

THE COLUMBIAN SPY.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.] AND LITERARY REGISTER. [WHOLE NUMBER, 930.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 89.]

COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1848.

[WHOLE NUMBER, 930.]

CHARICK WESTBROOK,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Printing Office—Front Street, opposite Barr's Office.
Publication Office—Locust Street, opposite the P. O.
The COLUMBIAN SPY is published every Saturday morning at the low price of ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE, or one dollar and fifty cents, if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing. Single copies, THREE CENTS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of JACOB BOLLAND, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of East Donegal, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of East Donegal, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Jacob Bolland, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of GEO. BOLMAN, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of West Donegal, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of West Donegal, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Geo. Bolman, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of CHRISTIAN BIRNBAUM, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of West Donegal, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of West Donegal, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Christian Birnbaum, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of MARGARET GIBBER, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of West Donegal, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of West Donegal, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Margaret Gibber, and that she is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of EDWARD JACOBS, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Edward Jacobs, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of MARGARET BROWN, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Margaret Brown, and that she is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of MARGARET BROWN, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Margaret Brown, and that she is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of SAMUEL ALLEGHER, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Samuel Allegher, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of WILLIAM CUMMINGS, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said William Cummings, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

IN THE MATTER OF THE intended application of MARTIN ERWIN, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, at the April Term, 1848, for license to keep a tavern in the Borough of Columbia, it being an old stand.
WE, the undersigned, citizens of the Borough of Columbia, in which said tavern is proposed to be kept, do certify, that the said inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers, and that we are well acquainted with the said Martin Erwin, and that he is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Poetry.

MACHINE POETRY.

TUNE—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."
From Greenland's icy fountains,
From Texas' sunny strand,
Where bears and catamounts
Whisper slyly o'er the sand;
And from each ancient river,
And o'er each palmy plain,
There's physics to deliver,
Our bow-owls from pain.
Shall man, the reasoning biped,
The favored from on high,
Shall be to man begrimed
The pressing penalty deny?
Ye noble Baxons! Oh, yeers!
Long may your physics stand,
Till fevers and muskets
Are purged from the land.
Waft, waft, ye winds your physics!
And you, ye waters roll—
Till every drop is sick
Inured, from pole to pole;
Till to an ailing nation
Best health shall come again
And over all creation
In bliss returns to reign.

Select Tale.

THE EXCHANGED GARMENT.

A TRUE TALE OF ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

"It is a very extraordinary thing, Susan, that the laundress never will send home any things right. Every week there is sure to be some mistake."
"I'm sure I'm very sorry, mem! I always desires her to be so particular."
"She seems to pay no attention, then, to what you say to her. Last week she lost one of my best cambric handkerchiefs; the week before she could not account for that pretty *velvet*, and now there's another article missing."
"Indeed, mem! Why, I counted the linen over when it came home, and it quite agreed with the bill. I'm sure the number was all right."
"The number—yes;—perhaps so;—but what do you call *this*? This thing certainly can't be mine. It looks as if it belonged to a man."
"Good gracious me, mem, and so it does! Well, I never! As sure as I live, it's a gentleman's, what's-his-name. How could it have got there?"
"Through the woman's carelessness of course. Look at it, Susan, and see if there's any name or mark upon it, that you may discover who it is."
"Oh dear me, mem, I should not like to touch it. I know nothing about gentlemen's wearing apparel."
"You know my things from other people's, I hope. Stuff and nonsense, do as tell you. I dare say it belongs to the person's husband."
"Oh no, mem, that it can't. They're very poor people, mem. He couldn't afford to wear anything half so good as this. Look at the fineness of the lining, mem, and then the frill is real Bristles lace!"
"Indeed, yes—it's marked, I suppose?"
"Oh, yes, mem, here in the corner. Gracious goodness, if it ain't a crownet most beautifully worked, and the letter N under it. To think of that!"
"A coronet, indeed! and the letter N! Do you know who she washes for?"
"Oh dear me, no, mem—I never asked such a question."
"Well, make a point of asking now. Take the thing away, and be sure you desire Mrs. Jones—if that's her name—to take it back directly, and send home my proper garment. It's perfectly ridiculous."

The above colloquy took place one morning in the dressing room of Mrs. Trevelyan, a very pretty young widow who occupied the first and second floors of 53 Harley-street. In early life—when barely eighteen—she had made a *marriage de convenance*, or rather it had been made for her, for she had no voice in the matter, an uncle, upon whom she depended, being the sole arbiter of her fate. The gentleman who espoused her, in spite of his sixty years, and disparities not less remarkable than age, looked forward to a long life of happiness with the beautiful Ethelinda Maltravers, and such was the charm of her disposition, and the natural sweetness of her temper, that he might not perhaps have been deceived, but for one of those accidents to which flesh is unfortunately heir to, and which grow thicker round our path as it draws nearer to the goal; the fact is, he died one day of influenza, after a brief union of a little more than a year.

That he was sincerely attached to Ethelinda, the manner in which he disposed of his property made sufficiently clear. He left her sole executrix, and the succession consisted of a fine landed estate in Devonshire, and the sum of twenty thousand pounds in the Three per Centa. But Mrs. Trevelyan did not come into the property without opposition; this will was disputed by the nearest male relative, and a law-suit was the consequence. This was the cause of her being in a temporary residence in London at the time when the preceding conversation occurred, for had she consulted her own inclination, her footsteps would never have wandered, in the month of June, from her beautiful groves and gardens at Trowbee in spite of the attractions of the London season. In London, she was; and much of her time was taken up in interviews with lawyers and men of business, so that, except a late drive in the park, or an occasional party to dinner, or at the opera, Mrs. Trevelyan saw little of the gay life in which she was so well qualified, both by nature and accomplishments to shine. Of the claimant to her late husband's estate she knew nothing more than that he was a young man of rank, who, like many of his class, was in want of money to meet expenses and relieve incumbrances, and she believed he was abroad, though probably hastening homeward, as the period drew near for bringing the lawsuit, in which he had embarked by the advice of friends, to a close. Though naturally unwilling to forego all the advantages of her position, which she had gained by her own exemplary conduct, and conscious at the same time that her retention of Mr. Trevelyan's bequest was no ruinous deprivation of the rights of the next heir, Ethelinda would willingly have agreed to an amicable compromise, by the advance of any reasonable sum of money to meet the alleged necessities of the young nobleman, her antagonist. But the affair was so entirely in the hands of the lawyers that no opportunity offered of proposing terms to the principal, and, moreover, Mrs. Trevelyan was so uncertain of his whereabouts, that she could find no direct means of communicating with him.

Matters were, therefore, left to take their course.

Half-past seven was striking by the clock of St. James Church, as Lord Norham dismounted at the foot of the steps leading into the Albany in Piccadilly. After glancing pleasantly at the beautiful thorough-bred which he had ridden, and examining with some care, one of the animal's shoulders, which seemed less glossy than the rest of his coat, Lord Norham patted the "poor fellow" on the neck, and with a word of instruction, consigned him to his groom, and went in to dress for dinner.

"This," he said as he walked towards letter D, where he was housed in a friend's chambers—this is one of the great discomforts of civilized life! To be compelled to put on a formal dress for those hours which offer the greatest enjoyment: to case one's self up in a starched cravat and stiff coat, when inclination would lead one rather to throw both aside. These are amongst the penalties one must pay for living in the society of great cities. Oh, the unspoken comfort of wearing the loose, easy robe of the East, or the negligee of the shores of the Mediterranean! Oh, the delicious nights on the rooftops of Damascus, on the deck of my own *Gulnare*, or in the *potatis* of Grenada! What a contrast to the fettered existence to which I have been compelled to return! But, unluckily, one can obtain nothing in this world without money, and money I certainly want. I wish I could have lingered through another winter at Malta, in Greece, in Sicily, in dearest Naples—anywhere rather than have returned home, though it is the season! But those friends, those friends—who will take greater care of your interests than you do yourself, and who make you follow the customs of the world, assuming you of apathy, disregard of self-respect, and want of consideration for others, if you fail to adopt their views or act up to their wishes! But for them I should never have entered into this troublesome law-suit. What did it signify to me to whom my old cousin, Trevelyan, left his money? He had a right to do as he liked with it, for he made the greater part of it in India by the sweat of his brow. And, forsooth, because he succeeded to a landless house—all his patrimony—and made it, by his wealth, the centre of a large estate, the lawyers must interpose and say that the nearest of kin has a claim. Not that I should have the slightest objection to his property, if he had left it to me in his will; on the contrary, for it would have prevented me from doing what, most likely, I shall be obliged one day to do, but I hate the bore of a law-suit, ripping up all one's private concerns, and laying them open to the staring public, besides a world of misconstruction as to conduct and motives. I know nothing of Mrs. Trevelyan, but from what I have heard, she always conducted herself very well, and to say the least of it, she deserved some compensation for the sacrifice she made in marrying a man so old and wretched as my uncle. They are, however, very pretty; it's the money makes the people as they will be bound. I'd lay a heavy wager she is not half so lovely as that fascinating creature who was so lightened to-day in the Park. I wonder who she can be! The carriage had only a simple clipper on the panels, and the servants were in the plainest possible livery, but she is certainly somebody! So much beauty and such dignity of manner cannot belong to a paragon. It was lucky I rode up as I did, or that stupid coachman would have upset the carriage into the Serpentine. I was afraid Conrad had hurt his shoulder, as he rushed past the tree into the water, but we got off with a few plunges and splashes. She looked pale, certainly, but when she smiled her yellow hair shone like the sun, and even my own loved Damascus roses are not brighter than the glow on her cheek!"

Lord Norham had by this time reached his apartments, where his attentive valet-de-chambre, an Italian, who had travelled with him for three years, was in readiness for his toilet. The young nobleman, in a somewhat abstracted mood, proceeded with his task, but his abstraction was not so great as to prevent him from making a sudden exclamation, when he got about half way through the operation.

"Why, what the devil's this, Antonio?" he cried out, abruptly; "I'm not going to a masquerade!"
"Milor!" ejaculated the astonished valet.
"Yes, you may well stare; see here! Why, it's something you must have picked up in the Legation. What a ridiculous shape! It looks as if it were made for a woman!" And Lord Norham, as he spoke, displayed a very delicately wrought article of raiment, of the finest linen, with a frill running round the top, of the most transparent cambric, edged with the richest Valenciennes lace. It was, moreover, "curiously cut," so as to give a graceful contour to the upper part of the garment, and a little way down in the centre appeared two small crimson letters.

"Corpo di bacco!" exclaimed the Italian, who was a married man, though he led a bachelor's life; "e una camicia da donna!"
"A camicia, is it! How the deuce did it get here? You didn't open Mr. Percival's wardrobe by mistake? That, perhaps, would have accounted for it."
"No, Milor! I could do no such thing, for do Signore Percival take his keys along with him when he lend your lordship his chamber?"
"How came it here, then?"
"Upon my word, milor, I do not know. Perhaps de *lavandaja* shall have made some mistake, and send you home some lady's dress instead of your own."
"Well, you must see about it. Meantime give me something that I can wear. Curious, to send me such a thing, and you not take any notice of it! It's very fine looking stuff?"
"Oh, yes, milor, I never see nothing finer, and my wife, she have a great deal to do in this way at Napoli!"

After all, the shape is a very pretty one. I wonder who the owner is! I thought I saw some initials; what are they?"
"Eccole, due a lettere—E, T., and some figures, a 2 and a 4."
"E. T. 24!" mused Lord Norham; "I wonder who she is? It would be worth while trying to find out. I say, Antonio, he continued, as he finished the bow of his cravat—for in spite of his objections to the modern costume, Lord Norham prized himself on the skill of his tie, an accomplishment recently acquired at Oxford—"make a point of asking the laundress what the lady's name is, and do you hear, don't send the camicia back till I tell you."

"I shall recollect, milor," returned Antonio, with a smile. "Your lordship's cab is at de door." And in a few seconds, Lord Norham was whirling through the streets, on his way to Grosvenor Square, the images of pretty women and pretty garments contending for mastery over the claims of *solmis* and *supremacy*.

The Duke of Derbyshire gave a concert that night at Derbyshire House, at which all London was present. Ethelinda was amongst the guests, charmed by her aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Rushworth. It was the first great party she had been to since she came to town, for she had refused to go out generally, pending *his*, but Derbyshire House is an exception to all rules; no one refuses to go there. It is not merely on account of the fashion which the duke's parties confer, the positive *agreements* which they offer, nor the kind and courteous welcome given by the noble host to his

guests, though these are nowhere to be met with in so great a degree, but because there is a charm about them, the secret of which has never yet been discovered, which so completely distinguishes them from all others. At Derbyshire House, the light has no glare, the music no noise, the flowers breathe perfume only; every one smiles naturally; there is no *gene*, no crowd; all wear an aspect of happiness; and as far as society alone can make people happy, they are so there.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, Ethelinda felt happy. She was young and beautiful, and the buoyancy of youthful spirits drove back those phantoms of the future which are ever drawing near to deform the prospect with their gloomy shadows. But here, though she knew it not then, was an incomplete happiness, for she had not yet known the pain of loving, and until that pain be felt, happiness is merely an image reflected in this state of ignorance? A few minutes decided the question.

After listening with rapture to strains of the most exquisite music, Mrs. Rushworth and Ethelinda left the concert room, to wander through the range of beautiful saloons which extend on either hand, admiring at every step some charming picture, some perfect piece of sculpture, or some work of art, as rich as it was rare. They had nearly completed the tour, when their progress was slightly obstructed by the tall figure of a young man, who was leaning thoughtfully in a doorway. The rustling sound of her dresses, however, recalled his attention, and he drew to one side to allow them to pass. In doing so, he turned toward them, and to Ethelinda's surprise, she recognized the gentleman who had come to her assistance that afternoon in the park, and he beheld the lady of whom, in spite of himself, he had since then been constantly thinking.

Mrs. Trevelyan could do no less than bow in recognition of the service he had performed, and it was at least a necessity on the part of Lord Norham to speak.
"Ethelinda," he said, "you have not suffered from the flurry—I suppose I must say fear—which your unruly horses excited to-day?"
"Oh, you are right to think I was afraid," replied Ethelinda, earnestly, "for really the situation seemed dangerous."
"I dread, then," Lord Norham smilingly returned, "lest your ignorance or awkwardness should have contributed to your alarm. It was destroyed by me. On the contrary, I feel perfectly certain that, if you had not seized the horses' heads, the carriage would have been overturned. It was very kind to venture so much for a mere stranger!"
"That was a common impulse, though accident summoned me to do what I would most have preferred. But, after all, in society—in the world—there are strange things, and I was deterred by the thought I should meet you here to-night; the same thing would have happened had we both been in Rome or in Cairo."

"Are you so much of a predestinarian?" laughing,ly asked Ethelinda. "Does nothing happen but what is pre-ordained?"
"Nothing—of consequence."
"But what can be more inconsequential than this casual encounter?"
"Perhaps only that of this afternoon."
"Yes, there you are wrong. I should be very ungrateful if I ranked them equally."
"Forgive me—I ought not to have implied any doubt; but do not fall into the error of overestimating the very trifling service I was so fortunate as to render you on this occasion."
"You're freed of fatalism does not, I hope, exclude gratitude from the list of voluntary efforts."
"It would be presumptuous to assign it so much scope. Fate only prepares the way; it disposes of those accidents which are material; the mind accomplishes the rest."
"But is not the mind, according to your theory, pre-ordained?"
"Yes—to the reception of a particular theme; but the same cause often produces very opposite effects. It is like sowing an unknown seed. The earth fructifies every germ alike, whether the plant which is to spring from it be sweet or bitter, a remedy or a poison."
"You have examined these things seriously—Why, have you studied?"
"In the East; not always in solitude, but often far from the haunts of men."
"You have travelled much, then?"
"I have seen many places, and some varieties of mankind—but not enough for the purpose which originally impelled me to travel."
"And you have returned with your object unaccomplished? What caused you to relinquish your pursuit?"
"I believe," said Lord Norham, looking intently at Mrs. Trevelyan, "yes, I am sure it was fate!"
The Honorable Mrs. Rushworth must have been a lady endowed with great good nature, or a very rare patience, to have allowed this colloquy to endure without offering to interpose a word; but there are limits even to feminine forbearance, and now she spoke:

"I see, she said, you are arguing in a circle; besides, the duke is looking round him, a sign that the music is about to recommence. Come, Ethelinda, let us go to the concert room."
Lord Norham bowed to Mrs. Trevelyan's graceful inclination as she passed on. I am not sure, even that their eyes did not meet; but he did not attempt to follow—at least, not then.
"Who is your new acquaintance, Ethelinda?" inquired Mrs. Rushworth; "he can only have just returned from abroad, for I don't think I ever met him before."
"I am as ignorant as you, aunt, who my deliverer is, and you know as much of my adventures as I do."
"He is a very distinguished looking person, at all events," said Mrs. Rushworth.
Ethelinda thought he was even something more, but she said nothing.
When the carriages were called that night, there was at least one attentive listener in the hall with many pillars; and it was not without a thrill of pleasure, as he handed Mrs. Rushworth and her fair companion to their brougham, that Lord Norham heard the footman give the word—"Fifty-three, Harley street."

When Lord Norham awoke on the morning after the concert, the first word which he uttered was "Ethelinda," and a long sigh followed the exclamation.
Antonio, who was in the room, busied about his usual avocations, hearing his master stir, presumed that he spoke to him, and therefore addressed him:
"Milor is awake?" He received no answer, but continued, "I have got some news about dat camicia. I have discovered to whom it belong—a very nice lady! Very beautiful, very rich!"
"Is that you Antonio? What are you talking about? I wish you would hold your tongue!"
"Oh, very well, milor. Only thought your lordship would be glad to know about dat camicia."
"Hence the camicia," said Lord Norham rather pettishly; "what can it signify to me whose it is?"
"I know vere do lady live, milor."
"And I care nothing about it. If he could tell me what I do want to know," he muttered, "it would be something to the purpose."

"La *lavandaja*—de *washingwoman*—have been here late last night, milor, and she tell me de owner of de camicia live at Nombare Fifty-tree, Harley Street."
"What do you say?" cried Lord Norham, starting up in his bed, with a degree of energy that astonished even the trained Italian, "where?—what?"
Antonio repeated the intimation.
"Make haste," said Lord Norham, "give me my dressing gown. Stay, stay, you were speaking of the camicia; you have not sent it back, I hope?"
"Certainly no, milor. Your lordship say I was to keep him till further orders."
"True—and you have it here?"
"Yes, milor."
"Bring it me, directly."
The order was promptly obeyed; and to any one but a native of a southern clime, accustomed to vehement demonstrations, the eagerness with which Lord Norham seized the garment, and the thousand kisses he impressed on the unconscious linen, would have been matter for never-ending astonishment.—An English valet would have thought of his own safety, or—if he had been awake to it—of a commission of lunacy. Antonio merely wanted to see how long the passion would last—it was not quickly over.

"Ethelinda! Ethelinda!" exclaimed Lord Norham; "yes, here is the dear intimation. But what does the other letter mean? 'E. T. 24.' I heard the name of Rushworth—The Honorable Mrs. Rushworth—that, I suppose was her mother. Well, it may be so, still; her daughter by a first marriage—no doubt of it. What grace! what beauty! I never thought that English women could be so supremely lovely! I must find out all about her. I don't think she is engaged—she did not look as if another occupied her thoughts. Well, this law-suit has led to something that the lawyers, who devised it never dream of. It may take its own course for what I care, provided I can once more see my own, my dearest Ethelinda!"

"But the law is more prosaic than even lovers imagine, and Lord Norham was scarcely dressed before he received a letter from Essex street, informing him it was absolutely essential to his interests that he should attend that morning, at eleven o'clock, to meet that eminent counsel, Mr. Scatterdust, to discuss finally the question of the succession to the estate of the late Mr. Trevelyan. The letter was signed 'Gabriel Quirk,' and prayed his immediate attention.

"What an infernal bore!" he exclaimed as he threw down the missive; "I suppose I must attend—indeed, I may as well go there as any where else, at such an early hour. Of course, she is not up yet. Antonio, desire Stevens to be here with the cab at a quarter to eleven, and let me have some breakfast!"

He left Lord Norham to discuss his meal with such appetites as love has left him, and return to Harley street.
It was twelve o'clock, and Ethelinda had not yet left her boudoir, though she had been up some hours, and the restlessness which haunted her couch pursued her when she quitted it. She had tried to read, but could not fix her attention on the page, and now she sat at an open secretarial, with paper before her and a pen in her hand, but her thoughts refused to flow, or were directed to the subject of her intended correspondence. Absorbed in a reverie, which, to judge by the sweet serenity of her features, appeared a happy one, she had suffered some one to tap twice at her door unregarded, but the third knock roused her attention, and she bade the intruder come in.

It was Susan, and her countenance bore the signs of recent excitement, for her color was high, and her eyes sparkled.
"What is the matter, Susan?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan, calmly.
"I beg your pardon, mem, but I never heard of anything like it. To go for to keep a harticle of dress like that, and then refuse for to restore it when perished, is one of them things as I can't bring myself to understand, he positively objects to send it back, mem!"
"To send what back, Susan? I really don't know what you mean."
"Why, mem, it's all about your apparel, mem—I scolded the laundress finely yesterday, and she promised to do her best to find it. She knew at once who the other thing belonged to—a young nobleman as is living in the Albany and in the evening she went there, and as she saw my lord's wally de-lam, and said as how she supposed there was some mistake, and that the lining had got mixed. At first he said, in his gibberish, for Mrs. Jones says he is one of them mad foriners, that he didn't know nothing at all about it, but Mrs. Jones says he was a larfin when he spoke, which convinced her that he knew'd where to set his hands on it, and he begged 'ed be so good as to look for that the lady was in want of the harticle."
"That was very ridiculous," said Mrs. Trevelyan, blushing as she spoke. "I wish you would finish the stupid story. I am sorry I ever made any inquiry upon the subject."
"Well, mem, Mrs. Jones was only a-doing of what she thought her duty, for I'd said to her, 'Mrs. Jones,' says I, 'don't let me see your face again without that there!' and so she went again to the Albany, and tazed my lord's wally with having it of; for she'd been round to every one as she washes for, and know'd it couldn't be nowhere's else; and what do you think, mem, was the hanser as the himperder feller give her?"
"Dear me, how can I possibly be told? To think of having one's thoughts disturbed by such nonsense as this!"
"He said, mem—it's as true as I stand here—my lord, mem—had locked it up in his own boudoir, and that he was ordered to pay for it, for that it wouldn't be given back to nobody but the hoaner!"
"I never heard of anything so absurd! And did she really come away without it?"
"She was forced to, mem. But she wouldn't give up the other thing, no how, mem. The wally larled and joked in his forrinerer manner, and said, as how it was of no use to you, mem, and that she'd much better give it up, for he wanted to wear it himself, as he was going to the hoppers this heavinging; and Mrs. Jones, mem, she be persuaded, that the trumpy harticle is come back again, mem!"

"I must say, I think it very singular conduct," observed Mrs. Trevelyan, compelled by the strangeness of the affair to take some notice of it. "Have you any idea of who this young nobleman is? Not that it is of any use knowing; indeed, it would be better not to be acquainted with his name, except to avoid him if one happened to meet him."
"Oh, yes, mem—Mrs. Jones knows; she did mention it to me, but I never pays no attention to gentlemen's names; I can ask her again, mem, for she is down stairs now."
Susan departed on her errand without any opposition from her mistress, and presently returned with the required information.
"Gracious me! Would you believe it? It's as true as I live, but the gentleman, mem, is young Lord Norham, poor Mr. Trevelyan's nephew."
"Lord Norham!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, in astonishment. "Impossible, Susan; Lord Norham is not in England!"
"Oh, yes, mem—he is; he came home about ten days ago; the wally said it was very sadding, for

they was in Italy, Rome, and Naples only, it might be about a month since."
"That accounts then," said Mrs. Trevelyan, to herself, "for Mr. Quirk's desire that I should remain in town. Lord Norham carries on a strange sort of warfare; he not only seeks to deprive me of my estate, but lays violent hands on my personal effects. What can he mean by it? Order the carriage, Susan; as soon as I am dressed I shall go to Mrs. Rushworth's."

Lord Norham's groom had dismounted, and was crossing the pavement to knock at No. 53, Harley street, when a pretty brougham (a brougham is pretty sometimes, despite the association) drove up to the door. Lord Norham recognized not only the maharize blue carriage, and the spirited cream colored horses that drew it, but caught a glimpse of their fair owner; and recalling his servant, leapt lightly from his saddle, and approached the carriage window.

"I don't know how I find myself here without invitation," he said, "but I am fairly caught in the act. I wished to pay my respects to—to, he hesitated for a moment, and then, with an effort, brought out, 'Mrs. Rushworth.'"
"Ethelinda saw his artifice, and smiled.
"My aunt," she replied, "does not live here. I have just come from her house in Grosvenor street." Lord Norham appeared to take no notice of the explanation.
"Allow me," he said, "to assist you from your carriage, and," he added, in a subdued but earnest tone, "to explain the motive of my appearance."
Ethelinda bowed gracefully, accepted his proffered hand, and they entered the house together. When they reached the drawing-room, she took a chair near one of the windows, and motioned to Lord Norham to sit down also, for she felt too much agitated to speak.

He did not, however, accept the invitation, but stood for a few moments, irresolute, as if uncertain how to commence a conversation which he had sought in so unusual a manner. At length he spoke:
"I am sure, he began—"that is—I hope—you will forgive the step I have taken in presenting myself before you without an introduction; but the truth is, I expected to have been able to plead as my apology, a friendship which I formed in the East with a relation of Mrs. Rushworth. Had I known to whom I was speaking last night, before the party broke up, I should not have been placed in this awkward predicament."
"You have characterized it rightly," returned Ethelinda, with some degree of coldness; the situation is, at least, peculiar."

"I am afraid," said Lord Norham, advancing a step nearer—"I am afraid I have offended you, and heaven knows, that is the last object of my thoughts; but, what shall I say—I could not resist the temptation of making an inquiry after you this morning, particularly when I was led to believe that you were the sister of the man who saved my life as I was travelling last year between Beyruth and Damascus."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Ethelinda; "were you the Englishman whose escort fell when attacked by a party of Bedouins in the Lebanon, and whom my cousin Charles was so fortunate as to rescue? He wrote to us about the adventure, but with the carelessness that marks everything he does, never told us who he was assisted, contenting himself with saying that it was a feature of life in the desert which led to very agreeable consequences."
"It was no other than myself to whose aid he came so opportunely, or I might not have lived to tell the story; though, after all, and this was said with an accent of bitterness—"life is, perhaps, a questionable blessing!"

"You are to rely on," observed Ethelinda, "if it enables us to render any, the slightest service to our fellow creatures."
"But my life, I fear," said Lord Norham, "is destined to be a torment to others, even against my will. At this very moment, while I am speaking to you, I am in the act—passively, it is true—of inflicting a most serious injury upon a person whom I have never seen, and whom, moreover, I have every reason to respect."
"But you are not such a fatalist as to believe that you have not the power of preventing yourself from doing wrong?"
"Certainly not, in my own person, but there are circumstances when one is compelled to allow others to act for one."
"You can conceive no combination of events so compulsory as to make one act against one's own conscience, either in person or by deputy—that is to say, if you entertain feelings such as you describe?"

Lord Norham gazed intently on the animated speaker, and her words fell on his ear with the conviction of truth.
"You are," he said, "and whatever it costs me, I neither will be a wrong-doer myself, nor suffer wrong to be done in my name. It will, at any rate, console me for the brevity of this interview, which I fear will be my first and last; for," he continued, with a melancholy accent, "I must once more be a wanderer."
"You will not leave—that is—quit England, without allowing my aunt to make the acquaintance of her son's friend, without—she hesitated—'without giving me the satisfaction of knowing who it was that rendered me an essential service, to whom I am indebted, perhaps, for my life.'"
"And have I been so utterly forgetful of all the laws of courtesy as to continue anonymous?" Mrs. Jones, says I, "don't let me see your face again without that there!" and so she went again to the Albany, and tazed my lord's wally with having it of; for she'd been round to every one as she washes for, and know'd it couldn't be nowhere's else; and what do you think, mem, was the hanser as the himperder feller give her?"
"Dear me, how can I possibly be told? To think of having one's thoughts disturbed by such nonsense as this!"

"He said, mem—it's as true as I stand here—my lord, mem—had locked it up in his own boudoir, and that he was ordered to pay for it, for that it wouldn't be given back to nobody but the hoaner!"
"I never heard of anything so absurd! And did she really come away without it?"
"She was forced to, mem. But she wouldn't give up the other thing, no how, mem. The wally larled and joked in his forrinerer manner, and said, as how it was of no use to you, mem, and that she'd much better give it up, for he wanted to wear it himself, as he was going to the hoppers this heavinging; and Mrs. Jones, mem, she be persuaded, that the trumpy harticle is come back again, mem!"
"I must say, I think it very singular conduct," observed Mrs. Trevelyan, compelled by the strangeness of the affair to take some notice of it. "Have you any idea of who this young nobleman is? Not that it is of any use knowing; indeed, it would be better not to be acquainted with his name, except to avoid him if one happened to meet him."
"Oh, yes, mem—Mrs. Jones knows; she did mention it to me, but I never pays no attention to gentlemen's names; I can ask her again, mem, for she is down stairs now."
Susan departed on her errand without any opposition from her mistress, and presently returned with the required information.
"Gracious me! Would you believe it? It's as true as I live, but the gentleman, mem, is young Lord Norham, poor Mr. Trevelyan's nephew."
"Lord Norham!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, in astonishment. "Impossible, Susan; Lord Norham is not in England!"
"Oh, yes, mem—he is; he came home about ten days ago; the wally said it was very sadding, for