



THE RUINS OF THE CHURCH WHERE POCAHONTAS WAS MARRIED. ENGRAVED BY BAXTER.

# THE BRIDLE ON THE HEART;

OR

PICTURES FROM LIFE.

BY

TOM WASH. SMITH,

ALIAS

**HAROLD.**

Who lives should early learn to sadly prize  
The fleeting phantoms of the daily maze,  
And greet the storm which lowers in the skies —  
Howe'er so fierce its dismal echo plays.

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TO MY COUNTRYMEN  
WHO PREFER A LAUDABLE  
INNOVATION TO THE GROVELLING  
TRAMMELS OF ANCIENT USAGES — WHO  
WITH US WILL CONJOINTLY WAGE AN IN-  
CESSANT WARFARE AGAINST AN ENORMOUS, YET  
TIME-HONORED PRECEDENT — AND WHO DESIRE TO BEQUEATH  
THIS PURCHASED HERITAGE AS A WORTHY BLESSING  
TO THEIR POSTERITY AND THE OPPRESSED  
EXILES OF ALL NATIONS, THIS WORK IS  
MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFEC-  
TIONATELY DEDICATED BY ITS  
AUTHOR.

## INTRODUCTION.

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MATRIMONY, the most ancient of all Institutions, comes home to the affections of every heart. The callous bachelor and sere spinstress, may affect to deny their concern for the holy ties of wedlock, but they must dissuade our trust in the confidence of an all-wise Governor, and annihilate the instinctive incentives of those very emotions which attest the divinity of *His primeval precedent, before we can attack credence to the dissembling avowal.*

From the veriest outlaw who contems God and wars on the weal of his race—to the highest arch-angel who tunes his harp to the anthems of Heaven's rapture, this organic law of laws claims a devotional deference and soul-inspiring awe.

And if we need extenuation for this intrusion on an intelligent public, it lies in our humanitarian yearnings for a fellow brother, for whose destiny we dare essay a task, from which abler pens might seek to be excused.

It is because we have viewed with pity, sorrow, and indignation the dam which caste has built across the rivulets of the treple fountains of the soul's affections, rolling back their receding waters, drowning the violets, and wasting the foliage of the evergreens, that we venture to offer our protest to the people of this utilitarian, poetic, yet run-mad age. And if we attempt an overture, to reason that common sense may not be eschewed, we are conscious the opprobrium will be all the more bitter from those whose rank folly we assail.

We have never offered to vend our thoughts before, and we know not to what extent this faltering effort will find favor in our market, over-supplied with literature, ancient and modern, home and foreign, classic, scientific, prosaic, poetic, and trashy; nor do we look to it for a remunerative resource, still, we can but wish it should be read by every citizen of our crumbling republic, and form on the retina of mind an imagery of beauty and love.

We have not consulted the opinion of any one as to the propriety of this production; our own generous impulses prompted us to write, and we obey that guidance independent of the bigotry of schools, or the satirical system of the learned, or the repulsive criticism of the pedantic.

We throw this hasty thesis on the waves of public opinion, and in claiming a hearing, we trust our knowledge of the pulses of freemen's hearts for a final and responsive approval.

For though not aged, we make some pretensions to experience.

For ten years we have been rambling, during which time our chief aim has been to study and know the will of our common brotherhood. Whether in the mart or wilderness, the cabin or palace, on the ocean or shore, our supreme delight has been to understand the affiliated inter-relations which actuate and control us; and, if we produce nothing new, if we say nothing but what has often been repeated before, we shall have profited ourselves, and edified our readers, if we but induce them to soberly ponder what they know.

## CHAPTER I.

Who that will read the title of this book, but will consider the name chosen as inappropriate and vulgar, when taken in consonance with those sentimental emotions, which designate man from the lower order of animals!

And yet we claim to know what we have experienced, and we must be pardoned for believing and asserting, that what comes home to our understanding daily, corroborated by the substantial testimony of every grade and class of society, which makes us an intelligent people, to feel this home of boasted liberty a land of social oppression, and which causes statesmen and patriots to stand aghast with hope overtaken by despair, when contemplating the certain prospective ultimatum of those evils which foreshadow the eventful period when our nation shall be appareled in the weeds of widowhood—when the mourners shall go about the streets, and the fatherless, pitiless orphans shall sit upon the ground.

We maintain that with all our exulting claims to Christianity, we are positively in a more deplorable condition than the wild savage who roams the forest, governed only by brute force, or an animal instinct. And with the progress of refinement we have discarded the prowess which belongs to the hardihood of a ruder stage of civilization, accepted a delicate and effeminate helplessness as a substitute, defeated the end and intent of our creation, and rendered this blooming and beautiful world, constructed for our comfort and happiness, a desolate *vade mecum*, where the bramble and thistle are cultivated; and the true gems of the heart are trodden down and destroyed.

And, for this we charge the parent of our moral interest, by her tacit sanction and individual overt concurrence, with all the responsibility, for those grievances and ills with which our race is burdened; because she can wield an influence before which all earth is ready to pay a willing obeisance, and for this omission to use the gift of power, for the preservation of those

interests entrusted to her care, she, the Church, is indirectly, yet most palpably guilty of remissness and gross malfeasance.

To her mild influence we despondingly yet imploringly look for succor from the social and political perils which threaten us; and if the history of christendom afforded an example of relief in like danger, we should not hope with mistrust—nor criminate with such indecorous allegations.

In this staid and quiet city, with her laws of order and well behaved citizens, who is there, from the beggar to the banker, that does not suffer from the onerous burthens of the laws of caste; and, of the tens of thousands who live in celibacy, because they must compromise their social status to wed those they could afford to sustain, and also, from the large share of her whole population, whose nuptial life is a burlesque on the name of matrimony, because antagonistic to every principle of organic law? And when we adduce this goodly city as an instance in question, it is with no design of disparagement to its general standing in contrast with other large cities of equal density and greatness. On the contrary, we have illustrated by an example even far less exceptionable than other rival marts of the country. But, in thus referring to the class who shrink from the ordeals of wedlock—for such in truth it has become—we do not, as a general rule, include the mechanic and day-laborer. Somehow, they are a more philosophical people than those who strive to keep up a dignity of more significant import. Nor are we confining ourselves to cities; the evil is as prevalent in the rural districts as here; the same gross abomination predominates to a great extent upon the frontier borders, rendered as they are, contiguous to the universal world by the modern inventions to annihilate space and distance.

And, if it be argued by those who urge extenuation in behalf of the prevailing habits of the age, that there cannot be found an instance where a union could not be consummated by a concession to circumstances, we must offer as an offset to such a cavil, the evident impossibility to assimilate incongruities, and the actual expediency of harmonizing by congenial association those individuals whose very existence will flow into a united

sameness of individuality, as the confluence of rivers into one stream.

To bring this about, we must have a due respect to that educational bias which has been engrafted on the mind, and on account of which it has attained to certain likes and dislikes, the securement of which is as essential to promote happiness and domestic comfort, as are sunshine and rain for the vigorous and hearty growth of plants and shrubs. And the absence of such affinity is as certainly bound to prove deleterious to the well-being of any one thus begirt by ill-timed circumstances, whose mental susceptibilities have been cultivated by a refined and studied training. As a people, we are disposed to "look aloft," to aspire to points hopelessly beyond our reach,—which may be gained by a few, because like success has attended others, but which must rarely happen, because the wealth of our country is limited, and its exalted places of preferment but few.

And yet, in the face of these facts, our women are almost universally educated to habits of extravagance, which not one man in a thousand can afford, whilst their domestic and physical education are totally neglected.

Our young men are raised to consider themselves the embodiment of superior excellence, and, instead of the wonted deference of the real accomplished gentleman, we have the bluster of the braggadocio, or the swaggering bravado of the upstart.

Hence we notice decrepitude purchasing with ingots the maiden of fickle insincerity; and the venerable madame wooing a boyish suitor, who sells himself for an exchange price, for the privilege of a passport to the banquet of "vanity fair;" where, with inflated pomp, he receives the cajolery of intolerable duplicity.

Let us inquire the cause of those countless loungers about the corners of the streets, whose badged hat and dyed moustache betoken a regardlessness for the claims of social order—who support the gaming saloons, and make life a profession of idleness, and all its sacred compacts a theme for obscene jest. Do you imagine they have no ambition for more lofty pursuits? Can any one believe they are not heartily disgusted with their own utter insignificance?

In criticising their folly, let us remember that with a training for the acme in life's great arena, which an over-fond parent instilled into their thoughts, has also been linked a despicable regard for plodding industry. *They see no enviable award recompensing the son of humble toil*—and their proud spirits will not brook an unmerited disgrace.

The time was when the wise man's model of a lady could be found in every home, when brawny hands and stout thews could expect her willing smiles, provided they wore the evidences of honest and well disposed aspirations. It was not then, as now, when the rifle and the Bible, the sword and the plow, formed the chief essentials of a settlement—when necessities huddled neighbors, and made those inmates of rough tenements, and severe privations, mutual neighbors and fast friends.

When the buxom lassie needed not the influence of crinoline to get up a shadow, and when she could speak of the washing-day as a soiree entertainment, and exhibit her woven web or home-made raiment, when her highest expectation for flirtation was the taffy party or sugar camp, to which she would go with her rustic lover across grain-fields and through girdled forests, tote her shoes until nearing the party, and then sit down upon the trunk of the fallen tree by the road-side, and put them on again.

Now it is we have our countless boarding schools, where misses go to get a smattering of classical knowledge; where they are taught to despise the occupation of their forefathers; and educated to an ideal estimate of life which only exists in the chimerical brain of a dreamer, but which once inculcated, disdains the sphere and duties of a sober reality.

And we have, too, countless strange summer resorts and watering-places, where people go to bolster old age in youth—and carry home the coy blandishments of coquettish flirts with bosoms as hollow as their own.

Instead of linsey plaid, we must have some ten thousand dollars worth of changeable apparel, with a travelling trunk big enough for a warehouse—and in lieu of the rudely-squared cabin, with its health and contentment, the villa of blended architecture and the midnight hop, and the early demise.

It will be considered by not a few, that these declarations are induced by an envious jealousy, wholly unbecoming the dignity and spirit which should characterize the magnanimous feelings of a subject of liberty. Such is not the case.

We woo no storm-cloud with its bursting desolation; but if the elements of discord are in our social atmosphere, sooner or later they must break forth, and no intervention can oppose their gathering wrath.

Aside from the domestic alliance, there cannot be permanence to a people whose interests are not cemented by the strong ties of consanguinity, whose cable strength has been welded by an immutable power, and for which the device of all earth cannot offer a substitute.

But how common the expression, "Is she rich?"—how stereotyped the provincialism, "He is too poor." Therefore, since wealth is the only trinity that we as a nation recognize, who shall be regarded as unwise for adoration to the god?—or who dare eschew the recipient of his smiles?

Hence the commonly accepted cant saying, "he is sharp," who bartered away the sentiments of his constituents for a bribe; and they are considered too honest for self-preservation who would refuse "to fall full handed."

We claim that wealth does not occasion envy when not used for oppressive purposes, and indigence does not chafe the serf of circumstances, unless with it comes absolute ostracism. Such, we lament to admit, is but the general vogue of the day; and to freemen it is all the more galling, because their sensitiveness has become intensified by teachings of equality.

The war-chief of a savage tribe cannot be gilded into greatness by mere fortuitous circumstances, unless he possess merit entitling him to a superior position. And the pagan, who knows no Great First Cause, is not culpable for devotion to an idolatrous image, because he can appeal to no higher deity.

It is self-evident that all men love that social escutcheon which elates their vanity. And for the laudations of the excited multitude who strew branches in the triumphal pathway to-day, and exclaim "away with him" on the morrow, ambition ever has

been and ever will be ready to offer life. We care not what impediments may forbid the motive, the vociferations of the crowd are more precious than ten thousand times ten thousand warriors; and the green wreath which crowns the conqueror will atone for the habiliments of woe which darken the land. Give us the character of a people's escutcheon, and we will engage to write their history.

Our Moloch is Mammon, it is our altar and our god; and our sacrilegious love for private wealth is rapidly rushing us on to chaos, and soon will destroy the vitality of the government. The emotions of youthful bosoms are as natural as the quiet dews, or leaping brooks, or blushing vintage, or ripened harvest. When deadened by the searing iron of caste, they become as hard as granite, cold as winter; and unfeeling as the grave.

There is no hope for the continuance of a government which rests on the governed but in that concentrated regard which hovers at the fireside as a guardian spirit forfending ill, overshadowing for good.

But if the certificate of nuptial concord is but the parchment title for the conveyance of estates or bills of exchange, whose par value is estimated by the scale of Troy, then has a high premium been awarded to the basest outrage on human organization which can be waged on the rights of man, and before which all high regard for the domestic obligations shall wane, and from which must follow the terrors of revolution, and the final restoration to order beneath the shadow of bayonets and sceptre of kings. Deny to men the rights of political equality, and they will not seek for what they cannot obtain. Force this alternative upon them by the edicts of the invincibles, and they must be quiet when clamor is useless.

But so long as the throb of liberty pulsates in the bosom of the sovereign, will he feel degraded by the inconsistency which marks and discards him as a felon for the crime of poverty. His pledge of fealty to the state as an American citizen, is the covenant of submission to social disparity, social excommunication, in many instances, to that very grade of society accessible to both parties prior to a relationship of commendable love. This is a crying sin, and calls loudly for a remedy. Persons dread to form those alli-

ances which destroy their social standing, no odds how sycophantic and unreal it may be.

And, as we have insisted, with the spread of celibacy will follow social disintegration and segregation, with a moral malaria for which there will be found no sanative save the consternation of internecine strife, and that essential eradication and purification which follows the wasting havoc of war.

Nor do we consider this an evil to be averted at a sacrifice of all the more ennobling dignities of manhood. He who watches the motives of the heart thinks not less of the embryo-slaughter of the race than the strewn field of combat, and she who could hush the wail of her first-born has petrified every fine fibre in the bosom of affection, whose moral putrefactions rise to offend the nostrils of the Almighty, who will remove by the scourge of His wrath those who refuse to recognize the highest injunctions of His pleasure.

We remember an interview with two gentlemen from North Carolina, who with us were stopping at the same hotel in Petersburg, Va. During our stay, an intimacy grew up between us which made us mutually regret the hour of our separation. Their conviviality was truly Southern; and their frank and noble bearing such as yeoman alone can manifest: who gain a support direct from the earth. And without any scientific erudition appertaining to phrenology or physiology, we ventured to describe to them not only their own individual characters, but also that of their wives at home.

To their great surprise, our description was precisely correct. And in answer how we could depict character distant hundreds of miles away, we assured them it was not by any aid of clairvoyance or mesmerism, or spiritualism, but by the laws of organic life which ever sought to equilibriumize and harmonize its own. We know you, gentlemen, to be men of full grown stature, not identified with the modern code of respectability, exceptions to an almost universal practice of the age, and residents of a region of country unknown to the tyrant rule of the paramount goddess, Fashion. We know, when no ulterior purposes thwart the decisions of innate instinct, the sexes will as naturally choose oppo-

sites by the same governing law of instinct that induces the little girl to nurse her doll, and the brother to incline to some bolder habits of amusement.

To this same intuitive law for which we contend, even at the risk of sentimental censure, the mother awakes by the slightest movement indicative of the uncomfortable repose of the infant sleeper, whilst the paternal guardian sleeps on as deep as though he were a seven sleeper.

Show us the bans of union prompted by lofty incentives, and there will be seen loving results as a natural law following such a consecration, which will live amidst the trying ordeals of persecution, whose radiating light will inspire admiration, and constrain the conviction to every beholder, that united hearts, unmolested by the coercive guidance of scheming matchmakers, form a panorama of supernatural design, whose inimitable loveliness bear the reflex of divinity, and give out the exhalations of Eden's incense of aromatic joy.

We were once promenading the Fifth Avenue, New York, in company with a lady whose father had risen to an enviable position in his profession. Growing abstracted as we mused over the burnished catacombs of that fashionable boulevard, whose brown-stone blocks are but numerical indices that tally the wreck of hopes by which their structure was completed, and the yet countless demands of "give, give" expedient to their continued support; sombre as was this meditation, it grew still more so when we looked to the distance whither these sign-boards are pointing, the time when the leaven of society itself shall have become corrupted, and Pandemonium with its Egyptian darkness mantles the land.

Our soliloquizing just here was disturbed by the fair one, who no doubt had grown weary with our silence, and breaking the monotony, exclaimed, "What a magnificent house! If you but owned it, I would come and live with you!"

Yes! we mentally answered, whatever might have been our other response; and there is not one per cent. of all your great mammoth mart but would do the same, notwithstanding she might not be so persuaded by the first particle of worthy sentiment.

The bridle on the heart is written everywhere over this reeling planet, by the serpent's trail, and the widow's tears, and paternal sighs, and broken hearts. From the sepulchral breasts, whose altars were hung in emblems of sadness, the hour-love surrendered to ostentation all the solemn hopes of the future. And morbid desire fed upon the human sacrifice, to glut her cannibal appetite from then till now; the dead have dwelt with the dead, seeking in the voluptuous rounds of artificial excitement for some antidote for the poisoned fountain of the affections of life.

We know of numerous instances of choice growing out of preference to fortune, when in reality the affections were trailing elsewhere. And such has ever produced an irretrievable grief—the more poignant because self-inflicted; and the older the more sad, because, with the winter's frost the leafless trees showed the gnarled spots where the trunk had been wounded; and because nude chastity ever stands in the recess of the hall-way of a vacant bosom, and by her dejected looks chides the offering to her wily and subtle persecutrix. The seed-time has in such instances ever been the sowing of the thistle whose productive harvest has overrun the garden, choked out every fragile flower, and converted the once lovely plat into an abode for reptiles and creeping things.

They who thus offer to an ungainly pride shall create a thirst for the waters of bitterness which nought will slake but the oblivion of death. It is an unwilling martyrdom to a false god; who, though worshipped, is despised—compared to which the offering to Juggernaut is enviable, even preferable and laudable, and far more worthy of Christian emulation; because those thus acting entertain the faithful belief that such sacrifices are essential to their spiritual hope.



## CHAPTER II.

It will be asked, for what do we contend? We answer, for the removal of those laws which exact tribute against reason, and which coerce an education to defy reason.

We demand the repeal of those usages which bridle the heart by the order of caste; who drives with an unsparing lash, *who gathers taxes* without the consent of the assessed; and not satisfied by the absorption of all our resources, draws on our health, peace, happiness, and life.

We ask not to curb the gentle inclinations of the soul's best impulses, but rather the ambition and vain glory of life, which is now so manifestly culminating in misery and wickedness and disorder and ruin.

But we are told if we hedge in the ambition of man, there will be no incentive to spur him on to action. What stripes the country over with iron bars, and weaves a spider's web of wires, and sends out the sea gulls to offer their white wings to the storm, and demolishes forests, and tunnels mountains, builds cities and supplies desolate wastes with emigrants, and even requires of the little mechanics of the sea a new continent for the abiding place of swarming millions who must yet go out from their exiled homes? Ambition, we are told, by the promise of its rewards, gives incentive-wheels to the machinery of life's bustling chariot car—that the glory is but the result of labor, and the reward but the entitled merit of those who have contended for the prize. This is in part true, but not all true.

We must have a respect for the cost of an enterprise, however grand the project and needful its requirements. So, if we would be latitudinarians, we must also be utilitarians, and even concede to accept the proposal that offers the greatest good to the greatest number, though not entirely in accordance with the wishes of our own.

A potentate may build a city of fabulous grandeur, but if he thereby saps the wealth of his whole realm, the subjects are oppressed, even though they admire the splendor with which their ruler has surrounded himself. Yet they cannot but dread the lien upon their homes, which denies them the subsistence of life, though perhaps too proud and loyal to admit it.

How to define that indefinable demarkation line which bounds a judicious policy, is remarkably difficult—an insoluble theory. For we could not offer agrarianism to those who do not appreciate it. To compel the people to submit to it against their will, would produce greater anarchy than even the present order of caste; whilst that devouring ambition which characterizes this age is but "the poor oppressing the poor," from which destruction must follow. Here we call for the balance-wheel, or more properly the governor, by which to regulate the movements of man's propelling power. There is to be found a solution of this vexed problem in the study of universal amelioration. A will to appreciate wealth and wealth's influences as mere loose robes, or cast-off raiment, of little worth, since it is but the gilding of the temple; not its externals that are to be worshipped, whilst there is an altar for the offering of oblations.

To this we will be met with the objection, man cannot go backward in the pursuit of happiness, and from your own arguments you must respect his educational bias. This we too well know; and from this we dread what lies ahead. If Christianity were only true to her mission, in less than fifty years she would evangelize the world to her mild and benign mandates of love. But in the absence of consistency, where there is wanting a practical elucidation of her tenets, the heralds of truth become abhorrent, and the house of prayer is shunned as a place of cant and mockery. True we know this avowal will cause us to share largely in the anathemas of the clergy; but it will not jostle public opinion from that settled conclusion to which it has but all too justly come. From Adam till now, we find no precedent by which to hope for a restraint upon the far-reaching grasp of proud ambition.

In every man's thoughts there exists a willingness for power.

The prince and slave are qualities of the man, only differing as the force of circumstances occasions their development, or superior natural talents lift them out into positions of exalted place.

Liberty is an unnatural feeling, unless guarded by the peculiar influences of a bare mediocrity of talent or a stinted abundance of monied power. Excelsior is the word by which nearly all are governed: We are all controlled by policy rather than principle, and the line of our actions is ever below the standard of scrutiny. To establish this, we adduce the history of the world. In our own country the enslavement of the negro, the will to annihilate the aborigine, and the ungallant practice of exacting from frail woman toil beyond her strength, for which she receives not a recompense equal to her positive expenses and expedient for a decent support, are but telling facts to establish the proof of what man is. Therefore, we insist that the restraints of moral influence engraven upon the heart will alone keep him within the bounds of a proper sphere of conscientious duty; and that removed, he is beyond the hope of any influences but such as will administer to his desires; and they are but the fuel to the fire, which burns all the more brightly the more it consumes. In this view of a stubborn metaphysical question, we infer that man cannot help to battle for the right; for it is all that makes the right, before which principle must succumb, and every worthy trait of character be overpowered and driven to wreck as the shallop before the gale.

In this review of our book thus condensed into this chapter, we are interweaving ourselves with a theological interest which would indeed be unpardonable but for the indissoluble intimacy which, by natural laws, couples the status of moral and social law: and because it is becoming we should explain the denunciations of the preceding chapter. And although we can set up no claims to moral rectitude for overt action, yet withal, if we should shake the drowsy watchmen from their shameless inattention to the banging against the battering buttresses by the foemen attacking the outer gates, and induce them to give the alarm from their silent watch-towers, and with sabre gleaming in the midnight light, arouse their cohorts, and lead on their van legions

to the imperious warfare, then indeed shall our criticism have been for good.

To our moral ethics we owe our existence; therefore let none suppose we entertain or propagate skepticism. The instilled influences of the maternal teachings of youth are with us as the beauties on the petal. And though trodden in the dust, the rose leaf still the ruby color yet retains.

Returning from our seeming retrogression, we trail hard on the errors of the age: and ask the reader to rest his patience and energies, and deign to follow us.

## CHAPTER III.

WE present to the gaze of our readers the abode of unscrupulous poverty in the shadowy nooks of a mountain's recess, whose impertinent mock-modest inmates wore the guile of the heart upon their countenances, despite their artful efforts to disguise their real characters. Disjointed fences, uncultivated thistle covering fields, gardens usurped by weeds, broken windows, half-hinged doors, tattered curtains, unchinked logs, a leaky roof, partially decayed floor, a half-thatched toppling chimney, with a few crude articles for household and culinary use, will give an outline sketch of the miserable abode of a lowly family, dubious in everything, reliable in nothing. And if you approach that pretext for a domicile, that scant twelve by fourteen one and a half-story hut, your advent will be heralded by a trio of dandy *whiffets*, pampered for the purpose of sentry vigils; whilst near by the portal way some lazy, half-starved, mangy pet pigs; and sitting on the steps, playing in the dirt, or obstructing the door-way, a half-dozen dirty, uncombed, unwashed, ragged, barefoot, natural children, will give you a sufficient prelude by which to know the matrons who do the honors of that vestibule of wretchedness, from which *the actress and spectators, once initiated, never return*. A year later we pass that way, but they are not—of them no one can account; they have gone, whither or where no one cares or wishes to know. Their old temporary home is desolate; but in the still whispers of its silent solitudes there is the seal of the edict of an immutable mandate old as time, firmer than the heavens, and infallible as its author, God. Before us we have the sequence, but where, oh where is the cause? Think not the whirls of voice have extinguished the spark of divinity in the atom of dust we so unhesitatingly spurn and despise. No! oh no! the gem may be sloughed by the casket, but the master artist who set it there has valued it by the scope of eternity, and no

despoiler will make him disparage the worth of those endowments which he will husband and gather with unspeakable care. Deep down in those rocky wells of emotion there lies the slumbering fountains whose crystal outgushings shall never be allowed to play in the sunbeams of an iris light. For though the record-angel of the appellate court should expunge with the caught-up tears of a contrite penitent the wayward wanderings of a child of error, still will the etiquette of social law forever debar the maltreated and perverted daughters of an unrequited love a return to the lost path of rectitude and honor.

Chastity once mildewed cannot reappear in its original gauze of purity, even though rinsed by the propitiatory atonements of a Redeemer. We have asked why were they thus? A pious matron rocked their infantile slumbers, and practical precepts led them early to the temple of truth.

A few days journey further on across the mountains, on the fertile plains where an excessive plethora of normal richness returns the teeming reward to slothful industry, beyond the influence of the local atmosphere where we have been stopping, live the relatives of these outcast creatures we have so informally presented to your attention.

Broad and fertile fields, costly edifices, rare and well-chosen shrubbery, trained tendrils, pebbled avenues, magnificent diagrams, living pools, fac simile statuary, frescoed and perfumed by the exotics of every clime where the tinted blush doth grow, but plainly tells us we are being ushered into the fastidious circles of republican royalty, and that too in a land where an ostensible pageantry affects to hallow the memory of Washington; but whose mercenary and heartless potentates buy their pre-eminence with bullion, and gild their homes and altars and hearts with ingots gained by treachery to every living principle commendable to God and worthy of perpetuation.

Bland hospitality welcomed us to the home of luxury—the palace of the silvered grandpa and his tripping bride of sweet twenty-three. The Colonel entertained us with rallied spirits, for evidently he was in a moody, dumb soliloquy of mind, produced by some interesting topic of unusual solicitude. Nor was

he tardy in ordering his choice hock, the nectar which makes the valet and his commander equal, that gladdens the spirit and solaces care, and unlocks the vault to the hidden mysteries of skeleton secrecy.

Our own enthusiasm grew with astonishment as we responded to the electric toasts of the "grey eagle" whose eyes flashed with the vivacity of youth when the gladdening bowl had evidently drowned his sorrow, and in an extempore speech we expressed the gratifying results of the beverage on our feelings to enable us to discover the grandeur of the sea-side home and the poetry of the ocean's zephyr that fanned the toying yacht sailing within the headlands of the shore, as if seemingly such dally winds were purposely invented to caress the ringlets of a sylph.

He replied: "Ah! my young friend, you know but little of life. And less I trust of the gnawing grief which feeds upon the immaterial, which knows no annihilation, and accepts no conciliation, and cannot even hope for a cessation from its agony, or an armistice to the training in arms against itself. Ambition heeds no counsel, nor has it a regard to consequences, nor spares the hopeless suing for relief. Behold! all about you are evidences of sublimity, plenty and peace. My name is emblazoned in history, and known by a lineage of valor and glory, and my position is envied by countless associates, who assemble in these halls, graced by legacies of heraldry which refer you to Palestine, Waterloo, and Yorktown. Amongst my moth-eaten relics are priceless reminiscences of the deeds of a gallant ancestry. I can show you the cross and the crescent, the lion and pine-top, that belong to either side of my family, and which by them were won with worthy emulation on many a hard-matched field.

"But, sir, these are less to me than the shells piled on you surf-ruffled beach; and most gladly would I give them all, could I but be transmuted into one of those happy songsters which now caroll so sweetly in those moss-covered myrtle-terraced bowers that give bounds to the surges at its feet." "Why, Colonel, you certainly do not regret having served in the wars? Does your mind fret with remorse when you retrospect the lifeless visages after the battle?"

"No! oh no! no sir, nothing of the sort. Expediency knows no such retrospect: there is no need for ablution when duty makes a will by the very laws of constraint. The foe of my flag is a set target for the missiles of death, and I would strike down the craven who would blench to meet him, or dread to give him the unerring aim. The warrior is by profession inured to all its sequences. But there is a feeling in himself that carnage cannot stifle. It is the altar of his divinity, the pride of intuitive love, the pall of woe on his own heart.

"Young man, listen. Three years ago, I married a child of twenty. At the time of our acquaintance, she was engaged to as noble a fellow as ever deployed in cavalcade,—one, too, who never faltered before the iron hail, nor parleyed for lots when making up a forlorn hope. Young, generous, gay, high-minded, chivalrous and worthy. But unfortunately he was poor—the gravest sin a man can be chargeable with in this brazen world. I broke in upon his covenant with his betrothed, and gained her for my bride. But she never wed me, and every vow she made at the altar was an insult to common sense and a perjury before high heaven. And I, dotard and fool that I was, could not see the rank madness of my folly. One moment's thought should have convinced me there is no law to wed the frost and flowers; there is no principle by which the roseate beauty of June can be acclimated to the rigor of midwinter.

"But in exoneration for Oleta let me here explain: she would not have broken her pledged faith with Harry but for the scheming machinations of an artful mother. Talk to me of the shambles of Turkey! What hoots it if the veiled Circassian goes an unwilling captive to do the servile biddings of her purchaser against her will and affection? Submission to a slave market is none other than a necessity, and timidity may awake a thoughtless care, and unexpected concern call out a reciprocal regard. But why do we, a Christian people, look with such horror on the practice of a semi-barbarous people who barter for a pittance the maidens in their market, whilst we almost universally copy after them, with no extenuating apologies for such an inhuman infatuation?"

Oleta's mother was a member of high standing in a Christian church. Invocations were daily offered to the Most High in her domestic circle. But the pride of her natural instructress knew no bounds. Her trinity was the golden ore—her idol the image calf. And now, the links which join my wife to me are the same as these which link this locket to my watch, and the artizan who forged them was that same said Christian mother. But she has gone to receive the booty of an outlaw's reward, and, for aught I know, the practical proof of the adage in her text-book, 'You cannot serve God and Mammon.' She sleeps a quiet sleep, and so let her repose. Ten years before our bans she broke off a match between both of her two elder daughters for the same reason she would discard my rival. The jilted lovers joined the army, went to war, courted death, and in accordance with their wishes, left their bones on a foreign soil. The news came home that they could not return, for the stars and stripes had draped them. And Mary and Clara, conscious that they had signed their lovers' death-warrant, in a paroxysm of despair, rushed forward to a fate of iniquity, to retaliate on a mother who estimated happiness by the worldly standard of respectability. This should have been a sufficient lesson to teach her common-sense propriety; but instead of that, it only intensified her predetermination for error. She desired all the more the officer of rank to cover the blotch on the family record, and hence was ever ready to sacrifice by a further inroad on the rights of purity.

"The day Oleta and I were married, or more properly, the day she ostensibly married me, she spent the whole day within an hour of the ceremony, in her own room, weeping. To her it was a funeral—to all the promptings of a wooing love. And on the wedding apparel should have been most appropriately hung the sable sash, indicative of a writhing spirit. But to go on. I owed Harry, my martial son, a debt of gratitude—I owed him my life; he warded a thrust whilst in the campaign service, which would have caused my death, and it was done at the well known jeopardy of his own life. Had he called me to the field of honor before he left his native land, it would have given me some consolation to know we parted in the honors of war. But no! he meekly

left as his farewell password, "Colonel, you know me from what I have encountered. You will not ask me for a proof of my manliness, nor doubt the motives which restrain me from asking it of you. I thought I knew you until this hour. More especially, I thought I knew how to confide in her whose destiny was my goal, my hope, my life. I surrender what is clearly lost, and if, in the keeping of a treacherous heart, you find a treasure worthy of your venerable love, with my very best good wishes for the future, I bid you be happy."

"Poor fellow, he has gone to the Indies, and from thence to a home where money does not shut out the good nor instal the bad. My pride was stung at his letter, but I could not retort; I pocketed the insult, for it was too palpable, too true to be gainsayed. And yet, if it had come from any other quarter it would not have been passed over in silence. The sail is returning, the evening is deepening into twilight; they will scarcely reach here before nightfall. When they arrive, you will see her to whom, by formal law, I am wed; but to say in truth we are man and wife, is to utter a positive falsehood. And remorse daily upbraids me for an impious zeal; an unholy passion, at variance with all the dictates of a better judgment, in the commission of this fatal and irreparable error. But Oleta is not to blame. Young, gay, handsome, accomplished, fond of admiration, in love with herself, and a perfect nurtured pet of fashion, how else could she have decided, when with all her natural fondness for ostentation she had the powerful persuasions of a coy and sinister-minded parent to urge her on to the onslaught of that lovely instinct which is the only genuine test of love. Here in this home is enough to make any young girl's head giddy. And who of all her sex would not confiscate their honor for similar inducements?

"I am almost persuaded women are our greatest ill. When in the camp we can quarter an army in perfect harmony, and the man who takes care of the chief's war-horse is a stranger to the onerous title of rank. How different the rules of society to suit the fastidious whims of pretentious girls and manoeuvring mammas? The returned volunteer finds the perils of the war

fare have been to deck the brows of a few staff officers, whilst the rank and file are reckoned as mere appurtenances, the same as horses and ordnance. I grant reception parties give the maimed and languid a hearty welcome to their homes; but after the feasting, and toasting, and buncombe speeches are over with, the evanescence of glory to the ranks subside. And ten years after they may find it difficult to get from government their claims for service which has disabled them, since their penury precludes the chance of a congressional fee. Men are very self-important, and think themselves all powerful to control. But in this they are very much mistaken. Man ever has been the slave of woman, and ever will be. How often have I wondered, whilst contemplating the fall, that Adam did not pause to consider the serious necessity he was under as a primeval ruler, and with destiny pointing to the long avenue of time, and his multitudinous descendants, how he could have given way to the fine-spun story of the fallen one is more than I can account for. He had no excuse save that he could not spare the only woman known to earth: but such a loss could not have intercepted his purpose, for his cognizant knowledge of the supernatural power should have taught him another Eve could stand before him after another deep sleep. But no, she had woven her silken meshes about his heart, and he was as helpless to her prey as though he had not seen creation's earlier dawn and held consultation with Him who deals in mystery as a shadow of his will. Or could it have been the ignorant innocence of his uncontrasted felicity that thought not of barren fields and prickly thorns beyond his Eden? Surely he was in love; and who that loves can see but ideal bliss to which fickle fancy directs the rapturous vision, and dazzles judgment by her gorgeous show. If the experience of the proverb-writer found not one woman in a thousand, what use is it for us to hope that a further pressing inquiry would lead to more favorable results? Eve was what her daughters are; and the dramatic author was not amiss when he proscribed the sex."

"Why, Colonel, we are surprised at such expressions from a gentleman of your renowned good sense. The wine has certainly

warped your judgment; your denunciations are too broad and very erroneous. You argue against yourself. In your speculations about the original transgression you do not take into consideration that the word obey was not a womanly duty. In the superior experience of Adam, he is entitled to greater censure for a rebellion to law, provided he could understand the import of that injunction, and if punished without such knowledge, the penalty would seem very unjust. Besides, the inquiry of mind to know what we do not comprehend must have afforded the logical tempter—known to strategem by the practice of it against the Head of Power, and adroit in it by the gift of reason—a fine field for the display of all his sweeping chicanery, before which Adam was scarce a pigmy in contrast with that greater arena where in other times it had thundered. Moreover, he could not have decided against woman without an appeal to Him who gave her. For she was then a peer, and if he reasoned at all he could find no reason to justify the use of a prerogative which he did not possess. Since then, woman's sphere has been to concede; and the law is mitigated in its sentence to her by the very fact that she loves the admiration of men. If we love what she does, it must also be remembered she only esteems what will advance her in the regards of men. And she is ever ready and willing to sacrifice every comfort and forego every hope to advance the weal of those she loves. We have seen her not only in the chamber of the sick, succoring the fainting, calming the dying, and, after the spirit has fled, administering kind offices to the dead, but in the rudest hovel, or mounted on dragoon-saddle, crossing the western wilds, or cooking the supper of a train-party who had camped by a brook in the open air and inclement weather, even there the frail attendant of her sovereign showed the faithful keeping of her trust; and by her will all were cheered, and with her exuberant spirits trouble forsook the band. And she may often, most often, thus be found when her gentle structure would much forbid the will to so overtask her strength for endurance. When living facts like these attest the proof of woman's worth, why argue so when statute claims demur the allegation and bar the charge for naught? Ask for ro-



mance and we offer you her history; require of us constancy in its sublimest feats, demand heroic valor which pangs the brain and winces thought with the recital, for love inquire, before which the noontide glow of Sol's most torrid heat would wane, which none could think was other than a monstrous fabrication of weird shape; but that woman has been all this and more to us, and all to whom her minstrel love hath come. True, we know her love for social position, but we also know the disdain in which she is held if not fortunate in society. And if she is guilty of an idolatrous love to fashion, it is because we, the men, have taught her thus to be. And if we would admire her own home-made fabric before the flashy imported silk, she would invariably go thus attired. And if she is to be seen in the market offering herself as a commodity, against her sentiment for a fortune, she can also as often be seen heaping a fortune on a worthless suitor who quarters himself on her bounty for her gold. Give her wealth to her utmost wish, and she will no longer barter herself for money. Why censure her, then, for preferring a protector whose means will enable her to live above the contumely of the curling lip of unjustifiable scorn? Woman's love, by caste the harlot jade, is daily strangled. Amend your code or be not plaintive at the wanton ingress of its gross demands. Out, not on woman, but they who make her servile and then oppress her for her helplessness! Away with croaking men who prate about the sex, and reflect not that as she is debased so is society lowered, and as the tendency downward increases the will to amend but lessens!

"We verily believe you censure yourself in this instance too severely. Age, after all, is but a nominal thing to note the distance we have come, it metres not the future. Nor are persons to be graded by age so much as their physical contrast for longevity. That your lady loves you must be a self-evident fact; for how else could she but love, since you it is who have brought her to this eminence in society from the home of obscure necessity. Like Othello, we fear you have nursed an ideal image in the brain till every thought is panic-struck at some jealous trick of duplicity. It is sure to produce what most you dread. Woman

will not be proof against a suspicious allegation not founded well in fact. E'en though she be as spotless as the dew upon an envoy's wing, if she but learns mistrust lurks in the feelings of her lord, the fires of constancy in her bosom are extinguished the ashes of former love are on her heart's bright altar, and her mission thenceforth is to bribe the Vandal to despoil."

"To bribe the Vandal to despoil! An appropos not meant, but all the more meaning since comes it does with omen signal of his intent. This glass, and that boat! Take this glass and watch how they fondle in the warm embrace of love, e'en whilst the spray doth splash the very topmast, and the reefed sail bends full before the wind with which they cross the waves, and for aught they know by which they whelm and die as they have lived, a loving sameness, sweet in its perils, thus tutored to despoil."

"Why, Colonel, I am surprised at you, to thus work yourself into fury over a vague and truly mistaken idea. Danger will huddle enemies into a friendly circle. I fear the dangers of the sea to the craft and not their dark intent. How could you thus suspect, seeing there are four on board?"

"How could I thus suspect? If danger harmonizes foes, ills weaken woes: and those bent on like designs may well go on; of each the other nothing knows. But most gladly would I pay the divers to disgorge them of the sea, if this fresh storm would hug them with its strong breath, and give to the weeds o'er which they swim the aquatic windings of a briny shroud. But 'tis meaningless thus to talk. The barbed fish most wildly flounders when the deep dart is drinking out his life, and the force with which he pulls more quickly makes him motionless. In that entire party flows kindred blood of mine, and mooted suspicion would cause these rusty blades of mouldered sires to cancel thought neath these green plateau groves, for generations the home of martial scenes, and for ages used to the tread of chieftain's strides. The escutcheon would here find a mimic end, and I, the dwarfish retinue, a most unpitied tomb. A pretext for a war will do for kings whose courts mould vassals to their will; but we whose conduct others will decide, must wear the image of the meaning on the plate, else every act will be a mouth-piece with which to torture out a living condemnation."

"Let us go to the shadows of the grove. We may not longer trace them on the beating track. To the treasures of the sea I would new riches add by this most eager contribution—but no it will not be. Fate fosters well the nurslings of her pride, most oft she finds a ready counterpart when dotards choose a gewgaw for a bride. I importune you to go on your way a mute spectator of these scenes. Sometime you may be tempted to give them publicity; but be sure you do not do so until I am no more. You remember the traveller who suppressed his curiosity when witnessing the wine drunk from the skull, and by that you can profit. When you narrate them, if ever, do so with proper deference and all will be well."

We wandered arm in arm over those shelled avenues, regaled by the odor of fruits and flowers, sheltered by the perennial boughs of the stately magnolia, the majestic pine and towering oak. The fountains played their spattering jets as if in feeble answer to the hoarse moan of the waves, and the sighing wind swept its ceaseless way through the dense foliage to chime a sympathetic measure with the mental storm which raged in the mind of as frank and honorable a man as ever honored friend or dealt invective hate to foe. He continued:

"You are a traveller and must know something of men by their exterior appearance. You observe my organization is one of feeling. Often do I envy the phlegmatic man, whose nerves are too far from the surface—beneath muscular grossness—to ever wince. Such persons never have a great deal of pleasure; but if they are strangers to joy, they are likewise so to pain. It is not desirable that we should be too susceptible. But it may be, the counterbalance of extremes are equal; the opposites may average. Who knows?"

"The ordeals we mortals pass seem greater to ourselves than others; and yet, we may not judge from symbols seen, since other's secrets, kept housed in the mind, may far outstrip our own; and if arrived at, would cause us, over lots we now repine at, to grow most thankful. Withal, I sometimes think there is nothing new under the sun. The unknown antediluvian whose dust may lie buried here—whose oblivious existence on the scroll

of time has long since been laid away in the dusty archives of the chronological history of what to us is faded—may have felt just as we do; his burthens may have been our own. Ages hence, we shall be as they; and some moody child of disaster may here wander, and wonder as we now do, and find like us no answer to his interrogations. How strange we reasoning creatures are so unreal. The fleeting phantoms of the hour decoy us into a life of misery, and those who most upbraid our rashness, do act with least becoming cause of praise. There are none who care for us, however mindful of their opinions we are, but as we for principle care.

"The proud man's hate is not an index of his thoughts. His esteem may be the mask which, worn to suit the courtly semblance of the hour, dissembles hideousness seething in the grim vortex underneath, which, when thrown off, more manifestly speaks the reason prompting a disguise. Could we transfer by some unknown agency the beating pulse of souls to dumb inertia, the shock would rend to ruins fragmentary, waste the sphere so tranquil now. The ills of life are frequent ours as we do seek them; there is an intoxication in the stolen pleasures, and the greater the interdiction the stronger is our wish to *breach* the code.

"Reason wears no flippery. Truth is cold; and her mother Justice stern, unfeeling, and impartially severe. Who know their counsels and shrug not their will? But pride is coquetish; vanity a fawning sycophant, and all men servile subjects of their ephemeral smiles. The tortures which now hiss within are sought after, though well known the market value of the gift: once owned, are ours, and we to them are wed by bonds of appetite which few can well disown. And though you see what I do feel but could only appreciate, by knowing it will not teach the perverse mind to dread the ills it craves to revel in. We struggle hard to obtain what makes us most unhappy; and though avoiding error, forever shun those paths that are unknown to pain. What odds to us the experience of the race about us? Living biographies are living blunders, which fools, not we, will make. But avoiding their mistakes will make a thousand other. With what I have said would you exchange our place in life, since



more equal ages would make the comrades more equal suitors?"

"Who do you mean, us?"

"Yes, you! We know not. Why do you not know? Because satisfaction is too unsatisfactory. To live is destiny, and it is law. Law is God, which heeded, knows not error. Law moral, domestic, social, political, are one; one in right, and also one in wrong. To ask then — would you be what few would excuse us for not becoming, and what we could not excuse ourself to be, is asking what answers itself. How do you mean? We like others would choose what most we did doat on. Whose God is chosen, such is worshipped. And who most can sacrifice outdo the most. Error gives great award to war on right. But if it does, who ever consents to wage the strife, gains an ungainly prize. To look on ills is all that we desire; we would not know what we could wish we had not known. And once knowing, we have no power to bid the noisy child be still."

"Ah, sir! you reason well; yet who that cannot theorize? But who will put in force superior judgments, just commands? Digression from a given way, always leads further off from the defined path, which once taken, may lead further still than ever others went before, if possible, such could be. Adherence lends content, though never much disturbed by tumultuous undoings, nor never wild with an unnatural potion. If from men's words you judge them, then all are wise; if from their acts, scarce none who seem not fools. But sir, this storm grows with fierceness, and now do I relent the curse of end I laid upon them. That her bright eye this might all dim, should shrink not from the feeding monster's ravenous touch, is more than I would think of. Death-mantles follies. Even now with hope mixed in with doubt would contemplation see only virtue in the history of the past, and all the bitter feelings of my soul to her, would turn to venom, engendering poison in itself. I may mistake her love; or perchance, I do my own. Who that loves so fervid but by times, will grow most jealous, — and yet withal when love reciprocates, we nothing chide: surely she knows the language of herself, and answers suiting her demands, must ever satisfaction give. What think you?"

"We think as you do; the cup of joy brim-full has no such emptiness wherewith to harbor jealousy. And love is lewdness, and base inconstancy, when seeking bliss in stranger's smiles. But list! Colo's bow wow denotes he spies the light, watchful friend! he knows the angry waves now challenge stout the yacht, — its gleam must signal great distress, for it alone could speak them in the dark. Thanks, they are safe; but to steer the point of rocks which run out from the bayou's mouth, requires a skillful helmsman; but Fuqua's arm is strong, and his fortitude and judgment without a rival. What if the billows should engulf them, e'en whilst their cries are heard from off this shore, mingling with the wild wind's requiem dirge!"

"Pity could not rescue. But let's watch their progress; their beacon will our forebodings answer. They pass in safety. They owe their safety to the full flood, which gave them leeward sea-way. How terrific the swell on which they toss! watch the rising and climbing signal, how plainly it manifests the terribly sublime surgings of the ocean invading the inlet! But let us go to the house, the carriage awaits them at the landing, and it will be a full hour or more before they can possibly reach home!"

We return from the *beach*, and ascend the verandah steps that look out towards the ocean; the air and sound tell us we are snuffing the breath of Neptune; but the lungs of the forest soften the music of the muttering echo, and modify its moistened vapors. The Col. resumed. "Ah, sir, how sincerely do I wish for the stirring scenes of the camp! Perhaps in all this country, there is not a more inviting home, to every outward appearance, than this; and highly likely there is no hearth more vacant than mine own. Music and revelry, with their voluptuous strains of delightful reverberation, forever keep a jocund round of mirth, and gallant men delight to toast my honors with an envious eclat; but beneath it all they laugh to know they own the jewel, whilst I but wear the signet of its worth. Cupid, sir, is a notorious recruiting officer. There is no sanative for a disappointed lover, equal to the rough hardihood of war; and no breastwork so formidable as the callous bosoms of men beyond the reach of care. How despicable the avaricious craving for the procurement of an

alloyed wealth! How sacrilegious the habit of causing every motive to be secondary to material property! And we as a people, are less excusable for such remissness, than any other nation under the sun. Ostensibly a republic—but practically so only in name. And sir, it is this barbarous thirst for gold, which is so rapidly eating out the vitality of the country. For which there is neither hope or redress. I have witnessed sights on the plains, which make my blood run cold to think of. The pent field after an engagement, is a matter-of-course scene of horror. But the neglected sick, forsaken by their own companions, left to the mercy of chance by their own sworn friends, helplessly dying by the roadside—and the desperate, hungry, and starving outcast feeding on his fellow, when companies with an over-laden superabundance, were quartered in sight, are stubborn incidents to prove the insane influence of the yellow fever, over the soul. But why cite such instances? The rules of settlements are not dissimilar. But to go on with my narrative: the wilds between the borders and California, are fertilized with the bleaching bones of trains-men. Our men frequently used a skull for a mallet to drive down a picket pin when ranching out the horses for the night, and without any more repugnance than if it were a timber mawl. This we could endure, did not the analysis call up the incentives producing such results. The widow and orphans were made so by this idol love of money, and the premature and unburied end is the sequel to the chapter of casualties, to which the harassed victim was subjected, previous to the final close of life's drama. And the pitiless storms and glad sun, fall upon the unhoused remains which teach a lesson of impartial love, that the wanderer never knew whilst living. But sir, what sent them out to leave their families, to run the hazard of a luckless chance? With a hope most hopeless to the final result, why did they neglect the duties of plodding pursuits? The answer is to be found in nearly every hamlet of this country. Who does not know a score of California widows, abandoned by the gold hunter to become a prey to the prowling cormorants, who like the jackalls of the camp, keep their stealthy, argus-watch about every unprotected fireside? And too, who does not know the history of those who

went out to *Ophir*, to seek for a social position which only bullion can buy? The sabbath revel—the bacchanalian song is but sadly present to my grated ear, and the votaries of the maze, not unfrequently were made up of the messengers of "good will to men." Why, oh why, this sacrifice of every blood-link; tell me if you can, why men run away from those they so recently vowed to honor and protect?

The twain one is inseparable. If proper motives joined them in the treble bonds of love, they could not so readily be dissolved, they would not so carelessly be separated. It must be the mutual will was not stimulated by proper innate principle, or some secret undivulged until after wedlock, that gave the clue to imposition, and rent the woven chords which bleed the more freely, because they have naught well worthy of their grief. Love will not quit its shrine, whilst for the altar of divine regard, it owns an object worthy of its keeping. Or can it be, there is such an inordinate love for vain-glorious show; a scheming plot for insidious pomp, to which the heart must go astray, when guided by the master-check of caste? Sir, we claim for this age, progression. To this we must demur. Rather let us name it, retrogression. What recompense is offered here for the red man's extinction? What have we that he had not? and too, what did he enjoy, that we do not possess? Study this when at your leisure, and solve the query, is civilization a stigma on its name? He did not cultivate, and for that we claimed the right to wrest. We cultivate, and exhaust, and cater not to dire want, but to some whim, which he would honestly despise. At his customs we wonder and admire; at ours, he laughs and scorns. And if he gave place to tribes whose numbers and muscles made them superior, he did not yield his spirit, nor lose the will to wage another effort. Look to your blank faces in your teeming, crowded, commercial cities, who chafe beneath the goading chains of social grade. Where are their homes, who their task-masters? what the demands of monied capitalists, and incorporated companies? what their hopes, and what their inevitable end? The sewing-girl who sews her life into the slouch shop-garment, may be a scion of a brave, whose bare-foot march left the crimson foot-prints on the

frozen ground as he followed the drooping continental flag; or, by his privations gave prowess to the disconsolate quarters of Valley Forge; or perchance in later years fortified the hero's breastworks at New Orleans.

The old society of '76 is now obsolete. Our modern exquisites thought it an unfair and inconsistent order for a free people to keep up; and as our love for a golden aristocracy grew, so the inclination to give up the old honors of the revolution increased. Marion and his potatoes, Andre and the three old faithful spies, and such like scenes of the days of our infantile struggle, are removed to the garret or cellar, or sent off to auction, to make room for the imported pictures of foreign courts. An American artizan cannot dispose of his goods so readily until he has counterfeited a European brand, with which to stamp and enhance the merchantable article on sale. Such we have become — what we will be, is more than I can foresee; and yet the history of the future must be discernable to any one of ordinary perception.

Some writer in a recent number of Harper's Magazine attempted to admonish the single how to prevent their affections from withering; and essayed to prove that celibacy was regulated by the standard price of bread — just as though he could tinker up the works of the Almighty, or induce a consternation foreshadowing a famine!

During the winter of the panic of 1857, when insurer and insured, debtor and creditor, looked pale and inquiringly into each other's faces — when hope forsook the stoutest — when every one was dubious of his neighbors, and many publicly proclaimed their dread of starvation; in the very height of that dismal reign of commercial terror, there was to be found in the goodly city of Brotherly Love a leading commercial paper wantonly yet triumphantly boasting the time had come when the kitchen help could no more be precise about the duties of her contract for service.

Labor was not counted a menial duty forty years ago — and the peculated fortune would not at that day have bought up the esteem of the first rank of society. Industry was favored and fostered, honesty was encouraged, and the will to do was not thwarted by the pretentious nabob. Marriage was honored, and

the maiden a helpmeet rather than a burden. The pine-table and wooden spoons made the clean cottage a home of happiness; for love, not fused metal, was the consideration of the indenture of alliance. Then the wife's thoughts were occupied with other topics than floating gossip, and if she wore flounces, her industry aided to procure them. She preferred the sickle and the gleaned sheaves to the fantastic nonsense of the masquerade, and the olive branches about her-table effectually shut out those misgivings which make a libel for divorce the last alternative of an outraged husband."

"Colonel, we insist you are incensed against mankind. You should have the thistle for your coat of arms. For, after all this change of which you speak, people in reality have not changed. Men are the same always everywhere, differing just as circumstances make them. Men's feelings are brought out by the times. Besides, you are a warrior. If you would keep us behind the world, the world would keep us under them. If you will rear men to be as innocent as doves, they would not care to fight. Where, under such circumstances, would your soldiers come from? From where Washington got his. Our present fast men are less than a shadow, but few of whom would care to encounter peril for principle; and three nights on guard in midwinter would give the most of them a fatal attack of bronchitis. You much mistake if you think innocent men would not fight bravely; on the contrary, when men have homes to defend, their stout arms find a ready and stout will in the contest, and right is a mighty spur in the engagement. But if he has no home, no group about the fireside, nor hope of any worthy of an honorable, high-minded son of liberty; if he must feel, though born a sovereign citizen of liberty, he must be crushed for the gratification of the ambitious, or bartered as consols by speculative sharks, then indeed he must be fond of fighting, he must be anxious to add to the power of those who abuse it to his social degradation, to be willing to enter the service for fifteen dollars per month and a few acres of an uninhabited waste."

"And when you allege I am misanthropic, sir, you should first disprove my premises. What have I said that is not correct?"

"Well, Colonel, we'll agree it is all correct; but your testimony bears upon shadows; to give us a perfect painting, give us light as well as dark ground. Sir, the shadows form in this picture the main body of the painting, with scarcely a relieving ray. The exceptions do not alter a rule, nor will the relief to the background remove the mountain-chains which pile against the vaulted blue." In this we must agree to disagree with you. We can sympathize with you in your domestic suffering, but we are loth to think there are not many happy families, and equally as unwilling to think men are destitute of principle, and we are quite as ready to accord to women disinterested motives. Men are mostly by preference adherents to principle, and digression from it is the force of surroundings, and not the will of choice."

"Well, sir. It boots not the causes; we are most concerned about the effect. Many roads radiate from this, and any of them are sure to bring you here, though some are more circuitous than others."

"It is no difference what brings about the result. It is the effect for which I contend."

"And if circumstances make us err, which shall we regard as debtors for the end, the error or the cause that instigates it? Your logic, sir, won't hold good. The peculiarities of the case are tantamount, look at them as you please. If my farm is overrun with destructive weeds, it matters not whether they are of spontaneous growth, or were blown here by the wind from sluggish plantations adjacent, or leagues away. If a malaria arises from a morass, it must be reclaimed; we must subdue it, or remove from its influence, or die by inhaling the effluvia. So if society is out of order, we must restore it to peace, or suffer the entail'd evil, which disjointed circles and clashing interests superinduce. And, as I said before there is no remedy. You say the same. You bid us remove the cause which makes woman decide against her promptings of intuitive love, or else not censure for her raid or instinct. Here, sir, is the pivot of the question. We have a lever, but no fulcrum. Or if you choose, we have both, but they are inoperative. To bring reason to the plummet, is to ask man to disown his love of self. To confiscate self on the al-

tar for the benefit of the race. And who will step forth from the ranks in answer to such a call? who will declare he has no pride? who act out such an unnatural declaration? But Col. where is your proposed remedy? you spoke of one? It lies in moral force, moral suasion, moral precept, moral example. It rests there, or nowhere. But, sir, it rests and has, and from it we hope for nothing, for it is worse than nothing. Because it could, but will not, is heresy. What would you think of me, if I had the power to save a wrecked mariner on this coast, and did not attempt to rescue him from perishing?"

"We should think you a merciless, heartless man, sir."

"And that is what I think. The matron of the world is soulless, by her inconsistency and inactivity. But I hear them coming, we will walk down to the gate and meet them, and welcome friends whose friendship gives us much uneasiness."

Quick as a bearer of despatches, we sped the shelled path o'erhung with dewy arches. Patient Joe was just unlatching the gate as we reached it. And Col. with true gallantry welcomed the party in a glowing strain of gratulations on their deliverance and safe arrival.

Never shall we forget the wild hoh! hoh! of the phlegmatic Oleta, or the jocose taunt of Mr. Fuqua, and the stirring retort of Fitzwater, and the happy expletives of Laura.

"But come! come! you are wet; let us hurry home, that you may get on dry apparel. Joe, drive on, boy, we will walk up!" The Col. continued, "do you observe the gang with whom I have to parry? An open outbreak would do me good, but to smother fire, and still fan it into fierceness, will consume the mettle of the spirit, and disarm us of the inclination to resist." Once more we returned to the spacious halls of Ludwick Lee.

Chandeliers fill the apartments with floods of light, and seeming life-like bronze look out from niched walls, and vivid paintings watch your movements as if their gaze was an artist's scrutiny; the velvet carpet a perfect miniature floral photograph, exquisitely gay in its adaptation to the muffled touch of the embroidered slipper; and the imported furniture, with the trade-mark of Parisian artizans, make up an invoice of sumptuous elegance and opulent leisure.

The party make their appearance, and we are formally introduced. We dislike minutiae; it really forms no part of our subject, and if to write details is the ordeal of a successful writer, we have no aspiration for such a monotonous undertaking. Yet some description is due this company, and we ask the indulgence of the reader to the task. The tall, slender, symmetrical, Col. with locks white as the sea-foam, and features the personification of a Grecian model, was a ludicrous partner for the stout, athletic Oleta, whose black curls, in luxuriant grace, fell cozily over her broad, rounding shoulders, and entangled with the motion of the tossing head, about the bared bust. Eyes, black as the wing of a raven, and bright as the spangled jewels which sparkled on her heaving bosom, or shone with brilliant lustre from the gem-studded bracelets. Features coarse, with an earnest, expressive countenance, which bespoke a temperament, cold and gross. Her complexion, dark; a natural brunette, rendered sallow by exposure and excess. When animation enlivened her, the fierce glare of her countenance was terrible, but stupid and morose when quiet.

A fit subject to head a band of desperadoes, and to all outward appearances, as destitute of innocence, as light of darkness. How a refined man could ever have fancied such a woman, was more than we could understand. Laura was modest, good disposed, sprightly, friendly, and rather loquacious; a real fairy, effeminate, womanly, enchantress; with blue eyes, auburn hair, nose, slightly aquiline, chin prominent, forehead full, mouth small, dimple cheeks with vigorous, nervous temperament, which should index strength of character and inflexible will. But such was not the case. For if she possessed native determination, her concessions to wealth made her the mere instrument of Oleta. And the cold-heartedness of the one, with the plausibility and gentle sweetness of the other, would make them a match for stratagem not easily outdone.

Mr. Fuqua was a jaunty, dry jester; off-handed, *piquant*, careless, and rather slovenly. A rugged, robust, fellow, with full, round, face; medium height; large black eyes; dark hair, and full whiskers. Evidently a man of selfishness, and blunt susceptibilities. Fitzwater, stern and haughty, though endowed with

true, noble gifts of mind, which culture had burnished, and travelling enlarged, should have commanded our admiration, but that we could discover the nobleness of mind was alloyed by grovelling sentiments, unbecoming a true, gentle man; we could conceive, beneath the matted, sandy hair, which partially hid the prominent intellectual citadel of *acumen*, the manifest evidences of systematised villany, lurking within the adroit and calculating mind.

The many narrow incidents of the sailing trip, were over and again repeated. Toasting bumpers refilled the silver goblets, and the merry heart, and beaming countenance, and pealing laughter, intermingling with the swift intonations of the speaking music, and tripping feet, made the ancient arches of Ludwick's frescoed halls, resound with a happy home jubilee, to which the fleeting hours were all unknown. Ah! we dread the glee of the maze, and never do we attend the giddy, whirling youth, so utterly unconscious of the morrow, but before us is present with all its original force and freshness, John's decapitated head, and Byron's fearful Ardennes. The entertaining host, with graceful gesture and becoming dignity, did his high-born honors well sustain. We could not discern a moving muscle out of primp, to speak the choking lies within, which pretentious smiles, with borrowed grace did screen from sight, save when the talk had calmed and straying thought grew vacant, in its beating rounds in quest of something new. Just then, we could think the conversation of the evening with its grim conjectures, were confronting him, but glances thrown askant were buried by the breaking muteness. But we must hurry through this chapter. Too much already, has this narrative engrossed this thesis of life's shades and lights, and mutations. We left the home of opulence early on the succeeding day, with many good wishes, and kind solicitudes attending the farewell separation. And as we rode for miles along the growing cotton and tasselled corn, through the rich domains of our kind friend we had quitted, the recollection of his mistrust, his greatness and sorrow, his honor, heartfelt barrenness, and our own cosmopolitan hopelessness, the contrast revived us for fresh struggles. The unknown perspective grew resplendent with sunny

smiles, and nearly hopes and gentle faith. And in ourself we resolved to fear not the furious storm, so long as the flukes of the anchor were cleaving hard hold on the solid bottom below. Since the visit spoken of, the Col. has expired; the attending physician says of disease of the heart, but Joe thinks mastur's death ware brought about by the unruly ways of missis, who someshow, neber did as she oughto, and ware so wery different from old missis, dat 'twan't any wondur mastur dies wid a broken heart. Likes sich people kill anybody got any feelings: 'twere the greatest pity in de world dat any sich match eber come 'bout." The widow began a splash shortly after the Col's death, and was caught by a professional gentleman, who proved to be a true cavalier, until her fortune was squandered, and Ludwick Loe changed hands under the red flag. After that, he maltreated and forsook her. Her last alternative was to go home to her aged father's meagre homestead, where shortly afterwards she died, more from pride of hate to fortune, than grief or age. Her old pa still lives on his little farm, and in his slow decline, finds solace in his depth of piety. He lingers as a forlorn Jew about the old homestead, consoled by the assurance his opinions were always disobeyed, and his judgment set aside.

A short time since, we visited Blackwell's Island, and found among the outcast incorrigible convict women sentenced there for inexorable, intolerable, and incurable vices, to serve a term of banished punishment, in that vile abode of graduated wretchedness. Those same two senior daughters referred to in the out-start of this chapter, who, at the time they were first presented to the attention of the reader, were residing in the secluded mountain hut.

Depravity had become ingrained on their bloated features, and the horror and settled despair on their demoniac though somewhat subdued wild glare terrified us. They recognized us, and quite touchingly inquired for their friends in the South. We informed them of the facts in the past history of their family, to which they responded only by sighs. The tears started not from their soul's portals, and we concluded long since their tears had dried up, and the more convenient feelings of the stoic's charm had made them stubborn to the force of fate.

But when we inquired for their children, they appeared more moved, and we doubted no longer the existence of wonted life in the numbed affections. Soon, however, they quieted themselves, and assured us neither knew of their offsprings' whereabouts. But they further remarked, the elder speaking and her sister assenting, "If we have reared children who do not wish to own their parents, we have not been guilty of Oleta's crime. Had she been as honest as we, she would still be living to-day." Fitzwater resides in San Francisco, and is doing a prosperous trading business; Fuqua and Laura were married, and have gone to Rio. What their fortunes are, we have not learned; their finances were certainly low when they left home, and rumor says that in part took them away.

We cannot close this dark chapter without giving a quotation from Byron's *Darkness*. In our opinion, it forms a perfect picture of this deteriorated age — and no doubt we are indebted to the author for this incomprehensible mystification of the meaning of this poem because of his domestic troubles after marriage; or it may be on account of a jilted love which no good grounds of reason could ever have intercepted. It is an old adage, we can only see truth when we have lost sight of everything else. However much we may dislike the hyperbole, and painfully dismal wail and repining, it does not exceed the third chapter of the prophetic writings of Isaiah, where he depicts the errors of life, and prefigures the howling future. The two in conjunction we offer as a prototype and exemplification of the enactments of the present day. But to the quotation:—

"The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar place  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life; and made a flame  
Which was a mockery: then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew brighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw and shrieked and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was, upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend."



## CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY years ago, between day-dawn and sun-up, might have been seen a tall, middle-aged, erratic man, of marked features and nervous gesticulation, clad in a suit of homespun, holding a parley on the corner of Gay and Baltimore streets, with one of the wealthiest merchants known on the monumental change at that period. With him were his stripling sons, attired in like garb as the father; their round jackets, and roll over collars with a simple black ribband tie, chip hat and coarse brogans, gave them the appearance of country rustics. The personal appearance of the party, demonstrated the industry of the wife and daughters at home, who by turns, were tailoress, wash-women, and kitchen companions. Over the right shoulder of the eldest lad, rested an adze, on which was strung three planes, whilst in his left hand, he held a broad-axe; the younger brother carried a hatchet, nail box, square, dividers, and plumb-line.

The neat, little pocket by the side of the old gentleman's thigh, stitched so tastefully about the edges, at once declared the ladies knew how to work, and the father was not ashamed of a trade by which with rigid economy and united effort, "a growing family," was sustained in that comfortable and creditable position, which the heads had equally inherited from a worthy and respectable parentage.

The builder was an early riser, and on his way to work this morning, had fortunately fallen in with the wealthy merchant, who knowing the sterling habits of the persevering and deserving mechanic, resolved to give him a contract for building several warehouses, he purposed erecting that season.

The morning's consultation resulted in a partial contract, which a few days afterward was confirmed by articles, binding the parties to a faithful and full compliance of the specifications noted in the negotiation. The family heard the news that evening, with

much joy; they all regarded it as a lucky hit, and indeed it was, for Mr. Linden came into notice from that time, as a first class contractor.

At the close of the season, the buildings were all under roof, and by Christmas ready for occupancy. From that period, a new feeling came over the ambition of the master builder. He set his mark on riches, and to that one all-absorbing motive, every other purpose had to give way. Less fond of amusement, more exacting of his men, closer in driving a bargain, reluctant to pay indebtedness, and eager to buy up responsible paper at two per cent a month: these with sundry other noticeable changes in character, were the result of that acquisitiveness which grows by the increase of wealth, and unlike every other passion, knows not abatement by gratification, nor diminishes with the weight of years.

Old associates, less fortunate than himself, were lopped off, new circles formed, and with those new acquaintances, new ideas and manners. Ten years have elapsed, and the family prosperous, happy, maturing and matured, find new influence in the world, by the marriage of two of the daughters to men of wealth and stamina, who were each carrying on business on a large whole-sale scale.

Now opens an epoch in their history, which goes to show the inflatable condition of the immaterial, when allowed the full exercise of those inborn sentiments, which slumber in the bosom of all men, and if not manifested, it is more for the want of opportunity to develop them, than an inclination of the will to put them in force.

Gertrude, the third daughter, was addressed by a young carpenter.

George Riley was all that a young man well could be. Thorough in his trade, upright in business, moral, economical, well educated in the English branches; a self-taught sober thinking, industrious, striving fellow, whose unblemished antecedents, matured judgment, and enviable solidity of character, should have made any father anxious to recognize him as an adopted member of his family.

But he was poor. In vain he sought the father's consent for their marriage. In urging his suit, George asked that he might know the objections to a laudable love. Mr. Linden thought his means were not sufficient to guarantee such a step. "*You know, George, you are only a journeyman. Your wages are small, and there is no prospect of your doing better very soon—what you now make will not support my daughter in that comfort she is now accustomed to; and what, if you were to get sick or thrown out of employ, or your wife should become feeble in health, where are your resources for such a contingency, to which all families are liable?*" In answer to this, George declared he was young and strong, efficient and willing; his health was unexceptionable; and if he did earn but forty dollars a-month, it, with economy, ought to keep a family. "Besides, Mr. Joshua has promised to advance my pay, and there can be no doubt but something better will offer before long by which more can be made than what I am now getting. Besides, Mr. Linden, if you were to say no one should get married but the rich, where would we who are not wealthy find wives? Why not let us begin as you did, and struggle up together? Gertrude says she is willing to do her part. She knows how to work, and will not think it hard to do her own housework, for she has been used to it from girlhood. There is no man in all this city who would love to honor his wife with every comfort sooner than myself—and I have the will, too, to try to better my fortune, and I have always heard that where there is a will there is a way." Mr. Linden did not relish this reference to his days of humble life, and felt vexed at "the young scamp," as he afterwards styled him when narrating the interview to his wife, "that he should presume to win my child's affections all unbeknown to me, and then try to dissuade me from my protest to such a hair-brained intention." George left the stoical old man with a heavy heart. He hesitated whether to drown trouble in the bowl, or endure it with manly fortitude. Judgment poised, resolution faltered—hope was well nigh gone, and what to him was earth bereft of every hope! In the darkness one ray of light came to cheer him with strength to endure and decide the conflict. Gertrude

may not be governed by an arbitrary interposition; her love may break through the cobweb meshes of an unreasonable injunction, and have me yet, despite the fallacious interception of a mercenary and unfeeling father. 'Twere treason not to hope; 'twould impugn a heart untried, and prejudge a will that had not had the chance to confront it for defence. I will wait and see."

Happy resolve. The lips, innocent of alcoholic drinks, remained unstained; the heart, pure in its solemn purposes, begirt itself for renewed determination, and the swaying youth pressed homeward.

A week later he met Gertrude at his Aunt's. When did Cupid fail to suggest ways and means to notify his subjects where and how to meet to talk of love? In hours of absence the winds tell the story of a longing wish—the floating clouds wreath an image of the heart's affection, and each murmuring brook sings a plaintive song of her we love.

Solitude hath its spirit voice, and in the inaudible speech there is welcome language to the contemplative understanding. Love! love! love!

Did we not know there was a God, the very attributes of His divinity would rise before our sight whilst thrilling with the agitations of a care for the invisible in shape and form, and whisper so near, even present before us.

The worst was known to Gertrude. She had heard a savage lecture from her parents the evening following the refusal; but she remained unchanged to her lover. He asked if she would marry him without her parents consent? Like a dutiful daughter she would prefer not to disobey them; "but, George, if my parents refuse, I will not consider their refusal sufficient to prevent the union. We love, and we will trust each other. Marriage is a Divine command, and the Bible, which my mother taught me, bids me leave her and cleave to you. I know I love her, but you do I prefer before her. And if she drive me off and refuse to own me as her child, I shall welcome the banishment; if with the sorrow which that disowning act shall bring, I but have thy love to console my sadness, and thy support to protect and supply the common necessities of life."



George could scarcely believe his own ears : he had not expected such a decisive declaration ; young and inexperienced, he had never known the rebound of woman's will. Gertrude's speech fired and chilled him : he felt nerved for life's future with a manly firmness he had never felt before ; and reckoned difficulty as if the world was a small balance-weight, which he could carry off in his right hand. The impediments on the road of life — which had seemed like mountains in the distance — were now really smooth and graded, although the ascent seemed steep, the ability to reach the summit unquestionable. Looking up to Gertrude, he exclaimed : " My love, thou art my life ; my own, my dear, sweet wife. You have never kissed me in your life ; kiss me now, and be that kiss the seal that I am thy own, thy wedded husband." And as she kissed the lover as her own, he caught her in his loved embrace, and swooning in a palsied gust of speechless love, bathed her pallid features with the streaming fountains of a fervid soul. When recovered, he rejoined : " Gertrude, I could not further bear this earnestness of my inmost spirit, leaping into wild delight."

" Life would dissolve and joy would be my death, if greater ecstasy could more entrance my soul. My will is yours, and with you to nerve me from recoiling. Labor will be amusement, privation a pleasure, difficulty a gain, and disappointment a double incentive spur to fresher action ; for thy smile will attend me amidst it all, and an anxious concern for your comfort will make me a stranger to defeat."

Again and again they passed the assurances of fidelity and constancy. The certainty of incurring paternal displeasure was only a secondary consideration, and the pressure of such anticipations but bound them in a firmer brace of love. Their anxiety peered beyond the bridal hour to the sober realities of the future. Patrimonial hopes they had none. Their resources were within themselves, and they must prepare to encounter trials which might and most likely would arise. Pride and disobedience would prevent them seeking succor from those who could and by rights should assist them.

And if the predictions of Mr. Linden should come about, what

inuendoes and taunts and recriminations would be heaped upon them by the very people who most should pity them ! But to go on. They were married in accordance with the statute code of the commonwealth of Md., three months after their deliberate determination to go into open violation of the proud will of G.'s parents. And the Revd. Jimmy Sewell could aid us in this sketch if the proper names of the parties were given.

Not one of their families knew of their purposes until consummated ; the wedding was divested of the formula and feasting of late contemptible diamond exhibitions, so much the boast of empty heads and lascivious nuptials. A week had expired since the union ; nothing had transpired of an official character to remind interested parties of the state of home-feeling entertained for the elopers.

Gertrude could endure suspense no longer. Mustering courage for the effort, she addressed her mother in the following language :—

DEAR MOTHER :—I am sure you know of our marriage, and you are not a stranger to the whereabouts of our abode. Your solicitude for our happiness, I thought, dear mother, would have made you call to see us before this. We cannot be assured you hold a kind feeling for us so long as you refrain from coming to see us. We would love to see you all so much. By your keeping away from us, we know you are not kindly disposed. Indeed, George is so kind to me, I should feel a perfect elysium of bliss in my relations of wife (how strange the name seems !) if I could but be persuaded you were reconciled to our wedding. And if you knew the genuine love which I feel for my husband, you could not be so cruel and unkind as not to be conciliated at my conduct, for your unnatural stiffness towards us causes me much anxious distress, which you must know would grow out of such harshness from a mother who has always treated me with so much affection.

Mother, this is so unlike you, and to me it is a source of deepest sorrow. How can you but think of your own early love for father : and would you not have done as I have, had your parents forbidden you to marry the choice of your affections ? Do come and see us. We would not hesitate to visit you, but we cannot go to see even our own dear loved kindred unless they wished us to. Tell Lizzie and Kate to come see us. I cannot believe my own sisters have forsaken me.

Your own dear daughter

GERTRUDE RILEY.

Here was an appeal to the tenderest feelings known to earth: the breathings of an unexceptionably kind child imploring her mother to not abjure the offspring of her love.

But no answer came to break the aching suspense; the inexorable Lindens had cut the incorrigible Gertrude; they considered she had disgraced the family by her clandestine marriage to a poor mechanic, from whom she could expect nothing but drudgery the balance of life.

Perhaps the parents would not have been so uncompromising, had not the young bride thrown the glove to a wealthy banker of fifty-five, to give preference to the man of her choice.

But now the golden prize was lost, and in the contemplation of the odds of caste, which so clearly attended the mortifying ultimatum, the family knew no epithet of meaning severity by which to opprobriate Gertrude. We know enough, alienation reigned, and the sisters, and mother, and father would pass Mrs. Riley in the market, and on the streets, and at church, without so much as a word of recognition. How consistent this inequality in the temple of love? To the credit of the brothers, be it recorded, they pursued a different course. They loved their sister; they knew she was the flower of the family; they knew her influence over a kindred feeling, and could not be controlled by the wishes and actions of the rest of the family.

We have hinted at house-keeping. The young pair left the boarding-house, where they were quartered, just after the wedding, and removed to a small house on the remote outskirts of the city.

People did not relish the segregated medley crowds which now sojourn in mixed companies at boarding-houses. We were not so refined then as now. The shield of domestic society was more valued than now, and the prize set on privacy of greater estimate than recent calculations of convenience could admit of.

But let us walk up West Baltimore street, and visit the Riley's in their new home.

A little two story brick, with two small rooms above and below; the windows of which were hung with ordinary blue paper; and the front door, accessible by a pair of Carolina board steps,

opened directly into the parlor, of too contracted space to admit of a hall; the adjacent or back room answered the purpose of kitchen, sitting, and dining-room. The parlor contained three chairs, a centre-table, on which lay a choice collection of books, a dining-table and hat-rack, the mechanism of the carpenter.

A homespun carpet, woven by mother Riley and her girls, covered the floor, and a vase of alabaster, the relic of George's father's sea-faring, ornamented the mantle, filled with pretty artificial flowers, the artistic work of Gertrude. Their cupboard contained a sett of the commonest queensware; a few pewter spoons, a rough lot of knives and forks, a close molasses-cup, a couple of salt-cellars, and a handsome china tea-pot, a token of friendship from an old schoolmate, whose unabated attachment had followed the young bride to her welcomed home of poverty. The sleeping apartment was snugly comfortable, and it alone of the second story was furnished; but the wardrobe of the fair wife was rather limited; in her hurry to slip away from home to enjoy the evening stroll of a beautiful October evening, to seal the pending negotiation of love, she dared not think of trunks or band-boxes; and she had chosen not to go back, for Mr. Linden had dealt invectives to her husband the first time they had met after the marriage—the conciliatory concessions of George were repaid by the blunt insult, "*I expect, sir, to have both of you to keep.*"

This biting sarcasm sunk deep into the hearts of the young folks, and they determined to keep aloof from the irreconcilable family until they would show a willingness to come over to a compromise. The outlay for the meagre lot of goods quoted exhausted the capital of the young beginners, but they were cheerfully agreed to wait the income of industry to furnish their home more comfortably. The evenings were spent in calling on friends and entertaining welcomed visitors, or by conversation at home, or reading from some standard work, of which, next to mechanical tools, George was abundantly supplied. For a year, things went on swimmingly—work was easily obtained at fair wages, and the surplus weekly earnings, after procuring groceries and raiment, were laid out for home comforts. This was a great mis-

take, as further circumstances will explain: but if it brought subsequent want, it also taught a lesson which shaped the after events of life and repaid the sufferers for the ordeal to which they were subjected.

An exception to general precedent. Persons seldom learn an economy not the gift of native will.

The winter of which we have to speak was one of great rigor and business prostration. The best workmen were thrown out of employ, and Riley amongst the number. The merchants with whom he had dealt did not hesitate to credit him for family supplies for the first three months after he was unemployed; but seeing he did not resume work as soon as they thought he should, they very politely declined a further extension of credit to him.

This unexpected financial mistrust seriously inconvenienced and humiliated George, who had entertained the opinion of unlimited confidence with those traders whose cajolery had induced him to believe they would sell him their stores on credit without the slightest hesitation. What was to be done? Out of work, money, and credit—with no moneyed friends of whom to seek aid or comfort. To add to this disconcertment, Gertrude required more than the ordinary comforts of life; the anticipation of matrimonial cares is perhaps the period of greatest solicitude which a young wife ever has or will undergo. The partner of this blessed woman was not a dull student of a husband's duty. He had evinced that consideration for her comfort which can only be suggested by the anxious interest of a burthened affection. Until now want had been unknown. But when most it was to be dreaded it came as the gaunt wolf, to lurk about the door. The spare furniture was sent to auction; the appendages of luxury found their way to the pawnbrokers; the sale should have returned an equivalent to their requirements, had they brought half their value. But so far from relieving their wants, it but added to their discomfort—it tended to put the creditors on the alert and dun after dun came daily to their home of necessity, to grow by denial into more annoying importunity. In the midst

of this disquietude, George wished he had not married. Do not mistake his love.

The proud feelings of his manly nature were upbraiding him for that helplessness, which made him unable to give the gentle wife the protection of a comfortable home. She knew his tacit will, and did her utmost to dispel his anxiety by her cheerfulness.

Perhaps he could have born the anguish quite as well, had Gertrude complained. No, that could not be. Keen trouble must not be further tortured. For nothing short of a God could be thus upbraided without desperation.

There is too often the cause of drunkards from home brawls. And their existence is a proof of animalism, but a total lack of holy affection. But to our subject. We least can ask for assistance, when most in need of it. Between the alms-house and the pitiful plea of poverty in overtures for relief, the former is by far the most preferable.

To the former we can go by the law of right, and the absolute necessity that constrains it, has smothered the agony of pride with the departure of hope from other sources of succor. But the wreck of greatness is frequently degenerate in the fall. The combat with self-esteem is a struggle which causes thousands the tenfold agony of death, before they will unveil their wants to friends who would rush to their relief. Such in this instance was the case. But for the intervention of his wife and adviser, George would have attempted a loan. But Gertrude dreaded the disclosure to her family, and preferred to bear up under trouble privately, in preference to the divulgement of their wants.

Repeatedly had mother Riley requested to be allowed to conduce to the comfort of her children, but as often Gertrude would intercept some reasons, why she should not, when really she was actuated to demur, either from fear of causing privation, or exciting traductive gossip.

We can imagine the surprise of the old lady, on reaching the home of her son and loved daughter: for she was used to say between her own girls and Gertrude, she really knew no difference of attachment: to find the parlor so stripped and destitute of that air of thrift, which characterized it a month before.

She feared lest her son had fallen into habits of dissipation, and forgetting the necessity of her attendance on the critical mother, whose precarious health had caused the physician to give rigid orders to regulations for treating "those premonitory symptoms of complicated doubt, from which it would require great caution and untiring watchfulness to recover the patient." Mother Riley had been very unwell for some time, and her family overtaken in their own domestic duties, on which account the mother and family had been necessarily absent from their usual visits to the young folks; for six weeks she had not been to see them; even now she was scarcely able to be out, but the call of duty made her forget the dangers of a relapse to herself.

And now that she had come with no forebodings of the condition of things, it is not to be wondered that the unlooked for change, caused her to institute a scrutinizing insight into the causes of the dilemma. Without waiting to take off her bonnet or shawl, she commenced a cross-examination of her son. "George what means all this? Where is that mahogany side-board, and those fine slat-bottom chairs, and that handsome mirror, besides the other adornments which were in this room, when I was last here? Can it be possible you are entrapped by gamblers, or taken to drink, or been led off by strange women? What under the sun has come over you, boy, that such a change should be exhibited here in such a brief space of time." Woman's investigation is beyond evasion. Her instinctive perception is greater than man's logical deduction. The latter may be perfect in theory, and still ill-shaped in practice: the former never errs, and is never in need of a summons to bring it to the trial of reason and defence. She is judge, jury, and attorney. An expert in tactics which constitute her fortress for offence and defence. She may not be outwitted in the understanding of the minutiae of all that subterfuge, which an equivocal cause requires of the manoeuvring adept. George knew no ruse would baffle the queries of his mother's anxiety, and therefore frankly narrated the cause of their pecuniary embarrassment.

"My son, I am more glad than if I had heard of some great fortune left you. But why did you not make known your straight-

ened circumstances? Your Uncle William would have helped you with pleasure. But I am glad to know it is no worse."

"Mother, you know your own proud spirit; you very well understand your own unwillingness to trouble your relations. Advice is easier to give than to follow, and if your helpless family cannot claim the voluntary assistance of Uncle William, who of his great wealth could make you above want without missing it, how shall I, a young and gigantic man, in the very bloom of manhood, go to him for aid? But mother, let us not debate this now. You see I have done what I thought was for the best, and I have tried everywhere I could think of, for work. But to-morrow, I'll find some employment, some job or other, no odds how menial the employment. As long as I have strength to work, my family shall not suffer through my reluctance to do anything which may turn up. There is no sort of business I will not do, for a subsistence for myself and family. But do let us break off this dialogue.

"Gertrude is dangerously ill; she may not have proper attention; do go give directions for the best, I am painfully uneasy about her."

"You are right, my son. I love your care for your excellent wife, she is one woman in a thousand; in all my experience, there is not a match for her amongst her sex. And I am not at all uneasy about your prosperity so long as your present good understandings continue, and if your love for her does not hold out true after what she has sacrificed for you, your own mother would almost despise you. But I do not fear for your constancy; no doubt but all will yet go well. Cheer up, George, you are a father as well as a husband; you must have courage, for others must now look to you for protection. Why falter?"

"Mother, I grant all you say, but why will you persist in prolonging this lecture, when you must know I comprehend it beforehand; why not be anxious for Gertrude? she needs your care more than I do!"

"Well, well! here take this purse, you can't get on without money; there is twenty-five dollars, I lend it to you, and you may pay me back, when times get good again." The proffer could not be rejected. The loan was accepted with a ready reluctance,

but the query was turned over and over in the son's mind, how could that surplus be had in such flat times? Some great privation must have gleaned that pittance, especially so, when more than customary demands had called for the expenditure of money in his mother's family.

But when afterwards he learned they had drawn all their deposits from the Bank, the solution of the secret gave a suggestion which he resolved should be adopted by himself, as an insurance against future contingencies. Throughout that night, George kept up a tedious watch. Well he might, for there were no beds in the house for his repose.

Retrospection and anticipation made up the subject of his sombre, dumb, soliloquy. And as he viewed and allotted the future, it was not without reproaches for past improvidence, the thoughts of which produced a remorse for acts beyond recovery.

He saw wherein, through an overheated zeal, he had fallen into error, and discovered the admonitory lessons of prudence, which are even rarely learned in the trying school of experience.

Gertrude passed the night in a feverish slumber, an artificial drowsiness produced by medicinal cordials. And as she would rouse with frantic bursts of frightful discomposure from a flitting doze, the accents of "Mother" could audibly be detected, amongst the incoherent articulations of her random mutterings. Ah! who that has felt the scorching fever in a foreign home, as he lay in awful suspense, with anxious dread that the very next step of his palsied tread, would dip his pilgrim feet into the cold floods of Jordan's dark waters, but has with a reminiscent eye, longed for the gentle touches of a mother's calming love. And too, who that has felt the earth a barren desert, and o'ercome with grief and bending under the weight of disaster, and craving the long nap of the chilly sleep, the wakeless slumber where the honest mother quietly swaddles her own, but with the most earnest pantings of his breaking heart, has sighed for the soothing accents of an old familiar voice, to offer balmy words of comfort in the hours of darkest lamentation to the soul? It was plainly evident the patient's mind was disquieted by a long-continued thought of her mother's angry and cold ostracism, which must at once be relieved, or it would jeopardize her life.

Accordingly, early in the morning, a message was sent to Mrs. Linden of the precarious illness of her daughter, the causes, and consequences, if she did not repair to her, and remove the irritable grief so long nursed in health, that it had assumed a nervous chronic shape, and would occasion her death, if she did not go at once to see her, and calm her uneasiness, and silence the causes of her agitation.

Mrs. Linden heard this story unmoved.

And in answer calmly replied, "When she nursed her first-born, her attention was too much taken up with her treasure, to be allowed time to send notices about the country, for friends to come see her. She had lost all care for Gertrude; there were other young children growing up, and it behoved her to manifest by a discipline of unrelenting justice, that disdain for disobedience which should inculcate a moral lesson, and deter others from imitating the example of this insubordinate girl, when they know the penalty of their course, when they understand, a conciliation cannot be had by trouble, and repentance and tears. I think too, I can see a trick of the Riley's, in this notice of my important presence; I rather expect it is a well-devised plot to unloose our purse-strings, and I will not go a step. I will not even myself go to the Riley's, if Gertrude is dangerously ill, let her remain so; it would be joyful news for me to hear of her death. I'd rather have buried her a hundred to one, sooner than had her elope with that scurvy vagabond.

"Mrs. Novice, you can go back and inform those who sent you, for me, that I am engaged preparing for the reception of company, who have sent word over from Talbot; they will be on tomorrow, to spend a week with me, and I have no time to leave home. I am busy in preparations for the entertainment."

She knew the answer would make the Riley's understand the Wingards were the expected guests.

There was a double meaning in the old woman's peremptory surliness. The W's were looked upon as enviable quality, whose company was regarded the tip of the *ton*; besides, they were closely related to Gertrude's old lover the Banker, and by Mrs. Linden's reply, she meant the Riley's should know there was a

great gap between them, which never could be bridged over, and also that Gertrude should be reminded of the false step she had taken, in her hasty and premature marriage.

We have stood on the summit of lofty mountain ranges and watched the terrific play of the thunderbolts which threatened to uncap the hoary peaks with their surcharged batteries. When descending through the enveloped cloud, lit up by forked flashes, we admired the *emblem bird* darting down amidst the fierce peals of the cradled hurricane, giving back his shrill shriek to the mountain's storm: hastening home to his newly-fledged young in the craggy cliffs of his inaccessible citadel; and as he floated by us, nearing the home of his constancy, the companion of early and older years, his eyes sparkled with brilliant delight as he caught the sound of the nursling young, pouring forth their tender greetings to his welcomed return. But here, in the image of the Eternal, we find the instinct of a parent turned to animosity for the strange reason that her child would not confiscate her own precious affections on the altar of gold. And who that will read this book but will know a parallel coincident in his own history that comes nigh home to his own hearth-stone, or at last will tell on some of his more remote chords of consanguinity? Why turn we with abductive hate to the remembrance of the treacherous kiss of the traitor Judas? when every moment of the day we may witness the disposal of sentiment as sheep in the shambles—the *quid pro quo* rendition of the quaint essence of loveliness, for the fabulous exchange of a necromancer's toy.

The message of the termagant, however, was not delivered to Gertrude. She was left to linger in suspense—to hope, and expect each successive day would bring the glad sound of a mother's footfall—the enlivening inklings of her cheering forgiveness and congratulation. But she did not come—and when the attendants would leave the room to make ready the chosen nourishment, the hour of absence was one of weeping, when the cherub child would be clasped closely to her bosom and watered with his mother's tears. Happy for us the sufferings of woe will flow away with the floods of grief which their own welling fountains bring, else the subject of their trials would be suffused in its

own submerging waters. Time wrought its change. As affinity loosened its hold on the old home, they grew with more entwining endearment around the home of later love. Recuperation had dispelled the fears of dissolution; resuming strength was restoring vivacity to the wan mother, and wonted life began to sparkle in those eyes so recently heavy with the poignant pulse of life just trembling on the verge of time.

Meanwhile George had discovered a new enterprize, which promised to realize a princely fortune. He went out from home a fortnight following his wrenched confession to his mother, a wiser and a better man. Pride was expelled from his prejudices; the inflexible will was subdued to a calmer discretion; he was ready to be found in any position, however humble; any job was to be preferred to idleness—for the scoffers who would hoot at him to-day would be missing in a few years; they would be swept away from the circles of extremes, and in turn be despised by those same persons who in auspicious hours they had once shunned. He must live for the weal of a wife and a boy—their opinion was all in the world worthy of his solicitude, and he would not stop to think of the opinion of others outside of that little company. Thus he mused, as he sauntered down Baltimore street, when unexpectedly he met Mr. Joshua, at the intersection of Charles; they mutually hailed each other. George, in a few words, told the story of his necessities, and asked to be put on wages at some in-door work, which should promote the interests of both parties. Mr. Joshua did not see how it was he had run through all his last years earnings; "you young people are too fast by a great deal, and it would do you all good to be stinted for a time; you would then be better able to appreciate the worth of money after some such hard experience."

To this George retorted, "Mr. Joshua, I did not seek you for abuse, but employment; we can least bear reflections, when others are most ready to shower them upon us; the unfeeling coward who presumes to insult the finer feelings of a man under the pressure of necessity, is no friend of mine, and is unworthy the confidence of any one; since you have no work to offer me, you shall not offer me contumely. I wish you good morning sir."

This last interview had no tendency to allay his resolute will to go further and try again for work; he could never return self-satisfied, without the discovery of some scheme of success. Passing on down Baltimore street, he scarcely knew whither, to his great surprise he met with an old school-mate but just returned from sea.

They met exactly where Mr. Linden and the merchant of fortune had met, nearly twelve years before. Harry Musgrove and Riley had been warm friends in school-boy days. The hours of sunny youth, when friendship knits close and grows into more enduring firmness than any association of riper years. No sinister motives make friends of juvenile comrades, they mingle with a zest of fellowship unknown to mistrust. There is no cold calculation in the gambols of truant lads; they know they love, but have no definitions to tell you why. Harry and George had grown up together, maintaining the intimacy contracted when school-mates, long after the former had entered those ephemeral rounds of an artificial circle, to which wealth by the social code entitled him.

Harry's pa did not admire the democratic proclivities of his son, and had induced him to go on a tour to Europe, hoping the formula of a court etiquette might instill into his mind a distaste for the vulgar company he seemed attracted with at home. For three years he had wandered over the Continent, to return a stronger lover of the simplicity of unaffected modesty, than when he set out on his travels. He was a genuine nobleman of nature's superior design, and the superlative parade which begirts and sustains regal power, only tended to nauseate rather than interest the discriminating judgment of the tourist. During his absence his father had gone to his fathers, and young Musgrove, the sole heir of a large estate, was free to follow the inclinations of his own will.

After their enthusiastic salutation, the first inquiry of Harry was for George's mother and sisters; after that topic was followed in hurried succession, the relative changes amongst old comrades, for the past three years, who had married? who removed? who died?

His old comrade strove to post him in the many strange muta-

tions since his absence, foremost among whom was his own familiar family affairs, his pleasant and disagreeable experience.

We may speculate about the surprise of George, when Harry proposed they should go into copartnership and buy a lot of vacant property on the western outskirts, the sale of which he had noticed in the papers that morning, as he came on in the cars. George told his friend such a speculation was preposterous for him to think of, totally penniless, without monied friends, or credit; such a move on his part, could only be regarded as the extreme mania of stupendous folly. He could not entertain such an idea for a moment.

Happily his rallied spirits were disconcerted, and drawn into an unintentional, but full disclosure of his finances. Riley forgot himself in his frank speech, for he felt vexed at Harry for offering a proposition of such magnitude in the face of his known indigence, and concluded it was a new style of excellence Harry had learned in Europe, to silently boast over his riches. But Harry did not deport himself so, therefore how to think was a quandary. But such cogitations were mysterious only a short while. With scarce time elapsed for thought to con these last paragraphs, Harry had his hand thrust into his inside vest-pocket; drawing therefrom his pocket-book, he unrolled it, and handed over to his fellow a \$100 bill, and apologised for offering the present on the grounds it was a fee for George's judgment of opinion in the land case now on the tapis, in this wise.

"You know, George, when we were at school together, I was always ahead of you in essays, but you forever beat me out in mathematics. I could always contrive how to get us both into scrapes, but it took those round bumps of your cranium to get us both out again."

"Really, Harry, I did not expect to ask aid from you, and I protest against receiving it; the exact state of my troubles should not have been revealed, but the offer on your part to speculate with me where so much capital was requisite, nettled me a little, for I was half ready to think you did it as a vaunt."

"Come, George, I will not hear of a refusal. I am not offering you alms, but a retainer's fee, as the lawyers call it, for which I



know I receive an equivalent; I have been three years away from home, and am entirely unacquainted with the market; if I should consult Real Estate Brokers over this business, they would shave me out of thousands, either before or at the sale, and then have a wine party and life-time laugh over the round sum they sliced me out of; we pay all professions for their experienced opinion, then why not yours?"

To this well-timed logic, George conceded, and accepted the note. His home was up before him, to which his pride gave way, but he accepted it with the proposition he should not take it, unless Harry would give it as a loan, and not a gift.

To this Harry consented, provided George was not subsequently convinced his influence in the proposed purchase was greater than the bill. "But George put up your money, do not let us get ceremonious over that, we have business on hands to which that note is a mere cypher. I will take you in with me as a partner; I will find the money, and you shall invest it to my advantage; I will charge you the usual interest on your share of the capital, but if the scheme proves a failure, I will bear the loss; I have none to bear it with me, and I would not give a groat for a man who professes to be a friend, unless he would endorse him to the last dollar. Come, old fellow, we will sink or swim together; notch that down."

To this unlooked for tender, George could find no language adequate to a reply—the confidence of credence was incredible—the lavish proposal too magnificent for reality. For a few moments, no words were spoken; in George's eyes were tears of gratitude; in his bosom, thoughts he had not education where-with to clothe in speech. No doubt he saw fancy's dazzling future with its ideal goal, brighter than the orb'd splendor of an oriental prince; we will not disbelieve his retrospect with exuberant, overpowering joy, went back to the thralldom of his trying hours of penury, and noting the varyings of a living dream, wondered and doubted if it could be true. Most surely faith was contemplating the avenue of futurity, hid by the vista foliage which only autumn's late retrospect can properly scan, but which was now seen by mental eyes, redolent with lucent smiles, and golden fruits, awaiting the coming of adventurous hope.

Why does man so easily doubt? We have clambered otter more than once to hold converse with her silent minstrels, whose twin peaks in concert with vast ranges, to which these observatories give eastern finitimes, and with them encore each hailing dawn, and signal a farewell to the fading beams of day.

In the autumn of '59 "*alone*" we waited on that dizzy lookout to witness the sinking sunset. As Sol was gathering the gussets of the evening, and the shades of their folds were glooming the valleys with the cool damps of deepening night, a thick cloud heavy with its blackness came rolling up from the horizon of the south, and hung in stubborn stillness directly over his face. The annoyance was only temporary. In a few minutes, a hazy jet or vapor hose, was let down from the cloud, and to us from our vision's stand-point, seemed resting on the "fat valleys," but in truth we knew it was drinking from the exhaustless deep, and had thus come nigh to light and heat, as if conscious of the hydraulic laws of vacuum and absorption.

In a very short while, the partially prismatic spout had disappeared. The thirst was slaked. Aquarius was quenched. A swift current blew the aquatic messenger to the east, leaving the golden disc unveiled: wafting him off on his aerial errand of vigilant love, to filter the waters of the sea, with which to nourish the germinating plants even where man has not an abiding place—that the young hinds might be fed, and the untamed beasts be blessed with nourishment and an abundant store. They have no written law, and yet they never husband; but we who are provident and abounding in plenty, unwisely crave for more.

Let us return. Harry noticed the embarrassed feelings of his comrade, and relieved him by stopping suddenly at Eutaw street, where on Baltimore their homeward perambulations had by this time led them.

"George, you must excuse me to-day, unless you will stop at the Eutaw and dine with me. I have some readiness to make for a party at my uncle's this evening, and could not give you all the attention an old friend is entitled to; but since we know each other, I trust we will never resort to buckram etiquette to alien-



ate our affections, which are too heartfelt to require affectation and too much appreciated to be dispensed with."

"Why, Harry, you must excuse me from going with you. I was just intending to invite you home to dine with me, though I could only offer you a cold snack. Still, I knew you would not look for more than the best I could offer you, and I hoped old times would do for desert; for you know we could have a fine chance to talk over every prank we cut in our school-boy days; and that to me would be more desirable than a feast of good things."

"Well, George, that is very true. I'd rather have the whole-souled company of a '*clever fellow*,' with a plain '*pot-luck*' dinner, than all the delicacies of the zones with the disgusting society of a fashionable circle, whose stale rigamarole continually reminds you the appreciation of your company is exactly in keeping with your bank account, and whose smiles always turn with the capricious wheel of fortune. I must pass just such an ordeal this evening. Monied snobs — thread-bare aristocracy — lineal dignity, supported by the sacrifice of honor and virtue — slaves to caste, repudiators of principle, a moral lazaretto for which I entertain a shrinking contempt, but under which I must be patient, to please my relatives, for whose opinions I cannot at the same time be respectful and yet unmindful. Cousin Amelia tells me of some five young reigning beauties, who intend setting their caps for me this evening, but you may just set it down for certain, I'll never make a string to their bow."

"Ladies reared to fashion exhaust their love on fashion: they love a husband just in proportion as he can gratify their vanity; but under reverses, no sarcasm is half so stinging as the vituperation of a taunting wife and moping daughter, whose greatest regret over their downfall consists in the reflection that their career of pomp is run."

"Their sympathy for the husband and father in such cases is like that the crocodile feels for the tears of the child whose bones he gnashes."

"Harry, you are severe on the '*upper tens*' but I am persuaded your opinion is sound logic. Some of these days I will give you a little of my experience in that direction, but I am keeping

you from your preparatory engagements; since you will not go home with me, let us part for the present, but set some time to come see me."

"Gerty will be so glad to welcome your return on my account, and mother will be in ecstasies to know you have come back, and the girls will be delighted to see you. Say, what time will it best suit you to come and see us?"

"Now, George, you wish to narrow me down to rules; just let me call on you as an old country neighbor; let us keep up our old-fashioned friendship. I shall be glad to come just as soon as I can, and I know your folks will always be glad to see me, so give my love to all, every one of them; your little Riley too, and tell them I will visit them before long, in a day or two at most."

"Well, well, Harry, all is well when meant well, and we can understand and love the meaning of a friend; his language means nothing, or less or more than implied first, as we feel he means it, therefore I am agreed you shall have it your own way."

"Then good-bye, my old chummy."

"Good-bye, my old and new friend, and generous benefactor; look well to your heart when the flying artillery of the first regiment deploys around you, to-night."

"Never fear for that, George, to be forewarned is to be forearmed; I pledge you, I'll be proof against the fawning of artistic maidens."

Thus they separated; Riley hurried to his home of caresses, and Harry to his select lodgings at the Eutaw. Both joyously happy; the former from realizing a boon, which so soon would cause the heart of his dear wife, to beat with new-born pleasure, the latter in the priceless contemplation, he had sent the electric thrill of waking morn into the home of want and touching disquietude.

Who envies the miser who in death hugs his bullion, and forgets the compt to which he goes, in the struggle to separate from that superior love his withered soul did worship here!

One swell of bounding bliss that lives in the gracious bosom of the generous giver, is worth the heaped ore of earth's hoarded treasures, for it stirs the living God within the clay casement, and

gives to the archives of the higher record, a plus mark to deeds of human kindness, which shall live in conspicuous tinsels of gold on the scroll of eternity. When Riley had come into the presence of his wife, redolent with sunshine and surcharged delight, the meaning face foretold the tidings of the hour, and Gertrude welcomed him with — “my dear, what good news has overtaken you to-day; you remind me of those wooing times of courtship, when we talked of future happiness, and conned the cares of household duty, long before we understood the full import of what we discussed. Do, pray, tell me what has taken place to light up your recent care-worn face with such an expression of ecstasy.”

“Indeed you may well say what has taken place, for in all the books of romance and fabled legends, I verily believe there is no fairy story, equal to the incidents of our own peculiar history. Here is a prelude to the recital of our fortune. He handed her the \$100 bill, saying, take that note as a present from an old friend, whose love is true in need, whose friendship is tried and holds firmer than the grappling-hooks of iron.”

“Why, George, how did you come by this?”

“Harry Musgrove has returned; he is an old school-mate and confident.—I met him this morning altogether unexpected; and, quite forgetting myself, unbosomed my feelings to him, without the remotest idea of the results which have transpired.”

Gertrude gave attentive ear to all the particulars herein before recited as a dialogue between the old chums. And the stealing tears would attest the pleasure of the winning conversation.

Had Harry seen that trio group, he would have thought the \$100 a cheap ticket to that scene of gratulation, over which swift-winged seraphs might pause to love and doat on.

Listen to the ejaculations of Gertrude. “Gracious God! Beneath thy guidance and will, I have been led and upheld, and in this, thy special interposition, is manifested the surety of thy gentle providence and overruling care.

“To-day hope seemed fading away, and under the burthen of despondency, I was ready to sink into death. Oh! how earnestly could I have borne the struggle of transition, had not my affec-

tions clung to you and this dear innocent child. *To feel the ostracism of friends holding themselves aloof from me, as if my character was infamous and my company contamination.* To know your sorrows for our fate, and your helpless desire to alleviate our wants, so sickened my heart, that I prayed for resignation to the trial, or a happy exit out of trouble—and then reminded of what I should live for, made me shudder at the presumptive hardihood which dared desire an escape from the duties of covert cares. My nervousness may have produced this great depression, or it may have been my great wickedness. But just think, in the very height of this brooding melancholy, a poor chirping bird lit upon the snow at the window, as if it sought an asylum from the winter in my warm room. I raised the window, and brushed away the snow from the sill, and spread out crumbs, that the merry little creature could partake of the hospitalities of our home. It soon flew back, and ate most cheerfully, and hopped and fluttered as though its movements were the thank-offerings of praise for the thoughtful kindness of the giver. How I pitied its homeless and cheerless situation; my concern really became sympathetic—so much so, that I entirely forgot myself. But then I thought it does not act as though it felt cheerless, and why should I feel so for it? More especially, why repine so over my own lot?

“And on top of this came forcibly to mind the strong figure of the lilies and the sparrows, their promised protection, and also, the greater value in which our Father regards his trusting children whose faith confides in His deliverance, and to whom he has pledged deliverance and support. Then I did chide myself for a lack of constancy, and resolved to be unhappy no more. Here we have the reality of all that was prefigured in that moral lesson; and I am sure its impressions will never be worn from my memory. It would be improper for me to regret the channel through which this has reached us; it is honestly ours, and time and circumstances may amply reimburse the generosity which prompted its bestowal. I will be content to live and trust.”

“Gertrude, your voice and speech charms me by its meekness and serenity and gentle sweetness. I can now discern why you

have been so patient and calm during our countless vicissitudes and vexations. The excellence of Christian character never struck me with so much force before; it was that which made you choose me for a husband in preference to other beaux of wealth and position, and makes your meek and borrowed light to shimmer peace on our harmonious love, and made me, a stranger to its requisitions, the unconscious recipient of its blessed perfection."

"I am too glad, George, you hold sacred duties in such an elevated regard. Often have I been inclined to speak my feelings on that subject to you, but deferred it with the belief that practical persuasion would do more to win you over than theorizing lectures."

"It is easy to preach a moral code, but entirely another to practice it.

"And my own experience adomishes me of the danger of counselling others when we are very far from being exemplary ourselves. Such may gratify the wisdom of the self-righteous, but it never advances the interests of those appealed to; worldlings despise the instructions of the Pharisee; but the concessions to the just are as the melting ice to the warming suns of April.

"Boreas cannot unbind the rills, nor can win the affections. Theory may be good, but it is wanting in force without practice, and the individual who tries to serve two masters, will gain the tacit displeasure of both; but he cannot uproot the natural bitterness of our normal existence—he cannot remove the trammels from the proud, perverse heart.

"I know I am strangely deficient in duty; but if you will join me in the resolve to become more consistent, we will strengthen each other by the effort."

"I will try, Gertrude; but you must be my teacher; I know you are always right, and I will agree to whatever you say."

"I thank you, George, for the compliment. I will do the best I can; moreover I will try to always merit your high appreciation and affection."

"Then, George, let us have family prayer every night and

morning. If possible, I would love my husband more on account of his piety."

"I really believe that would be so; for I am certain I love my wife more on account of her meekness and piety. Like you, I have no faith in that self-righteousness which chaunts pæans on Sunday, and grinds the poor all the week.

"I loathe those magnificent temples, whose portals the poor dare not enter — whose worshippers make the Sabbath a day of exhibition for the display of equipage and costly apparel; more properly, I loathe the churches: not so much that they are expensive temples, but I despise that offering to Baal, under the feigned name of worship to Almighty God.

"I will agree to your proposition, and am certain it will be tried in good faith; no doubt but we will be profited by the result."

## CHAPTER V.

Let us take a short leave of absence from the "west end," for a visit to the "*elegant*" home of the T.'s, up north Charles.

Mr. T—— was known in the commercial circles as A 1. Some private talk had been cautiously bruited about of his ships stranding when they might have kept off the breakers; but the blame, of course, all fell on the captain, and the underwriters cancelled the insurance.

No one ever dared to openly hint at his complicity in a matter entirely out of his jurisdiction.

The horticulturist, and confectioner, and the artizans, knew he resided amongst them; for all shared largely of his patronage. We need not mention the failures of certain contractors, who had attempted to build at his offers, nor of the meagre wages paid to those employees in his immediate business—such would mar the attractions of his home.

No one gave more liberally, to beneficent purposes, than he: and none appeared more the soul of honor, when mixing with business conferees.

To the casual observer, a more upright man could not be found. We will not for the credit of the family, presume to suppose he held silent stock in a Faro bank, or that his means ever launched a slaver, or abetted the procuress in abducting the innocent child of penury and unrequited toil from her abject, fatherless home to the banquet of license, where country-traders are entertained and bewildered with fascinations that their credulous customers would ultimately have to pay.

Such innuendoes would indeed be cruel and outrageous, and could not for a moment be tolerated except by the vulgar.

Music is heard without! What would a fashionable party be without it? Before we enter the palace, let us here inform the reader that we will not pursue the history of the T——'s. Space will not allow it; and their sequel is fraught with ills too terrible for description. We have no disposition to cull only such incidents as are totally misanthropic.

Life has much that is noble, and all are awake to its beauties, though too often misguided by a hallucination which binds with a spell whoever comes under its mesmeric influence. Harry is at the banquet, and we must go there too, though uninvited, to see how he can deport himself.

Of the forty couple who have been honored with perfumed *billet doux*, at least one-half of that number have come with high hopes of winning the fancy of the tourist, whose name in the more select circles has been a common by-word ever since his return from the continent.

The independent grace of a complacent gentleman cannot be copied. It must be nurtured as a delicate vine; and even then, nothing spared in training, it will not move with ease and self-possession when frowned upon by superior position essaying to berate a studied attitude of disputed respectability.

*There must be a consciousness of allotted peership to be at home in company.* It must be a self-existing power to which deference is not reluctantly paid—for even the magnanimous grade, that silent concession votes to worth or goodness, must be truly heart-felt and sincere and spontaneous, or it is but one degree better than exclusiveness. Nothing arouses the gratitude of the man more than *hearty approbation of companionship from superior position, which possesses the power to crush you, but rather loves your unalloyed happiness, for it conduces to his own.*

The chieftain who referred to the Pyramids of centuries just before the engagement, owed in a great measure the success of his apparently Quixotic campaigns to the promotion of merit wherever it was to be found.

The man of the ranks knew he would wear the marshal's plume so soon as his worth made him, in the opinion of his commander, eligible for the position. So a shrewd politician never can afford

to neglect his constituents, not even after the highest ambition has been gratified.

Ingratitude would then wither his laurels, and turn his honor to shame. But this must be natural to be appreciated. And it can only be so with the genuine democrat. Harry was all this; and although familiar with the cause of his preferment and popularity, he did not abuse it to the detriment of others or himself. The sincere effort to be pleasing to all, irrespective of their financial standing, disarmed envy of its acrimonious censure, and compelled the otherwise disconcerted suitors to be tolerably composed under the smartings and humiliations of a slighted love. Why ask us to photograph the party?

Our sympathies are only with the lowly. We cannot disown our admiration for speculative adornments, if we did not know the regard in which they are held, *and the cost at which they are obtained.*

We turn away from the gaudy entertainment, for we *think of the sufferings which has* afforded it, and the deluded effort to imitate, on the part of those who cannot hope to be less than ridiculous by such an attempt, but who will choose the short-lived career of the butterfly, to the more homely appearance of the bee.

Our love is for the image of a common Father, and whenever we see oppression, our sympathies are enlisted for its amelioration, though conscious of the ingratitude which attends the undertaking.

Our hero never grew impatient under the cross-examination to which his auditors subjected him. But answered this one respecting St. Helena, and that concerning the Holy Land, and another about the Glaciers, of the simple, but unconquerable Swiss, until the peculiar inquisitiveness of each, by turns, would find the opportunity to engage in an instructive dialogue with the "*truly elegant traveller.*"

"Let us quiz Harry for a while, whilst the refreshments are going round, and set pairs are encountering a promiscuous interchange of reciprocal generalities. What do you think of Miss J., over there in the recess, just now in conversation with Wil-

lard? I do not admire her by any means." "Why, she is counted the handsomest lady in Old Town, and her father is 'princely rich.' She has refused twenty offers at least, and most likely will throw the glove to as many more before this time next year." "Well, what of all that?" "No doubt a hundred would marry her for her money, but who know no more of the true principles of love than the simple ostrich. She wears rather low-necked dresses for a modest woman, and is rather anxious to domineer over other girls much her superior; besides, though her father was once an apprentice, she is forever speaking in a jeering way about mechanics. It is my opinion she is a perfect snob. and her impudent boldness, with her money to endorse it, will furnish her with a man, but never a real loving husband. What accomplishments she has is much like a polish of blacking over a muddy buskin—the undercoating will show out."

"Well then, there is Miss Hardy. What do you say for her? I am sure she is the very personification of excellence — of good family, modest, learned and unpretending."

"Her modesty is simply affectation, and her erudition confined to the meanest class of exceptionable literature. Her mother was a noble woman, but unfortunately for her daughter, she died when her attention was most needed to model the child. I notice a hectic flush on her faded cheeks. Had she taken healthy exercise, instead of devoting such a large share of time to yellow-covered nonsense, music, and the ball-room, no doubt she would have grown much more robust, and been better suited for a house-keeper. She would become sullen in six weeks by looking after roast-beef and pastry, and would rather be a sloven than take the pains to dress in a neat attire. In truth, she would be excusable for it, for she is destitute of sufficient physical strength to remain in an animated conversation five minutes at a time."

"Well, really, Harry, you are a hard man to please. You will remain a bachelor all your life."

"I am agreed to that—if marrying is meant to associate yourself with a misnomer, I would prefer to be single. It is better to endure single misery than double pluperfect wretchedness."

"Then how do you like Miss Drummond? I know you cannot

fail to be pleased with her. She is called our model woman, and is envied by all the ladies of the city. Pious, industrious, independently well off, yet kind to every one, and always most pleased when making others happy. *She is an active member of our home board of missions, and a great almoner amongst the poor*; very frequently her name appears in the papers as the mover of some benevolent enterprise — and what is more, she always heads the list with her own liberal contribution. In short, she is regarded as a perfect paragon by all who know her; and I am sure you will never wish to cut her acquaintance. And besides, all I have said in her favor, she is the prettiest woman in all the town, to my notion. An artist could personate old mother Eve with such a subject to aid his imagination."

"I can only say, in answer to your eulogy, I wish I had not made her acquaintance. Her piety is evidently her own self-laudation, and her industry a busying hurry over nothing. As for her riches, I know nothing about them, and I will never become a client to a confidential counsellor, for the purpose of knowing her father's assets. It may be she is an efficient member of home missions, but such ladies, by the force of their example, cause more distress than an hundred such could alleviate. The acknowledged perfection of her conduct but makes it the more dangerous; for it is not a whit better, in the effect of a cause, than the most degraded woman in the streets. To society she is a greater bane; for the latter is shunned, but she is imitated — and the end of error justifies the means to reach it. Meekness and humility are the test-proofs of Christian character. She is utterly deficient in either. And if she may frequently be found visiting the hovels of the poor, it is with that restrained dignity which asks them to admit it a great condescension on her part; and when she donates those generous sums to relieve want, I am sure it is done for the sake of worldly emoluments rather than a considerate charity. The very fact that the journals trumpet such gifts is evidence beyond a doubt the gallant but knowing reporters do it on purpose to cater to her superior regard for her own superlative importance. You need not ask me to give you an oral autobiography of this multitudinous flippery.

"If a man thought only of gew-gaws and comely features, there is an abundance of gayety here to satisfy the greatest ambition. But I am not inclined to be captivated with brocade and tapestry, fine cambrics, and high-priced laces. They are all well enough for an evening party; but they offer no guarantee for domestic happiness.

And the painted cheeks and pomaded hair, and delicate extracts, serve well to magnify the importance of those when flushed with wine and the excitement of the cotillion. But the diamonds on the bust of the coquette are like the roses on the thorn tree: very handsome for the spring time; but the summer's fruit is too often the hornet's nest, and the yield of autumn the worthless berries, which only serve to propagate the evil species."

"A person would judge from your conversation, Harry, that you were one of those cruel men who delight to enslave woman, and think her allotted sphere around the cooking-stove, preparing spiced viands, or drudging over monotonous household affairs."

"In that you misjudge me, and do me a grievous wrong. I am not one of those of whom you speak. On the contrary, I think no man would love to see his wife a drudge—certainly no woman can be an economical house-keeper who is ignorant of the duties over which she is called to provide—no lady can enjoy health and vigor without exercise; and if she turns from them as of disreputable propriety, there must exist a cause for such a feeling, which gives allegiance to that swaying etiquette which ever thinks of the elite first, and home afterwards. Besides, the feeling infused into mind can never be eradicated. Circumstances may call for a dismissal of an old familiar style, but once known, it is engrafted into the very existence, and no one can get away from self. In contrast to this the law of labor, though given in denunciation, is one of love; and whoever turns from it, must forfeit the blessings that follow the exercise of it—the penalty of which tells in a threefold sense on the moral, mental and physical condition of those who incur such consequences with defiant and injudicious forethought.

"Ladies greatly mistake when they presume a sensible man will be misled by the fickle show of dress and coquetry. Those

so easily taken are infatuated by fancy, without judgment, and are seldom worthy of affection; for it cannot be won from a flirt. She is incapable of love; and only a thoughtless fop will be smitten with such fascinations.

"Their courtship and honeymoon may afford poetic entertainment to themselves and spectators, but the residue of their companionship is a farcical afterpiece to the first act in the personation of an unstable reality."

"Harry, do you wish to have us think the great mass of mankind are dupes to their own fancy?"

"Most assuredly they are. No one can doubt it who reviews character impartially. The difficulty is, those who are deluded never discover it until too late to avert the calamity it has entailed—and then, though an amend would soften the evil, but few think it prudent to revolutionize themselves."

"It is quite unreasonable, Harry, to think woman should not be gay when young and vivacious; and if they are a little giddy withal, it is merely to parade those charms which would be lost to their benefit if they remained secluded or taciturn. After marriage they always change for the better."

"My dear sir, do not mistake me. Vivacity is one thing, but irrational ostentation quite another. The aroma of a pretty flower will be valued, though obscured from view by the thick foliage which overshadows it—and woman's excellence will be discerned, however modest and retiring. The gem is to be sought—it may not easily be found—and, when discovered, may be mistaken for a tuffing stone, until the artist's eye attests its value. Not so with woman. Her worth is self-evident commendation; and no one, of the dullest perception, need be told what instinct quietly teaches. Woman's excellence will speak for itself. The presence of a lady here would awe this whole company; and whilst these upstarts would be subdued by her modest influence, they would not, they could not, berate her—for she would not be entitled to the name of lady if they could."

"You certainly do not intend to insinuate that these ladies are not ladies?"

"No, in its broadest meaning, I would not; but, in its strictest

signification, they would not be allowed to rank as unexceptionable ladies."

"Harry, will you say what, in your opinion, constitutes a lady?"

"I have no objection to giving you my opinion in a brief way—of course not. A true lady stands as high in the opinion of the subordinates in the kitchen as the lover in the drawing-room. Her worth is esteemed by all as a priceless treasure; and her presence a precious delight to all who can enjoy her society—and she is willing all should—for she feels a consciousness of irreproachable purity in her own, as also the minds of others—nor would she dread the social status being lowered to her, by *recognizing even the lower order of her sex*: and though she could not make them a companion, she would not add hardness to their bitter hearts by manifest contempt. Her preferences are to genuine merit, no odds how humble the surroundings, and the will of her heart is to dispense sunshine, not for the sake of encomiums, but because the weal of another is bliss to herself. One who never courts flattery, nor becomes intoxicated by it; one who loves the duty of her sphere, and who feels complimented, rather than disgraced, when called on by her lover, when in the very midst of her busiest work—even if it should be a washing day."

"Harry, your standard is too high perfection to find any one to come up to it. *If no one felt any pride for the false opinion of other people, I am sure your theory would work beautifully. But, so long as caste sits on her regal throne, just so long must it be a nullity; for she holds her sway by the chosen will of those whom she oppresses.*"

"Your speech defines my sentiments. You will now understand me: I contend against the unjust and absurd standard, and go for that, which cannot be gainsayed. To dislodge the tyrant, is a duty; and if every one who feel oppression would protest against it, we would soon find the followers of madman-fashion leaving off their chase after butterflies: *for there would be none found ready to contribute their alms of applause to the contestants in a bootless race.*"

"Do you not see, if all are pleasure-seekers, who shall provide the feast after the chase? And if it is disreputable to remain at home whilst others are abroad in pursuit of folly, who will remain at home, if they can borrow a steed for the sport? And if all the horses are engaged, they will try it on foot, and take cross-cuts and by-ways, so they may come in at the heels of the hunt?"

The music calls parties to the dance, and we take leave of the quick-step labyrinth of the maze, with the best good wishes for the company now in the enjoyment of their exceptionable revels. To-morrow will show the tide of this nocturnal array of events. Aching heads and jealous and critical reflections, will make us query whether the drooping figures who make out to get down to breakfast by ten A. M. are the same amiable, angelic creatures who gave to last evening's party its irresistible charms and stormy applause.

We leave them, for the world understands them. We cannot acquaint persons with what they already comprehend. But our subject would be less complicated to us, if some prompter, better versed in the logic of human frailties than we profess to be, would inform us why the effort is so universal to imitate the code of social incongruities, at antipodes with reason, and incompatible with the sober dictates of common sense.

A week later and we meet the convened friends of George Riley at his domesticated home.

His mother and two sisters are there, and Harry, and several others, whose friendly fellowship dates back to the palmy days of childhood; and although, like others, they have shared the vicissitude of fate and fortune, they live to love, as was their custom. They still sustain those early kindly relationships of youth; and cheer and administer to each other's comfort, with sympathy and affinity and reciprocal, congenial, grateful aid. An industrious, plain, unsophisticated people, who have never studied worldly wisdom, *to appear what they are not, and by such seeming appropriate the rights of others to themselves.* Therefore they are a despised people, though constituting the standard-rule of goodness, by which we understand the distance of the multitude astray.

Musgrave, the only legatee of wealth in that little circle, is

entirely at home, and the company in his society are unrestrained. For there is a sameness of sentiment and a oneness of feeling which speaks by the statutes of the affections, and embraces by those assimilating affinities of the spirit of each for all, the offerings of friendship to which ulterior motives are unknown, and which money cannot buy, nor sordid gain discolor, or craving avarice alloy. The cherry parson is there, and names by baptism the rosy-cheeked child Harry M—. The ladies are ~~not~~ dressed in costly attire, nor do their nude shoulders protrude above the scalloped dresses; and the coming and going color on their faces is not the pencillings of death's forerunner, nor the cosmetic tinsels of laboratories or the mantled crimson of shame. The conversation is earnest, and easy to be understood; not couched in ambiguity such as implies more or less than is spoken. Double entendre puns are not recited to catch the drift of an under-current, and compliments are not paid to realize rejoinders potential with silly contraband witticism.

There are no trinkets on the braided hair, nor studied pleasantries on the artificial countenance, or imported laces on superfluous and indelicate chemisettes, becoming only for unmentionable shame. The hands are not of lily-whiteness and delicate tapering, such as Powers would fancy for his chained slave. But there is modesty in the bright eye and expression on the frank features, and moral force in the calm repose of dignity, without art, and composure which proffers not overtures to the social quack who practices on a distempered, conventional affection.

And if the punctilious lady would scowl, with the smile of inuendo scorn, this picture of penury and innocence, she inwardly laments her own happiness by the comparison; and the bar of her own just judgment envies what she does not possess, and deeply deplores in herself what she dares not consent to overcome. Gertrude did her utmost to make pleasant the visit of the company. But it needed no skilful insight into character to detect the brooding melancholy which at intervals would displace her smiles. Her own kin were not present, though invited; and she knew they could have come, but preferred to continue in their obstinate coolness.



The brothers of late had been too much taken up with their own amusements to find time to visit the sister; besides, the mooted necessities of her family had abated their former affection, and they, too, with the parents and sisters, now stood aloof from "poor, helpless Gerty."

The evening allowed George and Harry a favorable time to decide on future plans concerning the purchase of vacant property, now near the day of sale. They chose out those tracts they thought would be soonest enhanced by surrounding improvements, and fixed the highest figure they would bid for them.

In their conversation there would be at times abstractedness of quick successive intervals, which George may have supposed was attributable to the mental estimate of an investment of so large a sum, involving the entire outlay of Harry's fortune.

Mother Riley did not think so, for she could read the passing signals, telegraphed from Harry to Julia, that were answered by blushes and assenting smiles, which Harry repeatedly would time and again call out.

Love has great volumes in the flashing eyes, whose silent language cannot be mistaken.

Essays may burthen the mail-coach with their professional verbiage, but in the speech of thought there is an omen of solid inspiration whose index plainly tells you what in vain it would struggle to conceal.

Julia had celebrated her twentieth birthday, for she did not fear being styled a prude — she did not dread the idea of majority. Twenty years, by numerical figures, the third of an allotted life-time, is really the substance of the three-score; for but comparatively few correct the malformation of habits then matured. Our party are moving a readiness to disperse. The clock has struck ten, and all are agreed to a motion for home. But in the separation no one treasured misgivings or animosities towards the successful Julia; for all concurred, if she suited Harry, he was a prize of himself and with himself; — and though she was poor, her superior charms and matchless principles were an equivalent for his riches; and if they should consent to make a

match, all will congratulate them, and that, too, without envy or sullen good-will.

Notwithstanding the Miss Rileys endeavored to be up to the exactness of their scrupulous mother, they did not receive her approbation; for no sooner had Henry left their house, than she gave them a real good-humored lecture on their conduct. "I never love to see young ladies romping at a mixed party; your frivolity was bad enough for anything, in the bounds of reason. I am only too glad you are home, and you shall stay here until you learn to behave yourselves. You do not deserve a husband, and no man worth having will look at you until you learn to be more like ladies." This satire was badly affected; for the old lady secretly thought the time might soon come when she could prove her Christian character, by heaping coals of fire on the heads of the Lindens. "For if it ever lay in her power, she meant to repay them for their ill-treatment, *by acts of humble kindness.*" The girls knew the old lady was in one of her pleasant lecturing moods, and could very well take it home with good-natured repartee—they knew she really felt as much delighted as they, and only resorted to this piece of diplomacy to conceal from them her own ecstasies.

In a month after the convivialities at "the west end," the sale before named came off. As pre-arranged, George was the bidder; Harry thinking it good policy to keep distant from the crowd, lest his attendance would apprise speculators of their preconcerted designs.

Mr. Linden was in the concourse, but took true pains to *not* recognize his son-in-law.

When, however, he heard George bidding, and the auctioneer crying out his offer away, up in the thousands, the old man opened his eyes with astonishment, and very laconically remarked, "How does that young scamp ever expect to pay for so much property?"

"Sixty-five, once — sixty-five, twice. Are you all done, gentlemen?" Owners and bidders attend the sale. "Going — and gone — sixty-five once — sixty-five twice — *sixty-five* three — e — times. What's the name?"

"George Riley."

"George Riley." The legal officials and George, with the interested friends, gathered in consultation whilst the outbid witnesses held a parley over the likelihoods of getting another chance to bid on the property just knocked down to that fellow; for he could not pay for it, and it would be bought for less the next time it would be put up. In this opinion they were confirmed by the wise father-in-law, who "very well knew George had no available means with which to pay for it."

On Mr. L's return, he called out the marvel of the whole family with the news of "the young scamp's purchase of a great town property, on which he could not possibly have one dollar to pay."

Hereupon Mrs. L. started up with a gust of gesticulations.

"And now I see the purport of all of this—George is endorsed by Harry Musgrove, and this is the purport of their intimacy. George will yet be a great man, and will repay us savagely for our treatment to him and our poor dear lamb of a child.

"My dear, my conscience has been terribly discomposed for the past month. I have been thinking how I could possibly go into the presence of my God with this child unforgiven. Only the other day—I was reading her letter addressed to me from her boarding house so soon after marriage—and then only, for the first time, I saw the strong appeal to me for leniency to her in this act of conscious duty.

"Last week, you remember, Mr. Baker, her old lover, whom we all deferred to, on account of his money, failed for more, by far, than he is worth. It came home to me with such irresistible power—what would poor Gerty have done with a helpless old man, she had married solely for money, when all his wealth had taken wings and flown away?

"My dear, I fear we are losing the good opinion of the better thinking class of the community in holding out against our child. George makes her a kind husband;—they both love each other with a love akin to idolatry.

"Some of us should have gone to that party, they invited us so affectionately.

"Harry Musgrove was there; and I hear from one who heard from them, through her sister, who is intimate with the Rileys, that Harry was the very life of the company: and to crown all, he went home with Jule Riley. Mary, you and Nelly have missed the very first chance of a beau by our stiffness.

"Husband, how shall we make up with the children? You have such a happy way of doing whatever you set yourself about, we will now appoint you a committee to bring this compromise around."

"Indeed, madam, you need not, for I met George to-day at the sale, and intentionally evaded him. I know he wished to speak to me, but I did all I could to throw him off. I'd rather have his ill wishes than a constant wigwam war—and I would not be friendly with the fellow without inviting him home with me, and that would only add "fuel to fire." In the face of such knotty facts as these, it would not be advisable to propose a compromise. They could not but understand why we did it. They are the youngest and should make the advance for a compromise."

"But, my dear, you just said you cut George's willingness to speak this morning. Surely, husband, you ain't given to contradiction? Well, I will go and see Gerty. They have tried so often to reconcile us, they must be outdone in the attempt. We really owe them a manifestation of forgiveness.

"I will go over and see Mrs. Ready to-morrow; I am certain she will go with me to see Gert, for I am anxious to have a peep into their cozy home, and a sight of that little cub of theirs."

So it always is with the corps of policy. To wealth, fashion can bow as the penitent to the crucifix, and be "all things by turns and nothing longer" than the times assent a paying tribute.

Why go with the shameless mother on her errand of mercenary love? We well could foreknow she smoothed over the past. How could a christian child be other than forgiveness? And, too, how could her heart be else than sad, in measuring the purpose of this resuscitated love?

When pondering on these ills of life—ills not ours by right of title, but conjured up to harrow life with smartings, and lace-

rated, and weeping wounds of spirit, we ask the question, what is it that it might not be—but being so, what is it worthy of this treadmill care?

Reconciliation sends her coach and dashing greys to welcome the aliens to a father's home. And following fast on this special reception, a party is given, and extra pains taken to have Harry invited—the will of his desire was almost constrained. He went, to be sure, but not from any good feelings for the Lindens.

The Rileys were all invited, therefore Harry could not allow Miss Julia to accept of gallantry so uncalled for, whilst it was so convenient for him to be her escort.

When Mrs. L—— found the "impudent mink" coming in leaning on the arm of Harry, as fluent and affable as if they had been life-time friends, she began to fear it was too late to attempt to divert the lover from the wife of his choice.

Seeing the desperate state of things, she betook herself to the study of ways and means by which she could supplant the "sly jade" with one of "her own lovely daughters." But her shallow tactics were too bunglesome for a man like the one with whom she had to cope.

For a time Harry appeared so pleased, she really hoped his pliant manners indicated an impression, until a manoeuvre on the part of Julia threw the old lady into consternation; for she knew the intention of the pardonable, jealous sallie, and the result was too palpable to allow a moment's doubt. The madam could scarcely restrain her angry mortification in the defeat of the evening; and its apparent influence could be slightly traced on her amiable features, which could not now settle into placidity, until a storm had given vent to the turbulent passion — discomposing her thwarted feelings, and thereby marring the enjoyment of the guests.

And when the hours of entertainment were over, the girls were compelled to listen to a lecture, delivered in no very mild terms, for their unsuccessful efforts to vie with "that comely upstart." Piqued by disappointment, and chagrined with the ungenerous reprimand for an ill-fortune which tortured them to the utmost pitch of desperation, they in their turn blamed the mother for

their slighted favors—her treatment to Gertrude—and the mischief "she had diffused into their feelings had caused them to be out on every side, and neither of them could name a beau who cared a tuppence for them—excepting some worthless mechanics, with whom any girl in town, of any respectability, would be ashamed to be seen parading the streets in their company." To this broadside, the mother gave a retort at once withering and silencing. She saw her own folly in raising children to disdain the vocation of their father, and for the moment tried to counteract her own instructions. But it was too late. The daughters referred to the councils she had dictated, and the practice established as a precedent.

Submitting where cavil could not allay, nor passion overcome, she ordered the "old maids" to bed, with the declaration: "They should, thereafter, be taught lessons of home duty, from which prosperity had released them. Those qualifications married your sisters; and I shall, even at this late day, teach them to you. Men are not looking after doll-babies when they go in search of a wife. The polka and quadrille will do well enough for the hurly-burley of the hour, but sensible men do not select a woman because she is an actress; they rather prefer common sense and domestic economy, without accomplishments, than accomplishments aside from home comforts, to which they will forever be mere slaves." We did not describe the 'tete-a-tete' of the would-be exquisites. The extended folio counsels brevity; we retrench upon a restricted space already far overrun.

The reader will know, by their knowledge of character, from what has been said, why Gertrude's sisters were not like her. They had grown up under a new order of things, and the causes are known which control destiny, and frequently extenuate for character, that theoretic philosophy can easily demonstrate; but the allowance, if conceded by the understanding, cannot be allowed by the beatings of the heart.

We will not select disagreeable company—nay, we cannot tolerate it—unless compulsion makes of it a virtue. Let us hurry through.

It will not astonish the reader to say, that in the coming

autumn they took nuptial vows at the home of the bride's mother. The company was handsome, yet not brilliant—gay, but not lavish in superlative equipage or dress. Nothing was wanting to make the entire programme complete, and in ordinary keeping with the wealth of the groom. Save the Lindens, there were none present to bite the finger-ends off white kids as they choked down the rising envy, or gave utterance to compliments not authorized by an honest sentiment.

A wedding is the most interesting scene known to earth, save the calm demise of the hoary Christian. The transmutation of water to wine, a beverage which its Author would not partake of, is manifest evidence of the high regard in which the Son of Man held the hymenial ceremony.

We should love to devote pages to this scene, did not this whole chapter constitute simply an elucidation of our text, the condensed application of which is yet deferred.

Harry has lived to bring up a fine family of children, some of whom, we are sorry to say, are rather "fast." He is truly "the one man amongst men," and his wife exalted in amiability above the average of women; but they are not the gold refined in the crucible; they have not been chastened by the ordeal of adversity. Four months ago, we reached a country inn, having rode the greater portion of the night through a slimly inhabited desert wilderness. In the morning, after breakfast, we called on old kinsmen, residents of the neighborhood. To our surprise, Gertrude and her distinguished husband were visiting their friends in that section of the country. Riley's face is young, though verging life's winter; his lady-wife retains the relics of her maidenly beauty; the lovely spirit has not written indentations of care on features that wear the stamp of Christian composure and philosophical sweetness.

They have reared a goodly number of children, but they have not "rebelled against them." The father of Gertrude has paid the final debt the living owe, and by his side the consort with him slumbers. Riley is a man of riches. Every enterprise turned to gold, after the morning's sale, of which you have been posted.

And not once only did he save Mr. Linden, during his lifetime, from severe pecuniary loss, by his timely assistance.

The younger sisters are unmarried, but more recently learning the true realities of life in contradistinction from its bewildering phantasies. We finish this chapter, which we never begun with the consent of our own fancy.

We conceded our taste for the reason that we could make the question more plainly intelligible to every one. We have no predilections for romance—on the contrary, we despise them as the bane of the age; and could relish an almanac fifty years old, sooner than yellow-covered trash.

In this chapter, we have tried to stand out from lascivious love, but are fully conscious of the crumpled efforts to make the chapter readable.

As before stated, we wrote against our own inclinations, and now that we are through, we really feel relieved, and make no doubt the reader rejoices likewise.

The sum total of this chapter may be summed up in the annexed stanzas; and if the reader likes, he can advise his friends to omit the chapter and read the verse:

I would not pine in the valley of woe,  
No sense in this brooding o'er sorrow;  
*What Love bids me do, there Duty says go,*  
*And Faith will send Hope on the morrow.*

## CHAPTER VI.

THERE are three great national pictures of which every American can be proud, whose counterpart is beyond the hour of prospective hope :

The Continental Congress signing the Declaration of Independence within sight of the gibbet ; Washington disbanding the army, laying by the sword and disdaining the diadem ; and Henry Clay in his great final pleadings before the august bar of a majestic Senate, with that gallant earnestness which only the anxious patriot can display.

Gone, are the heroes in those scenes of martial daring and high-souled pride !

Gone, the principles which breast the storm ! and with them gone that invincible, steady, unwavering valor, with which honor is intrenched, and by which, victory, and unsullied glory, and lasting adoration are ever won.

Why speak of things as they are, or why be blind to facts that glare with open evidence, yet startle not ? Bribed legislators, mercantile defaulters, official speculators, stuffed ballot boxes, fraudulent voters, ward bullies, vigilant committees, territorial wars, and urban centralization, and overshadowing and absorbing and controlling power. All ! all ! are potent omens, pregnant with the destiny of the critical hour. We maintain our social laws are wrong, and the moral will which gives them tone is impotent to restore order—for it is destitute of vigorous life—and hence, without the strength to sway for good.

No cause, or code, or vogue, will stand the test of public opinion unless it has the concurrence of a great bulk of the influential mass. And they, the great bulk, will not indorse what the moral or Christian world simultaneously and unhesitatingly frown down. In this land of *Christian theory* these premises cannot be doubted. And if the argument holds good, there must rest a censure some-

where ; and it cannot be anywhere unless with organic or controlling power.

Men study the effect of the sequence, *the principle of policy*, and if they see policy without integrity is more creditable to social position than probity with humble surroundings, destitute of the wielding dignity of success ; then we ask, how shall purity be cultivated ; and how can we hope to preserve even the final court of public opinion from the corrosive taint of a canker corruption ?

They who settled this new world came here for the privilege of principle ; and they—the embodiment of principle—nursed the swaddlings, who rallied to the enthusiastic watch-cry of liberty.

But, strange to say, we, the heirs of their patrimonial bequest, are, in the majesty of strength, in the incipency of decay,—though strangers to fear from abroad—have become slaves to our own oppressive burdens at home, and by the laws of our own social enactments, subject ourselves to a self-willed degradation and welcomed debauchery.

We dare hazard the allegation, that this land, with its innumerable advantages and political glory, is by far worse off than when the pioneersman felled the first forest tree in its newly-discovered and densely-matted wild woods.

It is of no consequence to the insolvent debtor that his revenue exceeds the income of a dozen others together ; the chances for extrication consist in the excess of his resources over his expenditures. If the income be a hundred thousand, and the outlay greater than such annuity, the individual is poor in the receipt of his exuberance, and if we have all the blessings the world can furnish, if we have less than supplies the common expenditures of life, then are we paupers to the ills of circumstance, no odds, what the boast of our heraldry and condition. Are our arguments understood ? And will our motives be misjudged ? We know the common inclination to barter in sentiment, and the traductive disposition of those who cannot oppose argument with argument. We have counseled well the obloquy of the calumniator, and foreknowing it, have prepared our feelings for its unmeasured fullness. We come before the public to elicit not pity, nor skulk from contempt. We stand as the advocate, not that we are purchased for the issue,

but we adjure man for the sake of men, and in our imploring supplications forget self, in our warm love and deep-rooted desire to untrammel the race.

*What is the bridle on the heart?* The shame which attaches to labor, and the sinister homage to fortuitous circumstances. A will to spurn the poor, a readiness to overlook the outrages of gilded strength, a love for pomp grown from the blood, and spirit, and ashes of the fragile and helpless.

The pride of the man from which emanates ambition, the ambition which creates a greedy insatiable appetite to devour. It will not be denied that caste does all this. And yet men suffer it, because opinion awards praise to the successful; and all hope for success.

But we are thinking not of the few who may clamber above expediency; even they, are not above casualty, and their own children, or at furthest their grand-children, will have to come in contact with the cold exaction of society, and to their tender sensibilities will the merciless world be as the cold winds of winter to the sheep shorn of its wool. In this country of mutation, where property is as uncertain as an avalanche, all are interested in our theory, for but the fewest few of the rich can expect their children to begin where they left off. In view of this we ask for two items in our petition. Will the public grant it? Dignity to labor, and honor to merit, and that too without regard to the settings of the gem. We do not value a diamond more before than after the burnish, when we know its intrinsic worth. Then why the individual? Is it inquired, why is this asked? Because God so intended it, and the "*rights of man*," under his ordinance, demand it; and disorder, and oppression, and chaos follow the refusal of the claims of the law. Look about, and inquire, why has marriage become comparatively obsolete, and is daily growing more so; and, too, inquire, why are married people guilty of practices which the Mormons would not countenance? The sympathizing Briton advised the unsuccessful Envoy, representing these Colonies, before the unbearable tyrant, to return home, and counsel the Americans to raise children to rebel against oppression. The old typographical philosopher indorsed the admonition by estimating one vice as expensive as the rearing of two children

—were he living to-day, he might safely say a whole generation. Show, ostentation, display, a love for the fastidious, a punctilious bowing down to fashion, a spurning hatred for lowly worth, and then back of this political peership, goading the individual, for the want of social position, because he is poor.

Here lies the cause of our evils. There exist our social and political ills, from which we must be removed, or, with them, we will soon pass into national nonentity. Can any one wonder at the individual's unscrupulous clutchings at money, whilst he is conscious he will be trodden as a toad without it?

And if legal fraud is the high road to social honor, who shall fill the posts of trust, and who be enabled to exist amidst the buffetings of the gale and the current, hurrying them on to the maelstrom of Algerine destruction? The early settlers wanted only shelter, raiment, and food—a man with them was graded, not for what he had, but was.

With them marriage was a duty, and children a blessing; work was honorable and commanded its recompense; civility was gentility, and none were without it; hospitality was a virtue, and all practiced it. Now we must have a home for town and country, and wardrobes without number; delicacies suiting to make the well sick, and hasten the feeble to die. And position, in proportion to the filched gain of sharp trading, just outside the finger ends of the law. Celibacy is honorable, and, with the married, children a nuisance—work degrading and resorted to, solely by the financially impotent, whom it would be sheer nonsense to regard or reward, commensurate with their labor and necessities; boorish vulgarity is respectability—exclusiveness importance, and rudeness the mark of a gentleman.

Physicians are kept busy to tell us of new diseases, and lawyers tax their brains to fortify against the ruse dodge of legal innovations. Seminaries multiply to instruct misses to be popular with their frailties. Shylock speculators "trim the midnight lamp" in concocting schemes, whereby the witty shall be outwitted, and bold rascality return large fortunes for nothing.

Availability without merit, is far rather to be desired than simplicity and steadfastness without gain. Look on these pictures and answer

whether the primitive or modern times were preferable. Here is '76 and "Young America." Look, and laugh! We would not restrain it. But answer! Is the picture life? Is not the assertion literally and practically true?

To protest against these facts, with us, is a moral duty. To incur ridicule of those who will not think, who love to be led blindly on by the usages of past ages, is a consolation. For the time comes, when the theory of this thesis will be in date; and the wonder will not be that it is so, but why it was so long delayed.

When the poor sailor will not be sent out to contend with the angry ocean, and leeched of his pittance as soon as he returns to greet his native shore; whilst the commander and owner regale themselves with wines and Havannas in the seclusive star chamber, enriched by the sweat and hazard of those meanly paid tars who did the work, and bore the perils and hardships of the voyage. The poor consumptive orphan girl will not be forced to stitch the costly mantilla, at starvation wages, in the damp cellar or cheerless garret, wasting, as the midnight taper, by which dim glimmer she threads and sews the rustling garment, dewy with her dripping tears, and plaited by her frittered life.

The soldier will not bid adieu to friends, nor brazen battlements present the "bristling front of war." Ships will rot in the docks, selfish cities be destroyed, parchments and prothonotaries be antiquated and unknown, the sable Congo give back to his sultry home *its lost blossoms to the Son*, the tempest-tossed Ishmaelite cease from his pilgrimations, to abide 'neath the olive trees of his New Hilled city, the wandering and wasting aborigines dwell in the Alabama of their fathers; and peace, content and home-dwelling happiness beneath the spreading boughs of native arbors, will make man what he was, and what wisdom's forethought meant he only should become.

Then shall the golden bit be lifted from the bleeding heart; and man, free as the fleet courser on the unbounded desert plains; and loving as the noiseless dew, which designs, in quiet night, its crayon sketches on the unfolding petal; that morn should paint its rosy blushes on the blowing flower—shall stand erect, glowing, in the unrefracted image of his God. What care we that we are

far off from this Elysium, where selfishness blooms not, nor want or care curves haggard lines on the index of the living soul. Men are but as forest leaves in the coarse whispers of autumn, who will be scattered by the whirlwind of their own creation. But law, as the sturdy forest will bear the peltings of the storm and grow afresh in new-robed verdure, when the winter's howl is passed, and the soft spring, with its rollicksome music and glad smile, invites it forth to newborn joy. The sombre prelude of this chapter chronicles the time of night in the social world, but conjunctive events may signal them as the harbingers of day. The ebb tide may flood again,—the quivering and vibrating needle finds its natural point—the inborn court of conscience, whose portals avarice dreads to enter, be reconciled to grant the suit of justice wrangling for the right.

The orange streaks are visible on the orient,—and soon may the wings of light and love pencil them with tints of gold.

The French Emperor receives the tacit hisses of the world, to discommode the imperial glory of his usurpation—and make the insignia of dynasty the crown of thorns. Whilst Walker dies without a throb of pity for his fate—the amaranth unsuited for his bier, and the tear of sorrow unwilling to sprout the cypress on his tomb. *Here is where we have hope! The pride of man directed in the current of amelioration.* To do this we must make men think. The love of wealth is not for its comfort but influence. The desire to own it is a longing for preeminent distinction.

Men are but grown children—who, like the juveniles, must be diverted from error and encouraged in the right: and if a common, systematized move is made by those whose influence will legalize the enterprise, then will it have become disreputable to oppress; and fashionable, and honorable, and creditable, and obligatory, to deal justly and gallantly toward all mankind.

The ambition of man need not be destroyed; *it cannot*; for it is a stream of kinship with divinity, and owes its struggling melody to the *caput fons* of life. Amelioration does not dam it, nor run it off into subterranean channels; but gives it a natural winding course, to fructify the vales of its wanderings, and cherish the bay trees on its banks. *Here is a pledge against*



social discord—here are the forks of the road; the one directing to the tower and strength, the other to revolution and blood; where social slavery will be exchanged for military rulers; and where discontent must find a quietus from the howitzer or coronet.

We now proceed to take up the most difficult part of the subject. Let the reader abate his inculcated prejudices, and come with us to the supreme bar of reason; and if convinced, let him be candid enough to own it; but if persuaded we are absurd, then unhesitatingly denounce us.

*No man has a right to monopolize this world to the engrossment of others' pro-rata share.*

We cannot admit the right of property to any one further than is essential to the supply of their positive necessities. Any thing more is greediness—nay it is actual robbery; inasmuch as it withholds from many these blessings for which they were created; grows a pride of selfishness; promotes unbecoming graduation in classes, and institutes a sinister will to resort to any thing for the securement of an unusual share of property, that the holder can be entitled to an extra share of importance. We need not stop to consider the characters of that respect which whines and cajoles and wheedles in sycophantic adoration to wealth.

The spirit is moved more by manifest action than a presumed but unspoken consideration, and the nature of the emotions of the man crave overt concern as a test proof of deference.

This bugbear of penury—this slough of indigent despair,—is one into which all are liable to tumble. Then, in order to have an insurance against the dangers of the quagmire, let us drain it dry with the delving-irons of human kindness, and flow off the stagnant seepage into the oblivion below. Or else, pile in the rocks of solid reason until we level it with the hill tops on either side. How shall we do it? And why? We must not resort to stringent measures. Revolution will do no good. The world has experimented on that for sixty centuries. And the change of rulers too often exiles a complacent sovereign for one of less reasonable demands.

It is better, says history and experience to endure the rules of a king, whose training and education has adapted him to the

manners of the court and feelings of the people, than be subjected to the requirements of the intolerable usurper. In either case, partiality and not merit will receive preferment, and the many be oppressed to give fame to the few. This is might but not justice. Or it is right by the law of might. The only quality valuable in man is the immaterial: as a proof of it we pay instinctive homage to talents and goodness.

We do so because we love to: and we love to do so, for mind is the endowment of the Creator—hence it is the normal endearment of divinity to the divine; the worship of his affinity by kindred affection, in the triple existence of the party, paying the tribute to whom it is due.

This is natural respect; and only such should be required. In short, any thing else is slavery. And slavery and liberty are at antipodes: they will not, cannot, exist together.

Social law cannot be forced: for those who would coerce it are unfit to concede what they claim, unless dispossessed of every lust of aggrandizement, and only imbued with the noble spirit of universal kinship and common fraternity.

But if the conqueror and not his fellows in arms were so actuated by amelioration, the effort would only be spasmodic and would relapse after his demise.

Compulsion is not opinion, and the will tied down by a thong will rebound when the cord is removed. But in mind the simile is in part unlike, for it chafes by coercion.

To obviate this difficulty,—mind must be educated to will the rule of love, and pride will then feed ambition, and amelioration rejoice the emotions on account of voluntary acts of kind offices administered to a less lucky or less fortunate brother.

Under this rule drones would pluck up fortitude for duty; misers and spendthrifts learn that "man lives not for himself;" and hawks lose the inclination to use their talons; labor be distributed; and rest and comfort, equilibriumized. To superinduce this equality, man must be induced to remember benevolence is riches which enriches the bosom, and enlarges the stature of the understanding; whilst avarice intensifies want, personal and relative and dries up the fountains of affection. The former

makes him truly and manifestly lovable and godlike—the latter self-despised and despicable;—if not by overt dissemblance, for fear of his power; at least so, in the estimate of intuitive reason.

Thus, the magnanimous act of Brown in the redemption of the Philadelphia City scrip—held by Ladies whose privations and talents and toil entitle them to a cash compensation, but whose probable want of money might have made them a prey to the heartless shaving sharks of the market—has won for himself trophies of lasting glory which in our opinion are incomparably superior to all the laurels of the Cæsars.

But, says one, what do you expect by equality of property? Do you suppose a jubilee to-day would remain so for a single week? Distribution would only be followed by a rapid return to inequality. Not if persons were controlled by the will to fraternize. The law of love would continue to restore the equilibrium—just as the sea pays back to the heavens the borrowed rain; just as the forest compensate the ground for its clothing; or the dead plant of the fall, by the matured germ, returns the lost beauty to the fields.

You may call it absurdity to so theorize,—but in extenuation for our premises, let us here be understood as looking to the support of the Government; the perpetuity of the nation which cannot be continued—so long as proffered peership is promised on one side, and all the concomitant evils of social and political disparity allotted on the other, in the absence of money to buy a coat of arms.

England's primogeniture law looks well to this issue. They know, also, to give title without endowment to support it, would be an inconsistency that would forever keep the different classes at war.

Therefore when they pronounce a man a lord, they give him means to support his heraldry.

Here we know the difference. We are presumed to be gentlemen by the institutions of government. But whilst the law has been changed in its relationships to the subject, the subject on the other hand has not been modified in feeling, to become adapted to the law. For the law cannot mould the comity of the social citi-

zen, and the statutes of the social code will supplant law, civil and moral, if at variance with it. A seeming incongruity to our premises, but not so when analyzed. The moral law, if instructing in error, is raising children to rebellion. In establishing our present question, we adduce the duello as illustrative of our position. It is never resorted to by gentlemen because they love martyrdom, but because they love social esteem more than life. And if dignity must be sustained at the cost of integrity, as caste now dictates, history shows dignity to be paramount to integrity. It is said, a man will not go against his bread and butter. And every day proves the value men set on their respectability, when they prefer the paraphernalia of the age to an honest compound with creditors. And why? The banquet halls will not be shut against the money of the man, notwithstanding the integrity of conscience abhors him. This position is not only tenable, but self-evident and reasonable, but without acceptance from those who admit it. Only the other day we were talking with a highly worthy lady, a member of a Christian church, who was arduously engaged in Sabbath-school teaching,—and yet, strange to say, as ardently engaged in defending fashion. Compassing land and sea to proselyte the children to precept, but inculcating a love for pagantry which had occasioned the expediency to reform the young heathens. Are we ambiguous? Let us be plainer. If inference will not speak, plain English shall.

The lady spoken of was single from the influence of that ostentation she so warmly defended. Accomplished, talented, but in moderate circumstances, and in trying to keep up a fair standing with the punctilious, the embarrassments of life had no offer of abatement. And her case is the very experience of countless others, whom men admire but dread to marry. Why? They know this growing, slavish love for the sublime ridiculous has no outside limit. They know gratification leads to further desire, and if the display is not ahead, it labors in the race to be ahead; and if ahead, it fears it may be outdone. The slave of this artificial excitement thinks of nothing, delights in nothing, but display. Disgusted, yet pursuing the disgust; unhappy in it, but craving further dissatisfaction. The husband must foot the bills, or submit to

"certain lectures;" or constant croaking: His business may not afford it, but he must resort to dishonesty to keep up a retinue and routine of mock pleasure; finally fail, and in the smash up, gather as many fragments from the wreck as possible. Now if we are all forced to this marauding on each other, by a disdain for labor and contempt for humble honesty, when we all become rogues together, at what discount will morals be quoted? A young bachelor said to us the other day in answer to "Why he did not marry?"

"My dear sir it is impossible—I cannot afford it: the family expenses of those whom I visit are not less than \$3,000 a year. Such extravagance would soon break me; my business could not sustain it."

"Then why do you not choose some lady of domestic habits, whose good sense would not wish such butterfly nonsense?"

"Sir, I could not find a lady whose education would suit me for a partner—who would be content with any such economy as I can afford; and I am resolved not to marry for the mere sake of marrying. Notwithstanding I shudder at the forethought of advanced celibacy. *To marry fortuitous circumstances, is to become a pensioner on a woman's bounty; to seek for less than congeniality is to compromise the dignity of man's nobler sentiment; and to wed foolish fashion is to go into torment, from which death would be a happy release. A fine sentiment would feel mortified by the first, degraded by the second, and harassed by all the corrosive ills of a spirit-cankered torture by the third.*

"And if, by merest chance, I could discover such a lady as Goldsmith describes in his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' I would not allow her to undergo that social exile which would most certainly be dealt out to us by my present circle of most loving friends."

These complaints meet us constantly; they certainly must mean something. And they are not confined to the single,—the married admonish us to keep single. Old cronies tell us of cares in wedlock, and frankly own if they were out of bonds, they would remain so.

Some wish to say this pride of life is stimulated by the influx of Europeans, whose pliant manners degrade labor, and humor

the snobbishness of the country. This is an error. The greater never assimilate to the minority. Adopted citizes incorporate their ideas with our own, and early learn to be what we would have them. The better class of emigration will vie with our own best citizens; and the laborer from other shores is subject to our will.

Pocahontas did not retain her savage dress; when she came into the pale of civilization. The painting in the capitol rotunda at Washington represents her, clad in the best style of raiment known to the pale face. Republicanism is imperfect if it cannot embrace and leaven the world.

About a year ago we were quartered at a "very clever fellow's" hotel in the Monumental. Whilst there, a young man from the East arrived in search of business. He came freighted down with moral commendations,—letters to "Christian dignitaries." We thought him a prodigy, and began to have an almost superstitious veneration for him.

During his stay, the Hotel became unusually crowded, the landlord, noticing the familiarity which had grown up between us, changed the stranger into our room; which, by the way, was ample in its accommodations for several lodgers. At once we began to sift his character, found he was married, and professedly doated on his wife, but was no stickler for continency. Had been married several years, and had no children, for the reason "they did not wish any; they were troublesome and expensive, and they could not afford to take care of them."

He remained there until he found an engagement to go home with a Bay captain, largely engaged in cutting timber somewhere down on the Peninsula. He did not hesitate to say "he would engage a housekeeper for a second wife"—and we did not hesitate to denounce him as more beastly than a Mormon. We cut his acquaintance, and will take good care it shall not be renewed. We can respect and extenuate an open reprobate, who is so by the force of fate, and bears it with Roman firmness; but for masked villainy we have no commiseration.

An apology is due, for the recital of this incident. We inserted it,

for it is the most delicate illustration we could think of, to delineate the subject now discussed.

That young man would not have abandoned his wife, nor she consented to his absence, had toil been in fair repute, even in New England. And the loving ties which should have bound them, would not have been wanting, but that broadcloth is essential for a gentleman, and watered flounces indispensable for a lady of ordinarily accredited decency. *Here "the bridle on the heart" made the wife to remain at home, to listen to stranger's advances sooner than compromise position by residing with her husband in the plain home of his adventure, to make his adversity comfortable, and fill his bosom with the full measure of affection, rather than give up to a strumpet those divine emotions she had vowed to honor and love.* Affectation will hoot at this broad description of evil; we should be equally fastidious, did we not know the body politic was being devoured by its cancered contact, which, we therefore dare assail—and which calls for the amputating knife of the surgeon to save the whole body from decomposition. How shall we do it? Wealth must be despoiled of its power. Republicanism and simplicity must go hand in hand together, or together die and be buried in one common sepulchre. Monopolies must be checked by the intervention of the law: and law must be aided by public opinion. We grant chartered privileges to companies who absorb money, and wield it to serious disadvantage to every one but themselves. For example: If we have a right to say, in the charter of any street railroad, they shall not charge over so much fare, we have a better right to say they shall not pay less than a specific compensation for labor to their employees. Why? The public can walk, or go in their own conveyance, but the laborer must have work, for he must have bread. And if he is poor he must accept an unfair offer, or steal, or starve, or go to the alms-house. But you say he can do something else! What will he do? Where will he go, but he finds capital ready to masticate him—to extract his spirit and life, for its own glory and emolument? What company is less rigid or more just? Ah! and are not rules systematized by these very corporate powers to hedge him about with company law,

against which it is out of the power of the indigent to wage a momentary contest. There is no alternative for outrage and extortion, there is no protest to circumbound the oligarchy.

Now we have laws saying,—an apprentice shall have considerate treatment. And why? Because he is a minor and an orphan without protection, and he shall not be imposed on. We have law forbidding the excess of interest. For what reason? Money can crush, and the moneyless shall not be without a remedy. And if the law is a dead letter,—it is because public opinion is dead to its virtue. In Pennsylvania you have an exemption law. Why was it enacted? That the poor should not be turned out of doors, that the heartless should have a check on their demands.

You have a school law, forcing the rich to educate the poor; that society may be intelligent, and the public weal advanced. Also a law defining certain kinds of labor; for strength must not be overtasked. The several branches of mechanism have laws within themselves, which afford but a poor shield against the encroachment of capital. In great strikes the operator eventually has to succumb. Those who need protection most are least able to contend for it. Where is the chivalry of the 19th century, which allows a necessitated man to be compelled to labor *eighteen hours in the day*; for \$7 per week; and a woman, because she requires food and shelter, to receive barely \$2 per week for her wages, even though the compensation will scarcely pay her board?

To this we answer: The poor have the power, and they must use it not to allow this high piracy on human rights—not to suffer this outlawry to go free of punishment. Let there be a law to rank the man who oppresses by unjust wages with the counterfeiter and burglar; let the penalty be the State Prison. The willing tyrant would be restrained by this method; and the more honorable would be found ready to subscribe to a custom from which they had been reluctantly driven by reckless rivals, who paid from choice what their more feeling competitors were constrained to come down to, in order to contend with such opposition as was unknown to consequences, and foremost in oppression.

If men of benevolence would underwrite this move by their moral and individual sanction, and the criminal and voracious cannibal be made to respect it by legal compulsion, society would soon regain its lost tone, and the chafing chains of social degradation be unloosed from the poor. We would not take away property at once, but qualify the use to which its owners should apportion it. The man of business, after realizing 6 per cent on its investment, should share the residue of profits with the employees carrying on the business. And should the profits exceed a certain amount it should be disbursed for benevolent purposes. We hear it objected—that would not be equality. We very well know it. It would be unkind to dispossess the rich, at once, but give his children to understand they would not inherit it *in toto*; and let them be educated accordingly. At the parent's death it should go into lands for the relief of the poor, who should be quartered upon it, reserving only a bare sufficiency for the subsistence of the heirs with strict economy. We suggest this as most feasible, for it is the most legitimate and final plan of restoration.

The satiated politician, or superannuated merchant, indeed almost every class of men, love the retired country home, when ambition wanes,—at the sight of the lengthened shadows of evening. The day must arrive when the earth will support none but husbandmen,—when every acre will sustain four souls, and every scrap of iron be made use of to perfect its tillage. The richest and happiest people in these United States are the Lancaster county farmers. Their farms are small; they love to work; practice economy; and realize health and content within their own homes, on their meagre allowance.

They enjoy themselves more than any class of people we know of, and their happiness consists in being primitive. Their customs approximate to the old dispensation, where 40 acres was an allotted heritage. We maintain the earth is for use; and also that no one of the common family shall be allowed more than his share, and it should be only equal to his actual wants. To appropriate it for Parks, or hunting grounds, should not be allowed; nor ought it to remain in extensive tracts in the hands of any one

owner. The law which sanctions the permission to such allotment, is the same principle, a little more extended, that sets up the plea of "*The Divine Rights of Kings*." By national law we exonerate our robbery of the Indians, inasmuch as they did not cultivate, they should not hold possession. And on the same principle property is not rightfully the estate of another, after it has ceased with him to be an expediency.

In other words he shall not be allowed to heap up wealth to cater to his vanity, when, by that accumulation, others are left to misery and want and mortification and desperation and despair. For if crime follows a cause, which society has made law, the criminality of the act lies, not so much in the error committed by the individual, as the culpability of those who made error legal. Let us explain. The young lady who finds she is esteemed as on a par with the vilest woman in the country—simply because she works—that she is as much debarred from society as though notoriously wicked, and yet conscious of purity of life and purpose; and if with the coercion to labor, there is not only a social degradation attached to the toil, but also a social or general combination on the part of the employees to pay less for that work, than can subsist the laborer; if, we say, with these stubborn facts, staring her in the face—with troubles such as these crushing her in the dust, she rends the lily from her brow; is she to censure or those who drove her to despair?

Is there any one fool-hardy enough to fly in the face of these facts? Will any one say labor is respectable? Would any one believe him if he would say the Billingsgate epithets, applied to working people, are not practiced by the daily conduct of all or almost all those who have moneyed position allowing such presumable audacity? Here is a little item—what politicians call a straw—clipped from the local columns of the Philadelphia North American of August 3d, 1860:—

"STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—A man, named John Ryan, apparently fell dead at Baldwin's locomotive works, on Wednesday. The coroner was sent for, and on his arrival the man had come to and was alive. The coroner left, but in the course of the day was

again sent for, the man having died in good earnest in the second instance."

Would that influential, commercial paper have spoken so of a wealthy shipper, or an influential merchant, or leading broker? We know it will be said this is only a city local. So it is; but it shows the force and direction of the popular tide of opinion, for all, quite as much so as though taking place among the leaders of its columns. We have here another article, to show the direction of public opinion, which we copied from "The Examiner and Herald of Lancaster, Pa., of August 1st, 1860:—

"I have not been taking much part in politics of late years, but for the last few weeks I could not avoid being struck with the activity and interest displayed by the employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad in regard to the nominations about to be made by the Republican party. I am not hostile to this company—in fact I have always been a warm friend—but this organized interference of its *servants* in the primary elections of our party has naturally aroused some feeling of indignation in my mind, as it would in the mind of every independent thinker. I hope the time is far distant when our good old Commonwealth is to become the mere tool and chattel of a corporation, as is the case with our neighboring State of "Camden and Amboy." Can you tell me the cause of this particular excitement among the railroad men?

A CALM OBSERVER."

Without reference to the political complexion of the above extract, we inquire,—Why the free use of the term "*servants*"? And why question the right, the privileges of men to assemble for common consultation? Have men thus far removed from cotton fields—in the democratic, plain, industrious, honest district of Lancaster—lost the rights of freemen. In either instance the argument is on our side. For if "*they have become the mere tool and chattel of a corporation*"—there is power in some cause making the result; against which both cause and result we have and do protest. We object to the usage to enslave and the power to forge the shackles. Remove the cause and the effect will disappear.

But here is still another scrap touching on our discussion copied from the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" of August 23rd, 1860.

Let the reader read studiously, we wish the article carefully noticed:

"THE SALARIES OF CLERKS.—*Messrs. Editors:*—I desire to call your attention to a subject that is at the present time exciting some attention in the city of New York, viz:—The salaries of clerks. The clerks in our large cities (mostly young men and youths) are the hardest-worked and poorest-paid class of persons in the community. It is a business that requires a good penman, and a person of intelligence and education. Now, sir—while the cost of house rent, provisions, etc, has doubled within the last fifty years, the salaries of clerks are the same now as then; salaries on which it is impossible to live decently. How many young men are there, who, after a successful course of four years' hard study at our High School, are obliged, from absolute necessity, to take a clerkship in some store or office, at a salary of \$50 per year? Young men are expected to board, clothe and otherwise provide for themselves on salaries from this amount to \$150 a year, and married men from \$300 to \$500. Now, sir, this may do where the young man has his parents to provide a home and to clothe him; but where the young man is obliged to strike out for himself, it is impossible to live on such a salary. I think that our business men should consider this subject in its proper light. They would find themselves the gainers in the end, by giving better salaries. Clerks would then protect their employers' interest more, and it would encourage these young men in the path of duty. We would, then, perhaps not hear of as many robberies of employers by their clerks as we now do. A VICTIM."

What volumes in that little article! What distress and suffering it unvails: and with what meekness does it supplicate for succor! Why are these men not better paid? What right have men to work for less than a living? Our heart was pained within us when we read that article. A Victim! To what? To pecu-

lation? Where at leisure he repents from behind the heavy cross-bars of a dungeon? Or does the ghost of despair gather about his hearth? Has he a family in want; a sick wife withering and dying for lack of food adapted to her shriveled form and dainty appetite?

Or does he wander, the wreck of misfortune, from foul inconstancy and buried hope; that turned faith aghast, and gave to the subtle tongue with sordid power the influence by which to beckon his idol from his conjugal arms?

Go! traitor! You who have made him what he is; seek out his comfortless home in the cheerless court—and ransom what you can.

When life has reached this ebb, it is no longer worthy of concern, if reform cannot conciliate; if pity will not commute, or sympathy relax the iron grasp—nor law stimulate to a restoration of wrested honor, 'twere better to sleep in the cold arms of death, on the "pent field" of protest—than thus to live despoiled of all the manhood of a man.

Here again we will be met with that old extenuating plea for poverty, so quaintly used by the prosperous; *i. e.* "the road to distinction, is open to all, if they will but use the efforts placed within their reach."

This is a delusive hyperbole invented to instruct the hopeless in an illusive hope.

Look at the *pro rata* relations of property and political place in contrast to population. Decimate the representative of dollars and how much per share would it allow to the individual?

How many offices are there to supply applicants, and, too, how many successful business men over the whole country? Are not the unprincipled and unfeeling, selfish, sordid, grovelling men, the owners of the world—and of all others are they not the least entitled to the filchings by which they overpower the less favored though mostly the more worthy and honorable?

Let us for the sake of argument, admit the destruction of all principle, and a general grab for spoils, monetary and political; where, save in a revolution, has the married clerk at \$800 per year; or the wan saleswoman at \$50 per annum, any possible hope of a mere chance of advancement?

Who will promote the condition of the masses? Who that will not override and degrade, and demolish them for the sake of their own personal, short-lived greatness and preferment.

But, says one, you cut off the goal of ambition! No! we would not; we could not. We change the idea from a perverted to a primeval channel. We ask to exalt all, and debase none; to ameliorate, and not oppress; to honor, and not mortify, to teach lessons of love, and not envy; to grow the olive tree—and exchange the sword for the sickle.

And if we could destroy ambition, we would not lose by the innovation. If we sought only the supply of want for existence, and with it had content and peace, and happiness, would not that be better than the flummery of poetic exaction, and artificial beauty, and sublime, and exquisite glory, at the expense of suffering to the many, and an unsatisfying disquiet to the few? It is no use to say the remedy is not to be found. It will not, if not attempted. "Let us try." And as theory suits practice, we can go on to wiser perfection. We will not improve, if we do not make the effort. And the effort will be abortive unless moral stamina is its prime mover and governor.

The politician is the instrument but must not be the originator. The sick can know their ailment, but science must afford the relief.

So the social world may deplore its anguish—but it must look to the moral for the remedy.

Our subject takes this turn from the deductions of logical relations—but when it goes into moral ethics, we cannot follow it. It belongs to the theologian; whilst we may speak of his duty, it would be inconsistent for immorality to instruct him in it. To him alone belongs the ability to prohibit uprising lowliness from exercising that animosity from which it has but recently escaped.

But says one you are troubling yourself over a Utopian theory altogether out of reason, and revolting to the pride of the distinguished, which can never be reduced to practical purpose. Besides you are interfering with what is none of your business.

We would be sorry to waste our time and labor over a theory, not grounded well in principle. We should be sorry to weep at



the grave beyond the promise of a resurrection. We would not trust—but that the Immutable Eternal is the Voucher, before whom men are as wax to the flame and with whom time is “an eventual now.”

The brazen heavens of to-day may break into weeping on the morrow; and the crisp earth yield again its vintage. The heart springs of the proud will then fly open to the bolt hammers of truth, and their glad sentiment come bounding to the smoking altar laden with surrendered and once worshiped offerings, as the willing tribute of a living spirit paid over to the cause of a suffering humanity.

It is our business that we cry shame! shame! when the cruel driver maltreats his horse—and the court would not exonerate his brutality. It is our business that the working people of this age in our great cities are driven into an illicit existence of which the bear in his mountain grotto would be ashamed. It is our concern, that the revels of the poor are the single amours of debauchery—for the air grows thick with their moral taint—and the miasma may soon affect the chastity of a wife or daughter. The whirl of misery, and depravity which you now notice with silent contempt may soon engulf your jewels; and the prized promise of your hopes become the drugged portion of mourning and bitterness.

The cause we advocate is ours by the gift of a God whose unheard plaudits will fortify us to meet that public scowl which these declarations may engender; whose sunshine will make us prosper, though bending before the breeze of an indignant and howling contempt, set in motion to overpower the dissenter. The rocking wind will cause us to strike deeper for strength and nutriment; and the extended growth of the roots will nourish the dark green on the foliage of the shadowing branches. We have the consolation of a self-sustaining satisfaction in the production of this fragmentary effort. Though the difficulties which have surrounded us whilst trying to write, have prevented even the proper exercise of that moiety of talent we may possess. We dismiss it from our inspection to send it forth to the garbled scrutiny of the critical observer. And if by chance some humble

mountain lad should take it up to while the heavy hours of idleness as he watches the floating cork of his playing line from the banks of his highland brook, whose eye, clear as the fretting ripple—and heart ungrafted by fashion—and thought pure as the harmonious cadences of the Æolian wind that stirs the cedars of his green hills—he drinks in and treasures this sparkling sentiment of amelioration; it may grow with him in his maturing strength into the manliness of gigantic proportions.

And coming from his obscure home in the rocky gorges, break as a wild billow of destruction, over the set parapets of stoical caste, obliterate the citadel of fashion; and set in motion a moral kneading revolution, that shall find neither check nor restraint; until the crusade gives out, over the smouldering fires of the last conquest risen to oppose its march.

#### RALLY FOR THE RIGHT.

Who lives for truth will strive for equal laws,  
Nor count the cost, nor weary in the cause;  
He courts not triumph for its vain applause,  
But strives 'gainst hope which hope the foeman awes.

The banner flaunting in the mid-day light,  
With countless braves to give its wavings might,  
By sun may fall to find a lasting night,  
By chieftain rent, triumphant in the fight.

Not so with right, whose throne is in the brain,  
Which grows afresh with every new felt pain,  
Which reckons realms made up by subjects slain,  
And wakes to life when light once gilds the chain.

The fretting rage aroused to claim its own,  
Breaks off the link which bind him to the throne;  
Hence then the regal laws he dares disown,  
And reaps the harvest which his sires have sown.

## THE ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Let none suppose the persons advertising in the appended pages, are advocates of the doctrines held forth by this cursory production. On the contrary, they may be, and most likely are, tenaciously opposed to them.

Most of the gentlemen have known us for years, and in all probability they gave their cards from motives of personal friendship, independent of any advantages which may accrue from the notices that are herewith printed—not as a speculation, but a reimbursing fund, by which we have felt a willingness to contract for the material essential for the production of this work.

The several parties are especially commended to our circle of friends and the general public, of whom it becomes us to speak in brief detail.

C. M. JACKSON & Co., appear on the fourth page of the cover. Their Tonic is sold over the States, and is received with universal favor.

From all the evidences of prosperity that appertain to their magnificent Depot on Arch Street, we are led to the self-evident conclusion, their efforts are worthy of that patronage which a discerning public is daily rendering to their balm of health.

JAMES BARBER, succeeds the main body of the text. Mr. Barber's history affords a striking illustration of perseverance and industry, blended with tact, probity and economy, rising to affluence over apparently insurmountable obstacles. With allowable pride he frequently narrates the history of his adversity, when a sick family leaned on an insolvent bankrupt, and a hopeless debt overhung him; and from his present stand-point, he looks down on the vale of surmounted difficulty, joyously, though not egotistically elated, by the successful receipts of solid wealth.

RICHARD G. STOTESBURY, keeps a full variety of Furnishing Goods for Coach and Harness makers. Mr. Stotesbury is a gentleman of honorable and courteous bearing, and comprehensive business attainments. His stock is equal to that of any market, and a purchaser can order from him on as good terms as though selecting in person.

D. W. C. BAXTER is a first class Designer and Engraver. The Ruins of the Church where Pocahontas was married, is one of his average efforts.

The cut took precedence of place, because it calls up the recollection of eventful ages—when men selected wives and not estates—by marriage. The best blood of the Old Dominion claim kinship with the preserver of the early colony. And not without just right. The Indian blood is never lost, however the complexion may fade. Baxter's genius deserves a fortune. Were he less talented, he would be more wealthy—the two are at variance, and but seldom embodied in the same individual.

R. C. WALBORNE & Co., offer gentlemen an outfit in Underclothing, Handkerchiefs, Cravats, &c. They cut a shirt by Euclid, and can suit the taste of the most fastidious bachelor or spruce dandy.

ROBERT SHOEMAKER & Co., Wholesale Dealers in Drugs, are too well known to require notice or comment. Their goods are genuine, cheap, and well chosen. Their dealings are high toned and above suspicion, and their conviviality worthy the character of a pastoral patrician. To know them is a guarantee of grappled esteem.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH has recently invented a Smoke Conductor to improve the current of air through smoky chimneys, also to ventilate Ships and Public Buildings.

The Ventilator is worthy of concern. Should any one find it difficult to read through this sentence, because his eyes are weeping-blind with smoke, from the whistle of the veering wind, he may console himself that the Archimedean is a relief, and if he will not try the experiment, he is not entitled to a particle of sympathy.

Mr. Griffith will send Catalogues, and furnish proof of their capacity.

WM C. MURPHY is "*a man of letters.*" He can get up as showy a sign as any person in Philadelphia, and at the shortest notice, with any design required, from the sublime to the grotesque, or the fanciful ridiculous.

By all means try him.

T. W. & J. A. Yost, have every variety of Miniature Carriages "to please the children."

They have been manufacturing for several years, and are in possession of facilities to supply the heaviest orders. The Messrs. Yost's are clever gentlemen, and we may attribute their amiability, in part, to their profession, upon the same principles that Horticulturists have greatest longevity.

CLERY & STOCKDALE, offer a new brand of "Burnside's Monongahela Whiskey." Of all stimulants, Whiskey is said to be the healthiest spirit for persons in health.

The Firm are offering an article which they attest by chemical analysis—their conscientious efforts should be appreciated. An attempt to supplant the adulterated spirits by a genuine article, is a measure of laudable reform.

WILLIAM CONWAY, is extensively engaged in manufacturing the various kinds of Rosin and Fancy Soap.

His establishment is remarkable for neatness, system and order. Factories are too often scenes of filth. Mr. Conway's is an enviable exception. The Packing floor of his Factory is as clean as the deck of a No. 1 Steamer, and the operatives are restricted to rigid rules of cleanliness. The capacity of Mr. Conway's machinery is equal to several million pounds annually, and the quality and price on a par with other sea-board cities.

JAMES CARMICHAEL, is extensively engaged in manufacturing Oil Cloth. He employs some hundred hands, and makes up over \$200,000 worth of goods annually, which are shipped to various parts of the United States and Europe. Mr. Carmichael is a Scotchman of the real Hialt predilection, and his word has a meaning significance, synonymous with truth. His goods are of his own make, and warranted.

WM. MANN, offers to the trade every variety of Stationery Goods known to the market. With him are associated some three or four sons, and sons-in-law; this in business circles, is a link of past usages, and for that alone we claim he deserves pre-eminent preferment over competitors in the market. Mr. Mann's prices are fair, his material and Blank Books of fine quality, and with the commercial world of the Quaker City, he is a general favorite.

JOSEPH H. FOSTER, has a half page card. Foster is a noble fellow. A graduate of Neptune, and can supply "The Ocean's Bride" with a "Tricolor," a Conestoga Wagon with a "*para linter*," or a Merchant's Front with a "Sun Shade." He is worthy of patronage, and entitled to the "Anchor and Star."

SAMUEL M. MECUTHEON & SON, make "French Burr Mill Stones." Their's is a particular business, requiring accuracy.

Mr. Mecutheon could not let a Burr go away from his premises unless it was properly finished. He is one of those very particular men who could not rest satisfied until everything was properly adjusted.

H. S. BOARDMAN, manufactures every variety of Britannia Ware. Mr. Boardman's old established house commands a lucky custom, and is known at home as cheap amongst the cheapest and best. Buyers overlook themselves when they pass him by.

FARBELL, HERRING & Co., are "household words" amongst commercial men. Their Salamanders are part and parcel of a Counting House; even as indispensable as the Ledger and Cash Book. Their Fire Proofs answer affirmatively to the flames; "Are you Insured?" and the young firm is not ready to start business without one.

Mr. FISK makes all kinds and assortments of Stencil Plates. A Stencil mark is a mute salesman. An imprint of one Stencil, is worth a thousand pocket cards, for it sets up the merchant's sign board all over the country.

Out midst the silent symphony and pleasing harmony of rippling waters and warbling birds, and sighing winds by the banks of the sleepy song-honored Wissahickon, is situated the Carpet Mills of JAMES LORD, JR. It will be seen by the Advertisement, he is making some half dozen varieties.

The Dutch—an article of solid texture, is offered with others, and it is authentically reported, Mr. Lord is the only manufacturer of that article in the Philadelphia Market.

R. D. CLIFTON, Second and Dock streets, keeps on store and gets up to order, every variety of Men and Boys Clothing. Mr. Clifton superintends his own business with assiduous attention. He sells low and deals honorable. It will be seen he protests against Clap-Traps in his circular. And the humane can buy of him without dread of incurring the conscientious censure of aiding to support a system of oppression.

EDMUND DRAPER's Advertisement will be seen on the second page of the Cover. We consider his card an ornament to the book. We refrain from laudation, for the reason the Old Staff know the name of Draper as familiar as their Logarithms. Young Surveyors will bear in mind Mr. Draper has no superior in this country for producing a perfect Field Instrument.

"And last, not least," we refer to the card of A. HAWLEY, Perfumer. Mr. Hawley makes an excellent article of Perfumes. His name is not so familiar as some of his rivals, because he has a more modest way of doing business than the trade generally, and refrains from forcing the merits of his goods before the public. Perfumery is poetry in bottles. The person who dislikes it must necessarily be gross. We can imagine the revels of the poet when he exclaimed, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." In addition to the delicate extracts named in Mr. HAWLEY's list, the Dentrifice which he makes and sells, is commented on at great length—we have used it, and think it would be cheap at four times its cost.

# JAMES BARBER'S

## Wholesale and Retail

### CLOCK

## ESTABLISHMENT,

## S.E. Cor. Second & Chestnut Sts.,

## PHILADELPHIA.

### AGENCY FOR THE

## PATENT EQUALIZING THIRTY-DAY CLOCKS,

### A VERY DESIRABLE ARTICLE FOR

### CHURCHES, HOTELS, BANKS, COUNTING HOUSES, PARLORS, &c.

ALSO,

### MANUFACTURER OF FINE GOLD PENS.

### CLOCK TRIMMINGS of every description.

**JAMES CARMICHAEL,**  
MANUFACTURER OF

AND  
WHOLESALE DEALER IN

**Patent Oil Cloth,**  
FOR

**Carriages, Floors, Tables, &c.,**

**WAREHOUSE, No. 156 NORTH 3d ST.,**

*(Fifth House below Race, West Side,)*

**PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

Merchants are respectfully informed that I manufacture these Goods at my **FACTORY, FRANKLINVILLE, 2d STREET, BETWEEN VENANGO STREET AND ERIE AVENUE,** and they will be sold at the lowest prices, and warranted of the best material.

I give below an Invoice of the various kinds of Goods manufactured, and to which I solicit the inspection of the dealers:

**CARRIAGE OIL CLOTH**

ON DUCK, LINEN, AND HEAVY MUSLIN, FROM 28 TO 56 INCHES WIDE.

**FLOOR OIL CLOTH**

FROM 4 TO 8 YDS. WIDE.

**TABLE OIL CLOTH**

VARIOUS WIDTHS AND STYLES, NEW AND HAND-SOME PATTERNS.

**OIL CLOTHS FOR FIREMEN'S CAPES,  
HORSE COVERS, &c.**

**JAMES LORD, JR.,**

**Carpet Manufacturer,**

**WISSAHICKON MILLS,**

**21st WARD,**

**Warehouse, No. 17 Strawberry Street,**

MANUFACTURING BOTH BY

**POWER AND HAND LOOMS,**

HAVING ON HAND AN EXTENSIVE

**STOCK OF CARPETINGS,**

**OF MY OWN MAKE,**

CONSISTING OF

**THREE-PLYS, SUPERFINES, EX. FINES, COM-  
MON, DUTCH, COTTAGE, AND  
VENETIAN CARPETINGS,**

To which I invite the attention of

**WESTERN AND SOUTHERN BUYERS.**

**WILLIAM CONWAY,**  
**Soap and Candle**  
**MANUFACTURER,**  
**No. 316 SOUTH SECOND STREET,**  
**BELOW SPRUCE,**  
**PHILADELPHIA,**

Respectfully calls the attention of MERCHANTS to his large stock of  
 STAPLE and FANCY SOAPS, comprising—

OLEINE, CHEMICAL, OLIVE,  
 EXTRA FAMILY, PALE  
 and BROWN SOAPS.



HONEY, VARIEGATED,  
 PALM, WHITE, SAND  
 SOAPS, &c., &c.

**CANDLES**  
 PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR SOUTHERN MARKETS.

Thankful for liberal patronage heretofore, he will endeavor by strict  
 attention to merit a continuance.

**JOSEPH H. FOSTER,**  
**AWNING MAKER,**

**443 N. THIRD STREET, East Side,**

*Above Willow, Railroad Depot,*

**PHILADELPHIA.**

Sails for Boats, American and Business Flags of all Nations,  
 Awnings, Tents, Wagon and Canal Boat Covers.

**SACKING BOTTOMS, HAMMOCKS, BAGS, &c.,**

**CAN BE HAD AT SHORT NOTICE.**

**N. B.—FALL AND WHEEL ROPES SPLICED. OLD AWNINGS REPAIRED.**

*Residence, 340 South Front Street, above Pine.*

**L. H. FISK,**  
**Canvas Printer**  
 AND  
**STENCIL CUTTER,**

**No. 13 SOUTH 6th Street, cor. Minor.**

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

**CANVAS LETTERING**

*Promptly and Neatly Executed.*

**STENCILS CUT ON THE BEST MATERIALS,  
 AND OF SUPERIOR FINISH.**

**No. 13 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.**

## A. HAWLEY & CO., PRACTICAL PERFUMERS,

117 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.

The Proprietors of this Establishment feel confident that their preparations will compare favorably with any in the world, either foreign or domestic. **EXTRACTS** for the Handkerchief, of the most exquisite odors. **POMADES** and **OILS** for the Hair, of the finest texture and the sweetest perfumes.

**SHAVING CREAMS** and **TOILET SOAPS** of the finest and most delicate formation.

Also, **HAWLEY'S LIQUID HAIR DYE**, is decidedly superior to any now in use.

**A. HAWLEY'S OLEATE OF COCOA**.—This preparation is the article above all others for Dressing the Hair. It is exceedingly fine and delicate and renders the Hair Dark, Soft and Glossy. The Odor is delightful. No one should be without it.

**POWDERS, BANDOLINE, ROUGE, &c.**, and every variety of Fine and Choice Perfumery.

**HAWLEY'S FRUIT EXTRACTS**, for flavoring Pies, Puddings, Jellies, Confectionary, and Mineral Water Syrups. All of which rival the best, and are surpassed by none.

## A. HAWLEY'S SOLIDIFIED DENTAL CREAM,

FOR  
CLEANSING, WHITENING, AND PRESERVING THE TEETH.

This article is prepared on scientific principles, and warranted not to contain any thing in the slightest degree deleterious to the Teeth or Gums.

Some of our most eminent Dental Surgeons have given their sanction to, and cheerfully recommended it as a preparation of superior qualities for Cleansing, Whitening, and Preserving the Teeth. It cleans them readily, rendering them beautifully white and pearly, without the slightest injury to the enamel. It is healing to the Gums where they are ulcerated and sore. It is also an excellent Disinfectant for old decayed Teeth, which are often exceedingly offensive. It gives a rich and creamy taste to the mouth, cleansing it thoroughly and imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. In short, it does all that could reasonably be expected of any article of this kind to do. A fair trial is all that is necessary to convince the most fastidious or skeptical that it is an article of superior merit.

Prepared only by A. HAWLEY & CO., 117 N. 4th St., Philad'a.

MR. A. HAWLEY,

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1860.

Dear Sir:—I do hereby certify that I have used Hawley's Solidified Dental Cream in my practice, and find it combines more properties in cleaning, whitening the teeth than any thing I have ever met with. It is also pleasant to the taste and in no way injurious. I therefore take great pleasure in recommending this preparation to the public generally.

THOS. INGRAM, M.D., DENTIST, 491 N. 4th St.

Philadelphia, Sept. 29, 1860.

MR. A. HAWLEY,

Dear Sir:—Having tested your Solidified Dental Cream, I take great pleasure in recommending it as a good article. And being made acquainted with the ingredients, I can certify to its containing nothing hurtful to the teeth.

Yours respectfully,

E. VANDERSLICE, SURGEON DENTIST, 425 Arch St.

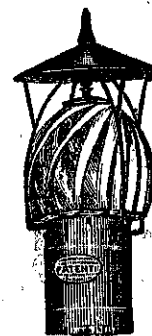
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Assignee & Manufacturer of

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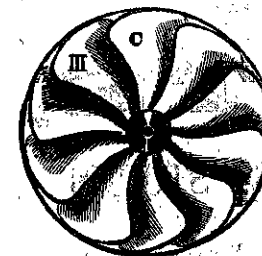
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It must be borne in mind that, although wind vanes are affixed, the screw works by the upward current of warm air, altogether independent of the breeze outside. When the wind is strong and down draughts are to be apprehended, the advantages of the rotary vane are at once perceptible. Not only are down drafts impossible, but increased draught is given to the Chimney, which effectually prevents contrary currents of air exercising any effect on the fire.



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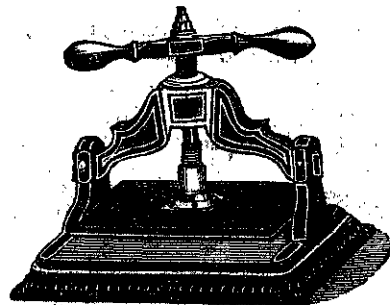
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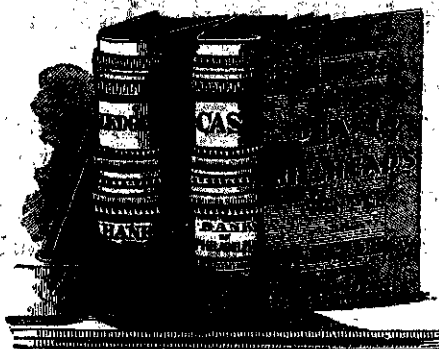
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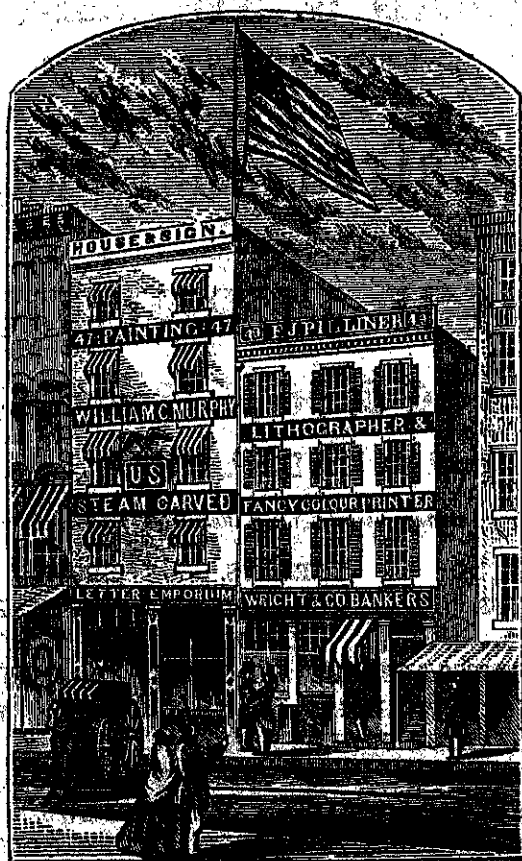
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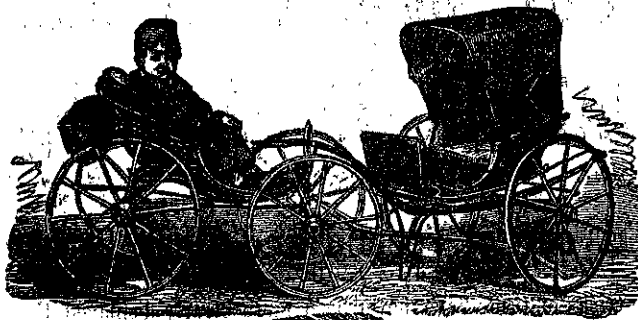
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