

THE WIDOWER TURMORE.

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY.

BY AMBROSE BIERCE.

The circumstances under which Joram Turnore became a widower have never been popularly understood. I know them, naturally, for I am Joram Turnore; and my wife, the late Elizabeth Mary Turnore, is by no means ignorant of them; but although she doubtless relates them, yet they remain a secret, for not a soul ever believed her.

When I married Elizabeth Mary Johnin she was very wealthy, otherwise I could hardly have afforded to marry, for I had not a cent, and Heaven had not put into my heart any intention to make one. As related elsewhere (*Lives of the God—Bancroft, San Jurasco*) I held the Professorship of Cats in the University of Graymaulkin, and scholastic pursuits had unfitted me for the heat and burden of business or labor. Moreover, I could not forget that I was a Turnore—a member of a family whose motto from the time of William of Normandy has been *Laborare est errare*. The only known infraction of the sacred family tradition occurred when Sir Aldebaran Turnore de Peters-Turmore, an illustrious master burglar of the seventeenth century, personally assisted at a difficult operation undertaken by some of his workmen. That blot upon our escutcheon cannot be contemplated without the most poignant mortification.

My incumbency of the Chair of Cats in the Graymaulkin University had not, of course, been marked by any instance of mean industry. There had never, at any one time, been more than two students of Felinology, and by merely repeating the manuscript lectures of my predecessor, which I had found among his effects (he died at sea on his way to Malta), I could sufficiently sate their famine for knowledge without really earning my meagre salary.

Naturally, under the straitened circumstances, I regarded Elizabeth Mary as a kind of special Providence. She unwisely refused to share her fortune with me, but for that I cared nothing; for, although by the laws of that country (as is well known) a wife has control of her separate property during her life, it passes to the husband at her death; nor can she dispose of it otherwise by will. The mortality among wives is considerable, but not excessive.

Having married Elizabeth Mary, and, as it were, ennobled her by making her a Turnore, I felt that the manner of her death ought, in some sense, to match her social distinction. If I should remove her by any of the ordinary marital methods I should incur a just reproach, as one destitute of a proper family pride. Yet I could not hit upon a suitable plan.

In this emergency I decided to consult the Turnore archives, a priceless collection of documents, comprising the records of the family from the time of its founder in the seventh century of our era. I knew that among these sacred muniments I should find detailed accounts of all the principal murders committed by my sainted ancestors for forty generations. From that mass of papers I could hardly fail to derive the most valuable suggestions.

The collection contained, also, most interesting relics. There were patents of nobility granted to my forefathers for daring and ingenious removals of pretenders to thrones or occupants of them; stars, crosses and other

decorations attesting services of the most secret and unmentionable character; miscellaneous gifts from the earth's greatest and best, representing an intrinsic money value beyond the dreams of avarice—robes, jewels, swords of honor and every kind of testimonials of esteem; my mother's skull fashioned into a wine-cup; the title deeds to vast estates, long alienated by confiscation, sale or abandonment; an illuminated breviary that had belonged to Sir Aldebaran Turnore de Peters-Turmore of accursed memory; embalmed heads of several of the family's most renowned enemies; the small intestine of a certain unfortunate Italian statesman inimical to Turnores, which, twisted into a jumping-rose, had served the youth of six kindred generations—mementos and souvenirs precious beyond the estimates of imagination and the powers of expression, but by the sacred mandates of tradition and sentiment, forever inalienable by sale or gift.

As the head of the family I was custodian of all these priceless heirlooms, and for their safe-keeping I had constructed in the basement of my dwelling a strong-room of massive masonry, whose solid stone walls and single iron door could defy alike the earthquake's shock, the tireless assaults of Time, and Cupid's unyielding hand.

To this thesaurus of the soul, redolent of sentiment and tenderness, and rich in suggestions of crime, I now repaired for hints upon assassination. To my unspeakable astonishment and grief I found it empty! Every shelf, every chest, every coffer had been rifled. Of that unique and incomparable collection not a vestige remained! Yet, I satisfied myself that until I had myself unlocked the massive metal door, not a bolt nor bar had been disturbed, and the seals upon the lock had been intact.

I passed the night in alternate lamentation and research, equally fruitless; the mystery was impenetrable to conjecture, the pain invincible to balm. But never once throughout that dreadful night did my firm spirit relinquish its high design against Elizabeth Mary, and daybreak found me as resolute as ever in my intention to harvest the fruits of my marriage. Nay, my great loss seemed but to bring me into nearer spiritual relations with my dead ancestors, and to lay upon me a new and more inevitable obligation to prove myself obedient to the suasion that spoke in every globe of my blood.

My plan of action was soon formed, and procuring a stout cord I entered my wife's bedroom, finding her, as I expected, in a sound sleep. Before she was awake I had her bound fast, hand and foot. She was greatly surprised and pained, but heedless of her remonstrances, delivered in a high key, I carried her into the rifled strong-room, which I had never suffered her to enter, and of whose treasures I had not apprised her. Seating her, still bound, in an angle of the wall, I passed the next two days and nights in conveying bricks and mortar to the spot, and on the morning of the third day had her securely walled in, from floor to ceiling. All this time I gave no further heed to her pleas for mercy than (on her assurance of non-resistance, which I am bound to say she honorably observed) to grant her the freedom of her limbs. The space allotted her was about four feet by six. As I inserted the last bricks of the top course, in contact with the ceiling of the strong-room, she bade me farewell with what I deemed the composure of despair, and I rested from my work feeling that I had faithfully observed the traditions of an ancient and illustrious family. My only

bitter reflection, so far as my own conduct was concerned, arose from the consciousness that in the performance of my design I had labored; but that no living soul would ever know.

After a night's rest I went to the Judge of the Court of Successions and Inheritances, and made a true and sworn relation of all that I had done—except that I ascribed to a servant the manual labor of building the wall. His Honor appointed a Court Commissioner, who made a careful examination of the work, and upon his report Elizabeth Mary Turnore was, at the end of a week, formally pronounced dead. By due process of law I was put into possession of her estate, and although that was not by hundreds of thousands of dollars as valuable as my lost treasures, it raised me from poverty to affluence and brought me the respect of the great and good. I remain a widower to this day, having never again married.

Some six months after these events strange rumors reached me that the ghost of my deceased wife had been seen in various places about the country, but always at a considerable distance from Graymaulkin. These rumors, which I was unable to trace to any authentic source, differed widely in many particulars, but were alike in ascribing to the apparition a certain high degree of apparent worldly prosperity combined with an audac' y most unctuous in ghosts. Not only was the spirit unctuous in the most costly raiment, but it walked at noonday, and even drove! I was inexpressibly annoyed by these reports, and thinking there might be something more than superstition in the popular belief that only the spirits of the unburred dead still walk the earth, I took some workmen equipped with picks and crowbars into the now long-unentered strong-room, and ordered them to demolish the brick wall that I had built about the partner of my joys. I was resolved to give the body of Elizabeth Mary such burial as I thought her immortal part might be willing to accept as an equivalent for the privilege of ranging at will among the haunts of the living. In a few minutes we had broken down the wall, and, thrusting a lamp through the breach, I looked in. Nothing! Not a bone, not a lock of hair, not a shred of clothing—the narrow space which, upon my affidavit, had been legally declared to hold all that was mortal of the late Mrs. Turnore was absolutely empty! This amazing disclosure, coming upon a mind already over-wrought with too much of mystery and excitement, was more than I could bear. I shrieked aloud and fell in a fit. For months afterward I lay between life and death, fevered and delirious; nor did I recover until my physician had had the imprudence to take a valuable case of jewels from my safe and leave the country.

Last summer I had occasion to visit my wine cellar, in one corner of which I had built the now long disused strong-room. In moving a cask of Madeira I struck it with considerable force against the partition wall, and was surprised to observe that it displaced two large square stones forming a part of the wall. Applying my hands to these, I easily pushed them out of the wall entirely, and looking through saw that they had fallen into the niche in which I had immured my lamented wife; facing the opening which their fall left and at a distance of four feet, was the brick-work which my own hands had made for that unfortunate gentlewoman's restraint. At this significant revelation I began a search of the wine cellar. Behind a row of casks I found four historically interesting but intrinsically valueless objects:

First, the mildewed remains of a ducal robe of state (Florentine) of the eleventh century; Second, an illuminated vellum breviary with the name of Sir Aldebaran Turmore de Peters-Turmore inscribed in Latin on the title page; Third, a human skull, apparently that of a female, fashioned into a drinking-cup and deeply stained with wine; Fourth, the iron cross of a Knight Commander of the Imperial Austrian Order of Assasin, by Poisou.

That was all—not an object having a commercial value, no papers—nothing. But this was enough to clear up the mystery of the strong-room. My wife had early divined the existence and purpose of that apartment, and, with a skill amounting to genius, had effected an entrance by loosening the two stones in the wall. Through that opening she had, at various times, abstracted the entire collection, which doubtless she had succeeded in converting into coin of the realm. When, with an unconscious justice which deprives me of all satisfaction in the memory, I decided to build her into the wall, by some malign fatality I selected that part of it in which were these movable stones, and doubtless before I had fairly finished my brick-laying she had removed them, slipped through into the wine cellar, and replaced them as they were originally laid. From the cellar she had easily escaped unobserved to enjoy her infamous gains in distant parts. I have endeavored to procure a warrant, but the Lord High Baron of the Court of Arrest and Conviction reminds me that she is legally dead, and says my only course is to go before the Master in Cadavery and move for a writ of disinterment and revival. So it looks as if I must suffer without redress this great wrong at the hands of a woman devoid alike of principle and shame.