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## DEFERRED ARTICLES.

### JAPAN.

It is estimated by an article in De Bow's Review that the trade of Japan with this country, if she opens her ports will be worth more than \$200,000,000 annually. This is more than the entire value of the annual exports of the United States to Great Britain. The population consists of three thousand eight hundred and fifty islands lying off the coast of China, having an area about equal to that of Germany, including Prussia and Austria or about six times that of New York.

CHINESE IN CUBA.—There are now said to be two thousand Chinese laborers in the island of Cuba, and six thousand more are on their way there. They are exported at a cost of \$125 a head, receive \$5 a month for the eight or ten years for which they are bound to their employer, by whom the expense of their transportation is paid. These already on it, it is said, have given great satisfaction by the industry and intelligence they display.

THE TROUBLES ON THE RIO GRANDE.—The New Orleans Crescent, in announcing that Carvajal, with four hundred Texas Rangers, had crossed the Rio Grande, and was on his march for Monterey, says:

"It was generally supposed that this movement on the part of Carvajal at the invitation of the State of Tamaulipas, and further, that Gen. Cruz, the military commandant at Camargo, was indirectly aiding it. The force under Carvajal's command is said to be composed almost entirely of the rangers called out by the Governor of Texas for the defence of the frontier against the Indians, and which the Government of the United States refused to pay or receive into service. The friends of the movement feel confident that by this time Carvajal is in command of the whole of Sierra Madre, and that his success is certain."

Norwegian Leprosy.—A letter dated Bergen, Norway, September 20, says that the Oriental leprosy, as described by Moses, exists at this moment in Norway. In addition to a leprosy house established some centuries ago, the government has recently built a hospital, for the cure of leprosy. The disease is confined almost exclusively to the western coast of Norway, and the number of lepers is nearly one in fifty. The writer adds, that it is from the western coast that the emigration to America takes place, and that the opinion of the attending physician at the hospital in Norway is, that the disease will show itself among these emigrants in this country and probably become a pestilent disease in the Western States.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republic says:

"The Monks of St. Bernard, after exercising so long and so nobly the rites of hospitality among the snows of their lofty solitudes, are preparing to abandon their establishments, which will shortly be rendered useless by the opening of the tunnel of Mc-nouire. The good brethren will establish themselves beside this tunnel, and again prefer their world-renowned hospitality to travellers on this new route."

The New York Evening Post publishes a letter from San Francisco, brought by the last steamer in which the writer very gravely presses the opinion that there will be a convention of the people of California to amend and alter the Constitution of that State, and that the abrogation of the present anti-slavery feature in it will pretty certainly be one of the acts of that body. Many reasons are assigned for this belief, which are very strongly relied upon.

A late French paper says: From Berlin, we learn that Jenny Lind is about to perform in that city, a series of concerts, to be given on behalf of the Society of Gustavus Adolphus, which was formed for relieving poor Protestant communities in Sweden and in the North of Germany.

DESPERATE AFFRAY.—Two Cadets at the Military Institute, Frankfort, Kentucky, named PUMEL and INGRAM, had a desperate rencounter on Thursday. The former was shot in the chest, the ball penetrating the lungs, and the latter had his skull cleft by a hatchet.

The annual value of porcelain imported into this country, exceeds the enormous sum of \$3,000,000.

## Popular Tales.

### THE BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN;

#### THE DWARF AND MASSEY FINKE.

A Tale of Philadelphia in Olden Time.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

Part Third.

The Story of Adelaide—The Departure—The Denouement.

It was twilight, at the close of a pleasant afternoon in the Autumn following the Spring on which the events narrated in the Second Part of our story transpired, when, standing by a parlor window, trelliced by honey-suckle and wood-bine, might have been seen a handsome young man and a beautiful girl.

He was about four or five and twenty, tall, and very fine looking, with a noble form, and a face expressive of intellect, good sense, and generous emotions. His hand held that of the maiden, who was exceedingly lovely. Her eyes were downcast, and the lids trembling with a sweet, embarrassed motion. It was Adelaide. A half year's abode beneath the maternal roof of the kind Mrs. Neville had restored her health and cheerfulness, matured her form, and unfolded all its beauty. She was tall, but not too tall, gracefully shaped, with an air at once retiring and charmingly winning. Her timid fearful look had given place to one of sweet serenity and inward happiness. There was, however, at this moment, a delicate sensitive expression upon her fine features, that was perhaps called forth by the circumstances under which we discover her. Ogdenville, who holds her tremulous hand in his, in the shadowy twilight of the window, is, to-morrow to depart for Europe and Paris, to pass a year in the medical school of that metropolis. He has sought this interview, by detaining her gently, as she was about to follow his mother from the room, to assist her in making ready his travelling trunk. Six months had proved quite long enough for the lovely Unknown to win not only the warm affections of Mrs. Neville, but the heart of her son. From the time of her rescue from the den of the fish-woman, she had not left this lady's roof. After her recovery from the effects of her cruel treatment, Mrs. Neville told her to regard her as her mother; and with touching artlessness and confidence, the friendless child threw her arms round her, and wept on her neck. Thus was sealed the bond of their love, and Mrs. Neville soon found that it was impossible to withhold from her all the freedom and wealth of a mother's love! She was so good; so gentle; so obliging; so seeking others' happiness; so artless; so pure in heart and character! It was a wonder to her how she had escaped unpolled, at least in spirit, from the scenes through which she had passed. Yet there she was, day by day, seated on a taboret at the feet of Mrs. Neville, who taught her to sew, to embroider, and to be useful, gentle, and free from sin! At length he came in and set down and talk with his mother and to gaze on her. At length he was happy in no other society but her's, and his mother's! He found her and wrote well, and could sing with great sweetness, and that her language was remarkably pure. One evening, when she had been with them about a month, and they were together in his mother's "keeping-room," Mrs. Neville knitting, Adelaide sewing, and Ogdenville with a book in his hand, occupied not in reading but in watching the gentle beauty of her countenance, and the effect of thoughts fitting across it, like summer clouds across a summer sky, Mrs. Neville said:

"Dear Adelaide, we have refrained till you were quite well and composed, from asking you more of your history than you have seen fit to communicate unsought; will you be so good as to relate, this evening, the events of your life?" The maiden lifted her eyes with a grateful smile to the face of her benefactress, and then, as if memory of childhood and home rushed upon her, the tears gushed forth from her eyes.

"It is painful I will not urge it!—But Ogdenville is anxious to know how you came into the hands of those horrible persons from whom he rescued you!"—Adelaide cast a look full of grateful emotion towards the young man, and blushing as she met his deep, earnest, admiring gaze, she dropped her eyes, and began, in a low musical voice, her story:

"I feel I should earlier have gratified you, my dear friend and mother. My name as I have already mentioned, is Adelaide DeWolf. My father was an officer I believe of high rank in the English Navy. We lived in England in a very beautiful house near London, I remember. My mother died a very long time ago. She was very beautiful and good! I shall never forget her and her love for me! Afterwards my father (I now recollect he was called Admiral) went to sea. He took me with him. We were going to Mexico, and a great storm came up, and our ship began to sink. There were a great many guns on board, which were thrown overboard. My father was only a passenger, and I believe he was going to take command of a fleet somewhere near Mexico. My memory is very indistinct, and I am at a loss for terms to express myself, I was so young at the time, not being but eleven or twelve. We had to leave the ship in boats. My father carried me in his arms. It was very dark, and the waves

run very high; and their roar was dreadful. No one could hear another speak. At length our boat was upset, so many got into it. The next I remember was, I was in a sailor's arms who swam with me and got on the bottom of a small boat and held me. I don't know what happened. I remember next it was day, and I was in the boat with the sailor, who was emptying the water out with his hat, as it was most filled. I was sitting in the water, and after a long time he got the water out. I remember asking for my father, and he told me he was drowned, and he then tried to make me eat biscuit. I don't know how many days we were in that little boat! He was so kind. He soaked biscuit for me to eat in the salt water, and when I screamed for water to drink, he opened a vein in his arm, and bade me put my lips to it! I remember it with horror now, but it was then to me refreshing above all draughts I have ever drank! That good, noble sailor! I shall never forget him! He made me draw the warm life-blood from a vein in his wrist, until, through nourishing me often with his own life, he was no longer able to exist! He died before my eyes! Oh! how I bathed him with tears, and called upon him to save me! With childish hope of saving him, I tore my own arm with my teeth, and placed the gushing wound to his lips! He shook his head, smiled, and died! Poor, good, noble sailor!—He died to save me! I shall never, never forget him!" And the young girl laid her head upon the knee of Mrs. Neville and wept. What a worthy tribute to his memory! What honor it reflected upon her own goodness of heart!

"I was alone in the boat then! Oh, how lonely! more so than if the dead body of the sailor had not been there. A storm came up, and for a day and a night I was tossed amid the wild tempest. I wished to die, but I could not! At length, as the boat rose on a wave, I saw land! Night came on, and I slept. The next I remember I was in a small vessel, and a young man had my head on his knee, trying to restore me to myself. This young man was Nelson Nickels!"

"The name is familiar to me!" said Ogdenville, who had listened to her simply told narrative with the deepest interest. "I now remember. It was he who was tried for the murder of a boy found in the very vault whence I took you! He escaped from prison, and escaped the gallows!"

"I did not think he could be so guilty. He was so kind to me!" she said, sadly.

"Nor do I think he was guilty. I now believe the woman, Massey Finke, and her boy, to have been the murderers. I learn they fled about that time. But their trial will soon take place, and I have no doubt they will be found guilty, and Nickels pardoned!"

"I trust so! He told me he had found me in the boat, and finding life in me, had taken me into his fishing-vessel. He said I had come with me in the storm, though a wicked bad man with him, wanted him to throw me into the sea!—But Nelson was firm to save me. But the little vessel struck as he got to the dock, and sunk at his very door in a storm. The next I have any recollection of, was finding myself in the arms of that fearful woman, Massey Finke, being carried along a lonely road, with dark woods all around! When I asked where I was, she told me to be silent; that I was her daughter, and I must tell every body so, or she would cut out my tongue. And Sammis, who frightened me very much when I saw him, for that his horrible threat always when he is angry. Ah, what did I not suffer? What did I not endure with those horrible creatures that on that wretched, weary journey on foot to New York? We were two days on the way. In New York they pursued a dreadful course of crime—of crimes without a name! They stole bodies of infants, and sold them to wicked doctors, and worse! Oh, worse! they would beguile little children into the den they lived in, and suffocate them for their bodies! I had to see it all—but though they beat me dreadfully, I never would admit them, and said I would rather they should take my body, too! But seeing I was so willing to die, they refrained from killing me. They beat me, and tortured me, lest I should inform upon them! And the dwarf, he delighted to torment me! I was his slave, as he truly told you! Oh! what fearful sufferings!"

"Horrible!" murmured Ogdenville, while Mrs. Neville sat pale, listening, and immovable as a statue, with an expression of horror and commiseration. "Why did you not try to escape?"

"I was in bondage to fear and terror! They closely watched me! One or the other was always with me! They kept a fish-stall, buying fish from the fishing vessels, and selling them again in the market. I carried always all their loads. The dwarf made me comb his hair and wash his horrible feet, and always ferociously called me 'slave!' when he spoke to me! I don't know how I lived for four years in this dreadful, dreadful state! I was in constant fear of them! I dared not speak to any one, even if they were not watching. They had got my spirit in perfect subjection. About four weeks ago they strangled a child and left it in the room, as they supposed dead, and locking me up as they always did, they went out to see the Doctor

they wanted to sell it to! It was a rich person's child that had wandered into that part of the town. I was looking at its pretty dress and curly hair, when it breathed! I resolved to try and save it! I rubbed it, and by and by it came to life! I spoke and walked! and I let it drop out of the window, for he was small enough to get through the iron bars, telling it to hasten home and tell all; hoping by this means they would be arrested. The child was about five years old. It so happened that Massey and the dwarf met and recognized it! They would, doubtless, have laid hands on it in the street, if they had dared! The child saw them, and fled, shrieking, and fell down! I saw from the window of the house we lived in. When they came in, they both said,

"Where is the child? Has it come to life? And they looked both frightened and ferocious! It was terrible to see their faces of rage! I trembled.

"Look!" said I; "is not the dead child in the inner room, where you left it?"

"My answer, which was quiet, though I trembled, led them to believe I knew nothing of the fight of their victim. They then began to talk together, and accuse each other for not doing the work better. The result was, they instantly resolved to leave New York, and return to Philadelphia. We arrived here, on foot as before, travelling by night and hiding by day, the week before we saw life in the market. She went directly to the old house, and finding it in ruins, took possession of the vault. The first three days she went out very cautiously; but having discovered that she was safe, she went boldly to the market-place with fish, and set up a stall."

"Can you tell how you were transferred from the possession of Nickels to this lag?" asked Ogdenville.

"I discovered it only from their conversation with each other. It was many months before I was able to unravel the whole mystery! It seems that when I, and reached the steps of the house, which you know projects over the water, and by them got into the building, and bore me to the first. He dwelt there with his mother, and also with Massey, her husband, (the wicked man who wanted to throw me into the water,) and the dwarf. These latter had quarrelled with the former, and seeing they took a deep interest in me, resolved to take me from their possession while they slept. They did so, and in a boat escaped with me across the river, and began to wander on the coast to some place carrying me between them. They did not say solely to possess themselves of my person; for Nickels had not long before discovered them stealing the corpse of a child, which they only knew of that night, and therefore, fearing he would have them arrested, they had already determined to escape. Taking me with them was merely an after-thought!"

"It is now all very clear," said Mrs. Neville, who had listened to the narrative of Adelaide DeWolf, with the most painful interest. "Your misfortunes, my dear Adelaide, have endeared you to me!"

She folded her in her embrace as she spoke, and for a moment all three were profoundly silent. Ogdenville was letting his thoughts fly with rapidity over the past history of her sufferings, and then, passing the present, penetrating into the future, and painted in glowing colors, scenes of happiness for the lovely sufferer. His mother was lifting her heart in grateful prayer to God for making her the instrument of her protection; and Adelaide was thinking only of the joy and bliss of the present moment!

From that hour Mrs. Neville regarded her as her daughter; but Ogdenville felt a deeper emotion than fraternal interest took possession of his bosom. Her sad story had awakened the tender chords of his being, and out of pity grew love!

"Said I not, dear mother, she was well born?" said Ogdenville, his face expressive of gentle triumph, when they were alone. "She must be taught drawing, painting, French and music, of each of which she already knows something, which is proof of her former rank in life!"

Mrs. Neville entered fully into her son's wishes. But Ogdenville was her drawing-master; Ogdenville was her French teacher; Ogdenville it was that gave her music lessons! So love grew between them! Hers springing out of a glad and grateful heart; his growing from a soil, which the tears of pity he shed over her sad story had enriched and softened. And thus their days passed, when the time came for them to separate. Ogdenville had delayed his departure till the last day; but the eve of his farewell had at length come.

Long the lovers stood in the trellised window, half hid in the green leaves. What they spoke of, let lovers, who have parted, tell! At length they parted. Thrice he clasped her to his heart and kissed her forehead, and thrice he said farewell!

"Once more farewell! Adelaide! dear Adelaide!" he said, with a voice of deep emotion. "In one year I shall return, and claim you as mine! Rest assured, I shall not quit England for Paris, until I have made every inquiry in relation to your friends; and your father's fate! It is indeed, horrible; he, as well as yourself, may have escaped. I will write you, on my arrival, and of ten afterwards! God bless you!"

The next moment Ogdenville was in the street, on his way to his banker's house, whom he had to see that night, as the vessel was to sail early the ensuing morning.

We should be glad to follow our hero to England, and accompany him in his search after the family of Adelaide; and in ascertaining the fate of her father; but we have already trespassed the limits we had laid out for our story. The search, however, was unsuccessful. He could not even hear of any Admiral of the name he sought in the British navy; though he ascertained that there was a frigate lost in a gale, off the Coast of the United States, about the period stated; and that most of the officers were saved. The only officer of rank it carried passenger, was Sir Charles Grosvenor, Bart., who with nearly all on board, was saved, being taken off the wreck, and not occupying in boats, their vessel going down, as was represented by Adelaide; consequently, he was satisfied that the two vessels were not the same as he had at first hoped. These facts, and the failure of his inquiries, he communicated in a letter to his mother, with this suggestion:

"May not Adelaide, considering her youth and lapse of time, have forgotten or confounded her family name with another; and is it not possible that she may be the child of this Sir Charles Grosvenor, who is now the Minister to Mexico? The circumstance of the vessel going down weighs nothing; as, in the confusion, Adelaide may have supposed it sunk. The boats might have returned to the wreck again, seeing it did not founder, and from thence been taken off! I can hear of no other vessel of war, but this, as having been lost on our coast. Before I return home, I shall try and discover the truth in reference to a matter in which Adelaide is so deeply interested. Whatever be her family, there can be no change in my love to her, whom, when I shall return, you will have a holier claim to call your daughter than that which is based alone on benevolent affection."

We shall suffer the year of Ogdenville's absence to pass by, and revert to a period a few days prior to his expected return. After his departure, the serene sky of our lovely unknown began to be darkened with clouds; and bitterness to be mingled with the cup of her happiness. We have spoken of the cousins, Charlotte LeRoy and Ann Wheaton, protectors of Mrs. Neville; the former a dashing, bold, handsome girl of the brunette tone; the latter a pretty, younger than her cousin. Both were in love; Charlotte, with Ogdenville's fortune, and with an eye to an establishment; Ann, with Ogdenville's face, good temper and pleasant manners. Charlotte was too selfish to have any heart in the matter, and Ann too inanimate. The elder was proud, imperious and unforgiving; the younger, easy tempered when let alone, but a very little vixen when aroused. Now the introduction of a third protegee into the family, under any circumstances, would not have been gratifying to these young ladies. But one introduced under the circumstances in which Adelaide came, was far from a pleasant matter. She was not only very beautiful, and therefore likely to eclipse themselves, but was received as a favorite from the first; and they soon saw that Ogdenville's leisure was devoted almost exclusively to her. How indignantly they discussed together about the affair in their chamber! How reluctantly they resolved to treat "the low fish-market girl" with contempt! How contemptuously they voted her unfit to be associated with! How haughtily they dubbed Mrs. Neville's "swinging-girl," when they thought of Ogdenville's preference! How they wondered who she was, and what Mrs. Neville could see in her to take her in!

"And coming as she did, in a carriage at night, with Ogdenville and another student! How impudent in her!" said Charlotte, bridling.

"How indiscreet!" echoed the mild Ann.

"Who knows but—?" and Charlotte blushed a little, and added, "you know what young men are?"

"I know! I think Ogdenville more than his mother does!" said Ann, very mysteriously, and looking very much shocked at her own imaginings.

"That's just my opinion," retorted Charlotte, looking at her cousin with a sort of intelligence.

"You think she's no better than she should be?" ventured Ann.

"Yes, and that's what cousin Ogdenville brought her here for! Absolutely horrible!"

"Shameful!" repeated Ann; and both young ladies elevated their heads with virtuous horror.

"Well, I'll treat her as she deserves!" said Charlotte.

"And that will I, too!" answered Ann, positively.

"Wait till Ogdenville goes abroad!" remarked Charlotte, with a cold, piercing light in her eyes.

"Yes, then we'll lead her a life!" said Ann, with a bitter smile, and significantly emphasizing the word we have italicized.

And they did lead her a life! Before his departure, Ogdenville discovered the temper towards his protegee, but it only caused him to smile; but it caused Adelaide many a secret tear. She, too, early found she had in them two enemies; and her place in the affections of their aunt, who, notwithstanding, had no less kindness towards them. Adelaide was

made unhappy by a system of petty annoyances; more, perhaps of a girl, such in itself, but unkind, and combined, they became a terrible instrument of torture—a moral harrow drawn over her soul! After his departure they came out more openly in their warfare! They never passed her without speaking in her ears some odious epithet. They invented means of annoying her. They devised schemes to mortify her! They planned ways to degrade her! They were worse than Sammis—more horrible than Massey Finke!

Month after month, Adelaide bore this persecution without a murmur—without a complaint. She strove to return gentleness for rudeness; kindness for unkindness; smiles for frowns; love for hatred! But the ferociousness, long suffering and patience of the good, only deepened hatred, though it elevated the soul of the one exercising these charities. In this way persecution ennobles! So Adelaide grew wiser, holier, more refined and elevated in character and mind by this trial of her benevolence. Daily she endeavored herself to her benefactress, who filled her letters to Ogdenville with accounts of her gentleness, affection and goodness. "She is well worthy of the love and confidence of all who are great and good. Her mind is naturally strong, and her heart sound! She teems with instinctive purity from evil, and happiness with her consists in doing good; in making those happy around her. She progresses in all her studies—and her masters give me the most extravagant reports of her aptitude and progress. I am pained to see the dislike of your cousins to her is by no means diminished; and I have reason to believe they have shown it to her openly; as more than once I have found her in tears, after chance had thrown them together for a few moments. But as she never complains, I may be wrong; and I trust her gentleness may yet win their confidence. Charlotte, you know, is very proud, and I suppose cannot forget whence we took this sweet child of my heart, and Ann is apt to be guided by her cousin in all her opinions. Your return soon, and union with Adelaide, will correct all this as it should be. I have closely watched with a mother's jealous eye the character of her my son has chosen for his wife, and I know it will make you happy to be reassured by me that she is every way worthy of the position for which your love destined her."

Thus stood affairs till near the time when Ogdenville wrote that he might be expected to return, that year he had just returned from his studies in Philadelphia, when, one evening, just at twilight, Mrs. Neville was seated by an open window that led upon a narrow balcony, on which stood numerous plants in flower-pots. Beneath the balcony was a parterre of flowers, enclosed by a brick wall, beyond which was a lane shaded by trees leading past the stables. Adelaide, who was not well, was reclining, half sitting, upon a sofa at a little distance from her, between the two windows, dreaming of Ogdenville, who also occupied the thoughts of his mother. All at once, Mrs. Neville thought she saw a visage—glittering eyes! She looked through the largest of one of the plants! She could not move for the surprise and terror; and fixing her gaze upon the eyes, she felt like one in a fearful dream, without the power to wake. Her pulse stood still! She was fascinated! It was dim twilight, but objects were sufficiently distinct to have all their outlines defined. The eyes gleamed like fire, or rather like the orbs of a blacksnake! They grew larger and nearer, and larger and nearer still, and the hideous shape of the dwarf, Sammis, stood before her in all his deformity. His face expressed malice and revenge and animal ferocity. In his talon-like hand gleamed a short knife, such as fishermen use. He put aside the green leaves of a lemon tree, which stood within the room, and with a menacing gesture of silence, he pointed with his long, slender finger towards Adelaide. He then placed his knife in his glittering teeth, and crossed to the sofa! Her eyes followed his, and yet she could neither move nor make any outcry. She did not fully realize that she saw what she did see! He approached the couch, and stood above the unconscious girl! She opened her eyes, beheld him, shrieked and swooned away!

The shriek recalled Mrs. Neville to herself. She comprehended all its reality. With singular courage, she sprang forward to her aid. But the dwarf had caught her up, and with one arm brandishing the knife, leaped like an ape to the window. Mrs. Neville threw herself before him, and called loudly for assistance. With a horrid exclamation, the dwarf struck her with the knife, and darted past her with his burden. Bleeding and faint, Mrs. Neville threw herself upon him. The servants at this moment entered, and with a yell of disapprobation, the savage leaped from the balcony, up which he had secretly climbed for his purpose, and escaped in the gloom of the evening!

The plot of Massey Finke had resulted in her conviction and sentence to death; but Sammis was acquitted on the plea of insanity. His mother was now in prison; but he prowled about the dock, and made the old vault his lodging-place, no one knew how. He had been but a few weeks released at the time of his present appearance; but during that period he had been busily planning how he should get possession of Adelaide,

when he savagely resolved yet to make his wife, and take her to his subterranean abode in the old custom-house. He had been prowling, for this purpose, night after night about the dwelling, until the opportunity offered, of which he tried to take advantage.

This attempt to abduct Adelaide, threw the poor girl into great terror, on being made fully aware of the danger she had escaped. But her alarm for herself was instantly lost in the deepest solicitude for the fate of her benefactress. Mrs. Neville was severely wounded, and the next day a fever set in which threatened the worst results. Night and day Adelaide watched over her; and if affliction, prayers, and the most devoted attention could have saved her, Mrs. Neville would have recovered. But in vain her prayers, her solicitude, all assailing her tears! The tenth day after receiving the wound, this excellent woman died, murmuring her son's and Adelaide's name in her latest breath!—What affliction to the present orphan! From this moment, sorrow crossed the threshold of her heart and dwelt there! A week passed. The last offices to the departed had been rendered! A maiden sister of Mrs. Neville, who came to nurse her in her illness, now took her place at the head of the table. Of this woman with reference to Adelaide, may be used the words of Scripture: "Now there arose up a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph." Her character was a combination of those of her cousin—She was a weak woman, and she poured into her ear all their grievances in reference to "that nobody." She took their part, blamed her sister, and said they should have justice. Adelaide was pretty; and beauty Mrs. Crumby could never forgive, especially in "nobodies." Mrs. Crumby prided herself on her aristocracy, and thought it degrading that "such a low person" should have been protected by her sister!

The cousin did not make their aunt a confidant in all their thoughts. It is true, that Mrs. Crumby, in furtherance of her object, a fortnight after her sister's death, dismissed the chambermaid, and told Adelaide, very severely, she must perform the duties! That she then took from her and locked up her best clothes, as altogether "too far" for a "chambermaid!" That she refused her mourning, as she had no right to go in mourning "for her betters!" That the next week she sent her to the kitchen for her meals, and made her assist the cook! Notwithstanding all this, to new truly angelic, for she felt she had no claim even to a shelter, and no grief could be heavy to her in comparison of the loss of her friend; notwithstanding all this, the various, biting taunts were not satisfied. Though they were rivals to each other, they could play into each other's hands to defeat Adelaide. They resolved that she should be sent off by some messenger or other before he returned; and as he was daily looked for, they were busily plotting how it could be safely done.

"I do wish that dwarf had succeeded!" said Charlotte. "I am sorry he was taken and imprisoned for aunt's murder, or he might help us! I'd seek him, and plot with him at once!"

"You wouldn't, cousin!" exclaimed Ann, with laughing and fear.

"I would! indeed! But what shall be done? Ogdenville will be home soon. Aunt won't turn her off without good cause, because she fears him—though she makes her work. She must go before he returns! for she will be here to tell him all, and then, you know, Ogdenville is so fiery! There'd be no hope then for either you or I, Ann!" And Charlotte laughed; but Ann looked more serious.

"I know of no way, unless we turn her out of the house!" said Ann.

"That won't do! Aunt must be at the head of it! I have a plan, but you must aid me in it!" said Charlotte, in a low tone, and avoiding the eyes of her cousin, with guilty consciousness.

"I will do whatever you say!" said Ann, in the same tone.

"Her character must be ruined to Aunt!" answered Charlotte, with an emphasis that made her cousin start, as well as the words: "Listen! I will tell you this story, viz: that Ogdenville seduced her at first, and his mother, finding that she would become a mother, took her home, and promised to support her and her child, if she would never disgrace him by acknowledging him to be the father! That the child was born in this house dead, and that the girl has ever since lived here, dressed well, been petted and made much of, to purchase her secrecy! On hearing this, Aunt, who is so precise and chaste, will at once turn her out of doors!"

Ann listened to this diabolical plot with a look of mingled consternation and horror; but secretly she was pleased, and her cousin saw that she was, and added—

"I have more! In addition, we must both assert afterwards that she has often stood out all night, unknown to Aunt Neville, and that we have watched her go away with men and return at day-break. This will not only make Aunt turn her away, but give her an excuse for doing so to make to Ogdenville, to whom she would not like to give the first reason! Do you understand me?"

"Yes!"

"Will you join me in it?"

"Yes."

"Now you agree, I will tell you something. Ogdenville is engaged to be married."