

RISING YOUNG MEN,
AND OTHER TALES.

BY

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THIRD EDITION.

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JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER & STEREOTYPED, 379 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF WHITE STREET.

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ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by
E. M. KINGSLEY, FOR THE AUTHOR,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York

OUR EXPERIENCE.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

LITERARY SUCCESS.—The ordinary means to secure it, especially when a new name is to be introduced, are to announce some time beforehand, what an astonishing genius, long known as such in private circles, is about to come before the public; then keep the whole country posted up, from time to time, on the rise and progress of this new star. Correspondents, and the large houses count theirs by hundreds and thousands, know they must take, if desired, a certain number of copies, and do their best to sell them, and that it is for their interest to sell a great many more. They of course advertise freely in their local papers and shop windows; others can't afford to have their custom drawn off by the new attraction, so they send on, too, for copies, which *they* are not privileged to return, if unsold at the end of six months.

These orders and consignments thus manœuvred for, for months, are then proclaimed as so many thousands sold in "one day," and, IMMENSE SENSATION! THE GREAT BOOK OF THE SEASON!! UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!!! &c., &c., &c., stare and glare in the biggest, and blackest, and reddest of letters, till the bedazzled public is forced to buy, and *profess* to like, whether it really does or not. Espe-

cially when publishers "can't *half fill* orders from first edition"—the second being fortunately nearly, not to say quite ready all the time, and labelled, very possibly, third, or fourth—and the entire press is reporting how many thousands "the distinguished author" has refused for the copyright. Whether he ever had the offer, or it was made in good faith, not merely to be refused, is rather an open question in the minds of some people; but when the good of the trade requires it, and there's small hope of the contumacious subject's dying off, "peaceably as a good Christian should, for the benefit of his own reputation and other people's coffers," that's how to get up A GREAT LITERARY SUCCESS, or *distinguished author*.—*Palmyra Sentinel*.

JUST SO, MR. SENTINEL; but listen now while we give in "our experience," and you shall hear what sort of auspices were accorded to us and our eldest. Mind, though, we are going to tell it all our own way, be the same more or less, and if any body don't like that, let him tell it better himself; but hands off—none of your scissorings about us; we and the printer's imps can leave out words enough, any how.

Well, then, its so-called publishers, but mere job printers on credit, took upon themselves to admit and exclude pages to suit themselves, stereotyped ones not excepted (*see hiatus in book*), to disregard our well-known wishes as to bindings of first edition, our express orders as to that of third, and insert, without so much as saying "by your leave," fourteen pages of advertisements, for which authors have to pay from *five to twenty-five dollars* each, and afterwards refuse, practically, to make either credit or the slightest equivalent in kind for the same.

Second. Having abetted the bantling's birth out of pure, disinterested kindness, to the very helpless, homeless, maternal, who first waited on them with written communications which she could not then speak, they, and "the unspiritual god," circumstance, set themselves to kill it off, if they could, by requiring her to secure *earlier* payment to them, and present bread and shelter for herself, by engaging, personally, as best she might, in the sale.

Third. The law requiring no man to be benevolent, they evaded all written promise "to facilitate her operations, pay ten per cent. on all printed at their expense from her plates, and put the book in circulation among the Trade, by the ordinary means"—the last time, in presence of witnesses, and on the ground, that, if not ungrateful in desire, under the existing premises, such contract or estimate was "*impracticable* for want of stereotyping and other bills, and wholly needless in itself, as *their books* would show every thing."

Fourth. Their EXTRA-ordinary efforts to "put the book in circulation," amounted to one simple (reputed) announcement in the Literary World, one agency in Nashville, Tennessee—of which "Books" had no trace, and the sole manager, professedly and confessedly, no knowledge till acquired from herself and agent personally—and the hunting up, and selling, clandestinely, to a relative of her own, every copy transmitted by them, and at their own instance, to their correspondents in New York—leaving him, to mention the fact incidentally some six or eight months later, and her, to find out by her learning, what had become of an equal number of editorial and other presentation copies. N. B.

Her "learning" proving "sorely scanty," could only opine that *some* of them might possibly have been sent to her subsequently—nobody knows for certain, at least she don't, and any how, that wasn't exactly putting them in circulation "among the trade."

Fifth. To "facilitate her operations," they helped them "over the left," most beautifully;—but stop, you shall have chapter and verse for that facilitation. *First*, then, by promising *per* Telegraph of Jan. 27th, 1853—less than one month from issue, and just twelve from "suspension and rather cool advice to forego resumption," to put the second edition to press "*immediately*." 2dly, by purchasing the paper *March 2d* and forwarding on the 15th, so that it came to hand April 6th. 3d, by denying *per letter of June 1st*, the receipt of draft which had been cashed May 4th, and for no conceivable reason, but to ignore the accompanying order. *Fourth*, by deferring the issue and receipt of third edition, (also called "second," in reverse of common practice) to Sept. and Oct. 1st, and reporting the "whole edition bound up and subject to order," though *less than half* the 1250 ordered in April and May, had been printed; thus betraying her into arrangements not otherwise made, from which much further loss of time, stock, profit, prestige, and CONVALESCENCE inevitably ensued.

Sixth. Having prevented, as effectually as if intentionally, the accumulation of much means, and the *entire* extinction of their own control over plates, they kindly waived, for the time, the proffered payment in full, of Oct. 18th, and otherwise so directly abetted the publication of a TEXT-BOOK, wanted for immediate intro-

duction under the best auspices of three States, that it was put to press (by another firm, their own being "too busy,") on the 20th instant. A few weeks later, when plates were nearly ready, and funds all exhausted, they *defeated the issue*, and with it the simultaneous one of some hundreds of "Letters and Miscellanies," which might otherwise have secured it eventual completion.

Seventh. They effected this, 1st, by getting from her "relative," *before it was due*, and out of supposed kindness to herself, a sum, which when due, and paid, was pledged to the other firm. 2d. By keeping stereotyper, who, aside from a doubtful and subsequently protested note, was no further payable except from her remittances, in full belief that she had made none, for five months after he should have been fully paid; and, of course, quite ready to strike the first blow at her credit, when called upon for plates. 3d. By themselves showing up sum total of their "*own account*," (including his, very justly) and very unjustly, *leaving*, if not leading, enquirer to suppose *that* identical \$250 stereotyping item, due by *her*, not themselves, elsewhere; then suppressing, at the same time, all hint of over \$600 cash receipts, including the \$100 note, originally accepted by and through them, at par; and finally by refusing, then and since, either to use, or suffer the use of old plates, (except when no one could be found to use them,) and, per consequence, making her eventually as obnoxious to the new, and comparatively poor firm somewhat victimized with herself, as they had previously to stereotyper, and with far less chance than himself, of any ultimate redress.

Eighth. Though one of their members did, it is

true, correct the grosser misrepresentations made in his absence, he declined all further effort to reinstate the hard-earned credit, so wantonly broken down; though the junior member of new firm offered—according to his own *written* statement—to give his personal security to his own partners, and take up and complete both her jobs in a few weeks, if the old firm, or individual member, would only loan the requisite paper, or facilitate the purchase on four months' credit;—refused this simple act of common justice, “*with a hard-hearted obstinacy, enough to make a pirate blush.*” Pray excuse the junior, he probably wasn't *used* to being victimized as eels and Irishmen are to being skinned and hung, and certes, didn't know how soon the *hard-hearted's* great “milk of human kindness” would make him offer to furnish an equal, or nearly equal amount *in cash*, and get her well walled in and hermetically sealed down in some living tomb of his selection, (to which, had she only been a State resident, she might perhaps have been eligible, in the course of fifteen or twenty years) provided she would only relinquish all further effort. “The effort,” being of course, all there was to relinquish, Name, fame, friends, position, and “a conscience void of offence,” which no idle owner of a buried “talent” can ever have, not being worth a thought, much less an allusion; any more than were the several hundreds of tangible property in unsold books and old plates, not to mention the new, (not then known to be scarce worth correcting) and the two copyrights not then taken out.

Ninth. Finding her about as grateful for that, or any other chance to “eat the bitter bread of charity,”

and be “set quick i' the earth, and bowled to death with turnips”—no, cabbage-heads—as any living mortal with three grains of common sense might know any woman would be, who honestly believed, that “what man has done, man may do,” and had known a woman, who once did put a book to press, as a “last resource,” on *borrowed* capital, lose it (*per failure of contractors, Jan. 27th, 1852*) with what was far harder to spare or regain, sacrifice her wardrobe to arrears on board, a fifty dollar dental plate, to drugs for a palsied tongue, then travel *alone*, helpless, sometimes speechless from debility as well as disease—raise the means to wait on Publishers—get the Book out, and finally leave with thirty cents only, nearly one thousand dollars in arrears, and realize between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars, within the next eight months; and finding too, just about the time that one of the old, forefront literati had “*long been anxious to see the book,*” and notice after notice—not mere penny-a-line puffs bought and sold like any other commodities—but volunteer critiques from unknown, yet well-known critics in the high places and by places of the republic of letters, evinced that there was good logic, critical acumen, and common honesty enough yet extant, to *infer*, that a publication *so effected*, could not be exactly commonplace, and see, and acknowledge merit, where predisposed to find none; finding, we say, that she actually had achieved the taking out of copyrights, that very arduous and complicated measure, that they were always “taking measures” to do, (as perhaps they were) they forthwith proclaimed the affair a FAILURE—it certainly hadn't lacked their good aid to become so—and

with this (by way of inducement probably) offered the plates, in the same breath for sale. When taken up, by more than one responsible party, and asked, as they invariably were, for "A FAIR MERCANTILE STATEMENT, as the indispensable preliminary to some arrangement of the kind that should be mutually satisfactory," they as invariably refused, either by captious replies and unreasonable demands, or contemptuous silence; a playing "fast and loose," which betrayed more inclination to keep than part with plates, especially as they refused *ad interim*, either to take mortgage for whatever might prove to be justly due, and suffer their use, or accept *cash down* for a smaller emission than usual, and a trifle on arrears.

Tenth. Though professing from first to last, by word and letter, to be making, and wishing to make "*no profit on transaction*," the paper, uniformly named in conversation as *eight* dollars per ream, was charged, in apologies for account (rendered Oct. 18th and later in '53) at *eight fifty*, and the bindings of a certain style twenty-five or thirty cents *per copy*, above the customary price, *if* gentlemen in, and out of, the trade, in New York, Boston, Louisville and St. Louis, are competent authority. A tolerably broad margin, one would think for profit, not to hint at the possibility of any other errors of "omission or commission," save the uncredited seventy dollars' worth of advertisements, mentioned away back in the beginning, before we got into the *sixteenthlies*. And on the whole, not so very remarkable, perhaps, after all, that they should rather prefer "CASH DOWN" and no questions asked or explanations given.

True, the "affair," might be altogether too insignificant for *their* attention, but inasmuch as they did insist on having that "one hundred cash down," CALLED "fifty cents on the dollar," it's quite a pity they could not, or would not, gratify a woman's curiosity to know whether it really was "fifty," or a hundred, or hundred and five, as she most devoutly believes—something unfortunate, that a consignment of 134 copies (if their previous statements were reliable) should come back minus *fourteen*, when recalled, almost immediately, unopened. A little singular, that *their books*, which were to show "EVERY THING," should in the end, "*show nothing*," (it was said) by which to determine how many of the 1500 printed, had been delivered to her order, or what proportions of the three several editions, had been bound in the respective styles, known as T. M. Gilt, Muslin Plain, and Mus. Gilt; and decidedly unlucky, that the very one whose numbers and proportions did happen to be known to a mathematical certainty, should chance to show a deficiency of ten copies, and an overcharge of \$37 32 in the simple item of "binding," even at their specified prices.

Don't delude yourself, anybody, that doesn't mean "specified" in caricature of bill, though they are findable, within six or eight months of it. And quite a curiosity it is too, in its way, with its vague entries of "a Box," a "Package"—forwarded apparently long before paper was bought, or printing done—and small cash credits per no person or time in particular; owing probably to remissness of payers in not reporting themselves, accidentally and incidentally, before "books" were posted up. Possibly their binders might have

been found more explicit—strange they never thought of that, for it isn't exactly in the common "course of human events," for a creditor to lock up the tools of a debtor, who *is* paying him off, at the rate of sixty dollars a month in despite of him, *unless* he means to pay himself better. Some may have done it away back in the dark ages, before the whole "free and enlightened" got posted up to spring-traps and double-locks, then found themselves locked out too, and playing "Dog in the Manger," only to illustrate the "Dog and his Shadow," most beautifully; but all of the ilk must be too wise for that, in these days, and now, with all these hints thrown out for their edification, it's to be hoped ours, will be able to make some nearer approximation to a "fitting basis for an equitable settlement;" because "two wrongs, don't always make one right," any more than the withholding—voluntarily or involuntarily—some few dollars, more or less, that may be their due, indemnifies us for Damages inflicted through their faithlessness, caprice, or cupidity. Still, if they never should get them before making some such "approximation," we shouldn't very much wonder.

Neither should they, that after considering that they had "*somehow*" retarded their own payment, and waived it (for the time) when proffered in full, next made it impracticable, then demanded it on despotic and most humiliating terms—much like demanding "bricks without mortar," only "a little more so"—on Account too, which they either would not, or dared not exhibit; and considering too, that the net proceeds of books collected, would neither suffice to pay for old plates and use them afterwards, nor set up either TEXT-

BOOK or "REVISED EDITION," *de novo*, an *unreasoning animal*, (incompetent of course, to reason very profoundly) should conclude eventually, that no law of God, or man required her to love her neighbor a great deal better than herself, or condemned the instinct of self-preservation, which prompted the investment of funds in another work; if the first 84 pages of our youngest may so be called. And that's why the poor wee thing had to come into the world "half-grown," and "come up" (like little heathen come-by-chance) without any godfather, and our ill-used First, and unborn Second, to be laid ignominiously on the shelf, to *bide their time*. And if any impartial literary inquest don't pronounce theirs a clear case of unprovoked Lynching, Branding, Ostracism, "Indirect Assassination," and premature strangulation, then we'd just thank somebody to overhaul the criminal records, and help us to the proper technicals—those are about as graphic, as any our vocabulary affords.

"*There now!* we've SPOKE IN MEETING!!" And don't care either, for we've "*got the documents*"—most of them in their own hands too—and seeing we are

"Up on our feet and in for it now,"

the way we mean to "improve the occasion," isn't "a little and stop, but a great deal and go on;" for it's high time you knew, Mr. Everybody and everybody else, that there's more than one kind of "ordinary means," a "*how to do it*," and "*how NOT to do it*." Yes, and always will be, so long as the lion's share of spoils belongs to Publishers any how, and all the balance if they can get it; for it stands to reason, that an

Author posthumously distinguished, costs less and pays best, being less addicted in that case, to clamoring for even the jackal's share, when you happen to get fleeced. So when it's *perfectly safe* to try, the way HOW NOT TO DO IT is simply to profess great literary taste and much personal kindness, and leave the shameless perpetrator of "black and white," bound hand and foot, to sink or swim as best he may. If witch-like he does swim notwithstanding, and there's some little danger that he may reach shore, treat him at once to the witches' fate. It's only humane, you know, to throw out a rope, and if it does chance to be a *lasso*, why accidents will happen—nobody can blame the heir at law—and a splendid newspaper monument surely ought to atone. If it don't, and the ill-conditioned, nine-lived *lusus* won't die, any way you can fix it, just let him keep on living—if he can—who wants his "sour grapes?" Or who's green enough to suppose that one Publisher's going to countenance the escapades, of another one's "fugitives from labor?"

If anybody is, let him try it once, if he wants a good time generally, and he'll find that the *Messires* A. B. are invisible, and don't respond, C. D. E. F. "can't possibly undertake any thing new for a twelvemonth to come," G. H. "don't publish that kind of books," I. J. K. "don't publish any thing else, but *can't look at any thing* MORE, awfully afraid of breaking down with what's on hand now." L. M. "don't reprint from other Publishers," (*save when they can sponge on a foreign author*), N. O. more than suspect that this one don't toadyize "the prevailing sentiments of the North and East"—(*no use to publish then, the South and West*

being extinct)—P. Q. "don't publish school-books," R. S. "have got one of their own," T. U. thinks this, "*economizes time and labor most astonishingly*," but has "a Partner" (two of them for that matter) suspects they believe in "the principle of the subdivision of labor," in school-books more especially—fancies "the gist of this *may* be found in"—some three or four others of equal size, named, and (by way of finale) winds up, "A, N, D *we, publish those Books*." V. W. are in the wrong longitude for being a little more inaccessible than the Grand Lama, but "don't publish much themselves," tell those who do, that *all our youngest lacks*, is "the extra pages, an attractive dress, and good Publisher, to bring it before *the right kind* of readers," get the same old story, "*can't undertake any thing new for a year to come*." Now it so happens that we are extant this year, and what is more, with no clever conjuror to put us in a state of suspended animation (alongside books) when the waters Bibliothique "are troubled," till everybody else has *done* stepping down before us. And so the elfish little waif, though rather outgrowing the old flimsy dress so repulsive to the *right kind* of readers, stands small chance of getting a better, till married to some of our RISING YOUNG MEN and then it's just as like as not, some rising young men's hopeful papas will turn up their patrician noses at it, for lack of some old Invisibility's Imprimatur. X. V. would to be sure have given it theirs long ago, "unheard, unseen," *provided*, the "Little Allspice" was "big enough"—mind you, not good enough, but large enough "to sell for one dollar, or one fifty per copy," and the unlucky Maternal "prepared to give them a

bonus of \$500, for the same, as many more copies for distribution," and of course set them well a going with the plates. Strange they didn't add, "and cost of transportation;" and dog cheap at that, if they had. Nobody should make a common hack of us and ours, if we were a Publisher, for five times that amount; but then we were not, and *are* not, "*prepared*," and wouldn't give five dollars, no nor five cents, for it, if we were. No, *honestly earned*, and *fairly accorded*, that's the word for us—the genuine article, or none at all. "Thank God I can now dispense with Humbug," said some old celebrity who had made his fortune. Thank God we never had any to dispense with, is our response. We can live without a "great literary success," couldn't live under a counterfeit one—can do without the "fine purple," never did feel mean enough to wear shams.

But does anybody suppose now, that we are going to be badgered off the track, in that kind of style, by any knot, or knots of "bullies called *cliques*," that ever lived, or good enough to die, that other folks may live? Not we—we believe in Life Insurances we do; and don't believe at all, in the common honesty, or humanity—the *Christianity*, is of course *non est inventus*, nobody suspects the existence of that—in any church, that don't Insure the life of a Pastor it half starves on some poor pitiful pittance of a salary, or compels—by might of "the unspiritual god, circumstance"—to live up to the very last fraction of a liberal one; and precious little, in the integrity, or affection of that husband, or father—with no fortune save his own exertions, or *safe* out of reach of all whirlpools of speculation

—that don't Insure his own, in a good round sum too; for of all the poor, miserable paupers in a miserable existence, Heaven help and deliver the patrician pauper. Earth won't, it is only too glad of the chance, to set its foot on some unused neck, and see it writhe like a crushed worm, under the infliction. But that's neither here nor there, and for the matter of Life Insurance, we've got Washington Irving's ("if haply she withers, she lives forever") for ours, and sure that name's good anywhere. If anybody wants our picture, by way of collateral, he's welcome to take it, that is to pay an Artist to find out our whereabouts, and come and sketch it. We tried sitting, once upon a time, to that grand old Artist Apollo; but the way his master of ceremonies put our head into the stocks, got one of his myrmidons into position, and instructed us to look at the point of his elbow, was positively awful. It gives us a crick in the neck, a stitch in the side, Lockjaw, Strabismus, and St. Vitus' dance, every time we think of it. No, we never *can* try that sort of thing again; but if anybody ever did dream, that we shouldn't stand in our own shoes, till nobody else could, we trust that fallacy is pretty well "nailed to the counter," or otherwise used up, more by token, that they are pretty well worn out already, and never were fit, for any thing but a regular, squabfoot ragbaby, of the Flatfoot tribe to stand in.

Does any other mortal man presume to suppose either, that we are going to be killed off, "by a criticism?" *Possibly*, for there is "a very plentiful lack" of common sense extant, that's certain, or we shouldn't be so everlastingly bored, go where we will, with the

same stale, *well meant*, "talking good," useless sort of Advice, that none but a brute or idiot could ever need; or *tortured*, almost to madness, by the endless iteration and reiteration of "Couldn't you do this," or "Why don't you do that," as if the thing had only need to be thought on, to be done, and never had been, or could be thought of, but for that individual representative of the ubiquitous, one-ideaed institution. *Killed by a criticism?* Not by several, we reckon, after surviving about a million and a half of these, "*If I were you,*" and "*couldn't you;*" and if any such self-complacent, would-be impossibility achievers, do still look for "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," we are awfully afraid, that EATEN BY CATERPILLARS will be the coroner's verdict, on some melancholy event, before very long. And *if we were they*, we'd represent King John, of Lack-land notoriety, from now to the end of time, as we expect to do, but that we'd *keep out of Iowa this year*, for locusts and caterpillars must live, and they do say the "varmints" are taking every green thing before them, up there.

But killed off, indeed—that's a likely story! Do they know, or did they never hear, how easily one Samuel Wordsworth, of modest memory, was killed off—or how coolly he turned round, and told people, that if they didn't like him, they had better—that it was the fault of their own morbid tastes, and sound asleep intellects, not his compositions, and finally made them own up?

And why don't they ignore, or repudiate, that idle, conceited Robert Burns, that did

"Naething

But stringing blethers up in rhyme, for fools to sing,"

yet had the presumption, all the while, to think "just as well of them," before everybody else agreed with him, as after? Or, to come nearer home, do they remember how effectually our own HAWTHORNE was snuffed out, when the heedless critics didn't think him worth criticising, and "rank and file" passed by, one after another of his splendid articles, "with cold uncomprehending look," till his Publisher had, as he, Peter Parley Goodrich, tells us, himself, to get one of the "*right kind of readers,*" to belabor them soundly therefor, tell them (in effect) that if they really didn't understand him, so much the worse for them—it was high time they did—and, in short, that he could think, himself, and meant others to think, and if he did put too much meaning to the page, it was because he had four times as much to put, as those who put too much page to the meaning.

Well that critic, was what we call "*sensible,*" didn't expect a book to read itself, or all of its meaning to lie on the surface; knew it must be a small dealer, that could hang his whole stock in the shop window; and as for that "too much page" gentry, if they had to conjugate the verb, "*to pay,*" as we do, not *is paid*, as they do, 'twould be apt to improve them all mightily we reckon. For when one hasn't been to church but once (very recently) since a non-religious man in Frankfort, sent his carriage twice in '54, because unable, alike, to *walk* and sit through the service afterwards, or hire a hack, after all Uncle Sam's and St. Picayune's Steamboat, R. R. and Hotel Fares, this thing called STEREOTYPING, is rather expensive. Especially when "*Messieurs* the Typos," take care to print their blun-

ders with ours, and make us pay for correcting both afterwards, or, worse still, let them alone, "very severely."

And come to look at the thing philosophically, it don't take a bit longer, to read 50 pages twice, than a 150, consecutively; and only consider, how much lighter, the fifty, are to hold; and, besides, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Public, to go on vitiating your own taste, and stultifying your brains over love-sick, blood and murder, and other namby pamby, till you can't understand any thing but a regular old, "once there was," sort of Tale. Like all these long-drawn tautologies, for instance, and just as if you hadn't been told them all before, over and often, only you wouldn't exercise your mnemonics, inductives, and constructives enough, to put this and that together, and consider that most orthodox English words really have a meaning; and the Trade, a good many Dictionaries, that they'd most likely be glad to sell.

Just look at yourselves now. How many more respectable, if not racy magazinists, do you want to degrade into very indifferent novelists, because they know you will read story-books, and won't read much of any thing else? Oh, immensely innocent, and pious too, you are, over your Schnaaps and sylly-bubs; but how long did you ever know anybody to hold out a cup of coffee at arm's length, before there was some little danger of its getting dashed down, if not dashed in your face? It's our opinion that you ought to be indicted, for corrupting the morals and manners of all these innocent authors, that you've got hard at work, helping

you to make a bigger fool of yourself, than there's any occasion for; when they've no natural genius for Lying, perhaps, or nothing special that way, and you know very well, that that *is* a genius that may be superinduced "by human agency," HUGH BLAIR to the contrary notwithstanding. You remember him, don't you, and how he distinguished himself in the Peloponnesian war, wrote the Cervantes of Don Quixote, and was finally brought home by Sir John Franklin, in an Egyptian Sarcophagus, from the ruined Temple of Aztec? Of course you do, and how, as he much more justly remarks somewhere in the Life of Haroun Al Raschid, it's "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," though much of course depends on the skilful selection and adaptation of means. An unmitigated course of sprouts has, for instance, sometimes produced brilliant results, and in other cases, only made the hardened, dyed-in-the-wool, contumacities, a little more "cantankerous." Even the sugarplum system, though according to our experience, and observation, much more uniformly efficacious, has been known to pall; but you, with your judicious admixture of sprouts in the one hand and sugarplums in the other, can rarely chance to fail. And so here you have got, ever so many specimens of your own handiwork plodding away, to get up all sorts of mendacious monstrosities (they don't often get up any thing else), and mixing up "fancies with realities," till they hardly know themselves which is which, and you don't care; but stand all agog, ready to "pin back the critter's ears," and swallow it whole, like any boa constrictor, then vow and declare, it's every word "true as preaching," till you half-persuade

yourself, if not the deluded author, that it actually is so.

Mighty fine judge of "preaching," you are to be sure, and couldn't half the time tell, to save you, whether the "Orator of the day," took his Text from the Shaster, or somewhere in "the Book of Jerusalem," ('tisin't likely it would make much difference) or whether the man that "played on the harp of a thousand strings," hung it upon the willows by the "waters of Babylon," or found it on a Black Moss, down in Louisiana, but if ever we *do* have to fall into that gang and follow suit, oh, you have *much* to answer for; and here's to hoping, you'll have the grace to repent in time, lest a worse judgment come upon you, than some marvellously tame Stories, good for nothing but scaffolding to hang Ideas upon. And pray don't expect people to be so immensely sagacious, as to know what a house (or hexameter) is for, or how it was built, unless it's properly labelled, and an ugly, old scaffolding, always kept paraded in front; but do try, and demean yourself, "with the respect due to human ignorance," not copy the evil, outlandish ways, of one

L. EL-EM-JAY.

Howard Co., Mo., Sept. 5th, 1857.

RISING YOUNG MEN.*

CHAPTER 1.

"So it fling
Forgetfulness around me, it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not displeasing theme."

"WE come to reproach you, Mrs. Lenox," said the youngest of three visitors. just seated in one of the most strictly elegant saloons in the country.

"May I ask for what?" calmly inquired the subject of animadversion.

"Oh, for spoiling our little party of yesterday, by keeping away its greatest attraction, 'The belle of New York,' as Mr. Sinclair, the 'Rising young Lawyer,' is pleased to call her."

"If that means Miss Lenox, I am sure, neither Frances, nor myself, thank him for the epithet."

"No indeed mamma, it is making me entirely too stale, and commonplace."

"But you can't imagine," rejoined another, "how chagrined they all were, on finding you had gone with

* A Tale of the olden time, away back, late in the last half of the nineteenth century. Reader, it was written for our amusement, in the weary hours of protracted convalescence, it is now published, for yours.

your mother, to old Mrs. Van Cortlandt's, instead of joining our party. If it hadn't been for cousin Charles, and Leora Norton's brother 'Will,' I don't know but they would have broken it up, altogether."

"Yes Jane, and they might as well have left themselves out any how; for Mr. Russell looked as moody as a disappointed office-seeker, all the way, and Sinclair, who is all wit and gallantry when Frances is present, was silent as the monks of La Trappe."

"I pity his wife then, if he ever gets one; a dreary life she will have of it, if so slight a matter unfits him for all social enjoyment."

"A very sensible idea, Miss Lenox," observed the senior member of the trio, who had hitherto been at liberty to do the thinking, while her sister and friend did the talking, "I fear it would not have occurred to Lucy."

"Oh, but I'll tell him though, that you, and *Frances Lenox* think so, and then Jane, won't we be nicely revenged for his want of civility?"

"Yes, especially when I add, that there isn't the shadow of a doubt, that her mother is of the same opinion—I may, may I not Mrs. Lenox?"

"Certainly Miss Van Lear, if you think it worth while; for I really should think it passing strange, if my husband gave me nothing but sour looks and laconics, every time he chanced to miss some little anticipated pleasure."

"And I, mamma, should take it very unkindly, if you treated me to Quaker meetings from morning to night, because he wasn't always on hand."

"Good, good, I'll remember every word—they'll all be capitally punished."

"Don't flatter yourself too much, Miss Lucy, you are probably attaching too much importance to my daughter's presence and opinion; but really young ladies, I hope your cavaliers behaved better than you represent."

"Not a whit, did they Laura?" Miss Van Lear however saved "Laura" the trouble of reply. "Oh I wish you could have seen them, Mrs. Lenox. There stood Sinclair, biting his lip and looking the very beau-ideal of a martyred lover, near him Russell, alternately twirling his gloves and making endless gyrations on the floor with the tip of his riding whip—for all the world like some master carpet weaver, intent on deciphering the last new pattern—in the next window, Ned Tyler, the demi-millionnaire, muttering his vexation, and at length audibly expressing his 'half a mind' (perhaps it's a fraction less) 'not to go a foot,' and by way of finale—"

"Charitably wishing all mothers in Heaven, I presume, who absurdly fancy they have some claims to their daughters upon earth," gaily added Mrs. Lenox, in a tone saying more plainly than a hundred words, "No need to stop, *his* impertinence could only amuse." "We are all vastly obliged."

"Not all, nor so very much, madam, can't affirm that his benevolent aspirations *ever* took so ethereal, or comprehensive a range. In this instance, believe they were restricted to the especial benefit of yourself, and the venerable Mrs. Van Cortlandt, whom he 'devoutly wished at the bottom of New York Bay.'"

"No farther than that? I expected it would been, 'Halifax' at least."

"But of course, Miss Van Lear, you and Lucy rewarded *his* puppyism, by indefinite leave of absence," drily remarked Frances Lenox.

"Lucy and I didn't—it's only your quiet, dignified people, who can do these things effectively. Miss Morton, here, did I believe, offer him a furlough for ninety-nine years and a day, and that brought him to his senses."

"No occasion to boast of my prowess Jane, he bestowed his 'tediousness' upon me for the rest of the day, in a way that was truly spiteful—only to think of the cunning malice of the creature."

"Not spiteful, nor meaning it for malice at all, he couldn't afford to lose Miss Morton's tolerance," *thought* Mrs. Lenox, but she merely said, "According to your own account, young ladies, Frances does not seem to have lost much by her prior engagement; but I hope Miss Morton, that the discourtesy of some few of your escorts, did not mar the enjoyment of the evening, very seriously?"

"Oh no, madam, equestrian exercise is, you know, too exhilarating of itself for that, and thanks to others of the party, the excursion on the whole passed off very agreeably."

"I can answer for Lucy, mamma, she was infinitely more amused at their doloroso looks, and *brusqueries*, than she would have been by the most devoted gallantries."

"For the time Frances, but not more gratified perhaps. I don't dispute, that the others did their devoirs like gallant knights; but Charles Van Lear has found his 'bright particular star,' and Will' Norton, and little Fred Henley are mere boys."

"'Little Fred Henley!' well, that will do, for such a six-footer, minus little or nothing, as he is," exclaimed Miss Van Lear.

"And as for the '*mere boy*,'" chimed in the elder Miss Morton, with a serio-comic look, "I shall expect to hear no more insinuations about 'leading of Apes'—Frederick Henley was a full year the oldest, when we were both children; but I suppose a certain young lady of seventeen, or thereabouts, feels in such imminent danger of becoming an old maid, that she can't afford to be entertained a whole evening, by 'mere boys.'"

"Yes, no, yes," returned Lucy, not the least disconcerted, "that is, it's my own fault if I don't; for with all the world, from eight to eighty, eternally saying '*Old maid*,' in prose, rhyme, blank verse and every other conceivable form, just as if they couldn't think of any thing else half bad enough to say, one must be uncommonly stupid not to find out by the time she toddles out of her cradle, that she *must* get married, to escape that *ne plus ultra* of all detestability. So where's the use of squandering precious time on youths barely out of years of *in-discretion*, especially when their hopeful papas insist on spiriting them off to other continents for centuries? And my own thoughtless father too, to connive at such a proceeding, as if he hadn't the remotest conception, that he had more than one marriageable daughter—'the unkindest cut of all'—so I'm sure I don't see, what such transition humanity's good for, except"—glancing archly at her sister—"to help some demure spinster, with *nothing else to do*, to pass off the time, the best way she can. But such trifling will not do for us, will it Jane? We, cannot afford to wait half a

cycloid, for gentlemen to get ready to propose, can we?"

"What a rattlebrain you are Lucy," said Miss Van Lear, but Miss Morton was silenced; a heightened color, seeming to say she was very well satisfied with the result of *her* waiting, being her only response.

"Is young Henley going abroad on account of his health," inquired Mrs. Lenox, more to relieve her embarrassment, than secure information, she did not need.

"Not exactly, I believe, but his father and mine, think it will do so young a man, and hard a student, no harm to travel a year or two, before he resumes his professional studies at Paris. After three or four years, papa says, '*that boy will return a man,*' and then, if my calculating sister here, does not consider herself entirely too antiquated for youthful society, she may not object to idling an hour or two, in his company."

"Or, if she chance to be a matron, we shall probably find her manœuvering for her daughters, in advance."

"No Jane, I shall drown them every one, after what Topographers are pleased to call 'the Barbarous custom of the higher class,' in some Eastern nation, 'who destroy most of their female offspring as soon as born, from the difficulty of marrying them in their own caste.' BARBAROUS, is it, I wonder what name they'd give to the 'fiery trials,' we who are similarly situated in civilized lands, have to undergo?"

"Lucy, Lucy," interposed her sister, "I'm sure Mrs. Lenox, and all your acquaintance must think yours, might be found in a very low grade, if you are to run on in this style, much longer."

"Permit me to change the subject, by inquiring when you leave for the Springs," said Mrs. Lenox apprehending some retort more piquant than pleasant.

"To-morrow or the day after," replied Miss Morton.

"Aunt Walton says she will wait ten days longer if you will be sure to go then," added Miss Van Lear.

"By no means, she must not think of it—we shall follow, in the course of three or four weeks; but where I shall spend the intervening time is not decided."

"Oh these interminable courts—I wish Judge Lenox would resign; or leave the laws, and the constitution to take care of themselves and come home."

"He will write to Mr. Walton when he does, if not before, and arrange the plan of our Northern tour; and I shall rely upon your aunt, to secure me the reversion of her rooms."

"We may depend then on meeting you in Quebec," said Miss Morton, rising as Mrs. Lenox gave her assent. "Come Lucy, you who are so chary of your own time, should not be so lavish of other people's." Thus admonished, Lucy relinquished the hand of Miss Lenox, and some demonstrations, more hoydenish than indicative of any serious match-making propensities; and made her *adieux*.

"Now wouldn't she make a country romp of the first water," half-soliloquized Francis Lenox, a few moments later.

"Doubtless," replied her mother, "but her persiflage is the mere effervescence of youthful vivacity; still I do think, young ladies might find some less equivocal and more eligible subject, than love and marriage, for the safety-valve of their exuberant animal

spirits. However, animadversions upon a departed guest, are neither polite, nor proper, my dear."

"No mamma, but wasn't it strange, her sister was so confused by her nonsense? Can it be possible the elegant and accomplished Laura Morton, fears becoming an old maid?"

"No Frances, you misapprehended Lucy's raillery. Her sister is but recently engaged to an officer in the navy, who has been warmly attached to her for several years."

"Then what has he been procrastinating for, all this time? I am afraid he isn't half good enough for her now!"

"Arguing from the past to the future, my dear, he will ever be all that is manly and honorable."

"Do you know him mamma?"

"Only by reputation, but his history is a very agreeable contrast to that of most of our 'Rising young men.'" If a slight sneer, lurked in the proud curl of the speaker's beautiful lip, as she repeated the phrase, her daughter, "Neither kenn'd it nor cared," but drawing still closer to her side, exclaimed, "Tell me all about it mamma, I should so like to know."

"I am no Scherzerade Frances, but can give you the outlines, if you wish. His father, I am told, was a resident of our neighboring city, and at the time of his marriage, possessed of a handsome capital, and doing a small, but brisk business in the India line. Prior to the birth of his first child, (Laura's intended,) his father-in-law proposed purchasing the dwelling and warehouses he occupied, and settling them on his daughter; an arrangement which would have saved her husband a

rental of several thousands per annum. Many men Frances, *all* vulgar-minded men, either from innate avarice, or unbridled love of domination, seem to consider themselves *wronged*, if their wives are not placed in abject dependence on themselves. Mr. Marshall was not exempt from this weakness, and moreover he was ambitious of extending his mercantile operations. Of course he did not fail to represent, how much more desirable floating capital, was to a man in his line, than real estate; and set forth in most glowing terms, the folly and wickedness of creating 'separate interests between man and wife,' and 'making children independent of their father.' You, who may never have heard this subject discussed, cannot imagine the amount of sophistry, miscalled 'argument,' which latent selfishness, long precedent, and *love of rule*, can induce men, who are perfectly clear-headed and upright when the question is between man and man, to swallow, very complacently, where it is only the right of woman, that is at stake; but somehow, 'Old Markham' continued, perversely and obstinately, blind to the feasibility of exposing an only and beloved child, to the contingency of future beggary. Mortified and irritated by his own discomfiture, and the old man's calmness, the son-in-law rejected his proposal with bitterness, declaring that 'if he could not have the property in the form he wished, he would never have it at all.' 'As thee likes, son Charles,' returned the father, 'thee is very welcome to do without it, but thee cannot prevent my *caring* for thee and my child;' and so they parted, each to pursue his separate career. The lapse of fifteen years, found the once prudent merchant in-

fatuated with success, and infected with the madness of the times. His ships were in every sea, houses and lands, bank stock and real estate, acknowledged him for master; but all would not do—he must triple his millions, so he fell to gambling in cotton speculations, water lots, and paper cities. In the full flush of success, he could afford to be condescending, so he humbled himself once more to ‘Old Hard Fist,’ and solicited co-operation in his schemes.

“‘Nay Charles,’ said the white-haired man, ‘*thee will not live in thy wife’s house*; but thee has never made acquaintance with Poverty. Maria and her children, must not want bread; nor will I jeopardize the roof, that covers my own gray hairs, to gorge the harpies, that are speculating on thy wealth and mine to thy ruin.’

“A few short months sufficed to make the ‘Merchant Prince’ a semblance of the Dog and his Shadow; and now, according to those humane and nothing-so-easy casuists, who decide so summarily, what is proper for *other people* to do on these occasions, Mrs. Marshall should have withdrawn her sons from college, and bound them to some tradesman, consigned her oldest daughter to the galley-slavery of governessing, sent the younger to learn millinery, retired into obscure lodgings, and killed herself, *very morally* by sewing; leaving it optional with her husband to ‘take to drink,’ get a small clerkship, or shoot himself, whichever he thought proper. Much to the scandal of public morals, however, she did none of these; and what is still more deplorable, her husband was constrained to learn by actual experience, that it really was possible, to live in a

house he did not rent, and could not alienate. If he could only have had the satisfaction, of slaving on from day to day, for some paltry pittance, with the comfortable assurance that his family would starve, if he remitted his toils to seek more lucrative employment, it would doubtless have been a great alleviation to his sufferings; but incredible as it may seem, he actually survived them several years.

“You comprehend, I presume, that when his estate was brought to the hammer, ‘the unnatural old wretch,’ as Mr. Markham was styled by the swindlers and visionaries who had assisted his son-in-law in the laudable exploit, of plucking down ruin on his own head—had come forward and purchased a liberal portion of such property as had matter of fact existence; and lost no time in drawing up, and recording a will, by which (after reserving a life interest for himself and daughter) he bequeathed the great body of his immense estate to his granddaughters, in trust for their natural heirs; who forfeit their inheritance to his other descendants, by omitting to execute, within a short time after attaining their majority, a similar instrument for the benefit of their posterity. The residue was assigned to his two grandsons, and their father appointed associate and residuary trustee, with a salary nearly equivalent to that of the Governor of the State.”

“But mamma, didn’t he give the Miss Marshalls any thing but the trouble of taking care of their children’s property?”

“They are allowed, I believe, one half the annual income after the death of their mother, the other, is to accumulate for the benefit of their natural heirs. Mrs.

Marshall had never been addicted to any of those preposterous extravaganzas, by which the 'newly rich,' contrive to remind the world, of their own intrinsic vulgarity, and doubtful pretensions; and her husband's salary being nearly equivalent to the support of the family, in their accustomed style, she was enabled to use most of her own income, to diminish either the number, or the claims of his creditors, as circumstances might require. The last dividend prior to his decease, however, barely reduced his liabilities within the verge of a hundred thousand; and of course the world at large—those of it in particular, who were nowise concerned, and creditors from whom no 'value' had been received—were immensely shocked at the 'bare-faced iniquity' of a family's 'living just as well as ever,' though the head of it, 'lived and died a Bankrupt!' In justice to Mr. Marshall, it should be observed, that sobered by experience, he discharged his trust, ably and well; and soon after his decease, his sons took advantage of an opportune rise in stocks, to sell out; thereby diminishing their late father's indebtedness about one half, (and their own inheritance as much as its tenure allowed,) and then repaired to their respective professions. While so many of his brother officers are pining in idleness during 'these piping times of peace,' Charles, fortunately obtained both employment and preferment; and within the last few months, a lucky windfall in the shape of a pirate's hoard, has enabled him, with the aid of his mother and brother, to wipe off the stain of insolvency from the name of his father."

"Why mother, I didn't know it was so very *dis-*

graceful to be a Bankrupt, unless a man was *dishonest*, as well as insolvent!"

"My child, you don't reflect on all the blighted hopes, and broken faith, and ruined fortunes, conjured up by that hackneyed word; or you would never think, there could be *no dishonor* in the term. 'As the son of a Bankrupt,' said Midshipman, now Lieutenant Marshall, 'I cannot but feel, that I have *lost caste* in the estimation of all right-thinking, high-minded men; and never Dr. Morton, will I ask the hand of your daughter, while the shadow of dishonor rests on the memory of my father. Neither will I seek, so to influence her affections, as may virtually condemn her to long, weary years of 'hope deferred,' and perhaps at last throw the blackness of the midnight pall, over the brightness of her early hopes. I *may* fail, but if ever I *can* offer her, the hand of an *equal*, and a name she need not blush to hear; she of all others is the wife of my choice.' 'God bless and prosper you young man,' said the excellent father, shaking him warmly by the hand, 'and grant I may yet live to call you, MY SON! But *this* is a question for Laura to decide.'"

"Oh I know what Laura said, mamma—I know what I would have said—*I will wait!* Well Lieutenant Marshall *is* a gentleman; and worth waiting for. I wonder if his brother is like him—is he married mamma?"

"Not that I know child, he resides somewhere at the South, I believe, but no Air Castles Frances; I want you back on terra firma. Is there no one nearer home, that you think worth 'waiting for,' at the risk, not only of being called, but of *being* an Old Maid; or

would you prefer what Mrs. Waterson calls, 'the brilliant sensation of being a Belle and getting married within three months from coming out?'"

"If it's so very delightful to be a belle, I don't think I should like to give it up quite so soon, unless you got tired of me, and wanted me out of the way," to which Mrs. Lenox replied by placing one hand in her daughter's, and laying the other caressingly over her shoulder, "and as to the 'waiting,' there's Henry, and George"—

"But, can't you think of some one, whom you think quite as agreeable as your brother, and cousin, and perhaps," added she, rather significantly, "a little more so?"

"Why, mamma, you know everybody said, last Commencement, that Henry Lenox and George De Witt"—

"Never mind what they said, that's nothing to the purpose."

"Oh there's Will Norton, and Gerald Davis, and Carlos Grey, and a great many others, who I dare say are fine fellows and charming company, for Miss Morton, and Catharine Lawson, and Leora Norton, (Charles Van Lear's 'bright particular,') and the other affiancées, always seem a great deal better entertained than we are; and I heard Caroline Waterson, tell Sophia Mansfield, loud enough for Mr. Russell and two or three others to hear, that '*all the best beaux* had gone abroad, and that if she couldn't persuade her father to travel a year or two, she had serious thoughts of returning to school, till they came back.'"

"What, when surrounded by what her mother calls

such '*matches*,' as the demi-millionnaire, Mr. Russell, 'the embryo statesman,' and Sinclair, 'the very rising young Lawyer?'"

"And 'Alphabet Grant,' with his fiery pate and cool hundred thousand—he'd never expect to be over looked, mamma!"

"And pray, who may he be?"

"Oh the Hon. Senator's son and heir, and no less a personage, than George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson Grant!"

"A very good match in the way of *names*, for one Frances Wilhelmine De Witt Lenox," returned mamma with a slight tone of reproof in her voice.

"Oh, but I have only your name, and my Aunt's; and besides, 'Four Presidents,' as Caroline calls him, goes about flourishing his sanguinary locks, and looking so perfectly irresistible; as if he expected to set all our hearts on a blaze in one general conflagration, that I don't doubt she said it, for fear he, or Augusta Henley's 'Parish Register,' might propose. And you know how obstinately bent her mother is on match-making—I do believe she is haunted with the ghost of an old maid every night, and don't see how Caroline came to have such a silly mother!"

"Because her father married Mrs. Waterson my dear—but you mean, you don't see how *she*, came to have such a daughter, as Caroline. And that's just as easily answered; for where all the talent, is on the male side of the house, it generally descends in the female line. But who is the 'Parish Register,' don't you know it is vulgar to be using so many nicknames?"

"Yes mamma, but that is what Lucy and Augusta,

who is just as bad, call your 'embryo statesman,' Mr. Russell, because he is always talking about people's *ages*, and making insinuations about *Passées* or *Old Maids*, as he calls ladies like Miss Juliet Winslow, and Antoinette Grey; who I am sure, are handsomer now than any of us, if they are, 'eight-and-twenty if they're a day,' as he says—but he got his pay once."

"How was that?"

"He had witnessed some accident to dear old Miss Warren, and not dreaming that she was Augusta Henley's Aunt, was trying to show off, by relating it in a way to make her appear ridiculous; so she let him run on till he had fully committed himself, and then told him who she was, why she had chosen to live single, and what a mother she had been to her younger sisters, and their motherless children; and finally wound up by saying, 'it wasn't remarkable *he* had no respect for ladies of her class, as *his* family, was probably so very *young*, that there was no *old* thing about it.'"

"Severe, but well merited—but how did she know where to give him such a home thrust?"

"She says her father took some little pains, when in Washington last winter, to ascertain the origin of this 'self-made man,' and couldn't find that he had any—the most definite information being, that he was 'from Charleston.'"

"From Charleston and Savannah, and as many other cities as you choose, Frances, but *of* neither, if we except Baltimore; your father has been more successful in his researches."

"Why, what did papa or Mr. Henley either, care for him?"

"Nothing, for him, personally, but as a rather important office holder, he was a legitimate subject of investigation; and it concerns every man, to know who, and what, the associates of his children are, especially if they are of recent standing, and tolerably specious in appearance."

"And what is he?"

"Quite a cosmopolite—a mere chevalier of the Order of Industry, that is a person of no particular profession who lives by his wits; and he, it seems, has enough to have secured him the good offices, of some dispenser of Executive Patronage, and the favorable notice of the Hon. Mr. Grant and his interesting son, under whose auspices he is now securely making his way into circles to which his birth and early life made him a stranger."

"Who was his father?"

"That is a question easier asked than answered. His *mother* kept a Boarding House in some secondary street of the Monumental City, much frequented by 'shabby genteel,' 'out at elbows,' sort of gentry, Horse Jockeys, and Blacklegs of the worst description; and together with many of her Boarders, was swept off by the cholera, about the time her 'Rising' son, came to man's estate. From the date of that event, he is supposed to be rather over thirty; but as there seems to have been some little negligence, in preserving the register of his mother's last marriage, and the date of his own birth, it isn't very surprising that he should consider himself, as perhaps he really does, only 'five or six and twenty.'"

"May I tell Lucy and Caroline mamma?"

"No, I am not court chronicle, or Biographer gen-

eral, to the whole community. Caroline's own intuition, will serve her, in lieu of more definite information; and Lucy has a father, and *mother* too, of her own. But what says Miss Waterson, to Lucy's 'Demi-Millionnaire?' "

"Only that he is one of those mushrooms, eternally springing up in commercial communities like this; and that if Mr. Russell hasn't any origin, he is that much better off than Ned Tyler, for *his*, is no credit to him."

"True, but I hope Mrs. Waterson's evident anxiety to get Caroline off, before her other daughters come out; will not make her sarcastic—it is unfortunate for a young lady to get the reputation, or the habit, of being satirical."

"But Ned Tyler is *such* a fool; and with his hands stuck in his pockets, and his little conceited, turned up nose and narrow forehead, goes strutting up and down, looking right and left as much as to say, don't flatter yourselves ladies, I'm entirely too knowing to be taken in by any of you, '*small fry*,' and at last, planting himself before some one of us—like a huge pair of compasses stuck in a block of deal—his head thrown back, and his thumbs hung in the armholes of his vest—Diogenes, himself, would have laughed outright, to see him taking up a position. And then the way he patronizes very young gentlemen, and 'so-so-people,' or 'poor young men,' as he affects to consider all who are not worth at least fifty thousand; and the air with which he looks round after dancing, as much as to say, 'if you want any better dancing than that, good people, just do it yourselves, will you'—oh it is most superbly ridiculous. But the beauty of it all is, he takes Jane

Van Lear, the great heiress, for a poor relation of Mrs. Walton, (who for aught he knows may have been a mere housemaid before her marriage,) and treats her with the most magnificent condescension. 'Rather interesting young lady, that niece of yours Mrs. Walton'—if she had only been her *daughter* now, I dare say she might have aspired to the honor of becoming Mrs. Ned Tyler. And he, the son of a Bankrupt—a *clever* bankrupt too. But do you suppose he would hesitate to ask any man for his daughter? Not he! He would ask Queen Victoria for hers, to-morrow, if he thought there was any chance of getting her."

"Frances, Frances, how your tongue does run; but all right so far—no danger in that quarter," thought Mrs. Lenox.

"And even Mr. Sinclair"—

"'And *even* Mr. Sinclair'—what of him?"

"Not much mamma, only I was thinking."

"Well, what were you thinking? It seems a hard matter to get that *arriere pensée*, to develop itself."

"Not so very; I was only thinking—do you suppose Lieutenant Marshall, treats all the ladies, to a sublime fit of the pouts, wherever he goes; because Laura Morton isn't present?"

Good again, thought the mother, I haven't lost my labor, if I have given you some criterion by which to estimate the feelings and conduct of a gentleman. "I rather think, love, that when a gentleman is truly attached to one lady, it will make him polite and deferential to others, instead of rude, sullen, or neglectful, almost to insolence; but oh ho, my young lady; I have caught you at last—you fancy Mr. Sinclair, in love with you, do you not?"

"I don't know mamma, everybody is continually telling me so, and saying what 'marked attention' he pays me; and I am sure he does devote himself most exclusively to me, wherever I go."

"And you find the attention very agreeable do you not?"

"Sometimes, and then again I think it in bad taste, for him to make me so conspicuous, and have everybody speculating on the result; and repeating, like so many parrots, 'Miss Lenox and Mr. Sinclair,' 'Mr. Sinclair and Miss Lenox,' as if they couldn't call one name, without the other. I believe I'll call him 'Miss-Lenox-Mr.-Sinclair,' myself, hereafter."

"No, no child—that would never do," said Mrs. Lenox laughing.

"But mamma, don't you think it's rather presuming, or—or—somewhat indelicate, for a man to be always parading his preferences on all occasions?"

Mamma did think so, but she replied, "You would not wish him to feel ashamed of them, would you? And he may not be aware how obvious, he is making them."

"How can he help knowing, when every one is quizzing me about him, and nodding and smiling so significantly; and old Mrs. Grant croaking to her sister, 'Well do but think of the *luck* of some people—now here's *my Susan*, has been out *a whole year*;' rolling up her green-gooseberry eyes all the while, as if the thing were perfectly unaccountable, and she, the ugliest girl in New York."

"Hush Frances hush! But perhaps Mr. Sinclair thinks the eclat is not disagreeable to you; or more

likely, he thinks nothing at all about it. Few men, feel the same delicacy on these subjects, that ladies have, or should have, or stop to consider our feelings, when intent upon the gratification of their own."

"Then I should think they loved themselves all, and me none; and that it was only pure selfishness after all."

Not very wide of the mark, thought Mrs. Lenox, but she went on, "Aside from these little *contretemps* however, you like him very well do you not?"

"He is very pleasant mamma, and so superior to the other *cavaliers en attendant*, and everybody says, he is 'so talented,' and 'such a rising young man,' and 'will soon be at the head of his Profession;' and then he is very good looking, and so entertaining, I did like his company very much, until it became quite a matter of course," (overshot your mark, my good sir,) "and the attention so marked, that I began to feel awkward, and suspect that it meant something more than the enjoyment of the passing hour; and besides I am getting tired of hearing him called 'so promising,' and all the talk about 'that brilliant affair of his;' as if there never had been a good speech before, since the days of Demosthenes. I wish I could get hold of it; I don't believe it's any such great world's wonder after all!"

"All right," thought the mother, "'heart whole,' and now be it mine to keep it so;" so with true feminine tact she proceeded, "One does get tired, of hearing Aristides, called, 'the just,' it is true, but that will not last forever; and don't you think on the whole, that when belleship gets a little stale, you would like him, as well as anybody, for a husband?"

"Why *mother*;" said Frances, her great hazel eyes filling with tears, as she crept almost into her arms; "how *strange* you talk! I thought you promised not to treat me, as Caroline Waterson's mother, does her!"

"Nor will I my child. All I want, is to promote your own happiness, in whatever way it can best be secured. You shall never marry at all, while I live, unless you choose. So tell me just what you think, without any reserve, like my own dear daughter. What is there wanting in Mr. Sinclair, that you would like in the man you do marry; for to that ultimatum you will, in all probability, come at last, though I hope not very soon."

"Oh, I am so glad of that, mamma, for you know I'm only just sixteen, and haven't been from school two months yet; and don't want to be shut right up again, without being a young lady, scarce any at all."

"I suppose not, but am half inclined to think you might as well have remained so, a little longer. To be sure, you had gone the usual round of studies, but it is just possible you might have gone into them a little deeper, and reviewed your French and Italian to advantage."

"Why *Monsieur* Beaumair, said they would be esteemed perfect, at Paris, or Naples."

"Yes, but we are not in either, if we were, his '*parfait*' might be found *parfait patois*."

"But why should he wish to deceive us?"

"He might not, but his language should be taken with much allowance, for the language of compliment, is to a Frenchman, so much the language of nature,

that I question, if his first intonation does not mean, 'Madame I thank you for having given me the *entrée* of such charming society.' But let that pass, you *are* out, and the question is now, how to fit you for the greatest possible amount of present and future happiness to yourself, and usefulness to others. Much of both, depend mainly on the choice of a lifetime companion, or the calm, *deliberate conviction*, that without such and such concomitants, matrimony might, for you, be better dispensed with altogether. So it will not be amiss, to settle in your own mind, what you can, and cannot dispense with, or some general principles, by which your future conduct is to be regulated. Years and experience, will of course bring modifications of taste, respecting styles of person, manner and character, but there are other things often, on which the misery or happiness of a lifetime depends—things perhaps, so perfectly intangible, or inexplicable in themselves, that no third party, however well disposed or judicious, could possibly conceive, or fully estimate their importance to you. And they have much to answer for, who exercise, 'the tyranny of strong affection,' to force misery on another, because it would make *their* happiness. Such a responsibility I can never assume, but suppose now, that for the better understanding of *yourself*, we take it for granted, that you are disposed to marry, and that Mr. Sinclair, is the subject under consideration. The analysis can do him no harm, as it is strictly confidential, and not likely to affect the result of his present intentions. Is there any thing save the trifling annoyances mentioned, to which you would seriously object?"

"Not much, that I know, mamma, except his being so ill-tempered yesterday, for so slight a cause."

"A small compound of pique and disappointment, with a large share of affectation, I presume. He knew you would be certain to hear, how much he took your absence to heart. Any thing more?"

"He isn't rich, but that doesn't signify, for he has a very respectable practice already, which is said to be 'rapidly increasing,' so if it *only lasts*, he will do very well; for papa could give me a house, or you let me live here, till Henry got old enough to marry."

"Certainly my dear, if necessary. If not decidedly so, I think it as decidedly expedient for young people to go to housekeeping at once, that is before they have more than themselves, and their housekeeping to look after; otherwise they might feel crushed, under its mole-hill mountains of unaccustomed care, but is that all?"

"I don't think of any thing else just now, why I might not like him as well as anybody else, or anybody else equally agreeable, as well as him, only," and here the young lady came to a dead pause.

"Another *only*—well what is behind it?"

"Not very much, only that I don't *know* any thing about his family and connections; but suppose they must be a great deal better than Mr. Russell's, or Ned Tyler's."

"Much—they reside in the interior, and are 'good as anybody,' in their immediate vicinity—that is, *local gentry*, without the claim, or (what is more remarkable) the pretext, of belonging to what may, by way of gradation, be termed, the Old Nobility of the State. Still they are the next best thing to it—plain, upright, sub-

stantial farmers—what Politicians call, '*Our HONEST YEOMANRY, the bone and sinews of the country*;' and that is better, beyond all comparison, than the gambling, swindling, blustering, peddling, *miserly* origin of one half our 'Rising' families; who on the strength of their real, or pretended wealth, are everywhere elbowing their betters, and insinuating themselves among the *élite* of the country. And I would infinitely prefer giving a daughter of mine to the scion of such a stock of stalwart stamina, than to son of any such purse-proud, parvenu aristocrats (Heaven save the mark) who are eternally perpetrating the most ridiculous antics, by way of establishing their claims to the *haut ton*."

"Yes mamma, but I don't see why I should marry into this new-fangled gentry, that haven't learned how to behave themselves, yet, or into the yeomanry either; and then have to insult, and quarrel with my husband, till he would cut his own relations, (for which I should, of course, despise him all the more,) or live in mortal fear that every stage, or market wagon, lumbering through the street, was about to deposit, at my door, a whole bevy of country cousins, and their relations, and their wives' relations, and their relations' relations' relations! And if I happened to have any particularly agreeable company, or engagements on hand, tremble all the while, like an aspen leaf, lest at every ring of the door bell, a whole regiment of big-footed, heavy-handed, stentorian mountaineers should make an unprovoked 'raid' into my drawing rooms."

"Stop Frances, stop! If you should happen to be overheard, and any of the Reporters, or Penny-a-liners,

get hold of that speech of yours, it would be a perfect godsend to them. You would be shown up in every Hebdominal, and Monthly in the land, and in every conceivable manner and form, as the very incarnation of cockney arrogance and inhospitality. And don't you know, child, what condign punishment, always awaits the offending fair? How her husband, if she is married, is sure to break and send her to live in dependence on these very relations; and how, if she is not, that some one of these undervalued cousins, is sure to carry off her special favorite, and another to marry her best beloved, and more liberal minded brother, while she has to drag out a long, weary, hopeless spinsterhood, superintending his nursery, and darning the family hose? Really child, I am quite shocked at your temerity."

"Yes, mamma, I dare say, and believe I have *read* of some such 'poetical justice,' but it isn't lifelike enough to be imposing, even while one is reading; whereas, Miss Leslie's POOR RELATIONS—but *that* isn't fiction, it's every day fact; she doesn't deserve a particle of credit for invention. She ought though, to write a sequel, making the cubs of tormentors, come in on the other side of the house, and the poor woman, as in duty bound, put on a most hypocritical face, and pretend to be perfectly delighted with her martyrdom, for fear of hurting her husband's feelings, by expressing her own. I suppose, mamma, these inkhorn champions of dowdies and greenhorns, must be all male scribblers?"

"You are right enough about the *protégés*, for country *Ladies* and *Gentlemen*, don't mistake the houses of

mere nominal acquaintance, or relations who never saw or heard of them, for hotels; any more than *true* city ones, expect their friends to entertain them, in the country, and themselves, in town; or consider a morning call, ride, drive, or invitation to tea, (when they chance to put up at a sufficiently fashionable hotel,) ample equivalent, for days and weeks of hospitality; but why do you think the 'champions,' all *men*?"

"Oh, because the ladies are always in fault, their husbands, fathers and brothers, all such 'clever fellows,' the country girls, invariably so much more pure-minded, warm-hearted, intellectual, better educated, quite as refined, and a great deal more beautiful than we citizens; and then, they are so *naïve* and interesting, while we are vain, idle, extravagant, affected, mercenary, and callous, as if 'the spirit of the paving stones had passed into our hearts'—do you think there is any truth to nature, in such representations? Are gentlemen really so absurd as to suppose a brick wall and a wooden one, make such a difference?"

"Doubtless it is broad caricature, but there may be some little foundation for the superstructure. A *new* face, always goes a great way with a man, and the rurals have the advantage of a *supposed* want of *savoir faire*, which whether real, or not, gives the gentleman such a comfortable sense of superiority, upon such a very small capital, as makes him very complacent towards those, whose inferential ignorance and helplessness, are a tacit admission of his own supremacy; but we have wandered from the subject."

"Well, there is one thing I don't understand, and that is, how such elegant, and accomplished gentlemen

as Mr. Rossie for instance, should have such a set of relations, as are the torment of his poor wife's life."

"Because you don't understand, dear, how these things are managed among farmers, country merchants, and mechanics of the first grade. It is only the pet, the genius, or the valetudinarian of the family, that is ordinarily selected to receive a liberal education, and its collateral advantages, at the expense of all the rest, the daughters especially. And this is why, 'the scholar,' becomes at once the pride, and envy of all, and what makes them so jealous of insult, and so hard to propitiate. 'Managed,' here at the North, I should have said—Southern fathers, in a spirit of more manliness, seem more inclined to help those, who are least able to help themselves."

"'Hard,' indeed, you may well say, for if all Mrs. Rossie's children had the small-pox, and none of them had ever had it, she would no more dare send one of his brothers, or sisters word, that she couldn't receive them, than to start off on a continental tour, without his permission."

"'A little too much red in the brush,' Frances, your *demi-teintes* make a softer picture; though her situation is, an exceedingly delicate one. Still, I am inclined to think, that if she did not yield quite so much, she would be more at ease, herself, and come quite as near giving satisfaction to others."

"Well I know I would rather be forty old maids rolled into one, than in her position. I comprehend now what old Mrs. Van Cortlandt meant, when she said, 'A woman, if she truly consults her own happiness, will never marry much out of her own sphere. If

she gets above it, she will feel grieved, or mortified, that her friends cannot share her advancement; if she falls below, she is wedded to a lifetime repentance. A man may elevate his wife to his own rank, a woman should never descend below her natural station.' I'll remember it all, as long as I live."

"These old-fashioned, somewhat anti-republican, and very unpopular '*prejudices*,' as they are called, are fast becoming obsolete, my dear, though I haven't so entirely outgrown mine, as to see no sound sense in such maxims; still I would have you remember, that it is the man that makes the rank, as in Mr. Rossie's case, not the rank that makes the man."

"I will, mamma, and I'll remember too, to keep out of any such labyrinth of vexation. It must be a very extraordinary man indeed, that will coax me into any such *mesalliance*; and I don't see either, why all these prodigies should be found in the *mediocre* grades, nor why it isn't just as reasonable, to look for talent and worth, among the sons of talented and honorable men, that don't think it necessary to help their children make jackanapes and fools of themselves, as elsewhere."

"Nor I either, my dear, but community seems in one universal scramble, reminding one of the scene in the Spectator, where everybody was laying down his own grievance, to take up that of his neighbor; and you know, that in most kinds of ferments, the *scum* is pretty apt to rise to the surface."

"Yes mamma, and do you know I have seen that old tale, published lately, as something new?"

"That is nothing—I have within the last twenty

years, seen scraps of fugitive poetry published half a dozen different times as 'original,' by as many different authors, and ne'er the true one; and hundreds of tales and anecdotes are continually revamped so as to efface the symmetry, without destroying the identity; but instead of complaining, we might with propriety say, 'The part you stole, I like the best, go on my friend and steal the rest.' "

"But is not that very mean?"

"I should hardly expect the perpetrator, to restore my purse, or pocket handkerchief, if he picked it up where no one saw him; but I was going to remark, that if a gentleman have inherited wealth or position, or acquired it by talent, or industry, it seems to be regarded as the legitimate prey of every needy adventurer, ephemeral aspirant, or idle, conceited fopling, who will condescend to 'take the estate with the live stock on it, as it stands.' A woman, being in their estimation, 'an animal made for plucking,' or at best only an *escalier* to promotion; and never enough to be spurned and contemned, when the height is won. But how men, with their idolatrous, slaveworship of gold, and knowing, how they look down on the female, in any rank, who lacks, or loses and has it to make, in any vocation whatever, *can* expect one who bestows it, to *look up* to her humble, or insolent pensioner of a husband, as the case may be, is more than I can divine; for God never yet made a woman, that could see her fortune squandered on tastes and pursuits not hers, some of them perhaps immoral in themselves, and in open, or secret violation of her well-known wishes, without *feeling*, if she did not say, ' *You have NO RIGHT, it is MINE,*

sir, and you, sir, are a faithful, or faithless steward, according as you husband it for, and enjoy it with, or alienate it from me.' And how a man, with man's love of domination, and consciousness that God and Nature intended him for the manly head, supporter and protector of his wife, can *aspire* to throw himself on her bounty, become her inferior and dependent, or flatter himself that he is, any the less her mere agent, supercargo, or beneficiary, because the Law makes him her high-handed robber, is more than I can pretend to explain. But marrying one of their own equals, those best fitted by congenial tastes and early habits, to second their efforts and rise *with them* to wealth and distinction, which *they* are quite as well fitted as themselves to grace, is about the very last thing young men of the present age seem to think of; and I shouldn't advise anybody at all liable to be called out, to make such a suggestion, it might be thought a deadly insult. In fact most of them seem to think it would be doing themselves and their own '*juste pretensiones*,' a crying injustice, not to match with rank, or at least wealth, at least three times superior to their own. And unfortunately the world has, as Lucy says, taken Miss in her cradle, and shown her the Old Maid persecution, so clearly in advance, that she knows she *must get married*, to escape it, at any cost; and is only too ready, poor thing, to put *toleration*, in the place of respect and affection; vainly hoping to find in one, who, as she is well aware, would never have taken her, had she too, been penniless like him, at least a skilful pilot and indulgent partner, if not a loving and genial companion for the voyage of life. Mistaken creature—as if the

proper order of nature could be reversed with impunity, and a spirit of the least manliness fail to chafe under the consciousness of owing so much, to a wife, till the fact that he did owe it, seemed rather a grievance to be resented, than a matter of gratitude;—or as if a spirit of the weaker and baser sort, would not struggle to escape such a consciousness, by quickly changing the deferential, obsequious suitor, into the thankless, tyrannical master, as if *she*, were the humble Griselda, raised from want to affluence, by his appreciative taste, and princely magnanimity. I would not invoke for you, or any one, the sublimity of a grand passion, in all its terrible depth, and strength—it is only the highly-gifted, and high-hearted, not they who fret out a peevish existence, nor even all of those who lie down and die of a broken heart when disappointed, that are capable of this; and *they* only know at what a cost, they ‘make them gods, to find them clay,’ or wake to the maddening beauty of that unwritten life-poetry, which breathes oftenest, if not always of the tragic muse. But life’s voyage is not all sunshine, even to the happiest, nor is marriage a mere living TABLEAU got up to embellish a festal scene; and oh, my child, it is a fearful thing, to stand up at God’s holy altar, and vow to love and honor, with no better security, that you are not making your right hand, ‘a right hand of falsehood,’ than the vague hope, that he you so solemnly take ‘for better for worse, till death do you part,’ will develop such characteristics, as you can love and honor, aye, and obey too, if need be, without loss of your own self-respect, or a gradual lowering of your whole moral character. Perhaps, with the undefined, but better-grounded suspicion,

that you are henceforth to walk through life with a fettered tread, and averted eye—together, yet apart—lest the more you learn of him, the more you shall learn to loathe and condemn.

“Christian Lawgivers, in Christian lands—or lands and lawgivers calling themselves Christian—are to be sure, doing what they can, to smooth the path to perjury, for the young and thoughtless, by treating the first Ordinance God gave to man, as a mere business compact, to be as lightly broken, as it is injudiciously contracted; but ‘*God is not mocked.*’ Marriage, is *His* Ordinance, whether solemnized by His ministers, or desecrated by those of the civil Law. And ‘desecrated,’ I feel that it is, whenever human Law presumes—without warrant of absolute necessity—to do more, than merely recognize and maintain its validity; for it is practically calling that ‘*common*,’ which he has declared *holy*. Strange, that rulers and people cannot see *how* they are pandering to their own degeneracy, when they venture to override, or set aside their Maker’s injunctions, or do aught to lower human reverence for any thing that should be sacred; for soon, or late, the outraged sanctity will avenge itself. And if an unbridled *License*, under the specious name of Liberty, will persist in having the pale of Matrimony to be rushed into, and out of, ‘as the horse rusheth into battle,’ what marvel, if wives, should become selfish and soulless, mothers heartless, children neglected, rapacious and insolent, husbands faithless, youth idle, profligate and mercenary, manhood, at once reckless and avaricious, old age, unhonored, and the whole community, not gaily and gracefully, but intensely, madly frivolous; all vainly

trying to escape the shadow of *Distrust*, that broods like the household Skeleton, over every hearthstone? And what, think you, can be her chance for happiness, who has no 'world within,' to which to turn, in undoubting trust and tried affection, when the world without seems all, one vast living lie—who must, herself, welcome any ally, that can help keep her own thoughts at bay, or lay, for the time, the haunting, nameless fear, that behind the light lattice of her husband's character, is no 'Broad stone of honor,' but 'such accursed familiars,' as must, if seen, make her high; pure, womanly instincts involuntarily exclaim, '*Oh my soul, come not thou into their secrets, unto their assembly, mine honor be not thou united!*'

"I have said that I would not desire for you, the tragic poetry of passion, which glorifies and desolates, as did the Lightning flash, the Lightning-stricken Oak of Jupiter, leaving it, *holy, majestic*, and oh, how sad; but all that is best and dearest, firmest and truest, in the gentler, domestic affections, or, (if you please) love, I would have you feel, for the man you wed. Feel, when you place your hand in his, that you can trust it implicitly to his guidance, that you take him, not for a holiday trip, or 'a year and a day,' but to walk with you through time, and into eternity—That you need not ignore, but may, and should, study his character, as you would have him do your own; not to take advantage of its weak points, but shield them, and bear patiently with such human imperfections as will remain. I mean, my dear, not a love, all sentiment and no reason, which exhausts itself in rhapsodies and extatics, and pales, flickers, and expires in life's dark places,

but a rational one, which gathers new strength, and burns, and shines on, brighter and clearer to the last, 'as shines a good deed in a naughty world.' Such an one, as will not only bless your own heart and home, but scatter blessings round, 'like sunshine in your path,' making the world all the better for your having lived in it, all the richer, for the unostentatious charity of your sunny brow, gentle tones, and loving deeds—all the happier, for the memory of your bright example, pure principles, and noble thoughts, left stirring up, and echoing back, through the hearts and lives of others—'happier,' most of all, less for the trifling good seen and done, than the far greater, incipient evil, you have foreseen, and kept undone."

"Just like you, and Papa do."

"Just as we, and *all* truly conscientious and intelligent people *try* to do, Frances; for next to that, which maketh 'rich in the perfect love of God,' I am inclined to think there is no Antidote to latent selfishness, and cold indifference to the rights and wants of others—no generator of genuine human sympathy, without the too common, and disgusting CANT, of '*saintliness*,' and mere almsgiving charity, at all equal to a calm, strong, well-placed, human love. But no man, or woman, can love worthily, what they do not respect fully; and *respect*, is a superstructure, for which there is no 'Ehrenbreitsen,* but perfect TRUTH. I do not mean that negative Truth, which is only not a spoken lie, though it is often an acted one, and thinks a violated trust, a faithless, or illusive promise, more or less base, in exact

* "Broad stone of honor."

proportion to another's ability, or inclination to exact redress. I do mean, that clear moral sense and high-toned manliness, that keeps man true to his Maker, true to his fellow-creatures, and true to himself—that 'in-born chivalry' that would scorn to respect manhood's strength more than woman's weakness—that *respects itself* too much, to tamper with its own integrity, and have one code of what is honest and honorable, for the weak, and another, for the strong. Such a *Truth*, as allows no man to lend the weight of his intellect, or social position, to keep a vile sensualist in countenance, and help a specious, selfish, unprincipled spendthrift—against whom he would feel *bound* to warn his hatter, his tailor, his merchant, or banker—to palm himself off, on a high-minded woman, and rob her of her peace of mind and piece of fortune; not that he expects to share her plunder, but for no better reason that I can perceive than mere *esprit du corps*, or because he *is* a man, and she a woman;—such a *TRUTH* I say, is not the Truth for me, it is not Truth, it is not honor, nor common honesty even. It *is*, most flagitious knavery, and mean, *dastardly* falsehood; but it is, I grieve to say, just such truth, as is everywhere developed by hundreds and thousands, who pass very current, as 'all, all honorable men,' though if weighed in the balance of impartial justice, they would be surely found *wanting*.

"I am not pointing these remarks specially at Mr. Sinclair, my dear, indeed I had quite forgotten him, during the latter,* and with the exception of one, or

* Possibly in remembering too well, the high legal functionary, who thus magnanimously abetted the matrimonial swindle of the late Mrs. Emma Willard.

two things, in which perhaps, I am hypercritical, though I think not, certainly think very favorably of him. All the more so, that he neither parades nor conceals what moral principles he has; but am sorry that they lack that delicacy, or nice *TRUTH* which should prevent his '*making love*'—that is the exact phrase—chiefly from motives of expediency—for my child, he no more loves you personally, or specially, than you do him."

"I am glad of it," said the young girl, not quite so "callous," as to think complacently of inflicting pain in return for affection; but the next idea was, "How can he *dare* to trifle with me, mamma?"

"Because he unconsciously, perhaps, trifles with himself; but I presume he has no wish to do so, and is really anxious to marry you."

"But I am no such great heiress—you don't think he wants me, only for money?"

"Not primarily, or exclusively, but your prospective inheritance, is wealth, to one of his early ideas and habits, and if you lacked it, I suspect that even Judge Lenox's daughter, would have found her admirer far less prompt and assiduous in his attentions. Still it would be unjust to suppose him wholly insensible to his great good fortune in finding such a convergence of agreeable attributes."

"Oh, I understand you now. You think if I were merely a rich 'pleb,' or 'nobody,' or 'a penniless lass wi' a long pedigree,' much less a pretty girl without either, I might cry my pretty eyes out, for all him! But you don't really think mamma, that a lady should never marry a man, who can't count dollar for dollar, with her, do you?"

"By no means, child, for such a principle would keep separate hundreds and thousands, who might otherwise be very useful and happy in the married relation. But rich old men, who marry pretty, penniless, young wives, are proverbially jealous, and if a husband insists on having the whole of his wife's fortune handed over to him, in fee simple, 'as the law directs,' she may know herself ever so beautiful, and worthy to be loved, but the craving thirst of her woman's nature, to feel herself beloved for her own sake, can never be gratified, for she *can* have, no assurance that she is, or ever was, beautiful, or lovely *to him*, save for her golden attractions. She should be spared the misery of this lifelong doubt, and if he really love her, for herself, and is worthy to be so loved in return, he will, upon reflection, cut himself loose from an unmanly custom, engendered by cupidity and unbridled love of rule, and born of might not right—a custom 'more honored in the breach than the observance,'—and think it no grievance, no slur upon his own ability, or integrity, if her friends remember, that '*Time and chance happeneth unto all,*' the wisest and best, as well as the basest and weakest, and desire to shield her—far as human foresight may—from that utter spoliation which might otherwise come, in the hour of reverse and human fluctuations. They know, that 'there is not one woman in a thousand,' as the old Scotch Judge once so coarsely but graphically said, 'but what may be *kissed*, or *kicked* out of her dower;' and how necessary it is, to shield her against her own weakness, no less than other's power. And he, *should be*, not only willing, but anxious, to see at least, a liberal share of her fortune, secured beyond the

possibility of her beggaring herself, and perhaps children, come what would. A husband can never be wholly crushed in heart, mind and means, unless under the agonizing consciousness, that he has involved his family too, in hopeless wretchedness—while they are safe, there is hope for him. It is all unmitigated 'moonshine,' this specious palaver, about creating '*separate interests.*' It does not create them, it only leaves one hand free to pour in the oil and wine, when human vicissitude, or thieves and robbers, have done their work. A man's best friend, in the hour of adversity, is his wife—if she is not, God help him! And they who think, that under such, and such conditions, it would be often otherwise, take too little account, of woman's instincts, and the primal declaration—'*her DESIRE, shall be to her husband.*' Her fortune, it is true, would not in that case, be set up as a bribe for his corruption—the gambler, the rumseller, the visionary schemer, the wily courtesan, the adroit swindler would be less eager to entrap him in their toils; well knowing it would not be to them, but the pale seamstress, the hard-handed laborer, the honest mechanic, that her purse-strings would relax, and thereby, morality would be so much the gainer. Law, cannot discriminate between creditors, but justice and humanity may, when the dollar, in the hands of the *unbound* wife, is 'a mere song' to one, and almost vital to the existence, of another. So at least thought Mrs. Marshall, and so think I. As to the '*demoralizing tendency,*' it would be apt to make Theorists and Solons, whose inner nerve of sensation lies too much in the purse, I fear, open their eyes, if not their intellects, and consciences, could they only go into the

secrets of domestic life, in its high places, and by places, and see the '*heaps of CHICANERY, which HONEST folks are obliged to stoop to*, for want of some such provision; for oh, it is soul sickening, the immense amount of tergiversation, and '*walking round about the truth*,' which people naturally honest and veracious, are absolutely compelled to practise, for want of some legal, as well as moral, right to '*hold their own*,' perhaps their own hard earnings, till they can make them most available, to the very husbands, and creditors, who seek to wrest them, prematurely from them, to the great injury of one party, and very trivial, if not questionable advantage of the other. I did not intend to read you such a Law Lecture Frances; but '*gold is the true Sibylline leaf, that increases in value as it diminishes in proportion*,' and human nature, is human nature, put it in what rank you will; so if taking away the use and control of her own means, be the best way to preserve a woman's morals, in the higher grades, I should like to see the plan work a little better in the low."

"So should I, mamma, but now you seem to look right into every thing so, and know everybody so well, do tell me, if you think Mr. Sinclair such a very, '*very Rising Young Lawyer*,' and that '*he will soon be at the head of his Profession*?'"

"It may be so Frances, but there is many a rising star that never culminates. And since my marriage with your father, I have heard the same prediction made respecting many a young man, who is no nearer the head of the Bar, now, than he was then. Mr. Sinclair is certainly a man of talent, and may be one of the fortunate, and distinguished few; but it requires

energy, and ability of the very highest order, and it strikes me, that if he felt '*the full plenitude of the god within*,' he would be less eager to fortify his position, by alliance. If he possessed the sterling ore of genius, why should he not, rely, more proudly, on his own ability to scale the dizzy height of eminence, without grasping at the outstretched hand of any Father?"

"And if he was high-minded as Charles Marshall, don't you think he would wait till he reached it; not be in such a hurry to propose, to such a mere child, when he must know, that the advantage of fortune and position is not on his side?"

"Until he had a pretty fair chance to reach it, Frances; but we have done with him now, only you must take care, that none of these reflections transpire, to the injury in the slightest degree, of the fortunes, or feelings, of a highly respectable, and, by comparison at least, very gentlemanly young man."

"But how am I to help, '*hurting his feelings*?' I can't pretend to misapprehend his meaning, much longer, and he will be certain to '*propose*.'"

"He will be very certain to do no such thing. I will see to that myself. But it is understood is it not that *your* husband, is to be one of those intellectual giants, (springing from no matter where,) who can set his foot at will, on the topmost round of Fortune's ladder; or, what is far more likely to be found, your *equal*, a gentleman by the grace of God, and the effect of honorable association; with such personal or physical endowments, as shall not exactly outrage, your own innate ideas of the Beautiful?"

"And of fair talent mamma, you left that out."

"No—I said your *equal*, and you would not consider a simpleton, your equal, would you, be the accident of birth and training what it might?"

"No mamma."

"That is settled then—and if neither of these should be found within the next four or five years, you will perhaps modify your demands."

"Not in the least—*all or nothing* for me."

"Very well then, at least for the present; and now my love, let us go to dinner."

CHAPTER II.

"A LETTER from Papa, look mamma look!" and the light-hearted speaker, half swam half danced across the room, and with true childish glee held the missal at arm's length above her mother's head. "And it's mine too, all mine, and that's all he sent you," suddenly changing her attitude, and imprinting a kiss on mamma's upturned cheek.

"And when does he think he shall be home?"

"Oh not this long time yet; but he says you must not wait for him; and if you don't wish to stay so long at the Springs, you can go to the Highlands, or Long Island, or anywhere you choose, so he can only run up and see you, before you go to Saratoga. Do go somewhere mamma; it's so warm here, and everybody is gone except Mr. Sinclair, and as soon as Term-Time is over"—

"You shall be out of the way my dear. How would you like to go over to your aunt De Witt's for a week or two, and return her daughter?"

"Oh that would be so charming, and then the beautiful garden and flowers and trees, and such delightful arbors and Lanes and gravel walks, and charming Rides and Drives and Sails and Picnics as we shall have, all by ourselves and uncle George, and Papa can come too and see us almost every day. May I write to aunt, that we will be there to-morrow, or the day after?"

"'Bide a wee,' I think there is another young lady of my acquaintance who bids fair to make a very respectable 'romp;' however I hope you may always retain as keen a relish for the beauties of nature; but you did not notice the last part of my question—how would you like to come back her daughter?"

"Her daughter! I don't understand."

"Sit down and sober yourself, and I will explain. You know we shall proceed immediately to Saratoga on our return, and that is a place, where young ladies frequently blaze out their bellehood so fast, that they fancy themselves suitable candidates for matrimony; when the fact is, they are only tired children. It is a sad place too for inexperienced girls who have hearts to lose; and if you wish to enjoy the pleasures peculiar to youth, before settling down into the sobered happiness of wedded life, you must keep not only your hand, but your '*fancy* free.' I do not want to see the first freshness of your feelings evaporated, or the joyous hilarity of girlhood prematurely destroyed. Nor would I willingly bring back my childlike, pure-minded daughter,

a silly flirt, or heartless coquette; intoxicated with homage, ostensibly paid to her personal charms. It is the commonly received, but I think erroneous opinion, that a mother should conceal from her daughter as long as possible, her pretensions to beauty. But if she have it, she will soon or late become apprised of the fact: and it is the assurance of a thing long esteemed desirable but doubtful, not one of which we have all along been thoroughly aware, that renders us unduly elate. As Bulwer says, 'it is only *your little men* who are forever on tip-toe.' You are beautiful my daughter—yes very beautiful! A mother's partiality may it is true, see attractions invisible to others; but it can hardly be more illusive than the *amour propre*; and my own face, from my childhood to the present hour, has at times appeared hateful to me."

"What you, mamma—did *you* ever think yourself ugly? And is that the reason you so often darken the rooms and cover the mirrors?"

"One of the reasons, but you interrupt me. I have said that you were beautiful, I now propose to show you, that the 'omnipotence of Beauty,' is greatly overrated, and give you a lesson that will temper your triumph, if in after years you should chance to meet some companion of your youth, who has been less successful than yourself in the great drama of existence. Fortunately for himself as well as his Parishioners, your uncle George is in very easy circumstances: but the phrase 'country clergyman,' does not necessarily imply that fact; nor would his influence be supposed half as potent as it is, by that class of aspirants, who it is to be feared, feel far more solicitous for advancement in this

world, than the next. I therefore propose, in case you have no objection, and your Father concurs, (of which there is little doubt,) to leave *Frances Lenox*, among the shrubbery of Elmwood, and take *Wilhelmine De Witt*, with me to the Springs. How would you like the metempsychosis?"

"Oh it would be so comical, to call Papa uncle Harry and you aunt Fanny, and see all their wry faces, and whether Ned Tyler thinks your niece as interesting as Mrs. Walton's; and—but won't they all know me, mamma?"

"I think not, you remember those beautiful mourning goods, that you tried to persuade me would be so very suitable for your aunt—well a few of those, and some jet ornaments with your white dresses, will transform you into Miss De Witt with very little trouble, especially after—but I almost regret *this* sacrifice," laying her hand on her daughter's head, "but these long silken locks must be shorn somewhat of their glory, Frances?"

"They will soon grow out again mamma, and they are so long and heavy, I shall be glad to have some of them out of the way, and then I can have such pretty curls in my neck, and not be annoyed with combs and hair pins. Caroline and Jane will both be gone, nobody there will know me but Lucy, and"—

"She and they must be taken into confidence, and will help to support the *incog* admirably. There now, go tell John I want the carriage, and when I am done writing, be ready to go out with me."

Asking her husband's consent, was as she well knew, a mere matter of form; for never had wife the

happiness of enjoying the more implicit confidence of a husband. A few hours brought the laconic reply, "My dear wife—I am delighted with your decision, and wish you to make whatever arrangements you think proper, respecting Frances. Your affectionate husband Henry Lenox."

The next morning saw Mother and Daughter on their way to New Jersey; and about three weeks later Mr. Walton and Family vacated their apartments at the Springs, and Mrs. Lenox, escorted by a Baltimore friend of her husband's, took possession.

She was accompanied by a young lady of light, graceful form, arrayed in just such a judicious intermixture of sables, as the initiated understand to indicate the demise of a cousin; and whatever might be said against this semblance of mourning, on point of principle, not the most ultra reformer, could have objected to it, as a matter of taste. Selected with admirable tact, nothing could have been better chosen, to bring out in full relief the transparent fairness of the wearer's complexion, without giving the darker hue, sufficient preponderance, to excite gloomy, or painful sensations. If in her usual costume, Mrs. Lenox had said, and truly, that her daughter was beautiful, she was now more, she was exquisite. A full dark eye, shaded with the longest silken lashes, and surmounted by a forehead faultless in proportion—that most difficult of features, the nose, *perfect* though neither aquiline nor Grecian, the cheek brightened, not with a staring vulgar red, but that delicate tint, (denoting acute sensibility) which deepens and pales with every passing emotion, and which a breath would almost seem to annihilate; a

mouth small and well cut, and the prettiest pearly teeth occasionally glancing out from their bed of roses—hands and ears, that a Turk might envy, with feet made to match, and to crown the whole, a profusion of the deepest and glossiest chestnut ringlets, falling over a neck and shoulders of the purest alabaster,—if there is any weird spell in beauty, well might that fair girl have deemed the talisman her own. And when the metamorphosis was at first complete, and her mother led her up to a huge mirror on the eve of leaving Elmwood, she was constrained to admit, that if *Wilhelmine De Witt*, met a less flattering reception in Society, than had hitherto been accorded to Frances Lenox, it could not be from any diminution of personal charms. She had never been suffered to stale her face on the public walks, like too many of our young ladies; and if Dr. Morton and Family were too perfectly *au fait* to the De Witt connection, not to know that Mrs. Lenox's sister had no daughter, except a mere child, they were by far too well bred to proclaim the fact, and Lucy was in ecstasies, with the idea of mystifying the Beaux.

A few Families like the Waltons, who had not thought it necessary to remain merely to prove that they could do so if they chose, had left, but there was still about the usual amount of Office-Hunting Papas, manœuvring mammas, and managing daughters, frisky young widows, and sickly old maids (*whimsical* is the word we believe, for such cases made and provided,) Eligibles, Ineligibles, and Detrimentials; or as the young Ladies classed them, in an inverse order, Desirables, Non-desirables, and Detestables. There were sal-low old Bachelors with brown wigs in their dotage, and

rubicund young widowers, with or without large families in their "minority"—for the law calls "majority" "*years of discretion*," and don't the law know? Then there were those pests of Mammas and encumbered Papas, the "*Unmarriageables*," (Lucy's "mere boys"), who are eternally beguiling thoughtless young girls into the folly of squandering in pleasure, the time that should be devoted to business; but whom it would be dangerous to cast off, so long as there were uncles, cousins, elder brothers, and younger daughters to be taken into consideration. Over and above all these, there was the *Foreign Corps*, with fierce mustachios, and very martial whiskers, jabbering bad French, and worse English—that ingenious class of citizens (*from everywhere, but of nowhere*;) who do the French Counts, German Barons, Southern Planters, Polish Refugees, English Officers, Mexican Nobles, and so on *ad infinitum*. But whoever expects us to worry readers, and what is more, ourselves, by chronicling the aggregate mass of their sayings and doings, reckons without his host—we shall do no such thing, further than comports with our own good will and pleasure. A Watering Place is the legitimate Paradise of Parvenues; it would be a hard case if they could not be allowed to "strut their little hour," without being "written down" for the laughing-stock of the whole community.

CHAPTER III.

"*Con-found* her, I say!"—we shall leave the reader to identify the speaker as best he may)—"*Con-found* her! Would you believe it, Sinclair, that cursed, old aristocrat of the aristocrats, Mrs. Lenox, has *left her daughter*, and brought some country Parson's Rustic—'poor as a church-mouse' I'll warrant—here, to make her fortune. Won't be taken in, by her milk-and-water, countryfied face—demmed if I do!"

Mr. Sinclair was petrified—*no*; *he could not* believe it, and straightway betook himself to the presence of Mrs. Lenox, to see if it *was* possible, she had had the audacity, to do the deed.

"Ah good evening Mr. Sinclair, a familiar face looks very pleasant among strangers."

Mr. Sinclair bowed in acknowledgment. "But is it possible, madam, that you have left Miss Lenox behind?"

"Oh Frances was so perfectly delighted with the Country, and my sister secludes herself and daughter, so much from the gay world; I thought it would be agreeable for Frances, and Wilhelmine both, to make the exchange."

"But you don't consider madam, that we are all dying for love of her," put in another speaker, who had presented himself in time to hear her reply.

"Indeed, Mr. Russell, I was not aware that your

cases were so very desperate. If you think them past remedy, you ought to call a confessor immediately."

"'Taking the benefit of clergy' is what we should be very glad to do, madam; but you have put it out of our power."

"How could you be so cruel Mrs. Lenox?"

"It is doubtless a very shocking affair, Mr. Russell; but I hope, gentlemen, that you will both survive it; and really Sir, I think you are unnecessarily alarmed—I don't see but you look in pretty good condition." Mr. Russell felt that his silly speech, had subjected him to more than an equal share of Mrs. Lenox's ridicule, and was silent; so she proceeded, "By way of indemnity, permit me gentlemen, to offer what I consider a very fair equivalent. Wilhelmine!" The young lady who was conversing with some one at the opposite end of the sofa turned round. "Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Russell, Miss De Witt—don't you think there is a marked likeness, between her and my daughter?"

"Some general family resemblance, perhaps," returned Mr. Russell, who felt it incumbent on him to say something; "but rather to yourself than Miss Lenox, if I might be allowed to judge; but"—turning to the fair debutante, "you ought to consider yourself very highly complimented, Miss,"—"Miss De Witt, Sir!" "Miss De Witt," repeated the rebuked impertinent, "very highly complimented, indeed! Your cousin, is considered the prettiest girl in New York."

"And indeed *I* think the resemblance *striking*," hastily added Sinclair, by way of salvo for his companion's rudeness; his clearer perception and more manly feeling, showing him at once, the unkindness and im-

policy, of so palpably telling one pretty girl, and she, Mrs. Lenox's niece, that she was far inferior to another, in point of beauty. "But really, madam, it was very ungenerous in you, to deprive us of our anticipated triumph, when we have been boasting so much, to these Southrons, about our *New York Beauty*."

"Nonsense, Mr. Sinclair—my daughter is no more the beauty of New York, than your friend here is President." Here the latter was about to enter a disclaimer, but she went on. "There is many a gem of purer water and finer lustre, than that on your finger Mr. Russell; in the mud from which it was extracted; but it is only when properly set, that we have, an opportunity of admiring the brilliancy."

"If not 'the Beauty,' you will at least admit her to be, 'the Belle of New York?'"

"My daughter objects to the title, Mr. Sinclair, and I, as her mother, enter a special protest, against its application to such a mere child as Frances. But I see I have done wisely in keeping her out of the blaze of your admiration young gentlemen, if I would not have her a perfect *blasé* in less time than I care to mention."

"Come Miss De Witt," said our old friend Lucy, joining the group with a face of imperturbable composure; "come, I am sure you must be tired, hearing these beaux" (mischievously slurring the word to leave it doubtful whether she had not said *bores*) "making love to your Aunt, for your cousin Frances."

"Thank you Lucy, and be so good as to point out to Wilhelmine, the limits which circumscribe our boundaries."

"With pleasure, Mrs. Lenox," and the young ladies

turned to retire. When about half across the room, Mr. Russell—who happened to be standing, and to recollect the admonition he had already received, not to treat the new-comer with impertinence—advanced slowly to her side; and without speaking a word, accompanied her to the outside of the door, and then bowed himself out of the way.

“No Mr. Clayton—no Mr. Tyler,” said Lucy as two gentlemen stepped forward to offer their attendance; “I have taken Miss De Witt under my special protection, and am going to give her a *chart du pays*, with the different bearings of all the landmarks and shoals on this part of the coast, and instruct her by my failure, on all the weak sides and vulnerable points of the ‘*small craft*’ in the harbor. I hope to see at least a dozen of you, strike your colors, and sail in her wake to the plains of Abraham. Montmorenci is a nice place, I dare say, and but little out of the way either; and in default of a better, will do very well in place of ‘Leucadia’s classic steep.’ *Au revoir.*”

As Mr. Tyler had condescended to offer the ‘Rustic’ his escort, it may be presumed, that he had somewhat unbent from the tone of lofty indignation, with which he rushed from her presence, when betrayed into bestowing on a stranger, the simper got up for one, who ought to be, if she was not, more than half in love with him already. But let no one infer from that, aught unfavorable touching the gentleman’s consistency. The movement was prompted by no lingering weakness for beauty; but on sober second thought, it had occurred to him, that the ‘season’ would not last always, and that Miss Lenox was out of other people’s way, as well

as his own; and moreover that her mother had a house in New York, the entrée of which had hitherto been as inaccessible to him, as the gates of Elysium. “Attention to her penniless niece,” thought he, “will be the ‘*open sesame*’ to her house and good will, and then who knows? At all events making a little love to *her* can do no harm,” (strange he should have overlooked the possibility of breaking the young lady’s heart,) “and will speak well for the disinterested nature of my ultimate proposals to her daughter. And besides, as Gus Clayton says, ‘who knows she *is* penniless, if her father is a country Parson? she is in mourning; and it may be for some rich old grandfather, or bachelor uncle. And that’s very true; people don’t go in mourning for nothing, these days: there’s no use in it,” soliloquised the demi-millionnaire, so he thought better of it, and concluded to be civil. By the way, we may as well fall in with the general custom, and drop his prefix. Every stage from New York, had increased his Thousands, till he burst at last upon Saratoga in the full splendor of a millionaire; nor was the exaggeration so extravagant as usual. Both Miss Van Lear and Frances, had virtually called him *a fool*; but he certainly did not want financial talent. Monopolizing, to the exclusion of other, as rightful heirs, the entire wealth, of which his father’s nefarious practices, had defrauded his creditors, he had more than doubled it, in the five years during which it had been in his own possession. The love of money, had now become his ruling passion, and at an age when most men in his circumstances, would have made *personal charm*, the first *sine qua non* in a wife, *Beauty*, with him was at

discount, *rank* was desirable, but *gold* was indispensable. Beauty, thought he, is a mere matter of taste, and at best but very evanescent—'*rank*,' what is it? Gold makes rank—without gold, who acknowledges its existence? No wonder he bowed to its omnipotence!

"Very charming young lady, that niece of yours, Mrs. Lenox! Almost fallen in love with her—so like your fascinating daughter. Didn't think so at first—so disappointed, in not meeting Miss Lenox, couldn't appreciate her at once; like her better now—think her a beauty too, if I hadn't seen her cousin—Pray madam, may I ask what her family is?"

"She is my Father's granddaughter, sir."

"Of course that settles the question as to 'Family,'" returned our millionaire, as much in the dark as ever; for though he had often heard it called "of the best," he knew no more than the Khan of Tartary, who her family were. But not to know, or seem to know, "would argue himself unknown," so he shifted his ground. "Wouldn't have presumed to ask so superfluous a question, respecting a niece of *yours* Mrs. Lenox—meant to inquire what her Father was?"

"My sister married her second cousin, a clergyman of the church of England."

"Ah I recollect—large family I presume. Proverb to that effect, I believe."

"Not far from the average number, either way," rejoined Mrs. Lenox, who knowing her ability to silence his impertinence whenever she chose, amused herself

by answering his questions, without giving him any information.

"Excuse me madam, we young fellows are apt to be rather curious about the families of pretty girls"—the "pretty girls," grated rather harshly on Mrs. Lenox's feelings, but she suffered him to go on. "Take considerable interest in Miss De Witt; *if I hadn't met her cousin first*, don't know"—and here *M. Le Millionnaire* sunk into a profound reverie, leaving Mrs. Lenox to fill up the sentence by the aid of her own imagination. At length he roused himself sufficiently to remark, "Appears to be in mourning, rather foolish custom that, don't you think so madam? Heavy tax—very well worth while though, to put it on, *sometimes*—No near relation, I hope."

"Of course not, or I should wear it too."

"Ah, on her Father's side, some old uncle, or cousin I suppose."

"My brother-in-law put his family in mourning for a favorite cousin I believe."

"Settled something handsome on him, I dare say."

"Can't say sir. *I* never inquired." The Inquisitor felt himself rebuked, but he was gifted with a happy obtuseness to all sorts of rebuffs, and had wormed himself *so near* the query uppermost in his mind, that he could not think of stopping, just short of the goal. So he resumed, "Oh no doubt he did, madam, must have been something worth having, that induced Miss De Witt to go into mourning, and *she* just coming out;—has fine expectations I dare say."

"Very possibly—youth is the season of bright hopes, and brilliant expectations."

"*Brilliant* you say madam—Do very well to keep it quiet, wouldn't advise you to let it be known; so many harpies, spendthrifts, landsharks, (the 'landsharks' was for the special benefit of his very good friend Sinclair,) and needy sharpers of every description, always ready to pounce upon an heiress. Miss De Witt quite pretty enough without any fortune—Fifty, or a Hundred Thousand though I dare say?"

"Can't say exactly sir, as to the number of Thousands, but shouldn't be much surprised," speaking very slowly, "*if* her expectations amounted, to the extent of—" Mr. Tyler opened his ears, "finding a good husband some day among her *equals*."

"Hanged, if I don't think she meant to insinuate, that *I* wasn't one of the number," muttered the baffled worthy, as he turned away from Mrs. Lenox's unmistakable nod of dismissal. "Close as an iron chest, can get nothing out of her; and won't commit myself upon uncertainties—believe I'm right though," and accordingly he was ten times more assiduous than ever.

"Oh I do miss Lucy so much mamma, I wish Dr. Morton had staid till Papa came."

"Do you not find the Miss Westons and others, very agreeable young ladies?"

"The oldest one is, the other is so coarse and domineering, I don't like her. But do tell me mamma, what *am* I to do with Mr. Tyler? He is such a great man here, and now that there is so little competition, he is almost as gracious, and a great deal more pestiferous than he was in New York."

"Do just as you did there, my dear. Avoid him as much as possible without seeming to do so, dance and ride with him when it can't be helped without the grossest insult; but *remember*, whenever he proposes a *tete-a-tete* ride, or promenade, that it is quite probable, in fact certain, that I have some other engagement for you at the time, of which you are not then aware."

But it is quite time we were looking after some of our other proteges.

"I say Sinclair, horrid bore isn't it, *smuggling her daughter*, and then with that imperial air of hers, *forcing us to be civil*, to the little simpleton whose 'bread and butter,' countryfied face she has brought into market, *on pain of her displeasure*, and the consequent loss of her husband's suffrage—not that I care so very much for that, for it's nearly time for another grand *bouleversement*, any how; but such an unparalleled outrage on the rights of the sovereign people, (of course this was our friend the Politician,) ought not to go unpunished—run away, with her daughter, myself, out of pure spite, if I could only find out, where she was burrowed. Got any farther, than 'Elmwood,' heigh?"

"No, only that Elmwood, means the Parsonage, or Country-seat, or something of the sort; instead of the village where it is located."

"Infernal shame, I say, won't stand it any longer—go over to the other Party, cursed if I don't." And in pursuance of this laudable intention, the Government officer evacuated the premises, shortly after; but Mr. Sinclair resolved to hold one more effort, near mamma, before giving up the chase.

"It is understood madam, that the Supreme Court

adjourns in a week, or Ten days at farthest; may we not expect Miss Lenox on, with her Father?"

"No, Mr. Sinclair, my daughter is very young to be out at all, and this is a sad place for spoiling inexperienced girls. It has long been my intention, to take Frances abroad for a year or two, and wish her, of course, to derive both pleasure and profit from her travels, which, you know, she would not, if dreaming all the while, over some silly love affair. This, is the very place for entanglements of that sort; not to mention the possibility, of some romantic youth's persuading her to set out with him, in quest of one of those charming cottages, or delightful city residences, (so common in Utopia, and so unique, in the topography of everyday life) which exclude all the *desagremens* of poverty, and retain all the luxuries of wealth, without any of its cares. Such, I mean, as Poets, Novelists, and our fashionable Tale writers, in particular, are so obliging as to build, for the accommodation of high-spirited young ladies, who flout their mammas, quiz their governesses, and execute somersets out of chamber windows; and independent young gentlemen, who 'cut' their Papas, marry Actresses, run away with French Milliners, pretty Haymakers, and Travelling Singers. We, who don't live in Arcadia, should consider our fortunes made, if we could only engage one of those self-same Architects, to superintend the erection of a villa, or the construction of a Summer House, when we had any thing of the sort on hand."

"And does Judge Lenox connive at this treason of yours, 'against the public weal, and the peace and quiet of the good citizens' of New York, in particular?"

"Accomplice in full—'art and part' as you Lawyers say."

"I give you fair notice madam, that I shall do all in my power, to prevent such a dangerous innovation."

"'Forewarned, forearmed,' Mr. Sinclair."

"But seriously, Mrs. Lenox, you do not contemplate the possibility of keeping your daughter single, for Three or Four years?"

"Very seriously, Mr. Sinclair I do. And don't apprehend, that either she, or myself, would be very uneasy, if it should chance to be Six or Seven, even. At all events, Nineteen, is plenty young enough, for any lady to marry. Physiologists complain, that the human race is depreciating; Travellers, uniformly, agree that it is peculiarly true of this country—that females are old, here, before those in Europe, reach their prime. And foreigners, are perpetually remarking, that we have 'no such thing as society'—'only *Marriage Bazaars*,' in which mothers take 'the wall,' and thrust forward daughters, who ought, themselves, to be in the nursery: that few, even in our best circles, enjoy that social position, which is accorded to ladies of their class, elsewhere. And the reason is obvious, they are incompetent to fill it—under our high-pressure system, it is impossible it should be otherwise—and what better can we expect, when we suffer our daughters to become wives and mothers, while they are almost as much children, as the infants in their arms? The great tendency of the age, of the American age at least, is not only to deteriorate, but vulgarize, and, (if I may coin another verb) to frivolize. There should be a counteracting tendency, somewhere; and I am resolved that my

daughter, shall have the chance to look on life, in its different phases, before she plunges headlong, into the turbid stream of existence."

"Useless prosecuting my suit, any further in that direction," thought the Rising young counsellor; "fortunate I discovered it, though, time enough to prevent an exposé—girls all so absurdly fastidious, about being what they call 'a secondary choice.' Glad, now, she didn't come, made so much against my prospects elsewhere;" and thereupon, the ardent suitor, with a faint sigh over the dissolution of his brightest air-blown bubble, retired, to put himself in the train of the younger Miss Grey, and in a few days returned with her to New York.

CHAPTER IV.

"*Irreclaimable rustic*," exclaimed a light-Tobacco-colored Adonis of sixty, rushing into the open air with a velocity, that had well nigh overturned a respectable dowager, who was taking her evening promenade, in company with Mrs. Lenox. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but," turning to her companion, "Very extraordinary behavior, very indeed madam;" yet he never stopped to explain what it was, or who had been guilty of it—save by addressing the remark to Mrs. Lenox, in a manner implying that she, was someway interested, or implicated—but passed on grumbling to himself, something about shutting her up in a dark room, and sending her to bed without her supper. "The insolent baggage,

to tell me, that I was older and uglier than Judge Lenox, or her Father!"

"Wilhelmine, child, what have you been doing to old Mr. Cinnamon, to put him in such a frightful passion?"

"Oh nothing aunt, only he seems so anxious to get himself off his hands, and talks to me so much about helping him, to put an end to his 'single blessedness,' that I thought I would be charitable, and do the best I could for him. So I told him, that although I knew he admired *you* very much, and my mother was very much like you, I wouldn't advise him to *wait* for either; because uncle Harry looked so young and handsome, and seemed likely to live so much longer, that I didn't *much think*, he'd ever get a chance to 'stand in *his* shoes,' or my Father's either; but that old Mrs. Morrison, would, I hadn't a doubt, make him an excellent wife, and it would be *so suitable*, I would do all in my power, to persuade her to have him. And then, don't you think, instead of making me a polite bow, and thanking me for my kindness, he just *stormed* out of the room like something mad? That's all the thanks people ever get, for good advice."

"And so I am to thank you for being run over," said the old lady, laughing, "well I forgive you this time, darling; but mind you don't make a bugbear of me again."

"No child," said the mother, "if Mrs. Morrison wasn't so *well aware*, that you alluded to nothing but age, your 'suitable' wouldn't appear very complimentary."

"Oh you mustn't scold her," said the good lady, "I

understand her perfectly." "*First Faults*," say some casuists, "should be dealt with, very leniently," while others maintain exactly the reverse. We are sorry to say, that the subsequent conduct, of the culprit so lightly reprieved, went to prove the more rigid disciplinarians, in the right, but we must not anticipate.

"Can you favor me with a half hour's conversation, Mrs. Lenox?" said a rather good-looking, well-preserved gentleman of Five and Forty, or perhaps Fifty; I want your *honest* advice."

"My *time* is entirely at your service, Mr. Hawthorne; but the giving of advice, is, as Wilhelmine remarked the other day, rather a thankless affair—it is so difficult, acquitting one's self satisfactorily, at the same time, to the feelings of the advised, and the conscience of the adviser."

"I shall insist, that you spare your own conscience, at whatever expense to my feelings may be necessary. If you had the moral nerve to speak, and I to endure, nothing but *concurrence* it would be idle to ask counsel, on so delicate and important a subject as matrimony."

"I would most certainly recommend it, Sir, provided you can make a satisfactory choice. Indeed I am surprised a man of your companionable tastes and genial temperament, should have deferred it so long."

"Oh I can choose to suit *myself*, admirably; but the fact is, I have, as you say, deferred this matter 'so long,' (though not out of malice prepense,) that I feel a good deal of awkwardness, in approaching it now;

and not a little misgiving, respecting the issue. But 'murder will out' and the truth is, I think your niece, the most bewitching little creature, eyes ever looked upon."

"What—Wilhelmine?"

"Yes madam, Miss De Witt," returned the gentleman, who either could not, or would not, see the interlocutor's astonishment; for astonished she undoubtedly was, notwithstanding the recent failure of the Cinnamon speculation. "Do you think it at all probable, I could win her own, and her Parents' consent?"

"Utterly impossible, Mr. Hawthorne. No matter how highly they might esteem yourself, neither party would ever consent to such a sacrifice."

"*'Sacrifice!'*"

"Beg pardon, sir, the use of the term was entirely involuntary." And so much the worse, thought Mr. Hawthorne, because more indicative of feeling, but he proceeded, "You don't consider madam, that I would do *so much*, so very *much* more than common, to promote *her* happiness, in whatever way it could best be secured, whether—"

"I understand you, Mr. Hawthorne, but her parents are, fortunately, under no necessity of making merchandise of one child, for the benefit of another; and the very fact of your having recourse to such arguments, should evince the fallacy of your expectations. You would never have pressed that kind of rhetoric, into service, Fifteen or Twenty years ago. If I mistake not," added she, apologetically, "you were a classmate of my husband's, and we, who haven't receded quite so far from youth, as to forget that we once were young,

should recollect, that 'The heart of youth ever turns to youth,' and not look for happiness, in the violation of so obvious an instinct of nature."

"But she loves her Father, and uncle, and yourself, devotedly, and she is so warmhearted and affectionate, in disposition, why might she not love me too?"

"No doubt she would, as a daughter, or niece, but I understood you to be talking of *a wife*, and can conceive of no more exquisite misery, than for one, truly generous, highly sensitive mind, to be united to another, of the same stamp, only to find when *too late*, that there is an impassable barrier, which will forever forbid, their warmest and dearest sympathies to meet and blend in unison."

"And so you condemn me to linger on, in hopeless celibacy," resumed the ancient lover, after some Ten or Fifteen minutes, of what seemed profound reflection, not unmixed with bitterness.

"By no means, Mr. Hawthorne—where are all the laughing, little girls, that used to romp with the 'big man,' before he got too grave and dignified, for such childish sports?"

"All dead or married I believe, but Clara Malden, (and she was prettiest of them all too,) but you surely wouldn't ask me, to marry such an old maid, as that!"

"Not unless you were justly accountable for her being an old maid, in which case I presume she wouldn't have you; but how comes it, that the '*little girl*' has got so much ahead of the '*big man*,' as to be so *old* while he is—a mate for sixteen?" This was "the unkindest cut of all," and the bachelor fairly winced under the infliction; but he bore up like a hero.

"You will not deny, Mrs. Lenox, that a woman fades much faster than a man?"

"No, Mr. Hawthorne, but not so very much faster, (other things being equal,) that—in short, I have never learned that my husband's case, elicited any marked expressions of sympathy; and yet I lack rather more than a Twelvemonth of being Ten years his junior."

"But with such a face as yours, Mrs. Lenox—"

"Oh we'll admit that, to be perfect, but had my brother-in-law introduced us, simply as the elder, and younger, Miss De Witt, you would never have taken the trouble to discover whether I were such a Venus or not. Marriage is to woman, the 'broad mantle of charity,' that covers many a moral, and physical defect, that celibacy would render glaringly conspicuous. A man may see a lady, one day, and think her a very pretty woman; but let him learn, on the next, that she is 'only an old maid,' and he will not be able to see that she ever had any pretensions to beauty, or attractions of any kind."

"There is something in that, I admit, for I have witnessed one or two instances of the kind, very recently; and even Dr. Caustic, finds something 'quite interesting,' in the face of his '*cadavera*,' and '*Death's head*,' since it turns out to be all a mistake, about her being *Miss Methuselah*; but somehow Single Ladies, always do seem to look older, than married ones of the same age."

"That is true, to a certain extent, but is chiefly owing to what is commonly called primness; that is, an indefinable something in the air and costume, arising from an apprehension of encroaching unwarrantably,

on the style and manner of matrons, or young girls; but let one of these same Primmies marry, and in six or eight months, she will look much younger than a junior, who has been a wife Ten or Twelve years, provided she makes any thing like an eligible connexion. However I don't insist that you shall take a Spinster, Mr. Hawthorne; for not to mention your numerous acquaintance, at home and abroad, here is an extensive assortment of widows, from Five and Twenty to Forty, but all *young*; so take your choice. I can be very liberal you see, with what is not mine to give."

"Yes, but if I am not to have one more than Ten years younger than myself—"

"Oh I will be very generous, and say Twenty—no that will not do either," (recollecting that he might not like to admit his half-a-century,) "you may take one as low as Thirty, but no lower."

"Thank you Mrs. Lenox, that is rather better than I expected, after the lecture you have been reading me this morning."

"Oh I generally relax a little, when people submit themselves to reason; and as an old and valued friend of my husband's, should like to see you, better matched, that is matched, with a more rational prospect for domestic felicity, than you could possibly be, if united to any child, who calls people of your age, and mine, '*old*,' Twenty times a day, without meaning any impertinence, or being at all conscious of the fact."

"I have half a mind to yield myself wholly to your discretion."

"Reserving of course the lady's privilege of refus-

ing. Very well then, what do you say to Mrs. Abbot—but she is too ugly—Mrs. Simson—will she do?"

"Talks too loud, considering she has such a coarse voice."

"Mrs. Tennyson?"

"Has too many children, and nearly grown too. Her next neighbor has a low sweet voice, and is much better looking."

"Mrs. Wiley?"

"A perfect fidget—but why do you pass the other?"

"Rather under the mark I expect—Mrs. Manly—good fortune, and only Three children."

"Wouldn't care for the fortune if it wasn't for so many children, on the wrong side the house too. Mrs. Tennyson's neighbor has but one, and it's a very pretty, well-behaved child too."

"Never mind her—Mrs. Monkton?"

"Is such an everlasting giggler, and shouldn't wonder if she was a bit of a gossip; but the other lady—"

"May not be in market, so—"

"But you can ascertain. I don't *much* think, her husband is living."

"It isn't material—told you not to go under Thirty."

"But just a year or Two, wouldn't make much difference."

"Very well then, there's Mrs. Harman, she is only 'a year or Two,' over."

"And as affected, and 'bread and butterish,' as an embryo prude of fifteen; and in such mortal fear, of being thought on the lookout for a husband, one dares be sworn, she thinks of little, or nothing else. Must

have known, nature intended her for a foil, to that grandly, *simply*, beautiful creature opposite, when she took up her position."

"And what do you think of *her*?"

"*Her*—HER! Oh she belongs to Heaven and Humanity. Never did dare to think of her, only as a 'bright particular star'—should as soon think of hanging a Floral garland on one of the lightning-crowned oaks of Dodona."

"You are right. She is one of them, I think; but Mrs. Jarvis—she's none 'too wise or good, for human nature's daily food.'"

"Makes herself such an intolerable simpleton, with her pert, 'childish airs, lest somebody should suspect her—the Lord knows why—of being a Blue. And then, she is so *immensely amiable*, I haven't a doubt, her last husband died of a *tongue* distemper."

"How scandalous you are—do you expect I am going to have all the good company taken off after this fashion?"

"I haven't said a word against Mrs. Tennyson's party. Who is that lady, that sits next her?"

"A half-sister, or sister, or sister-in-law I believe."

"*She*, seems a very quiet, unpretending, lady-like woman.—Do you recollect her name?"

"It isn't like to be yours, so it makes no difference. Try again."

"But why will you not let me talk of her?"

"Because she's scarce presentable."

"Well now, I should say, she *was* a lady, born, and bred, and fit to grace any position."

"Oh, I didn't mean that—ininitely worse."

"Not a Divorcé! You don't mean to say that woman, isn't unscathed?"

"Not at all."

"Of course not, *she's* no *Lionné*, what is it then?"

"Oh, if you *must* know, she is, an 'old maid!'"

"What, *she*—whose is that child, then?"

"Her sister's, and the parents are both dead. And now that your curiosity is satisfied, it is to be hoped, you will attend to business."

"But why isn't she in market?"

"She doesn't choose to have either her affections, or her fortune, such as it is, alienated from that child, I suppose. At least, I have heard, that before she became quite *Passée*, she declined several offers, called 'eligible,' on account of the latter, chiefly."

"She was wise, in rejecting any one, who could object to so natural, and reasonable a provision for her adopted child; but I see no reason why her affections should be 'alienated.'"

"Still harping on my daughter."

"What is her name?"

"Never talk of *woman's curiosity* again, as long as you live; here am I doing my best to promote your interests; and can't for the life of me, get your attention, for that foolish crotchet, you have got in your head!"

"Business to-morrow"—will you not, tell me her name?"

"Emma Lawrence—are you satisfied now?"

"Not Mrs. Manley's 'old-maid-cousin,' that she laughs so much about?"

"The same; but do tell me, if you are not absolute-

ly bewitched, by what necromancy it is, that a single woman, who writes *Mrs.* before her name, should always grow *young*, in the exact ratio, that simple *Miss-es*, grow, old? I don't understand it, but that letter *R*, must, undoubtedly, be a sign to conjure with. Here, for instance, is the '*old maid*, Emma Lawrence,' who to my certain knowledge, didn't come out, till five years after the '*young widow* Manley' was married. And I don't recollect, either, to have heard any of those '*poor child's*' and '*poor young things*,' with which mothers and aunts, (when there is the least possible chance,) commonly signalize the induction of their *élèves* into the pale of matrimony, after having suffered almost martyrdom, to accomplish it."

"I can't explain it, Madam, but will you tell me, if Miss—"

"No sir, I will not tell you another word about her, (just now,)" said Mrs. Lenox, laughing, "and I am going to break up the conference, and you may get somebody else to look you out a wife, or wither on the stalk of 'single blessedness,' forever, for aught I care; for you don't pay the least bit of attention to my suggestions;" and she walked off, with a mock air of offended dignity, quite certain of the success of *her* manoeuvrings.

It was quite an eventful day in the history of our fair "Rustic;" for if Mr. Hawthorne—the Baltimore friend of Judge Lenox, who had just returned from a long residence abroad—had deemed it expedient to sound the mother, before risking the possibility of making himself ridiculous, or hateful, to the daughter, another, relied more unhesitatingly, on his own powers of

persuasion. And Mrs. Lenox had not advanced far, before she encountered an elderly gentleman—less remarkable for classic elegance of face, or figure, than a very aldermanly rotundity of person—engaged, under the potent stimulus of love and wine, in an earnest, and even angry, remonstrance with her daughter. "Had you not better, Miss, wait, till you consult your parents, or at least, your Aunt, before you presume to refuse an offer, you may hereafter vainly wish to recall?"

"My Father, Sir, loves me too well, and respects himself, too much, to entertain such a proposition, for a moment. And as for Aunt Lenox, if she didn't think it all, a silly, '*after Dinner*,' jest, she would, I think, be apt to 'presume,' that you needed Leeches, and a Physician, much more than a young wife; for I have often heard her say, that '*affections of the brain*, were very dangerous.'"

"What's that, Wilhelmine? Don't be making me responsible, for any more of your flippancies?"

"Oh, not much, 'Aunt Frances,' only Mr. Sugarcane, here, wants me to go and look after his '*darkies*,' and dry-nurse, some five, or six of his children; as his first wife's daughter is married, and the next sister will be apt to be, as she isn't more than five, or six months older than myself. Don't you think bleeding, and a more abstemious diet, would be good for him?" said the "audacious minx," disappearing, without waiting for a reply.

"You must excuse her hoydenish *brusqueries*, Mr. Sugarcane; you know that when we old people put ourselves on a level with children, we must expect a child's reply."

" 'Old people, *old* people,' " muttered Mr. S.—"the insolent *old* aristocrat"; (she was at least fifteen years his junior;) "what better can she expect, when the girl has no fortune?" But as it would not exactly do, to insult the "lady of Hon. Henry Lenox, of the U. S. Supreme Court," he bowed himself off, in great wrath, to dissipate his love and ire, in the fumes of champagne, and cigars.

"You see now, how it is Frances—for the old familiar name would recur in the privacy of their own apartment—you see how it is, that Ladies without fortune, though young and lovely as yourself, are often constrained to make these unnatural alliances. They are surrounded, and admired, and flattered, as you have been, but if compelled to marry, they must take some old rattlebones of an Anatomy, who expects his wealth to purchase *the toy*, he covets, to amuse his second childhood."

"But I would live single, forever, before *I* would take any of the old Death's heads, or stuffed frogs, either."

"*If* you could; but what if you were wholly dependent, on some old aunt, mother, or sister, of the Mrs. Waterson stamp, who was perpetually reminding you of the fact, upbraiding your fastidiousness, and ringing the changes on 'Old Maid,' in your ears, till Purgatory itself, seemed a desirable retreat, from the never-ending din? Or suppose you had a delicate, soul-stricken mother, a gallant, high-spirited brother, chafing and pining, in infantile weakness, and plainly sinking day by day into the grave, for want of appliances, which only gold can bring; or, perhaps a helpless family of younger

brothers and sisters, not only growing up without the education befitting any respectable station in life, but with the actual pressure of present want, and the frightful prospect of future starvation, absolutely staring them in the face! Do you suppose, that under such circumstances, you could reject the offer of proffered wealth, as unhesitatingly, as now?"

"Oh, no, mamma, I could not, see you and Henry, you, who would so lavish your wealth and your lives, for me, no I *could not* see you sicken and die, if any thing *I* could do, would save you; but oh, if I could *only work*, could only die, to serve you!"

"Ah, if you *only could*. But what *could* you, or Lucy, or Caroline, do for your mothers, brothers, and sisters, under such circumstances? Not half as much, or as efficiently, as our Bettys and Bridgets, with their warm hearts, strong arms, and self-denying love (God bless, and keep them so) often do, for theirs. '*Work*'—oh yes, of course you could work—if you could get it—but what would it avail? *Teaching, sewing, menial service*, these are the Lay nunneries of Protestant lands. How many of all the daughters of rank and refinement, who have to enter them, can do little, if any thing more, with all their heroic devotion, and overtaxed energies, than sacrifice themselves, without saving others? Not one in a hundred, yet how few stop to consider all this, or ever look behind the scenes, to weigh well, all the motives. How few ever pause, in their sweeping denunciations, of these *unnatural alliances*, to consider how much their own course, is adding to the might of the 'unspiritual god,' Circumstance, and the number of the victims he is goading on to desperation. Men are

as severe, upon the vanity, the heartlessness, and the cupidity of those who contract them, as if it were nothing, for 'a tender and delicate woman,' to relinquish her position in life, sink away from her accustomed sphere, unnoticed and unknown; and become the toiling, abject menial of her old compeers, perhaps, inferiors; though *they* can impiously fly to the pistol, or weakly grasp the maddening bowl, till sense and reason reel, in order to escape the bitter consciousness of such a change. As severe, as if none of them, were ever known to make a common drudge, and ready scapegoat for all domestic petulance, of some 'old maid sister,' or 'aunt,' whose very virtues, seem to them, to lean to failing's side, and are (quite as often as their defects) made the standing butt of silly jests, and causeless sneers;—as if no man ever thought it much, to give shelter, in middle life, or old age, to her who had given up her youth, and youthful hopes to him, or his, only to find toleration; or at best, only a little fitful affection, in place of the *more* than mother's love and honor, which is *her due*, who has given a mother's love and care, to children not her own. Severe, as if they never contributed, by word, and deed, and pen, to heap scorn and reproach of every name and mode and form, on the class of unmarried females, who have survived the first freshness of their youth and beauty, till the very lisping infant, knows '*old maid*,' to be a name of obloquy, and fear. And yet they, never dream, that *they* are at all accessory, when hundreds of gentle, shrinking, affectionate, and well-meaning, though weak-hearted girls,—hopeless of forming more suitable alliances elsewhere—fly to this *legalized prostitution*, to shun the

disgraceful name and doom;—for, deny it who can, we have made the *illegal* one, little more ignominious, or appalling, to the young.

But *they*, responsible? Not they, indeed! Don't they declaim and protest, as earnestly, as if it were an invasion of their own prescriptive, and exclusive rights, for a *woman* to think of marrying, for money? Of course they do, but if either party be excusable, for prostituting a sacred rite, to so unholy a purpose, it surely must be that, which is least competent to secure it by honorable means. Yet none of all our fashionable tale writers, (and some of them seem haunted by the ghost of a marriage of convenience,) ever seem to reflect upon this, or consider, that while getting up this horrible nightmare of 'old forlornity,' our civil and religious polities, and that merciless Moloch, called Society, have all, alike, neglected to open up, to the portionless maiden, who is, or is any moment liable to be, stricken from her sphere, any adequate avenues to safe retreat, or honest, honorable independence for herself, much less others, who may be clinging to her. No, they never consider, that these '*mercenary compacts*' result quite as often, perhaps, from 'the tyranny of strong affection,' and woman's consciousness of her own utter helplessness—sexual and social,—to aid and 'save' those dearer to her, than her own life and happiness, as from the heartless yearning after splendor, and the unhallowed thirst of ambition. They, and their admirers, by the wholesale, could raise an altar to the Roman Julia; but for the sisters, and daughters, who are daily immolating themselves on the shrine of filial and fraternal affection—braving the loneliness and in-

dignities of Spinsterhood, without a murmur, or consigning themselves to worse than a living tomb—they have only scorn and malediction.

But they might as well spare contumely, and invective both. God made the instincts of woman—they are naturally true and noble—at least they will always point her, clearly enough, in the right direction, what she needs, is help to reach it, not advice. She does not need to be told, that there is misery and desecration, in these unnatural *mes-alliances*, others know, she *feels* it; but what can her puny arm do, single-handed and alone, to beat back the iron wall of circumstance, that is over, and around, and crushing her? ‘*Toil*’—yes, but to what purpose? To fill perhaps the very money bags, she will not share. And how shall she brook to enter, as Lady’s maid, or a condemned ‘hireling,’ the very halls where she scorns to reign as mistress? ‘*Oh, if I could ONLY WORK, ONLY DIE!*’ Do you know, my child, that very thought, which has so blanched your lip, and paled your brow, is the honest, despairing, heart-cry of thousands? TEACHING, SEWING, MENIAL SERVICE. These are the avenues open to woman’s industry, and woman’s intellect. There is no other.”

“The Stage, and the Opera, Mamma.”

“An American book, or Author, scarce succeeds, without the prestige of Foreign travel, an Opera Singer could not, without the eclat of Foreign residence and culture. Each makes, once in a great while, an individual celebrity, or fortune, but both, afford even LIVING employ, to so very few, that they scarce deserve to be taken into account, setting social and religious objec-

tions aside altogether. Objections to the former, more particularly though, I really see no good reason why. Nor, for that matter, why either, should be considered any *less* ‘indelicate,’ and ‘unwomanly,’ than the other kind of ‘public speaking,’ which St. Paul so explicitly condemns; only, that people like mirth and song, much better than reproof and reformation, and stand a rather better chance to be amused, in the one case, than improved, in the other. Possibly though, they may be among the ‘*great many ways*’ for female livelihood, always known to the patronizing, ‘talking-good,’ sort of people, until pressed home for a single one, at all practicable, or accessible, to the individual seeker; when it generally turns out, that they ‘can’t recollect *any*, just then.’ The *Song of the Shirt*, and the cry, ‘Alas, that meat should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap,’ which is continually ringing out, unheeded, from the dens and alleys, the garrets and cellars, that are every where sending forth their starving inmates, to gorge the Brothel and the Tombs, tell, all too plainly, what resource the needle is, or is henceforth like to be, to woman. So far as this world only is concerned, she had often better use it, at once, to let the warm life-blood, out of her veins, than rely upon it for support. For MENIAL SERVICE—leaving the humiliation of the thing, entirely out of question—few, not ‘to the manner born,’ have the necessary physique; and if they had, how many, who have ‘seen better days,’ could ever make contented wives, useful mothers, and happy husbands, even supposing *they* could get them, in the inferior ranks to which they are reduced?”

“Not many, out of Tales, and Poetry, I should

think; but surely TEACHING, can't be QUITE so bad—there's Madame B. has got rich, and has"—

"And ought to have, as much standing, in Society, as any one. That's all very true, my dear, but the Madame B's. are the exception, not the rule—commonly widows, or wives, of mature years, previously in commanding social positions, and the incumbency of handsome Establishments, convertible into Fashionable Boarding Schools; or at least, the influence and *savoir faire* to secure them. These, no young lady (and you know it is of the young we are speaking) could have to such an extent, be her family, and talents, what they might, nor would such a bold stroke, be exactly the thing, for a mere Miss, if she had. So want of influence to get, or means to reach, a more desirable 'Situation,' keeps one, filial duty, or fraternal ties, another, where the supply exceeds the demand; and old friends and patrons find it harder and harder, year by year, to drum up a sufficient class in Music, Italian, or Drawing, as the case may be, to keep them and theirs, from abject want—often because it does not keep them, from the 'Shabbiness,' which is sure to incur the insolence of purse-proud arrogance, and the premature stigma, of 'Old Maid,' for the care-worn girl of Twenty."

"Like those ill-paid, worse-used Day Governesses we used to meet, I suppose; and I'm sure that pretty one, does look ten years older now, than she did two years ago."

"Ah, she has counted 'time by heart throbs;' and even when less incumbered, and better paid, and appreciated, Teachers in the South and West, find, it is

said, that when *everything*, from a pin to a piano, has to be paid for, out of what seems a very liberal salary, they can seldom do little more, than '*live*,' and keep themselves presentable, in the circles they are—that it is only by a distressing economy, amounting almost to niggardliness, that they can lay up anything for the 'rainy day' of sickness and old age. That some few do escape from this 'lay cloister,' into tolerably well assorted wedlock, may be reckoned among the miracles of modern times; but on an average, those who enter it, have about as much chance of marrying out, as the Catholic Sisters of Charity. Perhaps, less, for if an 'eligible' boarder, happens to fall very sick in the house of a widow Landlady, farewell to his single blessedness; though, to be sure, a spinster nurse, would not be quite so dangerous."

"Why, Mamma, I don't think the Sisters of Charity, ever marry!"

"Neither do I, but they tell me, they are just as free to do so, at the end of the year, as other folks, unless they renew their vows; and Teachers, commonly sell themselves to single life, in twelvemonth instalments. TEACHING, has, it is true, one advantage over the other two—it doesn't annihilate, so suddenly and irretrievably, all hope of associating, temporarily at least, on equal footing, with the refined and intellectual; but even that, is often a most tantalizing, and illusive one, and on the whole, it may, like them, be fairly set down, I think, as another Institution for the promotion of celibacy. It must be remembered too, that of all who enter it, either to sustain life, or advance themselves in it, not one in a hundred, perhaps, has any

more decided proclivities that way, than the Paddy had, for military glory, when he was 'forced to volunteer.' It isn't every man of talent who could make a good Poet, or Civilian, try as he might, nor every good christian, who would make a useful Pastor, or eloquent Divine; neither is it every educated lady, who is 'apt to Teach.' And some do hint, that if the generality of men, had any very special fancy, for doing the 'Walking Lady,' or A, B, C, drudgery, themselves; they would no more tolerate female speaking, or Speakers, on the Stage, or in the Schoolroom, than out of it—that they would soon discover, that Speaking in public, was Public Speaking, whether it came off, in the Schoolroom, or Conventicle, the Examination Hall, or the Forum; and consequently, that woman had better 'retire from Public life,' make good wives and mothers, and cease all such unfeminine encroachments, on manhood's sphere. Others, who don't presume to look at *things*, except through *names*, or venture on any sly hits, at the human propensity, for making others very welcome to do, whatever we want done, and *don't* want, to do—confess, hundreds, and hundreds of times, that there is no manual labor, to which their strength is at all equal, which they would not gladly choose, instead, 'if it were only as lucrative, and respectable.'"

"Yes, indeed, I know, I would much rather be Mrs. A.'s hairdresser, than her children's Governess, if it wasn't for that." 'Delightful Task!' Yes, for half an hour, may be, when the children were all nice, and took it into their heads to be 'good,' 'but for day in,

and day out,' oh dear, *oh dear*, the very thought of it, almost suffocates me."

"And no doubt often lies, on many a one, like a frightful incubus, or horrid nightmare, stifling out all the heart-life of existence. What wonder then, that with long years of this double and triple strain, on nerve, and soul, and brain, to do *faithfully* and *well*, what it is a continual crucifixion to do at all, so many, should become prematurely old, sickly and 'scrawmy,' if not fretful and *distract*? And with all this dogged resolution necessary to keep them up to the regular 'jog-trot,' of teaching what they can, as best they can, what chance have they to keep 'posted up,' and avoid becoming 'rusty,' as well as old? None, that I can see. The younger, the fairer and *fresher*, must inevitably take their place ere long—people cannot always die, when others are weary of seeing them live; and then, solitary and alone, with youth past, health lost, reputation waning, and the grim phantoms of occupation gone, and homeless destitution, looming up, in appalling perspective, where shall they turn for refuge, this side the grave? To the Common Hospital, the Alms-house, the Madhouse, or the Catholic Cloister! For, to the shame of Protestant Christendom be it spoken, they have no other. Why have *we*, no Sisters of Charity? Have Protestant women, *less* of the Good Samaritan—are they less to be trusted, than their sister, Sisters of Charity, of Mercy, aye, and of The Good Shepherd, too?"

"I'm sure I don't know why they should have, or be, nor why they might not just as well, trust themselves; for Dr. Morton says *they* are never insulted, or

interrupted, go where they will. 'Angels of Mercy,' he calls them, and do you know, Mamma, he says, 'It's *no use*—all this *DIN*, about Papal Proselyting! You can't fight Sisters of Charity, with *TRACTS*, you must *go and do likewise*.' "

"I am glad you told me, dear, and he is right, I think. There is something so sublime (spring from what source it will) in the devotion which marches, unflinchingly, right into the jaws of a fearful Pestilence, to save, or soothe, when husband, wife, parents, children, and all other human aid have deserted—it appeals so strongly to all that is best and holiest, in the deep poetry of man's nature, that nothing but a fiend, or bigot, could revile them. Their *motives* are with Him, who has said, '*By their fruits ye shall know them*'—their *DEEDS* are with us, and far, *far* above all human praise, but not, *Imitation*; and it does seem to me, that with many of the *Papal* errors, we cast aside, some of the *Catholic* virtues, which we should do well to resume, and practise. For example, we might learn advantageously, to divorce ourselves, practically, from the one-ideaed Institution, and not take it for granted, that a victim, scorched and marred in a *great conflagration*, would find *roasting before a slow fire*, very comfortable—in other words, that whatever, a woman may have done once, *nolens volens*, that particular thing (on a smaller scale) or nothing; she can, and must, do all the time, and always. We might learn, to adapt means and ends, a little better to each other, and not so totally ignore the adaptability, or incompatibility of employ, and employed. And this very Institution, of the Sisters of Charity, might, I think, be vastly subservient to

woman's happiness, and human weal, by giving her peculiar energies, industry, gentle tact, and ready human sympathies, a better chance to find, and flow out in, congenial channels. It might, at least, give *change of vocation*—and with it, perhaps, new health and hope—to the broken down Teacher, or Seamstress; *suitable employ, and just appreciation*, to the middle aged, or elderly Spinster, now considered an incumbrance, not household treasure; and save some young girl from selling herself, legally, or illegally, for gold; and living thenceforth, as if she feared not God, neither regarded man, and knew no higher end, or aim, in life, than to drag about a gilded chain, buy a costlier ribbon, and make a better hat block, for a French Milliner, than her neighbour."

"I don't think that one, who sold herself to that cross, ugly, old Bluebeard, last winter, would have cared to be saved—she wasn't in want!"

"Not just then, but there was a gentle, inefficient wife, nursery full of children, and dashing young belle, all hanging on the brittle thread of one man's existence. Rich young men are hard to get, a poor one wouldn't have suited her, nor she him, she was, perhaps, beginning to chafe under the inconvenience of a light purse and high position, and then she *must* marry, or in process of time become an Old Maid. She, and other just such, weak girls, or human butterflies, *need* all the strengthening, and protective influences, of a healthy tone of public sentiment, thrown around them; instead of that, what do they everywhere get, but just such lessons as she has reduced to practice. The world can be very lenient to moral delinquencies, it will never

forgive a 'last season's bonnet'—to a 'seedy attire,' it is inexorable. Where, in all the marts of men, is the 'rusty,' or even plain, unpretending garb, *welcome*, like the 'gorgeous apparel?'"

"Not here."

"Not in the House of God even, where man, most of all, should remember, that he and his fellow man, are ALL, alike, sinful, helpless, worms of the dust, in the presence of their Maker. The world, like the Paddy, considers the setting, 'the very moral of the picture;' and so in these cases, it condemns in theory (by way of salvo to its own moral sense) and then applauds in practice."

"But Mamma, you don't mean to excuse those who make these monstrous matches, entirely?"

"No, but I pity them, and mean to throw the chief blame, where it more justly belongs. People may rail, and sneer, as much as they will, they will never lack subjects, or occasion, so long as every man, woman, and child, brings his own stone to the pile, his own rod to the fasces, that is continually crushing out the best and purest impulses of woman, and driving one class of victims to the solitary cells of singleblessedness, another to the shambles of this unholy, and most disgusting wedlock. Never, till purblind casuists, and *half-way* Moralists and Statesmen, *do*, what they have never yet dared to do—look the whole facts of the case, the actual *status* of woman, fully, and fairly in the face. Never, till they remember, that it is hers, only to *wait* and accept, or reject—at best, only to select, not to choose;—and that rejecting one, from whom she recoils with in-

tolerable loathing, is not exactly synonymous, with securing another, whom she might prefer. Not till they recognize the statistical fact, that there exists a large, and constantly increasing, number of females, who are neither wives, nor mothers, (with others none the better, or less helpless, for being so,) but still human beings, with the ordinary wants, and weaknesses of humanity, who did not create, and cannot destroy themselves, more than others. Not till they take note, that this class, possesses, on the whole, a fair share of feminine abilities, capable of being developed, in various ways, for the advancement of human weal; but which, if gauged—as now—by the Procrustean measure, denied fitting exercise, and forced into ungenial channels, often leave them—with the full consciousness of undeveloped utilities, amply equivalent to their own support—to be cast aside, as a useless burden, if not 'smoke in the nostrils,' to community. Not till they repudiate the selfishness, and *meanness*, which graduates the price of labor not according to its intrinsic value, but the sex of the doer—remember that woman is no more than man, a born cook, or Teacher, give her more, and more lucrative modes of making herself, if need be, pecuniarily independent, *without loss of 'respectability,'* and quit the consummate folly, and puerile weakness, of trying to feed the starving thousands, appealing for *bread*, in the shape of employ, with the mocking taunt, '*your business is; TO MAKE GOOD WIVES AND MOTHERS.*' Not, till they have soberly and honestly considered, how much of all the whimsies, querulousness, and long array of disparaging epithets to which spinsterhood is heir, may be no more peculiar

to them, than others, of like age, or circumstances; or fairly chargeable, to their own omission, to furnish harmless amusement, and occupation, to keep some out of mischief; and scope for action, to others, who must always writhe under the galling sense of wrong and misappreciation, in being forced into plague spots, or dead weights on the body politic, when they might be useful, or ornamental. Not till *men*, have laid aside all flippancies, and considered calmly and impartially, whether there might not be, some more of the existing avocations, so thrown open to woman, that she should neither feel herself, nor be considered, an unwomanly intruder into unfeminine spheres; and if not, set themselves, *with all their might*, their clear heads, and inventive brain, to *devise* such as will suffice, for the impoverished thousands, that 'Progress,' and the 'March of Improvement,' seem everywhere increasing, not diminishing. Not till they see, how inadequate, and grievously maladministered, are all the noble charities, for which there seems one incessant appeal, *because* they have hitherto left too much to woman—with her weak arm and *uninventive* brain—the task, of fighting her own way into the already overcrowded thoroughfares, or striking out new paths, for herself, when half-maddened by want, or stunned, under the sudden and appalling weight of her crushing calamities.

Oh no, never till they have done all this, will our prosy philosophers, and moralizing bores, lack text, or occasion, for animadversion on these 'Monstrous Marriages,' as you well may call them. I believe, as you know, that with comfortable provision against future

want, a woman will, on the whole, be happier in this life—if that were all—for dispensing with marriage altogether, when her heart is not in it, and there is no good reason to hope, that it ever will be; though even to her it is something to feel, that life's sweetest founts of happiness, must never be unsealed for her, and nerve herself to bear calmly, heroically, and cheerfully, all the heart loneliness, and *unchristian* proscription of single life. What then are homilies to the young girl, whom 'the winds of heaven, have not hitherto been permitted to visit too roughly,' when she sees, in alternative, nothing perhaps, but a dismal grave in a Potter's field, after a weary life of hopeless toil, needlessly embittered and infamized, by the slimy scorn, ever dripping, like the regular, inevitable drop of cold water on the brain, said to be the most lasting and exquisite of all human torture? Nothing—less than nothing—they might as well think to stem the tide of Niagara, with a remonstrance."

"But, Mamma, you don't suppose, do you, that 'the Madonna,' (an Artist's name for Mr. Hawthorne's oak of Dodona,) "and such Ladies as old Miss Warren, ever care for all this pitiful nonsense about 'old Maids?'"

"Not now, perhaps never for themselves, Frances. They are too strong in social position, so steeled in the consciousness (or memory) of personal beauty and mental, and moral attraction, so steeped to the lips, in the conviction that *they* need no marriage, to make them *Ma-dame*," (my lady,) "that its equivocal, English equivalent," (Mrs. i. e. *Mistress*), "could add no honor to them, only be "honored by their use," that these shafts of envy, petulance, and trite vapidty—which

would like nothing better, than to be witty, and sarcastic, if they only could—must fall back, blunted, and harmless, from the triple mail of their own deep-toned self-respect. But they, and such as they, are the more mature, the high hearted, and highly gifted few; and the very ones, to feel them, at all times, far less acutely for themselves than others, especially the young, who are continually writhing under their slow poison. No man of woman born, ever liked to hear his own sect, clique or profession, ridiculed, or denounced by the wholesale, keenly sensitive, and indignant, as he may, himself, be, touching the weak points, and dark spots on its escutcheon—why should they, have less of the *esprit du corps*?”

“I should think they ought to have a great deal more, when *all* the others are persecuting them!”

“You have given the deed, the right name, my child; but surely the world does not well, to evoke, so often, the contemptuous pity of these *better spirits*, for its own narrow-minded prejudice, weakness and thoughtless injustice, its malice and meanness. It had better leave them, ‘fancy free,’ to scatter genial thoughts around, and follow its own bounding, wayward step, instead, with words of cheer, and thoughts of prayer. And for the rest, a curse is no better than a blessing, come from what impotence it will. We have orators, poets, and novelists at every turn, the wrongs of the Hindoo widow, the Russian serf, and Southern Slave, are thundered, trumpet-toned, in all our ears. Dickens, too, is showing up the short-comings of civil polity, and turning the “whited walls” of a pseudo philanthropy, inside out, with the hand of a master.

Who shall turn back the finger of scorn, that a christian literature, christian men, and christian women, alike the old, and the young, the wise man and the fool, have kept pointing for ages, at those whom the providence of God, or the improvidence of man, his weakness, or wickedness, have left to breast life's surges alone? What new Constantine shall arise to stem the tide, of the Old Maid Persecution; not for the sake of those, that are, but are to be—culled perhaps, from the brightest flowrets in many a domestic parterre, where short-sighted Fathers, and thoughtless mothers, little dream how their own sneering taunts, may one day rankle, like poisoned arrows, in the hearts of their listening children. Who shall dare, to stand up, and lay the axe to the root, of this gigantic growth of a double-headed evil? This alarming increase of a *celibacy*, as oppressive in its ‘masterly inactivity,’ to one half its victims, as it is demoralizing to the other, on the one hand, and these heartless, unnatural, and *vicious marriages*, on the other.”

“MRS. SIGOURNEY! Where is she? A stroke from her, would tell!”

“True, and where are all our clear-headed statesmen, our eloquent Divines, our christian Fathers, of the noble soul, and lofty intellect? Are they all alike, ‘without natural affection,’ have they forgotten, that *he who provideth not for they of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel*? Will no one, ponder on all this, till his own heart is stirred, to its inmost depths, and his burning thoughts and mighty words ring out in clarion tones, all over the land, till the whole heart of humanity is aroused to the *wrong* and the *SIN*, of this parental injustice? This living—in

a style befitting an inalienable, princely income—as if man had a life-lease of health, and efficiency; and death, and mutation, were myths of Lunacy! This bringing daughters into the world, and rearing them in Oriental helplessness, and the craving thirst for sybarite indulgence, with nothing, perhaps, between them and beggary, but the turn of a political chess-board, or the snapping asunder of one, frail, human breath—not even the temporary shield, it may be, of a little Life Insurance, to save them a retreat to the Almshouse, the taking the veil, in some lay cloister, or succumbing to a legalized pollution, in the harem of some old sensualist. Oh, my heart aches, for these spoiled children of present luxury—these victims, garlanded for the sacrifice, by parents, so weakly indulgent in trifles, so utterly destitute of even the brute instinct, that would dictate some provision for their future welfare. As God is my witness, I believe such children owe their parents, a curse, not a blessing, for the existence forced upon them, and so formed and shaped to misery. If some escape, no thanks to them, and the female infanticide of the Orientals, is mercy, to this inhuman cruelty, of christian parents, in civilized lands.

What your Father might think, I cannot tell, but I, cannot help holding the sophistical rant, with which we set out on our national career, and have ever since been vainly trying to live into sober truth, somewhat responsible for all this; for with the ‘*self-evident*,’ fact, on the one hand, that all men *are not*, ‘free and equal,’ and the official declaration, on the other, that they *are*, people must of course owe it to themselves, to go to work and make themselves so, as nearly as they can, in

externals, at least. Poor, foolish, ranting visionaries! As if INEQUALITY, were not everywhere, the common law of Nature, or they could any more annul it, than all women could make themselves the same height, by purchasing the same number of yards, for a dress pattern. And if, as ’tis said, ‘whom the gods will to destroy they first make mad,’ the ‘premonitory symptoms’ of destruction, are upon us; for never was a whole people, so madly given to the insane folly of display, so reckless as to consequence. The *Idea*, were to be sure, full four centuries behind the times, and the thing itself, wholly impracticable; but never did the parents of a nation *need* the wholesome despotism, of stringent sumptuary laws, for the sake of its children, half so palpably as ours. Another long Lecture, Frances, but I hope you are not weary.”

“More sad, than ‘weary,’ Mamma; but about those Sumptuary Laws—don’t you think, that if our rulers were cunning, and got them properly illustrated, and promulgated by a French Milliner, they might be pretty generally enforced?”

“Ah, there’s no telling what that potency, might not do; but to return—Your ‘*Incognito*’ has not stripped you, of your youth, beauty, or even rank, Frances, for all men, are not so ignorant, as your patronizing friend, the Marriage Broker. And if they were, you are here, as my niece, not mere nameless, *protégé*, coming from no one knows where; but you see, that if actually poor, you would, in all probability, have to choose between not marrying, or taking some old dotard with his money bags, some Young Artist with his poverty, (which would be none the less, for your

sharing it,) or the hazardous experiment of obtruding on some family, who might, or might not, receive you; by eloping with some beardless youth, who had yet to take his first lesson in worldly wisdom, or the self-denial, necessary to a manly independence. For the rest, their want of beauty is easily satisfied—a soft skin, no matter what shade, and an insipid, unmeaning simper, indicating about half a grain of sense, make up the *beau ideal*, of most men, from five and twenty, to fifty.”

“And is that the reason they all call that poor little idiot, Julia Le Grand, ‘so pretty?’ I thought it was only because she was rich, for I am sure it must distress any one to look at her, with her yellow hair lying as still as if she was dead, and her face and eyes looking as if they were dead too.”

“You shouldn’t call her an ‘idiot,’ my dear, though she evidently is, a good deal below par; but her health, it is said, has always been bad, and it may be, that her faculties are dormant, rather, than deficient.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t Mamma, to any one else; but I am very glad to be done with ‘adventures.’ It really makes me feel ashamed, to see such old ‘grand-daddys,’ making such fools of themselves. And I can’t help feeling sorry for their children too; how should *I* feel, to think of having to call some little girl, like Harriet Watson or Ellen Le Noir, ‘Mother?’”

CHAPTER V.

BE the other accomplishments of our *Incognito*, what they might, she certainly was not gifted with second sight, when she talked of being done with “Adventures.” True, she had no more “flourishing widowers,” or cynical old bachelors, to discard—we don’t allude to Mr. Hawthorne, of whose overtures she was never apprised—but the lapse of a few days, saw both her mother, and self, collaterally engaged, in a much more serious affair.

She, and some ten, or twelve others, of all ages from five to twenty, were returning from a rather long walk, when they were intercepted by a handsome Barouche and pair, which, (it may be as well to state here as elsewhere,) had been borrowed of the Driver, “for a Consideration,” without the knowledge and consent of the owner. It was occupied by Two distinguished Members of the “Foreign Corps.” Number One, figuring as a Southern Planter, from some State, which happened not to be represented at Congress Hall that particular Season; and rejoicing in the aristocratic cognomen, of Algernon Augustus Charlemont. Number Two (we beg his pardon for having forgotten his particular vocation) answering to the equally euphonious patronymic of Theodore Stanhope Templeton. Simultaneously with the approach of the Barouche, a dashing Buggy drove up from an opposite point of the

compass; the driver was instantly signalled, and after some little parley, readily agreed to turn his horse's head in another direction. The veracity of an honest historian, compels us to state, that he was hailed as "Tom;" a vulgar sobriquet, much at variance with the elegant *patois* of the exquisite Mr. Falkner, who was 'doing,' a West Indian Creole, at the precise date to which we refer.

"Beautiful Evening, Ladies—won't you ride?" "Yes," "Yes," "Yes"—"No," "No," "No," rejoined Two, or Three, of the elder ladies, who would have treated the impertinence with silent contempt, had not their younger sisters thoughtlessly accepted the invitation. Number One, was instantly on the ground, and his hand extended apparently to whoever might choose to take it—"Sorry we can't take you all, Ladies; but Falkner there, will take one, and we can accommodate Two or Three"—"*Sar-tain-mont Ladees, vid all de plai-sair e-mag-in-â-ble*," and No. Three, was also extending his hand, to assist some one into the Buggy.

The invitation of the eye, was at first adroitly given to those who had said 'No;' but somehow it happened, that Three Misses of Fourteen, or Fifteen, were at last selected for the drive.

"No Ellen;" said Miss Le Noir, the oldest of the party, and daughter of a wealthy widow, with only these Two children; "it is *very improper*, you know Mother would not approve of it, and you must not go." Here No. Three interposed, but she paid no attention to him. "If any body rides, let it be these little children; it will not make so much difference about them." "Oh I will go," said Ellen, but the tone im-

plied a suspicion of her own ability to make good the assertion. "No, you will not, *come*," offering her hand, and the seat in the Buggy was immediately, though reluctantly relinquished.

"Do you hear *that*?" said Cornelia Weston to her sister, who had been foremost in accepting the invitation, and now stood listening to Miss Le Noir, with one foot on the step, and her hand in that of No. One,—"Do you hear that? What is so *improper* for Ellen Le Noir, cannot be proper for Ellen Weston—Don't go!"

"I shall," (there was no indecision here :) "where's the harm?" "Sure enough," said No. One, but Ellen went on—"You're *such* an old prude," (her sister was just Eighteen,) "you are always making a fuss about nothing!"

"But Ellen, Father will be so vexed, and Mother so angry—"

"Don't preach to me! Don't *I* know Father's deep in Politics with that old fright of a Cinnamon? You'd better go and set your cap for him!"

"But Ellen—"

"I tell you I *will* go. I haven't rode to-day; and this is a *Barouche* too!"

"You shall ride all the rest of the week, if you wont go. If any accident happens, the whole blame will be laid upon you, for Julia Le Grand," who was already seated, "looks the child that she is," (scarce Fourteen and badly grown,) "and besides, you know that if you didn't go, she wouldn't."

"*I say*, 'ride all the week,' when you know Mother's everlastingly, got some friskey widow, or

other, stuffed into the *old ark*; and you, and Father are eternally hunting up some poor, good-for-nothing old maid, or sick child, so that I never can go, scarce any at all!"

"Ellen this isn't fair—you know I always do give up my seat to you, unless Father objects; but *don't go now*," gently drawing her sister toward herself. "I tell you I will," jerking away her hand, and stepping in; "so just mind your own business! You needn't think to come Louise Le Noir over me! I never *can* have any fun, but you are ready to make a great bug-a-boo about it!"

"Certainly Miss Ellen, your sister is very unnecessarily alarmed; we shall be back before your Father has settled the next new cabinet."

"And Mother'll never think of me, or anything else while that game of chess lasts, if you don't *blab*—drive on."

"*Cornelia*—Miss Weston!"

"*Wilhelmine*," and both looked as if there was something, which neither liked to say. At length the former exclaimed, "Oh I'm *afraid* there's something wrong."

"I am *sure* there is. You didn't *see* the looks he" (No. One) "gave you when you were trying to coax Ellen away." Both now involuntarily quickened their pace, and soon passed the residue of the party who were slightly in advance.

"Mother, I have something *particular* to tell you." The lady so addressed was deep in the important mysteries of chess, and shook her head, and waved her hand to ward off interruption. "I *must*," said the

speaker, and there was such stern earnestness, in the word and tone so unusual for Cornelia Weston to use, that her mother looked up into her face, now pale with affright, and immediately rose and left the room.

"But why did you *let* her go?" enquired Mrs. Weston, when apprised of the facts.

"I couldn't help it."

"Louise Le Noir, could help *her* sister from going; but I don't see what *Ellen Weston's sister* is good for, only to lead her into scrapes, and then come croaking in my ear like an old raven, enough to frighten one into Hysterics."

"If *Ellen Le Noir* was allowed to domineer over her sister *at home*, she would hardly *yield* to her abroad."

"What do you mean?" said the mother angrily.

"I mean, that I *cannot* control her, so long as it's Ellen to go, Ellen to choose, *Ellen* to decide in every thing!"

"*Cornelia Weston*!"

"Mother, it is no time to choose phrases—something must be done!"

"Go to your room, and stay there, till you can learn to address your mother with propriety; and mind you say nothing, of this foolish affair to your Father."

"Mother, I *must* tell him."

"Do as I bid you," and Mrs. Weston turned to her game, apprehensive that the interruption, might give her Adversary a serious advantage.

"Oh, what shall I do? I am sure there is something wrong!"

"Yes, Cornelia, there *is* something *wrong*. You

know I was looking on, while you were talking, and that fellow in the Buggy looked as if he could have killed Miss Le Noir on the spot, for taking Ellen away from him. And he never asked any of the *children* to ride either; and the others had to *coax him to go*, though he was so much delighted at first, telling him, '*better luck next time.*' I don't see why a little girl's not riding with him, when she wasn't acquainted, and her sister objected, should have discomposed him so much, if every thing was so accidental, as it seemed. And do you know the direction they took?" Miss Weston shook her head and Wilhelmine stepping close to her side, pronounced in a low thrilling tone the "ominous words," *Gretna Green.*"

"I knew it! *I knew it*—Oh my Father, my poor sister; what shall I do—" and she wrung her hands in agony.

"Mount and follow;" pointing to some horses from which her mother, Miss Emma Lawrence, and Mr. Hawthorne were just dismounting, "and I will send your Father after you, if he is above ground." Playfully taking her mother's riding-whip from her hand as she passed on, and putting it into that of Cornelia as she sprang into the saddle, she exclaimed, "There ride *ride* for your life, and mind, a double track. Oh it's nothing, only she wants to give her Father a race to overtake her;" added she as the servant came forward to take the horses. "Oh, very well Miss, then I'll just change the saddle—" (Mrs. Lenox had ridden Mr. Weston's horse;)"—"That's right, and then tell him, Mrs. Lenox wants to see him, immediately."

"Is *that* Cornelia Weston?"

"Oh Mother," (it was well for the incognito that the promenades were deserted,) "I am so glad you are come."

"Why what ails the girl? I never knew *HER* guilty of such a freak! Call her back—*Mr. Hawthorne!*"

"Why child are you gone distracted? Let me go, and send some one after Cornelia."

"No—no—let her go—Please tell Mr. Weston I have a message for him," added she as Mr. Hawthorne turned back in obedience to the summons."

"No—no—Mamma," still hurrying her on, "*No-body* but her Father? Her sister is gone off in strange company, and she's in pursuit."

"Tell me all about it Frances," said Mrs. Lenox, becoming instantly composed.

"You remember that tall whiskerando, that used to make such magnificent bows to me, when we first came; well he and One or Two more just like him, have taken Ellen Weston, and Julia Le Grand off to ride; and would have taken Ellen Le Noir too, if her sister hadn't forced her away; and you know they are all rich, and they have gone towards 'the Devil's Den,' and Mr. Hawthorne told us," (Cornelia and herself,) "one day, that, '*that* was a sort of Gretna-Green, but we mustn't tell of it, because our Papas and Mamas would be terribly frightened, if they were to hear that ominous word.'"

"Does Mrs. Weston know anything of this?"

"She might know, for when Cornelia could not find her Father, she told her; and *she* insulted her, because she couldn't keep the little vixen from going, told her *not* to tell her Father, and went back to chess.

I wouldn't care for *her*, if Ellen had run away, but I'll tell her Father!"

"Her Father is here to listen," exclaimed Mr. Weston, throwing open the door without the slightest ceremony, as the words *Ellen* and *run away* fell on his ear.

"No time for explanations Mr. Weston, follow your daughters," said Mrs. Lenox, as she drew him to a window and pointed out their course. "Not so bad perhaps as we fear, but circumstances are very suspicious." Mr. Weston needed no second admonition, and long before the fugitives had reached their destination, the Father as well as sister, was on their track.

Aside from the energetic measures of Frances, this was principally owing to the character of the latter half of the road, which being obscure, little used, and consequently neglected, was but indifferently adapted to carriages. And indeed it was not inappropriate, that the seemingly inviting, shady lane, terminating in such an ultimatum, should resemble in every thing but *width*, those paths "All broad and winding and aslope, all tempting with perfidious hope, all ending in despair." The Pursuers had also another advantage, arising from the want of a proper understanding between those enterprising individuals Nos. One, Two, and Three, and their intended victims; one of whom was a mere infant in intellect, and the other, guilty of nothing worse than an inordinate love of "*fun*" and a headstrong determination to have her own way. This, of course, somewhat retarded their flight; but the worthies made good use of their time, telling facetious tales, and anecdotes, all tending to glorify spirited

young ladies, and ridicule prudish relations. When this amusement began to flag, it was suggested, all on the spur of the moment, what "*fine fun*" it would be; for such refined, elegant, people as themselves, to call at the little Dutch Tavern just ahead, order every thing they didn't want, and quiz the "goed vrow," and her strapping daughters, who, it was averred, would not understand a word they said. Of course it would be very charming; and while they are enjoying this amiable diversion, in anticipation, let us go on, and reconnoitre.

The first object that arrested attention, at his Majesty's Head Quarters—for such, the only dwelling visible in the Devil's Den, had a most undoubted right to be called—was a low, heavy, gallows-looking frame, which once supported a sign, intimating, that "entertainment for man and beast," might be found here. It was "tottering to its fall," but still *stood*; a *memento mori* to those *now* frequenting the place, of their probable fate. The vicinity of higher elevations, created the impression, that the "Den," was located at the bottom of a glen, but such was not the fact. It occupied a rise of ground, quite sufficient to give full scope to that style of architecture, which takes one by surprise, when he finds a building but one story in front, to be two in the rear. From the settings forth of some fanciful red letters, that seemed dancing a Highland Reel on the, *ci devant*, whitewashed wall, it appeared that the house had not entirely foregone its pretensions to a public character, though scarce half-a-dozen rounds now remained in the hand-railing, which in its palmier days had surrounded a "stoop," of no ordinary pretensions.

And that invariable appendage of a Dutch Domicil, itself, seemed half inclined to part company with its ancient crony; a disgraceful fact, which one end of a bench, on the most popular side of the house, had evidently fallen down to conceal, while the opposite compeer, proudly maintained its own elevation, though all its faithless props had fallen away from their allegiance.

A door, intersected so as to admit of opening the upper, or lower, dexter or sinister valves, as occasion might require, introduced you into the vestibule, or ante-room, which extended about half across the demi-area of the building. In the farther corner, stood a boxy looking grate, furnished with two or three dusty bottles, which at once identified this apartment as the bar. Opposite the door already mentioned, another less elaborate in construction, evidently led through the offices in the basement, to the open air, as there was no other mode of egress, on that side the house. Between the two, and a little to the left of both, was another about two-thirds the usual height, with an orifice at the top intended for, if not originally occupied by, a window-sash of a semicircular form; and fastening with a huge, square, old-fashioned brass lock, on the eighteen feet twenty, comprising the residue of the first floor. The most distinctive feature of this Parlour (for that was its ambitious appellative,) was an immense fire-place, with its high, quaint "mantel," ornamented with an old wooden clock, long since defunct. Between this and the rear window, was something concealed by a curtain; but we have our suspicions, that it was neither more nor less, than one of those ancient, folding beds, which so obligingly tuck themselves up against the wall, when not in

use. The space on the opposite side, was filled with a "Dresser," that is a broad shelf, imbedded, in this instance, like a deep window-sill, in the wall.

All impromptu as was the visit of our fugitives *to themselves*, it seemed not to have been wholly unexpected by others. The fire-place aforesaid, was filled with very fresh green boughs, the dresser, covered with clean white drapery—of very ancient and complicate pattern, evincing that it had long been reserved for great occasions—and furnished with a large, rusty old waiter, containing a bottle and decanter, or two of wine, and cordial, and half-a-dozen tumblers, and wine-glasses of various sizes. Four or five rickety chairs, nicely dusted, were disposed about the room; a mutilated settee, or rude apology for a sofa-frame, was carefully propped against the ceiling under the front windows, and no pains had been spared, to erase, *from the floor* the trace of many a midnight orgy, still disgustingly conspicuous on the wall. But unluckily for the quizzing operation, every human being, with the exception of the supposed Landlord, had evacuated the premises, so that our party had to throw themselves on their own resources, "while resting and recruiting after their long rough ride," for which of course every apology was made.

"This is a bad business Frances," said Mrs. Lenox, after making her, recapitulate every minutiae of the affair, as soon as Mr. Weston left.

"Didn't Cornelia do right to go mamma?"

"Yes, my child, God grant she may not be too late. But watch for the carriage dear, while I get off this long dress; I think Mrs. Morrison will be back soon."

"Why you are not going to leave me too, mamma?"

"Yes, Frances, their mother is no earthly use, and Mr. Weston will never suffer his daughters to come back in that company, if"—but she could not go on. "At all events, I must go and bring back Cornelia," (here she stopped, and busied herself putting up salts, Hungary water etc. ;) "and mind Frances, if Mrs. Le Grand gets uneasy about Julia, tell her, that she, and Ellen, and Cornelia, went on beyond the rest of the party; but that I am driving that way, and will bring them back."

"Oh I don't think she would care much, for she knows that very little of the money would come to *her* children any way; and the poor thing is so sickly, and she, has so many Darlings of her own to look after, I shouldn't much wonder, if she were glad to have her off her hands."

"Very likely, but then she would make none the less *fuss*, for that you know."

"No mamma—and *that's* just what she and Mrs. Weston both, will be good for, I expect."

"Are your horses fresh John?"

"They'll take you to the end of the world madam—which way?"

"On—and now, follow a Barouche, and move while you have a good road."

"Any thing happened, madam?"

"Nothing worse, I hope, than some young ladies having gone out, in very improper company."

"And that's bad enough, madam, young ladies has got no business, going out in that same company—I'd like to see Miss Frances now, going out with any of *thim* sort o' chaps!"

"It would be more my fault than hers, if she did, John; but mind your track." In a few minutes John reined up, and with the tone of one giving new and startling information, exclaimed, "To the Devil's Den, madam! Illigant road now, isn't it, for a drive? And a nice place that, is the Devil's Den; for a young lady to frolic in!"

"What do you know of the place John?"

"I don't know, no *good* of it madam! They *do* say, as how there was a man murdered there in the old time; and the country people as don't live there, are afraid to go by, at night, because you see, madam—"

"Never mind John," said the lady comprehending at once, that it had been long, though not extensively known, as a resort for the worst characters of the worst description; "but what are you stopping for?"

"Here's a white Pockethandkerchief tromped in the mud, and yonder is another caught in a bush—shall I stop and get them?"

"Stop for nothing, we are on the right track, *drive!*"

"If you please Madam, you had better take the front seat, it wont jolt so much."

"Never mind the jolting,—on—on!" Mrs. Lenox had judged, and correctly, that the sight of the first, had reminded Cornelia, to throw down her own handkerchief, to mark the trail more distinctly. Her Father was still in sight, and the thought of *her* unprotected situation, among a band of desperadoes perhaps, took

precedence, for the time, of every other. But Cornelia Weston had no fears for herself. Like most of the gallant and graceful Kentuckians, she was an able and accomplished equestrian; and once on horse, her self-possession was soon restored; and she had need of it all. Fifteen or twenty minutes before her arrival, but not till after wine and flattery had freely circulated, it occurred (quite *casually* of course) that some one happened to recur, to the "*fright of Miss Weston*," and the "*Airs of Miss Le Noir*;" neither of whom it was affirmed, could have made "more ado, if the whole party had been running away to get married!" One idea suggests another, so it is no wise remarkable, that just at this particular instant, it should strike another of the party; "what a capital frolic it would be, to go through a *mock ceremony*; and then go back, and frighten them both out of their senses, by *pretending* it was true."

"Ah, *mar voi* it would be, one—one, vot you call *var fine zhook*," said No. Three, "but where is *Mounsheer*, the *Parson*?" This was a poser; but your men of expedients, are not to be balked by trifles, so they proposed elevating him to the Cassock. This however he declined on account of his imperfect English, but offered to officiate as groom, if either of the others would accept Orders. After a good deal of parley, it was at length concluded to shift the canonicals, on to Boniface, who "would do *any thing* to amuse his guests, but didn't think he could recollect enough of the ceremony to officiate." His objections were however, finally overruled, himself duly installed (book in hand) near

the centre of the room, and the "guests" ranged around in the following order—To wit "Jilted Tom," reclining in a very picturesque attitude, against one corner of the mantel-piece, so as to command the view from the front windows; next him, stood No. Two and Miss Julia Le Grand, and between them and the door, and nearly opposite to the pretended Parson's right hand, No. One, with Miss Ellen Weston, at his left. After some affected stammering and blunders, the ceremony was recommenced, and went on very smoothly through the first part, at this crisis Cornelia Weston, who had prudently dismounted at a little distance, tripped lightly into the Bar and laid her hand lightly on the latch, with the air of one perfectly at home. To the confirmation of her worst fears she found it locked. Calmly as she could, she rapped; and there was probably some demonstration of an intention to open, for No. One, exclaimed, "No—we are very well content with our own good company—go on sir!" Another voice resumed, "And you Ellen Weston, and you Julia Le Grand, *promise*"—quick as thought, Cornelia's hand was on top of the door, her slender foot planted firmly on the square brass lock, and the next moment she had sprung through the open orifice into the room. "*No! I forbid the banns both of them*" and before any one recovered from the shock of her startling appearance, she had wrenched the hands of both, from the villains that held them. Ellen was the first to rally—"Do, Cornell"—I wish you wouldn't always be making such a fool of yourself!"

"Oh Ellen. how could you—*how could you?*"

"How could I what? You don't know what you are talking about—to come here, like something mad, and make such a fuss for nothing!"

"Ellen, it's *for your life!*"

"If ever I *did see*, such a fool—to make such a *scene*—and all for a little frolic!"

"*Sartain-mont*, Miss Ellen, it's *very absoord* to make such *scan-dale*, for one leetle zhest."

"Nothing but a joke, there's no occasion to be alarmed Miss," put in No. One, who had again taken Ellen's hand.

"Ellen, I tell you it's *no jest*—*Gentlemen* don't *jest* thus, under lock and key!"

"Nor *Ladies* either, I suppose Miss," returned the miscreant, hoping to elicit some answer that would rouse Ellen into defiance.

"*No!* but *children* sometimes may."

"*Much a lady*, as you Miss—and I'll do as I please!"

"That's right—it's *all a jest*, if you please, let us go on."

"No sir—you shall *not* go on!"

"What right have you got, to interfere? I reckon I can do as I choose, for all *you*."

"Sure enough," sneered No. One, "is *she* your guardian?"

"I am her sister, her *older* sister, and I *will not* suffer it."

"Do you think I am going to be stopped, by you?"

"Ellen, Ellen, I tell you again, it's *no jest*—that man," (pointing to the mock Parson,) is a magistrate—I *know it*, go on, and you are as fast wedded to misery

and degradation, as poverty and infamy can bind you."

"It's none of your business, if it isn't a jest."

"Not the least in the world—go on sir!"

"You Ellen——"

"Stop stop! *Think*, if these wretches can pay so liberally, for their ruin, what *her* Father" (pointing to Ellen) "would give to save her from destruction."

"He'll give you nothing but a kick on the crupper, go on I say."

"And *I say*, *he shall not!*"

"Wait till you're asked—I'll let you know, I'm not going to be ruled by you!"

"Oh Ellen—Ellen, think if you *do* go on, you have looked your last, on the Father and Mother that have loved you so dearly. For well, *well* do I know, that our Father would never acknowledge the daughter, that dishonored his name, or reward the villain that destroyed his child!"

"Your sister is very complimentary Miss Ellen," said No. One, a little staggered, but Ellen's scornful laugh reassured him.

"None of your blarney,—don't *I* know better than that? Don't I know, I can make mother do whatever *I* choose?"

"But not Father, and he'll soon be here,—and then—"

"Go on, *go on*—we are losing time."

"You Ellen——"

"Stop!" For a moment, the pitiful wretch quailed before the flashing eye, and stamping foot of the excited girl; but at some signal, he commenced again, "You"

—in an instant the book was snatched from his hand and hurled into the street.

"No consequence—go on sir. *Form* is immaterial; *promise* before witnesses, all that is necessary. Happy to have the honour of your presence to corroborate our marriage Miss Weston—known you wished to come, my friend Tom, here, would have given you a seat in his Buggy. Two very good witnesses," simpered No. One, with a demoniac sneer,—“Begin sir!”

"You El—"

"Never—NEVER—*never*"—and with lightning swiftness the determined girl threw herself upon her sister and bore her back to the settee under the open window. Fortunately she succeeded in forcing her arms under her, before she recovered sufficient presence of mind to resist: for under all ordinary circumstances, the enraged child, would have been much more than a match, for her less hardy sister.

"*Joining of hands, is nothing,*" exclaimed the would be husband, finding it impossible to recover that of Ellen, "*Promise, is all!*"

"You Ellen—"

"Father!—*Father*—FATHER!"

"Weston—"

"MURDER—murder!—*murder!*"

"I say Tom, take this incarnate fury off my wife; I'll be hanged, if I'll be foiled this way by a woman!" But "Tom," having nothing but his precious self at stake, not coveting a rencontre with the said "Father," and hearing, or fancying he heard the distant tramp of a horse contrived, notwithstanding his Creole extrac-

tion, to achieve a very good English "*damme,*" and slip himself quietly out of the back window. Nor was he mistaken, Cornelia's wild and piercing screams, had rung out with appalling shrillness on the still air of that summer evening, and if Mr. Weston *rode* before, now, he *flew*:—But in the fearful strife of human passion, his approach was unheeded;—there was invincible obstinacy, determined to rule, avarice, clinging with a death grasp to its prey; and the frantic energy of desperation, grappling in phrensied struggle with a *sister*, resolved to rescue or die. But this could not last—the screams waxed fainter, and fainter, mingled with cries of, "Let me go," "Promise," "never," "I will," as Mr. Weston dashed into the house.

"Open the door, or by the God that made you, I will send you to his bar!" In the stupefaction of the moment, his threat was disregarded, the next, he had thrown his horse back on his haunches, and then precipitated the whole weight of the powerful animal, on the door; and horse and master literally entered the room together.

"Quick John, throw me the whip and reins, never mind the steps, but take the horses from that Barouche, and be back instantly." Accident had caused a slight detention to Mr. Weston, Mrs. Lenox was consequently, but little behind; and advancing to the now open door, took in at one rapid glance, a bird's eye view of the whole scene; as the disappointed swindler, turned, not like a "baited bull, or lion caught in the toils," but with the air of a detected cur, to confront the infuriated

Father. On one side, just out of reach of the fallen door, stood the petrified "Parson," riveted to the spot by mortal fear, and pure astonishment; on the other No. Two, encumbered with the care of his intended bride. It was long before the obtuse perceptions of Julia Le Grand, enabled her to see clearly the imminent peril of her position, and when she did so, having neither mental nor physical strength to extricate herself, she sunk helplessly into the arms of a villain, and only recovered from one long, death-like swoon, to relapse into another. A little farther on, stood his more prominent coadjutor, who had neglected the favorable moment, though he now seemed *anxious*, to secure a retreat. He looked toward the natural egress, but there with fiery eye, and distended nostril, stood a tremendous black horse, covered with foam; his foot pawing the fallen door, as if guarding the pass with almost human sagacity; and between him and that doubtful chance of safety, "An angry father."

For one moment, Mr. Weston surveyed the cowering wretch with withering contempt, as if he recoiled from contact with aught so base; another, and the honorable Algernon Augustus, was in the hands of a giant. The flash of a sword-cane blinded his vision, as it rained down blows thick and fast on his back and shoulders, a grasp of iron was at his throat, and somehow, he felt himself, without any volition of his own, crossing the apartment, to the rear. "There," administering the same touching memento, predicted to the "Parson," "take that, and that, and *that* for a Father's blessing, and *now*," bundling him out of the window, and applying with the heel of his boot, another onward impulse,

that sent him full fifteen feet in the rear—" *begone sir*, and *mark* me, if *ever* I catch you, attempting to show your rascally face among gentlemen again, I'll have you arrested for stealing that Barouche. A man may be robbed of his daughters, but thank God, the *Law* cares for his horses! Cornelia, my brave girl—my God, she is dead" exclaimed he, detaching her hastily from the unloving embrace of her sister.

"No danger of *that* 'hell-cat'-breed," muttered No. Two, intimating to the "Parson," at the same time, though rather by looks than words, that it would be prudent to withdraw their forces, and conclude the ceremony elsewhere.—" 'Silence gives consent,' you know." In obedience to this suggestion, both worthies, favoured by Mr. Weston's preoccupation, sought to retire; "But here is an ugly customer," said No. Two. The black horse had given place at Mrs. Lenox's, "S-o-o Conrad, s-o-o," as she laid her hand on his mane, and turned his head toward the Bar, which he seemed to take for a crib; and to the surprise of the recreants, his place was now occupied by a noble looking woman, with a large carriage-whip in one hand; her fine figure drawn up to its full height, and her whole bearing indicative of deep and concentrated energy, but not the slightest intention, of yielding the pass to any living mortal. No. Two, felt the necessity of conciliation;—"We will thank you to let us pass, Madam!"

"*Back*"—said the Lady, in that deep stern tone, from which one feels that there is no appeal;—" *BACK* you pass not here. *Wretch*, give that child to me"—seeing that Julia had again relapsed, "don't you know, there is *danger* in such a fit as that?"

"She is my wife, madam, I am taking her to the open air."

"LIAR," said a new voice at the outer door, and the *soi-disant* husband, apprehensive that each moment might bring fresh reinforcements to the adverse party, now attempted to rush past Mrs. Lenox, with his prize. The next instant a long lash was tingling on his cheek, and the "Parson," endeavouring to uncoil it, with one hand from his own neck, and secure it with the other. In such close proximity it was rather an incumbrance than otherwise, and no effort was made to recover it, but the next sortie was met by a well-directed blow on the Temple, from the heavily loaded stock, and Mr. Stanhope Templeton measured his length on the floor. "See that no one escapes John," said Mrs. Lenox as she gathered up the fallen Julia, and by the aid of Mr. Weston, who had but just detected any signs of returning life, in his own daughter, conveyed her to the settee.

"Jist let any of 'em show their heads outside these four walls, if they want the *consate* taken out of them, that's all."

"Look to him," said Mrs. Lenox, addressing the "Parson," and pointing to his prostrate companion, as she applied herself to the restoration of worthier subjects. "I hope I have not killed the wretch," added she, turning to Mr. Weston—"Bleed him," said the latter, throwing his pen knife towards the door; "I don't want him to get off so easily, and I presume it would not be agreeable to you, to undergo the investigation that must follow, in case of accident."

"Wine, Mr. Weston"—he took up a decanter and commenced pouring it out; but the next minute it was

flying after the Justice's manual. "*Drugged*, by all that's holy;" and he looked round for something to throw at the Landlord's head. There was nothing more suitable, so the other decanter had to serve; but long experience, had made that worthy, expert in dodging such missiles, and the contents fell in a sparkling shower on the face of No. Two—"The girls must get well without it."

We must not omit to state, that the parting benediction, bestowed by the last speaker on his hopeful, would-be, son, had settled him very snugly, in a marvellously soft, deep mud-hole;—much to his own personal comfort no doubt, but obviously to the detriment of his small clothes, and the manifest annoyance of the prior occupant, who resented the intrusion on her domestic arrangements, by loud, and long-continued grunts and squeals, and lost no time in serving on the Squatter, a summary process of forcible ejection. At the precise moment when affairs within, had progressed to the exact point already specified—we don't write for the edification of that numerous and interesting class of readers, who can't comprehend that events may transpire much more rapidly than they can be recorded—just at this particular juncture we say, the new Tenant-at-will, was beginning to lose his temporary oblivion of all things past present and future, and finding the ideal give place to the real, commenced kicking and sprawling, to the immortal envy, and admiration of all the exquisite frogs in the neighborhood, "who saw themselves so very much exceeded, in their own way, by all the things that *he* did."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Smockface, surrounded

by your interesting family. Wish you much joy of your new lady, and the fine childer," said John, who was doing duty, as sentinel, on all sides of the house, with a special eye to that opening into the basement, where he had concealed the Barouche horses. "Come, don't be bashful man,—salute your bride—'fraid the tither one'll be jealous, eh? Oh never mind, won't I be giving her this beautiful pocket hankercher"—picking up a curiously cut and slashed piece of bearskin, which detached by the unceremonious contact of Mr. Weston's fingers, had fallen during the owner's rapid transit from the window—"all to wipe her pretty eyes with? And wont yer honour be after telling a poor body, if that swate music I hear, is a grand Epithalamy, or only jist one of thim illigant curtain lectures, which Mike O'Leory says, 'perwades the whole Island of Matrimony?' Mr. Weston and Mrs. Lenox were still standing near their common patients, though both were now out of immediate danger; and their own position joined to the nature of the ground, brought the scene below, into the exact angle of vision. Mrs. Lenox laughed outright, and even Mr. Weston's exasperated feelings, at length gave way. Seizing Ellen, who sat perfectly motionless, half stupified by rage and shame, he dragged her across the room—"Come Mrs. Widow-bewitched, come, take a last look of your charming *caro sposo*." John went on—"Bother yer bones, and lie still, and be aisy to ye—can't ye? Don't you see the tither one is comin'?" Here he gave him another shove with his foot, and rolled him over again, in the mire, but seeing Mr. Weston and Ellen, in the window, was about to desist, when the former nodded to him to go on. "Quite delighted

indade I am, my honey; to see you so nicely situated in the midst of your family circle; so here's to the bonny bridegroom, and his nate little bride, and all the swate darlings! Don't wish to be disrespectful ma'am," turning to Ellen, "but you see as how it comes sort o' natural, so I goes in for the 'old rint payers,' the raal lords of the soil. Three cheers for the happy young couple, and their promisin' family—so here goes"—flourishing his hat—"Hurra for Mrs. Pork and the childer!"

"Well John, if you have done with that subject, I think we have another here, we can recommend to your attention."

"Any thing yer honour likes sir—it'll be very agreeable to me; only yer honour knows, it goes agin a man's conscience, to put one man, into another man's bed."

"Did we not pass a run of water, just before the last turn?"

"Yes sir:—want him put into it? Expect he's only 'Possumming'—I'm thinking that same pig-stye would agree with him mightily, ounly"—

"No John,—bring me a bucket of water. This fellow, here, wants his blood put in circulation." John rummaged the kitchen department, where he had stabled his horses; but not finding the vessel named, stove in, a half-empty barrel of Whiskey, and soon returned with Four, or Five, gallons of water. Here the Landlord ventured to remark, that he thought his patient would do without it.

"Well and thin, it's a pity to waste it, and I can't afford to bring it for nothing, so yer jist wilcome to it, yerself;" and before Boniface could recover from his

kneeling position, at the side of the other "subject," he had received the whole on his head.

"Well done John, and now lend a hand, and we'll just strip them—they'll catch their death in these damp clothes." Here Boniface essayed to run, but was instantly seized by Mr. Weston, and divested of his upper garment. His attempt, had diverted John's attention, momentarily from his own charge, who contrived, meanwhile, to wriggle himself out of the room, but before he was fairly on his feet, he was recaptured and brought back. "Oh, ho—Is that your game my hearty? But you're in limbo, my dear," pointing to the outer door which he had barricaded with the benches and hand-railings from the exterior, before he went to enact sentry. "I don't fasten people out, I only locks them in!"

Mr. Weston's arrangements were soon made, and putting the carriage-whip into the hands of No. Two, he ordered him to give the Landlord a cool dozen or two, and stood over him, with his sword-cane, to see it well done. "Exercise is a fine thing my Beauty, improves you wonderfully, don't take it freely, might go off with the night-mare some of these days; and only think, what a loss you'd be to the world! Don't be uneasy," turning to Boniface, "your turn next, and thin~~—~~*think* of your profits!" The whip now changed hands—"Beautiful reel that, you're dancing Mister; good for stagnation of the blood—economical, save a Doctor's bill, haven't made much, this speculation, eh?" Mr. Weston now interposed, "Don't flatter yourselves I've done with you yet, *gentlemen*;" and drawing Ellen forward, he handed the whip over to her. "Now, *give it to them, both*, if you don't want to catch it yourself!

Don't you think she's a *striking* Beauty," added he when he suffered her to desist. But John wasn't quite satisfied yet. "I want a mate to this, please your honour," holding up his Bearskin,—“they'll make such nice mittens to drive in, next winter, (barrin' the young ladies don't want them for keepsakes,) only, they're so ragged;” and he commenced tugging and pulling, with might and main, at his honor's whiskers. "They won't come off sir," turning to Mr. Weston, "couldn't we take one of these beautiful locks, jist for a love token?" Mr. Weston picked up his knife and trimmed one entirely to John's satisfaction,—“and now,” wheeling him about, “make your compliments to the ladies, and ask them if it isn't very becoming?”

"Perfectly new style—highly picturesque," replied Mrs. Lenox: "and don't forget to add, when relating the incidents of this charming adventure, that you had the honour, to be knocked down by one lady, and horse-whipped by another."

"And thank your stars, that you got off with nothing worse, than lynching and drowning."

"I'm thinking sir, he'd better be looking after his friend, in the sty," said John, dismissing him in that direction. "I don't wish to be partial," collaring the landlord, "and faith Honey, you shall have a taste of shoe leather too! And now," jumping out after him, "pick yourself up, dearie, and step into that stable down there, and bring out thim horses—I don't go to a Tavern, to wait on meself altogether!"

"Beg your pardon, Mrs. Lenox, for making you witness such a scene, but couldn't well avoid it." In a few minutes Mrs. Lenox, and Julia Le Grand were

seated in the carriage, and Cornelia who was hanging on her father's arm, about setting her foot on the steps—"Stand back my dear" (pushing Ellen forward) "don't you know that *married* ladies, take the precedence?" Upon second thought, however, he concluded to take, "the bride," with him, in the Barouche, though for what purpose did not appear, till they had nearly reached the public road. "Stop John, I don't think we shall find a deeper gully than this;" and in a few moments the horses were attached to Mrs. Lenox's carriage, and the Barouche turned over on one side. It was Ellen's turn next, and mounting his horse, her father took her up behind him, and riding round a low, narrow, crazy, pole-bridge, half washed away by a recent rain, dropped her off into the middle of the stream, and ordered her to wade out. Dismounting he stepped to the carriage, "now for you Miss Julia, but I will not give *you* much, only just to save appearances"—so he made Ellen wring her dresses on to those of Julia Le Grand, and then stuffed them both back into the carriage. "Cornelia my dear, do you feel able to ride this horse?"

"No Mr. Weston, she had better not try, let me do it, and by the way, we had better secure those bits of cambric, they might tell tales; and don't forget young ladies, that the Barouche got upset, and you tumbled into the water." Mr. Weston and Mrs. Lenox now preceded the rest of the party, so as to have cloaks and shawls ready to throw around the "Naiads" and "water-nymphs," as Mr. Weston persisted in calling them, the moment they alighted.

Mrs. Weston had just achieved an important vic-

tory at chess, of course there was nothing else for her to do, but go off, in a fit of Hysterics. "Let her come out of them," said the justly incensed Father,—"*If that child,*" pointing to Frances Lenox, "had not *lacked, your WANT of discretion,* you had never set eyes on your darling again! *Silence* madam, and *mark me,* I will have no more of this favoritism, and as for you Miss," turning to Ellen, "make up your mind to stop at some Quaker School, in Pennsylvania; and I don't know as I shall *ever* let you come home. I have no words to thank you, Mrs. Lenox; but God bless you, my daughter," taking Frances in his arms, and imprinting a fatherly kiss on her forehead; "but for you, I had been childless, the better sacrificed to the worse!"

The next morning Cornelia was dangerously ill, of a Brain Fever, and anxious to prevent further exposure, Mrs. Lenox and Frances watched over her with assiduous attention. When she was again convalescent, her Father made some enquiries of Mrs. Lenox, respecting the prospects of her niece. "I do not ask from curiosity, madam, but, under God, I owe the preservation of both my children, to her and yourself—if she needs it, she shall share their fortune."

"Thank you, Mr. Weston, she does not; but your generosity deserves confidence in return. My '*NEICE,*' sir, is MY DAUGHTER. To-morrow, you are at liberty to proclaim the fact."

CHAPTER VI.

"HOAXED, by all that's ridiculous," said a group of young men, assembled next morning to grace Judge Lenox's departure, for though we have not chronicled his arrival, it had occurred, during Miss Weston's illness; and perhaps also, to take another look at the fair young face, they had now, lost all chance, of ever making their own.

"May I be hanged, and shot, and drawn, and quartered, if it isn't outrageous! Such impositions upon the public ought not to be tolerated."

"Don't lay it so to heart, Ned," said some "hand and glove acquaintance" of three weeks, who had flirted a little with Miss De Witt, occasionally, just to keep his hand in, when there was nothing better to do. But "Ned" did lay it to heart. However after two or three days' careful revision of the past, he finally came to the conclusion, that the case wasn't so very desperate as he at first imagined. His magnanimous patronage, and avowed admiration of the "poor rustic," must certainly strike the balance in his favour, notwithstanding some few, disparaging insinuations, touching her inferiority, to "her more fascinating cousin." "The Van Lear, is a gone spec, (deuced if I know, what a woman that's *got* money, wants to go about like an old Quaker for,) these Southern Fortunes, 'great cry and little wool,'—save Nigger wool—wont bring more than half

price in market, can't keep the things here, wouldn't be any use if I could; and wont live there, amongst the Swamps and Alligators. Besides, want a whole army of Servants, and 'eat me out of house and home'—whole 'kith and kin' coming every Summer, to spend the 'Hot season, at the North,'" soliloquized Mr. Tyler, so on mature deliberation he decided to follow. "At all events, there's Lucy—have her any time, for the asking. Not quite so pretty, it's true, but *looks* is nothing. Quizzical little devil too, not always quite sure she isn't making fun of you; but soon cure her of *that*," so his resolution was taken.

Agreeably to appointment, Messrs. Walton, Morton, and Lenox with their respective families, rendezvoused at Quebec. The season being fine, and the situation pleasant, it was concluded to remain several weeks. This was a little inexplicable, at first, to Lucy, and Frances, who had now resumed her proper character, but the arrival of a new party by way of the Lakes, soon explained it all, very satisfactorily. It consisted of Lieut. Charles Marshall U. S. N. his mother, and more recently married sister with her husband from Philadelphia; and Basil Marshall Esq., counsellor at Law, solicitor in chancery etc. etc. from Tallahassee. The episode of a marriage, was an interpolation on the original plan of the Tour; but while its preliminaries are progressing, we must not neglect old acquaintance.

Mr. Tyler, had no vagabond propensities, to keep him loitering about waterfalls and other romantic spots, so he managed to precede Judge Lenox, just in time, to install himself, very securely, in the midst of the only suite of apartments, which it seemed agreeable for the

latter to occupy. His civility in exchanging, entitled him to some little in return, and, as Lucy remarked to Miss Van Lear, and Frances, "When people have no more interesting animal to amuse themselves with, they must e'en do the best they can, with a puppy." Still the exact punctilio, of that gentleman's deportment toward himself, was so different from the genuine politeness, which marked his intercourse with his equals, that our Millionaire was a little dubious, as to the reception of his Proposals in that quarter; so he prudently resolved to give Miss Lucy, "every possible encouragement," short of actual declaration, at the same time that he spared no pains, to ingratiate himself with "the fascinating Miss Lenox," in her absence. This is at all times a rather hazardous game, which none but those possessed of superior abilities, should venture to play; especially where the parties associate on the intimate footing of old Schoolmates. A complot was finally arranged between the Two, (or rather Three, for Jane Van Lear was not wholly guiltless of connivance,) by which the unsuspecting Innocent, was betrayed into ensuring himself, not only a refusal, but a duplicate of the same, within two consecutive hours.

In accordance with this scheme, it was arranged that Lucy, being the elder, should have the first offer; and accordingly Frances became exceedingly distant and reserved, a change of demeanor which he failed not to attribute, to parental injunction. Glad to have the question answered without asking, he now devoted himself exclusively to Lucy; and complained most piteously of the state of his heart, which, if his

statement may be relied on, was blazing, and frozen, and transfixed, and corroded, at a most frightful rate.

"That must be a very complicate disorder of yours, Mr. Tyler. I don't pretend to understand these things myself; but have always understood that Diseases of the Heart were very dangerous, and should advise you to consult a Physician immediately."

"Ah, Miss Lucy, you are so witty! May I understand that you refer me to your Father?"

Lucy nodded, "I dare say he'll do as well as another—he has got Books, with all sorts of unpronounceable words in them." Mr. Tyler was off to Dr. Morton's room, and Lucy went to notify Frances. We should premise, that Dr. Morton had long been subject to periodical attacks, which, for the time, greatly impaired his hearing; and was now recovering from one, but had not fully regained his auricular powers.

"Glad to hear you are better, Dr. Morton,—have the honour to wait on you this morning, on a little matter of business."

"If your business is not urgent, would prefer that you should defer it, till I get more perfectly restored, Mr. Tyler."

"Wont trespass on you long, sir. Just a matter of form—mere trifle, soon settled. Much attached to your daughter, sir—only called to receive the expression of your approbation."

Dr. Morton looked surprised. "Well, I shouldn't have expected this from Laura! But you mistake her meaning, young man; she has merely sent you to me, to spare herself the embarrassment of saying, that she

is 'otherwise engaged.' Didn't suppose you could be ignorant of it, at this stage of affairs—she is to be married, next week."

"It's your *younger* daughter, Miss Lucy, that I design making Mrs. Tyler, sir."

"What Lucy! *my* Lucy? Why, the child is so volatile, she will not be fit to marry these Six years!"

"Charming vivacity, delightful age, just seventeen I understand, charming wife—couldn't be better suited—wont think of withholding your consent—charming spirits." How much longer he might have gone on ringing the changes on "*charming*," no one knows, for Dr. Morton cut him short—"Hadn't the remotest suspicion of this—very singular, affairs should have come to this pass, without my knowledge, or concurrence."

"Presumed you could have no objection sir. My Fortune—"

"The mate for beauty, should be a *man* and not a money-chest! We must needs have money to live, but we are not bound to live for money! I have trusted too much, perhaps, to her mother and Laura, and been too remiss myself, in attending to the associates of my daughter; but must know something of yourself, as well as your fortune, before I consent to the continuance of your addresses. When I give away a daughter, it is to the man, and not his money-bags!—will you favour me with a little of your personal history?" Mr. Tyler seemed at a loss how to begin.

"Are you a native of this city—New York I mean?"

"Yes sir."

"Parents living?"

"One of them was, the last time I heard from her."

"Doesn't reside with you then?"

"No sir."

"Where then?"

"In the country." *Where*, he might have added, she had retired to spare her son, the reproach of allowing his mother, to live in indigence, in some obscure corner of the city; but as he was very laconic in his replies; it is to be presumed, he feared encroaching on the Doctor's time and strength.

"Father not living you say—what was his business?"

"Mercantile."

"What line?"

"Oil."

"*'Soap and Oil,'* was it not? Think I recollect such a House." (Hems)—"Slippery articles—seems to have been very prosperous though; left you a fine Fortune. Any Brothers, or Sisters?"

"None living, that I know." He *might* have known, had he chosen to enquire in the haunts of infamy, for a lost being, driven there by his all grasping avarice, and the desertion of another equally base; who had failed in his unprincipled scheme, to extort from an affluent Brother, a few paltry thousands, to cover the dishonour of a sister!

"Any other connexions in the city?"

"Not that I know."

"Where do they reside?"

"Can't say sir."

"Louder Sir, if you please. Charleston, did you say?"

"No sir."

"Where then?"

"Don't know."

"Louder Sir—a little louder—didn't understand you."

"Cant say sir."

"Strange, *rich* man without relations—*poor* now, it wouldn't be so remarkable," said the Dr. communing with himself. "At a distance I presume—never hear your Parents speak of their relatives?"

"May—but can't say I remember."

"Ah, I understand—'Head of your House!' Beg pardon, don't wish to say anything offensive, but necessary for a Parent to be informed on these subjects;—general character and standing of one's Family, pretty good clue to that of the individual, in the absence of more direct evidence. I don't insist that my daughter shall marry a man, with a genealogy like a Welsh Pedigree; but when a lady is taken out of her own connexion, it is certainly desirable, that her husband should be able to introduce her into another, equally respectable. But if you have not that, you seem to have the next best thing to it, *none at all*; and as the accident of birth, is one over which none of us have any control, it ought in justice, to have less weight, in deciding questions of this kind, than considerations more purely personal. This is not the place for investigations of that nature, but I shall probably return to the city within Two or Three months, and then, (if Lucy hasn't changed her mind in the mean time, than which nothing

is more likely,) will endeavour to make the necessary inquiries during the coming Winter; and if I find every thing satisfactory, will not interpose my *authority*, to prevent your marrying her next Fall, though I should much prefer keeping her with me several years longer. *Till then*, I shall of course expect you to desist from all further effort to bias her affections." Here, the Invalid made a courteous, but decisive inclination of the head, signifying that the audience was closed; and turned on his pillow, exclaiming, "Thirty drops of Digitalis, Sam, and darken the room, I want to sleep."

Remonstrance was useless, there was no mistaking this hint, so Mr. Tyler had to take his insulted dignity off, the best way he could.

"Curse his impudence! *Talk to me*, of waiting Six Months for an answer!—'*dèmmèd*' if *I* wait for any of his investigations. Let the old Prig know what it is, to treat a man of my consequence after this fashion! Don't get the offer of another millionaire soon. 'Change her mind,' heigh? Save her the trouble! Cruel disappointment, no matter, sober her the sooner." This indignant monologue was brought to a full period, just as the speaker unconsciously stalked into the presence of Miss Frances Lenox, in a magnificent rage. She however, chose to see the matter in a very different light. "'Sighing like a furnace,' as usual, Mr. Tyler. Do you know, I am getting very *jealous* of late?"

The word '*jealous*,' caused a sudden revulsion in the whole current of that gentleman's ideas. So then her recent coolness, was not *by order*, but arose from a much more flattering cause.

"Gad, it's lucky after all! Much the best match, not more than half as many children, (Dr. Morton had sons both older and younger than his daughters,) superb connexion, devilish fond of 'settlements' though;—mustn't mind, save expense—*be prompt*, or else"—and as these reflections passed rapidly through his mind, his measures were taken. With the most wo-begone countenance imaginable, he averred in the blandest of tones, that his *melancholy* was solely attributable to *her* cruelty; and lost no time in insinuating, that all his possessions availed him not, "so long as he wanted *this little hand*," making a futile attempt to seize that of the listener. "Oh *that* belongs to my Father—you must ask him. I don't give away other people's property!" There was no time to lose, if he would not have the prior application come to light, before every thing was settled, so he repaired forthwith to the presence of Judge Lenox. His recent schooling, had taught him, that less assurance would be quite as becoming for the occasion; so he contrived to make this overture, with more propriety.

Judge Lenox started to his feet, an angry flush rising to his brow, "Young man," said he, "you have never had any encouragement from me, or mine, to associate with, much less, to address my daughter; and no millionaire son of a Bankrupt Father, shall ever be son of mine, so help me God! *Go at least*, and provide *decently* for your deserted Mother, and reclaim, if you can, your lost Sister, before you ever, again, presume to ask any honest man, for his child."

"Zounds sir—" but his elegant exclamation was cut short by Judge Lenox's bowing with the haughtiest

condescension, as he looked significantly towards the door, and turned on his heel, with an air of withering contempt. Putting his hand to his head, not without suspicion, that these high latitudes had destroyed his identity, or impaired his reason, the double-rejected bounced, rather than walked out of the apartment, only to find his progress eventually intercepted, by both his inamoratas, and Miss Van Lear.

"There is *Mr. Walton*, Mr. Tyler. You don't mean to slight *Jane*," said Lucy, "And she, richer than both of us," continued Frances. "Indeed, I shall take it very unkindly, Mr. Tyler, if you make such invidious distinctions," added Miss Van Lear.

"*Hell and Furies*," exclaimed the exquisite, as the astounding fact of his having been regularly victimized, absolutely stared him in the face—evanishing at the same time with such astonishing celerity, that we cannot make affidavit, as to the precise mode of his evaporating into thin air.

"Why what ails the young American," enquired the *Maitre de Hotel*, of his head clerk about half an hour later? "Can't say sir." "Got a sky-scraper, I expect sir," said Irish John. "Which means I suppose, that he has been kicked sky high?" John nodded assent, and turned to see what equipage was dashing up to the door. Two or Three hands were waving farewells from the upper balcony—"Good bye Mr. Tyler, don't forget to go by Montmorenci." "Why that's the wrong road." "Oh no matter, he thinks Niagara, will be more sublime;" and off went Mr. Tyler at a furious rate. Not having had the distinguished honour of his acquaintance, since the date of

these, his "most delightful recollections," we cannot affirm positively respecting subsequent events; but according to our latest advices, he had drawn up his forces, for a regular siege, before the freckles and Dollars, of red-headed Susan Grant, "the ugliest girl in New York"—Success attend him.

"Frances can it be possible—"

"Don't scold me Papa," and a pair of soft arms were wreathed coaxingly round his neck, as the rising frown was kissed off his brow, "don't scold me; you know you say, 'people are always ill at ease, out of their own sphere,' and we thought it would be only charitable, to put him in a way of finding his own level."

"We, ha! That means Lucy and yourself of course, and if that is all, suppose I must let you off this time; but look ye, my lady, let me catch you sending any body you don't want, to ask for you, again, and see if I don't give you, to him! But where is your mother?"

"Gone out with Mrs. Morton."

"All right, and I will go, and sit with the Doctor, awhile."

"Lucy, you mad-cap, what did you send that pop-injay, here, to annoy me for?"

"Oh I knew the 'Prince of the bed-chamber,' (black Sam) wouldn't admit him, unless you were tolerably comfortable; and I wanted him out of the way, before the important next. They do say, they publish these things, here, Bridesmaids and all, and I'm not going to be put in the papers, with any sort of a nobody! Judge Lenox, I have an idea of getting the loan of you, for the occasion;—'The Hon. Judge Lenox

&c., &c., and the younger Miss Morton'—that wouldn't sound badly, and the Papers wouldn't know, but you were some spruce old Bachelor."

"Well, I'll 'think of it,' Miss Lucy, 'and if I don't find any insuperable objections, perhaps, in the course of five or six months, I may let you know;' but why will not Mr. Basil Marshall answer?"

"Oh, he's gone over to the enemy (pointing to Mr. Walton's apartments) horse foot and dragoons, baggage and artillery.' I shall not forgive his defection, shortly."

"If a colonel of 'Her Majesty's 74th' will atone for the desertion," said Lieut. Marshall, "I have the honor to propose him as substitute."

"In default of better, I suppose he will do," returned Lucy, and the subject was dropped.

She was right, as to the predilections of the younger, Marshall, who was much pleased with the unpretending style and quiet humour of Miss Van Lear. The utter absence of all effort for "effect" completed the charm; and a few months later, their mutual friends were summoned, to witness another bridal, that gave no ordinary promise of future felicity. About the same time, Mrs. Lenox had the satisfaction, of seeing the worthy Mr. Hawthorne, united to the excellent Emma Lawrence; and up to the present hour, that anomalous individual seems perfectly fascinated with his "charming young wife."

To the unspeakable grief, and mortification of Mrs. Waterson, however, her daughter, perversely declined all effort to propitiate the "Government officer;" who was now seeking some eligible political alliance, as a pledge of fidelity to the new party he had espoused,

when so shockingly disgusted, with the malversations in office, of such important public functionaries, as Mrs. Lenox and her daughter. Spring returned and still she was single; so as a last despairing effort, Caroline being then on the very last verge of nineteen, she resolved to give her one more season, at the Springs. Mr. Waterson was opposed to the measure, but like most men of talent, who wed their opposites, by way of ensuring domestic quiet, had found, when too late, that a pretty simpleton, made neither an interesting companion for himself, nor a judicious mother to his children; and was far harder to control, than the most high-spirited woman of superior intellect, because less amenable to reason. All that his own arguments, backed by Caroline's strong partialities for travelling about, in preference to bring "pinioned down in a mere hot-bed of fashion, and Pretension," could do, was, to vary the plan of campaign, by substituting the White Sulphur, for Saratoga.

Here the latter was fortunate enough to meet Cornelia Weston, (now a happy bride,) her Father, Mother, and Cousin. Mrs. Weston was as devoted to chess as ever, and, much to the relief of Miss Waterson, contrived to enlist her mother, in what was, to herself, the most important business of life. Not finding himself hunted down, the cousin, who had been a ward of the elder Mr. Weston, became much interested in Miss Waterson; and his uncle, who remembered her as the favorite of Mrs. Lenox and Frances, most cordially approved his choice; but Mrs. Waterson knew nothing of it, and when about to leave, was almost wild with remorse, to think of her own misspent time, "when she

knew perfectly well, that Caroline would do nothing for herself," and could freely have cursed Mrs. Weston, from the bottom of her heart, for the most useful deed she ever performed in her life. We are not quite sure that her husband was innocent of all design, to prolong her compunction, and suspense to the utmost; but when, at last, she had the supreme felicity, to endure "the *very great trial*, of parting with her *dear* daughter," no doubt the anguish of separation, was much assuaged by the reflection, that in case her second daughter proved as obstinately blind to her own interests, as Caroline had long been; she could now, as a last resort, ship the offender off to a new theatre in the West, and spare her younger sisters, the unwholesome contemplation of such a scandalous precedent.

Several months prior to this consummation "so devoutly" wished, Judge Lenox entered his parlor with an open Paper, bearing every mark of an official Document—"My dear, you wish to take Frances abroad this spring; how would you like a few weeks' residence at St. James? I am offered the post of 'Extraordinary,' but will not accept, in opposition to your wishes."

"If you, *wish* to do so, I should be sorry to have you think, it would be, at any expense of my feelings; otherwise, I should be quite as well satisfied to see you untrammelled by official duties, and free to devote your time to your own amusement. You have served the Public long enough, I think, to be allowed some little time for recreation."

"There I agree with you, Frances, and you know I resigned with a view to some relaxation; but if I reject this Embassy, it may very likely fall into the hands of

some restless Intrigant, far less competent than myself to discharge it with propriety. It will not detain us in London more than six, or eight weeks at farthest; and there will be one trifling advantage annexed—it will give us the *entrée* without the effort, which, as private individuals, we should necessarily have to make.”

“It would certainly be anything but agreeable to owe it, to some one, perhaps, whom we should scarce think presentable, at home; and as your other argument is still more valid, you shall not be delayed, on my account; but remember I shall want to spend a much longer time in England, after visiting the continent

CHAPTER VII.

BETWEEN two, and three years after date of the last conversation, a noble western steamer, was careering proudly “o’er the glad waters of the dark blue sea;” bearing many of the lovely, the gay, and the brave, to their respective destinations, but we must confine our attention to a small party, grouped around, or near, a table covered with Drawings. These were greatly superior to what is commonly found in the portfolio of a non-professional Artist, and their owner, was apparently, about five and twenty, of the finest manly proportions; yet without enough of symmetrical feature, to constitute “a regular Beauty,” or destroy the decidedly intellectual expression of his speaking countenance. But the deep black eye, which flashed and sparkled with the intensity of its own light, when pursuing Truth, or detecting error, through the long windings and intricate mazes of argument, now beamed with mellowed lustre, on two bright beings, by his side, rich in hope, and youth, and loveliness. We do not however pretend to say, that his glances were quite impartially divided between them; for while his bearing was marked with all courtesy, and even affection toward the one on the right, his eye loved much better to linger on the fair face at his left, and at every new

print, or unexpected remark, sought that of the owner, as if *her* approval, were more to him than all the world beside.

"Why Frederick, what do you keep this common looking thing for," said one of the ladies turning up, what was evidently a "large as life" portrait of a female head and face.

"Perhaps it is by way of foil to the rest," observed the other lady; perceiving that the question caused some little embarrassment.

"It is certainly one of my earliest sketches," returned the gentleman, (no other than "little Fred Henley,") "but I do not preserve it, on that account."

"Do you consider it so very pretty then?" We are not sure, there was not a little, very little alarm, at the bottom of the inquiry; for the travelled eye of the speaker, must have told her, that it was not valued as a work of art.

"By no means—it is merely one of the thousand and one pretty faces, to be met at every turn and corner, though I thought very differently once; but my taste in Beauty has undergone a total revolution since then," and the eyes of the speaker rested on the face of the fair querist, with such an unmistakable look of admiration, as suffused her whole cheek, neck, and forehead with the brightest glow. "I preserve it from *gratitude*."

"And thereby hangs a tale," I suppose. Let us have it—saved you from robbers, or assassins, or something of that sort, I presume," said a matronly looking lady, at the opposite end of the table, who had been a silent, but not indifferent spectator of the scene. "From a much more dangerous familiar, *myself*! This madam,"

handing over the picture, "is the face of a Tyrolese Peasant. It matters not how, or where, we met; but we did meet, and for that face, now so common-place in my own estimation, I would have risked friends, fortune, station, every thing but honor; and *her* sterling good sense, and conscious inability to throw off the peasant-blood, and *peasant-feeling*, saved me from long years of unavailing repentance. It was in vain I asserted, that *my wife* should *never* be regarded as an interloper—that she should be received as a daughter, or not at all; and that in the worst supposition, my own talents, and Profession, would secure her a position, far above that, she already occupied. 'You would make yourself uncomfortable without making me happy—cut off from your own family, and early associates, you would be always miserable, and *I* the cause—severed from my own kindred, to find none in its place, deprived of my accustomed avocations and pleasures, and unable to share in yours, I should be always wretched,' was the invariable tenor of her reply, and I was forced to succumb. She would have perilled life and limb to save me, from danger, or toil, but my *WIFE*, she would not be—do I not owe her a debt of gratitude?"

"*Frederick*," exclaimed a gentleman with a few silver hairs intermingled with his own raven locks, "give that picture to me! Let it be *my* care, to make that true philosopher, who refused to intrude on a higher position, happy in her own."

"That is already done Father, as far as it may be, without raising the demon of Italian jealousy."

"And this then, is the secret of your—but why had you not told me of this, before, and spared"—

"If not for *that* fault, Father, I deserved all the

censure, for so wholly disregarding your happiness, while so madly seeking my own." The old gentleman resumed his seat and conversation, and his son, turning to his youthful companion, remarked, "I thought, when I parted with that worthy Peasant, that life could have no keener pang; but I have often felt it since, when beholding princes and nobles of other lands, bowing down to the shrine of my soul's deep idolatry, maddened with the thought, that my own offerings might be overlooked!"

"Do you suppose," said the lady, waiving the latter part of the remark, "that if she had been *a man*, she would have rejected, a superior alliance, so firmly?"

"If you mean the question as personal, I would have a wife, my *companion*, my *EQUAL*; one who should not feel, that she was translated into a new sphere, and had to sacrifice her own long cherished habits to mine, or was walking through life, arm in arm with a giant; but my *superior*, in nothing, but personal beauty—no, not if she could bring 'broad England,' for her dower!"

"You speak as earnestly, as if you actually feared, coming in contact with some Sovereign Princess, or intellectual giantess, who might carry you off *volens*; but I did not mean the question, as personal, and see you do not like to answer it, in any other sense."

"I do not quite understand, how it should have occurred to one, so young, to ask it."

"Oh, I can explain that; before we left home, I gave my daughter 'a peep behind the curtain,' at the risk of making her 'an old maid,' or a misanthrope for life."

"I hope, madam, that in giving her thus early, the inevitable knowledge of human falsehood, and man's duplicity, you did not teach her to doubt the existence of all true affection?"

"Had I ever wished to inculcate such a lesson, it would be hardly wise to abandon it now, to the undermining influence of one Mr. Frederick Henley, and his rhetoric, and romantic adventures," returned the Lady, falling back, into the elderly section of the group, "but where is Miss Warren?"

Taking her siesta, we suppose, though nobody answered, the young lady being, by this time, too deeply absorbed in the merits of a print, she had held in her hand, for the last half hour; and the young gentleman, *looking over her shoulder*, in utter defiance of etiquette, and we *believe*, murmuring something in her ear, though with all our listening—in equal disregard of all good breeding—we could not make out exactly what it was. That it could not have been very agreeable, was evident from the fact, that the lady turned first red, then pale, and never deigned the least reply to his impertinence, further, than by at last raising her head, (doubtless to bid him begone,) with her face glowing, and a pair of the most bewildering eye-lashes heavily surcharged with tears. But men are so conceited; and what did Mr. (we beg his pardon—Dr.) Frederick Henley do, but march directly round the Table—his voice audible enough by this time—exclaiming "Father, if you forgive my boyish folly, help me to implore Judge Lenox, for the boon of his child!"

"Take her young man, if the wide earth were mine to choose, I would not ask a better, or nobler for my son."

Frances, and Augusta, had lost no time in getting out of the way, being very anxious about Miss Warren, probably; but Henry Lenox, who had followed his family abroad, advanced just in time to witness the young lover's eloquent expression of thanks.

"Not so fast, my fine fellow, don't put yourself to any extra fatigue, in the way of speech making; I haven't given *my* consent yet; and what is more, I don't intend to, unless you persuade your Father, here, to give me your sister, in exchange!"

"She is yours my boy—I shall not lose a daughter, but gain a son," exclaimed the Father, delighted to find the first wish of his heart gratified, by this double alliance with the Friend of his youth.

"Do you know, Frances, I have been waiting for you these three months?"

"Waiting for what, Lucy?"

"Oh don't you know that George De Witt has taken compassion on my 'forlorn state,' as Mr. Waterson and Mrs. Ned Tyler are pleased to call it; so I want you, and Augusta, for Bridesmaids, and you will have to make up your mind to call me 'cousin,' the best way you can."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Frances, throwing her arms as of old around Lucy's neck; "but as to Augusta, I will see what *Henry* says about that, for you must know, her *Brother*, insists, that—in short I don't see how we are to manage it, unless we all three step into church together; and that will suit Uncle George,

exactly. But among all the *on dits*, Lucy, you haven't told me what has become of our old friend, Sinclair."

"Oh, he's married, long ago, to Agnes Grey, and gone into Partnership with her father. And some people do say, that if he wasn't the Son-in-law of such an eminent counsellor, he wouldn't be called 'a highly respectable Lawyer' any oftener, than some others, that we don't hear quite so much talk about."

"Some people," were probably right, for after Mr. Grey's decease, the "*highly respectable*," wore out, in process of time, and within the last two, or three years, Mr. Sinclair appears to have found his proper level, in that grade of the Profession, whose incumbents are styled, "very respectable members of the Bar;" but seems—mark it, young men, who forget, that there is "no *royal road*, to *mathematics*," and aspire no higher, than, than to find in a WIFE, an easy, "*royal road*," to fortune and distinction—no nearer its head, than when first introduced to our acquaintance, as "A VERY RISING YOUNG LAWYER."

TRIAL OF A FLIRT.*

VENUE, a handsome drawing-room, of the "DARK AGES," between Steam and Telegraph, with a rather youthful *passée*, turning over some *recherche* Periodicals. Enter, a very distinguished looking Gentleman, her senior by some Lustres, with a suspiciously legal-looking roll of documents, minus only the red tape.

Lady. *Le bon soir, Monsieur.*

Gentleman. Good morning, madam!

L. Why, how now—what mighty nothing might lie under that Holy Father Confessor-looking face of yours, this blessed morning?

G. 'Holy Father Confessor,' indeed—I shall not shrive you, unless very penitent, if half these charges (*glancing at roll*) are true.

L. And pray, what might be the tenor of that formidable scroll? A formal ostracism from the court of old king Procrustes, with a full list of my wicked heresies, and more scandalous escapades annexed?

G. Why—not exactly.

* Revised and enlarged from an old school composition.

L. What then, a summons for me to be and appear, "at the end of a year and a day," before their reverences of the Inquisition, and High Priests of the code conventional, then and there to answer, for my treasonable practices, against the outraged majesty aforesaid?

G. Simply, a citation to come into court of conscience, instanter, and "see that you do answer fairly and truly," as ye hope for mercy, to all and several of the allegations herein set forth.

L. At whose suit, and on what authority?

G. On mine, and at the instance of common Rumor—(*L. common Liar!*)—by me her accredited agent.

L. Oh, I cry you mercy, Mr. Pontifex Maximus, Purveyor General, and Minister Plenipotentiary of her High Mightiness, your Liege Lady, and Sovereign Mistress, Madame Rumor! When might you have received your credentials?

G. It matters not, I have undertaken *this* commission *con amore*, and shall go through with it, with all the gusto of an amateur.

L. What if I choose to be recusant?

G. You dare not.

L. There is little *I* dare not do, but for want of anything better (these last Books are uncommonly stupid) it pleases me to respond; therefore say on; of what heinous malfeasance, am I now accused? Whose peace of conscience, that is rôle of etiquette, have I outraged now?

G. Listen! (*reads*)—"You Mary D. incorrigible spinster, are hereby arraigned on three special Indictments, to wit, *First*, High crime and misdemeanor of Flirtation, *Second*, Palpable coquetry, *Third*, Falsehood

positive, or Breach of contract'—very grave charges which require to be separately and consecutively discussed. COUNT, the First, *High crime and misdemeanor of Flirtation*.

L. Very improper, certainly, to infringe on amusements *gentlemen* wish to monopolize; but the proofs—evinced as how?

G. By compelling, (through persistence in the most unprecedented stupidity, very doubtful by the bye) an extremely diffident man, to go the whole, mortal length, of addressing you in good set terms, and then, mark me, *then*, "*suddenly*, wickedly and pertinaciously, withdrawing yourself, 'without any known cause or provocation,' *from a tacit compact*, assigning no cause whatever, for your defection!"

L. True, to the letter!

G. It's well you have the grace to look grave, at the recital of such an enormity, but I haven't done—"thereby causing a worthy gentleman and gallant soldier to feel, that with his implicit trust, in the lofty, unswerving truth of *your* character, his whole faith in woman was destroyed."

L. Oh no—not that—it surely was *not for that*, I so wronged myself, in the estimation of a high-minded, true-hearted man!

G. Why was it then?

L. To spare him the mortification of a direct dismissal.

G. That hardly suffices for the manner, much less for the matter—I must know all.

L. "The tale were long, besides it boots not now to tell."

G. Remember, "see that you do answer—"

L. Suppose then, that "*kindred*" claims had unexpectedly become paramount, though not obvious, and through circumstances which neither he nor I could control. Their brief duration, none of course, could then foresee.

G. But why was he not informed?

L. Because I had no wish to involve him in the hopeless struggle to reconcile the irreconcilable, no *right*, to waste his manhood's prime in the long yearnings of "hope deferred;" and you know how it is with him "convinced against his will"—perhaps too, I had some misgivings on my own account, it is not always easy, to resist the eloquence of affection.

G. And so, because you doubted his firmness, and distrusted your own, you chose to abandon him—sparing his pride, at the expense of his bitter feelings. Unwisely done! Better to have rejected him at once.

L. Perhaps so, but his morbid sensitiveness on that score, made me think differently at the time.

G. You thought wrong—squeamishness itself, would have borne Rejection, much better than desertion; and *anger* is short-lived in noble natures, like his.

L. You say truly, but contempt, he will carry to his grave.

G. Not if I think proper to enlighten him.

L. Aye, do so, do! You will then have filled up the full measure of his seorn—convincing him, that I have little respect for myself as to court apparently, an alliance once declined, so little for him, as to suppose

he can be cast off and recalled, like any poodle! Do so, do, his cure will then be perfect.

G. (*aside*) Doubtful—I shall not risk the experiment—(*aloud*) Provided, he is hyperfastidious, and ultra-romantic as yourself; but why did you, and do you covet his ill opinion?

L. Without it, he were only nominally free.

G. Then you really wish him to marry another, and so leave him still to infer, that you acted solely from "woman's caprice?"

L. Of course I do, can any one be so absurd as to doubt it? He, was formed for domestic happiness, and I, am I trust, no "Dog in the manger."

G. This all *seems* very magnanimous, but isn't there such a thing as "doing evil, that good may come?"

L. Certainly, and this *is* unpleasantly like practical falsehood, I must confess; but my intentions, at least, are, and were, upright, and surely his sisters' true and tried affection, *must* teach him, there is faith in woman, if he has not found it in me. At least I will hope so.

G. And so will I. And furthermore, as your intent, appears to have been generous, if the result was not judicious, I suppose I must write you down, "GUILTY, *but recommended to mercy.*"

L. Write me down anything you choose, so you dismiss the tiresome subject.

G. With all my heart. *Passerons.* COUNT the Second, *Palpable coquetry.* SPECIFICATION, To having gotten up and presided at "SIR FRISKY FRIBBLE FLIRT's, last hair-breadth escape, from the pains and perils of matrimony." Guilty or not guilty? Oh, you

needn't trouble yourself to answer, I see well enough, by that "gleg o' the eye," how the case stands; and you don't look the least bit penitential either, I'm afraid I can show you little mercy here.

L. I only ask for justice.

G. JUSTICE!

L. Aye, "justice"—have you never such a word in your vocabulary?

G. Why, yes, but then—

L. *That*, is a masculine prerogative! I know it, but intend to have it, nevertheless. So just imagine me in *toga virilis*, if you like, and proceed.

G. You demand trial then?

L. I do—*commencir*.

G. COUNT the II. Specification, First, "To getting up—"

L. Not guilty!

G. "And presiding at—"

L. Admitted!

G. And how to you expect to answer, for involving a venerable Signior, in the expense of sundry new suits of superfine, (to say nothing of the extra waddings and paddings that eked out the Tailor's bill,) an entire new set of teeth, "a most magnificent, curling *Brutus*," half-a-dozen Opera Tickets, two or three times a week, a capital, new quizzing glass, and the refurbishing of his gold rims; not to mention a liberal *douceur*, for the quiet insertion of new settings with double magnifying powers;—no, nor the imminent hazard of life and limb, by exchanging "snug easy-chair," and good comfortable Lamb's wool, for flimsy, silk hose, night air, and other abominations?

L. Oh, it isn't possible, *gentlemen* commit such peccadillos, after all the delectable homilies, they read us poor, weak-minded, creatures, on the like enormities! For the rest, if they will insist, on making love, after such equivocal, ambiguous fashion, as if they had the fear of a hair trigger, or an empannelment of number Twelve, and "Damages," continually before their eyes, why, they ought not to complain, if some trifling expenditures, and awkward little *contretemps*, do now and then occur.

G. "Trifling!" *Trifling*, you hardened sinner! Do you call *that* Box of Jewels, a "*Trifle*?"

L. JUSTICE, my Lord Chancellor, merely justice—he should have given it, to his grand-daughter, long before.

G. But to seduce a Strephon of his years, into the perpetration of sonnets, duets, serenades, and such like juvenile malefactions—How dare you be so irreverent?

L. How original! *Respect*, for gray hairs, under a wig! "Nothing new under the sun," though—Mr. Solomon, I'm afraid your Majesty, must have been a great ninny after all.

G. Well, I do rather opine, he never thought of that, but you deny stimulating his advances?

L. In *toto*.

G. But you might have repressed them. Why did you suffer him, to make himself so ridiculous?

L. Am I his dignity keeper? What right had I to contravene the first article of his creed?

G. That depends—but pray, what is it?

L. Oh, the common one I presume, namely, that a lady has no right to suppose a gentleman "making

love," till he asks her to marry, circumstantial evidence, and all the world to the contrary, notwithstanding.

G. (*soliloquizing*) "Creed"—"common"—not do—might answer well enough sometimes, at others, not at all.

L. That is to say, that if you gentlemen please to flirt, that ought, of course, to be the rule; but if you choose to act in good faith, the ladies *should comprehend*, intuitively; not bore your sublimities, to put such gracious intent, into formal explanations—have in fact, *no right*, to be so provokingly stupid, or absurdly romantic, just as if they couldn't turn you inside out, and read you like a book, any minute, without those verbal prosaics! That's the idea translated into "King's English," is it not?

G. Saucebox! Confess now, you did know what he meant.

L. Indeed, I shall do no such thing. How should I know it was not one of those occasions, when it pleased him to Flirt? Or suppose I did, what right had I to forestall a declaration, and "awe a man from the career of his humor," when he was bent upon showing off?

G. Oh, none in the world, of course not; but then you had a perfect right to entice him on, up to the seventh heaven of imagination, and when he thought, "good easy man, his greatness was a ripening"—you know the rest.

L. (*haughtily*) I, entice?

G. Pardon the *word*, but let me refresh your memory with a few extracts from the Farce of his discomfiture (*reads*.) *Sir Frisky*—"Do you not think any considerable disparity of years, always renders a match

superlatively ridiculous?" (*Lady Hoaxton*) 'Generally, not always.' Please to name an exception? 'When the difference, or disparity, is chiefly numerical.' Will you have the goodness to explain precisely, what you mean by a merely 'numerical difference?' 'Simply, that adverse fates may have made one party prematurely old, in person and feeling, while another (born under more fortunate stars) preserves the tastes, habits, and appearance of youth, much longer than usual.' 'Ten thousand thanks; A very lucid explanation,'—and highly SATISFACTORY no doubt, he thought it then, but what do you call it now, if not, "direct encouragement?"

L. Merely a very obvious commonplace, "*speered after*," as the Scotch say, not volunteered. He was not bound to construe it, "I, am *old* beyond my years, you, so remarkably young, for yours, that all disparity of age, is annihilated between us."

G. Still you knew, that was the identical way, he would translate it.

L. What if I did, am I accountable for his misconceptions? Suppose a gentleman with black, or blue eyes, asks which I prefer; am I to say, red, green, or yellow, lest he should fancy I have a special predilection for the jets, or azures, under his os frontis?

G. Not exactly,—but do you really think, what you say, about "numerical difference?"

L. To be sure I do. Is it so absurd as to be altogether incredible?

G. "Absurd," oh no, quite the reverse, I think it extremely sensible.

L. Thank you. That is the reason then, that you doubted its sincerity.

G. You are particularly ingenious, at extracting derogatory intendments; but if you choose to consider this, one, just set it off against some of the left-handed compliments bestowed upon me this morning, (I dare say you have a goodly number still in store,) and come at once to the point. What induced you to make *him*, such a notable example to all sexagenarian coxcombs; not to mention some who haven't receded quite so far, from years of discretion?

L. Oh he volunteered, very opportunely and magnanimously, to immolate himself for the good of his day and generation; and of course it wasn't for me to gain-say so laudable an intention, especially when his own overgrown vanity so imperiously demanded a little, wholesome "Irish promotion—"

G. (Which you are eminently qualified to confer.)

L. So being infected with a visitation of the blues, which I wished to curtail, I did, most heroically, undertake to administer it.

G. Very valiantly, I should say! This *flaying alive*, must require some nerves. Faith, now I think of it, you must have taken, "Degrees," under some Hibernian Eel-woman, or you'd never performed, so *secundum artem*.—Sapor, the Persian, was a mere bungler to you; but how came you to know, that he did need your skill?

L. Why, your lawful Suzerain, and charming Familiar, that veracious historian, Common Report, hath on record this chronicle, "to wit, That in a certain year of grace which shall be nameless, SIR FRISKY FRIBBLE FLIRT, after publicly grounding arms, and acknowledging himself vanquished, by the matchless prowess of

an invincible widow, and being thereupon allowed *parole*, he, the said Sir Frisky, false knight, and recreant lover, did wickedly, wilfully, surreptitiously, and with malice aforethought, abstract, abduct, and convey himself away, from the jurisdiction of the fair dame aforesaid, to the manifest detriment, and scandal, of her his lawful captor, and rightful mistress—all of which, is duly attested."

G. A damning accusation!

L. "And furthermore, it is deposed, by double witness, that he has been known to express his '*regret*,' for not having MARRIED a certain deceased Lady, whose consent (according to his own showing) he never asked—adding, 'I KNOW I COULD HAVE DONE IT, for she, *set her cap at me, on all occasions*,'"—from all of which, and more of the same tenor, as respects the living, it appeared that he had, for the last five and twenty years, had to sleep under arms, on both continents, to avoid being circumvented and taken, by some manœuvering widow, or enterprising damsel, with "honorable designs," on his goods, chattels and personal liberties.

G. Situation, *le plus pénible*.

L. Whereupon,—in consideration of his unparalleled sufferings, and in compliment to the indefatigable zeal and skill, evinced in the protracted defence of that small citadel, his heart, it seemed good to me, to hold out a flag of truce, and extend to him the potent shield of my high puissance. When so gallant a veteran, retiring from many a hard fought field, sought to repose on his laurels, would it not have been *unchivalrous*, to demand whether he meant to surrender at discretion, or only gather new strength for coming encounters?

G. Oh certainly! And so, when he had fairly put himself *hors du combat*, and was palpably committed, Delilah like you coolly abandoned him (shorn of his honors) to be bandied about, mid the jibes and jeers of his old and pitiless adversaries—turning him over, in the most “*deil ma’ care*” style imaginable, to his late compeers, the graceless youngsters, now remorselessly holding him up to each ancient Adonis, as an awful “be mindful,” to shun his pernicious example, or expect his horrible fate?

L. Exactly so.

G. Ha-ha-ha! Well, I can’t denounce that penance much, though it was rather of the severest; and should he die of the infliction, must bring in a verdict, “*Justifiable homicide*,” but don’t flatter yourself, my lady, that you are going to get off as easily, on the *Third*, and last COUNT in the Indictment! By what special plea, do you think to extenuate the flagrant offence of *Falsehood Positive*, or Breach of Contract?

L. Simply by this—That when I do honor son of Adam, with the promise of my hand, it is not for *him* to blush for, or disavow.

G. Of course not; but you would not wish it trumpeted, and such disclaimers, you know, come within the License of modern etiquette.

L. Husband of mine should be able to give law to society, not meanly to follow in its wake.

G. But you should take the motive, into consideration, and that was undoubtedly, to spare you annoyance, by throwing idle curiosity off its track.

L. The man that wants dignity to repress impertinence, or tact or talent to parry a little harmless rail-

lery, without pledging his “word, and sacred honor,” to a plain, incontestable, unmitigated *falsehood*, is no match for me—the sooner he is aware of it, the better. “*Sacred honor*,” indeed! Too stale to be flung to a dog, or it had never been so lightly forsworn.

G. “Forsworn”—Is not that rather too strong a term for a fashionable foible, a little lover like finesse?

L. I am somewhat addicted to the unfashionable foible, of calling things by their right names. If it is the court, and bar, alone, that make the perjury, why not send them to the penitentiary?

G. True—And any habit which enables man to feel, that on this, that, or the other occasion, he can “lie like an epitaph,” with a perfectly clear conscience, is certainly of very questionable tendency. This phase, too, is silly as it is impious—it deceives no one, and should be universally discountenanced. A few examples, like yours, would soon put it down, provided the motive, were allowed to go along with the act. Excuse the comment, but it has long seemed to me, that you needed an interpreter to translate you out of yourself. Society has lost half the benefit of your example, from a proud reserve—miscalled delicacy—which keeps the high-souled principles on which it is predicated, forever in the back-ground; leaving the thoughtless to infer, that you too, are governed by no higher impulse, than their own frivolous, or still more exceptionable caprice.

L. Possibly! But you are to recollect, that I never set up for a reformer; and whenever some radical defect renders such elucidation necessary, I fear it would be, labor lost.

G. Perhaps not, men often appreciate and admire,

what they could never originate. The empyrean spark may lie forever dormant, but when the electric torch is applied, its scintillations often flash forth, with unexpected brilliancy.

L. Oh, if you are going to launch forth into the wide ocean of metaphysics, let me take leave of you now, before your barque is quite lost to sight—my school-girl lore, does not extend to a single page of that occult mystery.

G. Yet turn you to the page of cause and consequence, you can speculate, "an you will," with the best doctor of them all; but never fear, I have no intention of losing sight of you—it would be a shameful dereliction of my official duties. *Revenons à nos moutons*. And now tell me honestly, have you never regretted visiting fashion's morals with such severe reprehension?

L. Far from it—what could a woman say, on hearing Heaven and earth called to witness, that her intended had "*no hope, or prospect*, of marrying her," but "*very true*, sir, *you have none?*" I cannot conceive how disclaimant, should feel himself, the jilted party, under such circumstances.

G. Why, you know very well, that such things mean nothing, amount to nothing—

L. Of more consequence, perhaps, than a little *impious* trifling, and pretty conclusive evidence, that the pole star of Truth, is fast getting to be nothing more than a very eccentric comet, in our moral zodiac. And that folly, insignificant as it may seem, I consider one of the many insidious causes, now sapping the very foundation of integrity, poisoning the well-springs of

Truth, at their source. Nothing unquestionably demoralizing, can be trivial, for its action and reaction goes on, and on, till men can utter falsehood after falsehood, without a blush, with all the fervor and eloquence of truth, and never dream that they are not "all, all honorable men;" but where is the guarantee for social confidence, or domestic trust, in one who weakly succumbs to its influence? Where would be *my* "love, or honor," for such as these? Echo answers, *where?* No matter how indignantly such an one might spurn an imputation on his veracity—a hair-trigger is no logic—I should not believe him. No matter what might be his station, or his bearing, I should consider him a craven, and a plebeian.

G. Noble, most noble; but where will you find another heart attuned like yours, another spirit, pure and high-toned as your own?

L. Perhaps nowhere, again on earth, but my Father's name, was "*sans peur sans reproche*;" it has never become irksome to me yet, and unless I do find another like his, I will bear it unsullied to my grave. "Noble or not I."

G. So it seems.—Then in place of rent-rolls, it will be necessary to place "Letters patent" before you when I propose.

L. *You*, my Lord Chancellor, you?

G. Yes, I—and don't see any occasion, for you to look so utterly astounded either.

L. (*Soliloquizing as if completely dazed*) Who hath wrought this? "Here lives Benedick, the married man!"

G. Not exactly, but I don't care how soon you en-

able me to set up such a sign. Months and weeks are of more consequence to me, now, than they were twenty years ago.

L. "What a pretty thing is man, when he leaves off his wit, and goes in doublet and hose." Now won't that be a "transmogrification?"

G. A pleasant one, I think, so if you have no objection (there is no one else, that I know, entitled to interfere) may I hope for your permission, to consider the thing settled, and make the experiment soon as possible?

L. (*half arousing*) My permission! "Why what's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" I've got nobody to give away!

G. MA-RY!

L. O-o-oh—I do remember! Why is the man gone stark, raving mad? "Thing settled"—"nobody to interfere"—really (*rising*) I must call "some druggists and physicians!"

G. Not yet dearest (*quietly replacing her*); "bide a wee," at least till you have come out of your own hallucination (*makes several turns across the room, then resumes, in a tone half gay, half grave*). And now, as it does not "please me to flirt," I hope you will have the grace to consider, that six months of such provoking stupidity, ought to suffice.

L. "Six months!" But "*nil admirari*"—I have reached the *ultima thule* of astonishment, and could no more, if you were to say you had been married, for the last four.

G. I wish I had if—

L. And so do I. It would have spared me this,

and I do detest "scenes," love scenes in particular; all except Sir Frisky's, when there were plenty of aids and abettors, to be art and part in my misdeeds.

G. Then it was a regular conspiracy after all, notwithstanding you contrived to throw dust in my eyes. I'm afraid, that as an equitable and impartial Judge, I shall be bound to reconsider that verdict.

L. "Conspiracy," no such thing, only spectators and accessories after the fact; but pray how often, do you of the higher judiciaries, try culprits on the same charge, after they have once been acquitted?

G. We'll let that pass—and as you dislike "scenes," and I am no regular speech-monger, like Sir Frisky, and one little word of yours—

L. (*throwing up both hands*) For the love of mercy, spare me that commonplace; and I know it will be a great relief to you too, for I don't suppose you ever attempted anything so like an ordinary mortal, before, in all the days of your life.

G. Have you been deaf then, as well as blind to all my efforts?

L. Not either, that I am aware, but what were they pray? I don't recollect ever to have heard of them before.

G. Do you mean to make me repeat chapter and verse, of my whole *devoirs*, for the last twelvemonths?

L. "Eleven men in buckram"—just now it was six, what will it be next?

G. Much more than either, if the whole truth were told, but *n'importe*, you haven't answered my last question yet.

L. Oh, by no manner of means. I can despatch the whole catalogue much sooner, myself.

G. Very likely, especially as you haven't the slightest knowledge of the affair.

L. Aye, but I'll do my best to recollect, you see, and if memory isn't civil, must e'en call upon imagination. Let me consider, for what items is our Majesty indebted to your Highness? *Imprimis*, To calling me minx, Ma-ry, and saucebox, each three several times, once very recently. *Second*, To criticising my dress, commenting on my taste, and cavilling at the hauteur of my disposition, whenever you could take, or make, an occasion. *Third*, To offering your escort to an entertainment of some sort, knowing I was too ill to accept it, and determined to secure a plausible pretext, for not encumbering yourself with any appendage of "woman-kind." *Fourth*, To claiming the protection of my arm, in open street, obviously to elude the dexter-manus of an able-bodied sheriff, of whom you stood in commendable awe, when he was running down jurors last winter. *Fifth*, To handing me into a carriage, once or twice, when you couldn't help it, and I dare say indemnifying yourself, by kicking the first puppy you met afterwards—

G. No, that I didn't, though 'twas a christian duty, every man owed Tom Kid, the superfluous handle to an opera-glass; my conscience reproaches me for it yet!

L. Pray don't interrupt me, any more, you have thrown me off my reckoning now. Let me see, where was I? Oh, *Item sixth*, To ensconcing yourself, one long, rainy day, in Cousin Anne's boudoir, merely to save cigars and "Boots," not to mention an attack of rheumatism. *Seventh*, To absconding thither, on another occasion, when making escape, from a convivial

party, out of very holy horror of broken glasses, and vintner's bills. *Eighth*, To depositing sundry books, and Periodicals, in my care and keeping, evidently thinking me malicious enough, to aid and abet, in balking the whole tribe of borrowers. *Ninth*, Coming here to read them—no, to make me do it for you, solely from laziness, and the inconsiderate folly, of taking to glasses, before steady enough to remember where you put them.

G. Not so, they were lying safely, "out of the way," in my pocket, all the while.

L. So much the worse—very unjustifiable artifice! Thank you not to practice any more of your legerdemain upon me. Really sir, you must mend your morals, I shall not connive at such duplicity; but believe that is all—think I have done.

G. Time too, if I am to sit quietly by, and be aspersed, and caricatured after this fashion. You serve me incomparably worse, than witches do their prayers; and take not the slightest cognizance of my anxiety to guard your health, consult your taste, and ward off coxcombs, Tom Kids, and other detrimentals; nor even of my self-sacrificing efforts to become perfectly *au fait* to all in which you were interested.

L. *Mille pardones*, I should have itemized that! It isn't too late now—Article *Tenth*, moral scavengering, alias tale-gathering—highly reprehensible in a lady, but very commendable in a gentleman, it comports so well with his dignity.

G. Have done, if that's the most graphic epithet you can accord to my uncommon fortitude, in taking myself out of your sight, for two whole months, to

make acquaintance with your old rejected, for reasons which shall be nameless. Dare say now you haven't the remotest conception of my object, but try for once, if you can't imagine something better than you have divined as yet.

L. Hazarding conjectures, would be a pure piece of supererogation, when you have already admitted that you did it "*con amore*," as—I suppose—do *all* unofficial news-carriers, or we should have less gratuitous tattling, in the world.

G. Complimentary! Do you suppose you could produce such another gem of the kind, upon fair occasion?

L. Why yes, I rather think I might, under favorable auspices, if you wish it.

G. Thank you—I'll not trouble you just now; but can you tell no better, *why* I have cross-examined you, so this morning?

L. To keep in practice, I presume, though it's so perfectly in character, I hadn't thought it at all strange; if there's any mystery in it, think a solution might be found, in the old nursery rhyme, "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It's to be hoped, he'll be properly sensible of your extraordinary merits—he seldom finds, I fancy, a hand willing to do as much drudgery, for so little pay.

G. (*Bowing very profoundly*) That will answer! So now if you have any more of these spicy flowers of rhetoric on hand, please reserve them for future use, (*aside*) to embellish a curtain lecture for instance—and listen to my version. I have *intermeddled* as you are

pleased to imply, solely to ascertain on what rocks my predecessors split, so that I might avoid them.

L. Time lost, and labor ill bestowed! Many a noble craft has been wrecked, on shoals not laid down in any chart.

G. If mine fails to reach port, it shall not be for want of a gallant effort, on the part of the helmsman.

L. Adverse gales sometimes drive the boldest out to sea—the safest place I opine, when the atmosphere is hazy, and the coast uncertain.

G. As well to go down in sight of shore, as be driven off beyond moorings, to perish in the wide waste of waters.

L. "The sea, the sea, the open sea"—any place for me but a lee shore in a gale.

G. Certes, you can't intend showing me up, as you did Sir Frisky, or you'd never throw so much "cold water" upon me, there's some comfort in that; "and by'r lady," "I do think I espy some small signs o' grace in you."

L. Quite likely—most gentlemen, I believe, are gifted with "those optics keen, which see what is not to be seen," on these occasions.

G. Mary, my darling, don't quiz me now—any other time, but not now!

L. I am *not* quizzing you!

G. For the love of heaven (*starting to his feet and pacing the floor in considerable agitation*) do not say, that you mean to reject me, Mary!

L. Certainly not if I can help it; I have no wish to incur your hostility; but really do intend giving you full leave to withdraw your proposition, whenever you please.

G. Answer me candidly, Mary, as you hope for mercy, here and hereafter! Is there anything in my age, person, any *irremediable* circumstance in short, from which your own native instincts, involuntarily recoil?

L. There is not.

G. Blessings on you for that one word, Mary! And now, it does not please me to withdraw; I shall not avail myself of your permission. Nothing but the most determined negative, shall deter me from persisting to the last extremity! I fight under no masked battery, fairly and frankly do I ask you to become my wife. What were it *to me*, to say, "I was not rejected," when conscious I was not accepted? I have no false pride to be so propitiated, and do I not know, yours, would scorn to boast, even by implication, of an offer deemed good only for rejection? If otherwise, what were it to me, that the world might smile at, or pity my failure, where I had most garnered up my hopes of happiness? Would it soothe the bitterness of disappointment, to feel, that no one knows, and no one cares? Not to me, nor do I comprehend that unmanly feeling, which converts the lover to the foe, of one faultless to him, but for the one painful conviction, that the prize is not for him. I should never descend to the dastardly system of subterfuge, by which some endeavor to evade, or avenge refusal—it is a base encroachment on woman's simple, *negative right*, and withal, a most contemptible piece of puppyism!

L. It *is* a weakness, I always considered it such, in one, "who take him for all in all, I shall not see his like again;" but in his case, it was diffidence, and

overweening estimate, not of himself, but others. Still he is all noble—wantonly wronged, insulted and aggrieved, as he feels himself to be, or have been; no word of censure, or derision ever passes *his* lips, and but for the honest indignation of those whom I *honor* for their dislike, the fact had never transpired at all.

G. It is even so—you say nothing but the truth, and his praises, I would gladly hear, from any lips but yours;—but do not think to fright me with the ghost of a buried jealousy. Do I not know, that unless fully conscious of your own ability to do ample justice, in your own high measure, to another, you had never contracted an after alliance?

L. Perhaps! Still others, might fare no better for the comparison.

G. You did find one, it seems, to pass even that ordeal, why not another?

L. Only seemed to pass, when weighed in the balance he was "found wanting."

G. His successor, will take a hint from Brennus, unless he can find a flaw, in that standard of perfection.

L. Have a care—while you are investigating his short-comings, another eye may be scanning your own.

G. Well thought on—a keen and practiced one too, I find—so the "sword," is my only resource; but what shall it be?

L. Really can't say wherein, you are so much better than you should be, as to atone for deficiencies, where you are not so good.

G. That's not the question at all, I only propose to adjust the balance of power, between him and myself—will nothing less than personal considerations answer?

L. Nothing less—your purse can't come in—don't think of the thing.

G. Suppose then, I pit my orthodoxy, on a certain point, against his heterodoxy—will not that make a slight turn of scales in my favor?

L. On *that* subject, I must confess your sentiments to be, all that is manly, and honorable.

G. "On *that* subject!" And have you ever heard aught to intimate, that there were others, on which they were not?

L. I have!

G. And you, with your consummate scorn for idle rumor, will you allow, an "it is said," to prejudice your feelings or bias your judgment?

L. There would be no lack of precedent, if I should.

G. You will, at least, do me the justice to say what it is, you have heard of me, that impresses you so unfavorably. I am not aware of being particularly vulnerable; but know the slightest elevation above the *canaille* of *high life*, as well as low, is sure to attract the shafts of calumny.

L. If detraction be the inevitable consequence of distinction, then to the best of my knowledge and belief, you are not distinguished—I never recollect to have heard a really disparaging word of you, in my life. Lay that "flattering unction to your soul!"

G. Or that *axe*, to the root of my vanity. Small need though—if you are to use your pruning-knife much longer, after this fashion, there will be neither root, nor branch of it to be found. But how is this? When I ask if, you have heard aught prejudicial, you answer frankly, *yes*, when I ask what you have heard

of me, you politely insinuate, that I am too insignificant, for animadversion!

L. What a pattern reporter you would make—such a miracle of accuracy! If this, is a sample though, you might do for the public, but no lady, would ever trust you with a message to her milliner.

G. I sincerely hope not; but you continually evade the subject. Will you not favor me, with something a little less enigmatical?

L. Yankee-wise—cannot your sapience discern, the difference between "*heard*" and "*heard of*," or are you altogether impervious to such nice distinctions?

G. Not quite! If properly elucidated, I think they might come within the range of my comprehension. But begging ten thousand pardons for my stupidity, I really did not observe the slight variation of phraseology.

L. And begging just one, it was not "*slight*," but important; it is these "*slight variations*," which make so much mischief in the world.

G. Very true. And now dearest and best, will you not say, what remark I have made, what theory advanced, or principle advocated, that you consider so very reprehensible?

L. Certainly, I will. You remember Mr. B.'s client, in Washington last winter, and how coldly he advocated her cause? So coldly, that his irascible, but warm-hearted adversary indemnified himself for acting in short-lived concert, by hurling at him, the withering sarcasm, "I congratulate the gentleman on having *at last* raised *his voice* in the cause of humanity—should such a phenomenon again occur, it is *to be hoped*, his HEART may be allowed to go along with it."

G. I remember her well, or rather her CAUSE, but what has either to do with the subject in question?

L. Much! Have you no suspicion *why* her Advocate managed her case so indifferently?

G. None whatever. It certainly was not from mercenary apprehensions—perhaps he thought it too low for his ambition.

L. His antagonist found in it, no want of *eclat*, when he fairly took the measure out of his hands, and carried it over his head; demolishing, by one master-stroke, the barriers of party spirit and personal prejudice, and “*resting his cause, ON THE BETTER NATURE of the House!*”

G. Indeed he did not, the whole body was electrified, and when he closed that brief and thrilling appeal, *re-offering* the Resolution as his own, full fifty members, of all parties, were on the floor to second him, when he had done. It was a scene worth witnessing, and made me think better of the “collective wisdom,” than I had done for months before. I know too, that B. was stung to the soul, and others “*vexed*,” that “*his phlegm*” should have thrown such “golden opinions,” into the lap of a political rival! Not I, he that could win, should be welcome to wear them, for me; but for the latent *cause* of all this, I have not the shadow of a conjecture, unless—as I half suspect, now that I do reflect on certain little, pithy condiments, rather hard of digestion, served up with *blanc mange*, syllabubs, and *other insipidities*—it originated in *personal pique*!

L. Found at last, yet you, have no compunctions?

G. I—no—why should I?

L. Because that careless “*on dit*” of yours, was the cause, and sole cause of all this.

G. What, a mere “*say so*,” I should have buried and forgotten long ago, had not your friend’s generous alchemy, converted a seemingly indefinite stricture, into a *bona fide* compliment, and embalmed it, by her graceful tact! You do not mean to say *that* was the cause?

L. I do mean to say that very thing.

G. Could a man like B. be so influenced, by a “trifle light as air,” and that too, after what was in all probability the *original purport*, of an equivocal comment, had been so restored? Surely it is not possible!

L. It is *true*, nevertheless. And you should have thought of all this—of all the minds, “wax to receive and marble to retain,” before risking such an impression on his, as had well nigh destroyed the last hope of a mother, dying of “hope deferred” far from children, and home, and with the perfect consciousness, that every *hope* of justice for them, expired with her existence!

G. (*sadly*) And was *I* to blame for that life-destroying procrastination, had her suit finally miscarried, would it have been my work? Do not tell me, I have been so imprudent—*so guilty*?

L. “GUILTY,” yes; but “*imprudent*,” oh, no. “The better part of valor is discretion,” and what better safety valve could be found for wit, or spleen, than a sick, isolated woman, with neither youth, nor wealth on which to rely, without husband, father, brother, kith or kin to protect her? Why any varlet might have insulted her, with perfect impunity! And yet, *my Father* would have said, that that very helplessness should have been to her, a shield mightier than bulwarks, or armies; but then *he* was an old-fashioned

man, who could hardly find it in his heart, to desert a *wrong course*, if he happened to discover that it was a *falling one* first! And I—I, am his daughter; and antiquated enough, to feel too, that her utter defencelessness, should have appealed, with a voice of omnipotence, to the heart of every man, that had a man's heart in his bosom!

G. And so it ought, but why should you think I sought her wrong? Our interests never clashed, we never met, I could have had no personal antipathies, why should I wish to harm her? It was purely, an inguarded expression.

L. And what if it was the mere effervescence of idleness, the very wantonness of caprice—does that justify an unprovoked attack, did it avert or ameliorate the consequence?

G. Alas no; but indeed, I did not dream of all this.

L. A gentleman, should have *felt* it.

G. A "*gentleman*?"

L. Yes, "a gentleman!" Your genealogies may prove you well born, the demonstrations of your own spirit alone, can show you noble, and here we have one of its developments. Magnanimous, very, to select the hour of sickness and utter prostration, to alienate the few friends that might yet remain to an impoverished woman, in a strange city—chivalrous, was it not?

G. Scoff on, I deserve it all—and yet you might spare, my own reproaches are bitter enough.

L. It is well they are.

G. Can you not forgive me?

L. That is not mine to do, but can you forgive yourself?

G. No, but gladly will I seek *her* forgiveness, and do all in my power to atone.

L. Her forgiveness! *hers*—seek it of your Maker, she, is in her grave.

G. DEAD, impossible!

L. How long since, has it been impossible for mortals to die?

G. Gone, *gone*, and *my* hand helped to strew her dying pillow with thorns—God help and forgive me!

L. Amen! And all thanks too, to that "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." She died, at last, among the children her untiring perseverance had rescued from beggary, when every other, earthly hope had died within her.

G. Heaven be praised for *that*, and you, you, I think, might tell if you chose, the secret of that total and sudden reverse. So sudden, that even B. was, if possible, more astonished and bewildered, than mortified, at the change.

L. I do choose. It was your gold, and Mrs. A.'s influence.

G. Not to mention your own; but my gold, *MINE*?

L. Yes. Do you not remember loaning a rather large sum, that was not repaid, until those claims were settled?

G. I recollect a decided inclination to murder somebody in the newspapers, about that time, that should leave a certain fair friend of mine, a handsome legacy, though I couldn't exactly manage it—the reimbursement, was only associated in my mind with one collateral, "*what business had that officious, puppy of a cousin, to be the bearer?*" It was for her then?

L. Yes, we could have done without, but took a malicious pleasure, in making your wealth build up, what your hand, had so thoughtlessly stricken down. And for the rest, innocent, good-natured pets, with no brains to trouble about any presumptuous *cui bono*, are sometimes useful, as well as amusing.

G. Possibly, but for "malicious," say *benevolent*, and God bless you, forever and ever, for that, Mary; but why did you not confide in me, at the time?

L. To what end—*she* was living then, and had you met, (as met in that case you must,) "*a curious, and peculiar disposition*," with your own derogatory signification annexed, would have been the first thing uppermost, in your mind, despite your own admission, that you "caught the expression flying," and Mrs. A.'s illustrations, of the very "*curious and peculiar*" use, and application of that phrase, by its real author. You men, are doubly unjust to woman. The lightest breath suffices to raise up a wall of adamant between her and your sympathies, and then, never till the grave has closed over her sorrows, and her wrongs, do you regret the one, or commiserate the other?

G. Alas, that is too true, in the abstract, I fear; but forgive me Mary (*resuming once more his place by her side*)—think better of me too, if you can, and never again will I be guilty of such thoughtless injustice to man, or woman! You have given me a lesson I shall not soon forget.

L. Never, I hope.

G. Then if you do wish it to be salutary—

L. It must not be lightly withdrawn.

G. Never, oh never! *You* must go along with it,

who else could so enforce, or recall it, should it ever become indistinct? Who else, so reduce the sublime in theory, to the simple in practice? MARY, my child, I need the light of your example.

L. Of a nobler, and better you mean, for I too need a guide, not a disciple, and therefore we must part. It is not, that my mind does not freely recognize in yours, its superior in knowledge, in thought, and in intellect, but I want *more* than these. I want the deep and abiding conviction, that in mingling soul with soul, I approach still nearer to the source of immortal purity!

G. MY CHILD, my beloved child—for dear to me, are you as a daughter, though I woo you for a wife—you must not hope for this! It is one of earth's vain, *vain* dreams. "Woman, a child of morning then, a spirit still compared to men," *must not hope*, to find a nature purer than her own, unless "the sons of God," were indeed, literally, to come down and wed with "the daughters of men;"—but though I may not irradiate your spirit with the beams of a higher effulgence, I can at least forbear to darken it, with the shadow of mine. I will endeavor to illuminate that, by the splendor of your own.

L. By a far higher, I hope!

G. I dare not lay my unhallowed hand on the sacred mysteries of that inner temple, but may I not be trusted, to guard its portals from the intrusion of aught less holy? Will you not confide to my keeping, the fragile vase, that enshrines so rich a gem? Is it nothing, to be once more *understood*, appreciated, beloved? Think well of it Mary, think soberly, and do not again say me nay!

L. And must all my proud thoughts, and high aspirations, come to this?

G. Even so. "Earth has no heart, fond dreamer—with a tone, to give thee back the richness of thine own, seek it in heaven!" But remember while you do so, that your pathway lies on earth; and where, where in its mazes will you find a truer, a more devoted guide?

L. *Nowhere* now, alas, on earth I fear; but oh, could I feel assured, that "the Law of the Lord enlightening the soul," was written on your heart, how much more freely, could I yield this hand to your guidance.

G. It will be, Mary, MY OWN MARY—how can I ever cease to bless and adore Him, for this priceless gift?

CHURCH BROKERS IN THE NEW JERUSALEM.

God's temples below, we have modelled quite right,
No toil-weary foot ever enters to pray,
For the seats are all sold, and closed very light—
The "Prince of the air," take intruders, I say.
The travel-soiled stranger, that stops for the night,
Must spend as he can, the Lord's holy day,
Sleep, revel, or travel, well knowing we might,
Stare him *out* of our pew, if in he should stray.

In the city above, as I understand,
The streets are all sparkling with "sapphire and gold,"
And I think we must take some pre-emption land,
Before the best lots are ev'ry one sold.
A number one site, at the court-end of town—
To be mixed up with "*all sorts*" I couldn't abide,
And Saint Peter, I think, should knock them all down,
When over such pavements they offer to stride.

That the church is exquisite, I haven't a doubt,
That the music's superb, I've often been told—
How on earth shall we get the nuisances out,
If the choicest of pews already are sold?
"Oh those antiques can't know, or care a French son,
What pews would be nice for people of station,
And I think we are 'some,' and can 'do'
The old Fuges out by '*sharp operation*.'"

There's room for all codgers, I fancy, somewhere"—
 Sincerely do hope it's outside of the door,
 And the portals well barred, and guarded with care;
 This nudging of dowdies, is no little bore.
 A clodpole in Homespun, to come and sit down,
 At great marriage-feast of the "Lamb and his spouse—
Oh procul, O procul—an angel would frown,
 If the down on his plume were brushed by a blouse.

If that sort of thing were to happen indeed,
 Don't know, on the whole, as I very much care—
 That is, if I do go, perhaps there is need,
 To learn something more, how they manage up there.
 The church, as we all know, is built on a rock,
 The city itself, a most splendid affair,
 But ere we invest very much in the stock,
 Hadn't we better send some one up, and enquire?

Yes, glow-worms of earth, there is very much need,
 That more you should learn of that city above.
 Exclusives in Christ, will you never take heed,
 That his smile is its light, His spirit is Love?
 Church Brokers, think *where*, money-changers once brought
 Their Doves and their Tables. Sharp dealers in gold,
 And bold sinners they were; but *they* never thought
 God's Temple, *itself*, could be bought, and be sold.

Feb., 1858.

L. L. M. J.

CENSORIA LICTORIA.

Sprightly, spicy, indeed we may say *all-spice*. . . . Handles *shams* pretty roughly; shows much vigor of understanding, but less of the genial and Christian than we should prefer; still there are hypocrisies and meannesses that deserve to be laughed and *scourged* out of the world—books of this kind have their use.—*Christian Witness* (P. E.)

"My opinion of your writings has, as you know, been always favorable, and freely expressed."—*Fitz-Greene Halleck*.

Like FANNY FERN, quite as original, more highbred. . . . A tale of no common incident, behind all these withering and fun-loving squibs. . . . *Hits to the right and left, and back again without fear or favor, and so perfectly cool. Guess it will stir up some bile in some quarters,—but, Madam, how dare you?* Rich, sparkling, highly amusing. . . . The oddest little quiz of a book—would it were larger, "*Like FANNY FERN?*" Yes; but has more body, and the ring of a finer metal. . . . One of the little vials. . . . A good deal of attic salt, as well as "ALL-SPICE" and aquafortis. The "*licks*" do come to our turn pretty often, but we must laugh if we wince, and turn round to see who catches it next.—*Mass. and N. Y. Eds.*

When we say it is literally overflowing with wit the most attic, humor the most caustic, sarcasm the most biting, sentiment the most refined and poetic, and fancies the most brilliant and polished, we but express the opinion of all the intelligent who have had the good fortune to peruse this book. To praise it were as absurd as "to paint the lily." It is a gem of the purest ray and finest water, and confers infinite credit upon its accomplished author. She shoots folly as it flies, and shows up the frivolities, the flunkeyisms, and hypocrisies of the day with an unsparing hand. Those who like to see the mirror held up to nature should call in time; no copies can be had, after she leaves.—*Vicksburg Sun & Sentinel*.

LOUISE ELEMJAY has a mind unimpaired by the most crushing calamities. . . . As a satirist she cuts with a keen edge, and a diction so polished that intense thought is sometimes required to unmine the brilliancy of the casket.—*Boonville Observer and Patriot*.

Needs no comment of ours.—*Glasgow (Me.) Times*.

Aside from her current reputation as a literary *distingué*, she brings testimonials of high moral and social worth from eminent sources all over the country. Our fashion and literati should lose no time in paying their respects.—*Howard Co. Banner*.

She attacks the follies and vices of the times, with all the fearless valor of the Knight Errants of old, yet with all a woman's tenderness.—*Natchez Courier*.

Her endorsers, as the *Lexington Journal* well remarks, "comprehend pretty much all the leading authorities of the country." Others, backed by the trade, may be more generally, though scarce more extensively, certainly not more favorably known. SHE HAS THE DISTINGUISHED HONOR—for it is no small one—TO BE THE VERY FIRST, SO FAR AS WE KNOW, TO HAVE WON LITERARY REPUTATION, WITHOUT PUBLISHERS' AID, AND EXTENDED IT FROM SOUTH AND WEST, TO NORTH AND EAST, IN DEFIANCE OF SECTIONAL JEALOUSY AND THE UNIVERSAL PREJUDICE AGAINST SALES BY AUTHOR. . . . She has stood by the South, honestly and fearlessly, while others of half her talent were winning fortunes, by covering it with insult and abuse. The South owes her a debt of gratitude—now is the time to repay it.—*Kansas City Enterprise* (now *West. Jour. Commerce*) and *Leavenworth City Herald*.

LOUISE ELEMJAY is not "unknown to fame." Her mind is full of rich thought, and ripest written and unwritten literature.—*Natchez Free Trader*.

The press throughout the land have from time to time spoken of her in terms the most complimentary, but we have no time, nor space, to speak of her and her works, as she and they deserve. We might fill columns with notices, but what the old *Nashville Whig*, *Boston Post & Courier*, PRENTICE, HALLECK, and MRS. SIGOURNEY, endorse, ALL may read.—*Lexington (Me.) Expositor*.

These "old-new books" have reached us at last, and nothing less than genius and energy of the very first order could have made, and kept alive, the reputation of that suppressed by such "infamous" means, when its rising repute could no longer be confined to the few local points, accessible to a very helpless invalid. Nothing now can suppress our opinion, that it, like the CENSORIA LICTORIA (PARTICULAR JESSY), is a book of rare merit, though *too high an order of merit*, perhaps, to be generally appreciated. Its pathos brings tears to manly eyes; and its successor is not merely witty and sarcastic, but *wit and sarcasm*; and if any of our lazy friends throw it down as frivolous, or unmeaning, because unable to grasp *all* its subtle meanings at a single glance, we advise them to pick it up again, and read at least, "*What a Book might be good for*."—*St. Joseph's Journal and Gazette*.

A perfect spice island in the vast ocean of literature. . . . Light reading, though one little dreams, at first sight, of all the fun, sarcasm, politics, piety, sentiment, and satire couched under the jaunty, careless grace of the author's strange Elemjayesses. We really know no better name for her own pleasant, peculiar style, but a book which improves upon a second, or third perusal, has at least one unfailing mark of genius. . . . know no living author, whose satire reaches farther, strikes higher, or cuts deeper; but it is with the edge of a Damascus blade, not stone hatchet.—*Times and Argus, Hickman, Kentucky*.

An odd bundle of fun, piety, wit, pathos, and all sorts of "sharp

sticks;" even our "*Shrieker*" friends will find in it an elegant castigation. . . . Not exactly calculated for the ordinary cheap literature meridian; why does not some enterprising publisher look into the "Elemjayess," both series we mean; there is surely "a fortune in the books," if only put into the proper form, and proper hands.—*Platte City Eagle*, and other *Western Papers*.

Need only say Louise Elemjay (L. M. J.) is in town, of course everybody will want a copy of her *Censoria Lictoria*. . . . It is exceedingly racy, unique, and entertaining—not by any means puerile or frivolous, with all its off-hand levity.—*Memphis Eagle and Appeal*.

Something too much, perhaps, of hewing "blocks with a razor," but the writer's versatility of talent, and style is truly remarkable. . . . Can add nothing to her reputation, the book bears its own most ample endorsement, and examination gives us full faith in the very many highly complimentary notices we have often seen.—*Somerville Reporter and Advocate*.

One of the *little vials*, with thoughts enough in its 150, or 160 pages, for two modern books of twice the size. . . . Can do little more than endorse our neighbors, and other cotemporaries.—*Vicksburg Whig and True Southerner*.

More sly humor, subtle wit, and double-distilled satire, than is often put—just as *this* should not be—in the pamphlet form. . . . The *Comet's* was among the earliest notices of *Letters and Miscellanies*. Its readers will need no further commendation of this "oddest little quiz of a book," called CENSORIA LICTORIA. The strange suppression of the former is briefly told in a Preliminary from the *Boston Courier*, and the deeply pathetic, and intensely sarcastic piece, entitled "*The Fugitive Returned*."—*Advertiser and Comet, Baton Rouge*.

Its distinguishing characteristics, are brevity, wit, sarcasm, ORIGINALITY, and a high order of Fanny Fernism. . . . Wholly unlike the ordinary style and productions of female authors.—*Selma (Ala.) Papers*, and *Montgomery Advertiser*.

LETTERS AND MISCELLANIES.

(SECOND 2D EDITION OUT OF PRINT.)

Instructive and amusing. Exceedingly sprightly, and full of good sense. Lady of strong exuberant thought. Scarce fail to be read with pleasure and profit. Shall review this work at large. Predict for it a ready and extensive sale. —*Louisville Journal*.

An ornament to our literature. Full of amusing incident and sprightly remarks. Poetic genius of a high order of merit. When it appears, give it a more extended review.—*Kentucky Statesman*.

Subject of Temperance Reform, among other things, treated in an original and most masterly manner.—*Org. Temp. Ref.*

* Full of genius and good taste, and will, I am sure, sell well.—*Rev. Robert Morris, author of "Lights and Shadows of Free Masonry."*

* This is a genuine book—a lady-like book, with a lady-like spirit. You will find something in it that you don't see every day—sundry clear, ringing words, that take the atmosphere by a sort of surprise, and not a few hard hits. It is free, bold, independent in intellectual quality, and, withal, truthful to the sex in those affections that accompany the outgoing of their thoughts, and throw a higher grace than beauty around their images.

It has another and tenderer interest—the interest of sorrow. Calamities, such as seldom overtake our frail nature and crush out its hope and strength, have fallen on its gifted author. With all manly hearts, this would insure its prompt patronage; but when *real merit of an unusual degree* is allied with an appeal to our sympathies, no one should fail to lend a helping hand for its success.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Journal*.

Possesses much merit, racy and humorous sketches by an original and keen observer.—*Flag of the Union (Jackson) Miss.*

One of the best of its class, rare and valuable. Ask for it a perusal by all lovers of good reading. Quite suggestive. Very spirited. Neatly printed and uniquely written, one of the books that will repay perusal.—*Vicksburg Whig, Yazoo City, Natchez, Baton Rouge, and Mobile papers.*

* Stars indicate VOLUNTEER critiques, Editorial MS. and verbal.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

We commend this *very interesting* work. Fluent, racy, quaint, and poetical, it cannot fail to entertain and instruct.

The Book is *well worth the price*, and the purchaser will bestow a benefit at once upon himself and another who needs, and deserves, and will duly appreciate it.—*Nashville Whig*.

A book of real merit, written in an exceedingly sprightly style, and calculated to do good in, besides *pleasing*, every circle of Southern readers.

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NOTICES OF THE WORK.

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