DUELING ANECDOTES AGAIN.

Concluded.

The distance to reach the principal entrance to the park, would require a *detour* of at least two miles, while a back gate opened upon the road that William took. There was no lodge, but *Liaume Waddagh* was seen to gain admission by a key, and carefully lock the gate afterward. The scene that followed was thus described by one of the strangers.

On reaching the back entrance of the park, Mr. Pemberton unlocked the gate, and when he had again secured it, he turned to his guests, and bade them a courteous welcome.

"This is the first time I have had the honor, gentlemen, to receive you at Mount Hazle.—May I hope it will not be the last? The strangers bowed; while a voice that seemed an echo, repeated in hollow and distinct tones "*the last!*" A gun exploded—Mr. Pemberton staggered and fell—the strangers' horses went off at speed—one rider managed to keep his saddle, while the other was roughly dismounted. The fallen horseman rolled into the ditch, and there, in mortal agony, he viewed the *denouement* of the tragedy.

A tall man, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, stepped leisurely from the back of the hedge, and quietly approached the body. He looked for a moment at the glassy eye and bloodless lips. "One barrel did the business!" he muttered, and laid the gun in a slanting direction across the corpse. Then taking a written paper from his pocket, he affixed it to the dead man's breast. All was methodically done; a pin secured every corner of the placard, and these pins were placed carefully in the cuff of the murder's *catamore*. That done he coolly reloaded the discharged barrel. The stranger remarked that the gun had been prepared for concealment and assassination, for the barrels had been shortened by a foot. The murderer paused on the dead body for a minute, but he never approached the pockets of his victim except when he drew a gold watch from the fob, muttered it was "half-past seven," and cautiously returned the time-piece. The murder being done to his satisfaction, he led a horse into the avenue, unlocked and refastened the gate, and rode off leisurely. Half dead with fear the stranger listened to the retiring horsetramps, and crept cautiously from the ditch. He shuddered as he looked at the body, for, on the breast of the dead man a paper, witten in bold characters, bore the single sentence of "BLOOD FOR BLOOD!"

Lucy R——, in widow's weeds, was sitting in her drawing room; the gloom of twilight accorded with her "soul's sadness;" for the period was approaching, when a being, orphaned long before it saw the light, was to claim a mother's care. Her past was frightful to recall, her future fearful to look forward to. What should she be were her hour of trial safely over? A widowed mother at twenty! Wrapped in somber meditation, she did not hear the opening door, until, moving across the light, a tall figure arrested her attention, when standing within two yards.

"Who are you?" demanded the startled mourner.

"William Halligan, lady, come to bid you an eternal farewell!" A deep low voice responded.

"Brother of him in whom every feeling of this young heart was centered, and ever will be, I give you a widow's welcome—sit down. William."

"Lady, I dare not, for time is precious."

"How often have I sent for you, William!"

"And think you, lady, that a whisper from you would not have brought me here at midnight! Bound, however, by a secret vow, I dared not see you until I came to-night to say farewell."

"Where are you going, William?"

"*That* Heaven and accident only can decide. The money, which he whom we both lament bequeathed me was, months ago, transmitted to America, and there I sail to claim it."

"I need protection, William. That hardened wretch—he who robbed me of my husband, rode past my window yesterday."

"He will never repeat the offense," returned Long William, calmly. "But time hurries forward, and upon a few minutes, with me, life and death may depend. Should the promised infant be a boy, give him this, as a dear memento," and he took a gun from beneath his great-coat, and laid it on the table—"Tell him that a cross is filed deeply in the barrel that sped—"

"Whom—in the name of heaven?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm.

"The slayer of his father! And now, farewell, forever!"

He fell upon his knees, caught the lady's hand in his, and covered it with kisses. A low shrill whistle was heard beneath the window.

"It is the signal. May Heaven bless and comfort you! Farewell, forever!"

Before the words were heard distinctly, he vanished as he entered. All knew that the homicide of George Pemberton was *Liaume Vaddagh*, and, in a wild community,

"With whom revenge is virtue,"

his memory is still handed down as one who did "the State some service." He sought the backwoods of the Illinois, led a hunter's life, and died in an Indian wigwam.

It is only necessary to add, that the family of the unscrupulous duelist have been extinct for thirty years, while the descendant of the victimized bridegroom is prosperous in worldly circumstances.

The circumstances under which I witnessed this fatal encounter were purely accidental. I had been stopping at the same inn where poor R——was passing his honeymoon, and had often admired a couple, whom nature, it would seem, had created for each other. The evening when the wicked deed took place—for Pemberton's friend gave the false signal, and R——was shot before he raised his pistol—I was in my bed room, making a trifling change in my toilet, preparatory to an excursion along the cliffs, when, without the customary knock upon the door, in rushed the chambermaid—

"Sir! sir!" she exclaimed, in a voice of wild alarm; "run down stairs, for God's sake! They are going to shoot the handsome gentleman!"

Before I could ask a question, or comprehend what the frightened girl meant, pop went a pistol in the garden. I jumped to the window—it overlooked the bowling-green—and there, upheld by the gardener and a boy, I saw a gentleman in the agonies of death. Half undressed, I hurried down stairs, and saw the two men mount their horses and ride coolly from the yard, and on reaching the scene of action, found that with poor R——, suffering was at an end, and life was extinct.

Thirty years after the sad event, I was marching a wing of the—d through Johnstown, where we were to halt for the night, when I received a visit from the squire, to invite me to dinner, and offer me a bed. Both were willingly accepted; for the village hostleric was ill-kept and sadly overcrowded. On inquiry, I found that the gentleman to whose hospitality I was about to be indebted, was the son of poor R——, whom I had seen shot at East Port; and, as the reminiscence might be unpleasant, I kept it to myself. I was most kindly entertained, and after supper—in those days a favorite meal in Ireland—was conducted by a gray-haired attendant to my sleeping chamber.

"Have you been long in the family?" I inquired.

"I have lived in Johnstown under three generations."

"Then you remember some family changes in your time, John?"

"Ah, many," said the old man; "some for the better, and others for the worse."

"You lived with the father of Mr. R——?"

"I lived with the best master, and the handsomest man that ever fell in a wicked duel.

"I saw him shot."

The old man started, crossed himself devoutly, and poured out a supplication for mercy to the departed. "May I ask your name, sir?"

I told it.

I remember it well. You were the young officer who held the poor master in your arms, when you sent the gardener and his boy to fetch the doctors."

"I am that person, and would have acted as your master's second, could I have reached the bowling-green in time. But they made short work of it."

"Ah, they did, indeed," said the old man, "but the vengeance of the Almighty has pursued them hard."

"Did he who killed your master come to an untimely end?" I demanded.

"Come into the next room, and I will tell you, sir."

He lifted the candles from the table, and led me into an adjoining apartment. It seemed a sort of private room or study. There were a couple of book-cases, whose shelves were tolerably filled, a collection of stuffed birds, and a glass press above the mantel-piece, to which, when he had placed the lights on the marble pigs within lifted down an antiquated weapon. I took the gun and examined it carefully. In its day it was, no doubt, held in high estimation. The pans and touch-holes were bassed with gold, and the mountings of the stock were elaborately finished, the finishings being silver. But the barrels were shortened by a foot.

"Why, John, these barrels have been *razeed*. How short they are!"

"They were found long enough to do the work of vengeance!" returned the old man, drily. See ye, sir, this cross?"

"Yes; the file has deeply indented it."

"Through that barrel a summons to eternity was carried to a ruthless heart. May God be gracious to your soul, *Liaume Vaddagh*! You took time to do your work, and did it well."

The old man replaced the weapon on its pegs, locked the glass cases, conducted me to my room, bade me "good night," and left me to sleep perchance to dream.—*New York Daily Tribune.*

THE TRAGEDY OF HELEN ABERCROMBIE.

An old gentleman of Builth, in South Wales, to whom the death of a celebrated literary character, the notorious Wainwright, mentioned a month since in the "Athenæum," and copied into various journals, has only now found its way, gives an account of his personal knowledge of that individual, from which we take some details; as they may be new to the present generation of readers, who only know him as the prototype of Sir Edward Bulwer's hero, the father of Lucretia. After stating that he had been twice in the company of Wainwright in the year 1820, not long before Miss Abercrombie's death, the writer proceeds to describe the appearance of Wainwright and his literary position when the "London Magazine" was first published:—

About the year 1820, started the "London Magazine," enlisting among its contributors the most gifted of the *literature* of the time. Sergeant (Judge) Talfourd has done justice, in the "Memorials of Lamb," to the merits of that periodical. Hazlitt, (the only one with whom the writer of this had much acquaintance,) Shelley, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, De Quincy, Mr. Proctor, (Berry Cornwall,) Reynolds friend of Keats, formed the corps. John Scott, the editor, fell in a duel springing out of a literary quarrel, not long after the magazine commenced. It was at the house of this gentleman, in York street, during an "official" breakfast, (that is, a sort of cabinet council in the magazine administration,) that the writer fell in with the miscreant in question. Conceive among the plain, low-voiced, diffident young men, soon retiring from the breakfast table to one of greater attractions, piled with all works of the day, fresh from the press, or to the loaded book-shelves of their short lived "great captain," whose days were about drawing to the close, a figure, so ostentatiously "well-dressed," with excess of "toggery," frogged coat, jewelled fingers, (not gold chained vest, for at that time displayed watchguards were not,) evidently affecting the military dash, a form so incongruous as to almost seem an apparition in that calm and pensive atmosphere. He was of middle height; but as to his features, what with the gloom of a London street in winter, added to that of curtains, and, more than all, a certain disgust that led the writer to rather avoid than court acquaintance with the self-complacent dandy, I have not the least recollection. All I heard of him, being (at Taylor and Hessey's, Fleet Street, publishers then of the "London") "that's the nephew of Dr. Griffites, of Turnham Green, the young man who writes the articles signed 'Janus Weathercock.' The portfolio of drawings that was on the side table was his own execution." He appeared about twenty-five, or rather more, and seemed to be regarded as a fashionable *roue* by the real *literateures*, on the strength of his supposed connection with Fashion; it seemed that modest genius almost cowered under the pretender's condescending hauteur. Newspaper dramatic critics, (such as Leigh Hunt,) artistical critics, (such as Hazlitt,) were poor studious canaille about him—he to attend a bookseller's *soiree*, and stoop to accept 20*l.* a sheet for his articles!—it was a striking proof of the meekness as well as the whimsicality of a man of high fashion; he held himself aloof from Hazlitt, who was a painter by profession, from secret fear of Hazlitt's sturdy intolerance of foppery in every shape, and was never deceived into respect for him, as Lamb was into some degree of regard. In fact, Wainwright, by cool effrontery, had somehow almost usurped the proper function of Hazlitt, by giving a showy sort of exterior to criticism on the Fine Arts, which, fascinating mere readers, superseded the sterling merit of that most original thinker, and the booksellers tacitly acquiesced in this preference of flippant cleverness to sober judgment.

The dark story of the cold-blooded murder of his sister-in-law is thus (correctly) told:—

He married and settled at Turnham Green, in the hours of his deceased uncle. His wife had two half sisters, each with 10*l.* per annum, as their sole means of subsistence. They came to reside with the young couple. Wainwright obtained a small sum by the death of his uncle; his extravagant habits were already ruining him, yet he expended a great part, if not the whole, of this windfall, in a manner not to be accounted for with the belief of his sanity, but on the supposition of a foul and inhuman purpose; that admitted quite rational, and the whole is as clear as the sun at nood-day. One of the sisters, Miss Helen Abercrombie, was then in the twentieth year, in health, and happiness, and beauty. So uniform had been her good health, and so strongly was that depicted in her blooming face, that a gentleman, casually looking at her from his post in a life-insurance! We might take her by only looking at her!" Yet this fresh and hale girl, by whose death no loss was to arise to any one, as by her life no gain, (both girls being almost penniless,) did her brother-in-law persuade to insure her life (or rather, to let him insure, for the payment he was to make) at many offices, to an immense amount, concealing from each establishment the fact of her being insured at many others. By what vile pretence poor Helen herself was induced to concur in the falsehoods told is not known. One inducement to tempt her was reversionary gain to her sister, but one large sum was expressly in his own favor, and the whole to come under his handing as her trustee. At some of the offices two years, at others three, was the term insured: so that in the event of her living but that little period, every farthing of the money paid for the policy would have been lost; yet in this wild speculation did this embarrassed man actually embark 200*l* ready money. This would have been madness; but taken with the untimely death of innocence and beauty—the madness disappears—the murderer looms dim, dreadful, and detestable in the mystery. No less than 30,000*l* was to accrue by her death. So rapacious was his avarice, that other policies were attempted at other offices, but refused, not without kind and solemn hints of warning from one principal, to which the trusting, artless young creature replied only by laughing at the idea of any one plotting against her harmless life. Thus this cold-hearted wretch created for himself a lottery in the dark—in the shadow of death—of the friendless, fair, trusting being, whom he seemed to be protecting; the question was one of utter ruin, sacrifice of the whole sum paid, or affluence (the capital prize of 30,000*l.*!) Her domestication, her confidence, her youth, all conspired to give fatal facility to the execution of a horrid tragedy, without witness but God!—*Little's Living Age.*

(*To* be Continued.)

To the New York Immigration and Agricutural Association, and to all whom it may concern.

Brethren and fellow Countrymen:

Being fully aware that it is expected of me to express myself, in regard to Liberia, and the subject of colonization, I have thought that the most efficient means of my doindg so, in a satisfactory manner would be through the columns of the Herald.

You are aware that in December of last year, I was appointed travelling Agent, of the Immigration and Agricultural Association. On the 30th, of said month I left New York for Baltimore:—on the 4th, of January I left Baltimore for Liberia, in the "Liberia Packet," and on the 15th of March, I landed at Monrovia, where I was introduced to President Roberts, and made known to him my object in coming to Liberia. He then inquired what was my further pleasure; I told him that I wished him to grant to the New York Association sixty farm lots, of ten acres each, which he immediately granted; and gave me the liberty to select them from any unoccupied lands, that I liked. I commenced on the next day to look for the lands, and after a diligent search, through the country, I fell upon a beautiful spot, situated on the St. Paul's river. I then employed the surveyor forthwith, to survey the land for me, which was done with promptness, the cost of which was $3 00 per lot:—the survey of sixty lots cost $180 00.

I was then introduced to Mr. Hooper, as an assistant, who I accepted in that capacity, a man in whom I place great confidence, and during my sickness, he has acted in my stead. I am now quite recovered from the effects of the fever, and can attend to my own business. I have already cleared about ten acres of land, which is now being planted. I have built one large house for a store house, and there is now in the course of erection, three houses for emmigrants, which are nearly finished.

I shall diligently pursue my labors, and endeavor to accomplish the object for which I came here.

The lots are laid off nearly square, and in consequence of there not being enough vacant land on the river, I have had 30 farms laid off on the river, and 30 immediately in the rear of them, though the rear lands are little more than a quarter of a mile from the river.

Immediately in the rear of the lots already laid off, the President will allow me to purchase more land in the same way that public lands are disposed of by law. The law sets the price of rear lands at 50 cents per acre, as a commencement of bids—and one cent advance would be considered legal at a land auction, The land that I have obtained is a beautiful, elevated and fertile spot, a vast tract of table land, well timbered, is immediately in our rear and extends back a considerable distance, and contains several mill streams—abounding with excellent water: a most beautiful and healthy location.

I am highly in favor of immigration, but the

Maryland Historical Society

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