Massachussetts. They were wrecked in the Jefferson on the coast of Africa as had been already reported; but they were not drowned, they both succeeded in reaching the shore, having lashed themselves to the same spar.

It was a desert, sandy coast, and they were almost starved after having reached the land; their only shelter was a small cave in a low ledge of rocks near the beach. They fed upon half-putrid shell-fish thrown upon the sands by the gale, and they drank from the pools of rain-water that had formed on the rock during the storm; for they had saved nothing from the wreck but a sealed bottle, containing their protections as American sailors, some money in an old glove, and a few other papers. William Stanley had been ill before the gale, and he had not strength to bear up against these hardships; he declined

rapidly, and aware that he could not live, the young man charged his companion, if he ever returned to America, to seek his family, relate the circumstances of his death, and show the papers in the bottle—an old letter to himself, and within it, the notice of his father's marriage, which he had cut from a paper obtained from an American vessel spoken on the voyage—and also the package left on shore in the old chest, as these documents would be considered testimonials of his veracity. He farther charged Stebbins to say that he asked his father's forgiveness, acknowledging that he died repenting of his past misconduct.

The third day after the gale, the young man expired, and Stebbins buried him in the sand near the cave. The survivor had a hard struggle for life; the rain-water had soon dried away, and he set out at night in search of a spring to relieve his thirst, still keeping in sight of the shore. As the morning sun rose, when all but exhausted, he discovered on the beach several objects from the wreck, which had drifted in that direction, the wind having changed after the gale. He found a keg of spirits and some half-spoiled biscuit, and by these means his life was prolonged. He made a bag of his shirt, bound a few things on his back, and buried others in the sand, to return to if

necessary, and then continued to follow the shore northward, in search of some spring or stream. Fortunately, he soon came to a woody tract which promised water, and climbing a tree, he watched the wild animals, hoping to discover where they drank. At length, following a flock of antelopes, he came suddenly upon the bank of a stream of some size ; and to his unspeakable joy, saw on the opposite bank a party of white men, the first human beings he had beheld since Stanley's death. They proved to be Swedes, belonging to a ship in the offing, and immediately took him into their boat. The vessel was bound to Stockholm, where she carried young Stanley's shipmate ; from there he went to St. Petersburg, where he met with the brother who related the story to Hazlehurst, and both soon after enlisted in the Russian navy. They were sent to the Black Sea, and kept there and in the Mediterranean for five years, until the elder brother, Jonathan Stebbins, died of small-pox in a hospital at Marseilles, having never returned to America since the wreck of the Jefferson. Before his death, however, he left all his effects, and William Stanley's papers, to his brother. This man, Robert Stebbins, seemed to have paid very little attention to the documents ; it was by mere chance that he preserved the old letter, and

the marriage notice within it, for he confessed that he had torn up the protection once when he wanted a bit of paper. He had never known William Stanley himself, the inquiries about the young man had ceased before he returned to America, and he had attached no importance whatever to these papers. He had left them where they had first been placed, in the old sea-chest at his mother's house, near New Bedford, while he led the usual wandering life of a sailor. He told Harry that he had at last quite forgotten this package, until he accidentally fell in with a man calling himself William Stanley, at a low tavern, only some five or six years since, and, to his amazement, heard him declare he had been wrecked in the Jefferson.

“The fellow was half-drunk,” said Stebbins; “but I knew his yarn was a lie all the time, for I had sailed with him in another ship at the time my brother Jonathan was wrecked in the Jefferson. He shipped then under the name of Benson, but I knew his real name was Edward Hopgood—”

“Edward Hopgood!” exclaimed Harry, passing his hand over his forehead—“surely I have heard that name before. Wait a moment,” he added to Stebbins; while he endeavoured to recollect why that name, singular in itself, had a familiar

sound to him. At length, his eye brightened, the whole matter became more clear; he recollected when a mere child, a year or two before Mr. Stanley's death, while staying at Greatwood during a vacation, to have heard of the bad conduct of a young man named Edward Hopgood, a lawyer's clerk in the adjoining village, who had committed forgery and then run away.

The circumstances had occurred while Harry was at Greatwood, and had been so much talked of in a quiet country neighbourhood, as to make a decided impression on himself, child as he was. Harry also remembered to have heard Mr. Stanley tell Mr. Wyllys that this Hopgood was very distantly related to himself through the mother, who had made a very bad connexion; adding, that this lad had been at Greatwood, and would have been assisted by himself had he not behaved very badly, and done so much to injure his own son that he had been forbidden the house. Harry farther remembered that Clapp had belonged to the same office from which this Hopgood had run away.

There was, however, one point which he did not understand; he thought he had since heard that this Hopgood had turned actor, and died long since of yellow-fever at New Orleans. Still, he felt convinced that there was a good foundation

for Stebbins's story, and he hoped soon to unravel the whole plot from the clue thus placed in his hands.

"Go on," said Harry, after this pause. "You say this man, whom you knew to be Hopgood, called himself William Stanley. What became of him?"

"It is the same chap that hoisted your colours, Mr. Hazlehurst; him that the jury gave the verdict to in Philadelphia."

"Yes. I knew it must be the same individual before you spoke," said Harry, with a view to keep his informant accurate. "But how did you know that his name was Hopgood? For you say he had shipped under another."

"I knew it because he had told me so himself. He told me how he had run away from a lawyer's office in Pennsylvania, gone to New Orleans and turned play-actor a while, then shammed dead, and had his name printed in the papers among them that died of yellow-fever. He told me all that in his first voyage when we were shipmates, and that was just the time that my brother Jonathan was wrecked in the Jefferson."

"When you afterwards heard him say he was William Stanley, did you tell him you knew his real name?"

"Yes. I told him I knew he lied; for my brother

had buried Stanley with his own hands, and that I had his papers at home. Then he told me he was only laughing at the green-horns."

"Did you mention to any one at the time that you knew this man was not William Stanley?"

"No, Sir, for I didn't speak to him until we were alone; and we parted company next morning; for I went to sea."

"When did you next see Hopgood?"

"Well, I didn't fall in with him again for a long while until this last spring. When I came home from a voyage to China, in the Mandarin, last May, I went to my mother's, near New Bedford, and then I found a chap had been to see her in the winter, and persuaded her to give him all the papers in the old chest that had belonged to William Stanley, making out he was one of the young man's relations. It was that lawyer Clapp; and Hopgood had put him on the track of them 'ere papers."

"What were the documents in your chest?"

"Most of what they had to show came from me. To be sure, Hopgood had got some letters and papers, written to himself of late years under the name of William Stanley; but all they had before the wreck of the Jefferson came from me."

“Were there any books among the articles in your possession?”

“No, Sir; nothing but the pocket-book.”

“Are you quite sure? Was there not one book with William Stanley’s name in it?”

“Not one. That ’ere book they had in court didn’t come from me. How they got it I don’t know,” replied Stebbins, positively; who, it seemed, knew nothing of the volume of the Spectator.

“Where did you next meet Hopgood?”

“Well, I was mad when I found he had got them papers; but the lawyer had left a message with my mother, saying, if I came home, she was to tell me I’d hear something to my advantage by applying to him. So I went after him to the place where he lives; and sure enough there was Hopgood, and he and Clapp as thick as can be together. I guess they’d have liked it better if I had never showed myself again: but they got round me, and told me how it was all settled, and if I would only lend a hand, and keep quiet about Hopgood, and speak for them once in a while, they would enter into an agreement to give me enough to make a skipper of me at once. Them ’ere lawyers they can make black look like white—and so I agreed to it at last.”

Hazlehurst strongly suspected that less persua-

sion had been necessary than the man wished him to believe.

“ Did they tell you all their plan ? ”

“ Pretty much all; they said it was easy to make people believe Hopgood was William Stanley, for he looked so much like the young man, that he had been asked if that wasn't his name. He said it was that first gave him the notion of passing off for William Stanley—that, and knowing all about the family, and the young man himself. He said Stanley had no near relations who would be likely to remember him; there was only one old gentleman they was afraid of, but they calculated they knew enough to puzzle him too. Hopgood had been practising after Stanley's hand-writing;—he was pretty good at that trade when he was a shaver,” said Stebbins, with a look which showed he knew the story of the forgery. “ He was bred a lawyer, and them 'ere lawyers are good at all sorts of tricks. Clapp and him had made out a story from my papers and what they know'd before, and got it all ready in a letter; they agreed that from the time of the wreck, they had better keep pretty straight to Hopgood's real life; and so they did.”

“ They seem to have laid all their plans before you.”

“ Well, they couldn't help it, for they wanted

me to tell them all I heard from my brother ; but I told 'em to speak first. They made out that Hopgood had a right to the property ; for they said that old Mr. Stanley had no family to leave it to, that you was a stranger, and that Hopgood was a relation."

"This Hopgood, who first helped to corrupt William Stanley, even if he had actually been a near relation, would have been the last human being to whom Mr. Stanley would have left his property," said Harry, coolly. "But go on with your story. Why did they not show the pocket-book before the trial?"

"They settled it so because they thought it would look better before the jury."

"Why did you change your own mind so soon after the trial? You should have come to me before."

"Hopgood and I had a quarrel only three days ago, when he was drunk. He swore they could have done without me, and I swore I'd be revenged. Then that fellow, Clapp, wouldn't pay me on the spot, according to agreement, as soon as they had gained the cause. I had kept my part, and he hadn't lifted a finger yet for me ; nor he wouldn't if he could help it, for all he had given me his word. I know him from more than one thing that came out ; he is one of your

fellows who sham gentlemen, with a fine coat to his back ; but I wouldn't trust him with a sixpence out of sight—no, nor out of arm's length," and Stebbins went on, swearing roundly at Clapp and Hopgood, until Harry interrupted him.

"I know them 'ere lawyers, they think they can cheat Jack any day ; but I won't trust him an hour longer. I know your real gentlemen from your tricky sham at a minute's warning, though their coats be both cut off the same piece of broad-cloth. I havn't served under Uncle Sam's officers for nothing. Now I'll trust you, Mr. Hazlehurst, as long as it suits you ; I'd no more have talked to Clapp without having his name down in black and white, as I have to you, than I'd be shot."

"The agreement I have made shall be strictly kept," replied Harry, coldly. "Had you come to me before the trial, you would have had the same reward without the crime of perjury."

"Well, that 'ere perjury made me feel uncomfortable ; and what with having sworn vengeance on Clapp and Hopgood, I made up my mind to go straight back to Philadelphia, and turn State's evidence. I was waiting for a chance to get to New York when I saw you on the wharf at Nantucket, and I knew you in a minute."

The conversation was here interrupted by a call from the beach, which attracted Harry's attention, after having been so much engrossed during the disclosures of Stebbins, as to be quite regardless of what was going on about him. It was de Vaux who had called. He now approached.

"I couldn't think where that fellow, Stebbins, had got to. If you have nothing for him to do here, Hazlehurst, he is wanted yonder."

Harry and the sailor accordingly parted. After exchanging a few words to conclude their agreement, they both returned to the beach.

The Petrel seemed to be getting under way again. Smith and de Vaux, who had just returned from the wood with their guns, and Charlie, who had just left his sketching apparatus, were standing together, looking on. when Harry joined them.

"I didn't know what had become of you," said Charlie. "What a long yarn that fellow seemed to be telling you!"

"It was well worth hearing," said Harry, with a significant look at his friend.

"Really? I had some hope it might prove so from the man's look," added Charlie, comprehending at once the drift of the conversation

though he had little idea of its complete success in unravelling the plot.

"You shall hear it before long," added Harry.

"When you please. In the mean time, I wish you joy of any good news."

"But what are you about here, de Vaux? I thought we were to remain on the island till sun-set."

"So we shall; but it seems that fellow, Black Bob, has forgot the vegetables I ordered him to bring from Nantucket; we have discovered a house with something like a garden on the opposite point, and I am going to send Bob with the boy Sam on a foraging expedition. I dare say they will find potatoes and onions at least. That is the spot. Do you see the apple-trees? With the glass I saw a woman moving about, and milk-pans drying in the sun."

"Why don't you send the boat?"

"Stryker hasn't come back yet, and there is wind enough to carry the Petrel over and back again in half an hour."

"Smith and I are going as commanding officers; and you will have a much better dinner for our exertions, no doubt," said Charlie.

"Holloa, there! Bob—Sam!—tumble on board. Mind you bring all the garden-stuff they can

spare. You, Bob, see if you can pick [up half you contrived to forget, Sir, at Nantucket. You deserve to be made to swim across for it," said de Vaux.

"Never could swim a stroke in my born days, Sir," muttered Black Bob.

"There isn't much choice of sa'ace at Nantucket, any way," added the boy Sam.

"Here we go," said Charlie, jumping lightly on board, followed by Smith.

"It is possible you may find some melons, Hubbard; don't forget to ask for them," said de Vaux.

"Ay, ay, Sir," replied Charlie, nodding as the Petrel moved off. The boy was steering, while Black Bob and the gentlemen tended the sails; and the little schooner glided gracefully on her way, with a light breeze sufficiently favourable.

Harry went to take a look at Charlie's sketch, which he found just as the young artist had left it—spirited and true to nature as usual, but only half-finished. De Vaux looked into the chowder pot, where all seemed to be going on well. He then joined Harry, and the young men continued walking together near the shanty, where preparations for dinner were going on under the charge of Stebbins and the acting steward of the cruise.

"It is nearly time Stryker made his appearance with the fish," said Harry.

"If the sport is good, we shan't see him this hour yet," replied de Vaux. "He will only come back in time to put the finishing stroke to the chowder."

"If he waits too long he will have a shower," observed Harry, pointing eastward, where dark clouds were beginning to appear above the wood.

"Not under an hour, I think," said de Vaux. "He will take care of himself at any rate—trust to Stryker for that."

They turned to look at the Petrel. Some ten or fifteen minutes had passed since she left the little wharf, and she was already near her destination; the point on which the farm-house stood being scarcely more than a mile distant, in a direct line, and a single tack having proved sufficient to carry her there.

"The wind seems to be falling," said Harry, holding up his hand to feel the air. "It is to be hoped they will make a quick bargain, or they may keep your potatoes too late to be boiled for to-day's dinner."

De Vaux took up the glass to look after their movements.

“They have made the point, handsomely,” he said; “and there is a woman coming down to the shore, and a boy, too.”

The friends agreed that there seemed every prospect of a successful negotiation; for a woman was seen going towards the garden with a basket, and Sam, the boy, had landed. Before long, a basket was carried down from the house; while Sam and the woman were still busy in the garden.

“They had better be off as soon as they can,” said de Vaux, “for the wind is certainly falling.”

“There is a shower coming up over the island, Captain de Vaux,” said Stebbins, touching his hat.

“Coming, sure enough! Look yonder!” exclaimed Harry, pointing eastward, where heavy clouds were now seen rising rapidly over the wood.

“We shall have a shower, and something of a squall, I guess,” added Stebbins.

There could not, indeed, be much doubt of the fact, for a heavy shower now seemed advancing with the sudden rapidity not unusual after very warm weather. The position of the bay, and a wooded bank having concealed its approach until close at hand.

"We shall have a dead calm in ten minutes," said de Vaux. "I wish the Petrel was off."

But still there seemed something going on in the garden; the woman and Sam were very busy, and Charlie and Smith had joined them.

"They must see the shower coming up by this time!" exclaimed de Vaux.

"There will be a squall, and a sharp one too," added Stebbins.

The wind, which had prevailed steadily all the morning in a light, sultry breeze from the south, was now dying away; the sullen roll of distant thunder was heard, while here and there a sudden flash burst from a nearer cloud.

"Thank Heaven, they are off at last!" cried de Vaux, who was watching the schooner with some anxiety.

Harry and the two men were busy gathering together, under cover of the shanty, the different articles scattered about, and among others Charlie's half-finished sketch.

The sun was now obscured; light, detached clouds, looking heated and angry, were hurrying in advance with a low flight, while the heavens were half-covered by the threatening mass which came gathering in dark and heavy folds about the island. Suddenly, the great body of vapour which had been hanging sullenly over the western hori-

zon all the morning, now set in motion by a fresh current of air, began to rise with a slow movement, as if to meet the array advancing so eagerly from the opposite direction; it came onward steadily, with a higher and a wider sweep than the mass which was pouring immediately over the little bay. The landscape had hung out its storm-lights; the dark scowl of the approaching gust fell alike on wood, beach, and waters; the birds were wheeling about anxiously; the gulls and other water-fowl flying lower and lower, nearer and nearer to their favourite element; the land-birds hurrying hither and thither, seeking shelter among their native branches. But not a drop of rain had yet fallen; and the waves still came rolling in upon the sands with the measured, lulling sound of fair weather.

The air from the south revived for a moment, sweeping in light, fitful puffs over the bay. Favoured by this last flickering current of the morning's breeze, the Petrel had succeeded in making her way half across the bay, though returning less steadily than she had gone on her errand an hour before.

"Give us another puff or two, and she will yet be here before the squall," said de Vaux.

The little schooner was now, indeed, within less than half a mile of the wharf; but here, at

length, the wind entirely failed her, and she sat idly on the water. De Vaux was watching her through the glass; there seemed to be some little hesitation and confusion on board. Sam, the boy, had given up the tiller to Black Bob. Suddenly the first blast of the gust from the east came rustling through the wood, making the young trees bend before it; then as it passed over the water there was a minute's respite.

"How she dodges! What are they about?" exclaimed Harry.

"What do they mean? Are they blind. Can't they see the squall coming?" cried de Vaux, in great anxiety, as he watched the hesitation on board the Petrel.

"As my name is Nat Fisher, that nigger is drunk!—I thought so this morning!" exclaimed the steward.

"And Smith and Hubbard know nothing of a boat!" cried de Vaux in despair.

The words had scarcely passed his lips before the wind came rushing over the wood, in a sudden, furious blast, bringing darker and heavier clouds, accompanied by quick, vivid flashes of lightning, and sharp cracks of thunder; the rain pouring down in torrents. It was with difficulty the young men kept their footing on the end of the wharf, such was the first fury of the gust;

but they forgot themselves in fears for their friends.

“Are they mad!” cried de Vaux, as he marked the uncertainty of their movements; while the wind was sweeping furiously over the darkened waters towards them.

A heavy sheet of rain, pouring in a flood from the clouds, completely enveloped the party on the wharf; another second and a shout was indistinctly heard amid the tumult of the winds and waters; a lighter cloud passed over—the bay was partially seen again; but neither the white sails of the Petrel nor her buoyant form could be traced by the eager eyes on the wharf. She had been struck by the gust and capsized.

“She is gone!” exclaimed de Vaux, with a cry of horror.

“Charlie can’t swim!” cried Harry.

“Nor Bob, for certain,” said the steward. “I don’t know about the others.”

Three shots from a fowling piece were rapidly fired, as a signal to the party in the Petrel that their situation was known to their friends on shore. The steward was instantly ordered to run along the beach to the farthest point, and carry the boat from there to the spot; it was a distance of more than two miles by land, still de Vaux thought it best to be done; while he himself and

Stebbins seized another pair of oars, and set off at full speed in the opposite direction to the nearest point, about a mile from the wharf, beyond which Stryker was fishing with their own boat, intending to carry her instantly to the relief of the party in the schooner.

Harry thought of his friend. Charlie could not swim, he himself was a remarkably good swimmer. It must be some little time before either boat could reach the capsized schooner, and in the interval, two at least of the four individuals in the *Petrel* were helpless and in imminent peril. The idea of Charlie's danger decided his course; in a moment he had cast off his clothes, and with Bruno at his side—a faithful ally at such a moment—he had thrown himself into the water, confident that he could swim the distance himself with ease.

The next half hour was one of fearful anxiety. The gust still raged with sullen fury; the shower from eastward, collected among the mists of the ocean, and the array from the west, gathered amid the woods and marshes of the land, met with a fierce shock on the shores of the Vineyard. The thunder and lightning were unusually severe, several bolts falling within a short distance about the bay; the rain pouring down in a dense sheet as the wind drove cloud after cloud over the spot

in its stormy flight. And amid this scene of violence, four human beings were struggling for life, while their anxious friends were hurrying to their relief, with every nerve alive. Frederick Smith was the first who rose after the *Petrel* capsized; in another moment he saw the head of the boy emerge from the water at a little distance; the lad could swim, and both had soon gained the portion of the little schooner's hull which was partially bare, though constantly washed by the waves. Another minute, and Smith saw amid the spray Charlie's head; he knew that Hubbard could not swim, and moved towards him with a cry of encouragement.

"Here!" replied the young painter, but he had disappeared before Smith could reach him.

A fresh blast of wind, rain, and hail passed over the spot. Smith moved about, calling to Hubbard and the negro, but he received no answer from either.

"There's one of them!" cried the boy eagerly. He swam towards the object he had seen, but it proved to be only a hat.

Both returned to the *Petrel's* side, watching as closely as the violence of the wind and rain would permit. Not a trace of the negro was seen; yet Smith thought he must have risen to the surface

at some point unobserved by them, for he was a man of a large, corpulent body, more likely to float than many others. A second time Smith was relieved by seeing Charlie rise, but at a greater distance from the Petrel's hull; a second time he strained every nerve to reach him, but again the young man sunk beneath the waves.

A shout was now heard. "It is the boat!" said Smith, as he answered the call. He was mistaken; it was Hazlehurst, who now approached with Bruno at his side, guided by the voices of Smith and the boy.

"Charlie!" cried Harry, as he made his way through the water. "Charlie!" he repeated again.

"Hubbard has sunk twice, and the negro is gone!" cried Smith.

"Come to the hull and take breath!" added Smith.

But just as he spoke, Harry had seen an arm left bare by a passing wave; he made a desperate effort, reached the spot, and seized Charlie's body, crying joyfully, "It is Hubbard! I have him!—Charlie! do you know me? Charlie! speak but a word, my good fellow!"

But the young man had lost his consciousness; he returned no answer either by look or word.

Harry grasped his collar, holding his face above the water, and at the same time moving towards the Petrel's hull as rapidly as he could.

"Here Bruno, my noble dog! That's right, Smith, get a firm hold on the schooner; we must draw him up, he has fainted; but the boats must be here soon."

Smith was following Hazlehurst's directions; but ere Bruno had joined his master, Harry, now within a short distance of the schooner, suddenly cried, "Help!"—and in another second, both he and Charlie had disappeared beneath the water, in a manner as incomprehensible, as it was unexpected and distressing to Smith.

"He's sunk!" cried the boy.

"How?—where? Surely he was not exhausted!"

A howl burst from Bruno.

"Perhaps it's the cramp," said the lad.

"Both sunk!—Hazlehurst too!" again exclaimed Smith, as much amazed as he was distressed. He and the boy threw themselves from the schooner's side again, looking anxiously for some trace of Hazlehurst.

"Look sharp, my lad, as you would save a fellow-creature!"

"There's one of them!" cried the boy, and in another instant he had caught Charlie by the

hair. But not a trace of Hazlehurst was seen since he first disappeared, and the waters had closed so suddenly over him. Charlie was carried to the Petrel's side; and while Smith and the lad were endeavouring to raise him on the schooner, Bruno was swimming hither and thither, howling piteously for his master.

A shout was now heard.

"The boat at last, thank Heaven!" cried Smith, returning the call.

A minute passed; nothing was seen of Harry; Charlie was raised entirely above water; when at length the Petrel's boat dashed towards them, urged by all the strength of four rowers.

"Hubbard!—Bob!" cried de Vaux, as the first glance showed him that both Smith and the boy were safe.

"Hubbard is here, insensible—Bob gone—Hazlehurst sunk, too!"

"Hazlehurst and Bob, too!—Merciful powers!" exclaimed the party.

A hurried, eager search succeeded, as soon as Charlie, with Smith and Sam, now somewhat exhausted by fatigue and agitation, were taken on board. Hubbard was quite insensible; young Van Horne, the physician, thought his appearance unfavourable, but instantly resorted to every means possible under the circumstances, with

the hope of restoring animation. Still nothing was seen of Harry; his entire disappearance was quite incomprehensible.

“It must have been cramp; yet I never knew him have it, and he is one of the best swimmers in the country!” said de Vaux.

“He must have felt it coming, and had presence of mind to loosen his hold of Hubbard at the same moment he cried for help,” observed Smith.

Bruno was still swimming, now here, now there, encircling the Petrel in wider or narrower reaches, howling from time to time with a sound that went to the hearts of all who heard him. Different objects floating about beguiled the party for an instant with hope, but each time a few strokes of the oars undeceived them.

Suddenly Bruno stopped within a short distance of the Petrel, and dived; those in the boat watched him eagerly. He rose with a sharp bark, calling them to the spot; then dived again, rose with a howl, and for a third time disappeared beneath the water. Convinced that he had found either Harry or the negro, de Vaux threw off his coat and plunged into the water to examine the spot thoroughly. The dog soon rose again with a rope in his mouth, pulling it with all his strength, uttering at the same time a smothered

cry. The rope was seized by those in the boat, and de Vaux dived; he touched first one body, then another; but all his strength was unequal to the task of raising either. After a hurried examination, it was found that one body, that of the negro, was entangled in a rope and thus held under water from the first; while Harry's leg was firmly clenched in the dying grip of Black Bob, who must have seized it as Hazlehurst passed, and drawn him downward in that way.

In as short a time as possible, Hazlehurst and the negro were placed in the boat by the side of Hubbard, who had not yet showed any sign of life. Every effort was made to revive them by some of the party, while the others rowed with all their strength towards the shore.

All watched the face of Van Horne, the young physician, with the greatest anxiety, as he leaned first over one, then over another, directing the labours of the rest.

"Surely there must be some hope!" cried de Vaux to him.

"We will leave no effort untried," replied the other; though he could not look sanguine.

The boat from the most distant point, rowed by the steward and a boy from the farm-house now joined them; and those who could not be of use in assisting Van Horne, passed into her,

taking their oars, and towing the boat of the ill-fated Petrel with her melancholy burden towards the beach. Bruno could not be moved from his old master's side; it was painful to see him crawling from one body to the other, with as much watchfulness, as much grief, and almost as much intelligence as the surviving friends; now crouching at the cold feet of Hazlehurst, now licking the stiff hand, now raising himself to gaze wistfully at the inanimate features of the young man.

The shower was passing over; the rain soon ceased, the clouds broke away, the sun burst again in full glory upon the bay, the beach, the woods, throwing a brilliant bow over the island. But three of those upon whom it had shone only an hour earlier, were now stretched cold and lifeless on the sands; while the mourning survivors were hanging in heartfelt grief over the bodies of the two friends and the negro sailor.

CHAPTER XI.

“ And e'en to wakeful conscience unconfest,
Her fear, her grief, her joy were his alone.”

COLERIDGE.

THE melancholy disaster of the Petrel happened on Monday; it was not until the Thursday following that the evil tidings reached Longbridge.

Elinor, accompanied by Mary Van Alstyne, set out quite early in the morning to pay some visits at different country-houses in the neighbourhood. They had been out some little time, having driven several miles, and made three or four calls, when they reached Mrs. Van Horne's. On entering the parlour they found the mistress of the house was not there, but a much less agreeable person, the elder Mrs. Tibbs, the greatest gossip in Longbridge.

“ I am glad to see you this morning, young ladies,” she said.

“Thank you, Ma’am; it is a very pleasant morning, certainly,” replied Elinor, as she took a seat on the sofa.

“Very pleasant, yes; but I was fearful you might have been kept at home by the bad news we Longbridge people have just heard.”

“It does not seem to have kept you at home either, Mrs. Tibbs, whatever it may be,” replied Elinor, smiling; for she knew that any news, whether good or bad, always set this lady in motion. Little did the poor young girl suspect the nature of the intelligence that awaited her!

“No. I thought my good friend, Mrs. Van Horne, might feel uneasy about her son, and came over to be with her.”

“Mrs. Van Horne! Has anything happened to the family?”

“You haven’t heard the news then? I am surprised at that. But here is an account of the accident in the *New Haven Eagle*. It has made us all feel quite dreadfully at home!”

“What has happened? Pray tell us!” exclaimed Elinor, now looking alarmed.

“Here is the account; but perhaps you had better let Miss Mary read it. She was not so intimate with the deceased.”

“What is it? Let me see the paper, Mary. An accident to one of the Van Hornes!” and she

took the sheet from the table. Her eye immediately fell on the following article :

“ Our city was painfully excited this morning by the intelligence which reached here of a distressing accident to a beautiful little schooner, the property of Hubert de Vaux, Esq., of New York, which was seen in our waters only a few days since, and attracted universal admiration in our port.”

Elinor's eyes could see no farther ; she stretched out the paper to her cousin, saying in a faint voice, “ Mary, read !”

Mary Van Alstyne took the paper, and continued silently to look over the passage.

“ This little schooner, bound on a cruise of pleasure, had reached Martha's Vineyard, when, during the sudden squall which passed over this section also on Monday, she capsized, and melancholy to relate, four persons lost their lives. The party consisted of Mr. de Vaux, himself, Colonel Stryker, and Dr. Van Horne of New York ; Charles Hubbard, Esq., the distinguished young artist ; Henry Hazlehurst, Esq., our Secretary of Legation to the Court of Russia, where he was shortly to proceed with Mr. Henley, our Envoy ; and also Frederick Smith, Esq., a young gentleman from Philadelphia. There were, in addition, five men in the crew. We regret to add that

Mr. Hazlehurst and Mr. Hubbard, a negro sailor known as Black Bob, and another man, name not mentioned, were drowned. The bodies were all recovered, but every effort to restore life proved unavailing."

Mary Van Alstyne had strong nerves, but the suddenness of these melancholy tidings, and a dread of the effect upon Elinor, made her turn deadly pale.

"Tell me, Mary," said her cousin faintly.

Mary waited a moment to recover herself, when the question was anxiously repeated. She took Elinor's hand and sat down by her side, using every precaution of delicacy and tenderness in breaking the bad news to her cousin. She approached the worst as gradually as she could, and mentioned every favourable circumstance first; while Elinor sat trembling in every limb, yet endeavouring to retain command over her senses and her feelings. But it was in vain; when Mary was at length forced to confess that two of their friends were among the lost, Elinor put her hand to her heart, while her eyes were fixed on her cousin's lips; when the name of Hazlehurst was at length reluctantly pronounced, she started from her chair, and fell quite insensible on the floor at her companion's feet.

It was a long time before she could be re-

stored. Mrs. Van Horne and the doctor, who was happily in the house, did all in their power to relieve their young friend; and Mrs. Tibbs was really quite distressed and mortified when she found the effects of her allusion to the accident were so serious.

“Poor young thing! I’d no notion, Mrs. Van Horne, that she would have taken it so much to heart. Do you suppose she was engaged to one of the young gentlemen?”

An imploring look from Mary Van Alstyne said to the doctor as plainly as look could speak, “do send her away!”

The doctor was very ready to do so, and by virtue of his medical authority requested the gossip to walk into the other room, where he permitted himself to give her a sharp reprimand for having been in such haste to tell the evil tidings.

It was some time before Elinor fully recovered her consciousness; her first words expressed a wish to be carried home.

“Home, Mary,” she said faintly.

Mrs. Van Horne, who was deeply interested in her young friend, was anxious she should remain where she was until her strength had entirely returned.

“I am strong now,” said Elinor, feebly, making an effort to rise.

Mary looked inquiringly at the doctor.

"You shall go in a few minutes, my dear Miss Elinor," said the doctor after an instant's hesitation; he thought it best that she should do so, but determined that his wife and himself would accompany her to Wyllys-Roof.

"Mary," said Elinor, with an effort, looking towards Mrs. Van Horne, "ask if—"

Mary guessed that she wished to know if the Van Hornes had heard anything in addition to the account in the paper. Without speaking, she looked the question.

"We have had a few lines sent us by Mrs. de Vaux from New York," said Mrs. Van Horne, gently.

Elinor closed her eyes, and fell back again on the cushion.

"You must not talk, my dear," said the doctor kindly.

Young de Vaux had in fact written a line or two to his mother, who was in New York, by the boat which he sent off immediately to engage a small steamer, as soon as the squall had passed over; and this note had been considerably forwarded by Mrs. de Vaux to the Van Hornes, as it mentioned the safety of their own son. It ran as follows :

“Martha’s Vineyard.

“MY DEAR MOTHER:—We are greatly distressed by a melancholy accident which befell us scarce an hour since. The Petrel capsized—most of our party are safe—but two of my friends are gone, Hazlehurst and Hubbard! You will understand our grief; mine especially! We shall return immediately.

“Your son, H. de V.”

The doctor handed this note to Mary, at a moment when Mrs. Van Horne was bending over Elinor.

In a few minutes Elinor made another request to be carried home.

“Pray take me home, doctor,” she said; “I can go now.”

The doctor felt her pulse, and observing that although very feeble, she seemed to have command of herself, he thought the air and motion would be of service. The carriage was ordered, she took a restorative, and making a great effort to rally, leaning on the doctor’s arm she walked to the door. Dr. and Mrs. Van Horne accompanied her, as well as her cousin.

“Thank you,” she said with her usual gentleness, as she remarked their kind intention, and then throwing herself back in her seat she closed

her eyes; her face was deadly pale, large tears would force themselves slowly from beneath her eyelids, and a shudder pass over her limbs; and yet it was evident she made a strong effort to control her emotion. There was something in her whole expression and manner that bore all the stamp of the deepest feeling; it was no common nervousness, no shock of sudden surprise, nor merely friendly sympathy; it was the expression of unalloyed grief springing from the very depths of a noble heart.

Even Dr. Van Horne, whose nerves had been hardened by the exercise of years amid scenes peculiar to his calling, could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, as he looked with compassion and with respect at his young friend. She seemed quite indifferent to the observation of others; her heart and mind were apparently engrossed by one idea, one feeling, and all her strength engaged in facing one evil.

Mrs. Van Horne had not supposed that the bad news would have affected her so deeply, nor was Mary Van Alstyne prepared for the result; but however Elinor might have hitherto deceived herself, however much her friends might have misunderstood her, the truth was now only too clear; her heart had spoken too loudly to be misunderstood—it was wholly Hazlehurst's.

They drove on steadily and slowly, the silence only interrupted by occasional remarks of Elinor's companions as they offered her some assistance. When they came in sight of the Hubbard cottage, Mary Van Alstyn's heart sunk anew, as she remembered the blow which had also fallen upon their good neighbours.

Elinor's efforts for self-command increased as she drew near home—for the sake of her friends, her aunt and grandfather, she strained every nerve; but on reaching the house it was in vain, her resolution gave way entirely when she saw Bruno lying in his usual place on the piazza. She became so much agitated that it was feared she would again fall into a deep swoon, and she was carried from the carriage to a sofa in the drawing-room. Neither Miss Agnes nor Mr. Wyllys was at home; they had gone to their afflicted neighbours the Hubbards. An express had brought a report of the melancholy catastrophe not half an hour after Elinor had left Wyllys-Roof in the morning; the lifeless body of our poor young friend, Charlie, was to reach Long-bridge that afternoon, and Hubert de Vaux had come to request Miss Agnes to break the sad truth to the bereaved mother and sister. Jane also was absent, she was in New York with the Taylors; but Elinor's faithful nurse and the old

black cook came hurrying to her assistance, as soon as they knew she had reached the house so much indisposed.

Miss Agnes was sent for; but Elinor had revived again when her aunt returned, though she was still surrounded by the anxious circle, Mary, the Van Hornes, her nurse, and old Hetty. When she heard the footsteps approaching, she made an effort to raise herself, with a sort of instinctive desire to spare her aunt a sight of all her weakness.

“You had better lie still, my dear Miss Elinor,” said the doctor kindly, offering her a glass of some restorative.

Miss Agnes entered the room and advanced anxiously to the sofa.

“My poor child!” exclaimed Miss Wyllys. “What is it doctor?—Illness?” she added anxiously.

The doctor shook his head. “She heard the news too suddenly,” he said.

Mr. Wyllys now followed his daughter. Elinor turned her eyes towards the door as he entered; a cry burst from her lips—she saw Hazlehurst!

Yes, Hazlehurst standing in the doorway, looking pale and distressed, but living, breathing, moving!

In another second Elinor had started to her feet, sprung towards him, and thrown herself in

his arms—heedless of the family, heedless of friends and servants about her, forgetting in that one sudden revulsion of feeling, the whole world but Harry.

Hazlehurst seemed quite forgetful himself of the every-day rules of society, and the merely friendly position in which they had stood at parting but a week before; his whole expression and manner now betrayed an interest in Elinor too strong to be disguised, and which could be explained in one way only.

All this was the work of a moment; the various degrees of amazement, produced by the sudden appearance of Harry, on some individuals of the group of spectators, the surprise of others at the strong emotions betrayed by the young couple had not subsided, when an exclamation from Hazlehurst himself again fixed their attention entirely on Elinor.

“She has fainted!” he cried, and carried her to the sofa.

But joy is life to the heart and spirits; Elinor lost her consciousness for a moment only. She raised her eyes and fixed them upon Hazlehurst, who still held one of her hands.

“It is Harry!” she exclaimed, and burst into tears. She felt that he was safe, that he was by her side; she already felt that he loved her, that

they understood each other; and yet she was still quite incapable of giving anything like a reason for what had passed. It was all confusion in her mind, all indistinct but the blessed truth that Harry was safe, accompanied by a hope she had not dared to cherish for years. She was still feeble and agitated, her colour varying with every beat of her heart; her face now covered with a deep natural blush at the sound of Harry's voice, at the expression of his eye; now deadly pale again as she caught some allusion to the Petrel.

The doctor recommended that she should be left alone with Miss Wyllys. Her grandfather kissed her tenderly and left the room, as well as the rest of the party; with one exception, however—Hazlehurst lingered behind.

Having reached the adjoining room, explanations were exchanged between the friends. Mr. Wyllys learned that Elinor and the Van Hornes had supposed Harry lost from the paper, and the first hurried note of de Vaux. When they arrived at Wyllys-Roof, there was no one there to give them any later information. Mammy Sarah, the nurse, knew no more than themselves; she had heard the Broadlawn story, after having seen young de Vaux leave the house with Miss Agnes, when they first went to the Hubbards. Hazlehurst had not accompanied his friend, for he had

seen Mr. Wyllys in a neighbouring field, and went there to give him the information; and thence they had both gone to the cottage, where they remained until Mrs. Clapp and Mr. Joseph Hubbard arrived from Longbridge. Neither Mr. Wyllys nor Miss Agnes had received the least intimation of the accident until they heard a correct account from de Vaux, and Harry himself; consequently they had not felt the same alarm for Hazlehurst.

Dr. and Mrs. Van Horne were much gratified by hearing that Hazlehurst's restoration was owing to the devoted perseverance of their son; for it was only after every one else had given up the hope of reviving him, after long and ceaseless exertions, that signs of life were discovered. They also now learned the circumstances of the accident, the fact that two instead of four persons were lost, and they found that it was in endeavouring to save Charlie that Harry had so nearly lost his own life. But we leave them together to express their natural feelings of gratitude for those who had escaped, sympathy with the sufferers, their surprise at Harry's appearance, and all the varying emotions of such a moment.

While this conversation was passing in one room, Elinor was in some measure recovering from the first sudden shock of the morning in the

other. Harry seemed fully determined to maintain his post at her side, and still kept possession of her hand ; in fact, the solemn, anxious moment, hallowed by grief, at which the disclosure of their mutual feelings had been made, seemed to banish all common petty embarrassments. Miss Agnes and Harry required but a word and a look to explain matters—the aunt already understood it all.

“ Poor Charlie !” exclaimed Elinor, with a half-inquiring look, as if with a faint hope that he too might have returned like Harry.

“ Our friend is gone, dearest !” said Harry, his eyes moistened with tears as he spoke.

Elinor wept, and a silence of a minute ensued. “ His poor mother, and his sister !” she exclaimed at length.

“ His two mothers, rather,” said Harry, with a faltering voice.

After another silence, Elinor turned to Hazlehurst with an anxious look, saying :

“ And your other friends ?”

“ All safe, love.”

“ The crew too ?”

“ One of the crew is lost ; Black Bob, a sailor from Longbridge.”

“ I remember him. He had no family, I believe, aunt,” she said.

“None, my child, that I have ever heard of.”

“The heaviest blow has fallen upon the Hubbards,” said Harry.

After a pause, in which aunt and niece had prayed for the mourners, Elinor again made some inquiries.

“Were all in the Petrel at the time?” asked Elinor.

“Smith and our poor Charlie, the negro and a boy were crossing a bay in the Petrel, when she capsized by the bad management of the negro, who had been drinking. The rest of us were on shore.”

“You were not in any danger then?” said Elinor, as if relieved that he had not even been exposed to past peril.

“I owe my life to my friend Van Horne,” he replied.

Elinor shuddered and turned deadly pale again. Harry threw his arms about her and embraced her fervently, until Elinor, who had now partially recovered the common current of her ideas, made a gentle struggle to release herself.

“But you were not in the Petrel?” she said again, as if anxious to understand all that related to him.

“We all went to our friends as soon as we saw the schooner capsize,” said Harry.

“Hubert de Vaux told me that Harry swam some distance with the hope of saving poor Charles, who could not swim himself,” said Miss Agnes. “It was in that way, my child, that he was exposed.”

“To save Charlie!—that was like you,” said Elinor, with a glow on her cheek.

“There was no danger—no merit whatever in doing so. I have often swam farther,” said Harry. “The only difficulty was caused by my becoming entangled in some ropes, which drew me under water.”

“But where was the boat?”

“It was not at hand at the moment; they brought it as soon as possible.”

“Did Charlie speak?” asked Elinor, sadly.

“My poor friend was insensible when I reached him.

Again a moment’s pause ensued.

“I must not forget to tell you, love, that we owe a great deal to another friend of ours,” said Harry smiling. “You will be glad to hear that Bruno behaved nobly; he first discovered the ropes in which we were entangled.”

“Bruno! Where is my noble dog? Pray call him—let me see him!”

Harry went to the door, and there was Bruno

lying across the threshold, as if waiting to be admitted; he came in at Harry's call, but not with his usual bound. He seemed to understand, that if his old master had been saved, his master's friend was lost. The noble creature was much caressed by Miss Wyllys and Elinor; and we are not ashamed to confess that the latter kissed him more than once. At length, Miss Agnes observing that her niece was very much recovered, rose from her seat, and stooping to kiss Elinor's forehead, placed her hand in that of Harry, saying with much feeling, as she joined them, "God bless you, my children!" and then left the room.

As for what passed after Miss Agnes left her young friends, we cannot say. Bruno was the only witness to that interview between Harry and Elinor, and as Bruno was no tell-tale, nothing has ever transpired on the subject. We may suppose, however, that two young people, strongly attached to each other, united under such peculiar circumstances, did not part again until a conclusive and satisfactory explanation had taken place. Harry, no doubt, was enabled to quiet any scruples he he may have felt with regard to Ellsworth; and probably Elinor was assured that she had entirely mistaken Hazlehurst's feelings during the past summer; that Mrs. Creighton was his friend's

sister, and a charming woman, but not the woman he loved, not the woman he could ever love, after having known his Elinor.

Then, as both parties were frank and warm-hearted, as they had known each other for years, and had just been re-united under circumstances so solemn, there was probably more truth, less reserve, and possibly more tenderness than usual at similar meetings. Doubtless, there were some smiles; and to judge from the tone of both parties on separating, we think that some tears must have been shed. We are certain that amid their own intimate personal communications, the young friend so dear to both, so recently lost, was more than once remembered; while, at the same time, it is a fact, that another communication of some importance to Harry, the disclosures of Stebbins, was forgotten by him, or deferred until the interview was interrupted. Mr. Wyllys entered to let Harry know that Hubert de Vaux had come for him.

"De Vaux is here waiting for you, Harry," said Mr. Wyllys, opening the drawing-room door.

"Is it possible, my dear Sir?—Is it so late?" exclaimed Harry.

It was, in fact, de Vaux come to accompany Harry to Longbridge to meet the body of our poor Charlie—so closely, on that eventful day,

were joy and sadness mingled to the friends at Wyllys-Roof.

Elinor had risen from her seat as her grandfather approached.

“ You feel better, my child,” he said kindly.

“ I am happy, grandpapa!—happy as I can be *to-day!*” she added, blushing and weeping, and throwing her arms about his neck.

“ It is all right, I see. May you be blessed together, my children!” said the venerable man, uniting their hands.

After an instant’s silence, Elinor made a movement to leave the room.

“ I am going to Longbridge, but I shall hope to see you again in the evening,” said Harry, before she left him.

“ When you come back, then. You are going to Longbridge, you say?”

“ Yes,” said Harry, sadly; “ to meet Van Horne and Smith, with—”

Elinor made no reply; she understood his sad errand; offered him her hand again, and left the room. She retired to her own apartment, and remained there alone for a long time; and there the young girl fell on her knees, and offered up most fervent, heartfelt thanksgivings for the safety of one she loved truly, one she had long loved, so recently rescued from the grave.

That afternoon, just as the autumn sun was sinking towards the woods, throwing a rich, warm glow over the country, a simple procession was seen moving slowly and sadly over the Longbridge highway. It was the body of Charlie Hubbard, brought home by his friends, to pass a few hours beneath his mother's roof, ere it was consigned to its last resting-place under the sod.

We have not yet dared to intrude upon the stricken inmates of the old grey cottage; we shall not attempt to paint their grief, such grief is sacred. The bereaved mother, half-infirm in body and mind, seemed to feel the blow without fully understanding it. Patsey, poor Patsey, felt the affliction fully, comprehended it wholly. Charlie had been her idol from infancy; she had watched over the boy with an engrossing affection, an earnest devotion, which could be only compared to a mother's love, which might claim a mother's sacred name. She was entirely overcome when the young artist's body was brought into the house, and placed in the coffin beneath his father's portrait.

"My boy!—my brother!—Charlie!" she cried wildly; all her usual calmness, her usual firmness giving way at the moment, as the young face she loved so tenderly was first disclosed to her view, pale and lifeless. But the fine features of the

young artist, almost feminine in their delicate beauty, returned no answering glance—they were rigid, cold, and partially discoloured by death.

Hazlehurst and de Vaux passed the night beside the body of their friend; Miss Agnes and Mrs. Van Horne were with the bereaved mother and sisters.

Early on the following morning, Mr. Wyllys and Elinor came to take a last look at their young friend.

“Can it indeed be true? Charlie is gone for ever—gone so suddenly!” thought Elinor, as she leaned over his body, weeping with the sincere, heartfelt grief of a true friend, until Hazlehurst, pained by her emotion, gently drew her away; not, however, before she had bent over poor Charlie, and gently kissed the discoloured forehead of her young companion, for the first and the last time.

Patsey’s grief, though not less deep, was more calm than at first. Again and again she had returned to her young brother’s coffin with varying feelings; now overwhelmed by poignant grief, now partially soothed by the first balm of holy resignation; now alone, now accompanied by her friends. Once, early that morning, the infirm mother was brought into the room to look for the last time on the face of her son; she was carried

in a chair and placed by the coffin, then assisted to rise by Miss Agnes and her daughter Kate. Her tears flowed long, falling on her boy's cold, but still beautiful features; she wiped them away herself, and with an humble phrase of resignation, in the words of Scripture, expressed the thought that ere long she should be laid by his side. Her's was not the bitter, living grief of Patsey; she felt that she was near the grave herself!

Tears of gentle-hearted women were not the only tears which fell upon Charlie's bier; his uncles, his elder brothers, and more than one true friend was there. But amid all the strong, contending emotions of those who crowded the humble room, who hung over the coffin, still that youthful form lay rigid in the fearful chill, the awful silence of death; he, whose bright eye, whose pleasant smile had never yet met the look of a friend without the quick glance of intellect, or the glow of kindly feeling. Patsey felt the change; she felt that the being she loved was not all there, the dearer portion was already beyond her sight—and with this reflection came the blessed consolations of Christian hope; for the unfeigned faith and the penitent obedience of the Christian, had been known to Charlie Hubbard

from childhood; nor had they ever been forgotten by the young man.

Soon after sunrise, friends and neighbours began to collect; they came from miles around, all classes and all ages—for the family was much respected, and their sudden bereavement had excited general compassion. The little door-yard and the humble parlour were filled with those who justly claimed the name of friends; the highway and an adjoining field were crowded with neighbours.

After a solemn prayer within the house, those who had loved the dead fixed their eyes for the last time on his features; the coffin was closed from the light, the body was carried for the last time over the threshold, it was placed on a carriage, and the living crowd moved away, following the dead, with the slow, heavy movement of sorrow. The mother, the sisters, and the nearest female friends, remained in privacy together at the house of mourning. As the funeral train moved along the highway towards Longbridge, it gradually increased in length; the different dwellings before which it passed had their windows closed as a simple token of sympathy, and on approaching the village, one bell after another was heard tolling sadly.

The hearse paused for a moment before the

house of Mr. Joseph Hubbard; those who had come thus far in carriages, alighted, and joined by others collected in the village, they moved from there on foot. Several brother artists from New York, and other associates of the young man's, bore the cloth which covered his coffin; and immediately after the nearest relatives, the elder brothers, and the uncles, came Hazlehurst and de Vaux, with the whole party of the *Petrel*, and the crew of the little schooner; and sincerely did they mourn their young friend. It is seldom, indeed, that the simple feeling of grief and compassion pervades a whole funeral train so generally as that of the young artist. But our poor Charlie had been much loved by all who knew him; he was carried to the grave among old friends of his family, in his native village—and there were many there capable of admiring his genius and respecting his character. As the procession entered the enclosure, it passed before a new-made grave, that of the negro sailor, who had been decently interred by the directions of de Vaux on the preceding evening, the party of the *Petrel* having also attended his funeral. On reaching the final resting-place of the young artist, among the tombs of his family, by the side of his father, the minister, an impressive prayer and a short but touching address were made;

the coffin was lowered, the earth thrown on it, and the grave closed over Charlie Hubbard. The story of his life was told.

Harry was the last to leave the spot. While the funeral train returned with the mourners to the house of Mr. Joseph Hubbard, he remained standing by the grave of his friend, his mind filled with the recollection of the brilliant hopes so suddenly extinguished, the warm fancies so suddenly chilled, the bright dreams so suddenly blighted by the cold hand of death. The solemn truth, that the shadow of death had also passed over himself was not forgotten; life in its true character, with all its real value, all its uncertainties, all its responsibilities, rose more clearly revealed to him than it had ever yet done; he turned from Charlie's grave a wiser man, carrying with him, in the recollection of his own unexpected restoration, an impulse for higher and more steadfast exertion in the discharge of duty.

But if Hazlehurst's thoughts, as he retraced his solitary way towards Wyllys-Roof, were partly sad, they were not all gloomy. Wisdom does not lessen our enjoyment of one real blessing of life; she merely teaches us to distinguish the false from the true, and she even increases our happiness amid the evils and sorrows against

which we are warned, by purifying our pleasures, and giving life and strength to every better thought and feeling.

When Harry entered the gate of Wyllys-Roof, his heart beat with joy again, as he saw Elinor, now his betrothed wife, awaiting his return on the piazza. He joined her, and they had a long conversation together in the fullness of confidence and affection. They were, at length, interrupted by Miss Agnes, who returned from the Hubbards. The young people inquired particularly after Miss Patsey.

“She is much more calm than she was yesterday; more like herself, more resigned, thinking again of others, attending to Mrs. Hubbard. She seems already to have found some consoling thoughts.”

“It seems, indeed,” said Harry, “as if Hubbard’s memory would furnish consolation to his friends by the very greatness of their loss. His character, his conduct, were always so excellent; the best consolation for Miss Patsey.”

“It is touching to see that excellent woman’s deep affection for one so different from herself in many respects,” observed Mr. Wyllys.

“Fraternal affection is a very strong tie,” said Miss Agnes, gently.

She might have added that it is one of the

most honourable to the human heart, as it is peculiar to our race. Other natural affections, even the best, may be partially traced among the inferior beings of creation ; something of the conjugal, paternal, and filial attachment may be roused for a moment in most living creatures ; but fraternal affection is known to man alone, and would seem in its perfect disinterestedness, almost worthy to pass unchanged to a higher sphere.

“ I have often thought,” said Mr. Wyllys, “ that the affection of an unmarried sister for a brother or a sister, whose chief interests and affections belong by right to another, if not the most tender, is surely the most purely disinterested and generous which the human heart can know ; and single women probably feel the tie more strongly than others.”

Mr. Wyllys was thinking, when he spoke, of his daughter Agnes and Patsey Hubbard ; and he might have thought of hundreds of others in the same circumstances, for, happily, such instances are very common.

“ I have never had either brother or sister, but I can well imagine it must be a strong tie,” said Elinor.

“ I flattered myself I had been a sort of brother to you in old times,” said Harry smiling.

“Your romantic, adopted brothers, Nelly, are not good for much,” said her grandfather. “We tried the experiment with Harry, and see how it has turned out; it generally proves so, either too much or too little. Don’t fancy you know anything about plain, honest, brotherly affection,” he added, smiling kindly on his grand-daughter who sat by his side.

Probably Harry was quite as well satisfied with the actual state of things.

“But Charlie was also a son to Miss Patsey,” he added, after a moment.

“Yes; he had been almost entirely under her care from an infant,” replied Miss Agnes.

“Poor Charlie!—little did I think that bright young head would be laid in the grave before mine!” said Mr. Wyllys.

A moment’s pause ensued.

“Much as I loved Hubbard, much as I regret his loss,” said Harry, “I shall always think of him with a melancholy pleasure.”

“Excepting his loss, there does not seem indeed to be one painful reflection connected with his name,” observed Miss Agnes.

“Cherish his memory then among your better recollections,” added Mr. Wyllys to Harry and Elinor. “And an old man can tell you the full

value of happy recollections ; you will find one day the blessing of such treasures of memory."

"It is a legacy, however, which the good alone can leave their friends," said Miss Agnes.

And so it proved, indeed ; after the first severe grief of the sudden bereavement had passed away, the young man was remembered among his friends with a peculiar tenderness connected with his youth, his genius, his excellent character, his blameless life, and early death. Life had been but a morning to Charlie Hubbard, but it was a glowing summer morning—its hours had not been wasted, abused, misspent ; brief as they were, yet in passing they had brought blessings to himself, to his fellow-beings ; and they had left to those who loved him the best consolations of memory.

CHAPTER XII.

“Is not true love of a higher price
Than outward form, though fair to see?”

COLERIDGE.

HARRY had a busy autumn that year. He had two important objects in view, and within a few weeks he succeeded in accomplishing both. He was very desirous, now all difficulties were removed, that his marriage with Elinor should not be deferred any longer than was absolutely necessary.

“There cannot be the shadow of a reason, love, for waiting,” he said to her within a few days of the explanation. “Remember, it is now six years since you first promised to become my wife—since we were first engaged.”

“Six years, off and on,” said Elinor smiling.

“Not really off more than a moment.”

Elinor shook her head and smiled.

"No; not really off more than a very short time."

"Very well," said Elinor archly; "but don't you think the less we say about that second year, the better? Perhaps the third and fourth too."

"No, indeed. I have been thinking it all over; and in the first place there has not been a moment in those six years when I have not loved you; though to my bitter mortification I confess, there was also a moment when I was in love with another, but it was a very short moment, and a very disagreeable one to remember. No; I wish you to look well into those six years, for I honestly think they will appear more to my credit than you are at all aware of. I shan't be satisfied until we have talked them over again, my part at least. I don't know that you will submit to the same examination."

"Oh! you have already heard all I have to say," she replied blushing deeply; "I shan't allude to my part of the story again this long while."

Nevertheless, Harry soon succeeded in obtaining her consent to be married within six weeks; in fact she made but few objections to the arrangement, although she would have preferred waiting longer, on account of the recent afflictions of Jane and the Hubbards.

The important day soon arrived, and the wedding took place at Wyllys-Roof. A number of friends and relatives of both parties were collected for the occasion; Mrs. Stanley, Robert Hazlehurst and his wife, the late Mrs. George Wyllys and her new husband, or as Harry called them, Mr. and Mrs. Uncle Dozie, the Van Hornes, de Vauxes, Bernards, and others. Mary Van Alstyne was bridesmaid, and Hubert de Vaux groomsmen. The ceremony which at length united our two young friends, was impressively performed by the clergyman of the parish to which the Wyllyses belonged; and it may be doubted whether there were another couple married that day, in the whole wide world, whose feelings as they took the solemn vows were more true, more honourable to their natures, than those of Harry and Elinor.

Talking of vows, it was remarked by the spectators that the groom made his promises and engagements in a more decided tone of voice, a less embarrassed manner than usual; for, strange to say, your grooms, happy men, are often awkward, miserable swains enough in appearance; though it would be uncharitable in the extreme, not to suppose them always abounding in internal felicity. There was also another observation made by several of the wedding guests, friends of

Harry, who were then at Wyllys-Roof for the first time, and it becomes our duty to record the remark, since it related to no less a person than the bride; it was observed that she was not as pretty as a bride should be.

“Mrs. Harry Hazlehurst is no beauty; certainly,” said Albert Dangler to Orlando Flyrter.

“No beauty! She is downright ugly—I wonder at Hazlehurst’s taste.”

Unfortunately for Elinor, the days are past when benevolent fairies arrive just at the important moment, and by a tap of the wand, or a phial of elixir, change the coarsest features, the most unfavourable complexion, into a dazzling image of everything most lovely, most beautiful. Nor had she the good luck of certain young ladies of whom one reads quite often, who improve so astonishingly in personal appearance between fifteen and twenty—generally during the absence of the hero—that they are not to be recognized, and a second introduction becomes necessary. No; Elinor was no nearer to being a beauty when Harry returned from Brazil, than when he went to Paris; she was just as plain on the evening of her wedding as she was six years before, when first presented to the reader’s notice.

Jane, though now in widow’s weeds, was just as

beautiful too, as when we first saw her; she was present at her cousin's wedding as Elinor wished her to be there, although in a deep mourning dress. Patsey Hubbard was also in the drawing-room during the ceremony, and in deep black; but she left her friends as soon as she had expressed her warmest wishes for the happiness of her former pupil: she wept as she turned from the house, for she could not yet see that well-known cheerful circle at Wyllys-Roof, without missing one bright young face from the group.

Among those who had declined invitations to the wedding, were Mr. Ellsworth and Mrs. Creighton, although both had expressed many good wishes for the affianced couple. The gentleman wrote sincerely, but a little sadly, perhaps, as it was only six weeks since his refusal; the lady wrote gracefully, but a little spitefully it is believed, since it was now generally known that Harry must recover entire possession of his fortune.

This vexatious affair was, in fact, finally settled about the time of Harry's marriage; and, thanks to the disclosures of Stebbins, it was no longer a difficult matter to unravel the plot. As soon as William Stanley's representative, or in other words, Hopgood, found that Stebbins had betrayed him, he ran off, but was arrested shortly

after, tried and convicted. He was no sooner sentenced, than he offered to answer any questions that might be asked, for he was anxious that his accomplice, Clapp—who had also taken flight, and succeeded in eluding all pursuit—should be punished as well as himself. It appeared that his resemblance to the Stanleys was the first cause of his taking the name of William Stanley; he was distantly related to them through his mother, and, as we may often observe, the family likeness, after having been partially lost for one or two generations, had appeared quite strongly again in himself; and, as usual, the peculiarities of the resemblance had become more deeply marked as he grew older.

Being very nearly of the same age, and of the same pursuit as William Stanley, he had actually been taken for the young man on several occasions. He had been in the same lawyer's office as Clapp, whom he had known as a boy, and had always kept up some intercourse with him. Meeting him one day accidentally, he related the fact of his having passed himself off for William Stanley by way of a joke. "The sight of means to do ill deeds, makes deeds ill done." Clapp seemed from that moment to have first taken the idea of the plot. He gradually disclosed his plan to Hopgood, who was quick-

witted, a good mimic, and quite clever enough for the purpose. The idea was repeatedly abandoned, then resumed again; Hopgood having purposely shipped under the name of William Stanley, several times, and practised an imitation of William Stanley's hand by way of an experiment. Finding no difficulties in these first steps, they gradually grew bolder, collecting information about the Stanleys, and carefully arranging all the details. Stebbins had frightened them on one occasion; but after having obtained possession of the papers in his hands, Clapp determined to carry out their plan at once; he thought the probability of success was strongly in their favour, with so much evidence within their reach; and the spoils were so considerable, that they were in his opinion worth the risk. The profits of their roguery were to be equally divided, if they succeeded; and they had also agreed that if at any moment matters began to look badly, they would make their escape from the country together.

Hopgood, who was generally supposed by those who had known him to have died at New Orleans twenty years since, had been often with William Stanley when a lad in the lawyer's office; he knew the house and neighbourhood of Greatwood perfectly, and had a distinct recollection of Mr.

Stanley, the father, and of many persons and circumstances that would prove very useful. Clapp easily obtained other necessary information, and they went to Greatwood, examining the whole house and place, in order to revive Hopgood's recollections; while at the same time they made but little mystery of their excursion, hoping rather that when discovered, it would pass off as a natural visit of William Stanley to the old home which he was about to claim. The whole plan was carefully matured under Clapp's cunning management; on some doubtful points they were to be cautious, and a set of signals were agreed upon for moments of difficulty; but generally they were to assume a bold, confident aspect, freely offering an interview to the executors, and sending a specimen of the forged hand-writing as a letter to Mrs. Stanley.

The volume of the Spectator was a thought of Clapp's; he bribed a boy to admit him into the library at Greatwood one Sunday, when the housekeeper was at church, and he selected the volume which seemed well suited to his purpose; removing the boy from the neighbourhood immediately after, by giving him high wages in a distant part of the country. As for Mr. Reed, he was completely their dupe, having been himself honestly convinced of the identity of Clapp's client.

It was nine years from the time the plot first suggested itself, until they finally appeared as public claimants of the estate and name of William Stanley, and during that time, Clapp, who had never entirely abandoned the idea, although Hopgood had repeatedly done so, had been able to mature the plan very thoroughly.

The declarations of Stebbins and Hopgood were easily proved; and Harry had no further difficulty in resuming possession of Greatwood.

Clapp was not heard of for years. His wife, little Willie, and two younger children, became inmates of the old grey cottage, under the care of Miss Patsey, who still continues the same honest whole-souled, benevolent being she was years ago. Patsey was now quite at her ease, and enabled to provide for her sister Kate and the three children, and it was to poor Charlie she owed the means of doing so; by an unusual precaution in one so young, he had left a will, giving everything he owned to his mother and eldest sister.

Shortly after his death, some of his friends, Hazlehurst among the number, got up an exhibition of all his pictures; they made a fine and quite numerous collection, for Charlie had painted very rapidly. The melancholy interest connected with the young painter's name, his high reputation

in the particular field he had chosen, the fact that all his paintings were collected together, from the first view of Chewattan Lake, taken when a mere boy, to the sketch of Nantucket, which he was retouching but a moment before his death, and the sad recollection that his palette was now broken for ever, attracted unusual attention. The result of that melancholy exhibition, with the sale of some remaining pictures, proved sufficient to place his mother and sister, with their moderate views, in very comfortable circumstances. Thus even after his death Charlie proved a blessing to his family.

In looking over the young man's papers, Patsey found some lines which surprised her, although they explained several circumstances which she had never before fully understood; they betrayed a secret, undeclared attachment, which had expressed itself simply and gracefully in verses, full of feeling and well written. It was evident from these lines that poor Charlie's poetical imagination, even from early boyhood, had been filled with the lovely image of his young companion, Jane Graham: there was a beautiful sketch of her face among his papers, which from the date, must have been taken from memory while she was in Paris.

It was clear from the tone of the verses, that

Charlie had scrupulously confined his secret within his own bosom, for there were a few lines addressed to Jane since her widowhood, lamenting that grief should so soon have thrown a shadow over that lovely head, and concluding with a fear that she would little value even this expression of sympathy from one to whom she had only given careless indifference, and one who had never asked more than the friendship of early companionship. Patsey hesitated for a moment, but then decided that the miniature and the verses should never be shown—they should meet no eyes but her own; Charlie had not spoken himself, his secret should remain untold.

We must not omit to mention, that a few weeks after Charlie's death, young Van Horne offered himself to Mary Hubbard, the youngest daughter of the family; he was accepted, and the connexion, which was very gratifying to Patsey and her mother, proved a happy one. Mrs. Hubbard survived her daughter's marriage several years. Kate and her little ones have remained at the old grey cottage from the time of Clapp's flight; the children are now growing up promising young people, and they owe much to Patsey's judicious care. Willie, the hero of the temperance meeting, is her favourite, for she persuades herself that he is like her lost Charlie; and in

many respects the boy happily resembles his uncle far more than his father.

Last year, Mrs. Clapp received, for the first time, a letter in a hand-writing very like that of her husband; its contents seemed distressing, for she wept much, and held several consultations with Patsey. At length quite a little sum was drawn from their modest means, Kate packed up her trunk, took leave of her sister and children, and set out upon a long and a solitary journey. She was absent for months; but letters were occasionally received from her, and at length she returned to the grey cottage in deep mourning. It was supposed that she was now a widow; and as Patsey upon one single occasion confirmed the report, the opinion must have been correct, for Patsey Hubbard's word was truth itself.

No public account of Clapp's death, however, reached Longbridge, and his name was never mentioned by the Hubbards; still, it seemed to be known at last that Mrs. Clapp had gone to a great distance to attend her husband during a long and fatal illness; and Mrs. Tibbs also found out by indefatigable inquiries, far and near, that about the same time one of the elders of Joe Smith, the Mormon impostor, had died of consumption at Nauvoo; that he had written somewhere several months before his death, that

a delicate-looking woman had arrived, and had not quitted his side as long as he lived; that immediately after his death she had left Nauvoo, and had gone no one knew whither. It is quite certain that a young man from Longbridge, travelling at the west, wrote home that he had seen Mrs. Clapp on board a Mississippi steamer, just about that time. The story is probably true, although nothing very positive is known at Longbridge.

As for Hopgood, we have already mentioned that he had been arrested, and most righteously condemned to a long imprisonment for his share in that unprincipled, audacious conspiracy. A year afterwards, however, it pleased those in authority to send him out into the community again. He was pardoned—

As all reserve is generally dropped in the last chapter, we may as well tell the reader a secret of Mrs. Creighton's. We have every reason to believe that she never cared much for Harry, although she always cared a great deal for his fortune. She was determined to marry again, for two reasons; in the first place, she did not wish to give way to a sister-in-law, and she knew her brother intended marrying; and then she never could manage that brother as she wished; he was by no means disposed to throw away as

much time, thought, and money upon dissipation, as she would have liked. She wanted a rich husband, of course. Harry did very well in every particular but one—she thought him too much like her brother in his tastes to be all she desired, still he suited her better than any of her other admirers, and she would have been quite satisfied to accept him had he kept his fortune.

Without that fortune, it was a very different affair; he was no longer to be thought of for a moment. We strongly suspect, also, that the pretty widow saw farther than any one else into the true state of matters between Elinor and Harry, long before the parties themselves had had an explanation; and for that reason, so long as she was determined to take Hazlehurst for her second husband, she decidedly encouraged Ellsworth's attention to Elinor. Since we are so near the last page, we shall also admit that Mrs. Creighton had quite a strong partiality for Mr. Stryker, while the gentleman was thoroughly in love with her. But neither was rich, and money, that is to say wealth, was absolutely necessary in the opinion of both parties; so Mr. Stryker, went off to New Orleans in quest of a quadroon heiress recommended to him, and Mrs. Creighton became Mrs. Pompey Taylor, junior; marrying the second son of the merchant, an individual who was nearly

ten years younger than herself, and resembled his brother in every respect except in being much less handsome. The happy couple sailed for Europe immediately after the ceremony.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Taylor, the father, suffered severely, not long after the marriage of his second son by the great fire; he suffered also in the great panic, and in various other panics which have succeeded one another. Still he has not failed, but he is a poorer man than when we first had the honour of making his acquaintance. In other respects he is much what he was fifteen years ago, devoted as much as ever, and as exclusively as ever to making money; still valuing everything, visible or invisible, by the market-price in gold, silver, or bank-notes; although unfortunately much less successful than at the commencement of his career in accumulating dollars and cents; his seems to be "the fruitless race, without a prize;" and yet Mr. Taylor is approaching the time of life when the end of the race cannot be very distant.

Adeline is improved in many respects, her mother's advice has had a good effect on her; still it is amusing to see her already training up several little girls for future belles on her own pattern; rather it is believed to the annoyance of her quiet husband. Emma Taylor is decidedly less lively,

she too having in some measure composed herself, after achieving belle-ship and matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Uncle Dozie removed from Longbridge not long after their marriage; they have since returned there again, and now by the last accounts, they are again talking of leaving the place.

Mrs. Hilson still continues to annoy her family with a persevering ingenuity, for which certain silly women appear peculiarly well qualified; at times she talks of taking the veil in a nunnery, at others, of again entering the bands of Hymen with some English aristocrat of illustrious lineage. She confesses that either step would be sufficiently romantic and aristocratic to suit her refined tastes, but which she will eventually adopt cannot yet be known. Fortunately, her sister Emmeline has profited much more than the "city lady" herself by the follies of the past; she has lately married a respectable man, one of their Longbridge neighbours, much to her father's satisfaction.

Mary Van Alstyne remains single, and passes much of her time with Elinor.

Some eighteen months after Harry's marriage, one evening, as he was sitting on the piazza at Wyllys-Roof, he received a letter which made him smile; calling Elinor from the drawing-room, he

communicated the contents to her. It was from Ellsworth, announcing his approaching marriage with the lovely Mrs. Taylor, or in other words, our friend Jane. Harry laughed a good deal, and coloured a little too, as he plainly saw by the tone of the letter, that his friend was going through precisely the same process as himself, during his Paris days, when he first discovered such wisdom in the depths of Jane's dark eyes, such delicacy of sentiment in the purity of her complexion, such tenderness in every common smile of her beautiful lips.

Ellsworth, however, would probably not find out as soon as himself, that all these beauties made up a lovely picture indeed, but nothing more; for his friend was an accepted suitor, and might indulge himself by keeping agreeable fancies alive as long as he chose; while Harry had been rather rudely awakened from his trance by very shabby treatment in the first place, and a refusal at last. To Hazlehurst, the most amusing part of Ellsworth's story was an allusion to a certain resemblance in character between Mrs. Taylor and "one whom he had so much admired, one whom he must always admire."

"Now, Elinor, do me the justice to say I was never half so bad as that. I never pretended to think Jane like you in one good quality."

“It would be a pity if you had—Jane has good qualities of her own. But I am rejoiced to hear the news; it is an excellent match for both parties.”

“Yes; though Jane is a lovely puppet, and nothing more, yet it is a good match on that very account; Ellsworth will look after her. It is to be hoped they are satisfied; I think we are, my sweet wife. Don't you?”

His frank, natural, affectionate smile as he spoke, was tolerably satisfactory, certainly as to his estimate of his own fate; and it is to be hoped the reader is by this time sufficiently well acquainted with Elinor and Harry, to credit his account of the matter. From all we know of both, we are ourselves disposed to believe them very well qualified to pass through life happily together, making the cheerful days pleasanter, and the dark hours less gloomy to each other.

Harry seems to have given up his diplomatic pursuits, for the present at least; he remains at home, making himself useful both in private and public life. Last year, he and Elinor were at the Rip-Raps, accompanied by Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes, and a little family of their own—several engaging, clever, well-trained children. The little girls, without being beauties, are not plain; they are indeed quite as pretty as Jane's daughters;

the only ugly face in the young troop belongs to a fine-spirited little fellow, to whom it is of no consequence at all, as he has just discarded his petticoats for ever.

Perhaps both father and mother are pleased that such is the case; the feeling would seem to be one of those weaknesses which will linger about every parent's heart. Yet Elinor acknowledges that she is herself a happy woman without beauty; and Harry, loving her as he does for a thousand good reasons, and inclinations, and partialities, sometimes actually believes that he loves her the better for that plain face which appeals to his more generous feelings. Many men will always laugh at an ugly woman, and the idea of loving her; but is it an error in Hazlehurst's biographer to suppose that there are others who, placed in similar circumstances, would feel as Harry felt?

THE END.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



