## MY LODGER'S WIFE,

The alarm from Fenian outbreaks is too recent to require any description here, even if I were capable of writing one; but as a plain widow woman-which I am-I have no pretension to write history. I only know that down at Weymouth, as well as every-where else, we were always being startled by some fresh report of what the Feniaus had done, or were going to do, generally the latter, This was common to all places; but we had special interest in them at Weymouth, because most of the men, when convicted, were sent to Portland, and we sometimes caught a sight of them on the platform of our station, when they were changed to the little branch line. I suppose almost everybody who reads these words knows that Portland Island is only two or three miles from our town, and that there are nearly two thousand convicts there. They have built the breakwater, and made a regular castle on the island, and so have done a great deal of work there, if they never did any before they came.

Now and then one escapes, but he is nearly always retaken directly, or gets drowned in trying to swim off to some boat. My husband, who was a master-fisherman, saw one drowned. Although he was a convict my husband tried to save him, but he went down like a stone, not twenty yards from his skiff. My husband was very much upset by it, for instead of being a forbidding-looking ruffian, like Bill Sikes in "Oliver Twist," he was a mild-looking, fair-haired young fellow, who didn't seem above one or two and twenty. However, my poor husband was drowned himself not very long after this; and I have lived ever since on a very little income he left me, and by letting furnished apartments in

the season. In the winter, Weymouth is very dull, and I, living alone, would almost have been glad to accommodate any one for nothing, in order to have company in the house; so I was very pleased to have a chance of letting my first-floor rooms to a very respectable young man who wanted them at a reduced rate. I had been, with many others, to the station, to see a batch of Fenians change for Portland, but we were obliged to come back unsatisfied, because the railway companies would not allow any strangers in; this was the more annoying, as we all wanted to see a Colonel La Traulle, a Fenian from New Orleans, who had fought desperately when taken, and he had been terribly hurt about the head and rendered senseless before he would surrender. As it happened, we were not able to see him; so we all

I had been at home about ten minutes, and was warming my cocoa for my supper, when I heard a knock at the street door, and on opening it I saw a very good-looking young fellow-very slight, very dark, with a black mustache, and altogether a foreign air. He spoke English, however, and said he had been advised to apply to me for cheap apartments; that he was not very rich; he had come to Weymenth believing he should have an appointment in one of the hotels—he looked as if he would have made a capital waiter-but was disappointed for the present. He wished to remain in the town, to be in readiness, and so had applied to me. I was glad be had done so, and offered him my rooms cheap. He agreed to take them, and He had a great deal of luggage-more than most young men possess.

went back as we came.

I never had a quieter, gentler lodger in my life than he was; no trouble, no noise, never out of an evening by any chance; and his manner was always so soft and quiet, that, as I used to tell him, it was more like having a girl in the house than a man. He would laugh at this, and say the same thing had often been remarked before. At first he seemed to make no inquiries after any situation, or to visit his friends at all; but after at the White Lion for years. he had been with me about a fortnight he went out nearly every day, and all day long. I was glad to see that he did so, for really he mewed himself up in his room so constantly that I began to fear he would injure his

What puzzled me not a little was the finding that he spent a great part of his time on the island—not that Portland is really au island, only everybody calls it so. In the winter time there cannot be a more dreary place in the world than Portland; the storms seem to rage there oftener and fiercer than they do anywhere else; the roads are bad, the houses are small and mean, and, except for the wild, romantic sea view which lies all around you, and the awful Race of Portland. which no vessel can cross, there is nothing to be seen. My niece paid me a visit about this time, and nothing would do but that I must go with her over the island; I did so, and, to my surprise, I saw Mr. Lewis-for such was my lodger's name—leaning against one of the huge blocks of stone which lie about the quarries, and gazing so thoughtfully out to sea, that he never noticed us driving by. Then my niece's hus-band came to fetch her home, and as he had never been to Weymouth before, he, too, must see the island, and I must go with him and his wife. So a second time I went, and a second time, to my great surprise, I saw of a warder out of his uniform; they were in the middle of the road, so Mr. Le wis might have been asking his way; but I was confident, from their eager, hurried manner, that he was not. Yet, when he recognized me, he raised his cap, and the warder-I am sure it was a warder—pointed along a path, as though he was giving some direction, and then we lost sight of them, but I did not forget the incident. A few nights after this I was surprised, on

answering a knock at the door, to find some one inquiring for Mr. Lewis, for he had never had a visitor before. The stranger gave the name of Brown, and was at once invited upstairs. After a visit of about half an hour, he left; and then my lodger, who had seemed, I fancied, to avoid me of late, came into my little kitchen, and began, in the chatty man-ner which had made him so pleasant, to talk about the gentleman who had just left. He said he was connected with one of the chief hotels, and had called to speak about an appointment. Now, I had lived in Weymouth, maid, wife and widow, for thirty-two years, and knew by sight every gentleman connected with every hotel there, and this was none of them. And if my judgment was worth anything, this man was a warder from Portland, and, what was more, was the very warder I had seen Mr. Lewis speaking with on the island. I was quite sure of this, and knew, therefore, that for some purpose my lodger was deceiving me; but I reflected that every family has its secrets, so supposed he had his reasons for trying to mislead me.

Just now a complete change took place in my lodger's habits, for whereas he had previously been the most retiring of creatures. keeping himself so totally within doors that scarcely a soul in the street knew him, he now seemed to be never tired of hauging about the front door. He cleaned my win-

them, he painted my shutters, he painted my | was still in the island, as, from his wearing | in his guess-and he it was with whom I had flower-boxes and was frequently triuming the flowers in them, while he actually went two or three times to the Wnite Lion, the public house at the corner of the street, and drank his ale at the bar, instead of allowing the pot man to bring it for him, as had hitherto been the case. I took the liberty of saying-for I was quite old enough to be his mother-that I hoped this last would not grow into a habit which might lead to harm, waen, to my surprise, he burst out crying, and cried so bitterly that I thought he would go into hysterics. I tried to soothe him, and took his hand in mine-he had a soft and delicate hand, too; but he rose, and, mastering himself by a great effort, went up to his room. In the morning he apologized for disturbing me by his absurd ways; he had had bad news from home, he said. Of course, I told him not to think any more of such a trifle; but in my own mind I wondered where he got the letters from which had so upset him, as I was quite certain the postman had not been near my house all day. All this time I had heard no more of the situation he expected; but soon after, the same stranger called again-Mr. Brown, I mean. He called very late one night, and went straight up to Lewis' room, came down in a very short time, and left without a word, as before. As I had admitted him, I had a fair chance of confirming my opinion; he was a warder, I was sure. He was a tall, big-bearded, bigwhiskered and mustached man, who stood very square when he spoke to you, as a soldier does; weather-browned, as all the Portland warders are, and with a certain quick, watchful look of the eye, which they all acquire very soon. The next morning brought a heavy fall of

rain, with gusts of wind from the sea; and on taking up Mr. Lewis' breakfast, I noticed that he looked excited, if not wild, and I feared be had taken cold. I told him so, but he said: - "No. The fact is, Mrs. Gerran, I must now tell you a little secret; I am married, and I expect my wife from town today." Indeed!" I exclaimed, for I had never

dreamed of such a thing.

"Yes," he went on, "she is coming this evening, and I am a little worried to think what an uppleasant ride she will have." "She certainly will, poor thing," I said; but I will do my best to make her comforta-

ble, Mr. Lewis. "I know you will," he replied. "I thank you heartily, Mrs. Gerran. We rely on you very much.'

I left him his breakfast, and went downstairs, considerably astonished by what I had heard. The weather grew worse during the day, and by night it was little short of a tempest. I often thought of the poor young woman who was coming all the way from London on such a night; and what made it worse was that I could not offer to go and meet her, for, strange to say, Mr. Lewis did not know by what train she would come, or whether she would travel by the Great Western or the Southwestern line. It blew harder and harder; the furious blasts of wind swept through our little street, and drove the rain before it, so as almost to blind you, if you tried to face it. There was not a gaslight which was not blown out, and I need not say the sky was pitch dark. On such nights sent for his boxes from the station at once. I always sit and think of my poor husband, and of the many others who earn their living on the dreadful sea; and I can hear nothing, attend to nothing but the howling of the storm. So it was no wonder that the potman knocked two or three times when he brought Mr. Lewis' beer before I heard him: and when I opened the door it was almost blown out of my hand by the force of the

> wind. "It is a terrible night, Robert," I said, for he was a very civil young man, and had been

> "It is, indeed, ma'am," he said; "there's a sea on to-night that's a-flying over the Chesil Bank like yeast. They've been firing artillery on the island; but, except now and then in a lull, you couldn't hear the guns.'

"Firing!" I said; "firing! What is that for, Robert?" "More convicts is off, ma'am," was his answer; "and I hear there is some fellow of consequence among 'em. Poor chap! He's sure to be caught such a night as this, if he hasn't tumbled over the face of a cliff

I bade him good-night, and closed the door, still sadder in my mind than I had previously been. It always made me sorrowful when I heard of the poor convicts trying to escape. Whatever their faults may have been, liberty is sweet to all of us, and very few of them ever succeeded in getting away-hardly any, although many a one had lost his life in trying. I took the beer up to Mr. Lewis' room. and tapping at his door, said, as I generally did, "Here is your beer, Mr. Lowis; and, as usual, the door was opened, and he took it from me. Instead of having his lamp burning, as was his custom, his room was in complete darkness, so that I could hardly see him, to give him the jug, and in the gloom he seemed to look stouter and taller than usual. He did not speak, whereas he generally had a little joke; but Mr. Lewis. To-day he was talking to a tall now he took the jug in silence. I lingered man in plain clothes, who had just the look for a moment; but finding that he did not speak, I was going down stairs, when I thought of his wife. Mr. Lewis had almost closed the door, when I said how anxious I felt about her getting safely in through the storm, when to my amazement he replied, without open ing the door more than a few inches: -"I am much obliged for your kindness, Mrs. Gerran, but my wife has been in for this hour past." I was never so astonished in my life. I had made two or three little preparations to comfort her, and felt hurt that I should not have been informed of her arrival. "Yes," he continued, "she came when the wind was roaring so loudly that you did not hear her knock. I let her in; and as she was tired and wet, I thought the best thing she could do was to lie down at once.' Well, perhaps it was; but I could not help fancying that, for all that, they might have treated me with a little more consideration. However, I could say nothing; and so I went to bed, and as soon as the storm would allow, to sleep.

The first thing I heard in the morning from my milkman was that only one of the con-victs had tried to escape, and that for the present he was still at large. It was rumored in the town that it was Colonel La Traulle who had got away, but the Government people would not say much about it; the whole place was astir, he said. All day long I heard the same kind of tidings repeated; and, in fact, I saw enough to convince me that extraordinary exertions were being made to capture the rauaway. The White Lion was searched by a party of officers, and so was a house in the same street as my own, where a number of young men lodgers were taken. I heard, too, that the railways were watched not only at our station, but that the trains were examined at places twenty or thirty miles out, in case the convict should have got in at some little station. It was supposed, however, that,

the prison dress, it would be so difficult for him to escape notice.

I did not see Mr. Lewis all day, nor his wife; but just at twilight, I was startled by the latter coming quietly into my little kitchen and asking me for the milk. She was a pretty-looking young woman, wearing her hair in short curls; it was fair hair, and she was fair too, quiet and shy in her manner, speaking in a voice so low that I could scarpely hear her. She explained that her husband had, unfortunately, taken a severe cold, and would be obliged to keep his bed for a day or two. Of course, I offered any assistance in my power. She thanked me, and went up stairs. When she had gone, I could do no thing for the life of me for many minutes, but sit and think of-her; there was an unaccountable feeling, quite a certainty, it seemed, of having known her before, although when or where I could not say. So strong and strange was this impression, that it was almost terrible to me, and, as I said, I could think of nothing else for a long time. However, I shook the feeling off at list, and went about my work, seeing no more of my lodger or his wife that night.

Robert at the White Lion told me, when he brought the supper beer, that, although it was bushed up as much as possible, yet it certainly was the Fenian who had escaped and that it was one of the most desperate and ingenious escapes ever heard of. "Not, ma'am," he said, "as I believe in any of your ingenious escapes. I don't believe in a man doing with a rusty nail, or two prongs of a dinner-fork, or some such thing, in four or five hours, what it would take a couple of smiths all day to do with a basket of tools. It's the warders, ma'am, and they make these excuses; that's what it is, ma'am." This was the opinion of Robert at the White Lion, and I must own that I had, on similar occasions, heard many people in Weymouth express themselves to the same effect.

Once or twice the next day I saw Mrs. Lewis, and each time the impression that I had previously met her grew stronger; I fancied, however, that my looking straight at her, to try and remember when it could have been, disturbed her, so I avoided doing so as much as possible, but for the life of me I could not help doing it sometimes. On the following morning, I had to go out for an bour or two, and when I came brok, I found my windows cleaned, the mould in the flowerboxes turned over, and various little things done, which told me that Lewis had been at work again, as, indeed, I found was the case. He had, unfortunately, been taken very unwell just before I came home, but previously he had been busy as usual in the front of the house.

As all attempts to recapture the convict had failed, and so there was no longer, I suppose, a hope of keeping it quiet, that night great bills were stuck up about the town, offering £500 reward for the apprehension of the Fenian colonel-for it was he, after alland one of these bills was stuck up on an empty house just opposite to my own door. I naturally got talking about this with Mrs. Lewis; at least I talked, and she listened, for she said bardly a word; and at last, when I struck a light to find something she wanted, I found she was crying. I told her I was afraid she was weak and low, that her long journey and her husband's illness had upset her, and asked her to let me make her some port-wine negus the last thing that night. She thanked me, but declined; and when she went away the remembrance of her face, with the tears on her cheeks, seemed ten times more familiar to me than ever. I determined to ask Mr. Lewis, when I saw him, if his wife had ever lived in Weymouth, but it seemed as though I never should see him again. However, I did see him that evening.

I had been upstairs for some time, and as I was looking over the contents of an old drawer, I was very quiet, and my lodgers thought I was out; but presently I came down and met Lewis ascending, carrying a light. I was in the dark. "Good evening, Mr. Lewis," I said; "I

hope you are better.' He looked up and said: - "Yes; much better, thank you." He passed on, and left me almost petrified. It was not the same man. There was the same dark skin, moustache, hair, and whiskers; the same clothes; but this man, although short, was taller than my lodger, decidedly stouter, and had altogether a barder, sterner expression. There was no possible mistake; his voice too was wholly different; and I staggered, rather than walked, into my kitchen, feeling as though I had seen a ghost. I had not strength to procure a light, but in a few minutes Mrs. Lewis-sent down, as I found, by her husband-came in with one. Seeing me sitting, so pale and scared, in my chair, she said:—"Are you ill, Mrs. Gerran? My husband fears you are. As if a flash of lightning had suddenly penetrated all the dark places of my mind, I saw, as she spoke, the meaning of all that had been mysterious, and by her face I saw that she knew her secret was revealed. She was my lodger, she was the Mrs. Lewis I had known. Altered and changed in every respect as she was, I knew her now. She locked her hands together, and twisted her fingers with a nervous, frightened air, and looked anxiously

"Who-who are you?" I asked. "Why are you dressed like this? Who is the

max "Oh, Mrs. Gerran!" she cried, throwing herself down at my knees, before I could move to stay her, "forgive my deceiving you, and still be my friend—be my husband's friend. If you are not kind and true to us, we are lost. We have no home but this—no friend but you. It will soon, I trust, be different; but at this moment my poor husband is a fugicive, an outlaw, a convict, and a price is set upon his head.'

"A price upon his head!" I echoed. "Is be, then-"Yes," she said, interrupting me, although

she was sobbing as if her heart would break yes, my husband is Colonel La Traulle, the Fenian. We are Americans, and we are only waiting for the pursuit to cool, when we shall cross to France, and can then easily regain our home-never more, I trust, to

"Rise up, my poor dear girl," I said, lifting her on to a chair; "and believe me that no money would tempt me to betray your husband; for your sake, at any rate, I will be true to you both. I hope for your sake, too, that he will leave his dreadful and desperate

"Oh, Mrs. Gerran," she answered, "do not think him a bloodthirsty man; there never breathed a gentler or kinder being. He was sadly deceived in the business which brought him here; but pray, come and see him, that he may know he is safe under your

Of course, every one can now see how it was managed. When he was sent to Portland, his wife came down, dressed as a man, and, while lodging with me, took care to familiarize the neighbors with the fact that I had a young man lodger. One of the warders had strendy been gained over-so Robert dows twice as often as I had ever cleaned although these precautions were taken, he at the "White Lion" was not so far wrong

seen the supposed Mr. Lewis talking, and who came to my house twice. On his second visit be came to say that all was arranged, and that her husband would get away soon after dark the next night. It was, fortunately for the scheme, a very stormy one; so La Traulle got past the station, and followed the Chesil Bank until he thought it safe to strike the line, and then got over the railway bridge without being recognized. He had a large railway rug over his shoul-ders, which hid his convict dress; and the only really dangerous part of his journey was through the streets to reach my house; but the dreadful storm cleared away all passengers, and he entered our street without baving met half a dozen people. His wife was watching from her window, and seeing him, slipped down and opened the street door without my knowing anything about it. Then they removed the stains from her face, hands, and neck with washes which she had brought with ber, and he wore a wig, made to resemble her short carls. Poor young thing ! she showed me such beautiful locks which she had cut off, to enable her to look more like a man; they must have been nearly a yard long, I am sure. They thought no place was so safe as Weymouth, and they were right, for the officers were hunting all over London, and Ireland, and Liverpool, and goodness knows where besides. La Traulle showed himself a little, but not too much, and no one ever suspected the change in my lodgers. In about a fortnight he got quietly on board a fruit-sloop which was going back to France; and both he and his wife wrote to me when they got there, and also when they arrived at New Orleans. I don't know who the warder was, nor what he received for his services, but I heard, shortly after, from Robert at the White Lion, that one of them had left Portland to go and take a very handsome public house in London; so I had my suspicions. I know that if I wanted money, which I am happy to say, thanks to my poor dear husband, I do not, I should only have to tell Mis. La Traulle, or go to the great house in Liverpool, of which they gave me the card, and I could have all I wanted.

She would make me accept her gold watch and chain, and I have worn it, and shall continue to do so, in memory of her. - Chambers

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Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1811.
On the petition of DANIEL S. NIPPES, of Upper Merion Township, Pennsylvania, administrator of Albert S. Nippes, deceased, praying for the extension of a patent granted to the said Albert S. Nippes, on the 21st day of April, 1857, for an improvement in

on the rise day of April, 1857, for an improvement in Grinding Saws:

It is ordered that the testimony in the case be closed on the visit day of March next, that the time for filing arguments and the Examiner's report be limited to the hist day of March next, and that said petition be heard on the 5th day of April next.

Any retrieve may convert this expression. Any person may oppose this extension.

SAMURL A. DUNCAN,
2 10 20t

Acting Commissioner of Patents

TOHN FARNUM & CO., COMMISSION MER

to. But Office III Breast, Philadelphia. Ticking, str.