

MARY GORING.

THE ARGUMENT.

The story commenced below is from a series of sketches, entitled "Experiences in the Life of Lester Halliwell." She treats of many things occurring anterior to the events related in the narrative we design publishing, but these facts came to her knowledge during the trials of her niece. To give a clearer insight into the merits of our story we will epitomize. Tom Elliot ran away with a young lady, when he was only a medical pupil, and married her. Her father never forgave them, and left all his money to his eldest daughter. That eldest daughter was a widow then, and in time she died—died young—and bequeathed the money to the Eliots. His poor wife lost all her children except a son and daughter. The latter was a partial idiot, causing deep affliction to the mother. Meantime Tom Elliot removed to London, was knighted, and became famous in his profession. Gold flowed in upon him now, and severe dignity to the external world marked his life. To his wife he was indifferent, and both pursued a course of conduct calculated to perpetuate estrangement. Of this the world knew nothing. Their son William was now a young gentleman of amiable disposition and attractive face and form. The daughter, a lady of no mind, and scarcely susceptible of mental cultivation. Miss Halliwell taught a young ladies' seminary, and the character she had earned for herself induced Lady Elliot to intrust her daughter to her care and control. Pursuing her studies with her aunt Halliwell, was Mary Goring, a sweet and affectionate girl. To her Clara Elliot became warmly attached. This school connection often afforded William Elliot interviews with Mary Goring. The first appearance of William at the house of Miss Halliwell caused that good lady to feel a presentiment of coming trouble, and to this she alludes below. The reader can now understand what is to follow, in this and three succeeding papers:

I.
So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? Was it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw them together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying what a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed at for hinting at any objection to it. Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Frances Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me; and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, or could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge, none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea shore, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown as she was into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the 22nd week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa, (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one,) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained—nine weeks, and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs; and ramblings on the beach, after sea-shells, and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingers in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment to Mary Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and taking sentiment by moonlight!" I uttered in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me?"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that were ever written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Pen came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara Elliot, and standing close by was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight! People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw these two growing fond of each other, she could not have dispatched a hint of it to me by post! "What could Lady Elliot have been thinking off?" I inquired.

"Bless you, she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with

us herself. She makes so much of Mr. William; she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no great harm done. When I was Mary Goring's ago, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least!"

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to displease Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition—all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment—all heart. The one would be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves: she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Besides, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl: a serene look of inward happiness, an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving away to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damp flush in Mary's cheek to change into glowing crimson. It is true Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so; run down to see his mother and sister, by perhaps, an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once: I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face; and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently, to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! The russet young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, the same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing room, laying down so cleverly plans for their separation, they were together in the dining-parlor below us. Upon my going into that apartment some time afterward, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Entering each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with feather," could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands, "I did not know you were here, sir. Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

"Not long! It came into my mind, as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in, a full hour before.

H.

One day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterized the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large influx of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner hour did he find his time free.

He went straight to his wife's room, and sat down on a low ottoman which stood in its midst. Lady Elliot glanced round at him, somewhat surprised, for it was not of her liege knight favored her with his presence there in the day. She continued dressing without comment. Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot rarely wasted superfluous words upon the other.

"Can't you finish for yourself, and send her away?" cried Sir Thomas, indicating the attendant by a movement of the head.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, and winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—if they won over to them my poor old heart, what must they have done by Mary's! I took my resolution: it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and open countenance. There was no guile there. "Is what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the sea-side. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Halliwell?"

"Why not! I hear of ramblings on the sand and moonlight interviews in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment to Mary Goring."

"It was not ill done," was his reply.

"Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that were ever written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Pen came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara Elliot, and standing close by was William Elliot with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight! People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame, and I'll maintain it."

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"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the color mount to his brow. "What is your objection to me, Miss Halliwell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what my objection is," I replied. "It is a family fact that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friends will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mr. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Halliwell."

"Sir, it shall! And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not to be played with like a football. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm, if we are to part."

Something came into my brain, just then, about George Archer—a vision of my last interview with him in Lord Seaford's park. "Why should I deny them two a final adieu?" I asked myself. So I relented, and called Mary down—and was exceedingly soft for my pains.

She shrank to my side when she came in, but William Elliot drew her from me. "I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you; she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her that our engagement is of a different nature; that we are bound to each other by ties irrevocable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made for all time."

"Enough to starve upon!" scowled Lady Elliot.

"Twice nearly thrice, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life," rejoined Sir Thomas, in a subdued voice. And to themselves, who are just now spoony with fantastic vision, "Love in a cottage" may wear the appearance of love in a paradise.

"Can nothing be done—can nothing stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot.

"One thing may. I should have put it in force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after what William let out of the goings on at Spa."

"And that thing?" she eagerly asked.

"To forbid it on pain of my curse—as I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out the recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish—far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force him into it."

"Then you will let him marry the girl?"

"Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is to be done? Consent. I leave the decision to you; for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after-reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOUTHERN AGGRESSION.—Fully to comprehend the aggressive spirit of the Southern States, it will be necessary to understand that when the Constitution was adopted, of the thirteen States, twelve were slaveholding, and one free; and that only three States have since been added to the twelve, while fifteen free States have been added to the original one. Again of the six Territories now open for settlement—Minnesota, Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, comprising 1,285,138 square miles, nearly half the entire area belonging to the Union, not a single one has been claimed by the South, or by Southern slaveholders. Looks not this like aggression?

BILL FOR PARTITION, &c.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.

De: Benjamin Wofford and Ellen Hendrix, by her Guardian vs. Confort Wofford, Eleanor Wofford, et al.

Bill for Partition, &c.

I appearing to be plaintiff of this Court that Jas. S. Wofford, Jeremiah Wofford, and the heirs at law of Nathaniel Wofford, deceased, and the heirs at law of John S. Wofford, deceased, and J. J. Wofford, defendants in this case, are resident beyond the limits of this State. On motion of Bobo, Edwards & Carlisle, Comp. Solv. It is ordered that they appear and plead, answer or demur, to Comp. Bill, within three months from the date hereof, or the same will be taken pro confesso against them.

THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d.

Court's Office, September 8, 1856. 29. 15.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.

Ambridge Watson and William Watson, vs. Alexander Thompson, and others.

Bill for Partition, Relief, &c.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.

Thos. D. Wofford vs. J. E. Wofford, et al.

Bill for Account and Relief.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.

J. E. Wofford, et al., vs. Court of Equity.

In Obedience to an order of the Court of Equity in this case, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the absent debtor, J. E. WOFFORD, to come in, present and verify their demands, within three months from the date of this rule.

THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d.

Court's Office, August 13, 1856. 25. 13.

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.

John Cooper, App't, vs. Rev. Gideon Woodruff, et al., debtors.

Citation to Appear.

I appearing to my satisfaction that Gideon Woodruff, Amos Woodruff, Nancy Trebilcot, and Aseneth Wynn, defendants in this case, are resident beyond the limits of this State. It is therefore ordered and decreed, that they be and appear at the Court of Ordinary for said District, to be held at Spartanburg Court House, on the 29th day of December next, to show cause, if any exist, why the estate of Frederick Williams, deceased, consisting of one tract of land lying on the waters of Pacolet River, bounded by lands of Mathew West and others, containing one hundred and forty acres, more or less, should not be sold and the proceeds of the sale given over to the heirs of the deceased, and their creditors, and that the same will be taken pro confesso.

Given under my hand and seal of office, the 6th day of October, A. D. 1856. R. BOWDEN, o. s. d.

September 4. 28. 12.