

Bob Cheriot, Esq.; or, The Tragedy at Chelmsford

by Warren Walters

I INVITED Robert Cheriot, Esq., to Chelmsford to pass Christmastide. Chelmsford was my father's home in Lancashire. Emma and Angelica were the reigning deities of the place. My dear mother was sleeping in the quiet kirkyard, and my father was one of those quiet old gentlemen whose peculiarities are indigenous to the English nation. Mrs. Rulison, governess to Frank and Gertie, was the only other person beside myself who dined at the family table. It was two years since my mother's death, and my sire wished to celebrate the holidays after the old fashion, and had invited a great number of people to the manor—old friends and schoolmates with their full complement of wives and daughters. I, of course, had my friends and my sisters theirs. A goodly crowd there was, too. I was glad of this change, for at times I detected a little morbidness in the genial composition of my father. Bob Cheriot was the one of all others I desired to see, as I had not met him for four or five years, and he had just returned from a tour in America. Bob was quite the best style of a fellow one would wish to meet with. He and I were of the same class in college, inseparable "in the cups," on the race-course, at the battle, and over the precious little intellectual oil we consumed. It makes me glow when I think of those by-gone days, and it seems as if every character made upon this paper ought to dance at the mere recollection. Bob had saved me from "the Jews," carried me home when wine had caused my walk and conversation to be anything but correct. Bob had saved me from an almost certain death. God bless him! Bob had proved the best-hearted, loyal friend I ever had or expect to have among men. I do not think he was particularly brilliant in the way of studies, but his high spirits and bright manner gave him an *entree* into all men's confidence and regard, and made him a favorite with all of the opposite sex. I had, therefore, the liveliest anticipations of a thoroughly enjoyable time, and had unconsciously risen to a high pitch of excitement, and awaited his coming with feverish impatience. Bob Cheriot coming! What a thrill of emotion pervaded my thoughts. Father, Em, Angelica, Frank, and Gertie were thoroughly impressed with accounts of Bob Cheriot, the best fellow in the world. The servants were incited to a proper reverence for Mr. Cheriot, the best horseman, hunter, and swordsman in the United Kingdom; and down to Tom, the rascally little stable boy, the most unbounded expectations were aroused. Bob coming! how his mellow voice would troll forth the rattling college choruses. What exploits and mishaps would mingle with the smoke of pipes and the fragrance of wine. How we would laugh and quote doubtful Latin and ragged Greek.

I drove to meet him at the Station with my best horses, and was about to turn away disappointed, as the passengers emerged from the coaches and he was not there, when a hand was placed on my shoulder, another extended to meet mine, and a subdued voice said: "Gus, my dear chum, I'm very, very glad to see your face again." I was amazed to hear that sentence, when I had arranged in my mind that I would be greeted with "Well, old fellow, I'm deucedly glad to lay fingers on you again," or "By Jove, Gus, its better than gold to see you." Bob Cheriot, *that* delicate, wasted, white-faced figure, robed in plain black clothing, without a single bit of jewelry, or one bit of color to relieve the pallid face! The blue veins were distinctly outlined on his small hands; his eyes were sunken and melancholy, while around them were sickly blue rings; the mouth once so expressive of all that was happy and cheery, was moulded in gentle, weary lines; his hair was brushed close to his head, where once it was wont to curl in profusion;

the absence of a moustache, together with his attenuated frame, whose proportions seemed to have been chiseled down one-half, took away all semblance of my schoolmate. A morbid expression masked a once smiling face, and about the mouth were nervous twitchings. Was it opium or liquor, I thought; but I was too much bewildered to ask the reason of it all. I drove rapidly up the road to the house. As I thought of the impression I had created at home, I was quite embarrassed when I gave a sidelong glance at the figure by my side, whose whole appearance betokened a country curate. The youngsters came shouting down the lane, evidently prepared to see quite the best of lively people. I explained to them that Mr. Cheriot was greatly fatigued, and they turned away disappointed. In the house the reception was much more cordial, as grown-up people are not so ready to undo previous anticipations. We had dinner, and yet this strange spell remained. After dinner and our allotted stay in the parlor he and I went to our bedroom. He touched neither wine nor tobacco I amazedly noticed, although I procured the finest brands of both in view of my friend's visit. I at once commenced to rehearse college anecdotes, and speak of old associates and associations, and for a time he appeared to brighten out of his sombre manner, but in such a different way from his old-time style. Instead of merry remarks, he coolly reviewed the past, pointed out errors in the system of education with the precision of a Dean, and turned every escapade and frivolous pastime into a subject for a homily; this, too, with a refined and forcible method so completely saturated with melancholy, that I was in doubt if the person before me was Bob Cheriot. It began to oppress me and wrought so upon my nerves, that I exclaimed:

“Bob, tell me, what have you been doing of late?”

He looked at me from his glittering black eyes, shook his head sadly, and replied:

“My life has been a dark stream, full of unsatisfied hopes and emptiness.”

“Bob,” I again exclaimed, “in the name of heaven what has changed you—are you suffering, and from what?”

Again those eyes turned towards me and seemed to search for a clue to the question, as he answered:

“Saul was possessed of an evil spirit—he had a David, and I—I have mine. Let us go to rest.”

I was dreaming of a Mandarin dance in a joss-house, where the pig-tailed gentry, in the twinkling of an eye, were transformed into a host of kangaroos whose uncouth antics caused me much amusement. I was startled out of this comic sight by hearing Bob shriek:

“My God! Gus, what is that?”

He was seated upright in the bed, and by the dim night lamp I could see his eyes wild with terror. The palms of his hands were placed convulsively over his ears; his face was agonized and his whole body in a tremor.

“Do you hear it? Is it singing yet,” he demanded before I had yet been quite clear it was not all a dream. Then I caught him by the arms and endeavored to move his hands, but he shouted, “listen.” I did listen, while he kept his burning eyes fastened upon me. The night was quiet, and upon its bosom was borne a sad, wailing song, that quivered with lute-like clearness, and seemed now and then to moan like a distant surf. It was difficult to distinguish the words, but one verse, caught by reason of the greater energy of the singer, ran thus:

“Out, out are lights—out all!
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
This play is the tragedy Man,
And its hero, the conqueror worm.”

I own to a sombre feeling, for the voice was charged with such intense passion that it was beyond the power of my nerves at once to allay it. I was not alarmed at the nocturnal music, but its melancholy close added no little to the excitement created by my friend’s actions. I pulled the bell-rope, jumped from bed and turned up the light, and then again listened. It had ceased, and when I faced Bob I found him in a swoon, his face ghastly white, and bearing marks of intense pain. The servants by this time made their appearance, and were hastily despatched for medical assistance. The night passed on and morning found Bob able to walk about. I did not question him, as he had grown so sensitive that if you came upon him suddenly he started and gave signs of great excitement. A few days after this occurred I had occasion to drive to a neighboring town. As I expected to arrive home after midnight I left Bob to himself. He was in much better spirits than he had been since the memorable night. I drove off gaily, and shortly after midnight returned, had my “trap” stabled, and stole softly to my room. I glanced at my companion, turned to my bed, hastily undressed, and was soon soundly sleeping. It was broad daylight when I awoke, and called to my sleeping friend, “I say, Bob, it must be ten o’clock. Get up and let us take a stroll.” No answer. I continued dressing, and again called. I stepped to the bed and shook the sleeper, all to no purpose. Pulling the bed clothing from around his neck, and shaking him more vigorously, I was amazed to see how inert and rigid his limbs were composed. Looking closer, I discovered a narrow, red ring around his neck, and it flashed upon me then—Bob was dead! I shouted, rang the bell furiously, and in a moment had nearly all the male inhabitants of Chelmsford about me. They were astonished to see me half-dressed, leaning over poor Bob, hoarsely whispering: “Dead—Murdered!” Again the doctor was summoned, and his arrival established my fears. Yet it seemed too horrible. The doctor examined closely the red band around Bob’s neck, and pronounced his death the result of strangulation. From the width and regularity of the mark it was surmised that some peculiar instrument had been used. Search was made throughout the premises, but nothing could be found by which such a mark could have been produced. When I sat down to think it all over I was overwhelmed. Robert Cheriot was dead and had come to his death by foul play under my own roof—it was too horrible.

The police and detectives made nothing out of the case, but asserted that some one in the house was guilty, either as principal or abettor. I could not bring myself to this conclusion for I could

find no motive, but irresistibly the nocturnal singing was in some way connected with the tragedy. I tried to argue myself into the belief that poor Bob had himself committed the deed, but I could in no way then account for the red band around his neck. With what appliances could this have been made, and if Bob had wrought the work where was the instrument with which this mark had been made? No, it was not suicide but murder, I was thoroughly convinced, although Bob's melancholia favored the former theory.

Mathematics were my delight; in them I imagined I found the centre and basis of everything. Music, painting, sculpture, and everyday life found in my theory their ground work in that exact science. Form, fancy and fact, were all but different shapes for figures—they were the *motif* of all things, and by them all things were solved. In them I found study and recreation, oftentimes amusing myself by forecasting from accident and life-tables the births, deaths and mishaps in my neighborhood. With this study in my thoughts it came across me one day that with the aid of figures I might find a solution to the dire tragedy at Chelmsford. Given a secret, the answer strongly desired, would my favorite study give me an insight into its closed chamber? I was staggered at the thought, but rather than relinquish my pet hobby, I began to make a statement in algebraical symbols, somewhat at in this form:

Let x represent the murderer.

Thus far I proceeded and came to a dead stop. Where was I to obtain the other parts of my theorem? I bethought myself of trying to enumerate those who were in the house liable to the slightest suspicion. Our guests and the family, after a most careful study of the probabilities, were not to be thought of for a moment. I then remembered the men-servants, and, although I could find no just reason to suspect them, for they had long been in my father's service, I put them down thus:

Let M represent Martin, the butler.
A represent Andrew, the footman.
 a represent Alec., the driver.
T represent Tim, half-grown stable-boy.
R represent Robert, the gardener.

Tearing a card into pieces, I placed on each one of the initials as given above, and upon others plus, minus and equality signs. Before I was aware I became much enamored of my problem, and not at all listlessly arranged and re-arranged them on the table. After several changes, it flashed across me how foolish all this was, and, leaning back in my chair, I closed my eyes and inwardly laughed at my folly. For some moments I remained with my eyes closed, and when I unclosed them, I furtively glanced toward the cards lying on the table in the shape of an equation. I jumped from the chair as I read an answer to my problem which I never dreamed of, and before all other ideas came the thought that the cards told the truth. Here is what I read:

$$T + A + M + a + R = x.$$

Tamar was the given name of the governess!

Mrs. Rulison had attracted me not a little from the day I met her—a quiet, self-contained, intellectual woman, whose beauty was undeniable, notwithstanding a cruel mouth and eyes that seemed seethed in bitterness. In her society and conversation I found rare pleasure, for she was a fine conversationalist, and a woman with ideas. Her knowledge of books, and the doings of the present age, were not shallow.

With the revelations of the cards, as I before said, came the thought that she was indeed the guilty one; and reason with myself as I would I could not rid myself of the idea. She and Robert Cheriot, as far as I knew, had never met, and I could find no motive for her participation in the crime. The suspicion was very distasteful to me, and utterly groundless, and I determined to throw it off. I belabored my mathematical whim with scorn and satire alike, but it was only mock passion, for under it all burned the feeling that she and she alone held the key to the mystery. Fight as I would against it, I found myself recalling her actions before and after the dread event. I questioned the maid who brought her the news, and learned nothing, since the maid herself was so agitated she had paid no heed to the emotions of the governess. I, too, had given her little attention at the time, nor indeed since, but irresistibly I found myself possessed of a strong desire to probe her heart, my reason at the same time asserting the absurdity of the suspicion. I would haunt her leisure moments and prove the falsity and folly of the premises. Unconsciously, the woman had interested me; with a little effort on her part, had she been so inclined, I would have taken a lover's place by her side.

The afternoon of the day following I found Mrs. Rulison in the library, and, seating myself by her side, engaged her in conversation, the latter part of which, however, being the only one with which I have here to do:

“May I ask, Mrs. Rulison, what you have been reading lately?”

“I have been re-reading some of De Quincey's Essays,” she calmly answered.

“Then, indeed, have you been enjoying the felicities of well-chosen English.” While speaking, I moved directly in front of the beautiful woman I was addressing, and resolutely looking into her eyes, asked between shut teeth, “What think you of ‘Murder as a Fine Art?’” Something from within urged me to utter this in a cold, pointed manner—a tigerish instinct—although my reason and the half-acknowledged *tenderness* I bore the woman strove to choke down the brutal question. Before the interrogatory was half uttered, I was ashamed of myself, and conflicting emotions robbed my eyes of the acuteness with which I had resolved to watch the victim. My eyelids half drooped, and instead of meeting her eyes, they caught naught but a little quiver of the lips. I was again urged from within to seek her eyes, which I involuntarily did, and whatever emotion they had shown, if any, had nearly passed away as she quietly answered:

“I have no desire to cultivate the knowledge of such a study, ‘fine art’ though it be styled. Then, too, there is much truth in Pope's oft-quoted lines of the vice, first abhorred, pitied, and finally embraced.”

“You do not think, I presume, Mrs. Rulison, that you would permit an operation of the mind such as he describes to lead you into the commission of a grave crime; say, for instance, would

familiarity with the study of evil, lead you into the doing of a tragedy like that written within these walls not long since?”

“Oh, Mr. Augustus, you will oblige me by forever adjuring *that* dreadful topic,” shudderingly gasped the governess, while in the study of her eyes I read a new-born hate and the knowledge of the fact that she felt that I connected her with the foul play.

Shortly after, Mrs. Rulison retired. When next I met her, I thought I discovered a new bearing towards me, and ere long I was so enraptured with it, that the hate I once imagined shone in her eyes was cast aside as easily as the old suspicion was driven to the wall. Each day found me more and more ashamed of my evil thoughts, and gentler feelings began to obliterate them from my mind. She discovered to me great taste in dress, and heretofore unknown capabilities for fine raiment. Her society was charming, and as a convert to my mathematical hobby she sought out and presented to me new arguments for my theory in musical structure that before I dreamed not of, for she was a thorough and ardent musician. I found her adapting herself to my every mood; her range of reading traversed fields unknown to me, and almost as a child I followed her through new ranges of thought. After the tragedy, my sisters fled to London, and their absence afforded me unlimited *tete-a-tetes*. “Tamar” came to my lips instead of Mrs. Rulison as the intimacy thickened. I laughed at my evil surmisings, and wondered how I had dared suspect so perfect and intellectual a woman. It was not, however, until the return of my sisters that I awoke to the true state of my feelings towards the wronged woman. They began to rail, half jestingly, at my preference and *tenderness* for Mrs. Rulison, and not until this did the scales fall from my eyes, and I found myself, as the result of three months’ dangling about this beautiful and accomplished woman, deeply in love with her. Yet there was something within me—some undefined and yet uncompromising mentor, that forbade the banns. Should I declare my intention to espouse Tamar, I well knew my father’s opposition would follow, but that he would ultimately relent I had no manner of doubt, since my own mother was not the equal of my father in point of family. I allowed myself to drift on, not committing myself, but by association strengthening the bond between myself and Tamar. The presence of my sisters to some degree abridged the time we spent together, and I noticed Tamar applied herself diligently to gaining their affection and confidence. She went out of her way to draw them closer. I observed also, that in the matter of costume she must have expended every cent, if not more, and although she was as one of the family, I could not help thinking it would have been more becoming did she not outvie that of my sisters. Her toilettes were most charming, my sisters laughingly asserting that she was a disguised princess who had stolen into the family to carry off the heir.

I was surprised one day while walking in the grounds, to see Tamar in close converse with a tall, uncouth specimen of humanity. The man was no gentleman, I plainly saw, and Tamar’s furtive glances around told me plainly that she desired no one to witness the interview. How long the interview lasted I did not find out, as I walked away, consoling myself with the thought that she would enlighten me in the evening. In this I was disappointed, and although the incident was susceptible of a hundred explanations, I could not repress my suspicious curiosity. I once thought to ask her, but with that suggestion came the thought that Tamar would not tell me the truth. I was startled to find the ease with which this disgraceful thought entered my mind—it took me unawares. I saw, too, that something about Tamar herself suggested it, notwithstanding the love I had for her. The next instant I scouted it, but what lover was ever so prone to evil thoughts as

those? Not many days after this Tamar sought and obtained leave to visit London. I asked to accompany her, but she resolutely forbade it, up to the time I handed her into the coach. On her return, a few days later, she excused herself to me for some evenings on the plea of fatigue and headache. When she *did* quit her privacy, I was much surprised to see her in plain costume—just verging on the precipice of shabbiness. Evening after evening she appeared in the same plain black dress. What had become of those marvelous combinations of color in which she was wont to array herself? I saw she still wore the neck-chain I had presented her upon her birthday, but with that exception she displayed no other jewelry. I alluded as delicately as possible to the change of plumage, but seeing the subject annoyed her, did not again refer to it. I longed to see her once more in “brave apparel,” and dressed in becoming colors and unique jewelry. I began to blame myself for it, and argued that she had plunged herself in debt to dress in elegance; the man with whom she held an interview in the garden was probably sent out from a London house to collect a bill for her unpaid or partially unpaid for wardrobe; her visit to the city had resulted in the sale of everything to satisfy the claim. Another ugly suspicion here obtruded itself; she had calculated upon marriage before the debt fell due, and before I remembered I was her suitor, and such a thought was dishonorable, I found myself glad of possessing that birthright of every Briton—extreme caution and repression. I indignantly flouted this thought; but what manner of woman was this that constantly suggested such ideas!

Tamar’s half year’s salary as governess was due shortly, and I suggested to my father that so faithful and capable a lady should receive a larger salary, and it accordingly was increased, my father generously insisting that the increase should date from the last payment. My original intention had been to have taken her from such drudgery to my arms, but some fatality held me back. In the meanwhile her society grew to be more and more fascinating, and yet the impulse it gave me to at once claim her as my wife was as surely repulsed when I retired to the quiet of my own room. I deferred again and again the eventful question, although greatly enamored with her.

Once again I came upon her in conversation with the strange man, and this time I was so near that I heard him address her as “Mrs. Cheriote.” My heart stood still at the revelation. Mrs. Cheriote! Could Tamar be the wife of my murdered schoolmate? If she were, then her complicity with the awful tragedy was almost a fact. Bob had never mentioned the fact of his marriage, and there *could* be other Cheriotes in the world, but argue as I would with myself, something impelled me to the conclusion that she was in some way connected with the mystery. The revelation of my mathematical problem came more than ever distinctly before me. My manner to Tamar from this date began to change, and whereas once I was restless and unhappy out of her society, I now began to haunt my room and feel very much at ease, saving when my mind would revert to the tragedy of a few months ago.

Spring, with its balmy baths of air perfumed with the odors of many flowers, was heralded by the thrush and goldfinch from every bough, but my thoughts turned not to love. I still felt bound in honor to marry Tamar, and yet how could I give her my name while this dread suspicion hung over her—a suspicion I was not brave enough to give to mother’s keeping, or put to the test by asking the object of it to explain. I quoted to myself Carlyle’s sentence, “How little do they see what it is, who frame their judgments upon that which seems.”

I began to be a haunted man, and found my old spirits deserting me. My sisters rallied me upon the early indications I manifested of turning recluse and cynic, while Tamar battled with my seclusion and amiably received my *brusqueries*, although at times I imagined a depth of restrained viciousness in her eye which betokened smothered anger. I observed, too, that she grew pale and thin, was often distraught and easily startled. I thought, too, her gaits and efforts to arouse and amuse me were strained and unnatural. I, as well the whole household, was startled one day near the close of her half year by the announcement that she was obliged to resign her charge from its effects upon her health, a statement borne out by her looks. The work was not fatiguing in an ordinary sense, and Tamar was treated more as one of us than a governess, but with all her freedom and comparatively short hours of duty, she looked “figged out” and worthy of rest. She determinedly resisted my father’s invitation to remain at an increased salary and shortened hours of labor, and even the pressing invitation to make our house her home. She required “change of place and new scenes,” she averred. I began to reproach myself for her failing health and lassitude, and forced myself to propose correspondence during her vacation, my father having stipulated that she should resume her position as soon as she could regain her health; but I was scarcely surprised when she haughtily refused, and listless scamp that I felt myself to be, I rather indulged the hope that she broke the engagement by this action, had I not been seized with remorse as I looked into her eyes and saw with pity the beautiful being before me. I clasped her in my arms, vowing to love her forevermore, to follow her with letters, and ending all by asking her to be my wife the following month. Her overwrought nature broke into tears, as she clasped her arms about my neck and I pressed burning kisses upon her beautiful lips. But she persisted in refusing me her address until such a time as she would write to me. In the glow of the moment and before recollections of Bob or her clandestine meetings could crowd upon me, I made known my betrothal to my father, whose startled ejaculation, “Thank God she’s going,” brought me to my senses again.

The day of her going came, and after privately bidding her adieu, she went out of the house with my kisses on her lips to bid me a formal farewell at the Station. Returning home with a feeling of relief, I must confess, Tom brought me a curious brass instrument, which he had found hidden under some shrubbery near the steps that led down from the front door. It appeared Mrs. Rulison’s trunk had been clumsily handled, had fallen down the steps, breaking open and spilling the contents. The awkward men gathered up the articles as best they could, sprang the lock, and fearful of blame, had neglected to mention the matter. Tom was certain the strange instrument had fallen from her trunk—the supposition was entirely plausible. Before I placed my hands upon it I felt sure that fate had again interfered and placed another clue within my grasp. It was unlike any instrument I ever saw before, was elegantly made, resembling nothing so much as a pair of very strong calliper compasses, having at the pivot a curious combination of multiplying wheels, which caused the arms to close with terrible force. It was some time before I understood the use of the lever at the top, since the wheels, springs, and screw leverage were enclosed in a box. At first I imagined it was some new method of holding travelling wraps, and applied it to a large cushion from my lounge. After several turns of the lever, the arms leaped together with such force that it seemed as if the cushion must have been cut in two. At the exhibition of its marvelous contraction, drops of moisture stood upon my forehead; with a yell I started up and shouted, “This devilish contrivance made the mark around Bob Cheriot’s neck and caused his death.” With this connecting link in my possession, it only remained for me to prove that it was the property of Tamar Cheriot.

Calling my servant I bade him drive me at once to the Station, and I followed Tamar by the next train to London, having previously telegraphed a detective to watch the train ahead for Tamar. Arriving in London some hours later, I was assured that I could be at once taken to her lodging. I was hurried on by a species of frenzy which would never be satisfied until I confronted the murderess, for such I felt certain Tamar Cheriot was. I resolved to meet her face to face, and being directed to the house to which she had been driven from the Station, I went straightway to it. I told the porter to announce me as "a gentleman friend." I entered the room, concealing with a smile, as best I could, my vengeful feelings. She gave a little joyous shriek and her face was irradiated with triumph. She was apparently almost beside herself that love for her had brought me so soon and so far to seek her. She was jubilant that I was so completely in her toils. Her conversation was wonderfully bright and blithe, her whole being seemingly thrilled with new-born hope. I fostered this gaiety as much as possible, and when at its height, I rose to my feet, drew the dreadful garrote from my pocket, saying:

"Tamar, murder is 'Fine Art,' indeed, but I did not dream you were its high-priestess."

With a piercing shriek she fell to the floor, the muscles of her face telling her secret, as they chased the radiant smiles and heightened color from her face.

A few words more close my story. She died before she was brought to trial. She confessed that she was once the wife of my friend, who had deserted her for an infidelity, of which, she averred, she was innocent, although appearances were much against her. I knew what complete desolation this caused Bob Cheriot, whose eloquent words were ever chanting the praises of a true union, and whose chivalric soul entered into such an existence with bright anticipations of earth's completest happiness. I could conceive what ardor and aesthetic rapture he would bestow on the woman whose mind and person combined such graces as those of Tamar Cheriot. I knew what devotion he would lavish upon a noble woman, and how, like a goddess, he would hedge her life about with every luxury and comfort at his command. In my thoughts I traced the growing worship he gave his wife and the terrible reaction when his idol would fall from the pedestal on which he placed her. His proud nature touched to the quick, ever carried with him the gnawing secret, and when he heard of the birth of a son and its death within a few months, the once light-hearted man was changed into a misanthrope. In cool malignity Tamar followed Bob Cheriot to England, had the terrible instrument made in Paris, not despairing of using it on her victim some day. She it was, who sang Poe's ghastly poem in the stillness of the night, not dreaming that the requiem would reach our ears. She it was as well who stole into his room and applied the instrument, and with a few turns of the screw sent Bob Cheriot to his death. She also confessed that she was well-nigh persuaded to use it upon me before resigning her charge, believing me to have been trifling with her, had it not been for my proposal the day previous to her departure from the house. The man whom she met in the lawn was an American, who, in some way, had obtained power over her to extort money, which she paid him to hold his peace concerning some of her disreputable deeds in America. I never after saw her face, and her body lies in a desolate graveyard with a stone at its head, upon which the single word "Tamar" is graven. Locked in my cabinet is the death instrument, and whenever I feel tempted to marry I take it out, and, thinking on the tragedy at Chelmsford, all thoughts of marriage are put to flight.

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