

THE
DENNINGS AND THEIR BEAUX;

AND

ALINA DERLAY,
&c. &c.

BY

MISS LESLIE.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF CANAL STREET," "PENCIL SKETCHES," "KITTY'S RELATIONS,"
"MRS. WASHINGTON POTTS," "LEONILLA LINMORE," ETC.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
A. HART, LATE CAREY AND HART.
1851.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by

A. HART,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

THE DENNINGS, AND THEIR BEAUX.

It was on the afternoon of a bright balmy day in early spring that Sabina Westmore, escorted by her brother Orvil, arrived at the house of her father's cousin, Mr. Denning, on a long-promised visit to Philadelphia. This invitation having been recently and earnestly reiterated in several of Mr. Denning's last business letters to Mr. Westmore, (who was proprietor of a large cotton manufactory in one of the Eastern States,) her parents had consented to her accepting it. Sabina, the only daughter among four sons, had been educated entirely at home, and it was a severe trial for her father and mother to part with her even for a short season. But she was now eighteen (looking at least two years younger), and they thought it time she should see a little more of the world; her knowledge of society having, as yet, been confined to a very select circle in her native place.

When the carriage that conveyed Orvil Westmore and his sister from the steamboat wharf, stopped at the door of Mr. Denning's house (in a very genteel part of one of the cross-streets), they perceived at each of the parlor windows a young lady, evidently watching for their arrival; the time of which had been previously announced in a letter from Mr. Westmore to Mr. Denning. The moment the strangers alighted, these two young ladies (who were both rather handsome, and very fashionably drest) ran out to meet them in the vestibule, saluted them with great cordiality, and ushered them into the front parlor; introducing each other as Ellen and Rosa Denning.

"We dine at three"—said Ellen—"and then papa takes his nap, and goes back again to his store till evening. There never was a man so given up to business."

"We were hoping"—said Rosa—"that mamma would have got home in time to receive you, but she went out directly after breakfast, in search of a house for Mrs. Macflit, who moves every quarter; and 'tis a chance if she is at home to dinner. But we never wait for her."

"I hope your sister Anna is well"—said Orvil Westmore—"I recollect her as a little girl, when I accompanied my father to Philadelphia, about the time I had attained my tenth year."

"Yes—she was then a *very* little girl"—replied Ellen—"The truth is, Anna was engaged yesterday: and she has, in consequence, received so many calls to-day, that, being very delicate, she is quite overcome with fatigue. So, just before your arrival, she retired to her room, and desired to have her dinner sent up to her, that she may be fresh for evening."

Sabina did not exactly understand this speech, as was proved by her remarking to Ellen—"It must indeed have been very tiresome, after being busily engaged a whole day, to be obliged to entertain a succession of visitors during the next."

The two sisters smiled—"Oh! you mistake entirely"—said Ellen—"Anna was not occupied with any particular employment yesterday—she never is—only she engaged herself to be married to Mr. Lankley, yesterday morning, as they were looking at a blue hyacinth in one of the back parlor windows."

"A daffodil you mean"—interrupted her sister.

"I believe, after all, it was a crocus"—continued Ellen—"However, by Anna's desire, Mr. Lankley staid till papa came home, to ask his consent. And pa' only took about ten minutes for consideration, as Mr. Lankley is quite a nice young man, with very pretty prospects. There was no time to consult mamma, as it is always uncertain whether she will be home before evening. She was out nearly all day yesterday, trying to bring about a reconciliation between the widow Huddleston and old Mr. Todgemore, who were to have been married next Thursday; and it was broken off, through the shameful interference of her sisters and his nieces. And when she came home, mamma was in high spirits with her success; and therefore she was very well pleased to hear of Anna's engagement. To be sure it is rather a sudden thing, as Mr. Lankley was introduced to Anna only about three weeks ago, at Mrs. Medley's squeeze. But love at first sight, you know—"

"Ellen, how you talk!"—interrupted her sister—"you forget that it is an old attachment. Cousin Sabina, they both went to Mr. Chassepié's dancing school, when they were a little boy and girl; and they met every week at the children's cotillion parties. Once he was actually struck and knocked down on the ball-room floor by another little boy, to whom Anna (young coquette as she was) had previously engaged herself for the next set, and who was enraged, when he went to lead her out, to find her already standing up with Norbert Lankley, who had just asked her. The affair caused a great talk through the ball-room, and gave occasion to certain predictions, which you see are now going to be realized. No doubt the intimacy would have continued; but that Norbert's family, shortly after, removed to the west."

"When is the wedding to take place?"—asked Orvil Westmore.

"Oh! there is no time fixed"—replied both sisters.

There was then a consultation *sotto voce* between the Miss Dennings, as to which of the two should conduct Sabina to her apartment, and which should stay down to entertain her brother; the latter office being the most desirable. In this instance, as in most others, the younger sister carried her point.

As soon as they had reached the chamber allotted to Sabina, who immediately proceeded to take off her bonnet and shawl, and arrange her hair, &c., Ellen Denning said to her—"You must have found it very dull, travelling so far with only your brother."

"My brother is not in the least dull"—replied Sabina.

"Oh! no—it is easy to see that. He looks as bright as possible; though, as yet, Rosa has given him no chance of saying a word, scarcely. Rosa is a most excellent girl, but has always been considered rather too voluble. She is not aware how much she injures herself by this desire of monopolizing all the conversation. Gentlemen do not like girls any the better for

talking too much. Now there is Anna, who scarcely ever utters a word; you see she is engaged before either of us; though somewhat the youngest. Anna is very amiable; but she is considered by no means the smartest of the family. But the truth is, foolishness takes better with gentlemen than sense. I often wish I were foolish. But, seriously, did it not seem rather flat to be escorted by your own brother? I think I should die if I had to travel with nobody but Nick Denning. I suppose you each were provided with books, and read all the way along."

"Neither of us read at all"—replied Sabina—"everything we saw was quite new to me; and Orvil and I are never at any loss for conversation."

"But I see no object in talking to one's brother," observed Ellen.

"We met with several gentlemen who were known to Orvil"—said Sabina—"and he introduced them to me."

"Who were they?"—asked Ellen eagerly—"Did they come on all the way to Philadelphia? Are they in town now, or are they merely passing through? I must go down and beg your brother to use no ceremony in inviting to our house any friends of his who may chance to be in the city. We shall be delighted to see them—Any of them at all?"

"My brother"—replied Sabina—"being unwilling to trespass on the hospitality of your family, stopped as we came up, and engaged a room at the United States Hotel. His stay in Philadelphia will be very short, as he came merely to escort me."

"Oh! what a pity!"—exclaimed Ellen—"but of course he will be with us most of his time. I must go down and talk to him about it.—When you have finished your toilet, you will find us in the front parlor."

Having departed, and gone half-way down stairs, Ellen Denning came back, and putting her head in at the door, said—

"Cousin Sabina, as it is most likely your brother, as well as yourself, may have forgotten that Anna is the youngest of the three, it may be as well not to remind him of it; lest he should chance to mention it after his return home. One would not like to have it known, throughout New England, that the youngest Miss Denning is going to be married before either of her sisters. Such things do not tell well. And then there is a great deal in people being easily pleased, and taking the first offer they receive. Poor Anna—she is so very passive—I must say that Norbert Lankley (though he may be considered quite a good match) never would have suited my taste."

"As there is no time fixed for the marriage"—observed Sabina, with a smile—"perhaps you may yet steal a march upon your sister, and be a bride before her."

"There is many a true word spoken in jest"—remarked Ellen, looking very complaisantly on Sabina—"To be sure, when one is surrounded with beaux, and in a house that is so much resorted to by gentlemen, the chief difficulty, perhaps, is in making a selection. 'Tis amazing how some families take—and others never have the least success. There are our opposite neighbors the Drawlings, with their six daughters, and four nieces—variety enough, you will say. Still, do as they will, there is a lamentable dearth of beaux among them. They formerly gave large parties every season, and invited half the world. But the gentlemen never came till supper-time, and then slipped off as soon as they had done their oysters and terrapin: and never had the civility to make a call afterwards: and were seen no more at the house till next year's party. Then the poor Drawlings tried *soirées*, and opened their house and lighted up their parlors every Tuesday

evening, for the reception of all their acquaintances that chose to come. But the guests dwindled away fewer and fewer every time; till at length they had scarcely anybody to receive. The last *soirée* consisted of one boy."

The young ladies were now summoned to dinner. Mr. Denning had just come home, and was heartily glad to find that his young cousins had arrived. He was accompanied by his son Nicholas, commonly called Nick—a youth of sixteen, who had recently completed his education at a provincial academy, and was now in his father's store. Anna did not appear; adhering to her intention of dining in her own room. As Mr. Denning had long since found the necessity of having a hired housekeeper, the table and all other domestic arrangements were very superior to what they would have been if left to the rule, or rather the misrule of his wife or daughters: the young ladies being almost exclusively occupied with what they called the beaux; and their mother, with officiously attending to the business of her numerous acquaintances.

As usual, Mrs. Denning was not waited for. But towards the close of the repast she came in (looking much heated and tired), and sat down to table with her bonnet on; as she purposed going out again as soon as she had swallowed her dinner.—She apologized to the Westmores for not having been at home to receive them; excusing herself on the plea that she had always so many things on hand that she scarcely knew how to turn herself or what to do first.

"Only think"—said she—addressing her daughters—"after I had found three houses for Mrs. Macflit, one up Vine-street; and one down Pine-street; and one in Chestnut, almost at Schuylkill—and after I had gone for her to Front-street, and taken her to see them all, not one of them would suit. And she said I dragged her about, and that she would get her son to inquire of a house agent, as she always had to do at last. Mrs. Macflit has an excellent heart. It is a pity she is always dissatisfied with everything. Then after I had got through Mrs. Macflit, I had to go to the cheap store up Fourth-street, above Callowhill, to buy some kitchen towels for Mrs. Puffin, who is so fat that she never walks; and her carriage is getting painted. She is afraid to trust her daughter to shop for her, as Mary Ann will never take the trouble to go to any of the cheap shops, because they are always in out-of-the-way places. And then I called at Mrs. Winceby's, and found that her two youngest children had been crying three days and three nights with the toothache. Her husband was away in New York, and neither the mother nor any of the aunts had nerve enough to take the poor things to the dentist's, or to send for him either; as they could not bear to know that tooth-drawing was going on in the house. So of course I volunteered to accompany the children to Mr. Tenderhand's. And after the girl was done (whose screams, to be sure, were heart-rending) we were near an hour trying to bribe the boy into the chair; but all in vain. He got under the table, and held fast by its legs."

"Why was he not seized and put into the chair by main force?"—inquired Mr. Denning.

"It was impossible"—replied his wife—"Both Mr. Tenderhand and myself tried our utmost. We did, to be sure, dislodge him from his stronghold under the table; but he kicked, and plunged, and struggled, and bit us so, that we were fain to give up. Mr. Tenderhand protested against having anything more to do with the boy. So to-morrow I have promised

his mother to try it again, by taking him to the new German dentist, Dr. Ketchum Von Klinch, who forces out your teeth whether you will or no."

"Mamma"—observed Nick—"when I was a child, I was always sent off to the dentist's by myself, and told not to show my face at home till my tooth was out. You never went with me."

"That was because I never had time"—replied his mother—"I could scarcely spare a half hour to go with your sisters"—

"Mamma"—inquired Ellen—"what did you hear about Anna's engagement? Of course it is all over town."

"Why, to say the truth"—replied Mrs. Denning—"I had so much to think of that I almost forgot to mention it, as I ought to have done. But I believe, generally, that it does not seem to be much known."

"So we concluded this morning"—said Ellen—"we happened to have so many visitors that we thought at first it was in consequence of the report; but we found that none of them had heard of it till we told them."

"Papa"—inquired Nick—"did you mention it last evening at the Exchange, as the girls told you?"

"I don't know"—replied Mr. Denning—"I believe I did not. The news from Europe must have put it out of my head."

"Oh! pa—oh! pa"—exclaimed Ellen—"and did not you speak of it at the store this morning?—or when you went to bank?"

"Not I, indeed"—replied the father—"I do not perceive in what way the engagement of a daughter of mine can interest the whole community. In my time these things were always kept quiet for awhile, and came out nobody knew how. And the young lady always at first denied her engagement, and blushed about it—and the young gentleman, when questioned, evaded giving a direct answer—and the families on both sides only hinted at the probability. Was it not so, my dear?"—addressing his wife.

"I believe it was"—replied Mrs. Denning—"But those were old-fashioned times—and you know we live in the age of improvement. Then we hesitated about acknowledging an engagement, lest something should occur to break it off. And now, if that *does* take place, we just as coolly announce the breaking off."

"Yes"—said Mr. Denning—"with a view to its being publicly understood that the girl is again in the market, and the gentleman again at liberty."

"Nay now, my dear—you are too severe"—observed Mrs. Denning.

"Well"—said her husband—"you must not depend on me for spreading the intelligence of Anna's engagement to Norbert Lankley."

"Nor on me neither"—said Nick.

"I have heard of a practice that formerly prevailed in Holland"—pursued Mr. Denning—"that I think might very conveniently be adopted in our own country, while the present fashion lasts of giving immediate publicity to betrothments. This excellent Dutch custom was that of putting a board out at the front door, the morning after a matrimonial engagement had taken place in the house."

"Only give me the pattern"—said Nick—"and I will myself prepare a board for the purpose. We have plenty of old packing-boxes at the store; and I will have it out early to-morrow morning, by the time the news-carriers go round, and before the New York passengers start."

"The gentlemen will have their jokes"—said Mrs. Denning to Sabina, who sat near her.

"Papa is a privileged person"—murmured Ellen—"But Nick is not a gentleman."

Rosa Denning, for her part, had been exclusively occupied all dinner-

time with Orvil Westmore, with whom she kept up an unremitting dialogue. She had managed to get seated next to him, and she devoted herself entirely to the handsome young stranger; officiously anticipating all his possible wants at table, listening with wrapt attention, and smiling graciously at everything he said; and looking up with gratified delight because he helped her to a potatoe. Orvil Westmore was much amused, and, according to the practice of most young gentlemen, he trifled with her to her heart's content. Sabina, who seemed to find herself in a new world, thought she had never heard her brother talk so much nonsense. But she soon perceived that he was taking the Miss Dennings on their own ground; and she relied on his having too much tact not to know when to cease. She wondered if it would be expedient for her to humor their follies as he was doing.

After dinner, Westmore departed to his hotel; with pressing injunctions to return in the evening and bring his travelling companions with him, or any friends he chose.

Mrs. Denning, having dined in her bonnet, went out immediately, on finishing her dinner, to go in quest of a new seamstress to undertake some linen for Mrs. De Jerk's husband; his six last having been unable to make the collars fit. Mr. Denning took his nap, and Nick read at his novel, and then they returned to their store. Sabina asked for a book, having ascertained that the Miss Dennings were going to their beds ("their custom always of an afternoon") to render themselves, as they said, bright and fresh for evening.

"Is it possible?"—said Ellen—"that you are literary?"

"By no means"—replied Sabina—"I am only very fond of reading."

"How very queer!"—exclaimed both girls.

"Ours"—said Ellen—"is by no means a bookish family. To be sure, Nick reads the sailor novels: and papa seems to have a strange fancy for the *Pickwick*, and *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. Books with such names cannot be genteel. As for poor mamma, she never has time to read; and we girls always have something of more consequence to think of. Anna tried reading for a little while, supposing it would be less fatiguing to her than walking in Chestnut-street; and there were some books procured for her, all of them recommended by Miss Chusewell; but the dear girl never could keep awake over any of them. None of the gentlemen that visit here are at all literary, except Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who writes poetry and reviews for the papers, and is anything but a good match. So we have put away all Anna's books; and she will care for them less than ever, now she is engaged. I believe they are on the upper shelf in the upper store-room. Come with me, and select any one you like. But let me caution you not to give yourself out as a reader. Reading girls never take."

"What is taking?" inquired Sabina.

"Now don't be so very innocent," answered Ellen Denning. "To take signifies to have beaux."

"What is having beaux?"—asked Sabina. "Are beaux lovers?"

"Pho! nonsense"—replied Ellen—"I see you are something of a quizz. —Beaux are not positively lovers; but persons that may some time or other become so—Men that one goes about with—Men that come to the house—The more beaux you have the better your chance."

"Chance of what?"

"Fiddlestick!—you know very well what I mean—Chance of marrying to advantage, to be sure—"

"But should the pursuit of marriage be the chief business of a young lady's life?"—inquired Sabina, in a more serious tone.

"If she remains single, it is pretty good evidence that she is not attractive"—replied Ellen.

"Were that an infallible test"—observed Sabina—"we should find among married women none but the best specimens of our sex; and among single women none but the worst—Even in my little experience of society, I have known wives (and the wives, too, of sensible men) that certainly possessed few charms either of mind or person. And I have also known females that in the autumn of life remained still unmarried, in whom, notwithstanding, were united the best qualities of head and heart, and who retained the traces of beauty such as in youth must have been eminently striking. Is it impossible that a woman should continue unmarried from her own preference of a single life, from losing the lover to whom she had once been affianced, or from not having excited a corresponding sentiment in the heart of the only man to whom she could have ventured to entrust her happiness?"

"Dear me!—how you talk!"—said Ellen—"This comes of your books—I see you are already cut out for an old maid."

"I would rather be cut out for an old maid than for an unhappy wife"—replied Sabina. "From much that I have heard, I believe that women sometimes accept the first offer they receive, for no better reason than the fear that it may be the last, or perhaps the only one: and wilfully consent to pass their lives with a man whom they can neither love nor esteem, rather than retain their maiden name."

"Well, I hope I shall not retain mine all my life"—said the unimpressible Ellen—"Only think how disgraceful for the newspapers to announce the 'decease of Miss Ellen Denning at an advanced age': and to have one's maiden name on one's tombstone."

Sabina saw that there would be no profit in continuing the argument: and standing on a chair to reach the shelf, she began to examine the books. The selection was good, but she found none that were new to her. However, she carried to her room Miss Jane Austen's very entertaining novel of *Pride and Prejudice*; and, as is the case with all really excellent works, she found it improve on a second reading.

At tea, the whole family were assembled; Mrs. Denning having hurried home on finding it lamp-light; and, after a walk nearly to Kensington, in quest of a certain well-recommended seamstress named Maria Matilda Thimbleton, discovering her to be one of the identical six that had made unsatisfactory collars for Mr. De Jerk.

The Miss Dennings appeared at the tea-table dressed for the evening as if adorned for company. She of the recent engagement also took her seat among them. Miss Anna was a dull, heavy-looking girl, who seemed to have grown pale and spiritless for want of exercise both of mind and body. Her features were small and babyish; her complexion rather white than fair; her eyes large, blue, and sleepy; and her hair so light as to remind Sabina of Burns's "Lassie with the lint-white locks." She had a low drawling voice, and a manner that passed for amiable. Sweetness was her theory—foolishness her practice. Her sisters were taller, had better figures, more color and more animation. Each in her own opinion was a beauty, and their perfect self-satisfaction prevented them from perceiving that Sabina Westmore was far handsomer than either. Because they were somewhat of blondes, they could not imagine the possibility of a brunette being, by any chance, regarded as a belle. Beside which, Miss West-

more was guilty of a taste for books; and the Miss Dennings were well aware that all their present beaux protested against what they called blue-stockings.

After tea, Nick retired to his room with the last of Captain Marryat's. Mr. Denning went first to the Exchange, and afterwards to an arbitration; having previously taken his wife to sit a few hours with a sick friend, who, during the day, always had too many visitors, and who in the evening would have been very glad to rest in peace.

Between seven and eight o'clock the beaux began to come, and on every ring at the door the eyes of the young ladies grew brighter and brighter still, and they stopped talking to bite their lips into fresher redness, and to place themselves in yet more graceful attitudes. Beau the first was the engaged one, Mr. Norbert Lankley, a very tall, very thin, very fair looking young man, with little twinkling eyes and eyebrows arched up to a point. His bride elect contrived to put some expression into her sleepy orbs at the sight of him, and held out her hand engagedly. He told her, in a very complimentary manner, that the length of his visit to her that morning had cost him five hundred and twenty-six dollars; and he smilingly added that he feared he should find her a dear bargain. She informed him that she should be affronted if he said so. He then, by way of pacification, asked her if she did not know that she was dear to him. He was proceeding to play upon the word *dear* (Mr. Lankley being a professed wit), when finding that the equivoque was very puzzling to the misty comprehension of his lady-love, he explained that, in consequence of the loss of time consumed in making her a morning visit, he had missed a valuable customer from the far west, who, after waiting for him awhile, had gone and suited himself at the next store. The young lady's reply was merely—"I suppose when people are engaged they always forget what o'clock it is." They then retreated to the back parlor, where, on a *chaise-longue* in the farthest recess, they held a whispering conversation about nothing particular, and which might as well have been proclaimed from the housetop.

The beaux were all of similar stamp as to looks and manners, and all dressed in the extreme of the fashion, which made the Miss Dennings consider them as fashionable young men. The style of their hair and beards was a caution, as our friends in the west would say. As they came in, the visitors were all appropriated by one or the other of the two disengaged Miss Dennings; and great was the talk, and great the laughing. Observing at length that Sabina was sitting alone on an ottoman, Ellen Denning led up to her a young man whom she introduced as Mr. Jackaway Jempson, and our heroine immediately recollected the name of the poet and reviewer that was a very bad match.

We forgot to mention that, as each of the beaux successively made some remark to the Miss Dennings, on the beauty of the fair stranger, those young ladies always replied by hinting that "Cousin Sabina was a bit of a blue," which had the desired effect of causing the gentlemen to say that they should be afraid to talk to her. The literarian, however, on being told that he was the very man to confer with Miss Westmore, consented to a special introduction. That office being performed, Ellen Denning gladly returned to her quadruple flirtation with Messrs. Fiddleford, Skipton, Capers, and Twining.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson was attired in the very tip of the mode (literary people wear good clothes now), and his visage, so far from being "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," rejoiced in full pink cheeks, full sky-

blue eyes, and small delicately pencilled eyebrows, while his ears and neck were concealed beneath a fall of hyacinthine curls. By the by, it may be well to inform such of our "ingenuous youth" as may have occasion to purloin verses that the term "hyacinthine," when applied to a *chevelure*, refers to the curl or twirl, and not to the color, as is supposed by many ignoramits who have been much puzzled with the idea of blue or lilac hair. The tint of Mr. Jempson's was amber. So much for the coloring of the portrait—the present expression was a smirk.

Having tripped up to our heroine, "on the light fantastic toe," he poised himself before her, and grasping in both hands a Cologne-watered cambric handkerchief, he saluted the young lady by inquiring, in a key scarcely above a whisper, "If there was anything new in the literary world?"

"Upon that subject"—replied Miss Westmore—"you must, of course, be much better informed than myself."

"You do me honor, madam"—said Mr. Jempson—not aware that it is *mauvais ton* to address an unmarried lady as "madam." And, taking a seat beside her, he proceeded in the same low mincing tone, which he meant for soft and silvery. "Pray, madam, what is your opinion of American literature? Do you not rejoice with me in perceiving how completely our rising stars have succeeded in casting forever into the shades of perennial darkness as black as midnight, those boasted luminaries, the authors of Albion? Have we not here, in Columbia's infant localities, an array of bards before whom the late Watty Scott and Georgy Byron, Toms Moore and Campbell, Bill Wordsworth, and old Sam Rogers must veil their bonnets and hide in them their diminished heads, according to Will Shakspeare? Have we not female novel-writers, in whose presence Ladies Bury and Blessington, Miss Edgeworth, and the honorable Mrs. Gore must bite the dust? Have we not writers of thrilling tales to whom Mat Lewis and Bob Maturin (also Nancy Radcliffe) are unfit to hold a candle?—and comic authors whose shoes Charley Dickens and Frank Marryat are unworthy of wiping?"

"We have undoubtedly a large proportion of excellent writers"—replied Sabina—"but with those whose works outshine the glorious literature of Britain, I must confess myself as yet unacquainted. Will you favor me with their names?"

To her great surprise, instead of illustrating his over-strained eulogy with the designations of those American authors to whom the first rank has been universally awarded throughout their own country, and whose genius is acknowledged even in Europe, Mr. Jempson ran over the names of certain writers of third and fourth rate position. These were persons, as he averred, that possessed minds of transcendent power, but were shamefully kept down by the stupidity and injustice of the public, and by the inborn wickedness of the booksellers, who, he asserted, were always meanly and selfishly unwilling to print any work that, according to *their* bad taste and ignorant belief, was not likely to *sell*, as if the popularity of a book was any proof of its merit. He then alluded by name to the principal publishers in the principal cities, asserting that every one of these fellows (as he called them) were united in a conspiracy of the blackest dye, for the purpose of depressing native talent wherever it actually existed, and of trampling out every spark of real genius that was to be found among their own countrymen.

"What can be their motive?"—inquired Sabina.

"Their motive, madam, their motive!"—exclaimed Mr. Jempson, rais-

ing his voice; "do you suppose the miscreants have candor enough to tell? No—deep, dark, designing, and malignant reptiles, with souls of iron, with the fangs of serpents, and the scowl of demons—"

"The booksellers I have seen were generally very pleasant, good-looking men"—interrupted Miss Westmore.

"Art, madam, all art—booksellers' faces are merely put on. Villains with smiling cheeks!"

Sabina then enumerated a series of American authors, who (as she had heard) could certainly have no cause to complain of any difficulty in getting their works published, or in obtaining from the publishers an ample remuneration for them.

"That's the crying sin, madam"—exclaimed Jempson—"the root of all the evil. Partiality, madam, the partiality of these selfish harpies for books that they think will sell best, and that they can make the most money out of."

"A very natural partiality"—observed Sabina.

"Madam!"—ejaculated Jempson—"are you an American? Where is your patriotism? You cannot be an American born!"

"I am, indeed," replied Sabina; "this is my own, my native land! And I have heard several of our distinguished American writers, in conversation with my brother, bear testimony to the liberality, punctuality, and integrity of our American publishers."

"What then?"—proceeded Jempson—"are we to think of the multitude of American works that they reject, and the multitude of British works that they print? Why, madam, my friend Skimberly Skamberly Skelps, whose rapidity of genius is such that he seems to write by steam, whose pen races along the paper like a locomotive on a railroad; ideas rattling after it like an endless train of cars—this man, I say, who is American to his heart's core, and whose ancestors have been settled here for almost half a century; this very man has by him, at this moment, nineteen different works, in manuscripts of five to six hundred pages of close written foolscap—among them eleven great poems of more than twenty cantos each; and not a scoundrel of a bookseller will publish one of them. Nay, there is reason to suspect that the vagabonds do not even take the trouble to read the manuscript through, having the presumption to suppose they can form an opinion of a work from the first fifty pages. While, at the same time, these very same miscreants, these renegades to their country, are absolutely printing new editions of that old king-lover, Scott; and that lordly scamp, Byron: and of the two Toms, Moore and Campbell—Yes, and of that Mitford woman, too; when a delightful young lady of my acquaintance, Miss Louisa Le Possom, has offered in vain (even though assisted by my interest), a series of Indian tales that she wrote at boarding-school—tales of two volumes each—tales that in soul-harrowingness and heart-sickeningsness yield the palm to none that have issued from our most agonizing pens. Tales in which the shootings, burnings, torturings, scalpings, tomahawkings, and all that, are described in their most minute horrors and with tremendous power. And yet (though she is a fair young rosebud, with dove-like eyes) not a single bookseller is gentleman enough to take this prodigy of juvenile feminine genius by the hand, and introduce her to the temple of fame, from the sordid fear that, perhaps, her works might not sell, and that he might lose some paltry dollars by them. And still these fellows pretend to understand their business, and to have some judgment in books, and to be encouragers of genius. Why, madam, they have

even had the assurance to reject a work of mine—a most elaborate work—an essay of four hundred pages on the superiority of our American dramatists to those of Britain—a truly American composition, and full of new ideas that have never been broached on the other side of the water."

"So I should suppose"—said Sabina—a little mischievously.

"But I'll be even with them"—pursued Mr. Jackaway Jempson, not comprehending her remark, and trying to assume an awful and withering frown; but as his brows were too small and light to be knitted effectively, they could do nothing more than perk. "I'll be even with them—I'll totter their thrones, and make them shake in their shoes!"

"By doing what?"—inquired Sabina.

"By signing Miss Martineau's next petition for the international copy-right—I'll teach the bookselling gentry to 'shake their gory looks at me.'"

In the progress of this bitter philippic against the unhappy bibliopoles, the "still small voice" of Mr. Jempson had gradually risen into something like the noise of a cracked trumpet, and its last scream went so loud and high that Miss Anna in the back parlor opened wide her sleepy eyes, and directed them wonderingly towards the front parlor. The man of wit, Mr. Norbert Lankley, quitted his place on the lounge beside her, and striding up to the vengeful literarian, who had just stopped to take breath, he patted him kindly on the back (as Hume patted Rousseau on witnessing an outburst of sensibility in the ever-excited Genevan), and first soothing him with the words "poor fellow—poor fellow"—asked him the pertinent question of "What's the matter now?" Mr. Jempson turned away from Mr. Lankley in offended silence, started hastily from his chair, looked at his watch, and declaring it was time he was drest for Mrs. Scarceman's party, he took leave of Miss Westmore with "Well, madam—I wish you a good evening, and a little more patriotism."

"Enough is as good as a feast"—remarked Norbert Lankley—as Mr. Jempson, forgetting his tiptoe step, hurried out of the room *au naturel*. "There may be too much of a good thing. Now patriotism is all right, and love of one's own country, and so forth—I have a great deal of it myself, for I sell nothing but domestics; and I do a pretty heavy business in that line. But I don't see why we should always be bristling up and firing out. I've heard that chap talk often, and I've set him down for a ninny, notwithstanding that he writes reviews and poetry for the papers; and it is said also that he wrote a play which was acted half a night. The reason he hates booksellers is because he can get none of them to print his books; and I dare say they have good reasons why. Now, when a man comes to my store he can look over my gingham, and shirtings, and calicoes, piece by piece, and unroll them and examine them to his heart's content, and know the quality of every article, and judge whether it will suit him or not, and whether he will get the worth of his money out of it. But if I go to a bookstore to furnish myself with a book, I always have to buy a pig in a poke (as the common people say), and to take my chance as to its being good or bad. And if I find that it is not worth the trouble of reading, there is no taking it back and getting it changed for another book. I must abide by my bargain. And so, as our booksellers are mostly honest men, and seldom like to take in a customer, it behoves them to be particular as to what sort of books they print, both for their own benefit and that of their readers."

"Certainly"—said Sabina—"And I am well assured that they are never so absurd as to refuse a good work merely because the author is an Ame-

rican—And also that, in our country, there are now but few instances of neglected talent wearing itself out unnoticed, or of genius being allowed to pine in obscurity."

"Very true"—replied Lankley—"and from all I hear it is nearly as profitable now to be a great author as to keep a dry-good store."

"Norbert dear"—said the *fiancée*—in a whining voice from the back parlor—"Norbert, have you forgotten Anna?"

"There"—said Norbert—smiling confidentially to Sabina—"you hear my summons—I see that my lady-fair is determined to keep me in close attendance—I begin to perceive that a lengthy engagement may possibly become a lengthy bore. But, however, you know the old saying, that 'good times and bad times, and courting times, and all times get over'—(That about courting times I put in myself, you understand)—Shall I take you to Anna—you will enliven our talk."

"Thank you"—replied Sabina—"I should more probably interrupt it—I will go to the sofa-table and look over the *Magazin des Modes*."

Mr. Lankley gave Miss Westmore his arm across the room, and then slowly returned to his Anna, who was by this time pouting. But as she turned her shoulder to him, he pacified her by admiring the profusion of long curls that hung over it.

We must remark (*par parenthèse*) that the beaux had been coming and going all the evening. Sabina took her seat in the vicinity of Rosa Denning, who was commencing an animated flirtation with Mr. Stribling, a no-particular-sort of young gentleman, who had just arrived and placed himself beside her. Miss Westmore found that the flirtation was conducted somewhat as follows:—

"I heard something about *you*"—said the young lady to the young gentleman.

"Indeed! what was it you heard?—Anything new?"

"Not new to you, I dare say."

"Was it good, bad, or indifferent?"

"What would you give to know?"

"I really cannot tell what I would give. Is it a great secret?"

"Oh! the curiosity of men!"—(slapping him with her handkerchief.)

"That is rather a new accusation against the *unfair sex*."

"Now don't pretend to say that men have not more curiosity than women."

"Just as you please. But tell me what you have heard about me."

"As to that, people are *always* talking of you."

"Really! I did not know I was so fortunate. But what is this last piece of news?"

"I intend to be very cruel, and keep you on thorns all the evening."

"Barbarous! But at least tell me the name of your informant."

"Oh! indeed! that *would* be telling."

"Is it any one I am acquainted with?"

"May be you are, may be you are not."

"But what *is* this you have heard about me? Come, now, be kind, and tell me at once."

"No, I am never kind. And if I were, kindness would be thrown away upon *you*!"

"What reason have you for judging so unfavorably of me?"

"I'm not going to tell. I hope I can keep my own secrets."

"I see you can."

"Come, now, Mr. Stribling, suppose you try to guess."

"Guess what?"

"That which I heard about you."

"I'm a very bad guesser."

"Yes; but what do you *think* it was like?"

"Like something not true."

"I declare, now, you are beginning to be quite smart."

"I have always been smart."

"In your own opinion, I suppose."

"In yours, too, I hope."

"Ah! you are growing gallant, are you?"

"How can I be otherwise when in your presence?"

"Another compliment, I declare! But I know you men are never sincere."

"Yes, we are."

"No, you are not."

"Give me a proof of our *insincerity*."

"I never believe a word any of you say."

"That's hard. What shall we do to retrieve our characters?"

"Oh! why—I don't know."

The young lady was now at a nonplus. But fearing that, if this interesting conversation was allowed to drop, Mr. Stribling might quit his seat beside her and stroll to another part of the room, she returned to the charge.

"But still, you have not found out what it was I heard about you."

"Very true. How unfeeling it is to keep me so long in suspense! I really thought you had more compassion."

"I never had the least compassion on men."

"Yes—I have heard that character of you."

"Have you? Who said so! Who gave me that character?"

"Aha! now I have *my* secret."

"Oh! but I'll make you tell!"—(slapping at him again.)

"No, you won't."

"Yes, I will."

Mr. Twining now came out from the group that surrounded Ellen Denning. He stepped up to her sister and Mr. Stribling, and after two bows and three waves, he requested permission to inquire the subject they were discussing with so much animation.

"Don't let us tell him"—said Rosa to Mr. Stribling.

"What have I done that I should be doomed to pine in ignorance?"—asked Mr. Twining.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"—replied Stribling.

"What am I to understand by that?"—inquired Twining.

"What would you give to know?"—said Rosa.

"Can't you be generous enough to inform me gratis?"

"No—I am never generous."

"You give yourself a very severe character"—said Stribling.

"I like to be severe."

"I know you do, to my sorrow"—said Twining.

"Many a true word is spoken in jest"—remarked Stribling.

"But I am never in jest"—said Rosa.

"I am sorry to hear that"—said Twining.

"Why are you sorry?"

"I have always hoped that your cruelty to your admirers might be only in jest."

"I am not half so cruel as I ought to be."

"Yes, you are—I appeal to my friend Stribling. You use *him* rather worse than you use *me*."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, you do."

Sabina Westmore, not over-desirous of hearing the recent duet repeated as a trio, changed her place to the vicinity of Ellen Denning, and left Rosa with Messrs. Stribling and Twining to the discussion of nothing.

Ellen had just seated herself on an ottoman, with a beau at each side, and three more sitting on tabourets before her.

Miss Denning was volubly descanting on the everlasting subject of love, and discussing first love, second love, third love, love at first sight, love from childhood, love ripening into friendship, and friendship subsiding into love.

"Well—after all"—proceeded Ellen—"I certainly think that love at first sight ought to be the most lasting, as it is the strongest. There was Mr. Hexagon Blackboard that, with all his mathematics, fell in love with Sophia Splash one morning when Chestnut-street was all in a thaw, as he handed her over the dreadful crossing at Strawberry Alley, where she had been waiting more than a minute till a gentleman should come along. His love began on seeing how fearlessly, when assisted by his hand, she stepped upon the lumps of floating ice—I heard it from good authority. Then there was Moneyworth Broadlands, that married the pretty French girl, Tromperine La Ruse. He fell in love with her at a party because she smiled so sweetly, and said 'N'importe,' when, in helping her to raspberry ice-cream, he spilt it all over her white silk dress (which some said was gros des Indes, and others gros d'Afrique). And he went and proposed the very next morning, though he had never seen or heard of her till the evening before. I have known hundreds and hundreds of persons that fell in love at first sight. And when they married they seemed to live as happily as other people."

"For my part"—said Mr. Slowmatch—"I think there can be little chance of happiness in married life unless the parties are both of the same standing in society, equal in point of fortune, of suitable age, on a par as to personal beauty, and exactly alike in mind, manners, and disposition. And to ascertain all this with proper accuracy, it is necessary that the families on both sides should have visited each other for at least twenty years, and that the young people should have been companions from early childhood."

"Very true"—said Ellen—"you always speak so sensibly, Mr. Slowmatch. To be sure, as you say, married people cannot be happy, that is perfectly happy, unless all suits, and they were playmates when children."

"Another thing"—proceeded Mr. Slowmatch—"besides being in every respect suited to each other, and being acquainted from infancy, they must never have felt any other attachment."

"Oh! yes"—resumed Ellen—"that of course is understood. Indeed, I see no possibility of loving more than once. Yes, it is quite impossible to love more than once, if you love truly."

"There are, however"—observed Mr. Skipton—"a thousand instances where second love has been deeper than the first, and more worthily placed."

"True enough"—replied the plastic Ellen—"the second time one loves

one has more experience and better taste. Second love is undoubtedly the best. But twice only—only twice."

"I have known hundreds of men make excellent husbands even to their fourth wives"—said Mr. Fiddleford—"and they seemed to love the last best of all."

"As to that"—sneered Mr. Skipton—"by the time a man arrives at his fourth wife, he must be pretty nearly in his dotage."

"Well"—said Ellen—"I see no reason, after all, why people should not fall in love a hundred times in the course of their lives, provided the objects were always handsome—worthy, I mean—Fanny Fanfly was engaged eight times before she was eighteen."

"What are you saying about engagements?"—inquired Norbert Lankley, who, with Anna hanging fast on his arm, had strolled into the front parlor in search of amusement, the back apartment having, by tacit consent, been resigned to the affianced ones.

"Oh!—we are only saying they are very praiseworthy things"—said Mr. Skipton—"and the sooner we are all engaged the better."

"Miss Westmore"—said Mr. Lankley—"don't you play?—I have just been telling Anna that I thought a little music would enliven us greatly."

"We are lively enough in *this* room—all of us"—remarked Ellen.

"Still, I think all of us would be the better for a few sweet sounds"—observed Norbert—"you know 'Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast.'"

"I don't know what savages you mean"—said Anna, poutingly—"I am sure I'm not one."

"Oh! no"—replied Norbert, quickly—"yet stay—yes you are. You are certainly a Belle Savage; don't you know that story? Have you never read the Spectator?"

"To be sure I have not"—replied Anna—"you had better ask Sabina; I believe she is a great book-worm."

"I would rather ask Miss Westmore to favor us with a tune on the piano"—replied Lankley—"and a song if she pleases."

Sabina knew herself to be a good musician, and was too well bred to make excuses when invited to play. Norbert Lankley conducted her to the piano, which was in the back parlor; the fair Anna clinging to his other arm, as if resolved not to let him escape from her. Ellen and Rosa Denning, finding that all the beaux were wending their way towards the music room, adjourned also to that apartment.

"What shall I play?"—inquired Sabina.

"Perhaps we have none of the music that you are accustomed to"—said Ellen.

"I believe I can play tolerably at sight"—replied Sabina—as she took her seat at the piano.

The gentlemen now all gathered round the instrument, each resolving to ask for his favorite air.

Sabina Westmore, when in company, always remembered that she ought to play for the gratification of others rather than for her own amusement. Therefore she never refused to indulge her hearers with such pieces as comported with *their* taste, however at variance with her own. She played with much science and elegance. She had a delightful and highly cultivated voice; her manner was replete with expression, and her music was always charming both to the practiced and the unpracticed ear.

She went through several popular airs, and Mr. Stribling was so impolitic as to whisper to Rosa his approbation of Miss Westmore's singing. "As to these common ballads"—answered Rosa—"anybody can sing them—I don't suppose she has ever cultivated Italian music—or she would not have been so willing to sing these everyday things."

Just then Mr. Twining wavered up to the piano and requested an air of Bellini's or Rossini's—"whichever was most agreeable."

Sabina immediately commenced one of Bellini's finest compositions, and went through it in the original language, and in a manner which showed her familiarity with that style of music, and which proved that she was fully competent to elicit all its beauties.

"You told me Miss Westmore was a blue"—said Mr. Fiddleford to Ellen Denning—"I had no idea that blues ever played on pianos and sung songs."

"I am sure it is very much out of character for them to do so"—replied Ellen.

"Not when they can do it so very well"—observed Skipton—"Miss Westmore plays and sings as delightfully as if she had never read a book in her life."

"The blues now-a-days seem to aim at everything"—said Ellen—"I should not wonder if, in time, they were actually to set themselves up for belles."

"Then they would be blue-bells"—observed Norbert Lankley, laughing in an exemplary manner at his own wit.

Sabina now relieved the discontent of her cousins by playing a new waltz. Instantly their faces brightened, for Norbert Lankley, declaring it was a pity such good dancing-music should be wasted, seized Anna's hand and began to whirl round the room with her, his example being followed by Mr. Twining with Rosa, and Mr. Skipton with Ellen. Sabina, who had never allowed herself to waltz with a gentleman, regretted the advantage that had been taken of her playing the air, and after the third round she stopped; but was so vehemently assailed with entreaties to continue, that, unwilling to explain her scruples in presence of the beaux, and to draw on herself the accusation of over-fastidiousness, prudery, &c., she thought it best, for the present, to proceed.

In a few moments, she was relieved by the sudden entrance of Mr. Denning, at the sight of whom all his daughters let go their partners and scuttled to their seats like children playing "My lady's toilet."

The beaux looked significantly at each other. "What's the matter now?"—inquired Norbert Lankley.

"I don't know"—replied Anna—"Pa' lets us do pretty much as we please, and ma' never meddles with us at all—but somehow he sets his face against waltzing—and when he *does* set his face, he's hard and stiff enough."

"Pa's are the greatest bores in creation"—observed Stribling.

Rosa Denning laughed, and slapped him with her handkerchief.

"So the cat broke up the ball"—hummed Norbert Lankley, in a half voice, as he led the giggling Anna to the sofa: that dove-like maiden rarely being brought to risibility except at something concerning her father.

The pa', having exchanged two or three words with two or three beaux that chanced to be nearest the door, nodded at a few more, and then placed himself at the centre-table, and drew from his pocket half a dozen newspapers, and at once set in to reading them.

Ellen Denning now rang the bell, and some refreshments were brought in by their servant-man; Norbert Lankley going round with the waiter, and doing the honors, and dispensing the Attic salt of his wit along with the cake, wine, and fruit; and his sallies were better received now than they had been at any time during the evening.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Denning made her appearance, brought home by her son Nick. She bade a general good evening, threw herself into the rocking-chair, and uttered a monologue descriptive of the excessive fatigue she had undergone, in trying all the evening to entertain her sick friend Mrs. Restless, who tumbled and tossed in her bed, and never seemed to be paying the least attention to any of the things related to her. Also, that, instead of coming straight home with Nick, they had gone six squares to a certain druggist's to get a bottle of Hoffman's Anodyne for her; this druggist having been recommended by the physician of Mrs. Restless as preparing that medicine in a superior manner; the poor lady being entirely hopeless of getting to sleep without it.

"I don't wonder"—said Nick Denning to his future brother-in-law—"that dame Restless should want an anodyne after ma' had been talking to her all the evening."

"For my part"—said Anna—"the more that people talk to me, the more sleepy they make me, particularly ma'."

"A good hint for me"—remarked Norbert—"But I shall find it hard work to adopt silence."

"Well"—resumed Miss Anna—"when people are once engaged, and all is fixed and settled, I don't see the use of their troubling themselves with talk, provided they sit beside each other, and keep together all the time, as they ought to do."

Norbert Lankley had already begun to suspect that, in *his* case, at least, courtship (or rather *being engaged*) would prove a very dull business.

Meantime, the beaux took their departure by ones, by twos, and by threes; Norbert (as in duty bound) lingering to the last; and on taking leave, pressing Anna's hand, and uttering the words "*Buona notte*."

"What's that?"—said Anna.

"Don't you know?"—he replied—"well, then, *Bon repos*."

"I wish you'd talk sense"—said she, peevishly—"you'll have to give up foolishness when you are speaking to me, for I assure you I can't understand it."

"Surprising!"—replied the lover—"well, then, a good night, and a good sleep to you. I thought you had learned Italian and French at boarding school."

"So I did"—was the answer—"but I never could remember the meaning of any of the words."

At length the guests had all departed. The young ladies retired to their respective dormitories; and long after midnight, Sabina, whose chamber was adjoining to that of Ellen and Rosa Denning, heard the sisters talking over the events of the evening (such as they were), and discussing the beaux.

In the morning, as soon as the breakfast was over (Miss Anna never coming down to hers till after nine o'clock), Mr. Denning and Nick went to the store; Mrs. Denning departed on her usual round of out-door kindness towards people who did not thank her for it; and the Miss Dennings went up stairs to commence their elaborate toilettes, previous to shopping

at Chestnut-street; the shopping to begin at half-past eleven. Sabina, who knew that a much shorter time would be sufficient for her preparations, remained in the parlor reading, and was sitting on the sofa deeply engaged in a book when Orvil Westmore came in. Delicacy towards the family, in whose house she was a guest, prevented Sabina from indulging an involuntary inclination to entertain her brother with an account of the preceding evening, descriptive of the beaux, and the sayings and doings. Orvil Westmore proposed to his sister that she should accompany him to see the magnificent picture of the "Departure of the Israelites," then exhibiting in Philadelphia. Sabina gladly assented, and was hastening out of the room to prepare herself, when Orvil reminded her that civility required the invitation to be extended to the Miss Dennings; and she accordingly repaired to their room for the purpose.

The Miss Dennings did not care for pictures, but were delighted at the idea of being seen with a new beau; and particularly with one so very handsome as Orvil Westmore, whom they never called cousin, though he was Sabina's brother. Only Anna declined joining the party, alleging that, now she was engaged, it would not be proper for her to go anywhere without Mr. Lankley; and that he had promised to come at one o'clock. Ellen and Rosa put on their handsomest street dresses, and after a considerable time, joined Mr. and Miss Westmore, who were waiting for in the front parlor.

"I don't believe I'll speak to you to-day"—said Rosa, shaking her finger at Orvil—"I am quite affronted at you."

"In what have I been so unfortunate as to offend?"—asked the delinquent.

"Now don't pretend to be so ignorant, when you know very well how shamefully you've behaved."

"When—where—and in what manner?"

"Oh! by not keeping your promise, and coming last evening."

"You know my promise was not positive. And the truth is, I was detained by the successive visits of several of my friends."

"Oh!—but you might have brought them along"—exclaimed Ellen—

"You know we told you we should always be delighted to see any gentlemen of your acquaintance. I must say that our house is a very popular one with the beaux. We are not like poor Dorothea Deadweight, who says 'she cannot imagine the reason, but when a gentleman has once made her a visit, somehow he never comes again.'"

They now proceeded towards Ninth-street; Ellen and Sabina walking together. Rosa had adroitly managed to descend the steps with him, and continue by the side of Orvil Westmore; pluming herself much on the fine face, fine figure, and *air distingué* of her escort. As they went along, she talked incessantly, and laughed incessantly at nothing, and every few minutes (unwilling that so much glory should be wasted) she glanced all round to ascertain if any of her acquaintance "were there to see," like Lady Margaret Bellenden, when his gracious majesty, King Charles, vouchsafed to her the honor of a salute.

On entering the gallery from whence the representation of the Israelites departing from Egypt suddenly burst upon the view of the visitors, there was an involuntary exclamation of surprise and delight from our whole party. Even the Miss Dennings were excited to a feeling which was quite new to them: that of rational admiration. They repeatedly declared that it could not be a picture, but something else; and that the objects were

all made separately and cut out, standing one beyond another, like the scenes in a theatre; and also that the roof had been left open so as to let in the real sky. In this opinion, they were joined by several provincial strangers who had entered about the same time. The exhibitor of the painting, being within hearing, went down below, and walking along in front of the canvass, he touched it repeatedly with a long stick, so as to make it shake all over, by way of convincing the incredulous that the whole scene was, in reality, depicted on one flat surface.

This doubt being set at rest in the minds of those whose eyes were not versed in the magic of pictorial genius, Sabina Westmore and her brother were allowed, for a while, to gaze in the full enjoyment of silent admiration at the imposing grandeur of this sublime painting, and its surprising look of reality, with its immense depth of perspective, extending into the distant country, to the far-off pyramids, and the sea beyond them. The mists of thirty centuries seemed to have rolled away: and clear in the cool light of early morning, looking as if you could enter into them and walk around them, stood the stupendous temples and magnificent palaces of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. There sat the uncouth and gigantic idols of Egyptian worship, solemn in everlasting stone; silent, cold, and motionless; proving that the deities they were supposed to represent had no power to detain the people that were about to be led onward by the living God: the God whom Moses and Aaron were with uplifted hands invoking in their cause. The rich and glowing colors of the foreground (where, in the portico of his palace, Pharaoh and the chief of his court, arrayed in the most gorgeous dyes of the east, and glittering with "barbaric pearl and gold," had assembled to witness the departure of a whole nation) subsided gradually, as the almost endless procession, with their heavy-laden camels and elephants, assumed the dim hue of distance.

"Ah!"—thought Sabina, almost identifying the reality of the scene—"How little these emancipated captives know what events are before them, as 'they wind with toilsome march their long array,' and how little do they expect the visible aid of that 'awful guide in smoke and flame' that is to direct their course." She found herself repeating, from the hymn of Ivanhoe's Rebecca—

"By day along the astonish'd land
The cloudy pillar glided slow:
At night Arabia's crimson sand
Return'd the fiery column's glow."

The whole attention of the two Westmores was still absorbed in the picture, when they were interrupted by a loud chattering close beside them, and found that Messrs. Stribling and Twining had just come in. The two beaux were not allowed to take more than a glance at the painting, and to admire Pharaoh's canopy of peacock's feathers, when the Miss Dennings, who were long since tired of looking, engaged them in (not a keen) but "a dull encounter of their wits," bandying back and forwards a succession of *platitudes* and *niaiseries*, about what had been said and done at their house on the preceding evening. At last Ellen looked at her watch and exclaimed—"Well—I declare we are forgetting all about our shopping—Cousin Sabina, ain't you tired of gazing at that picture—Haven't you seen enough of it yet?"

"Indeed I have not"—replied Sabina.

There was a low consultation between the belles and the beaux; and Ellen Denning said to Miss Westmore—"Well, then, as Mr. Stribling

and Mr. Twining are fortunately here, we'll enlist them into our service, and make them escort us into Chestnut-street; for we have to look at scarfs, and lace, and gloves, and French flowers, and all sorts of things—Don't *you* want something in the shopping way?"

"I really do not."

"Dear me—how strange! But don't you want to see our Philadelphia shops?"

"Excuse me," replied Sabina, "I can do that another time, but at present I would rather remain and enjoy a little more of this noble picture."

"Oh, I forgot you were a blue," said Rosa, "and I believe blues go for pictures as well as books."

"Cousin Sabina, a word in your ear"—whispered Ellen—"It is not good policy to be over-learned or over-sensible, or to dwell too much upon authors, and painters, and such outlandish people—I tell you again it will not take with the beaux."

"That consideration is one of small importance to me," said Sabina.

"This indifference to the gentlemen will make you very unpopular with them"—continued Ellen, in the same under tone—"Take care, take care—I see plainly that you will live and die an old maid."

Miss Westmore smiled, and the Miss Dennings carried off the two beaux, though Rosa, as she went out of the gallery, "cast one longing, lingering look behind." But Orvil merely bowed to her, and as soon as they had departed, gladly resumed his survey of the picture; and he and his sister enjoyed it in quiet for about half an hour. They were then disturbed by the entrance of Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who informed them that he had come on purpose to criticise, as he was preparing an article concerning it for one of the papers. He then, after a very cursory glance, pronounced it in unqualified terms a humbug and a daub, declaring that the public taste must indeed be at a low ebb when it could devour such trash, and swallow such an acre of spoiled paint cloth. Though intended metaphorically, the idea of people masticating canvass set Sabina to laughing; and the offended Mr. Jempson turned indignantly away, and began to make memorandums in his tablet concerning the picture, which, according to him, had every defect that the pencil could create.

"However this extraordinary production may rank as a work of art, or whatever may be its faults," said Sabina, "one thing is certain, that it is more effective, and more imposing, and more universally admired than any painting of the same class that has ever been brought to America."

Westmore, though he soon repented of his condescension, made a fruitless attempt to argue Mr. Jackaway Jempson out of his prejudices against the picture; but he found that his opponent's views of "the divine art" were as deficient in knowledge as in taste.

"Here," said Mr. Jempson, "we shall have the whole population of this good city of Philadelphia running to see a big diorama picture, taken by the Frenchman Sebron from a little cabinet picture painted by an Englishman named Roberts—both of them foreigners—not an American hand has been concerned in it; and yet if my friend Dabney Sickenall was ever to get his Indian Massacre finished, I doubt whether it would draw more than five spectators a-day, as was the case with his great painting of the Interior of Bush-hill Hospital in the Yellow Fever; and all because he is an American, and his subjects are peculiarly our own."

"You do injustice to our people," replied Westmore. "They are more judicious than you suppose, and their disposition is to encourage

whatever is good of its kind, whether European or American, but with rather a preference for the productions of our own country. What is *not* good, deserves no encouragement anywhere; and when tested, rarely obtains it."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson put on a look

"As who should say—I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark—"

And finding that the said look *did not* annihilate Mr. Westmore, but merely excited a smile, he turned his back to the painting and busied himself with his tablet. After awhile, he put up his memorandums and departed, saying—"Now I'll go and write the article forthwith, and the press shall have it this day, hot from the brain of criticism, and fresh from the hand of patriotism."

We must, in anticipation, inform our readers that this hot and fresh critique of Mr. Jempson's had ample time to cool and wilt, for he could not prevail on a single publisher to print it, in any place where the picture of the Departure of the Israelites either had been or was likely to be exhibited. Finally, in about ten or eleven months, he obtained a place for it in the columns of *The Mount Desert People's Banner*, a weekly paper of crown-octavo size, published in one of the States not yet admitted into the Union.

At length Orvil and Sabina Westmore forced themselves away from the picture, and proceeded to one of the principal book-stores in Chestnut Street, in quest of some new publications. On their way thither, they met Norbert Lankley, looking very queer and foolish, with Anna Denning leaning heavily on his arm, and smiling up lovingly into his face, to let their fellow-citizens know they were engaged. Also, as they passed along, they had occasional glimpses of Ellen and Rosa Denning in shops—their gentlemen having left them at Levy's door and wended their way elsewhere—all men (even beaux) disliking to go shopping with ladies.

In the evening, the Westmores and the Miss Dennings all went to the theatre; Anna preferring to sit beside her lover on the second seat, though there was ample room on the first. The play and the actors were good, but Sabina had little opportunity of enjoying the performance, being continually interrupted by the loud whispers of the Miss Dennings respecting various gentlemen that they saw in various parts of the house; and their *lorgnettes* were incessantly applied not to the performers, but to the audience; their heads being all the while turned away from the stage in search of "metal more attractive." In a short time, numerous young men (some of them *habitués* of the house of Denning, and others but slightly acquainted there) came into the back of the box, all leaning forward towards the front, and talking flirtation-talk with Ellen and Rosa. Also, there was a perpetual group hanging in at the box-door, and looking over each other's shoulders, and conveying nonsense back and forwards to and from the young ladies. The Miss Dennings were in paradise.

Early on the following morning, Orvil Westmore was to depart from Philadelphia. When taking leave of his sister this evening, he found an opportunity of saying to her—"Sabina, will you not be ready to return home before the end of a month?"

She smiled assentingly.

The Miss Dennings (particularly Rosa) were vehement in their entreaties for Orvil to make a longer stay in Philadelphia, and besought him to

furnish letters of introduction to any gentlemen who might be coming hither from Boston.

Orvil Westmore departed; bidding a very polite farewell to the Dennings, and a very affectionate one to Sabina, who afterwards retired directly to her room, and wept as if her brother had quitted her to embark on an India voyage.

The specimen we have given of the usual routine of the Denning family will serve as well for one day as for another, occasionally varied by going to a party. And once they had a large party at home, at which there were young men by the hundred. In the courtship, or rather in the betrothship of Lankley and Anna, nothing was varied.

Their female acquaintances (miscalled friends) were very much of the same stamp as the Miss Dennings, with whom all that was said, all that was done, all that was thought of, seemed in reference to the one unfailing subject, on which their whole range of ideas were concentrated—to have young men always about them; whether the idle ones that lounged away one-half the morning in their parlors and paraded Chestnut-street the other half, or the industrious class who attended to some business during the day, and made Mr. Denning's house their evening rendezvous—all were equally acceptable to the Miss Dennings. In short,

"Their dream of life, from morn till night,
Was beaux—still beaux."

We must, in justice, explain that none of the numerous *habitués* of the house of Denning were young men of suspicious character, or of disreputable morals. Of this the old gentleman took especial care; and having ascertained this important point, he troubled himself very little as to the frequency of their visits, concluding that young people must have their follies, and be indulged in them as long as they amount to follies only. He supposed that, in time, his daughters would all get married; and if not, he was well able to support them in a state of singleness. So he contented himself with giving them an occasional rebuke, and positively forbidding the waltz. Mrs. Denning, as we have seen, was too much engrossed with the families of other people to pay any attention to her own.

Sabina Westmore's indifference to the beaux was a source of great surprise to the Miss Dennings. Yet it was well that she *was* indifferent; for, whenever a gentleman seemed inclined to converse with her too long, or paid her too many compliments, they evinced their dissatisfaction as plainly as civility would allow: and if Norbert Lankley talked much to cousin Sabina, (as he anticipatively called her,) the gentle Anna's demonstrations went rather *beyond* civility. The Miss Dennings took especial pains to enforce upon every one the idea that Miss Westmore was "literary." Also they carefully avoided all allusion to the fact (which otherwise they would have been proud to set forth) that her father was a man of great and substantial wealth. At last, a bright thought struck these sapient sisters, of endeavoring to bring about a match between Sabina Westmore and Mr. Jackaway Jempson, who was their own particular aversion; and by this means putting her *hors de combat* with regard to the other and more popular beaux. To Mr. Jempson, Ellen and Rosa took an opportunity of confiding the circumstances that old Mr. Westmore was immensely rich, and could give large fortunes to each of his children; but, for certain exceedingly private reasons, this was to be kept a profound secret.

Now, Mr. Jackaway Jempson, like most authors of low degree, had a mortal antipathy to women of cultivated minds; but he thought that, if the pill was well gilded, he might bring himself to swallow even Sabina Westmore. Still, the irritability of his temper was continually clashing with what he conceived to be his interest; and it was with great difficulty that, when addressing to her his conversation, he could prevail on himself to keep the peace. Also, being very much of a coxcomb, he was resolved not to prove an easy conquest. On her part, our young heroine regarded him merely as an exceedingly ridiculous person, and was somewhat amused at his absurdities. At the same time, Mr. Jempson resolved on being carefully on his guard, not to "commit himself" by word or look; lest some more desirable young lady, of equal fortune and no literature, might chance to fall in his way. Of the Miss Dennings, he had never entertained a thought; report having specified that their father could not in all probability give his daughters more than twenty thousand dollars apiece.

In the mean time, the Miss Dennings whispered about that it was plain to be seen Mr. Jempson and cousin Sabina were dying in love with each other; and that notwithstanding their frequent "sparring," it would certainly be a match, as no two persons could possibly be more suitable. Accordingly, various manœuvres were enacted for the purpose of throwing them together. The place next to Miss Westmore was always vacated whenever Mr. Jempson appeared. They were made to talk to each other, though their opinions were continually at variance and Mr. Jempson (who could not believe in the possibility of himself being wrong) never would yield an inch to his adversary, lest she should suppose such unnatural complaisance had a deeper motive than mere civility. Also, the Miss Dennings had confidentially convinced him that Miss Westmore, in her heart, was so favorably disposed towards Mr. Jempson, that her consent to his addresses could at any time be obtained by merely asking it. This determined him to defer the asking as long as possible.

"Norbert," said Anna Denning, "what do you mean, whenever you see Mr. Jackaway talking to cousin Sabina, by saying that nonsense about Greek people meeting the Greeks—I am sick of hearing it—and also a great many other things that you are always rhyming over."

"When Greek meets Greek then is the tug of war," replied Norbert; "Oh, that is something I learnt somewhere, when I was a schoolboy and spoke speeches."

"I wish you would leave off saying things that I can't understand."

"Then I must adopt taciturnity," resumed Norbert—but seeing, by the protrusion of her under lip, that she had caught a glimpse of his meaning, he smoothed away the offence by adding, "This I am sure you *do* understand, that you are one of the loveliest creatures to be found throughout creation's void."

The fair Anna smiled, and bowed assentingly.

Mr. Jackaway Jempson had never travelled out of his own country, and very little in it. Nevertheless, his one unfailing theme was abuse of all other portions of the globe—particularly Europe—particularly England. Yet, at the same time, such was his querulous temperament and his love of contradiction that he would allow no one to praise America but himself. To Sabina, what was at first an amusement became very soon an annoyance, and she endeavored, as much as possible, to avoid him. This, Ellen Denning privately assured him was an evidence of her increasing regard,

saying—"It is plain enough she is always uneasy in your presence." And so she certainly was. The coxcomb then prudently held off a little, lest he should raise Miss Westmore's hopes by giving her too much encouragement: and this, while it lasted, allowed her a welcome respite.

"You will never get on in this way," said Norbert Lankley to him one evening—"time is passing—Cousin Sabina's visit will soon be at an end; and she will have to go home unasked."

"I know not what you mean," said Jempson, drawing himself up, and throwing back his head; "you certainly cannot suppose that I mean to take a wife who has the slightest tinge of blue in her stockings!"

"I don't know," replied Lankley; "I have myself a sort of misgiving, at times, that with regard to women's hose, a dead white may perhaps be found worse than even the deepest indigo."

"No, no," proceeded Jempson, "a woman has no business with what is called mind; and if she chances to be born with anything like talent, it will be best for her never to cultivate it. A woman, to make her market early, needs only to be fair and languid, and helpless, and meek and soft—in short, a good-natured fool."

"I have often heard of good-natured fools," observed Lankley, "but I never saw one."

"Why, Norbert! how can you say so?" exclaimed Anna.

"That is," said Norbert, sturdily, "I have known fools enough and to spare, but I never met with one, in my whole life, that was not both touchy and sulky; and as obstinate as a mule, besides."

The gentle Anna sulked immediately—but this time her lover either did not or would not observe the contraction of her brow and the projection of her lip, and a slight indication of withdrawing her arm from his—but, on second thoughts, she seemed to think it best to hold on as usual.

"However, Jempson," proceeded Lankley, "whether Miss Westmore is blue or not blue, it need not concern you much; and I think you may as well quit the field, for (whatever the girls may say) I am certain she will never have you."

"And why not, pray?" said Jempson, ruffling up; "what has constituted you a judge supreme of irresistibility? Of course I do not allude to myself—but how can you appreciate the attraction of the halo (of course I do not allude to my own), the halo of fame and celebrity that encircles, or will encircle, at no distant day, the classic head of laurel-crowned genius? Particularly if that head (of course I do not allude to mine) has been likened to a cast of the Apollo Belvidere."

"I am glad you are talking of somebody else," said Norbert, "for I really do think your own chance is small."

"Well, now," observed Anna, "I declare I thought Mr. Jempson meant that he was a genius himself, and a cast of Apollo's Belvidera."

Mr. Jempson turned on his heel, and walked disdainfully away; beginning to think that fools might perhaps be even less endurable than women of sense. Piqued also to show how little trouble it would cost him to prevail on Miss Westmore to be converted into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson, he proceeded directly up to that young lady, who was netting a purse at the centre-table. Still, being in a very bad humor, he could not avoid saying something, *à son ordinaire*, which sounded unpleasantly, notwithstanding that he endeavored to soften his voice.

"This is the first time I have seen you at any lady-like work. It must be very irksome to you."

"By no means," replied our heroine; "I often employ my leisure with little things of a similar description to this."

"Most extraordinary condescension in a lady that devotes so much of her time to study."

"I do not derive *all* my amusement from books," remarked Sabina. "I find pleasure, and perhaps improvement, in many other occupations."

"That is what you literary ladies always say—more particularly when you are anxious to make a favorable impression on we gentlemen."

"I have no anxiety to make a favorable impression on *you*, Mr. Jempson," said Sabina, coldly.

"Perhaps you have done that already," returned Jempson—fearing he had gone too far, and trying to look languishing, and to soften his voice to its utmost capability.

Sabina, much displeased, put up her netting, and went to the other end of the room, where she seemed to overlook a game at chess, played by Rosa and Mr. Slowmatch, who put out his finger and touched a piece about once in ten minutes, pondering over every move as if he had Philidor for his antagonist; though his present adversary neither understood the game nor took any pleasure in it. But she had small white hands—and chess displays hands. And then her little confusion when she made a wrong move was pretty.

"Well," said Norbert Lankley, approaching Jackaway Jempson, who, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the flowers of the carpet, sat elegantly drumming on the marble table—"What has frightened away Miss Westmore—Have you really proposed? Just now, when you were talking to her, you looked as if you were trying to put some love into your face—or something that you thought might pass for it. Ah! she is a clever girl—there is no deceiving cousin Sabina."

"I have broken the ice, I believe," replied Jempson. "And in spite of her girlish embarrassment, I could see that I need not have much fear for the result. Where there is a union of talented genius with elegance of costume and fashionable deportment, and all that—(observe, I make no allusion to myself)—some people can marry whenever they please. Have you seen a certain lithograph likeness that is perambulating in certain select circles—observe, I don't say it is mine. Did you ever hear that I have been called the American Bulwer?"

"More shame for you," replied Norbert.

"Some fragmentary sketches of fashionable life, that I was prevailed on to send to several of the newspapers in a sister city," pursued Jempson, "were thought greatly to resemble the early works of the author of Pelham—And my Tales of the Mayor's Office, which as yet have circulated only in manuscript, are regarded (of course I never repeat personal compliments) as very much on a par with Paul Clifford, and equally instructive to the ductile mind of youth."

"So much the worse," said Lankley; "I believe both mayor and aldermen would do far less business, if there was a stopper put on the publication of the police reports, whether in newspapers or novels. I once heard a judge tell that the first time he went on his circuit, a great many years ago, he came to a country town and found sheep pasturing on the courthouse steps, where there was quite a good crop of grass. Happy place!"

"*Nous avons changé tout cela*," replied Jempson.

"Norbert," said Anna, "do come and sit down on our own ottoman, and content yourself there the rest of the evening. We might as well not be engaged. You tire me to death with so much walking and talking."

My feet fairly ache from keeping up with you; and my hand is so tired resting on your arm, that it feels quite numb."

Mr. Lankley smiled a queer smile, and obeyed in silence. But he mentally determined that when once married, and in his own house, he would sit altogether *solus* in a rocking-chair, and that he would walk alone about his own parlors, and that he would encourage his friends to come and spend the evening with him; and that he would take care to provide an ottoman in the farthest recess of the back parlor for his Anna to doze upon as much as she pleased, on condition that she would do all the dozing herself, and not expect him to participate.

Mr. Jempson now took his departure, and on passing Rosa Denning, she turned from the beaux that were about her, and inquired why he was in such haste to go. "I feel a fit of inspiration coming fast upon me," was his reply, "and I must hasten to avail myself of the 'incense kindled at the muse's flame;' I am full primed for poetry."

He made a flourishing bow-general, and then departed to his lodging-room, in the fifth story of the back buildings of a hotel. Having locked his door to prevent interruption, he sat down to his desk, and in four hours of hard work, he composed four namby-pamby verses, addressed to Miss S. W., each stanza including all the varieties of long metre, short metre, and common metre, according to the newest and most disapproved pattern set by certain distinguished writers, from whom better taste might have been expected. *Par parenthèse*—Let all young poets remember that no poetry ever becomes popular that is written in an uneven, rugged, and irregular measure. Such verses (however rich in ideas) always sink into oblivion; for, being neither tuneable nor quotable, they are soon considered unreadable.

To return to Mr. Jackaway Jempson—he took much pains to inform Miss S. W. that, on the preceding evening, he had left the brilliant halls of festal pomp, and the sound of harps and lutes, and wandered into lonely shades, and laid himself down on a bank of roses beside a babbling brook, and listened to the song of Philomel, and the murmurs of doves, and gazed at the north star, and hoped it would smile propitiously upon him, and unite his fate with hers.

These stanzas, (after having adjusted all the words to his satisfaction, in twenty rough sketches), he committed to pink paper, and sealed with goldish wax, and sent them to the lady at a proper hour next morning. He kept a copy; for the publication of which in a small periodical, he afterwards negotiated with a prudent publisher, who always allowed fifty cents a page for comic prose, and twenty-five cents for tragic; twelve and a half cents per page for serious prose; six and a quarter cents for poetry by an acknowledged author: and nothing at all for poetry that was anonymous.

After despatching his lines to our heroine, who, not supposing that they implied an offer of marriage, regarded them merely as idle verses designed only as a display of the writer's *soi-disant* genius, Mr. Jempson took with him his second-best fair copy, and repaired to the store of Norbert Lankley; having a great opinion of that gentleman's influence in the family. Lankley was just then engaged with three or four customers. Jempson, resolving to wait till they were all gone, occupied himself with seeming as if he too had come to buy; fingering awkwardly the massy folds of domestic muslins, both bleached and unbleached—and peering with unskilled eye among the piles of American calicoes. "'Twas not long before the customers were suited to their mind;" for goods are sold by the bale much more expeditiously than by the yard. Jempson then arrested Lankley on

the way to his desk, and requested a little private conversation "on business of vital importance."

Norbert conducted him into his own *studio*, as he called it, meaning the platform, containing a high desk, guarded by a low railing: and handing him a tall stool, desired to know in what he could serve him. Jempson, after some prefatory sayings about genius and inspiration, and laurels and glory, and disclaiming all allusion to himself, took out what he termed his poem; and after Lankley had run over it, desired to know if he did not think it would produce a prodigious effect on the young lady.

"Well—upon my word," said Lankley, still glancing his eye along the lines, "it is amazing to me how you poets are given to fibbery; excuse the term. Now my father-in-law elect has certainly very pretty parlors, lighted of evenings by an astral lamp in one, and a handsome branch with two sperm candles in the other; but yet his rooms don't strike me as brilliant halls, and I can't say I ever saw much pomp in them. Then as to the harps and lutes, they are nothing but a piano. Now I don't suppose you walked over Schuylkill last night; and I can't tell where in Philadelphia you found a babbling brook. The thing most like one is the gutter when a street-hydrant is washing it down, and there to be sure you might stretch yourself on the curb-stone under the shade of one of the city lindens; but sober gentlemen seldom do that thing. To be sure, if you *must* be in flashy places, you might go out to the brick-ponds; but I would not advise you to lie down there without abstracting a board from one of the neighboring lumber-yards, or you'll be certain to get the rheumatism, if not the ague. As to banks of roses, even if you *could* find such things, I don't see much delight in a man's slumping himself down full length upon a cluster of thorny bushes and crashing about among the briars, which he would soon discover to be more plenty than the flowers. I don't know where you found a Philomel, but as to the murmuring of doves, I rather suppose, if you heard any such noise last night, you must have startled the inhabitants of a tavern pigeon-house. Then, with regard to the north star or any other star bringing about a match between you and cousin Sabina, you'll find it a pretty slow business to wait for help of that kind; so I advise you to attend to the whole affair yourself; brush up at once as I did, and propose this very evening, right out in plain words. Remember that I am now a man of experience."

"Is this really your advice?"

"Yes, and I know but one objection to your following it; she'll never have you—"

"We shall see that," said Jempson, jumping down from the high stool, running his finger through his curls, pulling up his many-colored cravat, and drawing on his other whitish glove. "They are all to be at Mrs. Creamer's party this evening, where I am invited of course. I shall just look in, and take an opportunity of acquainting the young lady with my intentions."

"Well, well," said Lankley, "'Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing.' That's my opinion, or rather it *was*."

Let not our young readers be surprised at the freedom with which Norbert Lankley attacked the folly and the self-love of the irritable Mr. Jackaway Jempson; or at the forbearance with which these vanity-wounding remarks were received. Norbert knew his man, and was well aware that all men, who in converse with woman cannot restrain the violence of their tempers, are gifted with great self-command when in intercourse with their

own sex. He that is a stinging hornet to the defenceless will subside into a harmless fly when he lights upon an object that can brush him.

In the evening, Mr. Jackaway Jempson appeared, about ten o'clock, at Mrs. Creamer's party; with his hat under his arm, and in his hand a peculiar sort of stick that he called his Fanny Kemble cane. He had assumed his lightest step, his mildest voice, and his most amiable countenance; and he walked directly towards the place where Miss Westmore was sitting. Just as he entered, she was invited to sing; and before he could reach her, she had been conducted to the piano by a very fine young man, the nephew of their hostess. The music-stool was just vacated by a young lady who had been performing "*Batti, batti*," and had left the book open at that song. Sabina took her seat, the gentlemen all standing about at the usual distance, some of them leaning against the folding-doors; and the ladies sitting round, at least as many of them as could obtain places. Jempson, however, elbowed his way among the company, displacing all the males and many of the females, till he arrived at the piano, where he stationed himself familiarly at the side of Miss Westmore. Sabina commenced from memory the deservedly popular air of "*Suoni la tromba*." Jempson, not knowing one Italian song from another, thought she was engaged on the piece at which the music-book was open, and he therefore officiously disposed himself to turn over the leaves for her. The first time he did this, Sabina smiled; the second time she nearly laughed, as did those of the company who were near enough to see that she was not playing from that book, or from any other. Jempson persisted with a most diletante-like face, as if he was following her every note, and knew the very instant that she had reached the bottom of the leaf; but he turned over so much too fast, and had gotten through so long before she had finished, that he was greatly surprised at the length of the last page.

When our heroine had concluded *Suoni la tromba*, her fine voice and manner adding new charms to that delightful composition, she gratified the company with a beautiful specimen of

"——the deep-toned music of the soul
That warbles in the Scottish song."

Before any other request could reach her, Jempson asked her to sing something purely American. "I do not chance to know any American music," replied Sabina, "except our national songs; and to none of those can a female do justice."

"I hope, madam, you have not a prejudice against American music," said Jempson, biting in his lip.

"By no means; but you know our stock of original music is extremely small. We have many excellent poets; but there are certainly very few American musicians who have produced anything that is either novel or striking."

"Really, Miss Westmore," said Jempson, his lip quivering with indignation, "you absolutely astonish me! Can anything be finer than the Star-spangled Banner?"

"The words of the two first stanzas," replied Sabina, "are not, I think, excelled by any song in our language. And the music is also very fine, but it is the old convivial English air of 'Anacreon in Heaven.'"

"I suppose, madam, you have never heard Hail Columbia?" inquired Jempson, in a smothered voice.

"Certainly I have, and the words are noble and animating. But a

venerable German officer told me that in his country, the music was well known as an old and once popular point of war termed Prince Ferdinand's March."

"Madam, this is really not to be tolerated," exclaimed Jempson. "I should not wonder next, if you will not allow us even Yankee Doodle!"

"I believe," replied Sabina with a smile, "Yankee Doodle originated in a humorous cavalier song of the days of the civil war, and was composed in derision of Oliver Cromwell. It was brought to America two centuries ago by the British soldiers sent over by Charles the Second, and they sung it to annoy the New England Puritans."

"I have no patience left," ejaculated Mr. Jempson. "This is actually intolerable:—And you a native American too—abusing and degrading your own country!"

"I have done neither," said Sabina, calmly.

"Madam, madam," he persisted, "such remarks as yours are not to be endured."

Our heroine did not condescend to any farther reply; but, rising with dignity, she took the arm of a young lady whom she knew, and returned to the other room; while Jempson in high dudgeon threw himself on a seat in a corner, and began to bite his fingers.

Norbert Lankley stepped up to him (of course with the everlasting Anna upon his arm) and said to Jempson, "I see you and cousin Sabina have had a brush again. What a silly fellow you are! I thought you had brought your courting-book with you, and were going to pop the question this very evening, in the most approved fashion."

"Do people court with books?" inquired Anna. "I am sure you had none when you courted me; for you were looking at nothing but the flower-pots."

"No, my prettiest," replied Norbert, "courting with a book would not have been at all in your line. But Jempson, you simpleton, take that frown off your face, and try to get up something that may pass for a smile; and quit gnawing your glove, for I heard an importer say that good men's kids are scarce in the market, and already on the rise. Go make your peace with Miss Westmore, and then make your offer. It is well, in some cases, to follow up one excitement with another."

"I will wait till after supper," replied Jempson. "By that time I shall feel more composed."

"Be sure, then, you contrive to hand her to the table—and do your utmost possible to be attentive, and give her plenty of ice-cream; all the ladies like that—don't they, Anna?"

While the supper was setting in the back parlor, Mr. Jempson, who had remained there reclining in his corner, could not give up his usual habit of moving by degrees towards the table, till he had secured a good place beside it; leaving to other beaux all the gallantry of escorting and waiting on the ladies. Being already on the spot, he commenced helping himself at once; and was only aroused from the discussion of a plate of terrapin by seeing Miss Westmore conducted to the table by a very handsome young gentleman from the South, who attended to her accommodation with the ease and tact of habitual good manners. During the remainder of the evening, Jackaway Jempson had not the smallest opportunity of approaching her.

"Never mind," said Lankley, when the company were all departing, and he and Jempson met in the gentlemen's dressing-room. "You have

a good excuse for calling on her to-morrow morning, and apologizing; and then, if you are not a very great flat, the apology may pave the way for the proposal."

"I never apologize," said Jempson, throwing on his cloak.

And neither he did, except when in danger of a caning from a gentleman.

Next morning, having slept upon it, he came to a resolution of actually making a visit to Miss Westmore. Having unpinned his curls, and opened them out, he thought at first of paying some extraordinary attention to his toilet, and even of going out to buy a new ready-made waistcoat more showy than any he had yet possessed. But on farther consideration, he concluded that to present himself in a costume unusually *recherché*, would be doing the lady too much honor, and evincing too great a desire to make a favorable impression. He was in a continual struggle between his desire to obtain a handsome consort with a large fortune, and his disinclination to unite himself for life to a woman of sense and spirit; qualities in a wife for which he thought even wealth and beauty could scarcely atone. However, he consoled himself with the idea of ridiculing her mental advantages, and of breaking her spirit when once they were married. Accordingly, after returning several times to the glass to take another survey before he departed, Mr. Jackaway Jempson set out on his important visit; and, on arriving at the door of Mr. Denning, he pointedly inquired for Miss Sabina Westmore.

Mr. Jempson found Miss Westmore alone in the front parlor, engaged with a book—her cousins being up stairs, busily occupied in preparing for their promenade in Chestnut-street, where they never failed to meet some of their beaux. Tripping up to her in a manner that he thought was very *déagé*, and making a sort of sliding bow, he placed himself on a chair directly in front of the young lady, and commenced with—

"Pray, madam, may I be allowed to inquire the subject of your studies this morning? What enviable work has the honor of engaging your attention?"

"The Diary of a Désennuyée," replied Sabina.

"Oh! yes—I recollect I looked over the thing previous to reviewing it for the newspapers. I should have supposed it too light a work to interest so learned a lady as Miss Westmore."

"I am not a learned lady," answered Sabina. "A slight acquaintance with miscellaneous literature can give me no claim to a title which, I am well aware, is rarely bestowed on a female except in derision. As to this very amusing book, I find it replete with talent, wit, vivacity, and good sense. I suppose it to present a correct view of society and manners as they exist among the upper classes of the English nation."

"Well, well," said Jempson; "but now let us proceed at once to the point that bids us elevate the banner of hope, and will bring us to a right understanding. Did you receive a certain little poem yesterday morning?"

"I did."

"Of course you comprehended the design."

"I did not."

The ever ready frown of Jackaway Jempson again visited his countenance; and his voice lost its softness as he exclaimed:—

"Madam, you are really a very extraordinary person. But, certainly, you understood the allusion in the last stanza?"

"It was intended, I suppose, to be taken as a compliment."

"Certainly, certainly; and there are ladies who would consider it a very great compliment."

"I did not perceive that it was such."

"Madam, your perceptions must be uncommonly cloudy. Did it not imply an offer of the poet's hand—and—hem—hem"—(He would not say "his heart also.")

"Very probably."

"In short, madam, an offer to convert Miss Sabina Westmore into Mrs. Jackaway Jempson. Nay, madam, you need not look down; I can make allowances, on such an occasion, for a young lady's confusion."

"I am not in the least confused," said Sabina, looking up.

"Well, madam, what do you wish—am I to repeat the offer in person? I thought you would appreciate my delicacy in couching my proposal beneath the flower-crowned veil of an original poem, and thus sparing your blushes."

"Why should I blush?"

"Young ladies generally do on these conscious occasions. 'Conscience does make cowards of us all.'"

"Very true; but I do not perceive in what manner that excellent quotation can apply to me."

"Well, then, madam, since you are resolved to have it in plain English, I will tell you without hesitation." (Here he hesitated for some minutes, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the point of his Fanny Kemble cane, while trying to concoct his address.) "There is, madam, a certain young gentleman, who, it may be asserted without vanity, is no mean favorite of the muses and the graces, to whom he has sacrificed extensively; and is also a son of Apollo. He has recently altered his fixed and immutable determination of adhering through life to the roseate service of the golden-haired god, and the inspired nine. And he has now resolved to encumber himself with the fetters of Hymen, and bestow a portion of the chain on a lady that he flatters himself can have no objection to wear it."

"Who can that lady possibly be?" said Sabina.

"Madam, madam, must I speak plainer still? I thought a word to the wise was always enough. Can I do more than assert that the lady in question is now in this very parlor?"

"Meaning me?" asked Sabina.

"Why, yes, madam, certainly; who else *can* I mean? Excuse me; but you seem to have a very cool way of taking things. Excuse me again; but on these occasions I thought that young ladies always showed considerable emotion."

"That must depend on circumstances," replied Sabina. "I have never been in the practice of showing any emotion I did not feel."

"Extraordinary! And is it possible you really feel none on this occasion?"

"None at all; except that of surprise at your taking the liberty of addressing such conversation to me, when you could not, from anything in my deportment, have had the slightest reason to suppose it would be favorably received."

Mr. Jackaway Jempson knit his brows, bit his lip, flung down his Fanny Kemble cane, started from his chair, and strode up and down the room. At last, a new thought struck him; and going up to Sabina, he said to her—

"This, madam, must be maiden coyness, caused by the novelty of the circumstance."

"What circumstance?"

"Nay, madam, don't be piqued; I make no allusions. But it is well known that ladies of your turn are not much accustomed to receiving offers from—from—"

"From gentlemen of yours," replied Sabina; "and it would be strange indeed if they were."

"From gentlemen of any turn," said Jempson, growing every moment more impertinent; "therefore, when the thing *does* happen, they are such novices that they don't know how to act."

"I know how, exactly," said Miss Westmore. "I insist on your speaking to me no more either on this or any other subject. In the mean time, I leave you to your meditations."

She then rose with dignity, and quitted the room. And Jempson, looking after her as she closed the door, said to himself—

"Upon my word, she is a fine creature, after all. And then her fortune too: it is provoking to lose that. I don't know but, after we were once married, I might have brought myself to like her. However, now I've set about it, I'm determined to marry somebody. I'll go home and dress myself in my party-clothes, and get into an omnibus, and ride up to see the rich widow above Green-street. There will be no trouble in getting her consent. Confound it, why would not this girl have me? I could easily have locked up all her books, and allowed her no money to buy more."

He then sallied out of Mr. Denning's house, looking much discomposed; went to his lodgings, changed his dress, perfumed his hair and his handkerchief, and then proceeded towards the Exchange in quest of an omnibus. Near the corner of Third and Walnut streets, he met Norbert Lankley, who said to him—

"Has Greek met Greek? Well, Jempson, what success with cousin Sabina?"

"I have thought better of the thing," replied Jempson; "I was not quite so great a fool as to offer myself to a blue-stockings, for I knew she would snap at me. It would, no doubt, have been the first offer she ever received."

"Jackaway Jempson," said Lankley, "let me just take the liberty of telling you that you are a pretty considerable coxcomb. And as I am soon to be one of Mr. Denning's family, I take upon myself now to inform you that your visits in that quarter must stop;—the sooner the better. There are always fools enough to be found at that house, and I am one of them myself; but none of us are quite so bad as to court a lady and then disparage her. I would not speak disrespectfully to other men of even my Anna. I am sorry I amused myself with your folly and vanity in this business; but you know I told you all the time she would not have you. I see plainly she has given you a flat refusal, and it is just what you deserve."

Jackaway Jempson frowned awfully, his face turning scarlet; and he glanced with flashing eyes at his Fanny Kemble cane. Norbert Lankley merely arched his brows a little higher, and stood firm before him with his arms folded, and said calmly—

"Shall I take that stick out of your hand?"

And Mr. Jempson thought that just at this time "the better part of

valor was discretion." So he hastily turned the corner of Third-street, and rapidly disappeared somewhere in the intricacies behind the Girard Bank; and making the circuit of the building, he crossed over into Carter's Alley, and from thence contrived to emerge in the lower part of Chestnut-street. He threw himself into the first omnibus that was northward bound, and landed at the mansion of the wealthy widow Woollensperger, a lady whose excessive obesity had nearly obliterated both shape and feature; and who, during the lapse of eight-and-forty years, had never read a single book quite through. Mr. Jempson preferred his suit; the widow smiled graciously, seemed to blush, and requested time for consideration. Nevertheless, she accepted him in the course of half an hour.

It must have been out of mere spite, and partly to mortify Miss Sabina Westmore, that Mr. Jackaway Jempson hurried his wedding as rapidly as possible. He and Mrs. Woollensperger were married on that day week, and they immediately set out on a visit to the far-west; whither some of the lady's relations had emigrated many years before. Somehow, she always remained with these relatives; her husband being absent in various other places, and occasionally coming to Philadelphia, first to receive rents, and afterwards to dispose of property.

In the mean time, as Norbert Lankley began to grow very tired of courtship, and thought that perhaps marriage would be rather better, he talked of a time being fixed for the wedding of himself and Anna. It was decided that the ceremony should take place at the end of three months, during which period Norbert was to look out for a house, and Anna was to get her bridal paraphernalia, which, according to the custom then prevailing in Philadelphia, was to comprise as large a supply of new articles as would last her seven years. These preparations seemed somewhat to rouse the young lady from her natural indolence; and the greatest part of her time was now devoted to shopping, and to going after milliners, mantua-makers, and seamstresses. At first, her sisters accompanied her on these expeditions; but after a while they found it took too much time from their own pursuits, meaning the beaux. Also Miss Anna seemed to prefer going by herself, saying that Ellen and Rosa walked too fast for her, and hurried her too much in her choice of articles, and teased her with advising how the things should be made. Mrs. Denning had no leisure to attend to Anna's preparations, being at this juncture very busily occupied in superintending the *trousseaux* of two other young ladies, whose mothers were her intimate friends.

Early one morning, Mrs. Denning awakened her husband, and informed him that she was going up to Bristol.

"When?" said he, rubbing his eyes, and feeling rather unamiable at being disturbed.

"Now—this morning—in the early New York boat."

"What for?"

"Dear husband, did you not hear me, when I came home last night, telling about poor Lucy Louisa Tumbleston?"

"No, I did not; I was reading the papers. What of Miss Tumbleston?"

"She has met with a sad accident; the news came down from Bristol last evening. In trying to climb a fence, she has sprained both her ankle and her wrist."

"It serves her right. Shame upon her awkwardness! In my time, a girl could clear a fence at one jump. But who is this Lucy Louisa Tumbleston?"

"La! my dear—don't you know?"
 "I don't know half your people. At least if I do, I don't remember them. Do these persons live at Bristol?"

"They have lately bought a house there, and have moved up already, though it is so early in the season. I have been lying awake these three hours, thinking of poor Lucy Louisa. My friend, her mother, is no sort of a nurse; indeed, to say the truth, she is no sort of anything but a perpetual gad-about and gossip. I know nothing at all about the Bristol doctors, or whether there is one in the place."

"I'll warrant there is. Doctors are never scarce."

"Still, I cannot be easy without going up to see after the poor girl. I'll take the boat as it returns, and be back again by three o'clock. I have promised to go this afternoon to Schuylkill Sixth street below Pine, to inquire the character of a cook for Mrs. Starveling, who changes her servants every week."

"Let her go without, then. It is just what she deserves."

"Well, well, my dear, I really must start off to Bristol at once, to see about this poor Lucy Louisa; and I'll carry up in my hand-basket a bottle of that embrocation which cured my own ankle when I twisted it in going up Mrs. Corkscrew's narrow stairs, to tell her that the thief had been discovered who stole all the prayer-books out of her pew."

"Yes, I remember that ankle-twist; and it was all because you were in such a hurry as to take three steps at once of a winding staircase. However, now that I *am* awake, I may as well get up and convey you down to the boat, if you *must* go to Bristol. And I'll look in at the store, before I come home to my breakfast. You can get yours on board the boat."

When Mr. and Mrs. Denning arrived at the wharf, they found the last bell ringing. So there was just time for the gentleman to put his wife on board and to leave her. The boat had proceeded about a mile beyond Kensington, when Mrs. Denning, seeing no person on deck that she knew, went down to reconnoitre for acquaintances in the cabin.

In this boat the way to the ladies' cabin lay through the large one, where they were preparing the breakfast-table. In the far corner of this apartment, on one of the lockers, sat a female, whose face was obscured by a very long green veil; beside her sat a very young man in a very braided frock coat, whose face, in spite of a desperate attempt at whiskers, mustachios, and beard, and a very dark complexion, still looked like that of a boy. As Mrs. Denning was passing, the female voice exclaimed,

"Oh! my! if there an't ma'! Oh! I do hope pa's not on board!"

Mrs. Denning stood aghast with amazement on recognizing her daughter Anna, who wrapped her veil tightly over her face, and shrunk cowering into the corner. The youth turned round towards the wall, and looked as if he was trying to get into it. The next minute there was a whispering between the young persons of "Do you tell?"—"No, do you."

"Are you really Anna Denning?" said the half-breathless mother.

"Yes indeed, ma'," replied the young lady, gathering courage, and raising her veil.

"And who is that young man?"

"My husband," said Anna, simpering. "We have just stopped in at Alderman Tacker's office, and got married. And so we are going on to New York."

Mrs. Denning dropped her basket, made a violent exclamation, and, cov-

ering her face with her hands, sank down on a chair before her runaway daughter.

"La! ma! you need not be so shocked! My husband is a very nice young gentleman, and has very genteel connections in New York, both on the Timberley side and the Twigham."

"Who are you, sir—who are you?" cried the mother.

"Madam," replied the youth, "my name is Timberley Twigham; I have the honor of holding the rank of midshipman in the United States Navy. And I came to Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, to see my sister."

"Your sister. Who is your sister?"

His bride pinched his arm, and said, in an audible whisper, "Don't tell."

"Yes I will," was his reply. "It may as well come out first as last. My sister is Mrs. Hookeridge, the lady who has been making dresses for—for my wife that is now. And at her house we had the felicity of becoming acquainted."

"A mantua-maker!" shrieked Mrs. Denning. "A mantua-maker's brother!"

"Now, ma'," said the duteous Anna, "can't you have sense enough to keep yourself quiet? Don't you see the waiters, that are setting the table, are stopping to listen and look, with their faces all upon the broad grin?"

"Oh! let me go on shore, let me go on shore!" ejaculated Mrs. Denning. "Let me get back to the city as fast as I can, to tell my poor husband. Oh! what dreadful news for him! It will break his heart. It will kill him dead."

"Then the longer it is put off the better," said the midshipman.

"I am glad, any how," said Anna, "that pa's not on board."

"And poor Norbert Lankley—what will become of him!" cried Mrs. Denning. "Oh! Anna, Anna, how could you use him so?"

"Ma', do speak lower," said Anna—"you are really making yourself quite ridiculous. Only see; the women and children are beginning to poke their heads out of the ladies' cabin. Why, you'll raise the whole boat."

"Really, madam," observed the midshipman, "this is quite too public a place for a scene."

"As to Norbert Lankley," proceeded Anna, in a low voice, "he's the least part of my concern. Even when we were first engaged, I did not think him at all handsome. No, not even when he was asking me. And after the first week he seemed a downright fright. But I thought, somehow, it wouldn't do not to marry him. Then, after I first saw dear Timberley Twigham, one day while I was waiting in Mrs. Hookeridge's little parlor, and he picked up my reticule for me, I absolutely hated that Norbert, with his ugliness, and his foolishness, and his way of quizzing people. And I never was happy except when I was meeting dear Timberley at his sweet sister's, and walking with him in the streets where nobody ever goes. So, when all my best dresses had been bought and made up, and I had laid in a good stock of lace and gloves, I thought I might as well consent to run away with dear Timberley. And as Norbert has not yet fixed on a house and begun to buy furniture, I don't see that he has any right to complain."

"Oh! Anna, Anna, how you talk!" ejaculated her mother.

"Ma', do let me finish; for at this rate I shall be tired enough before I get through," said the young lady. "So I made a friend of Mrs. Hookeridge's black girl that carries home the dresses, and she has been coming to our

house for several evenings, and conveying away in her handbox such things as I cared most for. And Mrs. Hookeridge provided a large trunk for me, and packed the things in it; and it is now on deck among the baggage."

"Is all this possible?" cried Mrs. Denning. "Are you really married? Who were the witnesses?"

"Dear," said Anna, turning to her husband, "take the certificate out of your pocket-book, and show it to ma'. As to witnesses, Mrs. Hookeridge would have gone with us herself, only she was afraid of losing custom if it was supposed she had helped us off. So the witnesses were Alderman Tacker's housekeeper, and one of his constables."

"Police officers, dear," said the midshipman.

"Well, dear, it's no matter what they are. I never liked to call Norbert Lankley 'dear,' for all we were engaged. A great, long, yellow-haired, gray-eyed fellow! Though I am fair myself, I never, in my heart, could abide light-complexioned men. See, ma', dear Timberley is a decided brunette."

"Oh! Anna! Anna!" sighed Mrs. Denning, "how very foolish you are! What will become of you?"

"Well, madam," said the midshipman, "the knot is tied now, and the wisest thing the lady's family can do, since they did not take better care of her, is to submit with a good grace."

"Submit!" exclaimed Mrs. Denning; "do you suppose Mr. Denning will submit!"

"Why, not at first perhaps; fathers seldom do; a little resistance is to be expected. But he'll come in at last; fathers always do; at least in this happy land of ours. But there's the bell ringing for breakfast; it is well we are here on the spot, it gives us a capital chance for places. Shall I have the honor of handing my respected mother-in-law to the table?"

"I want no breakfast," replied Mrs. Denning; "I'll go and sit in the ladies' cabin and cry all the time—oh that I could get out of the boat!"

"I must bar that," said Mr. Twigham, "till we get to Bristol; though, to be sure, father-in-law could not catch us if he was to try. There is no overtaking runaways that go by steam."

"Come, ma'," said Anna, "make the best of what can't be helped; as dear Timberley says, you should have taken better care of me. So let us sit down and get a good breakfast; I see there are plenty of oysters on the table."

Mrs. Denning took up her hand-basket, and finally suffered herself to be conducted to the breakfast-table, where the extreme politeness of the midshipman somewhat softened her heart; and before the repast was over, she found herself replying to him with involuntary civility. After breakfast they adjourned to the deck, where they excited great curiosity; for by this time the story was all over the boat.

They soon arrived at Bristol; and on parting with her daughter, Mrs. Denning's tears flowed fast. "Ma'," whispered Anna, "what are you crying for? I am sure Mr. Twigham is fifty times handsomer than that Norbert Lankley, and I like him fifty times as much, particularly when he wears his uniform. So, where's the great harm, after all? I wish I could see Norbert when he hears of it; how I should laugh! Who knows but he may take cousin Sabina to console him? I always thought he liked her better than he ought to have done, considering he was engaged to me."

There now, good-bye; we will write from New York; and as pa's rich, there's no danger but dear Timberley's relations will receive me well."

Mr. Twigham escorted his mother-in-law a few steps beyond the utmost extremity of the landing-board till she was fairly on shore; and Anna waved her handkerchief. The boat proceeded on her course, and was soon out of sight; while Mrs. Denning walked cryingly up to the house of her friend Mrs. Tumbleston. On arriving there, she threw herself on the sofa, burst into a fresh flood of tears, and as soon as she could speak for sobbing, answered the inquiries of her hostess by relating, without reserve, the events of the morning. After awhile she recollected the business that had brought her to Bristol, and was conducted to the apartment of the suffering Lucy Louisa, who had already been twice visited by a physician, and who steadily declined the embrocation that poor Mrs. Denning had brought with her. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tumbleston privately put on her bonnet and slipped out of the house, for the purpose of acquainting her neighbors with the elopement of the fair Anna. In the course of half an hour, the news had spread throughout Bristol, and in three-quarters it was all over Burlington. According to the most approved version of the story, Miss Anna Denning, a young lady of beauty, fortune, and accomplishments, who was on the point of marriage to a rich merchant, one of the most elegant men in Philadelphia, and to whom she had been engaged for years, had that morning run away with a low worthless common sailor, whose sister was a poor seamstress; and the mother of the infatuated bride was now lying very ill at Mrs. Tumbleston's house, going just out of one fainting fit into another—the poor lady having followed the runaways on board the steamboat, from whence she had been forcibly dragged by her son-in-law, and left screaming on the wharf till Mrs. Tumbleston was kind enough to take her into her house. Up at Bordentown fears were entertained for Mrs. Denning's intellects.

After a very early dinner, Mrs. Denning embarked for the city in the same steamboat, as it returned down the river; and feeling very melancholy, she remained all the time in the ladies' cabin, her attention being only withdrawn from her griefs by the exercise of a few acts of gratuitous kindness; such as recommending suitable boarding-houses to some New York families, and promising to obtain places for four Irish chambermaids who had just arrived in the country.

On reaching home, she found the family assembling at dinner, and in great surprise at Anna's having been missing since early in the morning, when she had been seen going out, but never coming back again. Nick Denning had just been sent to inquire if Norbert Lankley knew anything of her. "I know all about her, to my sorrow," exclaimed Mrs. Denning; and she then related her extraordinary tale. Mr. Denning raved, and threatened awful vengeance on the audacious midshipman and his nefarious sister, the mantua-maker.

Ellen Denning said that, for her part, she had always prophesied in her own mind that Anna's engagement to Norbert Lankley would come to nothing, and that Norbert was quite too good for Anna. Rosa, on the other hand, averred that she had had similar misgivings because Anna was too good for Norbert, who was entirely too tall and dangling.

Just then Norbert himself came in with Nick, and on hearing all the circumstances, he bore the loss of his fiancée with an exemplary fortitude, amounting almost to cheerfulness; and Nick, for his part, thought it an excellent joke.

Mr. Denning declared he would write to Anna by that day's mail, assuring her positively that he would never see her face again, and never allow her a single cent, even to keep her from starving. Sabina Westmore, much shocked at all that had passed, kindly interfered in behalf of the offenders, suggested that the letter of renunciation should be postponed to an indefinite period, and finally succeeded in calming down the anger of Mr. Denning. Norbert Lankley took his leave, after assuring the family that he was not in the least offended at Miss Anna's consulting her own happiness in the way that seemed best to her, and that he should bear her no malice in consequence; and he withdrew with a light step, and evidently a lightened heart.

The story of Anna Denning's elopement had been widely circulated during the afternoon, and had been mentioned at the Exchange. So all the beaux considerably staid away that evening and the next; and the Miss Dennings became very sleepy in consequence, and retired to their rooms before nine o'clock. Also, Mrs. Denning on this occasion remained at home for eight-and-forty hours; after which, being unable to stay in any longer, she resumed her usual habits, and was questioned and consoled with by most of her friends; while others, with praiseworthy delicacy, refrained even from mentioning the word *midshipman* in her presence, and carefully avoided the most distant allusion to anything connected with the navy. Some even had the forbearance to abstain from talking of dress-makers.

Next week Sabina Westmore's month in Philadelphia was to expire; and she felt exceedingly anxious to find herself at her own home. A few days after the elopement of Anna, a card was brought up to Sabina's room (where the Miss Dennings chanced just then to be with her), and the servant said that Mr. Westmore and another gentleman were waiting in the parlor. On looking at the card, Sabina's cheeks were suffused with crimson, her eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, and she hastened immediately down stairs. Ellen and Rosa made some improvement in their dress and hastened down after her, impatient to see Orvil Westmore and the new gentleman; and grieving that Sabina had gone down with the card still in her hand, for, if she had left it behind, they might immediately have known his name.

When the Miss Dennings came down they found Orvil Westmore reading a newspaper at the centre-table in the front parlor, while in the adjoining apartment there was seated beside Sabina one of the handsomest and finest-looking young men they had ever beheld, and whom she immediately introduced as Mr. Mordaunt, lately from India.

Orvil now came forward, and had, of course a very cordial reception from Rosa, while Ellen determined to appropriate to herself the elegant stranger, and set about it forthwith. Rosa contrived to entice Orvil to the back windows to look at the honeysuckles that were trained around them, and then said to him in a low voice—"Only see Ellen! I declare I am quite ashamed of her, though she is my sister. She is setting her cap already at that very *air-distinguishé* stranger, who looks as if he might be the son of a nobleman. Pray who is he?"

"Gustavus Mordaunt is the son of one of our most wealthy and influential merchants in Boston," replied Westmore.

"For Ellen's sake, I hope he is not engaged."

"Yes, he is, and has been so for a year or more; previous, indeed, to his departure for India."

"To whom—what is the lady's name?"

"Sabina Westmore—my sister."

"Is it possible? Has Sabina been really engaged all this time? And to think that she never told us, and never behaved as if she was engaged at all—never giving any one the slightest hint of it. And we have all the while been trying to get a beau for her! There is Ellen still wasting her attractions on Mr. Mordaunt; I must call her off."

Rosa then made a sign to Ellen, who unwillingly approached and asked her sister "What was the matter?" And Rosa explained that Mr. Gustavus Mordaunt, the son of one of the richest merchants in Boston, was actually engaged to Cousin Sabina, and had been so for more than a year. Ellen expressed great amazement, and said to Orvil Westmore, "Well, I am indeed astonished; this is really incredible; I always thought Sabina Westmore was cut out for an old maid. Did Mr. Mordaunt know she was literary?"

"Having been acquainted with her from childhood, he knew that Sabina was fond of reading, and that every day she devoted a certain portion of time to the improvement of her mind."

"Wonders will never cease! And when is the wedding to take place?"

"Whenever Sabina pleases. The very day before I set out to bring my sister home, Gustavus Mordaunt arrived from India, and in his impatience to see her, he has accompanied me to Philadelphia."

"Such a beau is really worth having," said Rosa.—"How will our gentlemen look beside him!" remarked Ellen.

To be brief—Sabina began next day to prepare for leaving Philadelphia on the following morning, escorted by her brother and her lover. The Miss Dennings were very much surprised to see that neither she nor Mr. Mordaunt either talked or behaved at all like "engaged people;" at least before company. Mr. Denning and Nick took a very kind leave of Sabina; and Mrs. Denning regretted that her numerous avocations had prevented her from being as much with Miss Westmore as she wished. Ellen and Rosa were very polite at parting; but secretly rejoiced that they should now have all the beaux entirely to themselves. Rosa had the preceding day left off doing the amiable to Orvil Westmore, Sabina having informed her that he was shortly to be married to a very charming young lady of Portland.

Early in the autumn, the Miss Dennings received from Mrs. Mordaunt a large box, containing a superb wedding-cake, and a small one with some beautiful little ornaments for the centre-table.

In the mean time, about a week after the elopement, Mr. Timberley Twigham dictated a penitent letter for his Anna to commit to paper. Mr. Denning had found, upon inquiry, that Mr. Twigham was a very worthless fellow, and that he had been discarded by all those of his relations whose countenance was worth having. Therefore, he replied that if she would return to him he would receive his daughter, but not her husband. Shortly after, there came another letter from Anna, very badly expressed, and, therefore, evidently written entirely by herself. She stated that her dear Timberley was ordered to sea, and that during his absence she should have no place to be in; consequently, she would accept her father's offer, and come. Mr. Denning then wrote again and gave her permission to do so. Her husband brought her to Philadelphia, and unblushingly presented himself with her at her father's house, calculating upon the pro-

bability of not being ordered out of it. He was tacitly allowed to remain there for a week till it was time to join his ship at New York. Anna had not sufficient sensibility to grieve much at his departure; and, for his part, he seemed already to have grown tired of her. Being very unpopular with the Denning family, they were all glad when he sailed on a three years' cruise; and Anna, who never after had any other home than her father's house, resumed her old habits of nothing.

Norbert Lankley was married, in the course of the next winter, to a brisk, notable, clever girl, from Connecticut. And he was very proud of his wife, notwithstanding she had no pretensions to beauty. They live happily, and he is fast becoming a rich man.

Several of the other young men that frequented the society of the Miss Dennings, and walked with them occasionally in Chestnut-street, have taken to themselves wives; but none of them chose either Ellen or Rosa. Years have gone by, and neither of these sisters has as yet any prospect of entering into the marriage state, for the simple reason that no one has yet asked them, flirting and proposing being very different things; and it is possible, after all, that their maiden names may eventually be inscribed on their tombstones. They have found by experience that young ladies do not go off any the sooner for devoting their time and thoughts exclusively to the beaux.

ALINA DERLAY;

OR,

THE TWO CAPS.

ALINA DERLAY was not two years old when she lost her mother, who died suddenly at the early age of nineteen. The family, being about to embark for England, were then on a farewell visit to Dr. and Mrs. Wendover, who resided at a small town in the interior of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Wendover was the maternal aunt of Winslow Derlay, and before her marriage she had lived many years at his father's house. Of her kindness to him in his boyhood he had always cherished the most grateful remembrance. And the intelligent and amiable Mrs. Derlay, in whose affection for the man of her heart there was not one atom of selfishness, loved him too well not to love also those who were dear to him. Instead of regarding with a jaundiced eye her husband's relatives, as is too often the case with young wives, the medium through which she saw them was always *coulour de rose*.

The unexpected death of his beloved Laura overwhelmed Winslow Derlay with the most poignant anguish: and the shock was so great that he never recovered from it. His spirits sunk to revive no more, and his health began slowly but surely to decline. He felt that his days were numbered. Nevertheless, as soon as he was able to think of anything like worldly business, he prepared again for his voyage to Europe; from which he had a prospect of realizing something that, in case of his death, would insure an independence to his motherless little girl. Mr. Derlay was easily persuaded to yield to the entreaties of his uncle and aunt Wendover, and leave in their care his almost infant child: at least till she should be old enough to have secured a good constitution by passing her earliest years in country air and country happiness. The little town of Brookfield was in a remarkably salubrious situation: and Dr. Wendover, who was an excellent physician, found leisure (notwithstanding he had all the practice of the place) to superintend the cultivation of a small but valuable farm that had been left to him by his father; the dwelling-house being the very last on the main street of the village. His two sons, the children of a former marriage, had long since removed with their families to a wider field of enterprise: one to the banks of the Ohio: the other to the Genesee country. Mrs. Wendover, who had married late in life, and was the very best of stepmothers and step-grandmothers, grieved much at their departure: and

both she and her husband felt the want of some youthful being to enliven their house, and excite in them a new and daily interest, now that their own children and grandchildren were far away. People of kind hearts and generous feelings have such a *besoin d'aimer* that they are rarely happy unless they enjoy the gratification of cherishing some object to whose comforts and pleasures they can contribute, and on whose affection they can depend.

Winslow Derlay took an agonized leave of his little daughter, and returned mournfully to Philadelphia, at which place he resided; and where he had become the junior partner of a house engaged in a flourishing business. He embarked at New York for England: where he exerted himself beyond his strength in attending to the affairs that brought him thither. Early in the ensuing winter, a violent cold, acting on an enfeebled constitution, brought him in a few weeks to the grave.

He died at the house of his cousin, Seaford Rochdale, who with his family had been for some years a resident of London. To Mr. Rochdale the unfortunate Derlay left the guardianship of his little Alina, and the care of some property which was worth at that time about fifty thousand dollars, and which was to be hers at the age of twenty-one. He desired in his will that she should not be removed from Brookfield till she had completed her ninth year; and that, after she had ceased to be a settled inmate of their house, her affection for her aunt and uncle Wendover should be cultivated by frequent visits, and by frequent letters when separated.

Alina Derlay was just nine years old when the Rochdale family returned to Philadelphia. In about two months after their arrival, Mr. Rochdale went to Brookfield (having previously written to Dr. Wendover), and found the little girl well and happy; the darling of her old uncle and aunt, and deriving her chief enjoyments from reading all the books she could obtain, and from petting all sorts of living things. It was with extreme grief that the good Wendovers gave up their youthful charge to Mr. Rochdale: and it was long before the old lady could be persuaded that Alina would in any possible way be benefited by the change. But the doctor, seeing farther and clearer, succeeded at last in convincing his wife that it would be better for the heiress of fifty thousand dollars to have the advantages of a polished education, and an introduction into such society as can rarely be found except in a large city.

"You know, my dear Elsey," said he, "you and I are very old-fashioned people, and so are all our associates: for Brookfield is a very ancient town (having been settled before the Revolution), and being quite inland, and having no water-power, it is still jogging on in an easy primitive way, without troubling itself much with improvements. Now, though at your age and mine, there is no harm in being old-fashioned, still I doubt if it would be well for Alina to grow up an old-fashioned girl. And then, you know, as we live but a day's journey from Philadelphia, she can easily come and see us: and perhaps, now that we have so powerful a motive for leaving home, we may go sometimes to see her."

The little girl was almost broken-hearted at the idea of leaving her kind uncle and aunt, notwithstanding that they magnanimously represented to her the delights of Philadelphia, and the enjoyments of Philadelphia children. But she could not conceive any greater happiness than that of staying always with them in her own home, (as she called it,) with her own little flower-garden, and her numerous pets, of whom she would gladly have taken a cart-load away with her. She went out into the barn-

yard to select a chicken to carry to the city; but not being able to decide between gray-speckled Kitty and yellow-speckled Fanny, she concluded on taking both. The three white kittens (whose aunt she called herself) were also to accompany her; for, as one kitten by itself is never so frolicksome as when there are several, and as they mew when separated, Alina resolved on conveying them all to Philadelphia. Her little monthly rose-bush, and her little orange and lemon-trees that had grown from seeds planted by herself, were also to go with her, pots and all. She besought Mr. Rochdale to stay till the two squab-pigeons were fledged, that she might see if they had fan tails; and till the four little puppies had their eyes open, that she might look at them playing about, if it was only for one day.

Mr. Rochdale kindly assured Alina that, if she still desired all these things after she went to Philadelphia, they should be replaced by others as like them as possible. But the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said "that these would not be the *same* things that she was accustomed to loving." He tried to convince her that in a short time she would find herself loving her new pets quite as much as the old ones. This the affectionate little girl very much doubted, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Wendover's neck, she exclaimed, "I am very sure if I had twenty new aunts in Philadelphia, I should not love the whole of them together half so much as I do my dear old one." Upon this, Mrs. Wendover sobbed aloud, and the good doctor drew his hand across his eyes.

The next day but one (Thursday) was that fixed on for the departure of Mr. Rochdale with his little charge, in case the weather would permit. On Wednesday afternoon, Alina began to watch the clouds, hoping that it would rain on Thursday and enable her to remain another day at Brookfield. But in vain; the sky continued obstinately serene. At evening she rejoiced in seeing a few light clouds in the west; but the sun set bright and clear beneath them, giving "token of a goodly day to-morrow." Finding that her pets could not conveniently be transported to Philadelphia, poor Alina went round to all, and took a melancholy leave of them; and when it was over, she went round again and took leave a second time. Before she retired for the night, she slipped out into the porch to look at the sky, but found a brilliant star-light. Still her aunt gave her some consolation by privately assuring her that the western part of the heavens seemed rather dark, and that not a star was twinkling between the Pankatank hills. After Alina went to bed, she literally cried herself to sleep. About midnight she was awakened by the sound of rain pattering against the window; and rejoicing much in the hope of at least one day's respite, and recollecting that sometimes the weather continued bad for three or four days, she soon forgot her sorrows in slumber. With the earliest light of dawn Mr. Rochdale (whose room was next to hers) heard Alina run to the window to look out, and exclaim, "Oh! I am so sorry! It is a clear bright morning!"

An early breakfast was provided for the travellers; but though it consisted of just such articles as she particularly liked, poor Alina was scarcely able to taste a mouthful. However, her aunt had amply stored her travelling basket with abundance of good things to eat on the road; and had also filled Mr. Rochdale's pocket with whatever of her nice eatables was pocketable. A last adieu was again bidden to all the pets, and they were again fervently recommended to the care of her aunt and uncle, and of the three domestics. Finally the stage came to the door, and the parting was heart-

rending all round; so much so that Mr. Rochdale grieved at the necessity of the separation.

Alina knelt on the back seat of the vehicle, and gazed with overflowing eyes from the little window behind, till her uncle's house was no longer in sight, and till not a glimpse of the village remained in view. It was long before the new objects on the road and the novelty of travelling could withdraw the attention of the little girl from her own sorrows. But at length Mr. Rochdale found means to amuse and interest her, concerning the things that they saw in passing; her face gradually brightened, and she only dropped a tear now and then, when she remarked in the roadside fields a colt, or a calf, or a lamb, that looked just like one of those she had left at her Brookfield home.

In the evening they arrived at their journey's end, and were set down at Mr. Rochdale's handsome house; and little Alina was received most kindly by Mrs. Rochdale, and most lovingly by all the children, comprising two boys of the ages of twelve and ten, and two girls aged six and three. Before her bonnet was taken off, she had distributed among them the contents of her travelling basket (having eaten but two of the cakes on her journey), giving to every one an exactly equal share, and breaking into four equal parts an odd rusk that was left at the last. "I think," said she, "you all seem as if you would be very good to me; and while you are eating, I should like to go about the two parlors and look at all the pretty things, for I did not suppose there was such beautiful furniture in the whole world."

The two boys gallanted our young heroine round the rooms, and explained to her all the useful and ornamental articles such as she had not seen before, including the wonders of the centre-tables. An explanation of the pictures that decorated the walls they deferred till next day, when she could see them by daylight. She seemed very happy till bedtime, when, on taking leave of the family for the night and kissing them all round, her lip trembled and tears filled her eyes at the thought that her good uncle and aunt Wendover were so far away.

A very pleasant chamber had been allotted to Alina, and she was delighted to find in it a handsome little book-case, the shelves of which were filled with amusing and instructive books; and there were also an extremely pretty work-table and work-box.

Next day measures were commenced for the equipment of Alina with such articles of dress as were then in fashion for city children of her age; her present costume being some years behind the mode. Yet she had so much beauty and so much natural grace that it did not seem to disfigure her; at least in the eyes of the two boys.

When Alina had unpacked her baggage, she brought down a small wooden box, shaped like a trunk, with a round lid, and gaily painted with large red and yellow tulips on a blue ground. This, she said, contained her treasures; and she produced from it numerous little nick-nacks made for her by her aunt Elsey Wendover, who had been educated at Bethlehem. Of course when Mrs. Wendover was a girl, a Bethlehem education was far more old-fashioned than it is now, and what was then considered ornamental needle-work was sedulously cultivated. Among these evidences of aunt Elsey's taste and skill (all of which were folded in tissue paper) there was an enormous white satin pincushion, embroidered with a bunch of nondescript flowers on one side, and a cottage and willow on the other, and a rosette of pink satin ribbon at each corner. There was a

white satin watch-paper with a forget-me-not flower in the centre, to be ready for the time when Alina should be old enough to wear a watch. There was an embroidered pink satin pocket-book, to be ready for the time when Alina should have notes to put into it; and a blue satin thread-case, stitched into long compartments, with six skeins of sewing-silk of different colors run into these divisions; the back of the thread-case worked in a white jessamine pattern, running up its whole length; and there was a curious knit purse, with the name of Alina Derlay introduced among its stitches. There were also two ingenious specimens of mosaic, made of the most minute pieces of printed calico, arranged in very difficult arabesque forms; the whole being lined and fringed with white, and having at each corner a loop of Holland tape. These, Alina informed her cousins, were an iron-holder and a kettle-holder. She showed them also (with great pride in the accomplishments of her aunt) what she called a beautiful pocket, with strings of orange ribbon. It was made of fine linen, close stitched with colored silks, the principal part of the pattern being intended to represent a basket of flowers; a tall sprig ascending on each side of the aperture, which was overcast along its edge in scollops of bright blue. Leonard Rochdale asked Alina if this pocket was to be worn outside; but his brother Edwin shook his head at him, and said "Shame!"

The Rochdales gathered from Alina that her aunt Elsey, when her household cares were over, devoted all her leisure to fancy needle-work, during which occupation she was always very happy to listen to a book, though she thought she never had time to do her own reading. "I was very glad," said Alina, "when I was old enough to read, for then I could amuse dear aunt Elsey of afternoons; and uncle generally read to her of evenings. And I was always allowed to sit up till nine o'clock to listen, if it was a book that I could understand. I read to aunt Elsey the whole of the Children's Friend, and the Misses Magazine, and Evenings at Home, and Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales—which last I liked best of all. Uncle read to her chiefly out of the Spectator, and the Rambler, and the Adventurer, and the Citizen of the World—for she liked books that she was used to. And sometimes he read a book in a great many volumes that always made me sleepy, notwithstanding that it was about a very good man named Sir Charles Grandison, whom aunt Elsey told me was the proper pattern for all gentlemen. There was a picture in each volume, and he wore a laced coat and waistcoat, with a sword by his side; and his hair was dressed high, and curled and powdered, and his skirts looked so very stiff. I never saw any one at Brookfield that seemed like Sir Charles Grandison; but now I have come to Philadelphia, I dare say I shall meet with a great many."

Leonard Rochdale bit his lips, and even Edwin could scarcely suppress a smile.

To be brief, Alina was in a short time equipped with handsome and becoming habiliments, and the boys pronounced her "perfect." She had at once won the hearts of all the Rochdale family; and her chief pet was little Cora, whom she declared to be better than chickens or kittens, and much superior to flowers. She was sent to an excellent school, and instructed in French, music, dancing, drawing, and the usual female accomplishments; making an extraordinary progress in each. Her vivacity and intelligence, united with kind feelings and an excellent temper, at once gained the hearts of the whole house of Rochdale, and it was impossible she should be otherwise than happy with them: though neither time nor

absence in the least diminished her affectionate regard for the good Wendovers.

Alina always kept on hand a very large sheet of paper, on which she every day noted down something that she thought her aunt Elsey would like to hear, (including the feats of little Cora,) and when the sheet became completely filled it was folded, sealed, and despatched by mail to Brookfield, as a letter. From her aunt she received similar missives in return, giving a full account of the animals and flowers, and all other things that were likely to interest her; the doctor always adding a postscript. Next summer Alina was made very happy by being allowed to spend the month of August at Brookfield. She carried her aunt Elsey a large supply of working cottons, crewels, and silks; and also some new books, which Mrs. Wendover (on hearing her intention) had requested should be old ones. Therefore, by Mrs. Rochdale's recommendation, she took Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla; works that are too excellent ever to be out of date.

Time passed on; and our young and lovely heroine advanced towards womanhood. Yet still, though Alina went every summer to gladden their hearts at Brookfield, the good and simple-minded Wendovers never accomplished their often-promised visit to Philadelphia. They had remained so long stationary that a journey of even one day had become a very formidable thing to them; and the doctor thought he knew enough of what was going on in the world by receiving regularly all the new medical publications. The wife would not leave the husband even for a few days, lest he should be taken ill in her absence; and *vice versa*. Again, the good doctor knew not how to spare the time for going on a pleasurable excursion, as he was always wanted at Brookfield. He could not leave Sammy Jones in the midst of his sore throat; and then, by the time Sammy Jones was out of danger, Mary Wilson had scalded her foot; or Nancy Brown had sprained her wrist. He was anxious to see if the remedies he had directed for little Sally Thomson's fits would do her any good: and he could not leave Dennis O'Murphy till his rheumatism was better, lest the whisky prescribed for rubbing his shoulder should be taken by Dennis internally.

Alina Derlay was about sixteen when, soon after her return from a visit to Brookfield, she caught a violent cold, which was accompanied by a raging fever, and proved almost too much even for her excellent constitution. Her illness was severe and dangerous; but just about the time of its commencement, Dr. Wendover was seized with an apoplectic attack, which rendered it impossible for him and his wife to come to Philadelphia to see her, as they would otherwise have done; leaving the health of Brookfield to take care of itself. By the time Dr. Wendover recovered, Alina was out of danger, and the first use she made of her convalescent strength was to write a letter to her uncle and aunt. She received in return one in the doctor's own hand, and it proved that this his first apoplectic fit had in no respect impaired his mind.

After Alina's recovery, she found that large portions of her hair came out whenever she combed it—one of the frequent consequences of a severe illness. She tried in vain all the most popular unguents recommended by the perfumers, but found them in her case of no avail—notwithstanding that they were specified to cover with beautiful tresses heads that were absolutely bald. Our heroine's hair still came out in handfuls, and she was persuaded to resort to the last desperate remedy of having it all shaved off. This was accordingly done, to the great regret of the younger Roch-

dales, who all witnessed the operation; Cora (now about nine years old) absolutely crying when she saw the locks of "dear Lina" falling on the carpet.

Alina had previously provided herself with some very pretty caps; and she looked so sweetly in them that Leonard Rochdale wished her hair would never grow again, so that she might wear them always. Her hair, however, did grow very fast; and in a short time there was enough on each temple to form two or three pretty little curls that were extremely becoming to her. Her seventeenth birthday was approaching, and Alina Derlay was now considered of a proper age to come out, (as it is called,) and to issue cards in her own name for a little ball. For the last twelve months she had always been included in the invitations sent to the Rochdale family; every member of which took great delight in the admiration constantly excited by her beauty, accomplishments, and amiability.

Preparations for the ball were made according to the then prevailing fashion in Philadelphia; the Rochdales (who lived in the enjoyment of wealth that was well secured) always conforming to *l'usage du monde* when they could do so without folly or impropriety. Alina was to wear, over white lawn, a dress of exquisite India muslin trimmed with the finest lace; and she had bespoken, from a pattern of her own selection at the establishment of a distinguished *modiste*, a beautiful little juvenile cap, surpassingly graceful and elegantly simple. The dress and the cap were both sent home on the evening before the party, at a time when the young people were all in the front parlor, each engaged in doing something towards the decorations of the approaching fête: Mrs. Rochdale being occupied in her china closet, and Mr. Rochdale having retired to his library. Alina had taken the dress up stairs, tried it on, and found it to fit exactly; and had just resumed her former habiliments, when she was summoned down on the arrival of the cap from Madame Rubanière. It was immediately transferred from the bandbox to Alina's head, and "universally admired" as the sweetest and most becoming little thing that ever was made or worn; and Leonard again repeated his wish that her hair would never grow any more.

Presently there was another ring at the door; and one of the servants brought in a very large bandbox, which he said had just been left by a countryman, who merely inquired if this was not Mr. Rochdale's house, and then set down the box in the vestibule, said he was in a great hurry, and departed. The box was directed to Miss Alina Derlay. It was secured by numerous bands of broad white tape crossing each other backward and forward, and sealed in divers places with red wax. On opening it, there was found another cap, a complete contrast to the one Alina had just been trying on. It was of very fine muslin, entirely covered with close heavy needle-work in a great variety of stitches and patterns, each pattern contrived exactly to suit the numerous strangely-shaped compartments of which the cap was composed. There was a head-piece carved all round its upper extremity with large deep points, each worked in a point-pattern, and each point having a scalloped edge. These points were met by others belonging to the lower edge of a circular crown, that stood up tall and high. The diamond-shaped openings formed by the meeting of the points that united the head-piece and the crown, were filled up by gathered puffings. The union of the points was marked by cockades of high-colored stiff lilac ribbon. There were no less than three full borders or rather ruffles, all of different breadths; every frill being wrought with

a most elaborate pattern, having an open-work edge of various lace-stitches. The three borders were all made to stand up and to stand out, and were kept in that posture by numerous loops of the aforesaid lilac ribbon, which also decorated the back of the neck in the form of a hard double-quilling. Directly in front was a large bow constructed with mathematical regularity: and then there were two twin bows somewhat smaller, one at each cheek: the ends of all the bows being accurately cut into sharp points that were surmounted by a row of orifices snipped into the diamond form.

The appearance of this extraordinary cap first elicited exclamations of surprise, which were succeeded by symptoms of risibility as its beauties were farther examined into. A letter was found at the bottom of the bandbox. "It is from dear aunt Wendover," said Alina; "she has undoubtedly sent this cap as a present to some old friend in Philadelphia, and has transmitted it first to me, that I may attend to its being safely conveyed to the person for whom it is designed."

Alina glanced over the contents of the letter, and as she did so her countenance changed.

"Any bad news?" inquired Edwin Rochdale.

"None, except that the cap is for me."

"For you! for you!" was the general exclamation—and Leonard Rochdale laughed outright.

"Listen," said Alina, "and I will read you the letter."

"MY DEAR CHILD—As soon as I received the news of your head being shaved to make your hair grow out thick, and that you were wearing caps, (a sad thing for so young a girl,) I determined to set myself to working one on purpose for you. I told you nothing about it, that I might give you an agreeable surprise. This cap, I am sure, will be doubly valuable to my dear Alina, because it is the last her old grandaunt will ever work. Not that I expect to die—but my eyes are at last giving out, (as far, at least, as fine needle-work is concerned,) and I calculate on being consigned to knitting and patch-work for the rest of my life. However, I ought not to repine, for, as I have been favored with a great many years of the ornamental, I have concluded now to submit with a good grace to the useful. When I was working the last flower in this cap (it is at the right hand end of the third border) I felt that even with the aid of glasses I ought never to do fine work again; and my eyes ached all that night, so that I was unable to sleep: and indeed they have been very painful for the last six weeks. So, next morning, I gratified husband by telling him I had come to a resolution of giving up fine needle-work for ever, and knitting all his stockings myself. And yet I almost cried at the idea of relinquishing so great and pleasing an accomplishment. It is hard to resign what has afforded satisfaction to ourselves and others for a great many years: particularly what we excel in.

"My dear Alina, I am not vain; but I think you will acknowledge this a wonderful cap, to be worked and made up by a woman in her seventy-third year. If you inspect all the leaves and flowers carefully, one by one, you will find them as neat and regular as if done by eyes as young as your own; and you will see that not a thread of the open-work is amiss. Hearing that you are to have a ball on your birth-night, I have labored very hard to get this cap finished in time for you to wear on that great occasion; but it has been a labor of love. Husband considers it my masterpiece; and I am glad that my last act of muslin-work is one that

will be so gratifying to my beloved girl. How I wish that I could be present when the bandbox is opened, and the cap displayed! When your ball comes, I shall imagine that I see you in this very cap, 'the admired of all beholders,' as husband says out of some book. Just ask the company to examine the open-work, particularly the leaves that are done in crown-stitch and basket-stitch; and those also in wheel-stitch.

"Everything about this cap is regular and substantial. There are (if you count them) twelve cockades all exactly alike, three before and three behind, and three at each side. Every cockade marks the place where two points meet, one point belonging to the crown and one to the head-piece; so that there are twenty-four points in all, and every point is edged with nine scollops. Each cockade has a firm foundation (about the size of a ten cent piece) made of buckram covered with silk. Of this you had better inform the company, otherwise they will not know. Indeed, all the trimming is as strong as possible; and so is the whole cap. I know you will like it, because it will remind you of Brookfield, and your loving aunt, and your kind uncle who read to me of evenings during the three months I have been at work on it. Now that I can no longer employ myself with ornamental sewing, I may probably take to books myself. Reading is not so bad for the eyes as open-work.

"Dear Alina, write me a most particular account of the ball—I am not vain; but I should like very much to hear the effect produced by my cap. The lilac ribbon I think remarkably genteel: it is such a full deep colour, a little upon the reddish. It was the stoutest Mr. Figgins had in his store, and I took all there was of it.

"Do not be afraid of flattering me too much by repeating to me any handsome things that people may say about the cap. I can bear to have my work praised. You will not forget to point out its chief excellences to the company; in an unostentatious manner, of course. You are so entirely free from pride and vanity that I can trust you to wear such a thing, without being puffed up by it.

"Beloved Alina, I wish you a great deal of pleasure at the ball, and hope that nothing that evening will cause you the slightest annoyance. I know you will look surprisingly in the cap, and quite out of the common way. The young gentlemen will have to take care of their hearts. As you are now educated, and have no particular holidays, we shall expect, you know, to see you at Brookfield long before August. The sooner the better, is the sincere wish of your affectionate granduncle and

"Your ever-loving grandaunt,

"ALISON WENDOVER."

"N. B. Another advantage in the cap is its durability. If carefully washed and ironed, it will last ten years and more. How different from the flimsy things that will not bear a single doing up! So that, even after your hair has grown, you will be able to wear it any time when you may have occasion for a strong cap. You see how perfectly clean I have kept it by covering the work, as I went along, with white paper basted closely on. When you put it away, stuff out the bows with rolls of wadding to keep them in shape. No doubt you will have many applications for the pattern, which it would be unkind to refuse.

"To tell you a secret, I sat up all last night to finish this cap, that it might certainly reach you in time for your ball. But it is such a pleasure to work for my dear Alina's benefit."

Our heroine could not always suppress a smile while reading this characteristic epistle of the kind and simple-minded old lady. But when she found that her young hearers were all laughing, except Edwin, whose eyes were filled with tears, she endeavored to look serious.

"Poor aunt Wendover!" said Edwin. "How mortified she will be, dear Alina, when she finds that you cannot wear her cap."

Alina put on the cap, and looked in the pier-glass. All her cousins laughed out, except Edwin; and even he could not help smiling.

"I acknowledge that it is not becoming to me," said she, taking it off, and resuming her own cap, that she had worn all day.

"Becoming to you, dear Alina," exclaimed Leonard Rochdale. "It is disfiguring—it is frightful. In fact the ugliest thing I ever beheld in my life."

"How unfortunate"—observed Edwin—"that the kind old lady should have labored at it three months, and injured her eyes so that (as she says) she can never do any such work again!"

"So much the better," said Leonard.

"Pho, Leonard"—said Imogene Rochdale, a sprightly girl of fifteen, who saw that Alina looked sorrowfully at this remark—"what do *you* know about needle-work? No doubt this is excellent in its way. But, then, see how the world has improved in cap-making! Look at this love of a thing that has come from Madame Rubanière's. See these exquisite lilies of the valley, tastefully interspersed amid a border so transparent that at a distance you can scarcely see it. And then the soft rich ribbon of the purest white, terminating at the side of the head in one graceful bow, with a cluster of snow-drops slipped through the knot in the centre—such a bow, in short, as none but a Frenchwoman could arrange. And now (taking one in each hand) behold the contrast of the two caps!"

"I acknowledge the beauty of Madame Rubanière's cap," said Alina—"yet still, to-morrow evening I must wear Aunt Elsey's."

"Impossible!" "You are not serious!" "Can you really think of such an absurdity!" were the exclamations of Imogene and Leonard Rochdale.

"Dear Alina, you are an extraordinary girl," said Edwin.

"Alina cannot be in earnest," pursued Imogene; "and to-morrow night too! at her own ball! when she ought to look her very best!"

"And all for the sake of a queer old aunt, near a hundred miles off," added Leonard.

"That queer old aunt," replied Alina, "was for many years a mother to me, and she still loves me with the untiring affection of a parent. It is true that the cap, which, in the kindness of her heart, she has made for me, is neither tasteful nor fashionable, but very much the contrary; and I am aware that it cannot possibly look well either on me or on any one. Yet, I cannot but think how much time and pains it cost dear Aunt Elsey, how long and industriously she toiled at it; erroneously hoping that it would give me pleasure."

"It is undoubtedly her *beau idéal* of a cap," said Leonard.

"Shall I not," continued Alina, "make so small a sacrifice for her sake as to wear it at least for one single evening?"

"Some other evening, then," pleaded Imogene; "but not to-morrow, dearest Alina, not to-morrow, I entreat you."

"My good aunt made it expressly for my birthnight ball, and worked hard to complete it in time," answered Alina; "therefore this is the very occasion on which I ought to wear it."

"But it is on this very occasion you will be expected to look your best," persisted Imogene.—"How can you call the sacrifice a small one?"

"All to-morrow evening," resumed Alina, "my dear Aunt Elsey will be thinking of me as adorned with her long-labored cap. And she will congratulate herself on having finished it in time; imagining how I will look in it, and how I must enjoy wearing it, and what admiration it must excite in the beholders."

"Well, then," said Imogene, "let her have the pleasure of imagining. It will make her happy for the time; and she need never know that you did not really wear it. Allow her always to suppose so."

"But she requests me to write her an account of the success of the cap, and to repeat to her the complimentary things that are said about it."

"She requires impossibilities," observed Leonard; "no complimentary things ever will or can be said of it; but exactly the contrary."

"You cannot, either way, escape the necessity of deceiving her," argued Imogene; "for if you wear the cap you will have to invent the compliments; and if you do not really wear it, but merely pretend to Mrs. Wendover that you have done so, she will still expect an account of the admiration."

"I can tell no falsehoods, and make no misrepresentations concerning it," replied Alina.

"Certainly you cannot," said Edwin.

"My counsel is," said Leonard, "that you write the good old lady a very affectionate letter, explaining to her that though the sewing of the cap is beautiful—"

"The needlework you mean," observed Imogene.

"Where is the difference between sewing and needlework?" inquired Leonard.

"Oh! a very great difference," replied his sister; "but were I to explain it, you would not understand."

"I thought flowering and figuring with needles was usually termed embroidery," remarked Edwin.

"So it is," answered Alina; "but the word *embroidery* is generally applied to ornamental needlework wrought with threads of silk or gold. Our female vocabulary is much in want of a word to express exactly and concisely the decoration of muslin or cambric by patterns worked in cotton or thread."

"The cap might possibly be tolerated," said Leonard—taking it in his hand and turning it about—"were it not for the twelve cockades and the numerous acute angles."

"Those angles are the points that unite the head-piece to the crown," said Imogene.

"And the picket-fence behind."

"That is the quilling of stiff ribbon at the back of the neck."

"And then those three lines of palisades defending the face."

"Those are the three upstanding frills."

"And the two redoubts, right and left, flanking the bastion that stands in front?"

"I suppose you mean the two side bows and the great middle bow."

"Exactly. The whole cap reminds me of a fortress, though some might regard it rather in the light of a block-house. I dare say, if the old lady's cranium was phrenologically examined, there would be found a

prodigious development of the organ of engineering; such as, if known, would excite the envy of many of our young candidates for the military service."

"Oh! Leonard!" exclaimed Alina, "do not make such a jest of my dear old aunt. She is too kind and good to be turned into ridicule."

"It is not herself, but her cap that we are making merry with," replied Leonard; "and I appeal to all present if I have not given due honor to the mathematical skill that constructed that head-cover. You cannot refrain from laughing yourself, amiable as you certainly are, my sweet cousin. But, jesting apart, if you manage the affair adroitly, you may spare yourself the infliction of this cap of caps, and the dear old lady need never know a syllable of the matter. Nothing will be more easy than to keep the secret from her."

"I cannot deceive Aunt Elsey," answered Alina.

"Now I should think that nothing in the world would be more easy," returned Leonard; "unless she possesses the magic mirror of the fairy tale, that shows us what our absent friends are doing at the very moment we are consulting the glass."

"I never heard that story," interrupted little Cora; "I dare say it is beautiful. Dear Leonard, won't you tell it me as soon as we are all done talking about the cap?"

"Edwin will relate it to you," replied Leonard. "He is much better versed in fairy tales than I am, and he never omits the most trifling particular."

"That is because he likes so much to give everybody all the pleasure he can," said Cora. "But now, come, get through the cap very fast, all of you, that there may be time for Edwin to tell me that story before I go to bed. Won't you, dear Edwin?"

Edwin nodded assent, and Cora seated herself on one of the ottoman foot-cushions to be ready—for awhile saying nothing more on the subject of the cap, for fear of helping to prolong the discussion.

"There would be little difficulty in deceiving Aunt Elsey," proceeded Alina, "provided I could bring my mind to make the attempt; and to follow it up, without shrinking from the series of deceptions which that attempt would involve. For instance, when I reply to her letter, shall I falsely tell her that I *did* wear the cap on my birthday ball, just as she intended? When she wrote again, I know she would express her satisfaction, and ask me further particulars; and I should be obliged (either directly or indirectly) to reiterate the falsehood in a second letter. Then at my next meeting with my dear aunt, she will talk to me about it; and how then shall I be able to look her in the face? Will not my cheeks blush, and my tongue falter, and my eyes seek the ground? The shame and compunction I shall then feel will be far greater than any little annoyance or mortification I may experience from wearing, for one night only, an antiquated, unbecoming head-dress."

"Well, well," said Leonard, "since you are so conscientious about a little harmless deception—"

"Deception may appear harmless at first," remarked Edwin; "but in the end it always produces evil; and rarely fails to punish its perpetrators by the confusion and repentance it brings upon them."

"Consider it not so deeply," said Leonard, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Dear Alina," resumed Imogene, "let me propose a plan. Wear, as

you first intended, Madame Rubanière's beautiful little cap, and look as you ought at your birthnight ball. Then to-morrow write one of your usual charming letters to Mrs. Wendover; inform her candidly that you have *not* worn her cap. As delicately as possible give her your reasons, and promise to take the greatest care of it; reserving it new, clean, and unrumpled, for your next visit to Brookfield. You know how much she loves you; and you may be assured that her affection will not allow her to make you a single reproach on the subject."

"I well know the warmth and the steadiness of dear Aunt Elsey's regard for me," replied Alina; "and therefore I will not abuse it. I feel very certain that there is little danger of our meetings being embittered by her taking me to task for anything that may have occurred since our last separation. When we are together, she is so happy that all is sunshine on her part, and I hope on mine also. Were I, indeed, to excuse myself from wearing her cap to-morrow, I should have nothing to fear from her reproaches, but very much from my own. I continually look back with gratitude upon all her kindness to me, especially during the troublesome days of my early childhood. How prone was Aunt Elsey to excuse my faults and my follies! how anxious to gratify and even to anticipate my wishes, and to procure for me all the little pleasures and enjoyments within my reach! I was neither threatened nor punished; but she governed me entirely by love. When I was ill, how carefully she watched, how tenderly she nursed me! Before I could read, how patiently she would amuse me by the hour with stories of which I never grew tired!"

"I don't wonder you love her," said Cora. "Indeed, I now think you ought to wear the cap."

"You are a dear good girl, Alina," said Imogene Rochdale; "but still, I cannot reconcile myself to your being disfigured to-morrow night by putting that frightful thing on your head."

"I acknowledge the inelegance of the cap," replied Alina; "and I can easily perceive that it *will* disfigure me. But then, in the unpracticed eyes of my good old aunt, it is surpassingly beautiful. Think of the time and pains she has bestowed on it; how she has done her best to render it, as she supposes, a first-rate head-dress; poring over it till her eyes were half blind; contriving all its parts so as to make them fit in with perfect accuracy. How careful she has been to keep it clean during all its long process. Allow me to repeat that, when my dear aunt has made such exertions to give *me* what she considers pleasure, it is but a small sacrifice for me to wear it, rather than give pain to *her*."

"But," said Imogene, "it is so unlucky that she should have pitched upon so conspicuous and important a thing as a cap. The most inelegant handkerchief or scarf that she could possibly have contrived for you would not be half so disfiguring. But an ugly cap (and this is the ugliest cap that ever was made) will entirely spoil the look of your head and face. If she had only thought of working you a horrible reticule! I should not have objected to your carrying it on your arm, even if she had embroidered a cabbage on one side, and an onion on the other. And then, what excuse can be made to the company, who, of course, will all be struck dumb with amazement the moment they see you with that awful thing on your head?"

"No excuse is necessary," answered Alina: "the wonder, if there be any, will subside in a few moments. And I am doubtful if any of our guests will so far violate *la bienséance* as to ask improper questions, or

make invidious comments upon any article of dress they may chance to see me wear."

"I am not so sure of that," pursued Imogene.

"And even if they refrain from making audible remarks," said Leonard, "you may be certain that, like the silent parrot in the fable, they will 'think the more.'"

Mrs. Rochdale now came into the room for a few minutes, and an appeal was made to her judgment with regard to the momentous question now under discussion by the young people. Mrs. Rochdale reflected awhile, and then said, "In this instance, we will leave our dear Alina to do exactly as she pleases. She will give ample thought to both sides of the subject, to-night, when she is alone; and perhaps, by to-morrow morning, she will change her present view of it."

As Mrs. Rochdale quitted the parlor, her husband entered. Never did a man know or observe so little of female dress as Mr. Rochdale. It was, indeed, a theme on which he was equally incapable of either thinking or talking. Still Imogene could not forbear exhibiting to him aunt Elsey's cap, and inquiring, "Dear papa, did you ever see such a thing in your life?"

"I do not know, my dear," was his reply. "What is it?"

"You may well ask, sir," said Leonard, laughing: while Imogene and Cora joined in his risibility, and Alina and Edwin could not forbear smiling.

"It is a cap, sir," said Imogene; "a cap made for Alina by her aunt Wendover; for the purpose of wearing it at our little ball to-morrow evening. Only think!"

"Well, and why not?" said Mr. Rochdale; "is there anything remarkable in it?"

"Oh! papa! papa!" exclaimed both his daughters.

"It seems to me a very good cap," said Mr. Rochdale.

"Look at this, dear father," said Imogene, displaying Madame Rubanière's, "is not this beautiful?"

"I will take your word for it," replied Mr. Rochdale.

"I think I can make papa understand," said little Cora. "Dear father, if it was proper for gentlemen to wear ladies' caps, and if you were obliged to wear one of these two, which would you prefer?"

"I rather suppose the large one must be the most comfortable," answered Mr. Rochdale; "and the most valuable also: for in quantity of stuff it far exceeds the other."

"Oh! papa! papa!" exclaimed Imogene; "to choose a cap for being comfortable, and for its quantity of stuff."

"You will have to give me up as incorrigibly obtuse with regard to millinery," replied Mr. Rochdale, smiling.

"Alina," said Leonard, "let my father see you in both caps. He will then perhaps be able to judge."

Alina put on the French cap.

"You look very prettily in that, my dear," said Mr. Rochdale.

She then changed it for Mrs. Wendover's.

"And you look pretty in that also," said he.

Leonard, Imogene, and Cora all reiterated their exclamations.

"But papa," explained Imogene, "one is a beautiful cap, made by Madame Rubanière from one of the latest French patterns; the other is an old-fashioned, tasteless, hard-labored structure, gotten up by a good

old lady that has passed almost all her life in the country, near a hundred miles from Philadelphia."

"Which is the French cap?" asked Mr. Rochdale.

There was a renewal of exclamations; after which Alina endeavored to make him comprehend the difference.

"If you want my opinion," said Mr. Rochdale, "I should say that, as a patriotic young lady, you ought to prefer a cap of genuine domestic origin to one that is of foreign shape and made by the hands of a foreigner. But, setting patriotism aside, I do begin to perceive that the small thin cap is rather the best looking, and I think Alina will look better in it than if she were to wear the large thick one; which, however, would undoubtedly be found the most durable."

"Oh! papa! papa!" cried Imogene, "you are as bad as aunt Wendover herself! talking of the durability of a young lady's cap!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Rochdale, "you will never make anything of my taste in the dress line; so it is useless to consult me. I think I can generally observe when a young lady looks handsomer than usual; but I always supposed it was because she chanced to be in excellent health and spirits, or in good-humor with herself and every one else. How the cut or color of her clothes can make any material difference I am yet to learn."

"Oh! papa! caps are not clothes."

"Head-clothes they certainly are. But I leave you to settle this important business among yourselves: certain that, whatever Alina may wear, she cannot fail to look well in it."

He then withdrew. And Alina consigned the two caps to their respective bandboxes; proposing that (as Mrs. Rochdale had advised) all further discussion should be suspended: at least till next day.

Cora now claimed, before she went to bed, the promised fairy tale; which her brother Edwin kindly set himself to recounting in all its minutiae; much of which, to increase the little girl's amusement, was added by himself as he proceeded.

On the following morning, while the young ladies, engaged in completing some wreaths for the lamps, were awaiting in the breakfast parlor the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale, Leonard, who had just been at the post-office, came in with an open letter in his hand; followed by Edwin with the New York papers.

"I have joyful news in this letter," said Leonard. "Alina, do you remember Julien Sandoval?"

"I rather think—I believe I do," replied Alina, blushing and looking down, and unconsciously quitting her wreath to take up an annual that lay on the sofa table.

"If you are not quite certain," said Leonard, mischievously, "I will refresh your memory, by reminding you that Julien Sandoval is younger brother to my father's friend, Mr. Marcellin Sandoval, the French merchant; who, after making a large fortune during his residence of twenty years in Philadelphia, returned to France about three years ago, taking with him this said Julien, whose parents having died when he was a little boy, he had been sent for by Mr. Sandoval to come to America, and live with him. So Julien and I chanced to go to school together: and though he was somewhat my senior, we became great friends. Now, when Mr. Sandoval returned to France, a very rich bachelor, he did not withdraw entirely from business, but left it in charge of his two partners. One of

them, Mr. Morton, is now about to retire from the concern, and my friend Julien, who does our country the honor to entertain a fancy for it, has come over to take that gentleman's place. This letter is from Julien himself, with whom (as you may or may not know) I have kept up a sort of irregular correspondence; and he seems very desirous of renewing personally our former friendship. He arrived at New York two days ago, and will be in Philadelphia this very afternoon. So we can have him at the ball to-night. I will meet him at the wharf, with an invitation. Alina, you say nothing. You of course have no recollection of the frequency of his visits at this house, for some months before his departure for France. You were then a very little girl, about the age that Imogene is now. You do not remember a short young man with a flat face, and a thick nose, and a broad mouth, and round gray eyes: and straw-colored hair, harsh and unmanageable, that stood about in spikes. Upon the whole, a youth of rather unprepossessing exterior."

"No such thing!" exclaimed Alina, warmly; "Julien Sandoval was tall and graceful, with fine classical features, brilliant dark eyes, and black hair, curling beautifully."

"Your description is correct, Alina," said Edwin: "Leonard, of course, is only jesting. A handsomer face, a more elegant figure than that of Julien Sandoval exists not in my remembrance."

And having made this generous avowal, Edwin Rochdale turned to the window and sighed inaudibly.

"Ah!" said Leonard, "I thought I should revive Alina's recollection of Julien Sandoval, as soon as I began to disparage his beauty. Well, well, my friend Julien was very kind to take me into favor, and admit me into his intimacy, notwithstanding his superiority in point of age, and in all other things. When he was a boy, he began to come to the house on pretext of seeing me, and when he was a man he continued to come without any pretext at all. To me he generally talked of Bonaparte; but he had much edifying conversation with Alina about books and pictures, occasionally relieved with dissertations on music and dancing, and plays and circus-riding. I am not sure that they did not sometimes hold dialogues concerning legerdemain, and puppet shows; for our friend Julien was *au fait* of everything. I should not wonder if he has a capital taste in millinery."

"But what is the purport of his letter?" inquired Edwin.

"Oh! merely to announce his arrival, and to prepare us for the happiness of having him again a resident in Philadelphia; and to say that he intends to consider America as his home, and to become a naturalized citizen; and to inquire if all the family are well; and to hint his conjecture that, by this time, the young ladies are quite grown up."

"There, Leonard!" exclaimed Cora; "you see other people do not consider me such a very little girl. I am sure I could not have seemed so to young Mr. Sandoval, or he would not have supposed I could be grown up already."

"Pho!" replied Leonard; "yours was not the age he thought of calculating. Alina, you need not read so steadily at the blank leaves of that annual."

"Leonard," said Edwin, in a low voice to his brother, "let us talk of something else."

"Very well," answered Leonard aloud; "I am perfectly willing to change the subject; so let us resume the argument of the two caps."

"Nothing more need be said on that topic," said Alina, smiling.

"I am glad to hear it," replied Leonard; "for, of course, since the late arrival from France, ugly head-dresses have fallen fifty per cent.; and handsome ones have risen above par."

"For shame, Leonard," said Edwin, softly.

"I know very well what Leonard means," observed Cora.

"Cora," said Edwin, "this will be a busy day throughout the house; and the canary birds up stairs may be forgotten. Go now, and feed them, while they are thought of. They are probably, at this very time, suffering for their breakfast."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Cora: and she bounded away to attend the birds.

"Seriously, Alina," pursued Leonard, "can you still persist in your determination to disfigure yourself at the ball, out of affection for aunt Elsey? Remember, you have now an additional motive for looking your very best this evening. Reflect—Julien Sandoval is just from Paris; fresh from the head-quarters of taste and elegance: and with the practiced eye of a connoisseur in costume and effect, he will at once detect whatever is amiss in your attire."

"It requires no practiced eye to discover the horrors of that dreadful cap," murmured Imogene.

"Come, Alina," persisted Leonard, "let me advise you as a friend—as a brother. You know not how much may depend on the first impression at a meeting after three years' absence. I know you are a frank, candid, open-hearted little girl: so I will speak plainly to you. Before he went to Europe, it was easy to perceive that Julien Sandoval was never so happy as when in your society. Yes, and you were very well pleased with him, young as you then were. He has now come back to make Philadelphia his residence, and is undoubtedly desirous of renewing his acquaintance with our family. He has not deteriorated since he left us; but is really a young man *comme il y en a peu*; as I have heard from some of our friends who have known him in Paris; and as his letters, indeed, denote. In short, it may be much to your interest to appear, this evening, in every respect as advantageously as possible.—At least to refrain from all wilful disfigurement."

Alina remained silent.

"That beautiful cap of Madame Rubanière's, in which you look so sweetly," said Imogene, "may give a decisive touch to the preference with which Julien Sandoval has so long regarded you."

"It is most probable," replied Alina, "that, if such a preference really existed, it was a mere boyish fancy; and has long since faded away. I was scarcely more than a child when Julien Sandoval knew me. And he has since been living in a land of elegant women."

"True," replied Leonard; "but somehow, when Frenchmen come to America, they always seem to marry our little Americans."

"This is really a very strange conversation," said Alina. "It will be best to discontinue it."

"We are all friends, Alina," said Leonard: "friends, as well as relations; and therefore we may speak to each other without reserve. In simple truth, I believe that, if you persist in wearing that ugly thing this evening, you may have cause to regret it. Julien Sandoval is well worth pleasing, and this will be his first impression of you as a young lady; for it is true enough that, when he formerly knew you, it was only as a lively, rosy-

cheeked, intelligent child. So I advise you, this night, to set your cap at him; and let it be the pretty one."

"Leonard," said Alina, "do not judge of every one by yourself. All young men, perhaps, are not so easily fascinated by mere externals. You know last winter you fell in love with Louisa Medwin's luxuriant ringlets. They were soon supplanted by Clarissa Harley's beautiful hands; which, in their turn, were set aside by Dorinda Denham's white neck."

"Well," replied Leonard: "all this only proves how much the power of beauty is heightened by the assistance of graceful and well-chosen dress. I am sure I should not have so much admired Louisa's ringlets, rich and glossy as they were, but that she had such a tasteful way of dispersing the most lovely flowers among them. Clarissa's delicate and beautiful little hands were set off by the exquisite lace frills that she wore at her wrists; and Dorinda Denham's white neck looked whiter still from the narrow black velvet ribbon that encircled it."

"Your own case seems to prove," remarked Alina, "that impressions made by such trifling causes can neither be deep nor lasting."

"Come, come," replied Leonard; "it is unfair to compare Julien Sandoval with me. As yet I am a mere boy; and boys, you know, are like butterflies, always flitting from flower to flower."

"This is the first time in your life," said Imogene, "that you have acknowledged yourself a boy. As to the butterfly, we will admit the comparison to be just."

"We are all friends, it is true," said Alina, after a pause; "and now, my dear friends, let me supplicate you to say nothing more to me on the subject of the caps. I have the day before me to reflect on it: and I now promise, in consideration for the interest you kindly feel in my appearing to advantage this evening, that I will not decide without due deliberation. You will find that though I would gladly be firm, I am not obstinate. Meanwhile, let us cease all further discussion."

She then took up her wreaths, and left the room to put them away till after breakfast. And Leonard said to Imogene: "You saw how dear Alina began to waver as soon as I told her about Julien Sandoval. I was right in conjecturing that, in the corner of her little heart, she cherished a sort of quiet, half-conscious *penchant* for the young *citoyen*."

Edwin Rochdale, who had gradually been growing paler and paler, now withdrew into the adjoining parlor, where he traversed the room with perturbed steps, till the breakfast bell summoned Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale, and all the rest of the family, to the table.

The day passed rapidly on, as is usually the case with ball-days; the gentlemen of the family keeping as little about the house as possible; conscious that, on such occasions, they are considered somewhat in the light of incumbrances.

Julien Sandoval *did* arrive, and Leonard Rochdale did meet him on the wharf, and afterwards spent an hour with him at the Washington Hotel; listening with avidity to a synopsis of the present state of Paris. When Leonard came home, the family were just assembling round an early tea-table, and he informed them that his friend Julien was one of the most elegant young men he had ever seen; that one of his favorite recreations was drawing; and that he had shown him a case containing a miniature, executed by himself, of his married sister, Madame Damoville, in a plain white dress, with her hair simply parted on her forehead. The case contained also a variety of costumes beautifully painted and cut out, so that

they might all, in turn, be fitted round the face and shoulders of the miniature; thus depicting the lady in a dozen different dresses; and showing the effect of each on her air and countenance. Alina listened to this detail so very earnestly that she forgot to drink her tea: and Edwin drank his with all his might.

As soon as tea was over, the ladies repaired to their own apartments to dress: an office that Alina always performed entirely alone: being one of those fortunate and rare young ladies that possess the capability of arranging and fastening every part of their attire with their own hands. The large and elegant parlors had been prepared with much taste for the ball; and as soon as the family had made their toilets, they went down to be ready for receiving the company. "I thought I should find Alina here before me," said Imogene: "I never knew her so long in dressing."

"I dare say," said Cora, "she is all this while trying on the two caps, first one and then the other, before she can make up her mind which to wear, now that the time for deciding has actually come."

"I have now but little fear as to her choice," said Leonard. "Since morning, a change has come o'er the spirit of her dream." And he walked about the room, humming the air of "Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love that rules us all completely:" till Edwin silenced him by a look of reproof.

Just then the door-bell rang, and very soon a large family of guests made their appearance; being in the practice of going unusually early to parties that they might have a good view of every individual that came in after them. They were soon followed by another detachment of early people. And then came Julien Sandoval, impatient to resume his acquaintance with the house of Rochdale, and to have a little talk with them before the rooms began to fill. He was indeed a young man of most prepossessing appearance and manner; and he quite won the hearts of all the Rochdales by expressing his delight at finding himself once more in America.

Imogene, who had placed herself on a tabouret near the door of the back parlor, became quite fidgety with impatience for the entrance of Alina; and could scarcely forbear going in quest of her. Suddenly she heard the well-known step of our heroine, gliding along from the foot of the staircase. All the Rochdales, except the father, ceased talking, and looked anxiously towards the door.

In another moment, Alina made her appearance, and both hopes and fears were at an end. On her head was the cap made by aunt Elsey.

Imogene could scarcely restrain herself from uttering an exclamation: and little Cora actually did so. Leonard looked surprised and displeased: Mrs. Rochdale surprised only: and Mr. Rochdale wondered what was the matter. But the face of Edwin brightened: and hastening towards Alina, whose cheeks were suffused with crimson, and whose beautiful eyes were cast on the ground, he put her arm within his, and led her to an ottoman in one of the recesses; saying softly, as they crossed the room, "Dear Alina, you are true to yourself: I rejoice—and congratulate you."

Encouraged by the approbation of Edwin Rochdale, and conscious that she had done rightly, Alina made an effort to throw off the embarrassment that had nearly overcome her on appearing in such a head-dress; for, though the act was voluntary, her youthful nerves had been greatly fluttered by its performance.

"The worst is now over," continued Edwin; "and since you have made this sacrifice to affection and gratitude, (a sacrifice which I now confess

to be no trifling one,) I hope you will be able to rally your spirits, and to go through the evening bravely."

He looked at her again; and her motive for wearing it made the cap, in his eyes, appear beautiful.

"Dear Edwin," said Alina, "I knew that I should be sure of *your* approval."

Edwin felt as if he never again could be susceptible of one unhappy sensation.

"I perceive," continued Alina, "that every one is looking at the cap, and wondering of course why I wear it. No matter. Let them attribute it to bad taste, to whim, or to eccentricity. Politeness will restrain them from making any remarks in my hearing, or from asking me questions about it. The guests that are here to-night may discuss the subject a little to-morrow: yet, even then, what can they say, but that Alina Derlay wore a very singular and a very unbecoming cap at her birth-day party. I can only hope that this evening I may say or do nothing calculated to excite animadversions of more importance."

"I am sure you will not," replied Edwin warmly; "you never do—you never can. You may well afford to wear for once an ugly article of dress. All who know Alina Derlay, and appreciate her as she deserves, will feel confident that in this, as in everything else, she can only be actuated by good and sensible motives."

Just then some of Alina's young friends came in; and having paid their compliments to Mrs. Rochdale, they repaired to our heroine. Alina rose to receive them, and saw that, for a moment, they looked earnestly at her cap. "I must endeavor to get used to this," thought Alina; and assisted by Edwin, she commenced a lively conversation with the Miss Delfords and their brother; and in a little while she entirely forgot the *outré* appearance of her head. Edwin was shortly obliged to leave her, to do the honors to two very diffident young gentlemen, about his own age.

In the mean time, Julien Sandoval, who, being in the other room, had not recognized Alina when she entered, said to Leonard Rochdale, "I have not yet seen my lovely little friend Miss Derlay. Will you conduct me to her?"

Leonard, much vexed at his fair cousin for wearing the redoubtable cap, thought she was now going to receive her punishment; and taking the arm of Julien, led him immediately to Alina, and presented Mr. Sandoval to Miss Derlay with a glance of mischievous significance. Alina changed color, and could not repress her confusion, as Julien looked for a moment in evident amazement at her singular *coiffure*; which, indeed, was so unfavorable to her face, that he thought she had grown up with far less beauty than her childhood promised.

Alina introduced Mr. Sandoval to the two Miss Delfords, who were sitting near her: both of them very handsome girls, with their profusion of hair beautifully arranged, and gracefully decorated with a few exotic flowers. These young ladies talked to Julien about Paris; the company began to arrive rapidly; and soon was heard the sound of the music, as a signal for the dancing to begin. Leonard Rochdale requested the hand of the eldest Miss Delford, and Julien Sandoval immediately became a candidate for that of her sister. Alina Derlay endeavored to check a rising sensation of disappointment; and the idea struck her that, had it not been for the cap, Julien Sandoval would have danced the first set with herself.

"I must indeed look ugly in it," thought the poor girl.

Just then came up Altham Linsley, a very handsome young gentleman, originally from Brookfield, but now practicing law in Philadelphia, and a frequent visitor at Mr. Rochdale's. He could not at first discover why Miss Derlay looked so much less lovely than usual; but on observing her cap, he at once supposed that it must be that which diminished her beauty. "Have you any message to Mrs. Wendover?" said he; "I am going to Brookfield the day after to-morrow, on a visit to my mother and sisters. What shall I tell your good aunt?"

"Tell her," replied Alina, resuming her cheerfulness, "that I am well; and that you saw me wearing, on this occasion, the cap she was so kind as to make me for the purpose; and on which she has bestowed such a variety of excellent needle-work."

"When I was last in Brookfield," said Linsley, "I frequently saw Mrs. Wendover at work on a cap which I recognize to be the same that is now on your head. She enjoined me to secrecy, supposing you would enjoy her gift the more for its coming unexpectedly. Excuse me for saying that I can now understand and appreciate your motive for wearing, this evening, a head-dress which cannot be otherwise than at variance with your usual excellent taste. May I ask the favor of your hand for the dance?"

Alina complied; and Altham Linsley led her to the cotillion in which Sandoval and Miss Delford had taken their places: Leonard and Miss Julia Delford were also there. A few moments before, as Imogene passed Leonard with a gentleman who was conducting her to a cotillion in the other room, she had said softly to her brother, "I fear poor Alina has not yet been asked to dance. She now begins to feel the bitterness of the cap."

In this supposition, Imogene Rochdale was mistaken. Alina's delight at finding that her aunt Elsey would so soon hear, by means of Mr. Linsley, that the cap had been worn as intended, counterbalanced the little mortification she had felt at not opening the ball with Julien Sandoval. She danced opposite to him. And in those days young people *really* danced; not having yet adopted the absurd fashion of merely walking through the cotillion. Also, the figures of the cotillions were diversified, graceful, and amusing: while those of the present time are characterized by nothing but an insipid sameness.

Alina now felt very happy; and she rejoiced in the sacrifice she had made for the gratification of her aunt. The animation of her beautiful countenance, and the grace and lightness of her dancing, riveted the attention of Sandoval, who began to think that, in spite of the cap, she was the loveliest girl he had ever beheld; and he experienced an immediate revival of the interest he had taken in her when she was just emerging from childhood.

When the set was over, and the gentlemen had conducted the ladies to their seats, and the lemonade, &c., was handing round, Linsley, who had known Sandoval before he went to France (having frequently met him at Mr. Rochdale's), expressed his pleasure at this opportunity of renewing acquaintance with him. They entered at once into familiar conversation: and Linsley was so full of what he considered Alina's magnanimity, that he could not refrain from introducing the subject; remarking to Sandoval, "You did not sufficiently envy me my charming partner. I should not have been so fortunate as to obtain her hand for the first set, but that (to their shame be it spoken), there was to-night a little less *empressement* than usual among the young men for what, under any circumstances, they ought to

have regarded as a pleasure and an honor. And it was merely because she does not look quite so lovely as usual. Confess the truth, Sandoval: after your long absence, were you not somewhat disappointed in Miss Derlay's appearance?"

"I acknowledge," replied Sandoval, "that my first impression, this evening, with regard to the young lady's beauty, was somewhat less vivid than I had anticipated."

"It is only her cap," said Linsley: "nothing but her cap, I can assure you. She lost so much of her hair by a severe illness that it was thought expedient to cut off the remainder; and till it has grown again sufficiently, she is under the necessity of wearing caps."

"I have no objection to caps," renewed Sandoval, "provided they are pretty ones. Generally, I think, if tasteful and simple, they rather improve than diminish the beauty of a female face."

"You mean to imply," said Linsley, "that Miss Derlay is somewhat disfigured by her present head-dress. And so undoubtedly she is. But this you may depend on, she has excellent reasons for wearing it this evening. Reasons that, if known, would throw additional light on the goodness of her heart and the strength of her mind."

"I will go this moment," said Sandoval, "and endeavor to engage her for the next set."

"Do so," replied Linsley, "but first (as a reward for your generosity) I think I can let you into the history of this cap."

He then related all he knew or conjectured of the circumstances connected with it. It was well, for the delicacy of our heroine, that her friend Mr. Linsley was not aware of the whole extent of the sacrifice, her relinquishing the very natural desire that a young lady always feels to look well in the eyes of the man she prefers to all others; particularly after a long absence. Had Linsley known this feature of the case, he would have averred, in his high admiration, that she might "trample on the Greek and Roman glory."

Julien Sandoval was successful in his application: and Alina's eyes involuntarily sparkled as she promised him her hand for the ensuing cotillion. With the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation, the ugly cap he now regarded as a thing pre-eminently beautiful: and he led Alina to the dance as he would have led a fair young princess, crowned with a circlet of diamonds. Alina was afraid of seeming too happy: but Sandoval was afraid of nothing, and showed plainly how delighted he was with his partner. When that set was over, he endeavored to engage her for the next; but this she declined, alleging that, in civility to her guests, she wished to dance but very seldom during the evening: leaving to *them* all the places in the cotillions. Sandoval would have been very happy to have remained beside Alina, and talked to her during the residue of the ball; but she told him she must attend to those of her friends who were not dancing, and requested him to allow her to introduce him to Miss Stanmore, a very animated and handsome girl, who would be much pleased to dance with a gentleman just from Paris.

Meanwhile, Altham Linsley had managed to circulate the story of the cap extensively among the company; and it was corroborated by the young Rochdales when they were questioned as to its authenticity. Every one was glad to find a solution of the mystery: and every one did justice to her motives, and eulogized her as she deserved. "What a daughter she would make!" said the mothers. "What a wife!" said the fathers.

The remainder of the evening passed away delightfully: and our heroine forgot that the cap was on her head. No one now appeared to notice it; and she was not aware that its history had been circulated among the company. She danced no more herself; but was very assiduous in providing partners for her guests, and seeing that all in turn had their share of enjoyment and attention. She introduced Sandoval to various fine girls whom she knew would be very well pleased to dance with a young man of his appearance and manner; for he was decidedly the most popular personage of the whole party. After most of the company had gone, and when there were only enough remaining for a sixteen cotillion, Sandoval approached Alina, and demanded, as a recompense for having submissively performed his duty with all the partners by her recommended, that she would send him home happy by dancing this last set with him. She complied, and, during that dance, he resolved, as far as depended on himself, to endeavor to secure her as his partner for life. And, though he did not tell her of this resolution, she somehow knew it as soon as it was formed.

At length, the finishing dance concluded; and when Sandoval led Alina to a seat, seeing that she was really very much fatigued, he considerably took his leave. Mr. and Mrs. Rochdale gladly retired. Little Cora, having grown sleepy, had been sent to bed two hours before. The other young people of the family lingered awhile on the sofas to talk over the ball, as young people always do.

"Well, dear Alina," said Imogene, "I felicitate you on the cap going off so well. Really, it has had *un grand succès*, after all."

"Not the cap, but the wearer," said Leonard; "severe as the trial must have been, she has stood it manfully, or rather womanfully; and come out triumphantly. Commend me to the old proverb, 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

"And yet," remarked Alina, "it was but a few minutes' wonder after all. Every one was too intent upon other things to regard that cap for more than an instant. And whatever curiosity it might have excited, no one was so deficient in *l'usage du monde* as to talk of it."

"Not so fast, my sweet cousin," replied Leonard; "it was talked of more than you suppose. Even Sandoval spoke of it."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Alina, turning pale.

"Yes, he did," persisted Leonard.

"But only in reply," said Edwin, eagerly, "only in reply to Altham Linsley."

"Dearest Alina, do not be disconcerted," said Imogene Rochdale; "but, indeed, Linsley related the whole story: adding that, on his last visit to Brookfield, he had himself seen aunt Wendover working at that very cap; and that at her request he kept the secret, that its arrival might cause you an agreeable surprise. And Linsley was so possessed with your self-devotion and heroism, as he called it, in wearing such a thing on this evening, that he could not forbear relating the circumstances to every one he knew, including Julien Sandoval."

"And the natural consequence is," said Leonard, "that you have won golden opinions from all sorts of men."

"And women too, I hope," added Imogene.

"My chiefest cause of rejoicing," said Leonard, "is, that aunt Wendover's cap, having amply done its duty, may now be allowed to rest in its bandbox, and aggrrieve us no more."

"I do not think Alina will try to wear it out," said Imogene.

"That would be impossible," returned Leonard; "so peace be with it."

"The needlework is really wonderful," said Imogene, examining it attentively. "Alina, these frills might be converted, somehow, into excellent trimming for the neck and sleeves of a French muslin dress; and the pointed head-piece would make very pretty cuffs."

"Aunt Elsey must see me wear the cap," said Alina, "on my next visit to Brookfield."

"Then, after she has enjoyed the sight," resumed Imogene, "she will probably be very willing that you should appropriate it to some rational purpose."

"Well, well," said Leonard, "we shall soon have literal proof that night's candles are burnt out; and if we stay much longer, we may seek our couches by the light of the morning star." He then took his leave, repeating

"When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How sweetly soft their slumbers lie."

And they all retired, to resign themselves to that repose which is seldom more needed than after a ball.

According to custom, on the morrow they saw no visitors; it being understood that no one is to intrude on the family immediately subsequent to a large dancing party. After the intervention of a day of rest, which, however, was a day of unrest to the impatient Julien, that young gentleman presented himself at Mr. Rochdale's before the usual visiting hour; and saw Alina in a chintz morning dress, with a pretty little close cap drawn with pale pink ribbon, and looking sweetly. We need not say that his visits became more and more frequent, and more and more welcome.

In a few days arrived a letter from Mrs. Wendover, of which the following is a transcript:—

"MY DEAR ALINA—

"I was overjoyed to hear from that kind young man, Altham Linsley, that my humble offering arrived in excellent time for your ball, and that throughout the whole company it excited great attention, bordering on amazement. To be sure we should not praise ourselves; but it is indeed a surprising cap; that, I think, everybody must acknowledge. I do not wonder that, as Altham Linsley says, every lady and gentleman that came in fixed their eyes upon it. He tells me that he heard several ladies remarking the neatness of the work, and several gentlemen counting the cockades. All this is naturally very gratifying; but I try not to let it puff me up. Yet still it is a great satisfaction and happiness, and far more than repays me for all the time and pains I took with it; even if it had not (as it did) given me so much pleasure to work for the benefit of my beloved Alina. I could think of nothing else all the evening of your birth-day ball; and I was imagining to myself how sweetly you were looking in it at that very time.

"I have one request to make of my darling girl, which I trust will be cheerfully complied with. If it is not too great a privation, will you abstain from wearing the cap any more, till you come to Brookfield on your next delightful visit; so that I may see you in it, all nice and fresh, at the tea-party I always give to the neighbors to celebrate your arrival? I wish it could be a bridal party; and perhaps it may, for when I asked Altham

Linsley if Alina in her aunt Elsey's cap had not made a conquest of somebody worth having, I thought he looked rather queer. It was not himself, however, for he is engaged to Harriet Mildon, and they are to be married next winter. Altham is a fine young man; but when I questioned him closer as to the cap having gained you a sweetheart, he said he was as discreet as Harry Percy's wife, and 'never uttered what he did not know.'

"Husband is pretty well; but for fear of another fit, we think it best for him to stay at home and keep quiet. Indeed, whenever people are old there is no place like home; and the less they go and worry themselves, the longer they are likely to last.

"Farewell, my darling girl; write very soon, and tell me everything.

"Your loving aunt,

"ELSEY.

"P. S.—Be sure to keep rolls of wadding in all the bows of the cap to fill them out, and preserve their shape."

To conclude, our readers will not be surprised to hear that the affiancement of Alina Derlay and Julien Sandoval took place at no distant period after the ball. Their marriage followed as soon as a house could be prepared for their residence. The bridal excursion *was* to Brookfield, the tea-party *was* given to the neighbors, and again our heroine wore aunt Elsey's cap; to the great delight of the good old lady, who congratulated her niece on what she called "its superior becomingness."

Shortly before the wedding (at which he felt himself unequal to the effort of being present) Edwin Rochdale entered as a student in the theological department of one of the New England colleges. Eventually he became pastor of a church in that section of the country; and his love for Alina having long since subsided into friendship, he married the beautiful and amiable daughter of an opulent gentleman belonging to his congregation.

The Rochdale family continued to prosper in all its branches. Julien Sandoval proved himself an active, honorable, and judicious man of business, as well as an accomplished gentleman; and with such a wife as Alina Derlay, he could not be otherwise than happy.

We forgot to mention in its proper place, that, on the evening of her marriage, Alina (having by Julien's desire reserved it for the purpose) appeared, to the great delight of her cousins, in Madame Rubanière's beautiful transparent little cap, with the pure white ribbon, the snowdrops, and the lilies of the valley.

ELIZA FARNHAM;

OR,

THE POOR SCRIBE.

ELIZA FARNHAM was sister to a physician who resided in the western part of the State of New York, at a large and flourishing town which bore the Grecian name of Peloponnesus. She had been placed, when a little girl, at a fashionable boarding-school, located somewhere on the banks of the Hudson, and having lost both her parents before she attained her fourteenth year, her brother had succeeded to the charge of herself and her fortune of twenty thousand dollars. On quitting school at the age of sixteen, our heroine had spent a winter in the city of New York by an invitation from the family of her fellow-pupil and most intimate friend, Maria Henley. There she became acquainted with Horace Montacute, a Bostonian, of fine appearance, high connections, and independent fortune, who, devoting much of his attention to public affairs, was what is called a "rising young man." Fascinated by the beauty of Eliza Farnham, he fell immediately and desperately in love. Perceiving that he had made a favorable impression, he became eager to secure his conquest, and before his return to Boston, he addressed her, and was accepted.

When Dr. Farnham came to convey his sister home (his house at Peloponnesus was to be her residence while unmarried) he found her engaged to Horace Montacute. Having learnt, on inquiry, that the young gentleman was, in every sense of the term, an excellent match, Dr. Farnham willingly gave his consent upon condition that the marriage should not take place till Eliza had reached the age of eighteen; justly considering that, as yet, their acquaintance was too short, and the lady too young. Montacute accompanied them to their home, passed a week at Peloponnesus, and then returned to Boston, with the intention of beguiling the term of probation by frequent visits to the mistress of his heart.

Dr. Farnham was a widower without children. His establishment was superintended by his grandmother, a plain, simple-minded dame of the old school, and an active and excellent housewife. After bringing home his sister, Dr. Farnham was not long in discovering, to his great disappointment, that though her style of dress was elegant, that of her conversation was very much the reverse; that in the cultivation of a few showy accomplishments, the improvement of her mind had been entirely neglected; that she knew nothing of any books, except those from which she had been

obliged to learn the words of sundry lessons, repeated with the comprehension of a parrot, and forgotten the next day. Her winter in the city had been passed in a very gay circle, where all her time was devoted to a perpetual round of frivolous company (including balls and crowded parties), and to the adornment of her person. Her numerous deficiencies, as they dawned upon the observation of her brother, who had a quick perception of the ridiculous, sometimes diverted as well as grieved him; but he had a great aversion to lecturing, as he called it, and he comforted himself with the reflection that Eliza was going to be married to a very accomplished and intelligent young man, and that it would then be her husband's business to improve her. In the mean time, Dr. Farnham concluded that now that his sister had left school, and had passed the ordeal of her "coming out," and of a season in New York, she would insensibly and gradually improve without any particular exertion; and that at eighteen she might probably arrive at a tolerable mediocrity.

A few days after the departure of her lover, Eliza Farnham, holding an open letter in her hand, and with a very unhappy countenance, entered the apartment in which her brother was reading, and her grandmother seated at her knitting.

"What is the matter, Eliza?"—said the good old lady—"why do you look so uncomfortable? I suppose that letter is from your sweetheart; so it ought to make you glad instead of sorry."

"I hope the course of true love continues to run smoothly"—said Dr. Farnham—"whatever Will Shakspeare may tell us to the contrary, with his universal knowledge of everything in the world."

"I know nothing about Shakspeare's sayings"—said Eliza, pettishly—"We never went to the theatre from Mrs. Henley's, except when operas were to be performed, and none of us had any time for reading. As to Mrs. Holloway, you cannot suppose *she* would permit a play-book of any sort to come within the walls of her school?—for she said plays were still worse than novels. All our reading books were what she called good books; but we were not good enough to take any interest in them. Besides, when our studies were over, we were too tired to read anything at all. To be sure, several of the young ladies used to bribe the servants to get them fashionable novels from the circulating library, which they said let them into all the secrets of English high life, but I thought it too troublesome a business to read by stealth, and to take snatches of books at odd minutes, always in fear of being found out; so I never tried it at all."

"Well, well"—said Dr. Farnham—"we need no ghost to tell us that. There is no necessity of your taking so much pains to prove that you have read nothing. Let us now return to the main question. Why has that letter discomposed you? Horace Montacute is well, I hope?"

"He says nothing to the contrary."

"And faithful, of course?"

"Oh! very faithful, indeed!"

"None of his relatives in Boston offered any objection when they heard of his engagement to Miss Farnham?"

"Oh! no indeed—why should they?—and even if they had, he is his own master, and is not obliged to ask anybody's leave for anything. He has plenty of money, and is well able to do as he pleases, and marry as he chooses."

"To be sure he is. But what then is the cause of your present annoyance?"

"Why, the truth is, Horace Montacute expects me to answer this letter."

"Well—of course he does. And will it not be a very delightful task?"

"Not so very."

"Why!—I always thought separated lovers found their only happiness in pouring out to each other the effusions of their hearts, by means of long and frequent epistles—Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—as my friend Pope says."

"I am not a wretch at all"—replied the young lady—"and as to your friend Pope, I don't care what he says, and I hope he don't visit here."

"He does not, I assure you"—said the doctor. "But a truce with all this nonsense, and explain why you have any reluctance to answer your lover's epistle."

"If I answer this letter"—replied Eliza—"he will send another as soon as possible, and then I shall have to answer that. I don't want to encourage this continual letter-writing."

"But what is your objection to a correspondence with the man to whom you have engaged your hand, and I hope your heart; and with whom, after a certain period, you are destined, in all probability, to pass the whole of your life?"

"The truth is, dear Arthur"—resumed Miss Farnham—"I am no great scratch at my pen—in short, I am a poor scribe."

"Two very bad expressions—a great scratch, and a poor scribe. But as boarding-school girls seldom presume to talk in presence of their governesses, I suppose they have no one to correct their language, and among themselves they probably indulge in a sort of conventional slang. Yet the four letters we received, during your visit to New York, were not bad; only there seemed to be a great deal in them that referred rather to Baltimore, and was somewhat puzzling to your grandmother and myself."

"To tell you the truth"—said Eliza, coloring—"Maria Henley's eldest sister, Louisa, was spending the winter with some friends in Baltimore, and she is rather clever at writing—so, whenever a letter came from her, I borrowed it to read in my own room, and then I took the opportunity of copying it, and sending it in my own name to you or grandma—and perhaps sometimes I may have overlooked Baltimore, and forgotten to change it into New York."

"Well!—if ever I heard the like!" exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting needles—"Then those letters were all a cheat."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Dr. Farnham, seriously—"very sorry, indeed. But still, while you were at boarding-school, we received an epistle from you every two weeks."

"Well, all Mrs. Holloway's scholars wrote home once a fortnight—but school letters and real letters are very different things. Mrs. Holloway's eldest daughter, Miss Catherine—(whom we all hated)—attended to the letter business, and told us what to say; and after we had done, she took them all away to correct at her leisure; and then we never saw them again, for she sealed them, and sent them to the post-office."

"So, then"—said the doctor—"this accounts for your epistles generally giving tolerable satisfaction when they were received at home. To be sure there was no great variety in them—they always contained the same things—excellent health, perfect happiness, praise of Mrs. Holloway, love for her daughters, and want of pocket-money."

"Well"—continued Eliza—"the girls all knew in their own minds that when Miss Catherine got our letters to correct, she made some one of the teachers re-write them in a proper manner, with good spelling, and the stops all minded, and the capitals placed right; and then, as I told you, they were sent off without our seeing any more of them."

"And so you never knew where the faults were, and what corrections were made?"

"We neither knew nor cared."

"But had you really no other practice in the art of committing your ideas to paper?"

"Do you mean composition?"

"Yes—composition, then."

"Oh! yes, indeed—every other Saturday we wrote composition pieces. But the subjects were always Friendship, and Benevolence, and Gratitude, and Modesty, and other such things that we knew nothing about. We took some of our composition from Miss Hannah More's Essays. But we had an old book among us, called the Rambler, that helped us greatly, though we had carefully to avoid all the parts that were the least amusing, or that seemed anything like stories. And the girls that wrote for premiums generally copied out of 'Zimmerman on Solitude.'"

"Is it possible that these tricks were never discovered?"

"If they were, Mrs. Holloway and her people never let on; they pretended not to see, and so saved themselves a great deal of trouble. Besides, on Saturday everything was hurried through as soon as possible, it being the chief day that Mrs. Holloway and her daughters had for going to town, and leaving cards at the doors of their friends, as they called all the rich people they knew."

"I am seriously grieved to hear all this"—said Dr. Farnham—"after supposing for so many years that Mrs. Holloway's pupils were receiving a first-rate education."

"Well—so we were"—replied Eliza—"and that is the reason we had no time for reading and writing. We had our harps, and pianos, and guitars to practice; and our dancing, and our theorem painting, and our poonah painting, and our beadwork, and our worsted-work; and worse than all, our French, and Italian, and Spanish, and German."

"If you were so unskilful at your pen, how did you manage to write your exercises in those languages?"

"Oh! we only pretended to write our exercises. The truth is, we got them done by one of the teachers, Mademoiselle Annette de Jaquesonne, whom the girls called Nancy Jackson. They said she was an English-woman that had travelled all over Europe as a countess's lady's maid, and so picked up all sorts of languages. She wrote our exercises for us; and we paid her now and then with the gift of a worked collar, or a cambric handkerchief, or a pair of white kid-gloves, or a neck-ribbon, or some such thing."

"But did not the sameness of the hand-writing excite suspicion?"

"Oh no—school girls write pretty nearly alike; and if our language-master *did* suspect the truth, he never wasted his time by making a fuss about it."

"Your language-master—did one man teach all those languages?"

"Yes—Mr. Von Smatter (he was a German baron in his own country)—he knew all languages in the world, one just as well as another; only that his American (as he called it) was not very good."

"Is it really possible that your exercises were written by this Mademoiselle Annette, alias Nancy Jackson?"

"To be sure they were. But she did not help us with our composition, for she could write nothing out of her own head; though she was quite a smart woman at foreign languages. Another way we had of obtaining her services was to plague her about Mr. Von Smatter, and that always put her into such a good humor that she would do anything we asked her."

"And is it absolutely true, Eliza, that you apprehend any difficulty in composing an answer to Horace Montacute's letter?"

"It is true enough. When I am to write about anything real (be it ever so trifling) I am always at a dead stand how to word it, so as to make sense on paper. And if I have to do it all myself, I am puzzled about the spelling and the stops, and the capitals, and how to finish one sentence and begin another. It is in vain to tell me to try and write just the same as I talk. When it comes to the pinch, I can do no such thing. Talking is very different from writing: at least it is to me. When I was in New York, if any of my dresses did not fit, and required alteration, I was obliged, after I had sent back the dress to the mantua-maker, who lived at the world's end (as they all do), to go all the way there myself; because, when I tried to give her directions by writing a note, somehow I could not make out upon paper the least idea of what I wanted. And worse than all, when Miss Humdrum used to send me stiff hard invitation-notes to her select parties of the same twelve stupid people always (every one of whom I hated), I had to go, because for my life I could not manage to write a billet of excuse that would not have made her throw back her hands and turn up the whites of her eyes, and thank Heaven that *she* had been taught the proper use of her pen."

"Yours is indeed a hard case"—said Dr. Farnham—"I grieve to find that the essentials of your education have been so totally neglected, and I take shame to myself for not having more particularly inquired into your progress as you went along. I can only excuse myself by saying, that nearly my whole time and attention have for many years been devoted to my professional duties; and that, as I found you always looking well when you came home at the vacations, I concluded that, if your health did not suffer, your studies could not be very hard; and that, in short, as Mrs. Holloway's boarding-school was considered quite as good as the majority of such establishments, I supposed that you would turn out quite as well as the generality of young ladies."

"But, dear Arthur"—resumed Eliza Farnham—"all this talk amounts to nothing. Let us go back to the main point. I am in a scrape about answering this letter (which he begs me to do by return of post), and I want you to help me out of it."

"I hope"—said the doctor—"you do not wish me to send an answer in your name?"

"No, no—not precisely that. But I wish you to write a letter *for* me, and I will copy it exactly, spelling and all; and *my* copy shall go, not yours."

"It is beneath the dignity of a man to assist a woman in any such deception"—said the doctor, essaying to look sternly.

"Well, then—what is to become of me? and what will Horace Montacute think on receiving no answer? If *you* will not do it, I must get somebody else to write and say that I have cut my right thumb, or that I have a dreadful inflammation in both eyes."

The old lady looked up from her knitting in silent horror.

"Shocking!"—exclaimed the doctor—"has your moral sense been as little cultivated as your mental powers? Have you no idea of the sacred obligations of truth?"

"Let me see—I once wrote a composition upon Truth, copied out of the Rambler."

"Really, Eliza"—said the doctor—"you mortify me more and more every moment."

"You had better help me out of my difficulty!"—exclaimed Eliza, bursting into tears.

"Poor dear"—said the old lady, in a softened voice—"I declare if she is not crying about it!"

The doctor was going to reply, when a message was brought requesting him to repair immediately to a house at the other end of the town, for the purpose of relieving a child that had swallowed a button—of course he departed instantly.

"How I pity that poor child's mother!"—said Mrs. Farnham. "It is well that such accidents have happened before; and Arthur is very clever at poking things down people's throats."

Eliza continued to sob and hold her handkerchief to her eyes; and her kind grandmother viewed her with deep commiseration, and said—"Dear—dear—what can I do for you, poor thing?"

"Grandma"—cried Eliza, suddenly brightening up—"you that have lived so long in the world, and have had so much experience of the troubles and difficulties of life, and take such pleasure in making young people happy—cannot *you* write a letter to Horace Montacute, that will be fit for me to copy, and send him as my own? You know it *will* be my own after all, as the very letter that he receives will actually be written by my own hand. Do write one for me, dear, dear grandmamma."

"Who, I!"—said the old lady. "Bless your heart, my writing days are over long ago. To be sure, I *was* considered a pretty good writer when a girl like you; but writing is like making puff-paste: if you don't practice at it almost every day, your hand gets out. I never write anything now but receipts, and you know I have three long books nearly full of them. If a receipt was what you wanted, I could easily supply you."

"I wish with all my heart there were receipts for writing love letters"—said Eliza. "How such a book would sell! But, dear grandma—did you never write a letter to grandpa?"

"I had no occasion—after we were married, we were always together."

"But before marriage. It is a letter from a young lady to a young gentleman, *before marriage*, that I particularly want just now."

"Why those are love-letters, mostly."

"To be sure they are. In plain terms, Horace Montacute has sent me, of course, a love-letter, and expects an answer; and as I cannot make such things out of my own head, I want a good one to copy."

The old lady simpered. "Well—since you are in such a bad way, I do not care if I do accommodate you with one. My dear deceased Savegood Farnham, your beloved grandfather, was careful to keep all the letters I ever wrote to him, which were three; and after his death they came to me with the rest of the property. I had them for many years put away in my great queen-stitch pocket-book. But I lent one to a chambermaid of ours, who was going to be married (just like you) and wanted it, just to see how love-letters ought to be written. She had it about the

kitchen, and the cook, not knowing its value, singed a turkey with it. Another of these letters was begged of me by Mr. Seizall, a newspaper man that was on a visit here two or three years ago, and was so kind as to say it was too good to be lost; so he carried it away with him, and I heard afterwards that he had it printed in his newspaper, only he did not put the right names."

"But the third letter, grandma—the third?"—asked Eliza, impatiently.

"That's the only one that is left—I will go and get it for you—I wrote it to the dear deceased soon after we were engaged, when he went down to the city on business, and staid there a whole week. I remember very well that he offered himself no less than eleven times before I consented to accept him, though I intended it from the very first. But in those days young ladies were not so easily won as they are now, when they jump at a man the moment he asks them, and sometimes even before."

Mrs. Farnham then left the room, and soon returned with the great queen-stitch pocket-book in her hand, from which she produced a letter carefully enveloped in a sheet of tissue-paper. "Now, Eliza"—said the old lady—"you are to remember that this letter is not to be copied out and out as you did those Baltimore letters, for that would be deception, and deception is next akin to lying; so you are to change most of the words, and preserve only the meaning."

Neither Mrs. Farnham nor Eliza had perceived that just at this time one of the servants, a colored girl, named Belinda, had entered the room. She had brought a message from the cook, but, observing how the ladies were engaged, she slipped silently into a corner and lingered and listened. Mrs. Farnham unfolded the long-cherished letter, and read aloud as follows:—

"*Poughkeepsie, July 18th, —*

"MY DEAR SAVEGOOD—I embrace this opportunity of taking up my pen to acquaint you that we are all in good health at this present writing, and hope this will find you the same. I have nothing particular to inform you of, except that absence is generally an affliction to all constant lovers, as I hope we shall be till death do us part. The time seems very long till it shall fall to our happy lot to meet again in this vale of tears, which I hope will be next Tuesday, July the 23d, according to the promise you made in our parting moments; but we must all look for disappointments in this life.

"Permit me, my dear Savegood, to advise you to keep always in the path of rectitude, to set your face against evil counsellors, and to fly from the amusements and stage-plays of New York as you would from a roaring lion seeking to devour you. Allow me to mention that I think it will be best for you to stay chiefly in solitude, for, in my humble opinion, there is nothing so good for erring man as the examination of his own sinful thoughts. Alas! poor human nature!—What wretched worms we mortals are!

"Having nothing more of importance to communicate, I now hasten to conclude this tedious epistle, hoping you will excuse all faults, and pardon my encroaching so long on your valuable time and patience, and favor me with a lengthy answer by return of post. Father and mother join me in love to you and all inquiring friends, and also sister Mary and sister Margaret, and Jane, and John, and likewise little Peter. Aunt Charity and uncle Daniel also desire to be remembered to you, and our dear cousins, Samuel and Angelina send their best respects, as well as

"Believe me, yours sincerely (in haste),

"FRANCES DOROTHEA POWERS."

"There"—said the old lady—"to be sure it is a sin to praise ourselves—but that is a real true love-letter, written just as love-letters ought to be between respectable young people that are engaged. Of course you will leave out father and mother, and the children, and aunt and uncle and cousins, and put in Arthur and me instead. And you will date from Peloponnesus instead of Poughkeepsie. You see there is a great deal of good advice in the letter, for which no doubt Horace will thank you. In the roaring-lion part, you can change New York to Boston, which, I dare say, is not without its amusements and stage-plays as well as other cities. The solitude part means, you know, that while he is away from home he had better stay chiefly in his own room. However, manage it as you think proper. When Horace gets the letter, I am sure he will never guess that it was taken from one of your grandmother's."

The girl, Belinda, now presented herself, and delivered her message from Chloe the cook, in consequence of which the old lady repaired immediately to the store-room, leaving Belinda to follow her with the white-sugar-box!

Eliza Farnham saw plainly that her grandmother's letter was not available in the present dilemma, so she folded it up, and sat turning it about in her hand, and looking sadly perplexed. The girl Belinda was originally from Philadelphia, but she had lived awhile at Mrs. Holloway's boarding-school, where she was on very familiar terms with the young ladies, in consequence of executing for them numerous confidential commissions in relation to confectionery matters, library books, &c. She knew our heroine perfectly well, having been in many of her little secrets; all of which she had kept as people of her class usually keep them. Instead of obeying Mrs. Farnham's order with regard to the sugar-box, Belinda loitered in the parlor, fully aware of the circumstances that were causing so much annoyance to the young lady. She now came forward, and said—"Miss Eliza, if I was you I wouldn't have nothing to do with that old foolish letter of your grandma's—I'm sure it's not at all fit to send to no young gentleman now-a-days; and the better they're advised the worse they are. If you want to take the pattern of a true lover's letter (such as young ladies writes now), I'll lend you one of mine, that I writ last night, setting up till twelve o'clock to get through. You know I'm engaged to Mr. Sodass, that handsome colored gentleman that pays attention to the people what stops at the Independence Hotel. He has gone to New York to accept of a place as one of the seven head-waiters in the Amboy boat, where the passengers begins and finishes. And when we are married, he is to belong to the Delaware boat, and we are to go to housekeeping in Philadelphia—I needn't send off this letter for a few days, for it makes no difference whether he gets it now or any other time; so you're quite welcome to borrow it, if it will do you any good. I'll just run and get it, before I attend your grandma' with the sugar-box. I guess she is tired of waiting already, up there in the store-room; but she may get through the time a putting the shelves to rights. As for old Chloe's wants, I don't care a cent for them."

Belinda then hastened out of the room, and shortly returned with a huge letter, which she put into the hands of our heroine, who was still sitting in moody silence, and who took in despair the colored girl's epistle; thinking it just possible that she might collect a few ideas from it. Having carried it to the privacy of her own chamber, she threw herself on the bed, and commenced the perusal of this delectable missive.

Pelican Easus—may the 1st.

DEER AND BELOVID MR. SODASS.

The thyme seems particularly long since we parted, as all thyme does when lovers are a way. Since I can no longer Grace my eyes with your Handsome bewty, every day seems most a Year, for the hour is Long a coming that will store us to one a nother—I hasten to Tell you that I met with a Fatal Axident yesterday, which will Make your hare Stand on end when you here it. Every Boddy had gone out, and I had just run to the front parlor to sea the long Stage go by that runs to Cunninjoebarry, and I saw my Deer friend Mirandy Woolwitch a setting on the frunt seat, going Off with a lady as child's Maid. So I was quite afected, and kept waiving my Towel at her long after the Stage was out of sight. But I happened to lean out too far, so I lost my Ballence, and the sloping Seller door was just under the windor, and Down went my head and Up went my Heels, and out I fell head foremost, and I went Slanting down the Seller door till my forrad came to the pavement and broke one of the Brix. It is a Mersey I was not hurt—The boys Next door and Opposit came all round me as I was a Picking myself Up, and had the impudence to sing—"Poor Belindar fell out of the windor."—This meloncolly Axident put me in mind of the Day when Me and yob was a wawking Together, and a crossing the logg over the branch, and your foot Slipped and you tumbled into the water, and started the phrogs; and as you Splashed in, they hopped out. I saw one grate big green and yaller phellow Jump right over your face. I am Still true and konstant to my favorite Sqdass. I waste my thyme mostly in Smelling the flour you put into my hand at Parting and adorning my Head with it, and as it was a bluming Rose it still keeps its good Smell. I mostly Sing love songs now. Yesterday Mrs. Farnum was rather Hard upon me when she found me Stirring butter and shugar for a Kake, and Singing—"Ah don't mingle"—exactly like Mrs. Wood. The old lady says I do not Mind my dooties no Longer and sweeps dirty. Young persons in Love should not have no dooties to Mind, and should not be expected to wurk, for love elevates the human sole, and wurk is only Fit for low-minded peeple, them as likes to Grovel with brumes and breshes in their Hands. For my part I Hold myself above it, but I Guess I shall have to keep on till after we gets Married, and then I shall Kick away the kitchen in short order. You prommist I should Live like a lady, and give Balls, and go to Filladelfy to live. Word has just come from Filladelfy that rents is riz in Squinch street, and that wictuals is very High and so is wedgetables. I was quite Afected when I heard such Bad news, but I suppose it will Make no difference to lovers Enamelled as we are. But let what will Happen—"Our days and Knights and months and years Fly round the cedar Pole."* This to conclude, as my paper has come to an End, though I Bought a Grate big Sheet on purpose, and write small. I send you enclosed Heaps of love and a lock of my hare for you to Kiss in Absence as you desired, put up in White paper.

I remane

my deerly Belovid Sodass,
your ever Afected sweatheart
And Sincerest admirer,
BELINDOR BROADHEAD.

* Centre Pole.

N. B. P. S. I forgot to Tell you that most all the grate Peeple belonging to this town are Now in love—So look Out for weddings—You know Judge Bardley that tawks so Much about a man named Scot, and not general Scot neither—The other Evening at our hous I heard him saying in the Middle of a long Riggeroll—“Love rules the Court”—If that is the Case, I do not Wonder so many poor peeple don't get Justis done them when they comes to their Trials.

“Pshaw”—thought Eliza—“what nonsense!—And yet, after all, there are really more ideas in this foolish black girl's letter than in my good grandmamma's.—Well, I will put off the evil moment, and not write till to-morrow.—It is really too much for men, because they are engaged, to expect answers by return of post; and I shall not encourage Horace Montacute in any such absurdity. I wonder why it is the custom for lovers to write to each other at all. I wish it were considered improper.”

When she met them at tea, Eliza Farnham informed her brother and grandmother that she had concluded to defer writing till the next day, in consequence of a violent headache; and that she had no doubt she could manage the business very well by herself, if she took sufficient time.

Our heroine lay awake half the night, pondering on the task of the morrow, and trying to plan a beginning, a middle, and an end for this dreaded epistle. She was afraid to copy a letter out of a book, for she knew Horace to be a great reader, and there was danger of his detecting the deception. At breakfast, Eliza heard with joy that Dr. Farnham would be out the whole morning, and that her grandmother was going to preserve gooseberries, and would be busily engaged till dinner-time. Eliza, therefore, took possession of the library, and resolved with vigorous determination to set desperately to work, and accomplish this formidable letter. She justly doubted her correctness in orthography from having, when at school, been generally near the ~~end~~ of her class; and as she had read little or nothing, the appearance of words was but faintly impressed on her mind. So she armed herself with Johnson and Walker on one side of the desk, and Webster's and Entick's Dictionaries on the other. She then set about a rough sketch of her letter.

After writing the date, and beginning “Dear Horace,” she found herself already at a loss, and was unable to devise a single idea for a commencement; and she sat biting the feather of her pen (she could not write with a steel one), and looking up at the ceiling for near ten minutes. She then contrived to proceed through one line, during which, being doubtful of two words, she stopped to consult all the dictionaries, in case these authorities might differ. Her next difficulty was to finish the sentence, which she finally accomplished after looking out two more words in all the dictionaries. This business appeared so laborious that our poor heroine thought she could get along faster by making the rough sketch without regard to the spelling, &c., and correcting the whole in a fair copy.—“Ah!”—thought she—“if people could only be allowed to spell just as they choose.”

The dinner bell rang before she had completed her sketch (rough as it certainly was) and she carried it to her room and locked it up carefully. In the afternoon, she was too tired to resume her pen; therefore she took a long nap: and in the evening there came some visitors. After the company had gone, Mrs. Farnham inquired of Eliza if she had finished her letter; but she replied—“Dear grandma, be so kind as to ask me nothing more about it. I shall hate the very name of a letter.”

“Well, well”—said the good old lady—“I will not tease you”—adding, in a low voice—“and you may keep mine to look at as long as you please, and don't be afraid to copy out of it whatever you choose.”

“Horace Montacute will wonder that the answer to his epistle is so long in arriving”—observed Dr. Farnham.

“Well, it will not be the first thing he has wondered at, and I dare say it will not be the last”—was the sensible reply of our heroine.

Next morning, Eliza Farnham was glad to find that the doctor had been sent for to attend a consultation of physicians at a place thirty miles distant from Peloponnesus, and would not return home till next day. “Now”—thought she—“I can have the free use of the library—desk—dictionaries, grammars and all. I can write much better there than in my own room.”

At length the rough sketch was finished, and on reading it over she found it much rougher than she had supposed; and so full of errors, and containing so many things that must be changed entirely, that she determined on making another sketch that should not be quite so long. But as she drew near its completion, she perceived that the second sketch would be still longer than the first; and on revising it, she discovered that the faults were still more numerous. She almost cried with vexation; but at last consoled herself with the hope of being able in the fair copy to correct all errors.

“Now came the tug of war.”—With a tremulous hand, she took a sheet of fine letter paper, and as she could not write straightly without the assistance of lines, she ruled them with a pencil, and ruled them crooked, which she did not perceive till with much care and pains she had written several sentences. She then called Belinda, and sent her to the stationer's to buy a sheet of printed black lines to slip under her paper. But Belinda brought some lines that were quite too far apart. She was sent back for some that were closer together; but none such were to be had. The girl, however, informed Miss Farnham that she had seen at the store some paper that was ready-ruled. This was delightful news, and a quire of it was immediately procured. It was, however, of the size called foolscap, and Eliza had to *razee* a sheet of it down to the dimensions of letter-paper.

She now set to work again, beginning with another new pen; but inadvertently commenced too near, as she thought, to the top of the page. Unpracticed writers always think it *comme il faut* to begin very far down, even when they know that they have a great deal to say, and at the risk of being obliged at the last to write on the margin for want of space, and to fill up every inch of the spare paper on the direction side. She now prepared another sheet, and began with—“Dear Horace”—half way down the page.

As this was to be the fair copy, it was now that the orthography was to be corrected; but she forgot this important business till she had written three or four sentences, and reached the bottom of the page. Then, on consulting the dictionaries, she found that half her words had been spelled wrong. Of her faults of style she was unconscious; notwithstanding that at school she had been made to study Blair's Lectures, that is, to learn the words by rote and repeat them parrot-fashion. She now determined on writing a third sketch, which was to include correct spelling, &c., and was to serve as an *exact* model. This performance, with much trouble and difficulty, she at last achieved. Again she set to work at the formidable fair copy, and made a mistake in the date, and left out a word in the first line; and not willing to disfigure her letter by erasures or interlineations, she took another fresh sheet, and commenced anew.

It would be painful to follow her through the remainder of that weary day, the whole of which was devoted to accomplishing a copy fair enough to dispatch to her lover. She labored at it both morning and afternoon.

And when they rang the evening bell,
The letter scarce was done.

Finally, she determined not to fold it, direct it, or seal it till next morning, that she might go quite fresh to that arduous part of her task. At first, Eliza thought of reading her letter aloud to her grandmother, but was deterred by the apprehension that it would not at all suit the taste of the old lady. She could not, however, resist her inclination to communicate its contents to Belinda, when the girl came to her room at night with a pitcher of fresh water.

"Well, Belinda"—said the young lady, after finishing ~~the letter~~—"what do you think of my letter? You see I have managed it at last, all entirely by myself."

"I think it's a most beautiful letter"—replied Belinda—"only I don't know what it is about. Somehow, I can't tell what it means."

"That is the fault of your understanding, Belinda"—said Miss Farnham.

"May be so"—replied Belinda. "But I have often heard things read that I could not understand at all, and somehow they sounded prettier than *that*. Somehow the words don't seem to go right, and the same words seem to come in too often. And then you don't tell your lover the least bit of news, and there is not a single happening in it from one end to t'other. However, they say gentlemen are always blind when they're in love, and may be Mr. Montacute will not find out that there's no sense in the letter; I suppose he knows people can't help being weak-minded. And them that's poor scribes should be pitied, and not despised."

"Come, come, Belinda"—said Miss Farnham—"you are going quite too far. Let me hear no more such talk. There is your own letter—of course I made no use of it, and I shall give grandmamma's back to her in the morning. And now, you must not, for your life, dare to breathe a syllable to any living creature about these letters. Say not a word to a human being about my having read yours, or about my reading mine to you. Be secret as the grave upon the whole business."

"Lor, Miss Eliza"—said the maid—"if ever I breathes a breath about the letters; if ever I tells any human quadruped what a dreadful nonplush you've been at because you did not know how to write a letter to your sweetheart, and had to borrow patterns of everybody, both white and colored; if ever I tells a word of this to either cat or dog, I'll give you leave to cut my tongue out."

"I have no desire to perform such a job as that"—said Eliza—"but I assure you it will be the worse for you if I find you have betrayed this secret."

"And the better for me if I don't?"—inquired the girl.

"Yes"—replied Eliza, going to her bureau—"here is a pink silk handkerchief for you, that I have worn but once."

Belinda received the handkerchief with many thanks and curtsies; and then hastened to the kitchen to display it to the other servants, saying—"See what I've got—Miss Eliza, with all her schooling, don't know how to write a letter, and was at her wits' end about answering one she got from her sweetheart away at Bosting. So she had to borrow mine, that I writ to Mr. Sodass, for a pattern. And she took and copied it out, and

out, word for word, only leaving out the news and the happenings—I told you what a great scribe I am always counted—so she could find no letter to suit her but mine. She got one from her grandmother first, but it was all stuff, and she despised it. But now don't, for your lives, any of you, go to say one word about all this to any living soul; neither colored folks nor white trash: for if you do, we shall have our tongues cut out all round; and as her brother's a doctor, she can easily get him to do the job."

The servants put their fingers to their tongues.

Next morning the letter was to go to the post-office, and our heroine set about folding, directing, and sealing it. Her school-letters had always been folded, directed, and sealed by Miss Catherine Holloway. Poor Eliza, after many unsuccessful attempts, found it impossible to fold it straight and evenly, but consoled herself with the hope that Horace would not notice so trifling a circumstance. She then wrote the direction in a very straggling and awkward manner, somewhat as follows: the name being so small as to be scarcely legible, except to the practiced eyes of post-men.

Horace Montacute, Esquire,
tremont Street,

Bost,

This done, she sealed it roughly and raggedly, letting two drops of wax fall on the paper.

This letter was dispatched without being shown to either the doctor or Mrs. Farnham, and now that the long and irksome task was over, Eliza felt as if relieved from the pressure of a mountain.

"Really"—thought she—"if I had foreseen this correspondence, I do not believe I would have engaged myself to Horace. A lover that lived always in one's own town would have been every way more convenient."

Her grandmother, as they sat at dinner, alarmed her by saying—"I should not wonder if there is another letter from Horace now on the road, inquiring why you have not answered his first one."

"If there is"—said Eliza—"I will not answer *that*, I am determined."

We will now transfer the scene to Horace Montacute's residence in Boston, and advance the time to the important hour on which he received the first letter of his lady-love, after having been for several days in anxious expectation of it. Our heroine's hope that his impatience to see the contents would cause him to disregard the outside was not exactly realized, for he glanced at it with some surprise. Then hastily tearing it open, he read as follows:—

"DEAR HORACE—The time seems very long since we parted, and I have thought of nobody else hardly but you since our parting. Your Eliza always thinks a great deal about you, and hopes that your thoughts are chiefly turned on me as mine are chiefly upon my dear Horace, and ever will be until the happy moment when you and I shall have the happiness to meet again. It is a pleasing task to communicate and exchange all our thoughts, feelings, &c., with one another, writing often to one another frequent sincere letters, for letters, as a friend of my brother's told him very properly the other day, are supposed to be sent from heaven to save us from being wretches, and we should be poor wretches certainly if we could not write letters, and very unhappy also. I am so fond of letter-writing I should

like to keep it up all the year round, and it is such a great pleasure for Eliza to write letters to Horace, that I almost wish you to be absent, that we may correspond. It is really a pleasure to me to let all my thoughts, feelings, &c. flow out in the epistolary style, all smooth easy and without the least trouble, for your Eliza was always considered ready at my pen and composition. Your ever welcome letter was not received until this very morning, and I hastened to reply to it instantly, so you will excuse haste if you please. Brother says the post-office should be called to account for keeping it back, and none of us can by any means imagine their motive for keeping it back unless they have a spite at me, or you Horace perhaps. If your next letter, which I hope sincerely is now on the road, is not answered soon, it will certainly be because I did not get it in time to write soon, and we may all blame the post-office again because of it. I make haste to answer your last letter by return of post, as I have done, for fear you might think me false if your Eliza did not reply quick. I am so used to my pen that I can run off a letter of length in a few minutes, and it is really quite play to me to use my pen. I hope it is the same to dear Horace, but if you have any difficulty in writing love-letters, or no time, you need not trouble yourself to write very soon an answer to this. Two or three weeks hence will be quite time enough to answer this letter, as I of course shall suppose you remain in good health, and have nothing particular to say. Indeed, as I know you are a healthy gentleman, I shall not be uneasy if dear Horace does not write again till you come on your next visit to Peloponnesus, and then, as your Eliza will certainly see you, you need not write to me at all. She is not one of those impatient young beings who are always expecting letters: it is a bad habit. I now bid you adieu, Horace, and waft you a long farewell. I assure you your absence is felt by me: and of course it is the same by you. When we meet again, all griefs will be forgot by you and me. Believe me,

"Your bride that is to be,

"Sincerely,

"ELIZA FARNHAM."

To make this letter more intelligible to our readers, we have found it necessary to improve the punctuation. Also the orthography of the minor words, which Eliza thought she could spell correctly, because they were small; her researches in the dictionaries being confined to such as had not less than two syllables. To make her lover believe that she took pleasure in writing, she had (notwithstanding her commencement half way down the page) filled up every inch of the paper that was not visible on the outside.

Horace Montacute was startled at the first sentence of this delectable epistle, and his amazement increased as he proceeded. When he had finished, he found himself grinding his teeth and grasping a handful of his hair. For a moment he hoped it might be a forgery; but it was post-marked Peloponnesus, and the impression on the wax was that of a seal-ring he had caused to be made for her in New York, with a device and a motto of his own invention. "It is too true"—thought he, crushing the letter between his clasped hands, and stamping about the room. "It is Eliza Farnham's, and she is a fool—Yes—a silly, illiterate, shallow-headed simpleton; and her clumsy excuse about the post-office is a wilful falsehood—I cannot—I will not marry her—I will not have a wife that I am ashamed of. And yet she is so beautiful—and she dresses well, and plays well,

and dances well. What of that?—I cannot be always gazing at her dress and her beauty, and she cannot always be singing and playing; but always, always should I be annoyed with her ignorance and folly. No—no—I never could introduce her to the Cressinghams, and the Erlingfords, and the Heathfields, and the Lanesboroughs—I should dread to see her open her lips before them, and should sink with mortification ere she had done speaking. This absurd letter is a true picture of her mind. It has opened my eyes, and saved me from the abyss into which I was blindly about to throw myself. How could I possibly be so fascinated with her beauty?—I shall detest the sight of a beauty for the rest of my life."

"Let me see"—he continued—throwing himself into a rocking chair, and rocking violently—"Did I ever hear her say anything that denoted mind or information? Did I ever hear her talk sensibly on any subject?—No—never—I can recollect nothing that was the least worthy of remembrance. It is too true that, instead of listening to Eliza Farnham, I was always occupied in looking at her. Still, if she had ever said anything worthy of remark, I must have observed it at the time, and thought of it afterwards. What did she talk about?—Nothing, unless she could get aside with one of her cronies—then they seemed to gossip. When I addressed her (fool that I was) she only simpered—I took it for smiling innocence or youthful modesty. I recollect now at all our interviews I talked, but she said nothing and only looked silly—sweetly, as I then thought. No, no—she does not love me—she never did. All that she cares for is my station and my fortune. She has not sense enough, or refinement enough, or heart enough to love any one. No—I cannot marry Eliza Farnham. I should be miserable myself with such a companion, and therefore I could not make her happy. She is too silly to have any feeling, and she only engaged herself to me for the sake of what women call an establishment. I wish I had never seen her! But what excuse can I make for breaking off the marriage? I can think of none."

Such was the perturbed soliloquy of Horace Montacute, in his first moments of grief and disappointment at finding that he had placed his affection on a woman whose intellect and acquirements seemed to him so far below the average standard of her sex, and whom he now felt it impossible ever again to regard as the companion of his life. Gradually he grew calmer, and, after long and painful deliberation, he came to a conclusion that the straightest course was the best, and that he would write to Dr. Farnham, candidly stating the truth, but in as delicate a manner as possible. This he did by return of post; requesting Dr. Farnham to acquaint Eliza that, finding on perusal of her letter no indications of that congeniality of mind, and affinity of taste, without which there cannot be happiness in married life, he had thought it best for both parties that their engagement should be cancelled. He therefore returned her letter, and requested that his should be sent back to him.

We need not describe the regret and vexation of Dr. Farnham on reading Horace Montacute's letter, and the epistle which it enclosed. And he blamed himself for not having taken more account of the education of his sister. It was a severe task to break to Eliza the mortifying subject of her lover's rejection. He consulted the old lady, whose chagrin was still greater than his own, except that it was unmixed with self-reproach.

"Poor thing—poor thing"—exclaimed Mrs. Farnham—"how I do pity her—how she will feel! What can be done!—How shall we tell her!—Why did not she take a copy of my letter?—All would have been right

then. However, I will go to her room and let her know all about it; for the sooner it is over the better. It will break her heart, that's certain. She is dressing for Mrs. Gaylove's party. But I am very sure, after such news as this, she will not be in a state to go there or anywhere else. I am certain it will cost her a long fit of sickness. I must see first if there is plenty of arrowroot, and tapioca, and sago in the house. Perhaps I had best tell Cato to go to the coop and catch a fowl to-night, for I dare say chicken-broth may be wanted for her to-morrow. Poor dear girl!—I expect she will faint dead away the moment she reads Horace's letter. I will take the camphor bottle with me, and also a few bed-feathers to burn under her poor nose."

At this moment, Dr. Farnham was sent for to go immediately to a patient; and the good old lady, provided with a plentiful supply of remedies for fainting fits, repaired to Eliza's apartment, and found her granddaughter before the glass, while Belinda was fastening the back of her dress.

"Dear, dear Eliza"—said Mrs. Farnham—"I have very bad news for you. There, sit down in the easy chair. Belinda, go out."—Belinda obeyed, but remained on the other side of the door, and applied her ear to the key-hole.

Mrs. Farnham then put Horace's letter, inclosing Eliza's own, into the hand of her granddaughter, who started, changed color, and having read it over, paused a few minutes. She then returned to the mirror, whirled round a few steps, singing a waltz, and proceeded to put an additional flower into her hair, saying—"Well, grandmother, if Horace Montacute won't have me, somebody else will—I am not the least afraid but I shall get quite as good a match, and perhaps a better still. I should not have had much peace with so very particular a husband—I don't believe we are at all suited to each other. So you and Arthur may announce, as soon as you please, that the engagement is broken off, and I am again free. It is just as common now to proclaim a breaking-off as an engagement. His love was very great, to be sure, when it went entirely by letters. Yes—I think we are best apart."

"Eliza"—said the old lady—"don't you feel faint?"

"Not at all, grandma."

"No choking in your throat?"

"Not the least."

"No sickness about your heart?"

"None whatever, grandma."

"Perhaps you had better take a few drops of camphor and water."

"What for, dear grandma?"

"Why—for fear."

"No—I hate camphor."

"Don't say that, dear, it's wicked to hate medicine."

"Well, grandma—don't be uneasy about me—I am going to the party; and I shall have beaux enough there to put that impertinent fellow Horace Montacute quite out of my head. If he is to choose a wife by her letter-writing, he had better take Kate Holloway with her pug nose and horse-shoe mouth. I am sure I can wish him nothing worse."

Belinda would have listened longer at the key-hole, only that she was so impatient to communicate what she had already heard: and hastening to the kitchen, she made her report to the other servants: Her version of the story was, that Miss Eliza's sweetheart had given her up because she wrote him a bad letter, and that the young lady did not mind it at all,

but pranced about the room, and said, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught"—and that she had seven other beaux waiting for her at the ball-door, and that her old sweetheart was going right off to marry somebody named Katy, with a horse-shoe nose and a pug-mouth.

"I guess"—added Belinda—"Miss Eliza is sorry enough now that she did not copy more out of *my* letter. But I'll just step over to Mrs. Gaylove's kitchen, and let Venus and Diana know how things has turned out."

Eliza Farnham came home from the ball in far worse spirits than when she went. She had seen many beaux, but she had made no conquest. She went to bed, but found it impossible to sleep. Her first emotions of resentment and bravado were now succeeded by a deep sense of mortification; she felt that the loss of her lover was not such a trifle as she had been willing to suppose, and the dawn of morning found her still awake, and in tears.

At breakfast, she looked very pale and was unusually silent; and though her good grandmother, finding that she did not eat, went to a closet and brought her a saucer of gooseberry jelly, still nothing could tempt her appetite, or restore her smiles.

When the old lady had left the room to give orders for dinner, Dr. Farnham entered into a serious conversation with his sister on the deficiency which had led to the recent rejection of her hand by her fastidious lover. She seemed much touched; and her brother obtained from her a promise that she would set about the improvement of her mind with earnest assiduity. He advised that she should unfailingly devote her forenoons to reading and writing, and relinquish the idle practice of receiving and paying morning visits: and he proposed that she should every day address to him a letter about something that she had seen, heard, or read. This, he assured his sister, would greatly improve her in composition, and in everything appertaining to epistolary correspondence. Eliza at first shrunk from the task, but her brother urged her to persevere. It soon grew comparatively easy, and eventually it became one of her greatest pleasures. In a short time she began to delight in books; and the more she read, the more she improved in conversation as well as in writing.

Horace Montacute received from Dr. Farnham, by mail, his own letter to Eliza: that first and only letter, the reply to which had produced such important consequences. It was inclosed in a blank cover, to signify that no further communication could take place between them; the doctor feeling (though he did not tell *her* so) that his young and inexperienced sister had been treated with too much severity by her double-refined lover. In a few days after the return of his first and last love-letter, Horace Montacute embarked in one of the Havre packets, with the resolution of spending several years in Europe. During the voyage, he found it more difficult to banish Eliza Farnham from his mind than he had at first supposed; but he consoled himself for the turn his love-affair had taken by reflecting on her absurd and ridiculous epistle, every word of which seemed indelibly engraven on his memory. "No"—thought he—"all is for the best—I never could have been happy with such an illiterate simpleton, beautiful as she certainly is: and a man that is ashamed of his wife had better be without one."

After passing two years on the European continent, Horace Montacute made a second visit to London, and there he found in the person of Mrs. Amwell (an American lady, who, with her husband, had been living there a twelvemonth) the *ci-devant* Miss Henley at whose house in New York

he had first met Eliza Farnham. Mrs. Amwell, though formerly a very giddy girl, devoted to dress and parties, had married a sensible man, and now bid fair to become a sensible woman. She had seen much of Eliza shortly before leaving America; and our heroine had, with many tears, confided to her friend the mortifying cause of her estrangement from Horace Montacute. It had been settled that the two ladies should correspond regularly while separated by the Atlantic.

Montacute took an early opportunity, though with flushed cheek and downcast eyes, of inquiring after Miss Farnham. "She was well when I last heard from her"—answered Mrs. Amwell. "She sends me a letter once a month, and I expect one from her by the next arrival."

"What curious letters they must be!"—thought Horace.

Just then Mr. Amwell came in with a smiling face, and threw on the table half a dozen American letters. Mrs. Amwell, having first gone through one from her own mother, took up an epistle folded, sealed, and directed with remarkable neatness. "Ah!"—said she—"this is from Eliza Farnham." Montacute felt as if he would have given worlds to look at the inside; and was unable to understand anything that Mr. Amwell was telling him about the Bank of the United States. He was not, however, kept very long in suspense as to Eliza Farnham's letter, for Mrs. Amwell, having hastily perused it, put it into his hand, saying—"Mr. Montacute, there is nothing in this that may not be seen by you."

Our hero read the missive with much emotion and equal surprise. The hard, awkward, straggling chirography had now become free, graceful, and regular: the spelling and punctuation were perfect; the style was easy, euphonious, and critically correct; and the matter sensible and entertaining. She told of her occupations at home, and of the books she had last read, spoke of her brother with affectionate respect, and of her grandmother with overflowing kindness, and descanted amusingly upon the *on-dits* of the day.

Horace Montacute was charmed, enchanted, and read the letter so often over, that Mrs. Amwell kindly offered to make him a present of it, and also showed him, from the same young lady, several others equally interesting. He felt all his love for Eliza Farnham return with redoubled warmth; or rather it was a new and superior sort of love, based on a more secure foundation than mere personal beauty.

In another week, our hero found himself on board one of the steam-packets; and in a fortnight he had landed on the wharf at New York. He proceeded immediately to Peloponnesus, made his peace with Eliza Farnham (a task by no means difficult), and, in less than a month, the old lady was making six enormous plum-cakes for her granddaughter's wedding. And a few days after that joyful event, Horace Montacute had the happiness of introducing to his relatives a bride whose intellectual acquirements would pass muster even in Boston.

NOTHING MORALLY WRONG.

ONE warm afternoon in early summer, Mrs. Chesterwood was reclining on a sofa in her own apartment, and enjoying the delights of a loose gown and an entertaining book; believing herself secure from the interruption of visitors, as the heat of the weather seemed to make visiting impracticable while the sun remained above the horizon.

Suddenly, she heard a wheelbarrow stop on her own pavement; and afterwards, a loud and continuous ringing at her own door—the bell being jerked with all the might of somebody, and the peal keeping on and on.

Looking down through the slats of the Venetian shutters, Mrs. Chesterwood beheld a porter, out on the pavement, in charge of a large wooden box painted brownish red, and a square black leather sack resembling a half-sized mail-bag, especially as it was fastened by a very conspicuous padlock. But the porter (who looked rather ashamed) was not the bell-ringer; for a city colored man always understands bells. The performer on the bell-handle (she still had her gloveless hand upon it) was an unknown female of singular appearance, that stood on the door-step, parleying with Vance, Mrs. Chesterwood's waiter, who was strenuously "doubting if it was not some mistake," while she as strenuously insisted that "she knew she was right." The stranger finished by ordering Vance to assist in bringing in her baggage; and after paying the porter, she walked in herself.

Zuby, a much-indulged mulatto girl brought up in the family of Mrs. Chesterwood (who was a native of South Carolina, though now living in Philadelphia), ran up into the chamber of her mistress (for such she still called the daughter of her old master), eager "to tell her the news."

"Ma'am"—said the girl—"there's a very strange stranger below. Did you ever hear such a bell ringing? She can't be used to bells, no how. Vance has put her in the back-parlor. Please to come down and look at her. She's uncommon queer."

"I cannot go down to a stranger till I have changed my dress"—answered Mrs. Chesterwood. "Give me my blue and white muslin."

"Oh! indeed, ma'am"—resumed Zuby—"you needn't make a bit of a stranger of *her*, at least as far as dress goes. Even her baggage is awfully nice. There she came walking in after it, as straight as a pyramid of Egypt, with a dreadful coarse straw basket in her hand, a flat-sided thing stuffed quite full and bulging."

"Did she send up no name?"—inquired Mrs. Chesterwood, arranging her dress before the toilet-glass.

"No indeed. When I asked her if she'd please to give me her name, she said it warn't of no consequence; and that's always a bad sign. People that is what they should be need never be ashamed to tell their

names to nobody. I expect she an't of no consequence herself. I reckon she's bent upon a long stay. Dear mistress, how I pity you! I'm afeard she'll be worse than them nephew boys of Mr. Chesterwood's which we had here all the Christmas holidays, and a'most broke our hearts with their scamperings and rompings. To be sure she an't likely to scamper and romp; but there's other ways of troubling us, and I reckon she'll show off somehow. There, now, you needn't mind fixing your collar; she has none. It an't worth while to brush your hair—hers is all standing on end. And there was no use in changing your gown. She's in a drab-colored grass-cloth thing that's neither gown, nor frock, nor nothing else (the stuff looks like buckram), and a great big bonnet of the same. I wonder where she got her fashions?"

Mrs. Chesterwood went down to the back parlor, and there found the stranger walking about, and curiously examining various articles of furniture. The back of her dress was immensely full, much fuller than the forebody, and puffed out between her shoulders like a hump. On the contrary, the skirt was so plain behind, that the gathers actually left off before they reached the middle; and so full before, as to be heaped one gather on another. Also the body was shorter before than behind, and the skirt *vice versa*. Her bonnet poked down over her face so as nearly to blind her; and behind it was so short as to display nearly all the back of her head and its rough switchy black hair, which had once been cropped short, but looked now as if it again wanted the scissors. On seeing in a pier-glass the entrance of Mrs. Chesterwood, the stranger turned round, took off her bonnet and threw it on the piano, and introduced herself as Jonathina Judd from Connecticut; displaying a face that, though very strong-featured, was by no means ugly.

"And now"—said Jonathina, seating herself on an ottoman—"to keep you no longer in suspense (for suspense is painful)—(I presume you are the wife of Chesterwood)—I will just inform you that, having a great desire to see the world, I have come to pass a week or two in Philadelphia with you and your husband, who, you know, is, like myself, a native of Connecticut."

"Are you a relation of his?"—inquired Mrs. Chesterwood.

"No, not quite—though I was once very near being so. I am cousin to a first love of his, Fabiana Faber, to whom he was much attached while at Yale; and they would certainly have been married, only she found that a New York merchant was more to her taste; and she went with her husband to Europe, and died there. I never saw Mr. Chesterwood but twice, for I did not live in New Haven. He was desperately in love with my cousin Fabiana; and I dare say for her sake he will recollect me, and show me every sort of civility. First love is always lasting. Men never love so well as the first time. I have forsworn the whole sex since Lawyer Snively deserted me for the widow Sturgis, a woman noted for nothing but her wealth and her finery."

Mrs. Chesterwood looked at her guest, and was not much surprised at hearing of this desertion.

"Now"—continued Miss Judd—"I will explain that an aunt who brought me up, left me, at her death, a small house in a village not far from New Haven, and money enough to support it and myself; and there I have been living for the last seven years, (with very good help, daughter to one of the neighbors,) and doing exactly as I please. I have relations in New Haven, of whom I am quite independent; therefore I do not care

for any of their advice, and am determined to go where I please, and act as I please; always taking care to do nothing morally wrong. So every summer I take a journey somewhere to see the world; and having heard that Harry Chesterwood had married a southerner, and settled in Philadelphia, and being cousin to his first love, I have come to make a visit. Now here is a certificate of my respectability, signed by some of the best names in New Haven county, for I never travel without a character. Nobody ever should."

Mrs. Chesterwood, much amused at the *sang froid* and eccentricity of her guest, looked at the certificate, and found it every way satisfactory as to the respectability of Miss Jonathina Judd. She then desired the lady to excuse her for a few minutes, and left the room to give orders concerning the apartment to be prepared for her.

When Mrs. Chesterwood returned, she found Miss Judd had located herself in the front parlor, where, having raised the sashes and drawn up the blinds to their full height, she was seated at one of the windows, with the sun and dust pouring in upon her, and upon everything in the room.

"You see"—said she, on perceiving the entrance of her hostess—"I have begun already to enjoy the sights of Philadelphia. As yet I have seen nothing go by but people, and not many of them."

"The heat of the weather is now so great"—replied Mrs. Chesterwood—"that few persons venture out till after the sun has declined."

"Yes, I know"—resumed Jonathina—"many people have a prejudice against the sun. My idea is that we ought to enjoy everything and be annoyed by nothing. That is my philosophy."

"Mine is"—replied Mrs. Chesterwood—"that there is nothing meritorious in quietly submitting to any inconvenience that we can easily prevent or remedy. For instance, are you not incommoded, at this very time, by the glare of the sun, and the dust raised by every carriage that passes along? You see how it has come in at the open window."

"I have long since made up my mind"—said Jonathina—"never to look upon the sun as a trouble. And as to the dust, only two carriages have passed by, and three omnibuses. I counted every one; for accuracy is desirable in all things. In the first omnibus were only three men, two women, and a child. In the second were—"

"And now, Miss Judd"—interrupted Mrs. Chesterwood—"your apartment is ready, and a servant is waiting to conduct you to it. You will probably wish to change your dress."

"Why?"—inquired Jonathina.

"After travelling in warm weather"—replied Mrs. Chesterwood—"most ladies wish to refresh themselves by a change of dress."

"I am not a lady"—resumed Miss Judd. "Don't be startled—at least I do not call myself by that absurd title. But I am a perfectly respectable woman, and I am above all the nonsense of empty forms and ceremonies. Now, in our republican country, the terms lady and gentleman are entirely out of place. They belong only to the aristocracies of Europe. We Americans should glory in being men and women. As to dress, I regard it merely as a covering; and I consider the time devoted to it as a mere waste of existence. To dress once a day is enough; and I was dressed clean this morning, before I left New York."

"Would you not like to arrange your hair?"—said Mrs. Chesterwood.

"I had it cut off, purposely to avoid all unnecessary trouble in arranging it."

"But really, Miss Judd, it is greatly disordered."

"So much the better"—(*looking in the glass.*) "When it stands on end, the air passes through it, and it is far cooler when thus disordered, as you call it, than if pressed down close upon my head with a comb or brush. Now, that is the philosophy of hair."

"I think"—observed Mrs. Chesterwood—"as there is so little to be seen in the street during the heat of the afternoon, you would find it pleasanter to retire to your room, and repose till tea-time. You will find some new books there."

Then calling Zuby, who was standing just without the parlor door, Mrs. Chesterwood desired the girl to show Miss Judd up stairs, and attend to her. The baggage had already been carried up, and Jonathina sat down on her large box.

"There's chairs plenty"—said Zuby, handing her one. "Maybe you'd like to get something out of your trunk?"

"Good girl!"—replied Jonathina, looking at her with great complaisance. "I feel a friendship for you already."

"La! ma'am!"—exclaimed Zuby.

"Yes I do, most sincerely; and early impressions are lasting. I foresee that you and I will be like two sisters."

"Oh! laws a mercy!"—exclaimed the colored girl.

"What name do you rejoice in?"—pursued Miss Judd.

"As to my name"—replied Zuby—"I can't say that I rejoice in it much. If I'd had the naming of myself I should have chose a prettier. I should like to have been Rosalily or Blanchiflower. And I hate my name worse since the boys, that worried us to death here last winter, had a way of saying—'Zuby, Zuby, rhymes to looby.'"

"I see we shall be friends"—resumed Miss Judd. "And now, Zuby, for a beginning, I will treat you with unbounded confidence."

"I don't know what bounded confidence is"—observed the girl—"but if you'll only use me well and be polite to me, that will do."

"No fear of my not being kind to you, Zuby. I take the utmost interest in your whole race."

"I can run pretty fast, to be sure"—said Zuby—"and I *could* race if there was any occasion. But Vance is the one that goes most of the ar-rants."

"Your ideas no doubt are excellent"—remarked Jonathina—"but I see I must assist you in developing them to advantage. Ask me anything you wish to know, and say to me whatever you please."

"That I will"—answered Zuby, with much animation. "So what's the reason you wear such an ugly gown? And where did you get that horrid bonnet? And why don't you travel with a right sort of trunk, and a right sort of bag? And what have you stuffed into that big basket? And why did you ring the bell so queer?"

"Stop! stop!"—exclaimed Miss Judd—"you are running on quite too fast. I must answer your questions one at a time."

"Do. So first of all—why did you let your mantuamaker spoil your gown so? Did you pay her? She did not deserve five cents. She must be the worst mantuamaker that ever lived. And your milliner is just as bad, for your bonnet's dreadful."

"The mantuamaker and the milliner were the same person"—said Miss Judd, looking down.

"So I should think. 'Twould be a pity if there were two such."

"It was myself"—said Jonathina. "As there is no reason why all women should not make their own clothes, I always do so, by way of setting an example to my neighbors."

"But la! ma'am"—rejoined Zuby—"I should think they would not be willing to follow these examples in their own gowns and bonnets. I guess not many asked you for patterns."

"I have my own peculiar way of doing everything"—said Jonathina—"just according to my own taste and convenience. Zuby, I can teach all my ways to you."

"Oh! dear no, ma'am"—said the girl, curtsying—"I'd rather you'd not trouble yourself."

"Well, what next, Zuby?"

"And now about your baggage—it looks so uncommon."

"I see no reason for wasting money on handsome leather trunks with brass ornaments, or on showy carpet-bags, when they are exposed to all the accidents and wear and tear of travelling. So I have mine cheap and plain and strong, and such as can bear knocking about."

"There seems some sense in what you've said last. And now, what is it that stuffs out your straw basket so?"

"That is my new silk gown. I forgot it till my box and bag were both as full as they could hold; and there was no other way than to squeeze it into this basket."

"Oh, laws a mercy! did I ever hear the like? Who'd ever think of squeezing up a silk gown so as to cram it into a hand-basket? What a sight it will be! But now about that bell-ringing—why you pulled it so long and hard! I don't care much about it myself, but Vance wants to know."

"I always ring a bell powerfully, and long enough to ensure its being heard. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

"That sounds sensible, too. True enough, many people pull the bell too weak, so that it don't sound; and then they're vexed at Vance not coming to the door soon enough."

"The world is peopled with fools."

"Pretty much so. That's what Vance is always saying. And now"—continued the girl, emboldened by the familiarity of the stranger—"Vance and me are a good deal 'plexed and puzzled about knowing who you are, and what brought you to our house. To be sure you're quite welcome—we're so very rich here, and not a bit mean, like the people next door. We could entertain the Queen of Mexico."

Jonathina Judd then very condescendingly (or rather without feeling it a condescension) gave the girl Zuby an account of herself, similar to that she had just related to Mrs. Chesterwood, and showed her also the certificate.

"Oh, la!"—exclaimed Zuby—"how wonderful—for white folks to be travelling with a passport, like colored folks in the Southern States."

"'Tis a great pity they don't"—remarked Miss Judd. "It would then be known what they really are."

"That's sensible, too"—observed Zuby. "And now about that hair of yours—do let me fix it in some sort of Christian fashion. I feel like taking pity on you, and I want to see you look as handsome as you can."

Thus flattered, Miss Judd produced a comb and brush from the leather bag, and submitted her head to the dextrous hands of the mulatto girl, who, with no little trouble and perseverance, reduced her hair to a rational form,

saying as she finished—"Now mind and keep your hands still, and don't go rambling them through your head, and spoil all my work. There, now, look in the glass, and see what I've made of you."

"I am much obliged to you, Zuby."

"Not a bit you needn't be. I take pleasure in doing good. And now let me see that silk gown. It must be in a sad bungle, all crushed up and crammed into that narrow flat-sided basket; but maybe it ain't quite past cure. Oh, mercy, mercy! what a heart-breaking sight! Just a hard-squeezed lump of striped silk. Why did you get stripes of two browns—red brown and brown brown? I don't know how to begin to open it out. Oh, this must be the body, all bundled up in the skirt. Where's the other sleeve? There *must* be two sleeves—at least there ought to be!"

"It does look somewhat disordered"—remarked Miss Judd, placidly, as Zuby shook out the gown.

"Disordered! It's the rumpledest thing I ever saw in all my born days! And how can it be otherwise?"

"Can it not be ironed out?"

"I am afraid it's past irons. However, I'll take it down stairs, and try, out of pure pity, what can be done with it. I want Vance to see it. I'll try and make it look decent if you'll promise to put it on this evening, and wear it before mistress. Who knows but company may come in? And I should be so 'shamed here, in a genteel house like ours, if strangers were to see you in that horrid thing you have on. Now take care and keep your head right, and don't dare to lay down, or lean it against the wall, or get it all scrambled as bad as ever. Have you no collars in your box? You *must* have something of the sort. Give me one, and I'll take it down and smooth it over for you. I dare say it will want it."

"I have this plaid silk handkerchief"—said Miss Judd, producing one from her box. "When I am dressed, I wear this instead of a collar."

"Pah! wah!"—exclaimed Zuby. "Silk to silk, and nothing white about your neck? Nobody can look like a lady that way!"

And the mulatto girl was more than half right. No lady (or gentleman either) can possibly look well unless there is something white near the neck or face. It is surprising what an ungenteel effect the non-observance of this fact imparts, even to the most genteel personages.

The silk dress striped with two dull browns was skillfully ironed by Zuby, who during the process discovered in it numerous faults of making, which were "past cure, past help."

On her way to Miss Judd's room, she stopped in at that of Mrs. Chesterwood, with the gown hanging over her arm, and said she had come to ask "a bit of charity of her mistress." The ever ready purse of Mrs. Chesterwood was immediately taken out, when Zuby stopped her by saying—"Oh, no, ma'am; it ain't for a real right-down beggar—it ain't money I want. It's something for that poor Miss Judd, who hasn't a white collar on the face of the earth. As for seeing her go about with a dingy plaid silk handkerchief on her neck, after I've had the trouble of damping and ironing this gown and trying to make it look fit to wear, 'tis what I can't give up to, nohow. So, as I really pity the poor thing, and am willing to take her in charge, and do all I can for her, now she's here in mistress's house, I've just come to ask if you won't lend her one of your collars to look decent in, till she can be made to get something white for herself. You needn't be particular which. Your very worst one will do."

Mrs. Chesterwood took out a neat French-worked collar, and desired

Zuby to carry it to Miss Judd, with her compliments and a request that she would accept it.

"Do you give it her to keep?" asked Zuby.

"Yes—though perhaps it may offend her."

"Not a bit. She's very hard to-affront. I can say anything I please to her already. She says she and me is to be like sisters—but, to be sure, that's all fudge. Besides, I don't want to. Anyhow, ma'am, you'd better give her up pretty much to me and Vance. He's willing to help me in taking the trouble off your hands. Phillis and Venus declare off, and say they don't want nothing to do with her, for they think she ain't genteel. But I tell them they ought to excuse her, for it takes a great many people to make up a whole world full, and we can't expect everybody to equal ourselves, as Vance often tells us. Well, I'll go now and try how decent I can make the stranger person look."

When Mr. Chesterwood came home, his wife told him of the arrival of their extraordinary guest, the cousin of his first love. He smiled, and confessed that, while at college, he had really been smitten with Miss Fabiana Faber, a young lady who had nothing attractive but a pretty face; and who, after jilting himself, had made a very silly, heartless wife to a husband who knew nothing but how to make money, while she knew nothing but how to waste it. Miss Judd, though he had seen her but twice, he well recollected from her singular appearance, strange manners, and disregard of the usages of society. And he remembered the fair Fabiana saying that she was always ashamed of her cousin Jonathina.

"And now"—said Mrs. Chesterwood—"what shall we do with her?"

"We will do the best we can"—replied her husband—"and with a good grace, too. Let us not be annoyed by her peculiarities, but rather regard them as a source of amusement. It is pleasant sometimes to meet with a new and extraordinary variety of the human species."

"But her uninvited visit, with little or rather no claim on our acquaintance"—remarked Mrs. Chesterwood—"denotes such entire ignorance of the world and its customs."

"Still, my dear Julia"—said Mr. Chesterwood—"think how little will be the annoyance of this visit to us, compared with the enjoyment it may afford to a lonely woman who does us the honor to confide in our kindness and hospitality."

"What will our friends think of her?"—said the lady.

"Our friends"—he replied—"will soon understand that she is what is called 'a character,' and therefore not to be judged by common rules. I am very sure they will look on her with due indulgence."

"And now, dear Harry"—answered his wife—"I will try to regard this visitation in the most favorable light—at least it may afford me an opportunity of exercising a virtue for which I have hitherto had but little occasion—that of forbearance."

"Very well, my beloved Julia. And the more your virtues develop themselves, the more of course I shall love you."

Miss Jonathina Judd came down to tea, fresh from the improving hands of Zuby, who had managed to make the ill-fitting striped silk look somewhat passable, by means of taking in here and opening out there, and pinning down in some places and pinning up in others. Also, her hair had undergone an additional smoothing, and her neck was graced with the new collar. Mr. Chesterwood came forward, recognized Miss Judd, and talked to her of Connecticut.

As soon as tea was over, Jonathina went to her own room, and not coming down again, Mrs. Chesterwood sent Zuby to see after her.

Zuby carried up a light, and found Miss Judd sitting rocking in the rocking-chair, absorbed in thought, with her head thrown back and the moonbeams shining full in her face.

"Come in, Zuby"—said she—"and take a chair. Being tired of my journey, and wishing to feel quite easy, I have exchanged my silk dress for a loose gown."

"Well, to be sure"—exclaimed Zuby—"that loose gown, as you call it, is the tightest thing I ever saw in my life. It is so narrow that it meets nowhere. It must be hard work to drag it on, and harder still to wear it. But what's that thing on your head?"

"'Tis a new muslin cap of my own invention. It will do either for night or morning. I made it myself."

"More's the pity, for it's like nothing human. It is falling a'most over your eyes in front; and behind, it stands away out loose, and it don't half cover the back of your head. And even if it was deep enough in the neck (which it ain't), there ain't the least bit of a string to draw it in behind and make it sit close. What a cap!"

"The drawing-strings are exactly in front"—explained Jonathina, taking it off. "There are two of them; one just above the other—two strings run into short cases, rather low down on the forehead. See—when I pull this string, one case goes slanting up; and when I pull the other, that case goes slanting down."

"To be sure they will, when there's only one string in each case, and both the cases are run crooked—an infirm sort of bias."

Miss Judd stretched the cap over her knee, and began pulling at the two strings, neither of which was capable of being tied.

"This cap is quite an idea of my own"—said she. "The pattern has never been taken."

"So I suppose"—returned the girl. "'Tis certainly a new notion. I should call it the see-saw pattern—for that's the way the strings go when you pull them, one up and one down, and no way of bringing them together so as to tie decently. If they are to go flying, two short bits of tape ain't much of ornaments."

"Tastes are different, Zuby"—remarked Miss Judd.

"Yes, yes, I know that very well. As Vance says—'Some men like good meat, and some prefer rank pison.' But I don't think it's the same with caps, for here's one that can suit no Christian taste. However, let me have it, and try if I can make it so that it will stick on your head. If this is your style of caps, no wonder your hair is so scrabbly."

Zuby then took the cap, and endeavored to render it wearable by plaiting in and pinning the back; and forming the front into something like a shape, though obliged to leave the see-saw strings inactive.

"Now, Miss Judd"—said Zuby—"it's my solemn request that you get a new set of things now you've the pleasure of being in Philadelphia, so as not to disgrace us. And let them all be made by Christian people, and not by yourself."

"All my garments are quite good enough for me"—said Jonathina.

"I suppose they are—but then they're not good enough for us. We're very genteel here. And as Vance says—'when you're staying in Roman families, you should try to do like Romans.' Of course, Philadelphia's just the same as Rome. Now, to-night, Miss Judd, when you're laying

in your silent bed, think of what I've been a saying to you. Remember, it's all for your own good."

"I'm not going to bed yet awhile"—said Miss Judd. "I'm getting over my fatigue, and I'll go down stairs, and sit with Mr. and Mrs. Chesterwood."

"What, in this rig?"

"Why not? You cannot suppose I'll dress up in my silk again at nine o'clock in the evening?"

"No, no; I don't suppose it—and I don't wish it. And all your hair to be fixed, too? But as for your setting in the parlor in this trim with ladies and gentlemen, it's quite out of all reason, and it won't do. Suppose visitors should come in! What would they think?"

"I'm perfectly indifferent as to what is thought of me, as long as I do nothing morally wrong. That is my philosophy."

"If that's what you call philosophy, I'm glad I han't none of it. My experience is that it's better to act wrong than foolish. Come now, be good, and stay up stairs and look at the moon, or read a book, or go to bed, or do any reasonable thing, and I'll bring you up some fruit and cake, for we always have such things in the evening."

Finally, Miss Judd was prevailed on to remain in her room, and be seen no more that night.

Next morning, when it was scarcely light enough to discern objects distinctly, a going about was heard in the house, and an opening of doors and windows.

"The servants are up unusually early"—said Mr. Chesterwood.

"I fear"—replied his wife—"it is not the servants, but your first love's cousin. I have no doubt that rising with the lark is 'her custom always in the morning.'"

And Miss Judd it really was. She came down in her grass-cloth gown, threw up the sashes, and leaned far out of one of the front parlor windows, gazing upon the silent street. It was too early even to see the working-people going to commence the labors of the day. Not a horse, not a vehicle was in view; but there was, at times, a distant sound as from another street, of market carts coming into town. The milk-men and the bakers, and the newspaper carriers, had not yet commenced their rounds. It was even too early for the noted pavement-washing in Philadelphia.

When tired of looking out at nothing, Jonathina threw open the windows of the back parlor, and exercised herself by a promenade through both rooms, and then sat down at a table, and took up a book which lay there.

At length the city began to waken. Mr. Chesterwood's servants were not sluggards, and Vance came in to put the parlors in order.

"I am afraid, ma'am, I shall discommode you"—said the colored man.

"Oh, don't mind me"—replied Miss Judd. "Sweep away—brush away—dust away. I wish to see how parlors are cleaned in Philadelphia. I am travelling for improvement; I don't mind trifles. And in the pursuit of knowledge, I am, not easily troubled or annoyed with anything. Then I have not the least bit of pride."

"I fear, ma'am, you'll be covered with dust"—said Vance, sweeping round her.

"Then sweep lightly, and raise as little dust as possible"—persisted Miss Judd. "The color of my dress is excellent for hiding it."

She changed from seat to seat, always going to the very place that was most inconvenient, and always most particularly in Vance's way. He

brought in a small tub and a house-cloth, and began to wash the summer matting that covered the parlor floors.

"Well, Vance, what are you doing now?"

"I'm washing the floor-mat with salt and water, to keep it from turning brown."

"Well, now, that's a thing I never knew before. 'Live and learn,' says the proverb."

"Yes, ma'am. If we choose to continue living, we must expect to pick up learning."

"Now, Vance, let me wash a little of that matting. I should like to try how it is done."

"Oh, no, ma'am; I'd rather you wouldn't. You know it injures the soup if too many cooks are seasoning at it."

"Now you talk of cooks"—said Jonathina—"I think I'll go into the kitchen and see how *your* cook gets breakfast."

"Excuse me, ma'am, but please don't. I beg your pardon, ma'am—but Venus will be so put out."

"I travel for improvement. I'm seeing the world"—said Miss Judd, pertinaciously walking out of the room.

She found her way to the kitchen; first falling down stairs. Hearing the noise, the women ran out to see what was coming. But she had cleverly picked herself up; and protesting she was not hurt, Miss Judd followed Venus and Phillis into the culinary region:

Here she went all round, examining everything; investigating the contents of the dresser-drawers; taking down the tins, &c., and neglecting to return them to their places; also looking in the store-closet, and inspecting the barrels and boxes. All this much discomfited Venus, and highly diverted Phillis. Then seating herself on a settle bench near the sink, Miss Jonathina Judd informed the colored women "that she was not proud."

"Very likely, ma'am"—said Venus. "There's five or six different sorts of pride. Which sort do you mean that you ain't?"

"No sort"—replied Jonathina. "I have a perpetual thirst for knowledge; and I'm curious to know how you cook. So I will stay here to see you get breakfast. I expect to learn a great deal by seeing your process."

"I don't know what a process is"—said Venus. "It is a dish I'm not up to. I never could talk dick in my life."

"Dick! What language is that?"

"She means dicksonary—hard words"—explained Phillis. "We colored folks often say dick for shortness."

"Well, Venus"—pursued Jonathina—"when are you going to begin getting breakfast?"

"I'm very narvous"—was the reply—"and I can't cook if anybody's looking at me."

"Oh you need not mind me"—said Miss Judd.

"Why not?"—inquired Venus.

At this juncture came in Zuby, who, seeing Miss Judd, exclaimed—"Well, now, if ever! Why, Miss Judd, what brought you down here? This is against all the laws of the land, and it won't do. Please to go up stairs, and settle to something. We shall have no breakfast got this way."

Finally, Jonathina was induced to return to the parlor, which was now in order; but she soon disordered it. She rambled listlessly about both

rooms, sat on all chairs; again raised the window-blinds, and leaned out; saw the milkman leave milk and cream, and the baker leave bread and rolls; and inquired of the first if he watered his milk, and of the second if he adulterated his flour; and then told them she only asked for information. At last, seeing several persons pass by with baskets and butter-kettles, as if they were going to purchase their day's provision, she betought herself of following some of them till she found her way to the famous Philadelphia market. So she ran up for her bonnet, threw on a very hot and unsuitable shawl, and set off after a gentleman who (having sent on his servant man in advance) issued from the next house, himself carrying a small basket for fruit. This gentleman looked round several times to see what strange being seemed to be pursuing him.

When Mrs. Chesterwood came down, she inquired after Miss Judd; and Zuby told her, with great glee, that she had seen her "pacing full tilt, as hard as she could after Mr. Allison, on his way to market."

"I fear she will lose herself"—said Mrs. Chesterwood.

"No danger"—answered Zuby. "I heard her say she could always find her way everywhere. And if she gets lost and never is found, so much the better."

An hour passed on—still Jonathina came not. Mr. Chesterwood took his breakfast alone, that he might hasten to his counting-house; but Mrs. Chesterwood was unwilling to sit down to hers before the return of their guest. Still there was no sign of Jonathina, though Vance went out repeatedly, and stood at the corner, looking up and down the street in quest of her—but all in vain.

At last, Miss Jonathina Judd was descried in the act of turning the corner, eating a huge ginger-cake, and with the other hand awkwardly holding on to the handle of a market-basket, which was carried by a tall stout black boy of eighteen or nineteen, the hired servant of Mr. Allison. The boy looked much annoyed at the attention and wonderment attracted by his unusual assistant, as most of the people stared and laughed in passing. Vance immediately hastened forward, and, taking the basket himself, informed Miss Judd that Mrs. Chesterwood had long been waiting breakfast for her. The two servants then walked together, and the lady went before them.

"Samp"—said Vance, aside to his companion—"I thought you were a strong man like your namesake. How could you let a woman (lady, I mean) help you carry your basket? Such doings here in Philadelphia is a monstrosity."

"It ain't my fault"—replied Sampson, pouting—"the woman—the lady knows she came up and proposed it herself. She said the basket was too heavy for me; which it ain't. I'm as strong as a black horse, be his color what it may. But she laid hold of the handle, and would subside on helping me, for all I told her that ladies never helped colored folks to carry baskets."

"More shame for them"—observed Jonathina, overhearing their talk.

"I feel as if I had a mission to reform Philadelphia."

"Oh, please ma'am"—exclaimed Vance—"do take permission to deform some other place! Philadelphia is as stubborn as a mule in all its ways, and won't ever be better. There's no making a purse of handsome silk out of the rough, hairy ears of a large old pig."

As soon as Miss Judd had got into the house, the two colored men, going behind, indulged in a laugh at her expense.

"If you'd only seen that strange woman"—said Samp—"following us

about in the market, Mr. Allison dodging her all the time, and she keeping close behind, and stopping at the stalls wherever we stopped, and persuading the market folks not to ask such high prices, and thereby affronting some of them, and setting a-laughing the people that was about. So Mr. Allison was glad to cut short his marketing, and slip out of the market-house, and run across to his store."

"I have it"—said Vance, pondering, and looking wise. "She is a woman of a very uncommon specie, and has a great notion of doing all the good she can, only she don't know how."

Meantime, Jonathina, seated at the breakfast-table, was descanting on the beauties of Philadelphia market, or rather of the marketing. After breakfast, Mrs. Chesterwood, well aware that the wardrobe of her guest required improvement, asked Miss Judd if she would like to visit some of the Philadelphia shops.

"Are you going shopping yourself?"—was Jonathina's answer. "If you are, and want a companion, I will cheerfully go with you. For my own part, I require nothing; always considering dress below the dignity of woman."

"Not quite"—said her hostess. "If we live in the world, we must in some measure conform to its usages."

"That depends on what we understand by the world"—replied Jonathina. "As long as we do nothing morally wrong, I think we are not obliged, in dress or in anything else, to follow fashions that originate we do not know how, and are introduced by we do not know whom. What a pleasing variety there would be, if we all wore garments according to our own taste and convenience, and if we did everything else in the same independent way."

"As to consulting nothing but our own convenience in our actions"—replied Mrs. Chesterwood—"we could not always do so without infringing on the comfort and convenience of others. Also, by dressing well, and in decidedly good taste, we present agreeable objects to the eyes of those who see us, and offer a pleasure to their sense of sight."

"Not if they are women"—replied Miss Judd. "Women are more likely to envy than admire a well-dressed female. For my part, I have always been careful never to excite envy. Rather than do so, I would 'hide my lights under a bushel.' As to having a variety of dresses at once, what folly it is! Would it not be far more rational to get but one at a time, and wear that only, as long as it lasted? What a saving of money that might be better bestowed! Now, I became so tired of mantua-makers and milliners, that I long since resolved on making my own gowns, caps, and bonnets; and that without bestowing much time, thought, or pains on such idle work, or caring whether the things exactly fitted me or not; considering them only as coverings. I am always, when thus employed, anxious to get through, and return to the improvement of my mind, and the acquirement of knowledge. Sometimes, indeed, by way of exercising my inventive genius, I try new ways of constructing articles of raiment; but, if not successful, I wear them all the same, considering my looks as entirely my own affair."

"But things that are ill made are seldom comfortable"—observed Mrs. Chesterwood.

"Then it is our duty to accommodate ourselves to discomforts, and to be fastidious about nothing"—replied Jonathina. "For my part, I have serious thoughts of giving up all regular gowns and frocks, and making mine

in the loose form of wrappers or slips; and of nothing more expensive than calico; wearing always shoes the true shape of my feet; keeping my hair always cut closely to my head so as never to be more than an inch long; and covering it, when I go out, with a sun-bonnet or hood, having attached to it a long cape descending below my waist, so as to save the trouble of a shawl."

"A very sensible and convenient costume, no doubt"—said Mrs. Chesterwood—"but I hope you will not adopt it while in Philadelphia."

"Why not? Is there any danger of my being either prosecuted or persecuted for doing so? Would I be insulted, abused, fined, or imprisoned?"

"Neither; but you might be ridiculed. And it requires much courage to encounter 'the world's dread laugh.'"

"I have no fear of that, in a good cause"—was Jonathina's answer. "And I think I could convince even the Philadelphians that such a system of dress, if steadily pursued, would render their women both healthy and wealthy—ay, and wise also. Let me begin with you as my first pupil."

"There is much truth in your theory"—said Mrs. Chesterwood—"but I fear there will be great difficulty in reducing it to practice. I, for one, have not courage to begin. And yet I never conform so implicitly to the prevailing fashion as to wear anything that I know to be unbecoming or uncomfortable."

Mrs. Chesterwood had left the room to prepare for her shopping expedition, and Jonathina, as usual, was seeing the world from one of the front parlor windows, when Vance came in to clear away the table, and Zuby soon followed after.

"Miss Judd"—said he, with one of his second-best bows—"plenty to eat is as good as a great dinner-party; and some things may be reformed on Monday, some on Wednesday, and some on Saturday."

"Which means"—said Zuby—"that 'Enough's as good as a feast,' and 'There's a time for all things.'"

"Very true"—replied Jonathina—"but what have these proverbs to do with me?"

"Only this"—answered Zuby—"that there's been quite enough of your setting for ever at these here windows, and it's time you would quit practicing it."

"Excuse my resumption, ma'am, and Zuby's also"—said Vance, with his third-best bow—"but if you would only ingratify me so far as to allow the heat, and sun, and dust to be propelled from this room—if you'd only do me the honor to take the air in your own apartment, and let me shut the shutters."

"Miss Judd"—added Zuby—"don't be 'fronted—but all your ways is awful; and them that don't know nothing of human natur ought to be learnt it till they do. Don't you understand yet that though mistress is too polite to say anything about it, we can't have the parlors heated, and the furniture dustified, that you may sit at the windows looking out for prospects. Your own room's your castle, or your abbey, or your tower of strength, or whatever you choose to call it, and there you may do just as you choose about most things."

"There, you can take the privilege"—added Vance.

"Well, well"—replied Jonathina—"I see I am nothing more than a child in your hands—a mere nose of wax, to be moulded any way. I don't know that I would let white people talk to me in this manner."

So saying, she rose and departed.

"What does she mean by a mouldy nose of wax?"—said Vance, looking perplexed.

"I am sure I don't pretend to fathom out half her meanings"—said Zuby—"and I neither know nor care. I suppose she's understood in New Haven, wherever that may be, or in that other place she calls Connecticut. As to her own nose, I looked at it when she spoke, and it seemed pretty much like other people's."

In passing the door of Mrs. Chesterwood's room, she saw her hostess equipping herself for walking, and Jonathina said to her—"Upon farther consideration, I think I had best see some of the Philadelphia stores. It will increase my stock of knowledge. I'll just put on my bonnet, and then I shall be ready to accompany you. Of course, this dress will do?"

Mrs. Chesterwood looked at the "suit of buckram," and knew that it would not do at all. She had supposed, when she invited Miss Judd to accompany her, that her guest would, of course, understand that such a costume was not admissible for a shopping expedition in a large city. However, before Mrs. Chesterwood had arranged a gentle and delicate reply, Miss Judd had entered her own apartment, put on her hideous bonnet, and was seeking her gloves, which were always lost.

Presently entered Zuby, with a plaid silk dress of Mrs. Chesterwood's on her arm, and in her hand a straw bonnet, trimmed with white.

"There, now, Miss Judd"—said the girl—"see what it is to fall among quality! We are so very rich, that mistress has plenty of everything; and so she lends you this purple and green plaid silk, and one of her own straw bonnets; for she has two, and could have two-and-twenty if she wanted them. I told her it was better to try and make you look decent than to go out with such an object as you are now. It ain't likely mistress's dress will fit you, but may be it can be managed somehow."

"I have concluded to be passive"—said Miss Judd.

"Best for you. There, now—we've dragged it on, pretty harmonious. To be sure it's a great deal too long, but then it will cover your feet the better. The body won't meet, by any pulling or squeezing possible or probable; so it will have to go flying. But I can pin over the skirt-slit, so that it won't gape. And then, here's the cape to it; and large capes hides a multitude of sins—I mean in dress bodies. There—finish with the pretty muslin-worked collar mistress gave you! And now, let me flatten down that hair of yours, and tie on the straw bonnet. Oh! mercy, mistress's pretty bonnet won't come down on you! It coggles right up on the top of your head. Let me give it another pull with both hands. Any how, it's better than that horror of your own. There, now, I've made the best of you I could. And how well you take mistress's lending you her clothes! You don't seem the least hurt about it."

"Why should I?"—answered Miss Judd. "All the kindnesses I receive I take as things of course, due from one human being to another. Our bounden duty is to do all the good we can to our fellow-creatures and to accept without reluctance all favors that are offered to us. By so doing, we confer a favor on the givers and reward them for their generosity. This is my philosophy."

"I can't say I quite understand your sort of philosophy"—said Zuby. "But I can tell you the best way of paying mistress, and you may do it this day—try and behave yourself like other people; and don't disgrace her in the street, and make her ashamed of you in the shops."

Mrs. Chesterwood and her eccentric guest proceeded towards Chestnut street; Miss Judd frequently lagging behind, to look after things and people; and, in her thirst for knowledge, stopping at a corner where there was a fruit and candy-stall, and inquiring of its keeper if he paid any rent for the place, and what were his average profits. She ended by the purchase of some dry dates, all clodded into a lump, which she employed her fingers in separating, after she had overtaken Mrs. Chesterwood. While thus picking the dates apart, she was constrained to carry her parasol under her arm, from whence it slipped down and rolled towards the gutter; and, in running after and recovering it, she dropped her dates, which, to Mrs. Chesterwood's great regret, were picked up and restored to her by an over-honest chimney-sweep. Miss Judd, with much praise of his integrity, generously rewarded the boy by a free gift of the aforesaid dates, with which, instead of crying "largesse," he walked away grinning.

After gazing a long time at the display in the windows, she followed Mrs. Chesterwood into one of the most fashionable and elegant stores in Chestnut street. That lady having soon selected a dress for herself, asked her companion, in a low voice, if she had any inclination to do the same.

"I do not want a dress"—replied Jonathina. "I have two already—three, indeed—two at your house, and one at home."

The attendants behind the counter looked down and bit their lips. Mrs. Chesterwood first blushed and then smiled.

"Perhaps, however"—proceeded Jonathina—"now that I am in Philadelphia, I may as well get another. But as I really want none, at present, I will not go beyond a dark muslin de laine."

"For warm summer weather?"—said Mrs. Chesterwood, deprecatingly.

"Oh no—I shall lay it by till fall."

Mrs. Chesterwood took her aside, and said to her—"Allow me, Miss Judd, for the sake of your cousin, my husband's first love, to present you with a foulard."

"What is that?"—inquired Jonathina.

"A summer silk, printed in colors. There is a handsome variety in this store. Permit me to select one for you."

"Just as you please"—replied Miss Judd. "To gratify you, I willingly accept it."

Mrs. Chesterwood chose for her a very pretty olive and pink foulard, and desired it to be sent immediately to a dressmaker's in the neighborhood, whom she indicated. She then conducted her guest to a milliner's; and, having purchased a morning cap for herself, she induced Miss Judd to try on several drawn or casing bonnets, till she found one of lavender-colored silk that fitted her, and which she was prevailed on to take into immediate use, leaving the other to be sent home. Mrs. Chesterwood then conveyed her to the dressmaker's, and she was fitted for the foulard, which was promised to be completed by the afternoon after next.

The morning tour was finished at a confectioner's, where they took ice cream and almond cake, and where Jonathina, ever anxious for knowledge, stayed behind Mrs. Chesterwood, to ask the ingredients of the various bonbons or sugar things in the glass cases, and to inquire how they were made, of the girls at the counter, who, of course, knew no particulars of the composition.

The day passed on much as might be expected; Mr. Chesterwood, when at home, relieving his wife in the task of conversing with Miss Judd,

who, at the desire of her hostess, continued to wear the plaid silk she had sent her, the cape concealing that the body could only be fastened by one hook.

Several days elapsed, developing new traits of singularity in Miss Jonathina Judd, who, meanwhile, was taken by the Chesterwoods to all the usual sights of Philadelphia. Her eccentricity would have been somewhat amusing to her entertainers, had it not also been so very inconvenient. If checked in one place, or rather in one thing, she was sure to break out in another. Yet, with scarcely a particle of common sense or practical knowledge, and with a total absence of good taste and judgment, she possessed some crude ideas that, if "licked into shape," might have produced some good results. Pride she had none, neither false pride nor proper pride; or, rather, she was totally devoid of self-respect in most things that were not "morally wrong." She evinced no gratitude for favors bestowed on her, for she supposed the continual exercise of kindness a pleasurable duty, which all who had the means were bound to perform. She had not sufficient tact to perceive that what she called her independent way of acting might probably encroach upon the convenience of those about her, and that in professing to be *above* the forms of polished society, she rather degraded than elevated herself. She understood nothing of the world, notwithstanding her perpetual pursuit of knowledge. She was full of theory, which she knew not how to bring into practice; and what she did practice was either in ignorance or in defiance of the observances that polish away the roughnesses of human nature, and render social intercourse smooth and agreeable.

"Vance"—said the mulatto girl Zuby—"if it wasn't for me and you, I don't know what would be done with Miss Judd. She minds nobody but us; and for my part, I have to be very sharp with her, for I can't trouble myself, like you, to be polite to all manner of geese and goobies; specially them that are phosophers. Well, thank fortune, she's now in her second week. I often wonder she don't get lost, in her wanderings and meanderings up town and down town, and even over Schuylkill. But no; like a bad penny, she is sure to come back to us."

"Her always returning to us like an impassable copper"—said Vance—"proves what I have long believed—that the streets of Philadelphia are straight and regular, crossing one another by degrees of forty-five angles, and therefore easy to find your way round a square."

"She has often asked me to go out with her"—said Zuby—"but I know better than that. I ain't going to bemean myself in the street, as company for any such outlandish person, with her queer walk, and queer looks, and queer ways, and everybody staring at her. Besides, I prefer going into public with my own color. It ain't genteel to walk with white people."

It being summer, nearly all the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chesterwood had left town, or were busily preparing to do so, therefore few visitors came to the house. Among those who, like the Chesterwoods, intended remaining in the city till July, were Mr. and Mrs. Penafield, who, living in the next street, came round to pass an evening with the host and hostess of our heroine. Mr. Penafield and Mr. Chesterwood sat together on an ottoman discussing the late news from Europe, and its probable effect on our own country; and Mrs. Penafield, who always brought her work, placed herself at a sofa-table, with Miss Judd (to whom she had been introduced) reclining beside her; and Mrs. Chesterwood sitting opposite with

her netting. Presently a neighboring lady came in, who preferred being near a window, and Mrs. Chesterwood changed her seat, and left Jonathina and Mrs. Penafield to entertain each other, Miss Judd being that evening in a very eloquent disposition.

Mrs. Penafield was habitually taciturn, and like many other persons who have "a great genius for silence," she was said, by some of her acquaintances, to be a very sensible, shrewd woman, if you only knew her well. Others only allowed her the reputation of being a good hearer. And so she was, if good hearing consists in sitting perfectly mute during the longest discourse, never offering either objection or assent to anything, and rarely making the slightest comment. Also her perpetual sewing was sufficiently interesting to keep her awake; and therefore she never shocked a determined talker by appearing sleepy or tired. But though she always heard passively, it was not so sure that she listened understandingly.

Miss Judd, that evening, was in a very loquacious, or rather a very declamatory humor, and, happy in securing such a hearer, held forth to Mrs. Penafield on Fourierism, transcendentalism, Millerism, and the whole circle of new isms, leaning towards all of them, but not quite a proselyte to any, and with very imperfect ideas of each. At parting, she said to her new friend, as she termed her—"My dear Mrs. Penafield, I think it a privilege to have enjoyed so much of your society. Our conversation has given me great pleasure. I have met with no one whose ideas and feelings are so much after my own mind and heart. I hope soon to renew our interesting dialogue."

Mrs. Penafield, who did not know herself to be a silent woman, felt rather flattered at these compliments to her conversational powers; and told Miss Judd she should be very happy to see her at her own house, before she left town.

"Where do you live?"—asked Jonathina.

Mrs. Penafield, thus taken at her word, could do no less than designate the street and number; and Miss Judd assured her new friend that she might depend on seeing a great deal of her.

When the Penafields had gone—"Really"—said Jonathina—"that is a most charming little woman. We have enjoyed together 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.' Her opinions on all subjects seem to correspond with mine."

The Chesterwoods smiled, but would not disturb her dream of delight by any remarks that might hint the possibility of her being mistaken.

Next morning, at the unseasonable hour of nine o'clock, Jonathina put on her new foulard dress, and, without notifying her intention, sallied forth to make a visit to Mrs. Penafield. It may be proper to mention, that, after the foulard came home, Zuby resolved that Miss Judd should wear no other while a guest at her mistress's house; and had, therefore, carried off and hidden the obnoxious grass-cloth, and the "still horrid brown stripe;" telling Jonathina that she would let her have them again when packing up to return home. "But till then"—said she—"I won't trust you with either of them two, for fear you should again disgrace us all by wearing the frights. No, no—I'm betetermined you shall stick to the foulard all the time you're here."

"I'm really under strange government"—said Jonathina.

"Be thankful, then, that you are"—replied Zuby. "Mistress, don't

know anything about managing queer folks, so I have taken the trouble off her hands—me and Vance.”

To proceed—Mrs. Penafield was rather surprised to receive at so early an hour a visit from her new friend, who, when the street door was opened, had perceived that lady in the back porch or piazza, and therefore walked directly through, and presented herself. Supposing that this early visit would be merely a short call, Mrs. Penafield did not, on asking her to be seated, invite Miss Judd to take off her bonnet, but Jonathina removed it of her own accord. The porch was shaded by a trellis thickly overgrown with honeysuckles and climbing roses, and in summer was the favorite sitting and sewing place of Mrs. Penafield, the morning sun not shining in that direction. Her work-basket stood on the settee beside her, and she was earnestly engaged in making a patch-work chair-cover, according to the most approved and tedious honeycomb pattern. She resumed her sewing, and Miss Judd commenced a discourse on algebra, from whence she went to architecture, and afterwards to chemistry, and then again to mineralogy; Mrs. Penafield either not speaking at all, or, when her opinion was asked, replying in vague monosyllables, meaning anything or nothing.

Miss Judd talked on, and sat on, till the cook came to take orders for dinner. Mrs. Penafield rose, and begged her guest to excuse her while she attended to some business in the storeroom.

“Use no ceremony with me”—replied Jonathina—“only send one of your daughters to take your place, and I will pursue with her the last subject we have been discussing.”

“I have no daughters”—answered Mrs. Penafield.

“One of your sons, then. I like the conversation of ‘ingenuous youth.’”

“My sons are both at an academy out of town. I fear I must leave you alone for a short time.”

“Oh, never mind! Just let me have a book—always to me an interesting companion.”

“Our books are all in the library”—replied Mrs. Penafield. “And my husband has the key away with him. I never read myself; having no time whatever.”

“Surprising! How then did you acquire the vast fund of knowledge that I discover in your conversation? I have it! Your husband reads to you.”

Mrs. Penafield did not say.

“Well, no matter. Go and attend to your household affairs, and I can sit here and meditate till your return. I will arrange some new perceptions on the subject of transcendentalism, and you shall have the benefit.”

Mrs. Penafield gasped at the idea; but was still more annoyed when Jonathina, on second thoughts, proposed accompanying her to the storeroom to see how it was arranged, and what was in it, saying—“In the pursuit of knowledge, I think no investigation too humble—even that of sugar and soap, and coffee and candles.”

To this proposal Mrs. Penafield, with all her suavity, would not consent, but could devise no better way of extricating herself from the embarrassment of a refusal than by saying—“Not to-day; the storeroom is not in perfect order—that is, to be sure—(I hope nothing in my house is ever out of order)—but still, I would rather the storeroom should not to-day be visited by a stranger.”

“Oh, very well”—replied Jonathina. “I can see it some other time. I shall be often with you while I remain in town.”

“So much the worse”—thought her hostess.

When Mrs. Penafield returned, she found Miss Judd had gathered some of the honeysuckles that clustered over the pillars of the porch, and was separating their parts with a pair of little scissors from the work-basket, and examining their construction as she clipped them about the floor.

“You find me botanizing”—said she. “I was once devoted to that study, but have nearly given it up, finding the structure of the human mind of far more importance to a thinking being than the form of a flower. Of course, that is also your opinion.”

“Yes”—replied Mrs. Penafield.

“According to Dugald Stewart”—proceeded Jonathina—and she then set sail on what she supposed the full stream of metaphysics; touching afterwards on the coasts of ancient history, antediluvian geography, and modern political economy—while, not to these, but to her patchwork, did the attention of her auditors “most seriously incline.”

The dining hour approached; but still Miss Jonathina Judd sat on, and talked on. Mr. Penafield came home, and brought with him his partner, Mr. William Wicklesby, a widower, whose wife was sister to Mrs. Penafield; and since her death he had continued to keep house as before.

Mr. Wicklesby had the character of being a prim, precise little man, and over-fastidious about everything. So Mr. Penafield, on seeing Miss Judd, regretted having asked his brother-in-law to come home with him to dinner. On being introduced to that remarkable personage, Mr. Wicklesby looked at her with as much evident wonder as civility would allow. She was then standing erect, and in the very act of smoothing down with both hands her disordered hair, having just remembered that she had forgotten to perform this highly judicious ceremony long ago, after removing her bonnet. Dinner being immediately announced, Mr. Penafield offered his arm to conduct her to the dinner-table; but she rejected it, saying—“No, no; give your arm to Mrs. Penafield. I never like to part man and wife.” Mr. Wicklesby then presented his to Miss Judd; and she said—“Where is the necessity? Cannot I walk to the dinner-table without assistance? I am trying to improve society, by setting my face against all useless ceremonies—including all fashions and all follies.”

Mr. Wicklesby could scarcely eat his dinner for looking at and listening to the fair Jonathina, while she held forth on various subjects. And Mr. and Mrs. Penafield could not forbear exchanging glances; expecting every moment to see their fastidious brother-in-law rise from his chair and make an excuse for leaving the house. But he did not.

A reasonable time had elapsed after dinner, and still Miss Judd evinced no symptoms of departure. So the weary Mrs. Penafield invited her guest up stairs, and offered her the loan of a loose dress, in which she might take a *siesta*. Jonathina declined; averring that she was not the least sleepy, that she felt quite comfortable in the dress she had on; and that all she desired was the key of the library. This was immediately obtained from Mr. Penafield; and his wife, conducting our heroine to this abode of books, left her there, and retired to her own room.

As the two gentlemen walked down to their place of business, Mr. Penafield spoke of Miss Judd, and her peculiarities.

“She is certainly a very strange woman”—replied Mr. Wicklesby—

"quite a curiosity. I should really like to see some more of her. Most women are so much alike, that it is quite refreshing to meet with one a little different from the general character of the sex."

"Then come back with me to tea"—said Mr. Penafield—"for doubtless we shall still find her there. I will guarantee your seeing enough of her."

"'Tis a sign she likes your house and its society"—observed Wicklesby.

They did find her there.

When tea was over, Miss Judd still said nothing that savored of concluding her long, long morning call. Establishing herself at a window, whither Mr. Wicklesby followed, and seated himself near her, she talked, and talked, and talked; but not now to a regardless auditor; for the attentive ears of the gentleman drank in every word she said: and he came to the conclusion that she had more mind and more knowledge than any woman he had ever heard. Neither did he listen in entire silence, but whenever he could catch an opportunity, he uttered something expressive of approbation. Meanwhile, Mrs. Penafield sat at the sofa-table assiduously plying her needle: and her husband amused himself with a new book.

But no visit is quite interminable, and the very longest must at last have an end. It is true we have heard of a lady in our native city who made a morning call, and stayed eleven years; but that case is the only one on record, and therefore deserves a place in the Annals of Philadelphia.

When indications were heard and seen of the servants going round to shut up the house, Jonathina arose, and began to talk about her bonnet. It was brought to her with great alacrity; and she took leave of the Penafields; telling them that she had derived so much pleasure and improvement, and so many new ideas, from her visit, that she should very soon repeat it.

Mr. Wicklesby formally requested the honor of escorting her home; and she informally replied that the honor would be mutual. Mr. Wicklesby felt himself flattered—or rather, he wished in his mind that all women were equally sincere.

He gallanted her to the door of the Chesterwoods, and, as soon as it was opened, made his bow and went home: his thoughts full of this extraordinary woman, the like of whom he had never seen.

"La! Miss Judd"—exclaimed Zuby, who had followed Vance when he answered the door-bell—"where *have* you been all this blessed day? You've westigated the whole city, long ago; so I concluded you must have been pirating about at Manayunk, or Passyunk, or some other of them unks, wherever they are. Vance thought may be you'd been 'ploring the wharves, and was carried off in a steamboat, either up the river or down, or clear over to New York and Baltimore."

"I've only been calling on Mrs. Penafield"—said Jonathina to Mr. and Mrs. Chesterwood, whom she found in the parlor—"and I've been enjoying in her society the delights of a congenial mind."

That night, Mr. William Wicklesby slept not as soundly as usual. In truth, he was strangely smitten with the strange woman. An old song most truly says—"What has love to do with reason?" And who can live in the world, and not be astonished at the variety of incomprehensible love fancies, and unsuitable matches, that are continually taking place?

Nay, some casuists aver that "if you can give a reason for loving, it is a proof that you *do not* love." However that may be, it is a fact the nice, neat, over-scrupulous, over-particular, over-polite (but not over-sensible) Mr. William Wicklesby had become suddenly and thoroughly enamored of the careless, unmannered, unbeautiful, uncouth, and ill-dressed Miss Jonathina Judd. Yet so it was, and such things are.

It is true his late wife was a very commonplace silly woman, fatiguingly devoted to dress and fashion, and as deficient in conversational powers as her sister, Mrs. Penafield; but without that lady's kindness of heart, and patience of temper. His three children had died in infancy, and Mr. Wicklesby was now alone in the world, with a handsome and well-furnished house all to himself and his servants; as he prudently retained his establishment, in case he should be induced to marry again; for, though scrupulous to the letter in going through all the observances of "decent sorrow," he was by no means a disconsolate widower. Many caps had been set at him, and were still setting, but as yet without success; Mr. Wicklesby, after his experience of a silly, insipid wife, having a secret inclination to try a sensible woman new time. And having had but small experience in that species, he believed Miss Judd to belong to it. As to her faults and foibles, they either did not strike him as vividly as they appeared to others, or else he was willing to compound for them in favor of her better qualities. As to her want of beauty, he either did not perceive it, or was magnanimously resolved to dispense with that qualification, having had too much of it, and its usual appendages, in his former partner. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Wicklesby did *not* fall into the above train of reasoning, or any other. But the fact was certain that he liked Miss Judd.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, Jonathina came home, her arms laden and piled with books, which she had bought at a cheap shop, and had insisted on carrying herself, asserting that she was quite as able to do this as a shop-boy, and even more so. And having tumbled the others on the floor of her room, she selected two, and sat down to reading them.

Suddenly the girl Zuby ran into the room, exclaiming—"Oh! Miss Judd! quit them books, and make yourself decent—now, right away. A beau is come! Only think—a beau for you, yourself. Wonders won't never cease! Here's his card. He's waiting in the back parlor. He didn't ask for a creature but you. Only think of *your* having a sweet-heart!"

Miss Judd took the card, read the name of William Wicklesby, and looked as she had never looked before.

"Here! here!"—proceeded Zuby—"make haste, and fix up. Go and wash your hands, after them dusty books; and let me put you in some sort of order. Head first—hair first! That hair's always my horror! Where's the comb? Where's the brush? I'm in such a flurry for you! Don't keep him waiting, or he may get tired and go off. Now put that book out of your hand. But you needn't have plumped it down into that puddle of slop you always keep on the washstand."

"I forgot"—apologized Miss Judd.

"Never mind—let it lay"—hurried Zuby—" 'tis only a book. I'll wipe and dry it myself, after awhile. Come, now; on with the foulard, and the new collar. There, now; I've dressed you by sleight-of-hand. I must hurry to mistress, and tell her not to come and disturb the courting, as I often say to Venus and Phillis."

Jonathina went down, and paused near the parlor door, and raised her eyes to the ceiling, and made a resolution not to accept Mr. Wicklesby, preferring to live on as she was, under no government but her own.

Mr. Wicklesby, however, did not offer; so the question remained unpopped; though he thought she looked much better than on the preceding day. And so she did; thanks to Zuby, and her sleight-of-hand.

He informed Miss Judd that, having heard her last evening on the subject of manufactures, he had come to offer his services in escorting her to a cotton factory over Schuylkill; a large establishment, well worth her inspection. She consented, eagerly. It was then arranged that he was to be at Mr. Chesterwood's door at four in the afternoon, with his chaise. As soon as Jonathina had delivered a speech on the causes of crime, Mr. Wicklesby took his leave for that time. When going up to her room, she met Zuby on the landing-place of the stairs.

"I guess"—said the girl—"he didn't ask you, after all. You don't look as if you was engaged. Men is so onsartain, as I often say to Vance."

Miss Judd came down to dinner with a very peculiar face, that continued on her all the time she remained at table, which she left unusually early. During the repast, she gave no dissertation, advanced no theories, and suggested no improvements in the social or any other system. And when Mr. and Mrs. Chesterwood addressed any part of their conversation to her, she answered slightly and irrelevantly. No allusion whatever was made to Mr. Wicklesby.

Punctually at four, he drove up to the door in a very neat chaise or gig; and Zuby having made an entire refixing of Miss Judd, and complimented her by saying—"Well, I declare now, you don't look quite as bad as usual," the lady (awkwardly and confusedly on her part) was put into the vehicle, and they drove off towards the Schuylkill.

It was after sunset before they returned. As soon as the gig was heard to stop, all the servants looked out at the kitchen windows, and were unanimous in the opinion that Miss Judd and her beau had come home engaged; their present faces being now very superior to those of the forenoon; also, they evinced considerable alacrity in alighting from the chaise, and running up the doorsteps.

Mr. Wicklesby, after taking home the vehicle, passed the evening at the Chesterwood house; and so he did every evening for two weeks; at the end of which time he was united to Miss Judd one morning, in church, in presence of the Chesterwoods, near the altar, and the servants not far behind. The Penafields, disapproving the match, did not appear. The bride was attired in a new and proper-looking traveling costume; and from the church door they departed for Connecticut, from whence, after a few weeks' sojourn, they were to return and take possession of Mr. Wicklesby's house in Philadelphia.

"If I had not taken her in charge"—said Zuby—"and worked hard for her civilizement, she never would have got a husband."

"And I"—said Vance—"I helped her on, in my own undirect way, as far as I could. Well, she's married, after all. When a fenced road is too long, it must always come to a turn at the last."

By the by, Zuby became Mrs. Vance in less than a year.

When their eccentric guest was fairly off, Mr. Chesterwood said to his wife—"Who would have supposed, my dear, when this curiosity of a woman first billeted herself upon us, that, in a few weeks, she would de-

part as the bride of a respectable man, to return as mistress of a handsome establishment?"

"And I hope and believe"—replied Mrs. Chesterwood—"that the match, strange and unsuitable as it now seems, may yet turn out well; for certainly, with all her awkward and inconvenient ways, and her entire want of tact and of common sense, she is far from stupid; and truly, in her whole heterogeneous composition, there is nothing morally wrong."

THE END.