for; but there appeared little self-possession, either in respect of temper or dress. Chilion played a while, and then relinquished his instrument. Zenas Joy seized Hash by the collar; Joseph Whiston tripped Obed, who, poor youth, was already nearly down with liquor; Abel Willcox spurred Rufus Palmer to thread on Boulah Ann Orr's trail; Grace Joy taunted Nimrod with a false step Margaret had taken; Shibley Radney rushed into the fray, pounced upon Zenas Joy, and sent him whirling about the room, as she would a spinning wheel. So one and another were engaged. Margaret, who had left the floor, was standing by the side of Chilion. She looked at the quarrellers, and then at her brother. He snapped his violin strings, and was silent.

"Sing, Margery," at length he said. He began a familiar tune, "Mary's Dream,"—he played and she sang. This twofold melody, sweet and plaintive, seemed to touch the hearts of those excited people. They stopped to hear, they heard to be won. They moved towards the music; they were hushed if not subdued, they parted in peace if not in harmony. Thus ended their Thanksgiving, and we must end ours, and turn to other times and scenes.

CHAPTER XI.

A REVISITED ACCOUNT OF NIMROD AND HIS DOINGS.

We shall omit the wild-turkey hunt of a bright autumnal moonlight night in the woods, exciting and engaging though it was, and the race with Streaker, in which Margaret bore no part, while we proceed to enumerate some particulars of her eldest brother, that have a relation to herself. Nimrod evinced a volitile, roving, adventure-seeking habit from his boyhood. The severe waspish temper of his mother he could not abide, the course, dogged despotism of Hash he resented; Chilion was only a boy, and one not sufficiently social and free; with his father he had more in common. At the age of fourteen he became an indentured apprentice to Mr. Hatch the blacksmith at No. 4. But of the different kind of blows of which he was capable, he relished those best that had the least to do with the anvil. He liked horses well enough, but preferred their hides to their hoofs; and became more skilful with the flax than the buttress. He left his master in a rage, himself in good humor. He next let himself at the Crown and Bowl in the village, where one might fancy he would find his element. He was header, bar-tender, wood-bringer, errand-boy, chore-doer, farrier, mistress-man, waiting-maid's man and everybody's man by turn. He entertained travellers at the door, girls in the kitchen and boys in the stoop. He was quick but he always loitered, he was ingenious yet nothing was well done. It would not seem strange that he should prove a better auxiliary to every one's taste and fancy, than to Mr. Stillwater his employer's interest. He hung a flint stone on the barn-door to keep the devil from riding the horses in the night; but this did not prevent indications of their having been used at unlawful times and in unlawful ways, which their owner was disposed to charge upon Nimrod. He was dismissed. While he served others at the bar he must needs help himself, and he became at an early age an adept in what an old writer denominates the eighth liberal art. At the close of the revolutionary war, it became more difficult to fill vacancies in the army, than it had been originally to form companies. There were "Classes" in Livingston, as everywhere else, whose duty it was to furnish a certain number of soldiers, as exigency required. By one of these, Nimrod, not yet fifteen years of age, but of due physical proportion and compliance, was hired. He joined a detachment ordered on the defence of our northern frontier.

But even military discipline was insufficient to correct his propensities, or reform his habits. He deserted, and crossed the Canada lines. He connected himself with a band of smugglers that swarmed in those quarters, and during the spring of the year 1784, we find him in New York in a sloop from up river. The vessel was mechan in the stream not far from the Albany Basin. She had a deck-load of lumber, and wheat in her hold, the ordinary supply of the country at the time; her contraband goods were stowed in proper places. Government, both state and national, was pressed for means; the war, taxes, suspension of productive labor, had heightened necessity, and diminished resource. Duties were great, but legislation was irregular. The city held in its bosom many who had suffered during the late contest. The general amnesty while it retained the disaffected, failed in some cases to reconcile them. Hence smuggling, while it grew to be a most vexatious practice, was one of tolerably easy accomplish-
ment. Laws were severe, but there was wanting the force to execute; the police was more numerous than energetic. Still the business demanded skill, caution and prudence.

Late in the evening, the cabin of the sloop was visited by an elderly gentleman in buff coat and breeches, having an eagle holding an olive branch wrought on his left breast. He was addressed by the Captain as Mr. Girardeau. He complained bitterly of the times, the rise of taxes, financial depressions, the decline of real estate and sundry misfortunes. He said that his clerk, meaning thereby his daughter, had eloped, and that his old servant Simon was dead. He had evident connection with the private objects of the vessel, and under his supervision preparations were made for carrying the contraband articles to his own store in the city. These, consisting of silks, ribbons, laces, &c. were laid in coffin-shaped boxes, and Nimrod with another of the crew was detached as porters. They rowed, in a small boat, as far as the beach in Hudson Square, threaded a lane along the woods and hills of Grand Street, came down through the marshes and fields of Broadway; till they reached a small wood, a house lying under a hill back of the City Hall, which was the residence of Mr. Girardeau whom they found waiting to receive them. They encountered several of the police stationed on the skirts of the city, one of whom they frightened by intimations of the small-pace; another they avoided by sinking into the shadows of trees; another they succeeded in stumping by drafts of rum, a supply of which they carried in their pockets. Nimrod recounted his adroit passages to Mr. Girardeau, who seemed pleased with the success if not with the character of the youth; and, in fine, hearing him highly recommended by the Captain, he the next day engaged him, under the assumed name of Foxy, to fill the place recently held by his deceased servant Simon. Nimrod was nothing loth to exchange masters, and enter upon new scenes. Mr. Girardeau's quarters comprised both his store and dwelling-house. The building was one of the old style, having its gable to the street. In the rear of the shop-room was a kitchen, and above were sleeping apartments. In the first instance, Mr. Girardeau intimated to Nimrod the necessity of a change of apparel, and that he must wear one of a color like his own. He himself had been a resident in the city during the war, while the British had possession, and at that time wore a scarlet coat, with the arms of the king. At the peace, he changed his hat and badge. In the next place, he undertook to indoctrinate

NIMROD IN NEW YORK. his new servant in the secrets of his business, and to impress upon him a sense of the responsibility of his vocation.

"I—I should say we,—'tis all one concern, one interest," so his employer unfolded himself, "we are poor, we are embarrased. You, Mr. Foxy, perhaps know how awful a thing poverty is. You can understand me. We are oppressed, we are maltreated, we are vilified. Enemies beset us night and day; even now they may be listening to us through the walls."

Nimrod, who was not without a tincture of the superstition of his times, notwithstanding his ordinary display of fearlessness and daring, started. "They won't take us off in the night, will they?" exclaimed he.

"Yes, in the night," replied Mr. Girardeau.

"Then I may as well be a packing," said Nimrod. "I can't stay here. I thought you hadn't any of them in the city."

"Why the city is full of them," rejoined Mr. Girardeau, "hence we see the necessity of care, confinement and secrecy."

"But they come in anywhere," answered Nimrod. "They'll whisk you right out of your bed. Aunt Ravel had seven pies stuck into her in one night. Old uncle Kish, that used to live at Snake Hill, was trundled down hill three nights ago; and his skin all wore off, and he grew as lean as a gander's leg."

"Mr. Foxy!" interrupted Mr. Girardeau, "you misunderstand me,—I see you are from the country, a good place,—but you misunderstand me. It is men I mean, not spirits. We have no witches here, only hard-hearted, covetous, ignorant, griping, depraved, desperate men."

"Shoo! its human you are speaking of," replied Nimrod: "I ain't no more afraid of them than a cat is of a wren. I like them, I could live among them as well as a fish in water."

"Mr. Foxy!" continued Mr. Girardeau, solemnly. "We have something to fear from men. Here likewise you mistake. I fear you are too rash, too head-strong."

"Anything, Sir," answered Nimrod. "I will do anything you wish," he added, more soberly. "I will serve you, as they did the troops in the war, work for nothing and find myself."

"You may well say so," added Mr. Girardeau. Simon was faithful, he spared himself to provide for me. We are in
situations, we must live frugally. Persecution surrounds us. We have enemies who can do us a great injury. I can be made to injure you, and you to injure me. We need circumspection, we are, if I may so say, in another's power. There are those who might take advantage of my necessities, to compel me to surrender you to the rigor of unjust laws, and you might end your days in a prison. My whole life has been one of exposure and want, labor and toil." Thus was Nimrod addressed. In the third place, added Mr. Girardeau, "I must admonish you, Mr. Pouly, and most rigidly enjoin, that on no account are you to have conference, or hold any relations with a certain young woman, that sometimes comes here, whom I will point out to you." Nimrod found upon the premises a little black-eyed boy eight or nine years of age, whom he took for the grandson of his employer. This boy was sent to school, and when at home played on the hill back of the house, and slept in a room separate from Nimrod's, with whom Mr. Girardeau did not seem anxious that he should have much intercourse. Those three constituted the entire family. Nimrod became cook, washerman, porter, and performed with alacrity whatever duty was assigned him. Now Nimrod relished his new service and new master for a while, we need not relate. He could not fail, however, to be sensible that his food was not quite so good as that to which he had been accustomed, and to find that his master did not prove exactly what he expected. He found Mr. Girardeau to be, to say the least, harsh, arbitrary, exacting; he began to suspect something worse than this; he believed he told him falsehoods; that he had money, and that in abundance. As he lay on the counter, where he usually slept at night, he was sure he heard the sound of coin in the room over head. Of the young woman, respecting whom he had been cautioned, he saw nothing, till one day, he heard voices in the chamber. He listened at the foot of the stairs, and distinguished a female's voice. There were sharp words, severe epithets. Presently a woman came hurriedly down, and passed into the street.

"Did you see that girl?" asked Mr. Girardeau, descending immediately afterwards.

"Yes, Sir," replied Nimrod.

"She is my daughter," added Mr. Girardeau. "Yes, my own flesh and blood. You know not the feelings of a father. She has been guilty of the greatest of crimes, she has disobeyed me, she has violated my will, she has endangered my estate. She has married to her own shame, and my grief. I have borne with her, till forbearance becomes a sin. She would strip me of my possessions. The author of her degradation she would make the pander to her cruelty. I am doubly bent, they are in a conspiracy against me. Need her not, listen not to her importunity, let her suffer. I have no feelings of a father; they have been wrecked and torn away; I cannot own a viper for a child."

Nimrod thrust his fists in his waistcoat pockets, where he clenched them angrily. He was silent. He listened as to an unanswerable argument; he believed not a word. In the mean time let us refer to some events wherein his own interest began to be awakened; and which we shall embody in a new chapter, with a new title.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORY OF GOTTFRIED BRUCKMANN AND JANE GIRARDEAU.

Among the Mercenaries, popularly known as Hessians, employed by England against America during the Revolution, was Gottfried Bruckmann. He was, properly speaking, a Waldecker, having been born in Pyrmont, an inconsiderable city of that principality. From what we know of his history, he seems to have shared largely in the passion for music, which distinguishes many of his countrymen. To this also he added a thirst for literary acquisition. But, being a peasant by caste, he encountered not a few obstacles in these higher pursuits. He became bellows-boy for the organ in the church of his native town, and availing himself of chance opportunities, he attained some skill on that instrument. He played well on the hurdy-gurdy, flute and violin. In the French language, at that time so much in vogue among the Germans, he became a proficient. Nevertheless, he fretted under the governmental yoke that was laid so oppressively and haughtily upon the necks of that class of the people to which he belonged. His conduct exposing him to suspicion, he fled into the region of country described as the Harz Mountains. Whatever of romance, literature, poetry,
Margaret.

descended into the mass of the population; whatever of legendary tale or cabalistic observance was cherished by the common heart; whatever of imaginative temper, ideal aspiration, or mystical enthusiasm has ever characterized any portion of his countrymen; Brückmann possessed; and in the vicinity where he now found himself, there was a supply of objects fitted to animate the strongest sentiments of his being, and scenes and associations that were congenial with his inclinations; — forests of oak and beech, fir and pine; every kind and conformation of rock; birds of all descriptions; cloud-piercing hills, unfathomable chasms; lakes enshrouded in mountains; waterfalls; mines and smelting-houses, with the weird and tatterdemalion look of the workmen and their operations; gorgious sunsets; dense and fantastic fogs; perennial snows: and points of local and traditional interest; the Altar and Sorcerer’s Chair, the seat of the festival of the old Saxon idol, Crotho; the grottoes Brannanshole and Birchshole; a cave reputed, at the time, to have no termination; wildness, irregularity, terror, grandeur, freedom and mystery, on every side.

In addition, there were little villages and clusters of houses in valleys embowered in forests, and overshadowed by mountains, into one of which Brückmann’s wanderings led him, that of Rubillard, through which runs the Bode. Here in the midst of almost inaccessible rocks and cold elevations, he found fruit-trees in blossom, fields green with corn, a small stone-church surmounted with a crucifix, a May-pole hung with garlands, around which the villagers were having their Whitsun dances. In this place he remained awhile, and was engaged as a school-teacher for the children, the parents of whom were chiefly miners. Here, as we subsequently learn, he became acquainted with a pupil, Margaret Bru- neau, daughter of the Pastor of Rubillard, who was a Lutheran. In her he found tastes and feelings like his own. With her he rambled among mountains, penetrated caves, sang from rocks; and had such an intercourse as tended to cement their affection, and prosecuted whatever plans were grateful to their natures. But in the midst of his repose, came that cruel and barbarous draft of the British Crown on the German States. Some of the inhabitants of Rubillard, who were subjects of the King of Hanover, were enlisted in this foreign service. Requisition was made on several provinces then in alliance with England, Brunswick, Hesse Cassel, Hanau, Anhalt and Waldeck; and on Brückmann’s native town, Pyrmont. The general league formed among these

Gottfried Brückmann and Jane Giraud. 75

prices against the peace and liberty of their people, would not suffer that Brückmann should escape. He was seized, as if he had been a felon, and forcibly taken to Rotterdam, the place of embarkation. The reluctance with which this body of levies contemplated the duty to which they were destined, will be understood when it is told, that they were obliged to be under guard on their march to the sea-coast; that many of them, bound hand and foot, were transported in wagons and carts; some succeeded in deserting; others making the attempt were shot. Brückmann, for some instance of insubordination, received a wound at the hand of his own Captain, from which he never entirely recovered. Swords ruled souls. Their furious and tyrannical lords let them out as slaves, and had them scourged to their tasks. Brückmann and Margaret parted in uttermost bitterness of spirit, and with the fondest expressions of love. They waited their adieux and prayers to each other across the bridge of the Bode, over which he was rudely snatched, to see her in this world no more forever.

We shall not follow him through the fortunes of the war; but hasten to its close, when he was stricken and overwhelmed by the news of Margaret’s death. A strong bond, and perhaps the only one that attached him to his native country, was broken; and, in common with many of his countrymen, he chose to remain in America after the peace. These German, such as survived,—more than eleven thousand of their number having perished during the war,—scattered themselves; some joined the settlements of their brethren in Pennsylvania, some pushed beyond the Ohio, some were dispersed in the New England States. Brückmann took up his abode in New York. Those who returned to Germany he bade plant Margaret’s grave with narcissus, rosemary and thyme, and visit it every Whitsun Festal with fresh flowers; while he would hollow her memory with prayers and tears in his own heart. He was disappointed in purpose, forsaken in spirit, broken in feeling. Contrary to the usual maxim, he loved those whom he had injured, and was willing that whatever of life or energy remained to him should be given to the Americans, while he remembered the land of his birth with sorrow, upbraiding and despair.

Owing to our numerous and profitable relations with France at this time, the French language had arisen in the popular estimation, and was in great request. He would teach it, and so earn a livelihood, and serve the land of his adoption.
Music too, the musical spirit of Margaret and of his native country, that which survives in the soul when everything else is prostrate, came over him. He would live again in song. He would recall the scenes of the past. Margaret would reappear in the tones of their love and their youth; her spirit would echo to the voice of his flute; in song, like night, they would meet again; by an invisible pathway of melody they would glide on to the grave. Poor Brückmann! Poor America! What with his deficiency in our tongue, and his former services against our liberties, he obtained but few scholars. Superior and more agreeable Frenchmen were his rivals. Music! How could we pay for music, when we could not pay our debts! The crescendo and diminuendo were other than of sound our people had to learn. He grew sicker at heart; his hopes had all fled, and his spiritual visions seemed to grow dimmer and dimmer. He sat by the narrow window of the small unlighted room he rented, in the night, and played on his flute to the darkness, the air, the groups of idle passers by, to memory and to the remore future whether his visions were flying, and the fair spirit of his reverses had betaken herself. Yet he had one and not an unconcerned listener, and perhaps another. These were Jan Girardeau and her father. Mr. Girardeau had discovered the sound of the music proceeding from the hill behind his house, and his daughter listening to it. He desired her, rebuffed her, and locked her into her room. "Can you indulge such extravagance?" was the language of Mr. Girardeau to his daughter. "Can you yield to such weakness? Will you waste your time in this way? Shall I suffer in you a repetition of all your mother occasioned me? Will you hazard your reputation? Why will you so often break my commands, and thwart my wishes? Shall I be compelled to resort to harsh measures? Are you growing so perverse that moderation is of no avail? I will have none of this. You are impudent, beastly, "

His daughter ill brooked all this. To the mind of her father, she was rash, reckless, turbulent, obstinate, wasteful, inordinate, selfish, lavish, insensible. She was lavish, but only of her heart's baneful affections; she was rash, not in head, so much as in impulse; she was insensible, but only to the demands of lucre; she was troubled, not turbulent; she was
while he transacted a little private business. She retreated to
the back part of the store where she persistently stood; and it
was obvious, although the stranger spoke in his own tongue,
she comprehended what he said. From one thing to another
Brückmann was led to recite his entire history; his birth, his
retreat to Rabilaud, his interest in Margaret, his enlistment,
his service in the war, Margaret's death, his present method
of support. Mr. Girardeau replied, in brief, that it was not
in his power to accommodate him. The agitation of Brück-
mann was evidently intense at this repulse; and there seemed
to be aroused a corresponding sympathy of distress in the
heart of Jane. The story of the stranger interested her, it
took strong possession of her imagination. As he left, her
thoughts followed him with that most agonizing sense of pow-
nerless compassion. Could she but see him, could she but
speak with him, she would bestow upon him her condolences,
if she could offer him no more substantial aid.
Jane studied day and night how she might encounter the
unhappy stranger, the enchanting musician. To perfect her
for his purposes, she would allow her to do a little business
in her own name. These earnings, ordinarily devoted to
some species of amusement or literary end, she now as sedu-
lously hoarded as increased. She discovered where Brück-
mann had some pupils in a private family. Thither, taking
her private purse; she went; sought her way to his room, and
seated herself among the scholars. She heard the recitation,
and the remarks that accompanied it. She discerned the
originality of Brückmann's mind, as she had formerly been
interested in the character of his sensibilities. He spoke in
a feeble tone, but with singular emphasis. She knew well
the causes of his depression. He sang also to his pupils one
of his native hymns, she admired its beauty and force, and
perhaps more the voice of the singer. She stayed behind
when the scholars left. He spoke to her. She replied, to her
surprise, in his own language, or something akin to it. She
told him who she was, that she had heard his story, that she
compassionated his wants, that her father was abundantly
rich, and that from her own earnings she had saved him some
money. She pressed upon him her purse, which neither deli-
cacy demanded, nor would naturally allow that he should
refuse. She told him how much she had been interested in
his history; she desired him to repeat it. "Tell me," said
she, "more about Margaret Bruneau." He related as much
as the time would permit.

She was reproached, she was misled by her father, on
her return, although he knew not where she had been. An
idea had seized her, and for that she was willing to sacrifice
everything. It had neither shape, nor color, nor definition, nor
end. She thought of it when she went to bed, she dreamed
of it, she awoke with it. She would see the stranger. She
went again to his school-room. She walked with him on the
Parade. "Tell me," she would say, "more about Margaret.
How old was she? How did she look? How did you love
her? Why did you love her?" He would repeat all he had
said before and discover new particulars each time.
"Were her parents rich or poor?" asked Jane.
"Poor," replied Brückmann.
"Happy, happy Margaret! O if my father were poor as
the sheerest mendicant I should be happy."  
"You may be able to do much good with your money,
sometime or another."  
"I see nothing before me but darkness and gloom," replied
Jane. "My father,—you know what he is. My dear, dear
mother, too fond of her child, too opposed to her husband, too
indulgent, too kind,—she has gone from me by love and my
approach forever. I may be in the midst of affluence, I am
cursed, blighted by a destitution such as you know nothing of.
Gold may be my inheritance, my prospects are all worthless,
feeble, sombre. You say you will meet Margaret in
heaven?"
"Speak freely with me," said Brückmann, "I love to hear,
if I cannot answer. Margaret and I often talked of what we
could not comprehend. We strove to lift each other up, even
if we made no advance. She had a deep soul, an unsounded
aspiration. We sang of heaven, and then we began to feel it.
We were more Sphinxes than Ædipuses. Yet she became
Heaven to me, when there was none in the skies. She was a
transparent, articulate revelation of God."
"How I should love Margaret!" said Jane to him one day.
"What was the color of her hair? I like yours!"
"No," replied Brückmann; "as I have told you, she was
not of German origin. Her ancestors came from Languedoc
in the Religious Wars. She was more tropical in her features,
and perhaps in her heart, than I. She had black hair and
eyes; she resembled you, Miss Girardeau, I think."
"How I wish I could see her!" replied Jane. "You say
she does come to you sometimes?"
"Yes," said Brückmann, and since I have known you she
comes more frequently, more clearly. My perishing heart had scarce power to evoke her. My song became too faint a medium. You have revived these visions, these refreshing communications."

"Then I am happy," said Jane. "I knew not that I had such a power. You, sir, know not the misery of being able to make no one happy. I torture my father, I plague Simon. I am of use to no one. And my poor self answers not for itself."

"How could you, Mr. Bruckmann?"

"Call me not that," he said, interrupting her, "call me Gottfried, as Margaret always did."

"Then you must do the same by me," she said, "you must call me Jane; though no one does but father and Simon. But if you will call me so, I shall forget that any one else ever has. I was going to ask you how you came to fight against our poor country?"

"I never did," he said, "my heart and soul were with the Americans. I was forced into the work. I was bayoneted to the lines. My musket shared the indeposition of its owner, and shot at random. Wounds that had been spared by those against whom I was arrayed, were anticipated by my own officers. Often staggering under the effects of a blow received in Germany, when I attempted to escape, have been drawn out against those, so called, my enemies; and at this moment am I sensible of the pain."

"Yet you might have been killed in battle," said she, "and I, poor, ridiculous, selfish me! should never have seen you."

"Nor I you," he rejoined; "I know not which is the most indebted."

It cannot be supposed these interviews were had without greatly provoking the indignation of Mr. Girardeau. He noticed the frequent, and sometimes protracted absences of his daughter; he traced them to the indigent German, whose application for money he denied, to the Villainous musician that had given him so much annoyance. His passion had no bounds. He ceased to expectorate; he raved, he threatened; he shut Jane into her chamber, he barred the door, he declared he would starve her. As Jane had never learned filial obedience, so she had not disciplined herself to ordinary patience. Even in matters that concerned her interest and happiness most vitally, she was impetuous, inconsiderate. She could bear imprisonment, she could bear starvation, she could bear)

injunctive and violence; she could not endure separation from Bruckmann. She had, in respect of him, new and joyous sensations, enchanting her whole existence. She looked on him as a superior being. She felt that he alone could understand her, appreciate her, sympathize with her. She felt that of the mass about her, he only seemed to be a common nature with her. She thought not of his poverty, or his dejection. She thought only of his soul into which she could pour her own. She was eager for him, as a child for its mother's breast. His love for Margaret Bruneau only heightened his value in her eyes. He seemed for his devotion to Margaret Bruneau, purer, greater, diviner. He and Margaret constituted to her mind a delightful company. She entered a magic circle when she came into their communion. She became one of a glorious trio. Then she saw herself interpreted and resembled in Margaret; and she acted as a conjunction to bring that delightful vision from the shades. Bruckmann she assisted, encouraged, enlivened; she rendered him more hopeful, more happy. And herself she had no life, except as he was able to explain that life. His soul seemed to respond to hers, and her own grew serener and stiller as it received that response. "He, too, will suffer," she said to herself, "if he sees me not. His own heart will break again. Margaret will come to him no more;" and every thought of his unaccession or suspense vibrated, like a fire, through her.

Mr. Girardeau waited to see some tokens of his daughter's repentance and amendment, but none appeared. The more completely to secure his purposes, he instigated a prosecution against Bruckmann, on the score of debt, and he was thrown into the City Jail. The old gentleman then approached his daughter, apprized her of what had befallen her friend, and announced his final decision. He told her if ever she saw Bruckmann again, if ever she communicated with him by word or letter, he would turn her into the streets, he would close his doors upon her forever, she would disinherit her, and cast her off to utter shame, destruction and wretchedness. With whatever tone or spirit this sentence may have been distinguished, and there could be no mistake as to its general purport, its effect on Jane was scarcely perceptible. Her die was cast, her resolution taken. She undertook the fastenings of her room, she escaped into the street. Going to the Jail, she obtained access to the cell and was locked in with Bruckmann. Through his drooping heart and wasting frame he received her with a bland, welcome smile. She fell at his feet, and
poured herself out in a torrent of tears, her swollen heart broke in sighs, sobs and convulsions. His kindness reassured her, and she told him what had transpired. "But," she continued, "Gottfried, I must see you, I must be with you, I cannot live away from you, I die without you. Existence has not the faintest charm, not a solitary point of interest, if I am separated from you. You have awakened within me every dormant and benumbed faculty. You have spread over time the hues of a higher being. You have given back to my soul the only answer it ever received; with your eyes I have looked into myself and discovered some beauty there, where before was only a deep and frightful chaos. In a world of shallowness and stupidity you alone have anticipated, understood, valued me. I repose on you as on the breast of God. You have introduced me to an elevated communion; you have welcomed me to the participation of yourself and Margaret; you have inspired me with a desire to know more of the laws of the spirit's life. For all this I have made you no return. I am little, how little, to you. You owe me nothing, I owe you everything."

"Jane," said he. "Do not interrupt me now," she continued. "Let my poor soul have its say. It may be its last. I have no home on earth but you. May I remain with you? May I hear your voice, look into your eyes, be blessed and illumined by your spirit?"

"Is it possible," said Bruckmann, "that your father will never relent? He needs you, his own fortune is under obligations to you."

"You know not my father," was the decisive reply. "He is fixed, inexorable, as the God he serves. I look to you, or to vacancy, to nought, to the sepulchred abyss of my own soul, to the interminable night of my own thoughts. To be poor is nothing, to be an outcast is nothing; to be away from you is worse than all calamities confessed in one blow. Do not be distressed, my good Gottfried. I will not embarrass you. Gottfried—I will marry you—I do not embarrass you. I do distress you—I will not. No! I go away—I leave you—Farewell, Gottfried!"

"Stay!" replied he, "do not go away."

"Speak to me," she said. "Chide me, spur me. I can hear anything. I will not stir, nor wince, nor weep. I can stiffen myself into insensibility. I will sit here unmoved as a curb-stone. Speak, Gottfried, speak, if you kill me."

"Jane," said he, calmly but kindly, "you have nothing to fear from me, we have nothing to fear from each other. We know each other too well to be alarmed by surprises, or perplexed at disclosures. We have no secrets to keep or to reveal, no hopes to indulge or disappoint. Our natures are bare to each other; our several destinies too well understood; a word, the faintest expression of a wish is sufficient. You know Margaret, I need not—"

"No, Mr. Bruckmann, you need not—"

"Call me Gottfried. Margaret called me Gottfried. You must never call me anything else."

"Oh," said she, "if I could do Margaret's least office for you, if I could ever remind you of her! And this assimilates me nearer to her. It gives me a prerogative, which with all my rashness, I should hardly dare to claim. But you need not speak to me of her. I know all about it, and you, and her. Yet, not as a beggar, not as a friend, not as one who has the slightest demand on your notice, yet, I say, obeying an impulse which I know how neither to control nor define, but which is deep as the central fires of my being, I ask for entrance, for a home, in that which you are, for fellowship with you and all your life. Tell me more of Margaret; I will grow up into her image; I will transmute myself to her nature. You shall have a double Margaret; no, not double, but one. Nay, if needs be, I will go out of myself; I will be the servant of you both. Call me your child, your and Margaret's child, your spirit-child, and so love me. And when we get to Heaven, you may do what you will with me. Sure I am, I shall never get there if you do not take me. I cannot sing, as you say she could. But my soul sings. If my larynx be inelastic, I can describe with my sensations as many octaves and variations, as you on your flute; and with your nice ear perhaps you could hear some pleasant strains. Away from you, I am all discord, a harsh grating of turbulent passion."

"Have you thought," asked Gottfried, "how we should be situated. This prison is my home now, and I have no better prospect for the future."

"I have enough in my purse," said Jane, "to release you. You can teach as you have done. I perhaps could give instruction in the more popular branches."

"Dear Jane!" said he, "you are dearer to me than all on earth beside. But how fade all earth-scenes from my thought! I feel myself vanishing into the spirit-world. Daily I perceive
the hand of destiny lying more heavily upon me. Hourly invisible cords are drawing me away. The echoes of my song sound louder and louder from the shadowy shore."

"Ah, dearest Gottfried!" said she; "if you die, I will die too. I cannot live without you; I cannot survive you; I perish with you. I will be absorbed with you into the Infinite. All your presentiments I share."

"We will be married," said Gottfried. "We yield to the Immortal Love. We rise to the empyrean of pure souls. With you the past is nearer to me, the present more cheerful, the future more hopeful. We shall all of us live a tumbled life. I have ever loved you; I will still love you; you deserve my love. Margaret too will love you; and the Heaven-crowned shall bestow her blessing on the Earth-worn."

Jane procured his release from prison, by paying debts and costs of suit. They went to the house of the Rev. Dr., — a very kind and benevolent old clergyman, by whom the marriage ceremony was performed, the wife and daughter of the Rector being present as witnesses. They knelt on a couch for an altar, her long black hair, gathered loosely about her temples, and descending down her clear marble neck, her dark eyes, a crimson flushing her face, contrasted with his light thick hair, deep blue eyes, and flickering pale face; both subdued, and somewhat saddened; yet the evening light of their souls, for such it seemed to be, came out at that hour and shed over them a soft, sweet glow. The old man blessed them, and they departed.

They sought lodgings in a quarter of the city, at some distance from their former abode. Bruckmann was enabled to form a small class in French. If female education, or the employment of female instructors, had been as common in those days as at the present time, Jane might have directed those powers with which nature had enriched her, to some advantage. She secured, in fact, but a solitary pupil, and that one more anxious to be taught dancing and dressing, than to advance in any solid acquisition. She found a more satisfactory as well as promising task in perfecting Bruckmann in the English language. This difficulty once surmounted, she fancied he would be able to pursue his practice to any desirable extent. So five or six months passed away.—Whether it was the seeds of disease constitutionally inherited, the effect of disappointment, want, heart-ache, he had been called to endure, the internal progress of his wound, or his own presentiments, acting upon an imagination sufficiently susceptible—Bruckmann fell sick. He lay upon his bed week by week. Jane abandoned everything to take care of him.

"Jane," said he, "I must die."

"I know it," said she, "you told me you should soon die. I believed it then, I am prepared for it now."

"Voice," he added, "are calling me away."

"I know that too," she replied; "I hear them."

"An inward force propels my spirit from me."

"Yes," said she, "I feel it."

She bent over him, not as over a sick and dying man, but a convalescing angel. He seemed to her not to be wasting to skin and bones, but to spirit and life. His eye brightened, his smile was sweeter, as he grew paler and thinner.

"I wish you would sing to me, Jane?"

"I am full of music and song," she said, "can you not hear me? All that you have ever played, or sung, or spoken, leaps, trills, is joyful, within me. Do you not hear a soft chanting?"

"Yes," he replied; "it sounds like the voice of Jesus and Margaret."

"How glad I am our little Margaret is to have her birthplace in song," said Jane. "She feeds on melodies.—Yet if I should die before her birth, will she die too? Tell me, Gottfried."

"I think her spirit will go with ours," he replied.

"Then we could train and nourish and mould the undeveloped, unformed spirit in Heaven. And our other Margaret will be there to help us bring up the little Margaret.—Will Jesus bless our child, as you say he blessed the children of olden time?"

"Yes," replied Gottfried. "He died for all, and lives to give all life."

"I shall not need to make her clothes!"

"You had better do that, Jane, we may both survive her birth."

In this exigency, their private funds having become well nigh exhausted, she repaired to her father's house to procure some articles of her own, out of which to prepare clothing for the expected child. By a back entrance she ascended to her old chamber, where, as the event should prove, Mr. Girardin detected her, and drove her off. At this moment, as she retraced through the store, Nimrod, who in the mean time had succeeded to the place of the deceased Simon, saw her, as has been related in the previous chapter. Here also these two episodical branches of this memoir unite.
When Nimrod learned from Mr. Girardeau who the woman was, how she stood related to him, and what were her fortune and condition, we may naturally imagine that his curiosity, always restless, always errant, would be more than usually aroused. A new object presented itself; he must pry into it. Having ascertained the place of Jane and Gottfried’s residence, being out of an errand, he made bold to enter the house, and knocked at their door.

“Ah, your pardon, ma’am,” he said, shuffling into the room, as Jane opened the door, and the sick man lay on the bed before him; “I hope I don’t intrude. I serve at Master Girardea, since Simon’s dead. I am the fellow what see you running out of the store like a duck after a tumble-bug. What was you so skerred for? I wouldn’t hurt you any more than an old shoe. I guess the old gentleman ain’t any better than he should be—”

“Young man!” said Jane breaking in upon him, “whoever you are, we have no connection with Mr. Girardeau.”

“Yes—ma’am,” said Nimrod, who nothing daunted, approached the bed. Gottfried rose a little, with his wan beautiful face. Jane, pale if possible, and more beautiful, held her arm under his head, and her dark, loving eyes brimmed with tears, the nature of which Nimrod could not understand.

“I own it,” said he, “I’m sorry. What is the matter? If the Widder was here she would cure him in a wink. Won’t your Dad let you go home? Won’t he give you a limb to root on? I tell you what it is, he’s close as a mink in winter; he’s hard as grubbing bushes. I don’t guess he’s so poor.”

Jane, remembering her father’s servants in Simon, who was a perfect creature of his master, if at first she was annoyed by the familiarity of Nimrod, but was suscript to his motility, soon persuaded that his manner was undisguised and rusticity sincere. She was led to question him to himself, who he was, &c. He gave her his real name, and that of his parents. In fact he became quite communicative, and rendered a full description of his family, their residence and mode of life. He was pleased with his visit, which he promised to repeat, and whenever he had a chance, he dropped in to see his new found friends. As our readers will have anticipated the result of this story of Gottfried Brueckmann and Jane Girardeau, we shall hasten to its close. When the Girardea became apprised of the real situation of his daughter, he manifested deep disturbance of spirit. He addressed himself anew to Nimrod. “That girl,” said he, “is a runaway, a spendthrift, a wanton. She is about to have a child, the fruit of her reckless, ruinous misconduct. That child may do me an injury, a great injury. The offspring of that viper may turn upon me with the malignity of the mother. That child must be watched. You know, Mr. Fiddle, we are interested in interest. You know if I let you go, or you me, we both fall. That child must be watched. Do you understand?”

“That we’t in the bargain when I came to live with ye,” replied Nimrod. “I must have a little more, a little of the ready.”

Nothing could be more opportune to Nimrod. He was now at liberty to prosecute his visits to Jane and Gottfried at his leisure. Whatever money he obtained from Mr. Girardeau, cowed out by his own scant purse, he applied to their necessities. He felt himself to be of more consequence than he had ever been before, and although he exercised his function rather pragmatically, he made himself greatly useful. Brueckmann grew more feeble; Jane approached the period of her child’s birth.

“Nimrod,” said she a few days before that event, “we are going to die!”

“No, no,” he rejoined. “He’ll give up the ghost as sure as wild geese in cold weather. But you will come out as bright as a yaller bird in Spring.”

“We must die—I shall die,” she continued, hardly noticing what he said, having become quite used to his manner.

“We have loved, tenderly loved, if you know what that means.”

“Yes—ma’am,” replied Nimrod. “If I am a Ponder and you live in the city, you needn’t think we are as dull as milers that fly right into your links, and never know whether they are singed or not. When I have been with uncle Bill Palmer’s, that lives at the Ledge, as you go up to Dunwich, and seen his Rhody out there, jolly! she has gone right through me like an ear-wig; it sticks to me like a bolenink to a safin in a wind. I ain’t afeared of the old Harry himself, but I run! I never dare to speak to Rhody. But you great folks here don’t care anything about us, no more than Matty G’Sborne, and Bet Weeks down among the Settlers.”

“Yes I do care for you,” said Jane; “you have been very kind to us. I know not what we should have done without you. But we are really going to die. It has been foretold that we should.”

“Oh yes,” said Nimrod, relapsing into a more thoughtful
mood, "I remember. I heard a dog howl in the streets the other night, and I dreamed of seeing monkeys, and that is sorrow and death."

"You must bury us, Nimrod," continued Jane. "And you must promise one thing, to take care of our child. Its name is Margaret, you must call it by no other. You will contrive means to take it to your own home, the Pond. You are poor, you say, that is the greatest of blessings. Your house is apart from the world. Your little brother Chilion, you say, would love it as his own sister. Now promise us, Nimrod, that you will do all we desire."

Nimrod not only promised, but volunteered a declaration having the full weight of an oath, that her wishes regarding the child should be studiously fulfilled. At this crisis they were also visited by a daughter of the clergyman who married them; she having become informed of their state, sought to minister to their needs. Bruckmann died as he had presaged. "Farewell, Jane," he said. "Yet not farewell, but, follow me. I kiss you for the night, and shall see you in the morning. The sun fades, the stars grow, brighter worlds await us. We go to those we love us."

Nimrod and his young daughter returned secretly over the dead form, that did perhaps what life itself could never have done, made of the strong man a child, and tears gushed from his eyes. Jane knelt, calmly, hopefully by his side, kissed his lips, and smoothened the bright curling locks of his hair. Nimrod, assisted by the clergyman before mentioned, and some of Bruckmann's countrymen that remained in the city as servants, bakers, or scavengers, could do little more for their old friend than bear him to his grave, saw him decently buried. The wife and daughter of the clergyman were with Jane at that period which she had anticipated with so much interest. Her hour came, and as she had predicted, a girl, the "little Margaret" was born. She lingered on a few days, without much apparent suffering or anxiety, blessed her child, and melted away in the clouds of mortal vision. The child was taken in charge by those ladies who had kindly assisted at its birth. Mr. Girardeau, who had exhibited ceaseless anxiety, as well as glimpses of some unnatural design, during these events, the progress of which he obliged Nimrod carefully to report, ordered the child to be brought to his house. His language was, that "it must be put out of the way." It was a dark night; Mr. Girardeau, availing himself of a weakness of his servant, plentifully supplied him with liquor. He also threatened him, in case of disobedience, with a legal prosecution.

tion on the score of his smuggling connections. Nimrod, sufficiently in drink to make a rash promise, started for the child. But apprehensions of some dark or bloody deed came over him; the recollection of his solemn vows to the mother of the child upbraided him; the spectral shadows cast by the street-lamps startled him. He remembered the smuggling vessel which had made another trip, and was about to return. The child was delivered to him, and in place of going back to his master, he made directly for the sloop, which was even then on the point of sailing. The captain and crew, however serviceable they might be to Mr. Girardeau's interest, cherished little respect for his character, and Nimrod had no difficulty in enlisting their aid for his purposes. We need not follow him all the way to the Pond; or recite the methods he adopted to sustain and nourish the child. On his way up the river he found plenty of milk in the cabin. Leaving the vessel, he spent one night in the shanty of an Irishman, whose wife having a nursing child at her side, cheerfully relinquished to Margaret one half of her supply. In one instance he found a sheep which he made perform the maternal office. One night he slept with his charge in a barn. On the third evening he reached his home. The family were all abed; his father and mother, however, were soon ready to welcome their son. Surprise was of course their first emotion when they saw what he had with him. He recounted the history of the child, and his purpose to have it adopted in the family. The course of his observations on the subject was such, as to allay whatever repugnance either of his parents may have felt to the project, and they became as ready to receive the child as they might have been originally averse.

"Call up Hash and Chilion," said Pluck. "The child must be baptized tonight."

"Wait till to-morrow, do Dad," said Nimrod. I guess she needs something to wet her stomach more than her head."

"Fix her something woman, can't wait?"

His wife prepared a drink for the child, while Nimrod addressed his brothers. Chilion, then a boy, seven or eight years old, held a pine-torch that streamed and smoked through the room. Mistress Hart supported the child, while Nimrod and Hash stood sponsors. The old man called her Mary. "No, Dad," interposed Nimrod, "it must be Margaret."

"No! Mary," replied his father, "in honor of my esteemed wife. Besides, that's a Bible name, and we can't liquor up on Margaret. Yours is a good name, and you never will see cause to repent it, and there is Maharsbalashahzar; that I

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chose because it was the longest name in the Bible; I wanted to show my reverence for the book by taking as much of it as I could; and Chilion's is a good one too; all Bible names in this family."

"I tell you no, Dad, she must be called Margaret," repeated Nimrod.

"Do call her Margaret," said Chilion.

"Well, well," replied Piskey, "we will put it to vote. — Three for Margaret, I shall call her Mary, and Hash goes for Peggy. We won't break heads about it, if we do we shan't the bottle. So here goes for Margaret and Mary."

The family, severally and collectively, laid themselves under strict injunctions to keep the history of the child a secret, and to regard it as their own. Mr. Hart and his little son Chilion were glad enough to receive it on its own account; Mistress Hart, if for no other reason, in consideration of the money Nimrod represented he would get from its grandfather, a reflection that prevailed with Hash also. The secluded position of the family rendered it possible indeed for children to be born and die without exciting observation. Their neighbor, the Widow Wright, was the only person from whom they had cause of apprehension. It was presumed, however, to be an easy matter to bring her into the arrangement of secrecy, which was accordingly done by an oath sealed with a small doseure. In behalf of the child were enlisted both the Widow's superstition, and her avarice. What might befall her son Obed, then six or seven years of age, she knew not. So Margaret was only spoken of as a child of the Pond. When Obed asked his mother where the little baby came from, she said it dropped from an acorn-tree.

Such is the origin of Margaret, who a few months later has been phantasmagorically introduced to our readers.

We might add, in conclusion of this chapter, that Nimrod, the next year, made a visit to New York, and sought an interview with his old Master. The disappointment, chagrin and displeasure of the latter were evidently great. Their conference was long and bitter. In the result, Nimrod declared in a cant phrase that he would "blow" on the old gentleman, not only as a smuggler, but as a murderer, unless he would settle on the child a small annual sum, to be delivered at sight. To such a bond Mr. Girardeau was obliged to give his signature. He asked where the child was, but on this point Nimrod kept a rigid silence.