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# E LINOR WYLLYS.

A TALE.

EDITED BY

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ADMIRALS," "SATANSTOE," &c.

"Familiar matter of to-day;  
Some natural sorrow, loss or pain,  
That has been, and may be again."  
WORDSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# ELINOR WYLLYS.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,  
To go to Paris?”

SHAKESPEARE.

MISS TAYLOR paid her visit to Miss Lawrence. One morning at breakfast she informed her parents that she intended to make an excursion to Boston.

“Whom was she going to see?” asked her father.

“Miss Lawrence, a young lady who had passed three days at the Springs, at the hotel where they stayed, and with whom she had become very intimate.”

“How long was she going to be absent?” inquired her mother.

“She thought of remaining a fortnight; perhaps

three weeks, if she found it very pleasant. Mr. Powell, the young gentleman who was to be her escort, had been introduced to her the evening previous at a ball, and she thought him sufficiently fashionable in his appearance to have the honour of taking charge of herself and her baggage."

Her father observed that he would bring a supply of money for her when he came home to dinner. Her mother offered to look over her stockings. Everything thus settled, the next morning Mr. Taylor and Miss Adeline drove to the East-River wharf, where the Boston boat lay: here they met with a slight difficulty; the gentleman engaged as an escort could not be found; something had interfered with his journey. Nothing was easier than to pick up another, however. Mr. Taylor looked about him, saw a face he knew slightly, and remembered the name that belonged to it.

"Good morning, Sir; are you going to Boston, Mr. Hopkins?"

Mr. Hopkins bowed, and declared that he was going to Boston.

"I have a daughter on board, Sir; and the young gentleman who was to be her escort is not here. Will you be so good as to look after her?"

Mr. Hopkins would be very happy to take

charge of Miss Taylor. But Adeline was almost in despair when she saw him. How could one of the most dashing belles in New York consent to sit, in view of all the passengers, side-by-side with such a fat, rusty, snuffy, little old gentleman, who wore green spectacles, and had a red silk handkerchief spread on his knee? Suppose he should ask her to walk, how could she pace up and down the promenade-deck arm-in-arm with such a figure? She, Adeline Taylor, whose travelling dress was faultless, and who had expected to have a charming flirtation with Albert Powell! What could she do? The fates, and the warning bell, decided the question; it was too late to look out for some better-looking escort. Mr. Taylor had hardly time to shake hands with his daughter, and jump on the wharf, ere the whizzing of the steam had ceased, and the plashing of the wheels was heard. Adeline sank on a bench beside the rusty old gentleman for a moment, but soon fled to the ladies' cabin for refuge.

During the whole jaunt, the fat, snuffy Mr. Hopkins was kind and good-natured to Adeline, whenever she would allow him. He thought she must be lonely, and she had been obliged to confess that she knew no one on board; so the old gentleman held it incumbent on him to be

sociable. He took some pea-nuts out of his pocket, and offered her a handful; he gave her a couple of newspapers to read; asked her questions about her family, brothers and sisters, and seemed to look upon her as a school-girl. He was not the least impressed with her elegance and finery, and quite unaware of her belle-ship; he even once called her "my dear." Then, the red silk handkerchief was always either on his knee, or in his hand! It would be difficult to say whether Adeline would have survived the mortification of such an escort, had it not been for two circumstances which changed the current of her thoughts. There were several elegantly dressed young ladies on board, and she soon succeeded in getting up an intimacy with two of them; they exchanged cards, and invitations to each other's houses, and through the same means Adeline was introduced to a couple of beaux.

Between breakfast and dinner, these new bosom-friends and herself were inseparable, but unfortunately they were only going half-way. The grief of separation was, however, somewhat assuaged with Miss Taylor by sea-sickness, which, as every one knows, is very destructive to sentiment and sensibility. As long as they were tossing about near Point Judith, the snuffy old gentleman, who was not in the least sea-sick

himself, was very faithful in his inquiries after Adeline, and proposed several remedies to her, through the stewardess. At length they reached Boston. As they drove to the door of Miss Lawrence's father, Mr. Hopkins asked "how long she intended to remain in Boston?"

"About a fortnight," Adeline replied.

"I shall be going back to New York about the same time, my dear, and if you have not got some one more to your taste, I'll take care of you on your way home with pleasure," said the fat old gentleman, sprinkling a handful of snuff on Miss Taylor's grey silk, and brandishing the red handkerchief at the same time.

Adeline's thanks were very faintly uttered; but gratitude is not a fashionable virtue. It was fortunately so dark that the rusty old gentleman could scarcely be seen as he took leave of the elegant Miss Taylor at Mr. Lawrence's door, and thus the young lady's mortification was over.

At the end of the three weeks, Adeline returned home, bringing glowing accounts of the delights of Boston, and talking a great deal about several "delightful young gentlemen," and occasionally mentioning a certain Theodore St. Leger. She had heard that the Boston people were all *blue*; but it must be a calumny to say so, for she had had a very lively time—plenty of fun and flirtation.



Miss Lawrence returned with her, and of course a party was given in her honour. There were some eighty persons present, all free from the shackles of matrimony, apparently to give the Boston young lady an opportunity of meeting a representation of her peers, the marriageable portion only of the New York community. The evening was pronounced delightful by Miss Lawrence; but all the guests were not of the same opinion.

“What an absurd custom it is to have these young people parties,” said Harry Hazlehurst, who was on one of his frequent visits to New York at the time, and was sitting in Mrs. Graham’s drawing-room, with that lady, Jane, and Mrs. Stanley.

“I agree with you; it is a bad plan,” observed Mrs. Stanley.

“The first of the kind that I went to, after we came home, made me feel ashamed of myself; though Dr. Van Horne, I suppose, would accuse me of high-treason for saying so.”

“But most young people seem to enjoy them,” said Mrs. Graham.

“It is paying us but a poor compliment to say so. One would think the young people were afraid to laugh and talk before their fathers and mothers. I really felt the other night as if we

were a party of children turned into the nursery to play, and eat sugar-plums together, and make as much noise as we pleased without disturbing our elders. It is a custom that appears to me as unnatural as it is puerile. I hope you do not like it," he added, turning to Jane.

"I care very little about it."

"I am glad, at least, you do not defend it."

"There are a few families you know, Harry, who never give those kind of parties," observed Mrs. Stanley.

Hazlehurst's conscience felt a twinge, for he knew she was thinking of Elinor, whom Miss Wyllys had never allowed to give these unmarried parties; though she went to other houses when asked.

"Miss Taylor had collected a tribe of Europeans of all sorts, last night; half-a-dozen Englishmen, and a vulgar Frenchman," observed Harry, by way of changing the conversation. "I was surprised when my friend Townsend told me he was invited; he did not know the Taylors, and only arrived a week since."

"Adeline invited him on purpose. Miss Lawrence is very fond of foreigners, and you know Mr. Taylor calls on all the strangers who arrive," said Jane.

Harry's lip curled a little.

"How disagreeable that Captain Kockney is," continued Jane.

"More than disagreeable," replied Harry. "I should not have used so soft a word. I was not a little amused, by-the-bye, to see how the fellow cooled off when Townsend and Ellery came in. Your low set of English have such a thorough awe of those a few degrees above them."

"That Mr. Kockney is so very forward and vulgar," said Mrs. Graham, "that I wonder anybody can endure him. I was disgusted with his manner on board the steam-boat from Long-bridge the other day."

"He is beneath notice," said Harry.

"I am not sure either, that I like your friend, Mr. Ellery, Harry."

"Ellery is no friend of mine; but pray don't name him in the same breath with that Kockney."

"Oh, no! Mr. Ellery is a gentleman, evidently; but I do not like his manners, there is something affected about him."

"Certainly, he knows how to play the coxcomb, and condescends to do so quite too often. But I hope you like Townsend; he is really a fine fellow."

"Mr. Townsend has very different manners."

"Yes, he has the best English manner—quite

natural, and not afraid to be civil. It is only the best of the English who are quite free from nonsense. Ellery aims at effect, half the time: Townsend has too much sense to do so."

"Well, I really wonder," said Jane, "how Mrs. Hilson can endure that Captain Kockney."

"The silly little soul knows no better."

"To be sure, she is quite as ridiculous as he is."

"She is really very silly," said Mrs. Stanley. "It is a pity that good, worthy Mr. Hubbard should have daughters so little like himself, and so much like their mother."

"She is very pretty, though, and dresses very well," said Jane. "Would you believe it, mamma, the other day, when she called at Adeline's, she wore a collar precisely like the prettiest of those I brought from Paris."

"Does she visit a great deal at Mrs. Taylor's?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, no! Adeline can't endure her. But she cannot get rid of her entirely, because they meet in the country. Adeline would like to drop the acquaintance altogether, but she says Mrs. Hilson won't let her, because Mrs. Taylor's is the only fashionable house where she visits."

"These Taylors have really done wonders in the last few years," said Mrs. Stanley, smiling.

“They have been quite as persevering, I dare say, as Mrs. Hilson can be. They are a very vulgar, pushing family,” observed Mrs. Graham.

Jane coloured, and Harry feared she would shed a tear or two. She was quite agitated.

“Dear Jane,” he thought, “what an affectionate heart she has !”

By way of consoling her, probably, and at the same time obtaining a better view of her downcast face, he took a seat beside her. He even refrained from making an observation which he had in *pelleto*, upon the volatile character and manners of Miss Taylor, reserving it for the future ; determining that when they were man and wife, Jane should have the full benefit of his opinion of her friend.

Let it not be supposed that Harry was too sure of success, in thus looking forward to his marriage with Jane as no very improbable event. Since he had appeared in the family as her suitor, her manner had been encouraging. There were blushes and moments of embarrassment which looked very favourably ; and had he been obliged to proclaim all his hopes, he would have confessed that the same flattering signs had been observed by him in Paris, and had contributed not a little to increase the warmth of his own feelings. There was now a rival in the field, and

one by no means to be despised; but, although young De Vaux was good-looking, agreeable, and very much in love, Jane did not seem disposed to smile upon him. To do her justice, she was no coquette; she was too indolent by nature to labour very hard to secure several conquests at the same time. Miss Graham was very much admired, however, and was generally proclaimed the beauty of the season; while Harry soon began to feel the vanity of the favoured man.

But if Jane were a beauty, Adeline was a belle; a pretty, and a rich belle, moreover, and Miss Taylor's train of admirers was much larger than that of Miss Graham. So numerous, indeed, were her followers, that she was seldom seen alone. If she visited, it was with an attendant beau; if she were walking in Broadway, she had generally one on each side of her; and at a party she was always talking to half-a-dozen young men at a time. Miss Adeline was, undeniably, a very popular belle. But all this homage was sometimes attended with difficulties. One morning she wrote an urgent note to her friend Jane, requesting that she would come to see her, for she was unwell herself, and wanted advice in a momentous affair.

The sympathizing Jane had no sooner appeared, than Adeline exclaimed:—

"I am so perplexed, that I really don't know what to do. You must decide for me."

"How can I help you? What is the matter?" inquired Jane.

"Why, you know, to-night is Mrs. Thompson's great ball, and I am going, of course; though I have a very bad cold."

"Yes, you are really quite hoarse."

"No wonder! I have been so pestered by serenades for the last fortnight, that I have not had one good night's rest. I had to get up and show myself at the window, until I caught one cold after another."

"Perhaps you had better not go to-night."

"You may be sure I shan't stay at home unless I have to keep my bed. I am already engaged for five dances. But just look at the centretable."

Jane turned her eyes towards the table, which was covered with flowers.

"How beautiful they are!" she exclaimed, going to look at them. "One, two, four, six bouquets! Where did they all come from?"

"Do not ask me. I am sick of the very sight of flowers!"

"This, with the variegated camelias, is beautiful!"

"Yes, it's pretty enough! but what shall I do with it?"

"Why, take it to the party this evening, of course."

"No, indeed; it came from Mr. Howard, and I can't endure him."

"Which have you chosen, then?"

"That is the very question. I don't know how to settle it."

"Take this one with the passion-flower."

"No, that I shan't; for it was sent just to spite me. Mr. Grant sent it, and I told him last night that I hated passion-flowers, and everything else that is sentimental. What shall I do? It is so provoking!"

"Suppose you put them all in water, and go without any."

"My dear Jane, how you talk! That's what I never did in my life. Go to a ball without a bouquet! I can't think of such a thing!"

"We can untie them, and make up one ourselves, taking the prettiest flowers from each."

"That won't do, either; for it's only the gardeners that can do up these things decently. I wouldn't for the world carry one that looked as if I had made it up myself."

"Well," said Jane, in despair, "I really don't know what else to advise."



“ I do believe the young gentlemen have leagued together to provoke me ! And this is not all, there are three more in water up-stairs.”

“ You might take the first that came ; perhaps that would be the best plan.”

“ Would you have me take this ridiculous-looking thing with only one camelia in it ? No, indeed ;” and for a moment the two young ladies sat down by the centre-table, looking despondingly at each other, and at the flowers.

“ If I could only take the one I like best, it would be the easiest thing in the world ; but, you know, all the other gentlemen would be offended then.”

“ Which do you like best ?” asked Jane.

“ Why, this one, with the white camelias ; it came from Theodore St. Leger ; he told me he would send one with white flowers only.” Adeline’s colour rose a little as she spoke, and as that was not a common occurrence with her, it looked suspicious.

“ Did Mr. St. Leger dance with you last night ?”

“ Why, no, child, he never dances. I didn’t see him dance all the time we were in Boston.”

“ I thought you liked him,” said Jane, with innocent surprise.

“ I like him well enough, after a fashion ; as

well as one can like a man who never dances, and don't talk much. He is very stupid, sometimes, and dresses very badly too."

"Is he handsome?" asked Jane.

"No, he is as ugly as he can be. I really think he looks just a little like that old Mr. Hopkins, his uncle."

"What in the world makes you like him then?"

"I am sure I don't know. But don't fancy I really care about the man. He is going back to Boston next week, and I don't suppose I shall ever see him again; but I thought I would take his bouquet to-night, because he was so polite to me; and he will be there. Oh, my dear Jane, talking of Boston, I have hit upon an idea!"

"Well, what is it?"

"I saw a girl at a party there—by-the-bye, it was Theodore St. Leger's sister—who had her dress trimmed with natural flowers; that's just the thing for me!" cried Adeline, clapping her hands. The difficulty thus happily removed, the young ladies ran up stairs to determine more fully upon trimming a certain white crape with the eight bouquets divided for the purpose. The white one, the offering of Mr. St. Leger, was reserved for the place of honour, in Adeline's hand.

## CHAPTER II.

“Thy young and innocent heart,  
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?  
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there?”

ROGERS.

SISTERS' children, though bearing different names, and classed by the world in different families, are generally much more alike than those of brothers; they are apt to have more habits, tastes, and feelings in common. And the reason is evident; it is usually the mother who controls the internal family policy, who gives the colouring to what may be called the family atmosphere. The father may pass a statute once in a while, but the common-law which regulates the everyday proceedings of the little community flows from the mother; and we all know that the character is moulded rather by daily practice in trifles, than by a few isolated actions of greater

importance in themselves. The aims and views which people carry with them through life, generally spring up from seeds received in the nursery, or at the family fire-side. Even with men this is the case. The father may inculcate this or that political creed into his son, he may direct his choice to this or that profession ; but the manner in which the youth carries out his political principles, the way in which he fills his profession, will depend on the impulses and motives cultivated in childhood, and early youth ; for it is then that the character receives its bias. The mother's influence and example are often to be traced in those minute shades of taste and opinion, which are the foundation of our partialities, or our dislikes ; and, of course, the daughters of a family, from being more constantly subject to this influence, imbibe a larger share of it. It is immaterial whether the mother be aware of the importance of her duties, of the weight of this responsibility, or not ; for good or for evil, the effect will still be felt, though varying, of course, in different circumstances.

Elinor had not seen her cousin, Mary Van Alstyne, her mother's niece, for several years, and she now met her in Philadelphia with great pleasure. Miss Van Alstyne was some five or six years older than herself ; this difference in

years had, indeed, been the chief reason why they had never yet been very intimate. But the same distance which separates girls of twelve and eighteen, is, of course, less thought of at twenty and six-and-twenty, when both are fairly launched into the world. Mary Van Alstyne and Elinor found much to like in each other on a closer acquaintance; and Miss Wyllys observing that the two cousins suited each other so well, drew them together as much as possible, in order that Elinor might have some one to fill the empty places of her former companions, Jane and Harry.

Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst was a near neighbour of the Wyllyses in Philadelphia; but Elinor had too much dread of meeting Harry to go there often; and it was only when she knew that he was in New York, that she went to his brother's. The change in their position was too recent to allow of her seeing him with composure; their family connexion, and the intimate terms upon which they had hitherto lived, only made their present estrangement much more awkward than usual. Elinor tried to think it fortunate that he should now be so often in New York.

The first time he was in Philadelphia after the Wyllyses were settled there for the winter, Elinor escaped seeing him. As she came in one

morning from a ride with her grandfather, she found his card on the table. It told the whole story of what had passed; for she could not remember his having ever left a card at their house before; he had been as much at home there as herself, until the last six weeks. The sight of it caused her a very painful feeling, and did away all the good effect of the pleasant ride she had just taken on the banks of the Schuylkill, As she walked slowly up stairs to change her habit, her eyes filled with tears; and had she been endowed with the proper degree of romance for a regular heroine, she would probably have passed the morning in hysterical sobs. But as she had quite as much good sense, as fancy and feeling, she was by no means romantic; she had never fainted but once in her life; and although it must be confessed she had wept during the last few weeks, yet it was always in spite of herself, at moments when the tears were forced from her by some sudden recollection of the past, or some distressing glimpse of the future. On the present occasion, instead of encouraging solitary grief, she returned to the drawing-room, and read aloud to her aunt, who was busy with her needle.

But Harry's second visit to Philadelphia was not to pass without their meeting. Mr. Wyllys, Miss Agnes, and Elinor were spending the

evening at the house of a friend, when, to the surprise and regret of all parties, Hazlehurst walked in with one of the young men of the family, with whom he was intimate. It was the first time they had met since the alarm on the piazza at Wyllys-Roof. Poor Elinor, at the first glance, when the door opened, turned deadly pale, as she always did when agitated. Harry, as he crossed the room to make his bow to the lady of the house, felt excessively uncomfortable; when he turned, not a little embarrassed, towards the rest of the party, he received a slight and cool movement of recognition from Mr. Wyllys, who was standing at a corner of the fire-place. Miss Agnes made an effort to say good evening, in her usual tone; and Harry replied that he was very glad to find they were to be in Philadelphia for the winter, words which were as far from the truth as possible.

Elinor would have given much to look and speak as calmly as her aunt; but she could only bow in silence, for at the moment she dared not trust her voice. The lady of the house, who knew very well how to account for a meeting which seemed very ceremonious between near connexions, who had always been so intimate, did her best to make matters go off well; and her son, who was also in the secret, rattled away

to Elinor to the best of his ability. But there was a very perceptible touch of cool disapprobation in Mr. Wyllys's manner, and a something that was not quite natural in the tones of Miss Agnes's voice. Harry felt as if he were doing penance, and he felt, moreover, as if he richly deserved it. But the worst was to come. There was another lady present, a New Yorker, who had lately seen Hazlehurst very often with the Grahams, in his character of Jane's admirer, and she innocently asked him when he was going to return to New York. "In a day or two," he replied. "You will not leave the post vacant very long, I dare say," observed the lady. Harry's answer was not very distinctly heard, and he coloured as much as it is in the power of man to do. The lady happily observed how much he was annoyed, and changed the conversation.

Hazlehurst was not in a mood to pay a long visit: he soon rose to take leave. Elinor, in the mean time, made a great effort for self-command. She knew that she was the injured party, and yet she felt superior to all the littleness of resentment—she acquitted Harry and Jane of all intentional trifling with her feelings. The gentle, quiet dignity of her manner gradually expressed what



was passing in her mind. As Harry passed near her, and bowed, collecting all her self-possession, she wished him good evening, with a calm, sweet voice.

It was now Hazlehurst's turn to be much the most embarrassed of the two; he bowed, and muttered something about calling, in a voice much less clear than her's had been; then fairly giving up the matter in despair, he quitted the ground with another bow. On leaving the house, he walked rapidly down Walnut Street, very much dissatisfied with himself, and out of humour with his friend for having brought him into such an awkward scene.

The next day, when Elinor thought over what had passed, she felt relieved that the first meeting, which she had so much dreaded, was over; although she knew it must be a long time before she could see Jane and Harry with perfect composure; she knew there must be other unpleasant moments in store for her. There was no danger but that Elinor would do all in her power to subdue her feelings for Harry, and yet she sometimes reproached herself with having done too little; her interest in him was still too strong. She shrunk sensitively from longer encouraging any weakness for him; it had now become a want

of delicacy to do so, it would soon be almost sinful. She knew that if she did not succeed in the endeavour it would be her own fault only; for her whole education had taught her that there was no passion, of whatever nature, too strong to be conquered by reason and religion, when their aid was honestly sought.

Miss Agnes, on the contrary, who knew how unexpectedly, and how deeply, Elinor's feelings had been wounded, was fearful that her adopted child was making too great an effort for self-control; with a girl of her principles and disposition there was danger of this. Elinor, since the first day or two, had sensitively avoided every approach to the subject when conversing with her aunt. Miss Agnes knew that time alone could teach her the lesson of forgetfulness, and she now dreaded some reaction; although admiring Elinor's courage and resolution, she wished her occasionally to give a more natural vent to her feelings. It struck her that the time for one open conversation on the subject had come, and the result proved that her opinion was correct. Elinor threw off a constraint that was not natural to her character, and which had been kept up from an exaggerated sense of duty. She now spoke with perfect frankness, nothing

was concealed ; grief, regrets, struggles, all were confided to her aunt, whose sympathy was grateful to her, while the advice given with kindness and good sense was of real service.

Many young people who knew Miss Wyllys, would have smiled at the idea of her being a good counsellor on such an occasion, for her own life, though useful and happy, had been quite uneventful. The death of her mother, and the marriage of her brothers and sister, had left her, when still a young and pretty woman, the only companion and solace of her father. These duties were soon increased by the charge of her orphan niece, and her time and attention had since then seemed engrossed by these cares and pleasures. Miss Wyllys was actually never known to have had a regular suitor. Whether she might not have had her share of declared admirers had she chosen to be encouraging, we cannot say. It is a subject upon which we have no authorities.

Of course Miss Agnes could not be expected to know anything about love, beyond what she had learned from books, or from observation. She was, nevertheless, a much better adviser than many a younger and more experienced friend. Where the head and the heart are both in the

right place, instinct soon teaches us how to sympathize with our fellows in all troubles that really belong to our nature.

It appeared to Elinor as if, in future, there would be an additional tie between her aunt and herself; for she looked forward to leading a single life, hoping to pass her days like Miss Agnes, in that sphere of contented usefulness which seemed allotted to her.

When Elinor had returned to her own room, after the conversation to which we have alluded, she went to a writing-desk, and drew from it a letter. It was the same she had received on her seventeenth birth-day. It was from her mother. During the lingering illness which caused her death, Mrs. Wyllys, deeply anxious for the welfare of her orphan daughter, had written several of these letters, adapted to her child's capacity at different ages, and placed them in the hands of Miss Agnes, with the request they might be given to Elinor at the dates marked on the envelop of each. They had proved a precious legacy for the young girl, and a guide to Miss Agnes in her education; for the aunt had never forgotten that she was the mother's representative only; Elinor having always been taught to give the first place to her parent's memory. It seemed, indeed, as if her mother's spirit had never ceased to linger

near her, exerting its silent influence. The letter to which Elinor attached so high a value is given below.

“Wyllys-Roof, August 13th, 18—.

“My own beloved Child,

“You will not receive this letter until you have reached the age of womanhood, years after your mother has been laid in her grave.

“To separate from you, my darling child, has cost your mother a bitter pang. There is no severer trial of faith to a Christian woman, than to leave her little ones behind her in a world exposed to evil and sorrow; and yet, although so near death myself, it is my wish that you may live, dearest, to taste all that is good in life. Few mothers are blessed in death, as I am, with the power of leaving their orphans to such kind and judicious guardians as your grandfather and aunt; should they be spared, you will scarcely feel the loss of your parents. Oh, how fervent is my prayer that they may live to guard, to cherish you! And when the task they have so piously assumed is fully completed, may they long enjoy the fruits of their cares!

“It is with singular feelings that I write to you as a woman, my child, and appeal to thoughts and sentiments of which you are at this moment so utterly unconscious; sitting, as you now are, at

my feet, amid your playthings, too busy with a doll, to notice the tears that fall upon these last lines I shall ever have it in my power to address to you. But the hope that this letter may, one day, long after I have left you, be a tie between us, my Elinor, is grateful to your mother's heart, and urges me to continue my task. I have a double object in writing these letters; I wish to be remembered by you, dear, and I wish to serve you.

“During the last few months, since my health has failed, and since you, my child, have been the chief object of interest to me in this world, I have often endeavoured to pass over in my mind the next dozen years, that I might fancy my child, what I trust she will then be, qualified in every essential point to act for herself in the position to which she belongs. I trust that when this, my last letter, is placed in your hands, you will already have learned to feel and acknowledge the important truths that I have endeavoured to impress on you, in those you have previously received. You are already convinced, I trust, that without a religious foundation, any superstructure whatever must be comparatively worthless. I should be miserable, indeed, at this moment, if I could not hope that sincere, single-hearted piety will be the chief influence of your life; without it,

you could never know true happiness, or even peace. Rest assured, my child, that while it sweetens every blessing, it soothes under every evil. Many have given the same testimony when they stood, like your mother, within the shadow of death.

“ I have every reason, my beloved daughter, to hope that under the guidance of an humble, sincere Christian, like your aunt, you also will arrive at the same blessed conviction ; I know that so long as she lives, her example, her prayers, her vigilance will never be wanting. I have every reason to believe that you will be led to seek that which is never earnestly sought in vain.

“ I must be brief, dear child, lest my strength should fail. From the many thoughts that crowd upon me, I can only select a few, which my own experience has taught me to value as important. In the first place, let me warn you never to forget the difference between Christian education and all others. Remember that Christian education has for its foundation the heart-felt conviction of the weakness of human nature ; for a being bearing the name of a Christian to lose sight of this truth, is the grossest of all inconsistencies. The great and the learned among those who are merely philosophers, preach, as though to know what is

good, and to practice it, were equally easy to mankind. But the Christian alone knows that he must look beyond himself for guidance and for support. He knows only too well, that there are times when the practice of some plain and evident duty, costs his feeble nature a severe struggle—in no instance will he dare trust his own strength alone. He knows that even in those cases where duty is also a pleasure, he must still be watchful and humble, lest he fall. One would think this truth so obvious, from daily observations, as to be undeniable; but it is now the fashion to laud human nature, to paint flattering pictures only. Humility is thought debasing; but truth alone is honourable, and humility is truth. You will find the actions of those who acknowledge this truth, more honourable to the human race, than the deeds of those who deny it. The true dignity of human nature consists, not in shutting our eyes to the evil, but in restraining it; which, with our Maker's help, we may all do. for the blessing of our Creator is still within our reach—still vouchsafed to the humble Christian. If such be your views, my daughter, you will be prepared to find difficulties in acquiring and practising those virtues which it is the duty of life to cultivate; you will be prepared to meet those



difficulties with the sincere humility of a Christian, and with Christian exertion.

“My child, love the truth, and the truth only.

“Cultivate daily a pious, thankful, humble disposition.

“Love those near you heartily; live for them as well as for yourself.

“Eschew all envy, and petty jealousies, and rivalries; there is perhaps no other evil that so often poisons our daily blessings.

“Cultivate your judgment. Never forget the difference between things of importance and trifles; yet remember that trifles have also their value. Never lose sight of the difference between form and spirit; yet remember that in this material world, the two should seldom be put asunder. The true substance will naturally have its shadow also.

“Cultivate a sweet, frank, cheerful temper, for your own sake, and for the sake of those you love.

“Cultivate your abilities in every way that comes naturally within your reach; it is seldom worth while for a woman to do more than this. In all you learn, aim at giving pleasure to others, aim at being useful to them, as well as at improving your own faculties.

“Enjoy thankfully all the blessings of life ; and they are innumerable.

“There is one subject, of some importance to you individually, my child, which I have not yet alluded to in either of my letters ; I have purposely deferred it until you will be better fitted to understand me. You will have one personal evil to contend against, my dear Elinor ; your face will be plain, your features will be homely, darling. It is a weakness, my child, and yet I regret you should suffer from this disadvantage ; rest assured, that in every little mortification to which you may be exposed, your mother, had she lived, would have felt with you. I trust that this will be the first time your attention will be seriously fixed upon the subject, and that as a child you will scarcely have thought upon it. Let us then, dear, look upon the matter together, for a moment, calmly and steadily ; we will not blind ourselves to the advantages of beauty, neither will we exaggerate the evils of a want of it. You will soon discover, from your own observation, that beauty in women, as in children, is delightful in itself ; it throws a charm over the words and actions of the favoured person. In a worldly sense, it is also a woman’s power ; where other qualifications are equal, you will often observe that beauty alone confers a striking superiority.

“In some respects its advantages are even greater than are usually allowed, in others again they are far less. Were we to judge by the space it fills in general observation, and in conversation, we should believe it the one all-important qualification in women, that nothing else can be compared with it. But to adopt this opinion would be grossly to exaggerate its importance. Nor can we believe, on the other hand, what some prudent writers for the young have affirmed, that the superiority of beauty is only momentary; that the eyes tire of a beautiful face which they see daily, that in all cases it vanishes with early youth. No, my child, I do not wish you to believe this, for I cannot believe it myself.

“For years, the beauty of my sister Elizabeth has been a daily source of pleasure to me, and I doubt not to others also. My aunt, Mrs. Graham, though past fifty, is still a handsome woman, and her appearance must be pleasing to every one who meets her; while, on the contrary, people still amuse themselves at the expense of Miss Townley, whose face is strikingly plain. Hundreds of examples might be cited to prove that the charm of beauty does not generally vanish so soon, that one does not tire of it so easily. And then if a woman lose her beauty entirely, still the

reputation of having once possessed it, gives her a sort of advantage in the eyes of the world. If mere notoriety be an advantage, and in the opinion of the worldly it is so, the superiority of beauty over ugliness lasts longer than life; many women are remembered, who had nothing but beauty to recommend them to the notice of posterity.

“But observe, my child, that if these advantages are evident, they are chiefly of a worldly nature. A beautiful woman may receive general admiration, and that homage which gratifies vanity; but she must depend on other qualities if she wish to be respected, if she wish to be loved through life. I hope, my child, you will always be superior to that miserable vanity which thirsts for common admiration, which is flattered by every offering, however low, however trivial. I trust that the mere applause of the world will have no influence upon your heart, or your understanding. Remember what it is that we call the world—it is a ground governed by a compromise between the weaknesses of the good among us, and the virtues of the bad; the largest portion of vanity and folly—sometimes even vice—mingled with the least portion of purity and wisdom that a com-

munity bearing a Christian name will tolerate. You, I trust, will learn to seek a higher standard.

“If borne in a right spirit, my dear Elinor, the very want of beauty, or of any other earthly good, may be the means of giving you the benefit of far higher blessings. If it make you more free from vanity, from selfishness, it will make you far happier, even in daily life. It may dispose you to enjoy more thankfully those blessings actually in your possession, and to make a better use of them.

“Under this and every other disadvantage, my child, remember two things: to give the evil its just importance only, and to make a right use of it.

“I trust that your temper will be such, that you will not for a moment feel any inclination to repine that others should enjoy a blessing denied to you, my love. Refrain even from wishing for that which Providence has withheld; if you have a right faith, you will be cheerful and contented—if you are really humble, you will be truly thankful.

“Do all in your power, my Elinor, towards making your home, wherever it may be, a happy one; it is our natural shelter from the world. If

in public you meet with indifference and neglect, you can surely preserve the respect of those who know you ; and the affection of your friends may always be gained by those quiet, simple virtues, within the reach of every one.

“ In one way, my dearest child, the want of beauty may affect your whole career in life—it will very probably be the cause of your remaining single. If I thought you would be united to a husband worthy of your respect and affection, I should wish you to marry ; for such has been my own lot in life—I have been happy as a wife and a mother. But I am well aware that this wish may be a weakness ; the blessings of Providence are not reserved for this or that particular sphere. The duties and sorrows of married life are often the heaviest that our nature knows. Other cares and other pleasures may be reserved for you, my child. In every civilized Christian community there have always been numbers of single women ; and where they have been properly educated, as a class they have been respectable—never more so than at the present day. They often discharge many of the most amiable and praiseworthy duties of life.

“ Understand me, my child, I do not wish to urge your remaining single ; that is a point which every woman must decide for herself when arrived

at years of discretion ; but I would have you view a single life with sufficient favour to follow it cheerfully, rather than to sacrifice yourself by becoming the wife of a man whom you cannot sincerely respect. Enter life prepared to follow, with unwavering faith in Providence, and with thankfulness, whichever course may be allotted to you. If you remain single, remember that your peace is more in your own hands than if married—much more will depend solely on the views and dispositions you encourage. As appearance has generally so much influence over men, and marriage is therefore a less probable event to you than to others, my love, let your mother caution you to watch your feelings with double care ; be slow to believe any man attached to you, unless you have the strongest proof of it.

“ Whatever be your position, never lose sight, even on trifling occasions, of common sense, and good-feeling. Remember, in any case, to guard carefully against the peculiar temptations of your lot, to bear patiently its evils, and to enjoy thankfully its peculiar blessings.

“ There are many things that I should still wish to say to you, my beloved daughter ; and yet I know that the cautions I give may be unnecessary, while other evils, which I have

never feared, may befall you. My inability to guide you as I wish, my darling child, directs us both to a higher source of wisdom and love. Let us both, at all times, implicitly place our trust where it can never fail, though blessings be not bestowed in the way we fond creatures would choose."

[Here followed a sentence in words too solemn to be transferred to pages as light as these.]

"Love your aunt, your second mother, truly and gratefully. She has already bestowed on you many proofs of kindness, and she has always been a faithful friend to your father, and to your mother. Love the memory of your parents, my child; think of us sometimes—think of your father—think of your mother. Honour their memory by a recollection of their instructions, by a well-spent life. Since your birth, my child, I have scarcely had a hope or a fear unconnected with you; if I were to ask to live, it would be only for your sake, my darling daughter.

"Your mother's tenderest blessing rests upon you, my beloved Elinor, through life!

"MARY RADCLIFFE WYLLYS."

This letter had been often read and studied by



Elinor, with the gratitude and respect it deserved, as a legacy from her mother ; but lately she had been disposed to enter more fully into the feelings by which it had been dictated. Every word which applied to her present situation, sunk deeply into her heart.

## CHAPTER III.

"Merrily, merrily dance the bells,  
Swiftly glides the sleigh!"

NEWSPAPER VERSES.

EARLY in December, a new glazed card was to be seen on most of the fashionable tables in New York. It was of the particular tint most in favour that season, whether bluish or pinkish we dare not affirm, for fear of committing a serious anachronism, which might at once destroy, with many persons, all claim to a knowledge of the arcana of fashionable life. Having no authorities at hand to consult, the point must be left to the greater research of the critical reader. This card bore the name of T. Tallman Taylor; but whether in Roman or Italic characters we dare not say, for the same reason which has just been frankly confessed. It was, however, a highly fashionable bit of pasteboard, as became the repre-

sentative of a personage who returned to New York, claiming the honours of fashion himself. This was no less a person than the son of Mr. Pompey Taylor. But the T. Tallman Taylor, whose whole appearance was pronounced unexceptionable by the New York belles, from the points of his boots to the cut of his moustaches, was a very different individual from the good-looking, but awkward, ungainly youth, introduced to the reader two or three years since at Wylls-Roof. He had, in the mean time, learned how to stand, how to sit, how to walk, how to talk in a drawing-room. He had learned what to do with his cane and his hat, how to manage his pocket-handkerchief and his gloves; branches of knowledge which an American, who sets about acquiring them, usually learns quite rapidly. He was also very much improved in riding and dancing, and was said to fence well. These, with the addition of a much better French accent, were the principal changes perceptible to the ladies who pronounced them all for the better.

Among the young men, he was soon found to be an excellent judge of Château Margaux and Rudesheimer; some also thought him knowing in horse-flesh, while others doubted his qualifications in that respect. His father, moreover, soon discovered that he had become an adept in the

art of spending money; among his intimates, cards, and the billiard-table, with other practices of that description, were hinted at, as the way in which he got rid of his dollars. But as these were subjects not mentioned in general society, it was as yet the initiated only who were aware of young Taylor's Paris habits of this kind.

His father had, of late years, learned to set too high a value upon the world, and everything worldly, not to be much gratified by the change that had taken place in his son. As for Adeline, she gloried in his six feet and his black moustaches, his Paris waistcoat and London boots; while his honest-hearted mother would have loved him just as much under any other metamorphosis he had chosen to assume. Such as he was, young Taylor soon became quite a favourite beau with the New Yorkers, and was invited to most houses. He proved himself quite a ladies' man; no lazy, grumbling dandy, but a smiling, assiduous beau. He had not been in New York a month, before he was known to have sent a number of bouquets to different belles, and was supposed to have given more than one serenade to his sister's friend, Miss Hunter.

The last day of December, all New York was set in motion by a fall of snow, sufficient to allow of pretty good sleighing for four-and-twenty

hours. Like such occasions in general, it became a sort of holiday. And really, the novelty, the general movement, the bustle and gaiety, the eagerness to enjoy the pleasure while it lasts, always render such scenes very enlivening. Every vehicle with runners, and every animal bearing the name of a horse, are put in requisition for the day. The dashing sleighs crowded with gaily-dressed people, the smiling faces and flying feathers of the ladies, the rich cloths and furs, the bright colours of the equipages, and the inspiring music of the merry bells, give to Broadway, at such times, quite a carnival look.

The clear, bracing air disposes people to be cheerful; even the horses feel the spirit of the moment; they prance their heads proudly, and shake the bells about their necks, as if delighted with the ease and rapidity of their motion; sympathizing foot-passengers stop to give their friends a nod, and follow their rapid course with good-natured smiles. Young people and children are collected for a frolic, and family parties hurry off to drink coffee and mulled wine, to eat plum-cake and waffles at the neighbouring country-houses. It is altogether a gay, cheerful sight, enjoyed with all the more zest from its uncertainty.

Hazlehurst was delighted, as he went to his window, the morning in question, to find the

roofs and pavements covered with snow. For several years he had had no sleighing, and he promised himself a very pleasant day. Mrs. Stanley was going to remain quietly at home. He sent to a livery-stable to secure a good horse and a pretty cutter for himself, and immediately after breakfast hurried off to Mrs. Graham's lodgings with the hope of obtaining Jane as a companion.

"And who knows," thought he, "what may happen before evening."

He had just reached Mrs. Graham's door, when a very dashing sleigh, drawn by four fine horses, drew up from the opposite direction. Young Taylor was in the coachman's seat. Miss Hunter, Adeline, and a quiet-looking young man, whom we shall introduce as Theodore St. Leger, were in the sleigh. Miss Adeline threw off her over-cloak, and as she gave her hand to Mr. St. Leger, to jump from the sleigh, called out to Harry in her usual shrill voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Hazlehurst, you are exact at the rendezvous, for, of course, you got my note. But you ought to have brought a lady with you; you mustn't run away with Jane; she is to be of our party in the sleigh—do you hear?" continued the young lady trying hard to look pretty and positive at the same time. "I hope you didn't mean to ask her to go with you."

"Yes, I did," replied Harry, rather stoutly. "Miss Graham told me the other day, she quite longed for sleighing, and made something very like a promise to go with me if we had any snow."

"Oh, but not to-day! I must have her in the sleigh with me. Now, Jane, dear," continued the young lady, tripping into the drawing-room, followed by her brother and Harry, "put on your hat at once, that's a good girl; we would not miss having you for the world."

Harry had often been provoked with Adeline's constant appropriation of Jane to herself when they were together; and he determined, if he could prevent it, she should not succeed this time.

"Miss Taylor is very decided," he said, "but so am I. And I think you must remember you were pledged to me for the first sleighing, if we were so fortunate as to have any."

"It is no such thing, I'm sure. Is it, Jane?"

"Pray, remember we are two to one, Miss Graham," said young Taylor, on the other side, in an insinuating voice.

"But we can all go together," said Jane, blushing, and scarcely knowing what to do.

"If Mrs. Graham were here," added Harry, "I think she would certainly trust you with me."

I have a very good horse, one that I have driven all along, and he is perfectly safe."

"So are ours, all four of them," said Adeline; "and I'm sure there must be more safety with four safe horses, than with one!"

"Perfectly safe, Miss Graham, I assure you," added young Taylor. "I should not press you unless I felt sure you would run no risk."

"Pshaw!" said Adeline. "Why should we stand here, talking about the risk and danger, like so many old grey beards. Put on your hat, dear, that's a darling, without any more palaver. Anne Hunter and Mr. St. Leger are waiting for us at the door; you know we are going to Bloomingdale to lunch at Mrs. Hunter's. We shall have a charming time; and Mr. Hazlehurst is going with us too. Of course you got my note," she added, turning to Harry.

"No, I did not; but I should have been obliged to decline your invitation, Miss Taylor," said Hazlehurst, bowing a little stiffly. "I have made arrangements for going on Long Island."

"Oh, that is a pity! I am really sorry, for I wanted you to be of our party; only I couldn't have you run away with my friend Jane. Silence gives consent, Jane. You didn't answer my note, this morning."

"Perhaps I had better not go at all," said Jane,



not a little perplexed. "Mamma is not at home, and will not know what has become of me."

"Nonsense, child; Mrs. Graham will know you are in very good hands. You have been out with me a hundred times before, and you surely do not think there is any more danger because Tallman is of the party."

"I hope not," added young Taylor, in an insinuating manner; "I'm a first-rate whip, Miss Graham."

"Now, just tell the truth; didn't you mean to go with me before Mr. Hazlehurst came in?" said Adeline; "no fibbing, mind."

"I only received your note ten minutes since," replied Jane; "but I did think of going with you."

"I should like to know why you hesitate then. First come—first served. Now, the best thing you can do, Mr. Hazlehurst, is to change your mind, and ask one of the Miss Howards, and join our party, too. I really wish you would!"

"You are very good," said Harry, coldly; "but I must beg you to excuse me."

Jane allowed herself to be shawled and cloaked by young Taylor, and the affair was settled. But Harry thought she did not seem quite satisfied with herself, for she changed colour several times, and he even remarked that her fingers trembled as she tied the strings of her hat. This rather

softened his feelings towards her; but he still felt extremely provoked with the meddling Adeline, and her officious brother. As he did not wish to play the worsted man, however, he tried to put a good face on the matter, and accompanied the party down-stairs, helped the ladies into the sleigh, wished them a pleasant drive, and went off himself, at a rapid pace, towards the Long Island ferry.

He was exceedingly out of humour with Adeline, and reproached Jane not a little for allowing herself to be so often guided by her trifling friend. The occurrence of the morning, hastened his determination to bring matters to a conclusion. That very evening should decide the point. He must have been more than modest to have doubted the result; Jane's manner he had long thought just what he could wish from one so little demonstrative as herself. Hubert de Vaux, it is true, had been very assiduous of late, but Jane had never given him any sign of preference, sufficient to excite Harry's jealousy. Mr. Graham was expected every day from Charleston to pass the remainder of the winter with his family; as he had already given one daughter to the elder Hazlehurst, and no serious objection could be raised against Harry, his prospects were very

promising. Before long, the gentle, lovely Jane would be his own; his would be the enviable lot of carrying off the beautiful prize.

Hazlehurst had time to make these reflections, and disperse his ill-humour, before he reached the wharf at Brooklyn. Here he met Charlie Hubbard, whom he had not seen for some time, not, indeed, since his rupture with the Wyllyses. Charlie's greeting was not quite as warm as usual; he did not seem as much pleased at this unexpected meeting, and the offer of a seat in Harry's cutter, as one might have supposed. Hazlehurst was so cordial, however, and urged the young painter so much to take a turn with him on the Island, that, after a little hesitation, Hubbard accepted.

"Come, Charlie; I am sure you haven't any very good reason for not making the most of the snow, like the rest of us."

"Perhaps not," said Charlie; and he took his seat with Harry.

Hubbard gave a good account of himself and his family. He had received several orders; and his pet picture of the moment was going on finely. His youngest sister was in town, taking music lessons to fit her for her future occupation; and he had just sent Miss Patsey a pair of globes for

her school, as a New Year's gift; the most expensive present, by-the-bye, Charlie had ever made in his life.

"I feel quite rich," said the young man, "since I pocketed a hundred a-piece for my two views of Nahant. To be sure, I never expect to make a fortune; if I can earn enough to support my mother and sister, and paint only such pictures as I please, that is all I want of the good things of this world."

"It's all very well to say so now, Charlie, that you have received your two hundred; but wait till you are the great Mr. Hubbard, and expect two thousand for your last view of Coney Island."

"That day will never come, to me, or to any other man, perhaps, in this country," replied young Hubbard. "I go to work with my eyes open, as you well know. My uncles have talked the matter over with me a hundred times, if they have once; they have showed me what I could do if I took to making money, and what I could not do if I took to painting. They have offered to help me on; Mr. Taylor would take me into his counting-house to-morrow; and Hilson offers to make me an auctioneer. But I have chosen my profession, and I shall abide by it. I have no wish for wealth. I should never be tempted

to sell my soul for money—no, nor my good name, or my independence; for I do not feel willing to barter even my time and tastes for riches. I can honestly say, money has no charms for me. A comfortable subsistence, in a very moderate way, is all I should ask for.”

“I know it, Hubbard, and I honour your decision,” said Hazlehurst, warmly. “It is impossible, however, but that genius like yours should make its way; and I hope you may meet with all the success you deserve, even though it bring you more money than you wish for. One of these days when there is a Mrs. Hubbard, you may want more than you require now.”

A shade of feeling passed over the young artist's fine face as Harry carelessly uttered these words; it seemed to spring from some painful thought. It was unobserved by Hazlehurst, however, who was not looking at his companion at the moment. Charlie was soon roused by Harry's inquiries as to his plans for travelling in Europe. The young men then spent a pleasant hour in discussing different works of the great masters, which Hubbard, as yet, knew only from engravings and books. Surrounded by snow and ice, they talked over the atmospheres of Italy and Greece.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Happy New-Year!”

THE streets had been cleared of the snow for New-Year's day, by a thaw, and a hard shower in the night. The sun rose bright and clear; and, as usual, early in the morning, that is to say morning in its fashionable sense, the greater part of the male population of the town were in motion, hurrying in all directions towards the houses of their female friends and relatives. It appeared as if the women had suddenly deserted the city, and the men were running about, half-distracted, in pursuit of them. After the markets and churches were closed, few indeed were the females to be seen in the streets; while, on the contrary, troops of men of all ages, were hurrying over the side-walks of Broadway, usually enlivened by the gay dresses and bright faces of the ladies. There were young men running a race against

time, carrying lists in their hands with an impossible number of visits to be paid during the day ; there were boys taking their first steps in this yearly course of gallantry ; there were elderly men walking more leisurely from one favoured house to another. All, but a few grumblers here and there, looked smiling and good-humoured. As the black-coated troop hastened hither and thither, they jostled one another, now nodding, now shaking hands ; here, old friends passing without seeing each other ; there, a couple of strangers salute one another in the warmest manner. The doors of the houses seemed to open of themselves ; men were going in—men were coming out. The negroes looked more lustrous and light-hearted than ever ; the Paddies, cleaner and more bothered ; the regular Knickerbockers, to the manner born, were, of course, in their element.

We have heard nice calculations as to the precise number of calls that an able-bodied, well-trained New-Year's visitor can accomplish between midnight and midnight, allowing a couple of hours for the toilette, and a moment to snatch a mouthful at breakfast and dinner. It is affirmed, however, that as great Generals have passed days of battle without food, so your chivalrous Knickerbocker should be willing to forego, on such an

occasion, even a sight of the roast turkey and cranberries. Allowing the individual, however, something to sustain nature, that he may be the better enabled to perform his duties, it is supposed that a beau, in good visiting condition, should pay his court in not more than three hundred, nor less than fifty drawing-rooms.

But, then, to do this, a man must have method; he must draw up his plan of action before-hand; he must portion out his districts as they lie on each side of that longest of streets, Broadway; he must not only study the map of the city closely, but he must possess an accurate knowledge of the localities; he must remember that some houses have stoops of twelve steps, that some drawing-rooms are not on the first floor. He must *not* allow himself to be enticed into any flirtation whatever, beyond a glance or a smile; he must *not* indulge the hope of calling twice upon the sweet creature he most admires; he must *not* be tempted to sink, even for a moment, upon the most comfortable of ottomans or divans; he must *not* return home to re-adjust his locks, to change either boots, gloves, or handkerchief. We have heard it asserted, that owing to some unfortunate weakness of this kind, many a promising youth, unaccustomed, probably, to the hardships of such visiting, has been distanced in the gallant race of



the day by more methodical men—by men who were actually encumbered with over-shoes and great-coats.

It is amusing to watch the hurried steps of some experienced visitor without doors; the decision of his movements, the correctness of his calculation in passing out of one house into another; and one is sure to know a raw recruit, by his anxious, perplexed manner and expression.

The scene within doors is quite as amusing as it is without. Everything wears a holiday look; it is evidently no common morning reception; the ladies' dresses look gayer and fresher, their smiles brighter than usual; the house, the furniture, and the inmates, all wear their most agreeable aspect. The salver of refreshments speaks at once the occasion; for there, in the midst of richer cakes, stands the basket of homely "New-Year's cookies," bequeathed to their descendants by the worthy "vrows" of New Amsterdam. The visitors appear, first singly, then in parties. Here comes a favourite partner of the young ladies, there a mere bowing acquaintance of the master of the house. This is an old family friend, that a neighbour who has never been in the house before; here is a near relative, there a passing stranger.

The grey-haired old gentleman, who has the

arm-chair wheeled out for him, announces his fiftieth visiting anniversary; the buckish youth, his grandson, has already made his bow, and off again; so finish his gallant duties. Now we have a five minutes' visit from a declared lover; and who follows him? One who advances slowly and steadily, with a half-inquiring look; the lady of the house sees him, gives a glance of surprise, is gratified, accepts the offered hand immediately. That is a reconciliation; old friendship broken off, now renewed; a misunderstanding forgotten—that is one of the pleasantest visits of the day. All come, bow, look, and speak their friendly good-wishes, and are off again to make room for others.

Long may this pleasant, cheerful, good-natured, lively custom be perpetuated among us! As long as the side-walks of Manhattan, and the canals of Amsterdam last, so long may Santa-Claus bring his Christmas gifts to the little folk; and so long may the gallant Knickerbockers pay to their female friends the homage of a *personal* visit at New-Year's. Cards on every other day in the year, if necessary; but, on New-Year's, carry your good wishes in person. Should not, indeed, a custom so pleasant spread throughout the whole country, like crackers, waffles, Dutch blood, and

many other good things brought originally from Holland?

On the particular New-Year's day at which we have arrived in our narrative, an individual of the reader's acquaintance, instead of joining the busy throng of visitors, was seen turning his steps through a bye-street towards the Battery. He walked slowly through Greenwich Street, apparently busy with thoughts of his own, and entering the Battery-Gate he continued for some time pacing the paved walk near the water.

"There is a fellow who seems to have nothing to do to-day," said a young man to his companion, as they were hurrying across the Battery from one end of State Street to the other. "I should like to hire him as proxy, to show himself in a score or two of houses in my place. I should hand him over half my list at once, if I thought the ladies would submit to the exchange. He looks like a presentable chap, too."

"Why, it is actually Harry Hazlehurst! What can he be doing, moping about in that fashion?"

"Hazlehurst, is it? Oh, oh!—you have heard the hubbub they have had at the Graham's, I suppose?"

"Not I—What is it?"

“There was quite a scene there, yesterday; my sister had the news from Adeline Taylor, a great friend of her’s. So it comes very straight.”

“I thought all was going on there as smoothly as possible. I expected an invitation to the wedding before long.”

“To be sure; so did everybody. But it seems the beauty has ideas of her own. In the first place she refused Hazlehurst, rather to the astonishment of himself, and all his friends, I believe.”

“Refused Hazlehurst!—You don’t say so!”

“And that is only half the story. She took the same opportunity, while weeping and trembling, to confide to her mamma that her heart had been for some time, how long I cannot tell you precisely, the property of Tall Taylor.”

“What, Tallman Taylor? That is news, indeed! I never should have dreamt of such a thing.”

“Miss Adeline Taylor is the authority. It seems the affair has been going on, no one knows how long, and Miss Taylor has had the management of it. These girls are sly minxes; they are not to be trusted, half of them.”

“And what says Taylor to all this?”

“What does he say? Why he is in a sort of ecstasy of despair, I suppose; for the Graham’s won’t hear of the match. It was no news to him; they have been engaged, I tell you, for months.”

At that moment the two young men entered the door of a house in State Street. Although their story was, upon the whole, correct; yet, we happen to be still better informed on the subject, and shall proceed to account, in our own way, for Hazlehurst’s solitary walk.

When Miss Adeline and her party had returned from sleighing, Harry went to Mrs. Graham’s, and finding Jane alone, he immediately seized the moment to explain himself, beginning by a lover-like remonstrance upon her having joined the Taylors, instead of going with him as she had already promised to do. Jane was excessively embarrassed. As Harry proceeded, she became more and more agitated. Her manner was so confused, that it was some time before Hazlehurst could understand that she wished to refuse him. Had she not actually wept, and looked frightened and distressed, he might have given a very different interpretation to her embarrassment. At length, in answer to a decided question of his, she confessed her attachment to another person; and, never was lover more surprised by such an

acknowledgment. Pained, and mortified, and astonished as Harry was, the name of "Hubert de Vaux!" passed his lips before he was aware he had spoken.

"Oh, no! no!" said Jane. "I never cared at all for Mr. de Vaux."

Harry's astonishment increased. He could scarcely believe he had heard her correctly. To whom could she possibly be attached?

"Oh, I wish I had some one here to advise me! Adeline may say what she pleases, I cannot conceal it any longer."

Harry listened in amazement.

"Is it possible," he said at length, "that there is some difficulty, some embarrassment, that prevents your acting as you would wish? My dear Jane, confide in me. You cannot doubt that I love you—that I have long loved you," and Harry then ran over a variation of his first declaration. But Jane's trouble seemed only to increase.

"Oh, stop, Harry! don't talk in that way," she said; "I ought to have told you before. I wished to tell you when you first came on to New York, but Adeline said we should risk everything by it."

"What can you possibly risk? What is it you wish to tell me?"

“I was very sorry when you broke with Elinor. I never can have any other feeling for you than I have always had: I have been for some time, almost—engaged—to—to—Mr. Taylor.”

“You—engaged to Mr. Taylor!”

“No — not engaged — only I have not refused him. We know father and mother dislike Mr. Taylor’s family so much—”

It was but natural that Harry should feel indignant at having been deceived by the under-current of plotting that had been going on; that he should feel mortified, ashamed of himself, and disappointed at the same time; vexed with Jane, and almost furious against the meddling, officious Adeline, and her presuming brother. From a long acquaintance with Jane’s character, it flashed upon his mind in a moment, that she must have been misguided, and gradually led on by others. But the mischief was done; it was evident that at present, at least, she cared no more for him than she had always done; while, on the contrary, young Taylor had insinuated himself into her affections. He could not endure to think, that while Jane was indifferent to himself, his successful rival should be one whom he so much disliked. Yet, such was the fact. It was infatuation on the part of Jane, no doubt; and yet how often these

deceptions have all the bad effects of realities! He had been silent for some minutes, while the tears were streaming freely from Jane's beautiful eyes.

"Oh! if I had not been so afraid that father would never give his consent, I should not have waited so long. If I only knew what to do now?"

Harry came to a magnanimous resolution. "I forgive you, Jane," he said, "the pain you have caused, since I cannot but think that it is not the fruit of your own suggestions. You could not deliberately have trifled with me in this way; I owe it, no doubt, to the goodness of Miss Taylor," he added, bitterly. Jane made no answer, but continued to weep. Harry felt some compassion for her, in spite of her unjustifiable conduct towards himself. In the course of half an hour, she had fallen very much in his estimation; but he determined to return good for evil, by urging her to take the only step now in her power—the only one proper under the circumstances. He begged her, as she valued her future peace, to reveal everything to her mother; and to be guided in future by Mrs. Graham. But Jane seemed terrified at the idea.

"Oh!" said she, "father will be so angry! and we expect him every day. Mother, too, I



know, will think I have behaved very badly to you."

It is probable she might not have had the courage to follow his advice, had not Mrs. Graham accidentally entered the room at the moment. Her attention was immediately attracted to the unusual expression of Harry's face, and the tearful, woe-begone look of her daughter, which she could in no way account for. Harry, merely answering her inquiries by a bow, arose and left the room, leaving the mother and daughter together.

Poor Mrs. Graham was little aware of what awaited her. She could not be called a woman of very high principles, but she had more feeling, and, of course, more experience than Jane. When she discovered the true state of things, she was very much shocked. She had never had the least idea of what had been going on around her; far from it, indeed, she had never for a moment doubted that, before long, her daughter would become the wife of young Hazlehurst.

Little by little she gathered the whole truth from the weeping Jane. It appeared that the two or three meetings which had taken place between Jane and young Taylor, just before he sailed, had been sufficient for him to fancy himself in love with her. He made a confidante of his

sister Adeline, who, as one of the older class in her boarding-school, considered all love-affairs as belonging to her prerogative. Her friend, Miss Hunter, was a regular graduate of the Court of Love, according to the code—not of Toulouse—but of a certain class of school-girls in New York. This young lady had gone through the proper training from her cradle, having been teased and plagued about beaux and lovers, before she could walk alone. She had had several love affairs of her own before she was fifteen. "All for love," was her motto; and it was a love which included general flirtation as the spice of unmarried life, and matrimony with any individual whatever, possessing a three-story house in Broadway, as the one great object of existence.

Adeline had, of course, profited by such companionship; and, at the time her brother confessed himself in love with Miss Graham, after having met once on board a steam-boat, and once at an evening party, she was fully equal to take the management of the whole affair into her own hands. It is true, young Taylor had entered into a boyish engagement at College; but that was thought no obstacle whatever. She delighted in passing her brother's compliments over to Jane; in reporting to him her friend's blushes and smiles.

With this state of things, young Taylor sailed for Europe; but Adeline gloried too much in her capacity of confidante to allow the matter to drop: not a letter was written but contained some allusion to the important subject. In the course of the year she had talked Jane into quite a favourable state of feeling towards her brother; he would probably himself have forgotten the affair, had not Miss Graham arrived in Paris at the moment she did.

They saw each other, of course, and the feelings which Adeline had been encouraging during the last year, and which otherwise would have amounted to nothing at all, now took a serious turn. Young Taylor was very handsome, and astonishingly improved in appearance and manners. Jane, herself, was in the height of her beauty, and the young man had soon fallen really in love with her. Unfortunately, just at the moment that he became attentive to her, Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, who was confined to the house that winter, had confided Jane to the care of Mrs. Howard, the lady who had brought her from America. Young Taylor soon found out that he was rather disliked by Mr. and Mrs. Hazlehurst, and preferred securing Jane's favour, if possible, without attracting the attention of her friends. Adeline, on her part, had discovered

that her own family were no favourites with Mr. and Mrs. Graham ; of course she recommended the proper degree of mystery, under the name of prudence. Young Taylor left Paris for England, about the time that Harry returned from his eastern journey ; but before parting from Jane, he explained himself ; and if he had not been accepted, he had certainly not been refused.

Thus matters stood when the whole party returned home. Mr. Graham was known to be a violent, passionate man, and as he had taken no pains to conceal his dislike to Tallman Taylor's father, the young people had every reason to believe that he would refuse his consent. The idea of a clandestine marriage had once occurred to Adeline, but never with any serious intention of proposing it. Had she done so, she would not have been listened to. Jane had not lived so much with Miss Wyllys and Elinor, without deriving some good from such association ; besides, she did not think the step necessary. She believed that Mr. Graham would give his consent after a while ; and young Taylor was obliged to submit for the present. As for his College engagement, he had paid it no more attention than if it had never taken place ; it had been long since forgotten on his part.

Little by little, Mrs. Graham gathered most of these facts from her daughter, whose weeping eyes and pale face would have delighted Adeline, as being just what was proper in a heroine of romance, on such an important occasion. But Adeline could not enjoy the sight of all the misery which was the fruit of her two years' labours, for Mrs. Graham insisted that Jane should see none of the family until her father had arrived, and knew the state of things.

Harry Hazlehurst, although not quite as well informed as the reader, knew essentially how matters stood. He knew, at least, that Jane and young Taylor were all but pledged to each other; he knew what had been Adeline's conduct—what had been his own treatment; and as he walked slowly from one end of the Battery to the other, his reflections were anything but flattering to himself, or to any of the parties concerned. He blamed Mrs. Graham for her want of maternal caution and foresight; he blamed his brother, and sister-in-law, for their blindness in Paris; Jane, for her weakness, and want of sincerity to himself; Adeline, for such unjustifiable management and manœuvring; and young Taylor, for what he called his "presumption and puppyism." And to think that he, Harry Hazlehurst, who prided himself upon being clear-sighted, had been so

completely deceived by others, and what was worse, by himself!

He was obliged to remember how sure he had felt himself of Jane; it was humiliating to think what a silly part he had been playing. Then came a twinge or two, from the consciousness that he had deserved it all, from his conduct to Elinor. He tried to persuade himself to regret that Jane should fall into hands he fancied so unworthy of her—that she should be sacrificed to a mere second-rate sort of dandy, like young Taylor, was his strongest feeling at the time. But he was mistaken: there was a good deal of the lover in his recollection of Jane's transcendent beauty. He hoped that she would yet be saved from the worst—from becoming the wife of Tallman Taylor. He felt convinced that Mr. Graham would refuse his consent to the marriage.

The next day, Harry returned to Philadelphia. The astonishment of all those interested in himself and Jane, at this rupture, was very great. If Mrs. Stanley had been grieved at Harry's difficulties, Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst was made quite unhappy by her sister's conduct. She reproached herself severely for her blindness; for not having taken as much care of Jane as she ought to have done under the circumstances. Like all her

family, she disliked young Taylor; who, in fact, had nothing to recommend him but his handsome face, and his father's money. Miss Wyllys, too, was much pained by the conduct of one who had been so often under her care—one, in whose welfare she was so warmly interested. She received the news in a note from Mrs. Hazlehurst, who preferred giving it in that form; and as Miss Wyllys was alone with Elinor, she immediately handed the billet to her niece.

It must be confessed that Elinor's heart gave one bound at this unexpected news. She was more moved by it than any one; more astonished that Jane should have refused Harry; that she should have preferred to him that silly Tallman Taylor; more shocked at the double dealing that had been going on; and more pained that Jane, who had been to her as a sister, should have been so easily misled. Another thought intruded, too—Harry would be free again! But the idea had hardly suggested itself, before she repelled it. She soon felt convinced that Mr. Graham would break off the engagement between his daughter and Mr. Taylor, and that after a while her cousin's eyes would be opened to Harry's merits, which were numberless in her eyes. Miss Agnes strongly encouraged this opinion; and Elinor fully determined that her aunt's counsels, her

mother's letter, and her own experience, should not be thrown away; she would watch more carefully than ever against every fancy that would be likely to endanger anew the tranquillity she had in some measure regained.



## CHAPTER V.

“The bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin :  
The guests are met, the feast is set,  
May’st hear the merry din.”

COLERIDGE.

THE events of the next two months surprised Jane’s friends in Philadelphia, almost as much as her rejection of Harry had done. Mrs. Hazlehurst, of course, knew what was going on in her father’s house, and from time to time informed Miss Wyllys and Elinor of what passed. Elinor had written to Jane, but it was a long time before she received an answer; her cousin appeared engrossed by her own affairs. As this was common with Jane at all times, it was but natural that she should be so at a moment which was of so much importance to herself. Mr. Graham arrived at the time appointed; and, of

course, he was very much displeased by the news which awaited him. He would not hear of Jane's marrying young Taylor, whose advances he received as coldly as possible, and even forbade his daughter's seeing any of the Taylor family.

Jane was very much distressed, and very much frightened. As for Miss Taylor, her indignation was so great that she determined to pay no respect to Mr. Graham's hostility; she wrote to Jane a long letter, much in her usual style, giving very pathetic accounts of Tallman's despair. This letter Jane had not the moral courage to show to either of her parents; she soon received another, with a note from young Taylor himself.

As she was reading them one morning, her father unexpectedly entered the room, and was thrown into a great passion by the discovery. His temper was violent, and he was subject to fits of passion which terrified his children; although, in other respects, by no means an unkind parent. Upon this occasion, Jane was frightened into hysterics, and afterwards, owing to the agitation which had been preying on her mind for some months, she was thrown into a low nervous fever. During the four or five weeks that she was ill, every morning Miss Taylor called to inquire after her friend, although she was not admitted. By this conduct, Mrs.

Graham's heart, which was of no stern material, was much softened. At length she went to the drawing-room to see Miss Taylor for a moment. Adeline improved the time so well, that she placed herself and her brother better with Mrs. Graham than they had ever yet been. Jane's illness increased; her parents became seriously alarmed, and Mr. Graham expressed something like regret that he had been so hasty. His wife often remembered his words during her daughter's tedious convalescence, which was interrupted by a relapse. In short, matters began to look less discouraging for young Taylor's suit. There could be no doubt, at least, that he was very much in love with Jane: Hazlehurst was quite mistaken in supposing that the perfection of her profile, the beautiful shape of her head, the delicacy of her complexion, or other numberless beauties, could only be appreciated by one whose taste was as refined as his own: they had produced quite as deep an effect on young Taylor.

During Jane's illness, he had shown the proper degree of distress and anxiety, all of which was reported in the most pathetic manner to Mrs. Graham, and whispered to Jane by Adeline, who, having once been received again into the house, kept her footing there and managed an occasional interview with her friend. In short, as we all

know, tyrannical parents are very rare in America; the fault in family discipline lies in the opposite direction.

His daughter's pale face, his wife's weakness, and Adeline's good management, and improvement of ever concession, at length, worked a change in Mr. Graham. At the proper moment, Tallman Taylor renewed his offer in the warmest and most flattering terms; supported by his father, and his father's hundreds of thousands, he this time received a more favourable answer. Mr. Graham was one of those men, who have no very high opinion of women; he did not wish to make his daughter miserable for life; and he thought she had too little character to conquer the fancy that had filled her mind, and made her ill. Then, young Taylor was rich, and she could throw away money on those knicks-knacks and frippery, to which, according to Mr. Graham, women attach such exorbitant value. If she did not marry him, she would fancy herself a victim, and be miserable—if she did marry him, she would fancy herself happy: that seemed to him the amount of the matter, and with these views he, at length, gave a reluctant consent. Mrs. Graham had already given hers; Tallman Taylor was certainly not the son-in-law she would have chosen; but she was farther from being dissa-

tified, than many of her friends thought she would be under the circumstances. Neither the story of his College engagement, nor the unpleasant rumours respecting his Paris career, had reached Mr. or Mrs. Graham; the first was known only to Adeline and Jane, the last to a few male intimates.

The news, very naturally, caused a good deal of sensation among Jane's friends in Philadelphia; it was really distressing to Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, who looked upon her sister as thrown away, and reproached herself more than ever for having allowed Jane to go out so often in Paris with their thoughtless friends, the Howards. She could not endure to think of young Taylor, as actually her brother-in-law, the husband of her beautiful sister. She had not supposed that the matter would be settled in this way; she had believed her father's opposition too strong to be overcome.

As for Harry, he, of course, soon heard the news from his brother. How much of love and of mortification were still lingering in his mind, we cannot precisely affirm. His feelings for Jane had certainly altered very much since the discovery of the double-dealing that had been going on; but weak as she had proved herself, she was still much too lovely—much too well-

bred, at least, to be bestowed upon one whom he disliked as much as Tallman Taylor. There seemed to be something of the dog in the manger connected with his regret for Jane's fate, since he had already decided that if she were ever free again, he would not repeat his offer; she had shown herself to have so little character, that he would not allow himself to be again influenced by her beauty, surpassing as it was. In fact, Harry had determined to give up all idea of love and matrimony, for the present, at least. He went into society less than of old, and gave himself up very much to his profession, or other literary pursuits in which he had become engaged. He had been admitted to the bar, and had entered into a partnership with his travelling companion, Mr. Ellsworth; much of his time was now passed at his brother's house, or at that of his friend. He liked his sister-in-law, and he found Ellsworth's sister, Mrs. Creighton, who was at the head of her brother's establishment, a very agreeable woman; she was very pretty, too, and very clever.

The Wyllyses were already in the country when the news of Jane's engagement reached them; the winter had broken up early, and, as usual, at the first signs of spring they had returned to Wylls-Roof. Of course, they re-

gretted Jane's partiality for Tallman Taylor; to Elinor it appeared almost as unaccountable as her insensibility to Harry's merits. Mrs. George Wyllys was loud in her declamations against it; next to the Hubbards, she looked upon the Taylors as the most disagreeable family of her acquaintance. She had a great deal to say about the dull, prosy mother, the insufferable father, the dandy son, and the rattling, bellish daughter. Miss Patsey, also, had her moments of wonder; but she wondered in silence. She did not appear to have any higher opinion of the son, than she had formerly entertained of the father. With these exceptions, the community of Longbridge in general, who had known Jane from her childhood, approved highly of the connexion; both parties were young, handsome, and they would be rich, all which looked very well at a distance.

Three months of courtship passed over. Jane recovered entirely, and was as blooming and lovely as ever—young Taylor was all devotion. The satisfaction of his family at this connexion with the Grahams was very great; it gratified Mr. Taylor's wishes in every way. It is true, Miss Graham would not have much fortune herself, but Tallman had enough to begin life handsomely. He hoped the marriage would take place soon, as he wished his son, whom he had

made his partner, to take more interest in the business than he had yet done. In every respect but money, Jane was just what he would have wished for a daughter-in-law ; she was fashionable, she was beautiful, and the position of her family gratified his vanity. As for the plain, good-hearted Mrs. Taylor, she already loved Jane as a daughter ; and to her it appeared the most natural thing in the world, that Tallman should marry his sister's friend. Adeline, herself, was of course enchanted.

The wedding took place in June. Thanks to Miss Taylor's influence with the bride, it proved quite a brilliant affair. The ceremony was performed in the evening, and immediately afterwards the newly-married couple received the compliments and congratulations of their friends. Jane was attended, on the occasion, by six of her young companions ; and as many young men, with white favours in their button-holes, were very busy all the evening, playing masters of ceremonies, escorting all the ladies as they arrived, from the door to the spot where the bride was stationed. Jane looked surpassingly beautiful ; it was the general remark, that she had never appeared more lovely. The ladies pronounced her dress perfect, and the gentlemen admired her face quite as much. All agreed that a handsomer couple had not been seen for some time. It was,



indeed, a pretty sight—the beautiful bride, the centre of a circle of her young friends, all, like herself, in white, and in full dress; pretty creatures themselves, wearing pretty ornaments of flowers and lace, pearls and embroidery. We say they were pretty; there was one exception, however, for Elinor was there, and many remarks were made on her appearance.

“What a pity that Miss Wyllys should be so plain,” observed Mrs. Creighton, whose husband had been a connexion of the Grahams. “It is the first time I have seen her for several years, and really I had forgotten how very plain she is.”

“Plain—why she is downright ugly!” exclaimed the youth to whom she was talking. “It is a sin to be as ugly as that. No wonder Hazlehurst was frightened out of the engagement. I am only surprised he ever got into the scrape!”

“But Miss Wyllys is very clever and agreeable, I understand.”

“Is she?” was the careless reply. “I see Hazlehurst is here this evening.”

“Yes, he came in with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, and myself.”

“Well, he has a fine opportunity of comparing his two lady-loves together. Upon my word, I never saw a greater contrast. I wish Miss Wyllys had not accepted the invitation, though;

she is enough to frighten one away from the whole set, and the rest are very pretty girls, the whole of them."

"Can you point out Mr. Taylor? Not the groom—I have 'seen him, of course; but his father."

"Don't you know the boss? It is that tall, stiff-looking man, talking to Mrs. Stanley. You see he is trying to look very amiable."

"Yes—that is he, is it? Much the sort of man I should have supposed him. And now, which is Mrs. Taylor?"

"Mrs. Taylor—let me see; there she is, in grey satin and diamonds. I never saw her but once before in my life. She is a very quiet sort of a body, and keeps out of sight most of the time."

"Very different from her daughter then; for Miss Taylor always put herself *en évidence*, I believe. If one don't see her, they are sure to hear her."

"To be sure, Miss Taylor is all life and spirits. She is the most lively, animated girl I ever knew. By-the bye, I think it an odd fancy in Hazlehurst to show himself here to-night; for there was a great fuss last winter at the blow-up—all the town was talking about it."

"He is a very near connexion, you know; I

suppose his absence would have been more remarked than his being here. Besides, if he was in love once, he has had time to get over it in the last six months. He does not look much as if he wore the willow still."

"Hazlehurst is very clever, I am told. I do not know him much, myself."

"Oh, yes—very clever! But I am not a fair judge, perhaps; he is my brother's friend, and I may be prejudiced in his favour. How very warm it is! Can't we find a seat near a window?"

The gentleman offered his arm with alacrity, and the speakers moved away.

The seats they had left were taken by Mrs. de Vaux and Colonel Stryker: the lady, a middle-aged woman, fashionably dressed; the gentleman, rather more than middle-aged in his appearance, and decidedly less so in his dress and manners.

"Young Taylor is a handsome fellow, and looks the bridegroom very well!" exclaimed Mr. Stryker. "How these Taylors have pushed upwards; I never heard of them before I went to Europe this last time, five or six years ago."

"That is just about the moment they first burst upon the horizon. Mr. Taylor seems determined to make up for lost time. He is very disagreeable to us ladies; but the gentlemen like

him on account of his cleverness ; they say he is a genius in all business matters."

"To judge by his expression, the man seems ambitious of '*les succès de salon,*' also. Where did he import his manners from, I wonder?— They have a sort of bright, new look, as if he had not yet worn the gloss off."

"Don't laugh at him. He gives excellent dinners."

"Does he? Can't you introduce me, immediately? '*Ici l'ont fait noces et festins.*' I seem to smell the turtle-soup already."

"I doubt whether you taste it, nevertheless, until next autumn. Everybody is going out of town ; they say that is the only drawback to the satisfaction of the Taylors at this wedding."

"What is the drawback, pray?"

"They cannot have as many grand parties as they are entitled to, on account of the season."

"That must be distressing, indeed, to the bridesmaids. By-the-bye, I see Miss Wyllys is one of them. She is going to turn out a fortune, I hear. Do you know her?"

"From a child. Last year no one dreamed of her being a fortune ; but within the last few months, Mr. de Vaux tells me she has inherited a very handsome property from one of her

mother's family ; and, in addition to it, some new railroad, or something of that kind, has raised the value of what she owned before."

"What is the amount—do you know?"

"Upwards of two hundred thousand, Mr. de Vaux thinks."

"Miss Wyllys is certainly no beauty ; but, do you know, I think there is something decidedly distinguished in her appearance and manner ? I was only introduced the other day. I did not happen to know the Wyllyses."

"I have known them all my life, and like them all very much. I rather wonder, though, at Miss Elinor's being here as bridemaids. But it is a reconciliation, I suppose. Perhaps she and young Hazlehurst will make up again, and we may be invited to another wedding before long."

"Perhaps so. How long does it take a young lady to resent an infidelity ? A calendar month, I suppose ; or, in extreme cases, a year and a day. By-the-bye, the pretty widow, Mrs. Creighton, has thrown off her weeds, I see."

"Yes, she has come out again, armed for conquest, I suppose. What a flirt she is ! And as artful as she is pretty, Mr. Stryker. But, perhaps, you are one of her admirers," continued the lady, laughing.

“Of course, it is impossible not to admire her; but I am afraid of her,” said Mr. Stryker, shrugging his shoulders. “I am horribly afraid of all pretty widows.”

“Mr. Hazlehurst does not seem afraid of her.”

“Not a bit—he is there half his time; but then he is young and venturesome. We old campaigners are more wary.”

“He is an old friend of her brother’s, I believe. Is Mr. Ellsworth here?”

“Yes, there he is, talking to Miss Wyllys. Perhaps he may interfere with your prediction about her and my friend Hazlehurst.”

“Possibly. But *à-propos* of weddings; why don’t you marry, yourself, Mr. Stryker? You have been a delightful beau now, for how many years?” asked the lady, mischievously.

“Oh! these five lustres, I suppose; for I began early,” replied Mr. Stryker, who had too much worldly wisdom, not to make a merit of frankness, where he could not help it.

“Six, you mean,” said Mrs. de Vaux, laughing.

“No, five, honestly counted. I don’t know exactly how old I may be; but the other day I heard a fellow say, ‘Stryker can’t be more

than five-and-forty;’ and I dare say he was right.”

“Well, allowing you are only five-and-forty, don’t you mean to marry, one of these days?”

“Certainly.”

“Don’t you think it time to look about you?”

“High time; but who will have me?” continued Mr. Stryker, with great complacency of manner,

“Oh! half the young ladies in the room, I dare say; excepting, of course, those who have refused you already,” said Mrs. de Vaux, mischievously; for it was suspected that Mr. Stryker had met with several rebuffs.

This lady and gentleman, in spite of their smiling countenances and friendly manners, owed each other a grudge of old standing. Who does not know that where the spirit of littleness and vanity is all-powerful, these petty trials and triumphs are too often the chief spring of action; as was the case with Mr. Stryker, and Mrs. de Vaux. Happy they who have good principle, and good feeling enough to cast off folly on so small a scale!

“Tell me what is your taste, and I will look out for you,” continued Mrs. de Vaux.

“How kind you are! You don’t include Miss de Vaux, of course; for she can’t endure me. Like all modest men, I require only nine hundred and ninety-nine perfections in my wife. But then I insist chiefly on two essentials: she must have money, and she must not have brothers and sisters. I have an invincible antipathy to collaterals, whether of blood or connexion.”

“Miss Wyllys is the very person for you. Quite a fortune now, they say; and an orphan, without brother or sister—all you require. Then, you like her appearance, you say; though she is plain, she is clever too, and amiable.”

“Of course; all young ladies are amiable, are they not?”

“I only know of one objection—she is too good for you.”

“Goodness is not to be despised in a wife. I shall require it from the future Mrs. Stryker; though not very particular about the rest of the world. I am much obliged to you, Mrs. de Vaux, for the suggestion. I’ll think of it,” said Mr. Stryker, deliberately crossing one leg over the other, to make himself comfortable.

“You, who know everybody, Mr. Stryker,” said the lady, “pray, tell me, who is that bright-faced young man, or rather boy, standing near Mr. Wyllys and Mrs. Stanley?”



"You wish to mortify me. I never saw the lad before."

"I can answer your question, Mrs. de Vaux," observed Harry, who had just approached, and made his bow; "that is my friend, Charlie Hubbard, the artist. Don't you remember the fine view of Lake Ontario, that was so much admired at the Exhibition this spring?"

"Certainly. Is that the young man? He looks like a genius."

"Rather as a genius should look; your great lions are often very tame-looking animals," observed Mr. Stryker.

"Hubbard's face only does him justice, however; he is full of talent," said Harry.

"Some of his pictures are certainly very fine," observed Mrs. de Vaux.

"I never saw water like his," continued Hazlehurst; "such variety, and always true to nature. He almost persuades one to believe all he says about water: he maintains that it has more variety of expression than any other inanimate object, and has, withal, an independent character of its own. He says it is second only to the human countenance."

"He seems quite an enthusiast," said Mrs. de Vaux.

"Won't he take it all out in talk?" asked Mr. Stryker, drily.

“Look at his view of Hell-Gate on a cloudy evening, and say so if you can!” exclaimed Harry, warmly.

“Well, after all, he says no more for water than has been said by the poets of all nature, from the time of the first pastoral; they tell us that the sun will make a bare old mountain smile, and the wind will throw the finest forest into a fuss.”

“I defy you to prove any fuss upon Charlie’s works!”

“Perhaps not. Where is his study? I should like to see what he has done. Is his pencil always amphibious?”

“Yes; I believe he has never yet painted a landscape without its portion of water. If you wish to see his study, you must go soon. He sails for Italy next month.”

“If his partiality for water is really honest, it may help him on in his profession. Has he a good execution? That is all-important.”

“Decidedly good; and he improves every day. Execution is really all-important to Hubbard; for there can be no doubt that he possesses all an artist’s conception.”

“I suspect, though, his notion about expressive water is not original. It appears to me, some German or other calls water, ‘the eyes of a landscape.’”

“Very possibly; but Charlie Hubbard is not the man to steal other people’s ideas, and pass them off for his own.”

“You make a point of always believing the worst of everybody, Mr. Stryker,” said Mrs. de Vaux.

“I wish I could help it,” said the gentleman, raising his eyebrows.

“Suppose, Mr. Hazlehurst, you take him to Mr. Hubbard’s studio, and force him to admire that fine picture of Lake Ontario. I should like to see it again, myself; and Mr. de Vaux has been talking of carrying us all to Mr. Hubbard’s some time.”

Harry professed himself quite at Mrs. de Vaux’s service. Mrs. Stanley, he said, was going to see his friend’s pictures the very next day. A party was soon arranged, the hour fixed, and everything settled before supper was announced. As Mrs. de Vaux and Mr. Stryker moved towards the door, they were followed by Mrs. Creighton and Harry.

“Who was the young man you were talking with at supper, Josephine?” asked Mr. Ellsworth, as he stepped into the carriage after Mrs. Creighton and Harry, in driving away from the wedding.

“Which do you mean?”

“A mere boy—one of the groomsmen, by the white favours in his button-hole.”

“Oh! that was the groom’s brother, Mr. Pompey Taylor, the younger, a very simple, and rather an awkward young gentleman. I had the honour of making the acquaintance of all the family in the course of the evening. I was quite amused with Mr. Taylor, the father; he really seems to have as great a relish for the vanities of life, as any young girl of fifteen.”

“Because they are quite as new to him,” said Hazlehurst.

“That is difficult to believe of a clever, calculating man of fifty,” observed Mr. Ellsworth.

“All clever men of fifty are not quite free from nonsense, take my word for it,” said the lady. “I appeal to Mr. Hazlehurst, who knows Mr. Taylor; as for myself, I am convinced by the man’s manner this evening.”

“You are certainly correct in your opinion, Mrs. Creighton. Mr. Taylor is, no doubt, a clever man; and yet he takes delight in every piece of finery about his house. He is more possessed with the spirit of sheer ostentation, than any man I ever met with.”

“Ah, you want to save the credit of your sex,

by setting him down as an exception!—That is not fair, Mr. Hazlehurst.”

It was a pity that the pretty smile which the lady bestowed on her brother's friend was entirely thrown away; but the lamp-light happened to be little more than darkness visible.

## CHAPTER VI.

“But there is matter for another rhyme ;  
And I to this would add another tale.”

WORDSWORTH.

“And how do Miss and Madam do ;  
The little boy, and all ?  
All tight and well ? and how do you,  
Good Mr. What-do-you-call ?”

COWPER.

It is to be feared the reader will find fault with this chapter. But there is no remedy ; he must submit quietly to a break of three years in the narrative : having to choose between the unities and the probabilities, we greatly preferred holding to the last. The fault, indeed, of this hiatus, rests entirely with the young folk of Longbridge, whose fortunes we have undertaken to follow ; had they remained together, we should, of course, have been faithful to our duty as a chronicler ; but our task was not so easy. In the present

state of the world, people will move about—especially American people; and making no claim to ubiquity, we were obliged to wait patiently until time brought the wanderers back again to the neighbourhood where we first made their acquaintance.

Shortly after Jane's marriage, the whole party broke up. Jane and her husband went to New Orleans, where Tallman Taylor was established as partner in a commercial house connected with his father. Hazlehurst passed several years in Mexico and South America: an old friend of his father's, a distinguished political man, received the appointment of Envoy to Mexico, and offered Harry the post of Secretary of Legation. Hazlehurst had long felt a strong desire to see the southern countries of the continent, and was very glad of so pleasant an arrangement; he left his friend Ellsworth to practise law alone, and accompanied Mr. Henley, the Minister, to Mexico; and from thence removed, after a time, to Brazil.

Charlie had been studying his profession in France and Italy during the same period. Even Elinor was absent from home much more than usual; Miss Wyllys had been out of health for the last year or two; and, on her account, they passed their summers travelling, and a winter in the West Indies.

At length, however, the party met again on the old ground; and we shall take up the thread of our narrative, during the summer in which the circle was re-united. It is to be hoped that this break in the movement of our tale will be forgiven, when we declare, that the plot is about to thicken; perplexities, troubles, and misfortunes are gathering about our Longbridge friends; a piece of intelligence which will probably cheer the reader's spirits. We have it on the authority of a philosopher, that there is something gratifying to human nature in the calamities of our friends; an axiom which seems true, at least, of all acquaintances made on paper.

We hear daily that life is short; and, surely, Time flies with fearful rapidity if we measure his course by years: three score-and-ten, the allotted span of man, are soon numbered. But events, thoughts, feelings, hopes, cares, are better marks for the dial of life, than hours and minutes. In this view, the path of life is a long road, full of meaning and of movement at every step; and in this sense only is time justly appreciated; each day loses its insignificance, and every yearly revolution of the earth becomes a point in eternity.

The occurrences of the three years during which we have lost sight of the Longbridge circle will speak for themselves, as our tale is gradually



unfolded. It is evident, however, at the first glance, on returning to the old ground, that the village itself has undergone some alterations. Though belonging to a part of the country occasionally accused of being "unenterprising," it had not proved insensible to the general movement felt throughout the Republic, in those halcyon days of brilliant speculation, which commenced with the promise of good fortune to all, and ended by bringing poverty to many, and disgrace to others. A railroad now runs through the principal street, and the new dépôt, a large, uncouth building, stands conspicuously at its termination, looking commercial prosperity, and internal improvement.

Several new stores have been opened, half-a-dozen "tasty mansions"—chiefly imitations of Mr. Hubbard's—have been built, another large tavern has been commenced, and two additional steam-boats may be seen lying at the wharf. The value of property in the village itself is said to have doubled, at least; new streets are laid out, and branch railroads are talked of; and many people flatter themselves that Longbridge will figure in the next census as a flourishing city, with the full honours of a Corporation, Mayor, and Aldermen. In the population, corresponding changes are also perceptible; many new faces

are seen in the streets, new names are observed on the signs ; others again are missed from their old haunts, for there is scarcely a family in the place which has not sent its representation westward.

Most of our old acquaintances, however, still remain on the spot, this pleasant afternoon in June, 183—. There stands Mr. Joseph Hubbard, talking to Judge Bernard. That is Dr. Van Horne, driving off in his professional sulkey. There are Mrs. Tibbs and Mrs. Bibbs, side by side, as of old. Mrs. George Wyllys has moved, it seems ; her children are evidently at home in a door-yard on the opposite side of the street, adjoining the Hubbard " Park." On the door of that bright-coloured, spruce-looking brick house, you will see the name of W. C. Clapp ; and there are a pair of boots resting on the window-sill of an adjoining office, which probably belong to the person of the lawyer himself. Now, we may observe Mrs. Hilson and Miss Emmeline Hubbard flitting across the street, " fascinating and aristocratic" as ever.

Let us leave the village, however, for the more immediate neighbourhood of Wyllys-Roof ; in which, it is hoped, the reader will feel more particularly interested. There stands the little cottage of the Hubbards, looking just as it did

three years since ; it is possible that one or two of the bull's-eye panes of glass may have been broken and changed, and the grey shingles are a little more moss-grown ; but its general aspect is precisely what it was when we were last there. The snow-ball and the sweet-briar are in their old places, each side of the humble porch ; the white blossoms have fallen from the scraggy branches of the snow-ball, this first week in June ; the fresh pink buds are opening on the fragrant young shoots of the sweet-briar.

There is our friend, Miss Patsey, wearing a sun-bonnet, at work in the garden ; and if you look through the open door of the house, you will see beyond the passage into the neat little kitchen, where we catch a glimpse of Mrs. Hubbard's white cap over the back of her rocking chair. It is possible that you may also see the merry, shining, black face of a little hand-maiden, whom Miss Patsey has lately taken into the family ; and, as the tea-kettle is boiling, and the day's work chiefly over, the little thing is often seen at this hour, playing about the corners of the house with the old cat. Ah, there is the little minx ! her sharp ears have heard the sound of wheels, and she is already at the open gate to see what passes. A waggon stops ; whom have we here ? Little Judy is frightened half out of her

wits ; a young man she does not know, with his face covered with beard, after a fashion she had never yet seen, springs from the waggon. Miss Patsey turns to look.

“Charlie!” she exclaims; and in another moment the youth has received the joyful, tearful, agitated embrace of his mother and sister. The darling of their hearts is at home again ; three years since, he left them, a boy, to meet dangers exaggerated tenfold by their anxious hearts ; he returns, a man, who has faced temptations undreamed of by their simple minds. The wanderer is once more beneath their humble roof ; their partial eyes rest again on that young face, changed, yet still the same.

Charlie finds the three last years have passed lightly over his mother and his sister ; theirs are the same kindly faces, the same well-known voices, the best loved, the most trusted from childhood. After the first eager moments of greeting are over, and the first hurried questions have been answered, he looks about him. Has not the dear old cottage shrunk to a very nut-shell? He opens the door of the school-room ; there are its two benches, and its humble official desk, as of old. He looks into the little parlour, and smiles to think of the respect he felt in his childish days for Miss Patsey’s drawing-room ; many a gilded

gallery, many a brilliant saloon has he since entered as a sight-seer with a more careless step. He goes out on the porch—is it possible that is the garden? Why it is no larger than a table-cloth! He should have thought the beds he had so often weeded could not be so small; and the door-yard, one can shake hands across it.

And there is Wyllys-Roof, half hid by trees—he used to admire it as a most venerable pile; in reality it is only a plain, respectable country-house. As the home of the Wyllyses, however, it must always be an honoured spot to him. Colonnade Manor too—he laughs! There are some buildings that seem, at first sight, to excite to irresistible merriment; they belong to what may be called the “ridiculous order” of architecture, and consist generally of caricatures on noble Greek models. Mr. Taylor’s elegant mansion had, undeniably, a claim to a conspicuous place among the number. Charlie looks with a painter’s eye at the country; the scenery is of the simplest kind, yet beautiful as inanimate nature—sinless nature must ever be under all her varieties. He casts a glance upward at the sky, bright and blue as that of Italy; how often has he studied the heavens from that very spot! The trees are rich in their summer verdure, the meadows are fragrant with clover, and through Mr. Wyllys’s woods there is a glimpse of the

broad river, gilded by the evening sun. It is a pleasing scene—a happy moment; it is the first landscape he ever painted, and it is home.

Then Charlie returns to his mother; he sits by her side, she takes his hand in her withered fingers, she rests her feeble sight on his bright face; while Miss Patsey is preparing all the dainties in the house for supper.

“Well, little one, what is your name?” said Charlie, as the black child passed him with a load of good things.

“Judy, Sir,” said the little girl, with a curtsy, and a half-frightened look at Charlie’s face, for the young artist had chosen to return with moustaches; whether he thought it professional or becoming, we cannot say.

“We shall be good friends I hope, Judy; if you mind my sister better than you ever did any body else in your life, perhaps I shall find some sugar-plums for you,” said Charlie pleased to see a black face again.

Mrs. Hubbard remarked that, upon the whole, Judy was a pretty good girl; and the child grinned, until two deep dimples were to be seen in her shining dark cheeks, and the dozen little nondescript braids which projected from her head in different directions, seemed to stand on end with delight.

“And so Mr. Wyllys and the ladies are not at home. I wish I had known of their being in New York; I might, at least, have seen them for a moment yesterday.”

“I wonder Mrs. Hilson did not mention their being in town.”

“Julianna never knows what she is talking about. But I am glad to hear good accounts of them all.”

“Yes; Miss Wyllys has come home from the West Indies, much better.”

“Is it really true that Miss Elinor is going to be married shortly?”

“Well, I can’t say whether the story is true or not. She seems to have many admirers now she has become an heiress.”

“But I don’t understand how she comes to be such a fortune.”

“I don’t understand it myself. Mr. Clapp can tell you all about it. You know most people are a great deal richer now than they were a few years ago. I heard some one say the other day, that my old pupil’s property in Longbridge, is worth three times as much now as it was a short time since.”

“Is it possible Longbridge has improved so much?”

“And then your old play-fellow has had two

legacies from relations of her mother's; everybody in the neighbourhood is talking of her good-luck, and saying what a fortune she will turn out. I only hope she will be happy, and not be thrown away upon some one unworthy of her, like her poor cousin; for it seems young Mr. Taylor is very dissipated."

Charlie probably sympathized with this remark, though he made no reply.

"Mr. and Mrs. Tallman Taylor are in New York now, I hear, just come from New Orleans. The family from Wyllys-Roof have gone over to see them," added Miss Patsey.

"Yes, so I understand. They will be here before long, I suppose."

"Not immediately; for they are all going to Saratoga together. Dr. Van Horne thought Miss Wyllys had better pass two or three weeks at the Springs."

"That is fortunate for me—I shall see them the sooner; for I must be at Lake George before the first of July. I have an order for three views of the Lake, which I have promised to send to England early in the fall."

Here Charlie entered into some details of his affairs, very interesting to his mother and sister; and they seemed to be in a very satisfactory condition, according to his own modest views. After a



while the conversation again returned to their Longbridge friends.

“Did you know that Mr. Hazlehurst is coming home, too, this summer?” asked Miss Patsey.

“Yes; he wrote me word he hoped we should meet before long. How did that affair with Mrs. Creighton turn out?”

“We did hear they were engaged; but it could not have been true, for the lady has been in Philadelphia, and he in Brazil, for some time, you know. I used to ask about such matters once in a while, on purpose to write you word. But I had no great opportunity of hearing much about Mr. Hazlehurst; for after that unhappy business at Wyllys-Roof, there was, of course, a great coolness; for some time I never heard his name mentioned there, and Mr. Wyllys seldom speaks of him now.”

“Are they not reconciled, then?”

“Not entirely, I am afraid; but you know they have not met for three years.”

“I shall hardly know myself at Wyllys-Roof without seeing Mr. Hazlehurst and Miss Graham there.”

“You will find a great change in that respect. Mrs. Taylor has not been here since her marriage; Miss Van Alstyne seems to have taken her place; she is a very pleasant young lady. When the

family is at home now, there seems often to be some strange gentleman with them."

"Fortune-hunters, I suppose," said Charlie, with some indignation. "Well, the course of true love never has, and never will run quite as it ought, I suppose. And how do all the Longbridge people come on? How is Uncle Josie?"

"Very well, indeed; just as good as ever to us. You must go to see him to-morrow."

"Certainly; and what is Uncle Dozie about?"

"At work in the vegetable-garden, as usual. He sent me a fine basket of salad, and radishes, and onions, this morning."

"Clapp has got into a new house I see."

"Yes; he is in very good business, I believe. You saw Catherine, you say?"

"Yes, for a minute only. I ran in to kiss Kate and the children, while they were harnessing a horse for me at the tavern. Kate looks very well herself. The children didn't remember much of Uncle Charlie; but they are pretty, healthy little things, nevertheless."

The grand-mother assented to the commendation of her daughter's family; she thought them remarkably fine children. "Catherine was a very fortunate woman," she said; "Mr. Clapp was a very superior man, so very clever that he must do well; and the children

were all healthy—they had gone through the measles wonderfully that spring.”

Charlie had not quite as elevated an opinion of his brother-in-law as the females of the family; he allowed his mother's remark to pass unnoticed, however.

“And so Mr. Taylor has given up Colonnade Manor,” he continued.

“Yes; he has just sold it to Mr. de Vaux, a friend of Mr. Wyllys,” replied Miss Patsey.

“Why did he sell it, pray?”

“Well, the young ladies liked better to live about at hotels and boarding-houses in the summer, I believe; they thought it was too dull at Longbridge. Mr. Taylor didn't care much for the place: you know there are some people, who, as soon as they have built a house, and got 'everything in nice order, want to sell.' It seems as if they did not care to be comfortable; but I suppose it is only because they are so fond of change.”

We may as well observe, by way of parenthesis, that this fancy of getting rid of a place as soon as it is in fine order, would probably never occur to any man but an American, and an American of the particular variety to which Mr. Taylor belonged.

“I don't wonder at his wanting to get rid of

the house; but the situation and the neighbourhood might have satisfied him, I think," said Charlie, as he accepted Miss Patsey's invitation to eat the nice supper she had prepared for him.

As he took his seat at the table, Mrs. Hubbard observed, that he probably had not seen such short-cake as Patsey made in Rome—to which Charlie assented warmly. He had wished one evening, in Florence, he said, for some of his sister's short-cake, and a good cup of tea of her making; and the same night he dreamed that the Venus de Medicis had made him some. He was ashamed of himself for having had such a dream; but it could not be helped, such was the fact.

Mrs. Hubbard thought no woman, Venus or not, ought to be ashamed of making good short-cake; if they were bad, that would be a different matter.

"Well, Charlie, now you have seen all those paintings and figures you used to talk so much about, what do you think of them? Are they really so handsome as you expected?" asked his sister.

"They are wonderful!" exclaimed Charlie, with animation; putting down a short-cake he had just buttered. "Wonderful!—There is no other word to describe them."

Mrs. Hubbard observed, that she had some

notion of a painting, from the minister's portrait in the parlour—Charlie took up his short-cake. She thought a person might have satisfaction in a painting—such a picture as that portrait; but as for those stone figures he used to wish to see, she could not understand what was the beauty of such idol-like things.

“They are not at all like idols, mother; they are the most noble conceptions of the human form.”

“How could they look human? He himself had told her they were made out of marble; just such marble, she supposed, as was used for tombstones.”

“I only wish you could see some of the statues in Italy; the Laocoon, Niobe, and others I have seen. I think you would feel then what I felt—what I never can describe in words.”

Mrs. Hubbard said the names sounded very heathen-like to her ears; she had never seen a statue of any description whatever; she didn't think she could have any satisfaction in looking at one. If they had any colour to them, and were dressed up in uniforms, and handsome clothes, like the wax-figures of General Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Lord Nelson, she had once seen, they would be worth looking at perhaps.

Miss Patsey wished to know, if among the statues he had seen, there were any supposed to be likenesses of the great men that we read about in history?

“There are many statues and busts in Italy, that are undeniably portraits of some of the greatest men of antiquity,” he replied.

“Do you suppose they are really like those old Romans? I don’t mean such likenesses as the portrait of our dear father; but still pretty good for those old times?”

“Far better than anything of the kind you ever saw,” replied Charlie, drinking off a cup of tea.

Miss Patsey thought those might be worth seeing. A conversation followed upon the delight Charlie had felt in beholding celebrated places, the scenes of great events in past ages; a delight that an American can never know in his own country, and which, on that very account, he enjoys with a far keener zest than a European. Miss Patsey seemed to enter a little into this pleasure; but, upon the whole, it was quite evident that all the imagination of the family had fallen to Charlie’s share—the young man thought little of this. When Judy had carried away the remains of the supper, he returned to his mother’s side, and the evening passed away in

that pleasant family chat, so interesting to those who feel alike. Sympathy of the heart is a tie ten-fold stronger than sympathy of the head; people may think alike, and hate each other; while those who feel together, are often led to adopt the same opinions.

When Charlie had read the usual evening chapter in the Bible, and had received his mother's kiss and blessing, he laid himself down with a thankful heart, in the little garret-room, as in his childish years. The young artist's dreams that night were a mingled crowd of fancies; the memories of his boyhood reviving in their old haunts, accompanied by more recent images brought from beyond the Ocean, and linked with half-formed plans and ideas for the future. Among these visions of the night, were two more distinct than the rest; one was a determination to commence, the very next morning, a copy of his honoured father's portrait, in which the artist's object was unusual; for it was his chief aim to make it as little like the original before him as possible. Shall we reveal the fact that another image, wearing a gentler aspect than the stern, rigid features of the minister's portrait, seemed to flit before the young painter's fancy, coming unbidden, and mingling more especially with recollections of the past? As a ray of

moonlight stole into the low dormer-window, the young man turned on his humble bed—a sigh burst from his lips—followed by the words, “No—no!”

We shall keep the secret.



## CHAPTER VII.

“Yonder, sure, they are coming.”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE weather had been more than usually warm for several weeks, and the morning after Charlie's return to Longbridge, when the steam-boat, North-America, left the wharf at New York, her decks and cabins were filled by some five or six hundred passengers. There were men, women, and children of various characters, colours and conditions. The scene on deck was pleasing and cheerful; the day was lovely, the steamer looked neat and bright, and the great majority of the females were gaily dressed in their summer attire; most of the faces looked good-humoured, as if pleased to escape from the heat and confinement of the town to cooler air, and a sight of the water and green woods. One might have

supposed it a party of pleasure on a large scale; in fact, Americans seem always good-natured, and in a pleasant mood when in motion; such is their peculiar temperament. The passengers on board the *North America* soon began to collect in knots, family-groups, or parties of acquaintance; some chatting, some reading, some meditating. There was one difficulty, however, want of space to move about in, or want of seats for some of those who were stationary.

After the boat had fairly begun her trip, and people had settled themselves as well as they could, according to their different fancies, a pretty little woman appeared at the door of the ladies' cabin. In her light hair, and somewhat insipid face, encased in an extremely fashionable hat, we recognise Mrs. Hilson. Turning towards a gentleman who seemed waiting near the door for her, she addressed him.

"Now, Monsieur Bonnet, do exert your gallantry, and find me a seat on deck. The cabin is intolerably warm, I cannot stay here. Where are Emmeline and the Baron?"

"You see, Madame," he said, pointing towards the couple, "Montbrun take a *tabouret* at once, when we come on board, and Mademoiselle Emmeline now has it. It was very *maladroit*

in me not to keep one for you. I beg a t'ousand pardons."

"Haven't you got a seat? That is a pity. But I dare say you can easily find one."

"*Vraiment, 'ma chère, Madame Eel-sun*, there is no *sacrifice* I would not make to procure you one. I am *désolé* it should be *impossible*. I have been looking; but all the *tabourets* and chair are taken by ladies and *gentlemans*. You have a *drôle de manière* of travel in this countree; so many people together, the ladies must be *victimés* sometime."

"Oh, no! you don't know how to manage, that is all. Has not the Baron a chair?"

"Non, Madame; you see he is *debout*."

"Well, there are some gentlemen seated. I see three or four—one quite near you. Ask him for his chair."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and looked bewildered.

"Pray, ask that gentleman for his chair," repeated the lady, pointing with her parasol to a person sitting at no great distance.

"But, Madame, the gentleman will not know what a charming lady wish for the chair. He will not give it."

"Oh, no danger! If you tell him it is for a

lady, of course he will let you have it. Why, how slow you are about it! You are almost as bad as Captain Kockney, who never did anything when he was asked."

"Ab, Madame, *de grâces* do not say that!— I go."

And Monsieur Bonnet, edging his way here and there behind the ladies, and begging ten thousand pardons, at length reached the person Mrs. Hilson had pointed out to him.

"What did you say?" exclaimed this individual, looking up rather gruffly at being addressed by an utter stranger.

"*Mille pardons, Monsieur,*" continued Monsieur Bonnet; "a lady is very much oppressed with fatigue, and send me to beg you will be *aimable* to give her your chair."

"What is it?" repeated the man. "I don't understand you."

Monsieur Bonnet again urged his request in terms still more civil. It would be rendering a very great service to the lady, he said.

"I am not acquainted with the lady. I advise you to look for an empty chair," replied the other, resolutely turning his face in an opposite direction.

Monsieur Bonnet shrugged his shoulders, and was moving towards Mrs. Hilson *au désespoir*,

when a gentlemanly-looking man, who was seated near them reading, rose and quietly offered his bench for the use of the lady. Monsieur Bonnet was, of course, all gratitude, and returned *enchanted* to Mrs. Hilson, who took the matter very quietly; while M. Bonnet seemed surprised at his own success.

The gentleman, who had given up his seat, was obliged to continue standing; shutting up his book, he began to look about him, among the crowd, for acquaintances. There was a very gay, noisy party, at no great distance, which first attracted his attention; it consisted of two pretty young women in the centre of a group of men. The shrill voice, and rattling laugh of one lady might be very distinctly heard across the deck; the other was leaning back listlessly in her chair. One of the young men was reading a paper with a sort of family expression, as if the ladies were his near connexions; and, on a chair, at the side of the silent lady, sat an old gentleman with a very rusty coat, snuffy nose, and a red handkerchief spread on one knee, while on the other he held a pretty little boy, about two years old.

“I tell you I know she was dead in love with him!” cried the rattling young lady, at the top of her voice. Then, observing the gentleman,

who was looking in that direction, she bowed with a coquettish graciousness.

The bow was returned, but the gentleman did not seem very anxious to approach the party; when the young lady, beckoning with her finger, obliged him to draw near.

“Now, Mr. Ellsworth, you are just the man I wanted. Three of these gentlemen are against me; I have only one on my side, and I want you to help me to fight the battle.”

“Must I enlist, Miss Taylor, before I know whether the cause is good or bad?”

“Oh, certainly! or else you are not worth a cent. But I’ll tell you how the matter stands: you know Helen de Vaux and you were at the Springs last summer, when she and Mr. Van Alstyne were there. Well, I say she was dead in love with him, though she did refuse him.”

“Was she?” replied Mr. Ellsworth.

“Why, I know she was; it was as plain as a pike-staff to everybody who saw them together. And here, these good folks provoke me so; they say if she refused him, she did not care for him. And here is my ridiculous brother-in-law, Mr. St. Leger, says I don’t know anything about it; and my sister Adeline always thinks just as her husband does.”

“That’s quite right, my dear,” said the rusty

Mr. Hopkins, taking a pinch of snuff. "I hope you will follow her example one of these days."

"What are the precise symptoms of a young lady's being dead in love?" asked the quiet, business-looking Theodore St. Leger.

"Oh, you know well enough what I mean! You may say what you please about Helen de Vaux not caring for him, I know better," continued the young lady, in a voice that might be heard on the other side of the boat.

"As Miss de Vaux's mother is on board, suppose you refer the question to her," said Mr. Ellsworth, in a dry manner.

"Is she?—I hope she didn't hear us," continued the young lady, lowering her voice half a tone. "But you need not ask her, though; for I don't believe her mother knows anything about it."

"You are going to the Springs, I suppose," said Mr. Ellsworth, by way of changing the conversation.

"I wish we were! No; Adeline has taken it into her head to be romantic for the first time in her life. She says we must go to the Falls; and it will be a fortnight lost from Saratoga."

"But have you no wish to see Niagara?"

"Not a bit; and I don't believe Adeline has either. But it is no wonder she doesn't care

about the Springs, now she's married. She began to go there four years before I did."

"Have you never been to Niagara, Mrs. St. Leger?" continued Mr. Ellsworth, addressing the elder sister; who, from the giddy, belleish Adeline, was now metamorphosed into the half-sober young matron—the wife of an individual, who, in spite of the romantic appellation of Theodore St. Leger, was a very quiet, industrious business-man, the nephew and adopted son of Mr. Hopkins, Adeline's Boston escort. She had been sitting contentedly beside the old gentleman for the last half hour, leaving her unmarried sister to entertain the beaux according to etiquette.

"No, I have never been to the Falls; all our party, but my sister Emma, seemed to think it would be a pleasant jaunt."

"Mr. Hopkins has entered into an engagement to supply me with at least two beaux at a time, and a regular change all the way to Niagara, or else I shouldn't have come," said Miss Emma.

"We are engaged, at least, by the day, I hope," interposed one of the attendant young men.

"No, indeed; I should be tired to death of you for more than an hour at a time. I shan't



“speak to *you* again, until we have passed West Point.”

“I have had no trouble as yet, my dear, in picking up recruits,” said Mr. Hopkins, whose attention seemed equally divided between his snuff-box, and the little Hopkins, junior, on his knee—his great-nephew.

“If there are two, that’s all I care for; but I hate to have only one person to talk to.”

Mr. Ellsworth bit his lips to prevent their expressing his opinion, that the young lady must always have a large circle of listeners.

“Have you seen Mr. Wyllys’s party this morning?” inquired Adeline.

“The Wyllyses!—Are they on board?” exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth with surprise and pleasure. “I thought them at Saratoga by this time.”

“Oh, no! they are somewhere on the other side of the boat; my sister-in-law, Mrs. Taylor’s little girl is with them. By-the-bye, Emma, I am going into the cabin to look after Jane. Will you go with me?”

“No, indeed! I hate the cabin of a steam-boat.”

Adeline was quite satisfied to leave her sister with the prospect of a good supply of young men to flirt with ; though matrimony had changed her in some respects, she still considered it a duty to encourage to the utmost all love-affairs, and flirtations going on in her neighbourhood. Mr. Hopkins resigned the little boy to his mother's care ; Mr. St. Leger helped his wife through the crowd ; and, under cover of the movement made to allow Adeline to pass, Mr. Ellsworth made his escape. His eye had been already directed towards the opposite side of the boat, where he had discovered the venerable, benevolent face of Mr. Wyllys, with three ladies near him. Mr. Ellsworth immediately recognised Miss Agnes, Elinor, and Mary Van Alstyne. It was several minutes before he could edge his way through the crowd to join them ; but when he reached the spot, he was received very cordially by Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes, in a friendly manner by Mary Van Alstyne, and possibly there was something of consciousness betrayed by Elinor.

“ I thought you already at Saratoga !” exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth.

“ We were detained several days waiting for Mrs. Taylor,” replied Elinor, to whom the remark was made.

“We shall not be at Saratoga until Monday,” added Mr. Wyllys; “we are going to pass a day or two with our friends, the V——’s, at Poughkeepsie.”

“I am very sorry to hear it,” continued Mr. Ellsworth; “I have promised to carry Mrs. Creighton to Nahant about that time, and shall have my usual bad luck in missing you.”

“We must persuade Mrs. Creighton not to run away,” said Mr. Wyllys.

As Elinor stooped at that moment to untie the hat of the pretty little creature at her side, it was impossible to say whether this intelligence was displeasing to her or not.

“That is Mrs. Taylor’s child, is it not?” observed Mr. Ellsworth, looking at the little girl. She is very like Mrs. St. Leger.”

“Do you really think so? We fancy her like her mother,” said Elinor.

“How is Tallman Taylor now? He was not well when they passed through Philadelphia.”

“He looks badly still,” said Miss Agnes. “He is very imprudent, and distresses Jane very much by his carelessness.”

“Gentlemen never seem to do what is right when invalids,” observed Mary Van Alstyne, smiling. “They are either very reckless and indifferent to their health, or else over-careful.”

"What do you say, Mr. Ellsworth; is that account true?" asked Miss Wyllys.

"I dare say it is—I have no doubt we are very troublesome to our nurses. But, fortunately, women are endowed with a double stock of patience to make up for our deficiencies. Is Mr. Taylor on board? I have not seen him."

"No; he remained in town to attend to some business," replied Miss Wyllys. "We have charge of Mrs. Taylor, however, who was very anxious to get into the country, on account of her youngest child."

"I see, Mr. Ellsworth, that old Ironsides has arrived at Norfolk, bringing Mr. Henley from Rio," observed Mr. Wyllys.

"Certainly—she arrived on Tuesday."

"I saw it in the Globe, last night, grand-papa, Mr. Henley had arrived at Washington. Harry is with him, of course," said Elinor, in a quiet, natural tone.

"I supposed you knew of their arrival," observed Mr. Ellsworth. "I have a letter from Hazlehurst in my pocket. He seems to have had quite enough of Rio."

"Mr. Henley, I understand, is talked of as minister to Russia," said Mr. Wyllys,

"Yes; I believe the affair is settled."

“Does Hazlehurst mention whether he is going with Mr. Henley?”

“That may be a state secret,” said Elinor, smiling.

“He has had an offer of the situation, I believe—but does not seem to have made up his mind. He is coming home to look about him, he says, having three months’ vacation at any rate.”

The shrill tone of Miss Emma Taylor’s voice was at this moment heard so distinctly from the other side of the boat, that Mr. Wyllys looked up from his paper, and Mr. Ellsworth smiled. It was very evident the young lady had inherited the peculiar tone of voice, and all the cast-off animation of her elder sister.

“Miss Taylor seems to be in very good spirits.” remarked Mr. Ellsworth.

“Yes; she always talks and laughs a great deal,” replied Mary Van Alstyne.

“They are no longer your neighbours, I understand, Sir.”

“No; Mr. Taylor sold Colonnade Manor this spring. De Vaux has purchased it, and changed the name of the place. It is now to be called Broadlawn, which is certainly a great improvement.”

“And where does Mr. Taylor’s family pass the summer?”

“Why, Jane tells me he is building something he calls a cottage, at Rockaway, within a stone’s throw of the principal hotel. They thought Long-bridge too quiet.”

Mrs. Taylor’s little girl had, by this time, become very sleepy, and a little fretful; and Miss Agnes advised her being carried to her mother. Elinor led her away, rather, it is believed, to Mr. Ellsworth’s regret.

It was no easy task to make one’s way among the nurses, and babies, and baskets, filling the ladies’ cabin, which was more than usually crowded. But, at length, Elinor reached Jane and Adeline, who were sitting together.

A single glance was sufficient to show that a change had come over these two young women since the giddy days of their girlhood. Jane was pale, but beautiful as ever; she was holding on her knees a sick child, about two months old, which apparently engrossed all her attention. What would be her system as a mother, might be foretold by the manner in which she pacified the little girl Elinor had brought with her.

“Give her some candy, Dinah,” she said to the black nurse; whose broad, good-natured face was soon covered with shining marks of affection from the hands of the pretty little charge.

Adeline was less changed in her appearance

than her sister-in-law; that is to say, she was as pretty as ever, and neither thin nor pale. But there was something in her expression, and a great deal in her manner, that was no longer what it had been of old. That excessive animation which had distinguished her as a belle, had been allowed to die away; and the restless expression, produced by a perpetual labour to make conquests, which was, at one time, always to be traced upon her features, had now vanished entirely. In its place there was a touch of matronly care and affection, more natural, and far more pleasing. She, too, was sitting by the side of her child, driving away the flies from the little thing, who was sleeping in a berth. Adeline Taylor had married well, in the best sense of the word. Not that she deserved much credit for doing so, since she had only accidentally, as it were, become attached to the young man who happened to be the most deserving among her suitors. Chance had had a great deal to do with the match, as it has with many matches. She had, however, one merit—that of not rejecting him on account of his want of fortune; although, at the time, she might have married a man who would have given her a four-story, four-window house in Broadway.

Mr. Taylor had not interfered: she had done as she pleased in the affair. It is true, that her

father rather inclined towards the richest suitor ; still, he took it for granted, that if Theodore St. Leger had not a fortune at the time, being a merchant, he would of course make one in a few years. But Mr. Taylor's son-in-law was a man of very different character from himself ; he was a quiet, prudent, unostentatious young man, of good abilities, who had received by education excellent principles, and moderate views, and who had fallen in love with Adeline's pretty face.

Mr. Hopkins, his uncle and adopted father, was a very worthy man, though a little eccentric, and rather too much given to snuff, and old coats, and red handkerchiefs. No one stood better on Change than John Hopkins, whose word had been as good as his bond, throughout a long life. He was a man of some property too, but he had only given his nephew enough to begin life very moderately. Even with the very liberal allowance which Mr. Taylor freely gave his children, Adeline, when she married, was obliged to live in a much plainer and quieter way than she had done for the last five or six years.

Altogether, however, the young couple seemed to agree very well, in spite of the difference in their characters. A pretty, good-natured wife was



all the young merchant had wished for; and Adeline was really attached to her husband, whose chief fault seemed to be in his coats, which were rather too much after the fashion of those of Uncle Hopkins.

Jane's fate had proved less happy than that of her friend Adeline. Tallman Taylor's habits of extravagance had led them into difficulties in more ways than one. He had spent far more than his income, and his carelessness in business had proved a great disadvantage to the house with which he was connected. During the last year, matters had grown worse and worse; he had neglected his wife, and lost large sums at the gambling-table. Poor Jane had passed some unhappy months, and traces of sorrow were to be seen on her pale face. Towards the last of the winter, young Taylor had been dangerously ill with a malignant fever prevailing in New Orleans; and as a long convalescence interfered with his dissipated habits, and confined him for some time to his own house, his friends hoped that he would have time and leisure to make some useful reflections. But they were deceived; sickness and suffering only made him more selfish and irritable: poor Jane had already paid a heavy penance for her duplicity, and her obstinacy in marrying him.

Mr. Taylor had quarrelled with his partners; and it was the object of his present visit to New York, to persuade his father to make some heavy advances in his behalf, as otherwise he would be ruined. Jane, it is true, knew but little of her husband's affairs; still, she saw and heard enough to make her anxious for the future, and she gave herself up to melancholy repining, while her manner lost all cheerfulness. Her father's family were in Charleston, and she had not seen them for more than a twelvemonth; but Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst, Miss Agnes, and Elinor had done all that was possible to supply their place since she had been in their neighbourhood. Adeline, too, was well enough disposed towards her sister-in-law, but she had neither the good sense nor the delicacy of Miss Wyllys and Elinor, and was far less successful in her friendly efforts. The society of her aunt and cousin seemed a relief to Jane; and it was at their request that she was going to pass a fortnight with them at Saratoga, where Miss Agnes had been ordered by her physician.

Elinor, on joining her cousin in the cabin, tried to persuade Jane to have the sick child carried on deck, for the sake of the fresh air, but she did not succeed; and not wishing to leave Mrs. Taylor, she took off her hat, and remained

some time in the cabin—a piece of good nature which Mr. Ellsworth seemed to think ill-timed. As they drew near the Highlands, however, she returned to her seat on deck; for the morning was lovely, and she did not wish to lose the scenery. She found Mrs. Hilson sitting near her aunt.

“Ah, Miss Elinor!—how do you do?” exclaimed the city lady. “It is the first time I have had a chance of seeing you since you returned from the West Indies. You have not been much in New York, I believe, since you arrived?”

“Only for a day or two.”

“And how did you like the West Indies? Is there much aristocracy at Havana?”

“We found it very pleasant there; and the climate was of so much service to my aunt, that I shall always remember Havana with gratitude.”

“You did not go into society, then?”

“Oh, yes; we made many pleasant acquaintances.”

“Well, if I go abroad, I hope it will be to England; though I should like very well to visit the stores of Paris.”

“Have you seen your cousin, Charles Hubbard, since he arrived from Italy?” inquired Elinor.

“Yes; he called at our boarding-house. He

is at Longbridge now, but he is coming to Saratoga, shortly; for he told me he had engaged to take several views of Lake George."

"I am sorry he did not come to see us in town; but I am delighted to hear he is going to Saratoga. Grandpapa, Mrs. Hilson tells me Charles Hubbard will be at Saratoga with us!"

"I am very glad to hear it, my child; I want to see Charlie."

"Has he brought home many pictures?" continued Elinor.

"I really don't know. I did not think of asking him."

"I should suppose you would be anxious to see your cousin's paintings."

"Oh, no! portraits are the only pictures that interest me. I always have the 'Book of Beauty,' whenever it comes out; you know they are likenesses of the peeresses of the English nobility."

Elinor bowed. "Yes, I have seen the book."

"I have the 'Children of the Nobility,' too, bound in crimson silk; it is a very fascinating collection. My friend, Mrs. Bagman, tells me they are excellent likenesses, particularly the children of his Royal Highness, the Lord Mayor."

Absurd as such a mistake in heraldry may

seem, one might vouch for having heard others quite as extraordinary.

"They may be like," said Elinor, smiling in spite of herself; "but I cannot agree with you as to their beauty. I have seen the volume, and it struck me the artists must have made caricatures of many of the children, who, no doubt, were pretty in reality."

"I was looking at those engravings only yesterday," said Mr. Ellsworth, anxious to engage Elinor's attention; "they almost amount to a libel on childhood; they give the idea of mincing, affected little creatures, at the very age when children are almost invariably natural and interesting. I should quarrel very much with a portrait of my little girl in the same fashion."

"But it is very seldom you see portraits of children that are really child-like," observed Elinor. "And then what a trial, to paint a pretty, innocent little creature, in full dress, starched and trim!"

"Children are charming subjects when properly treated. I delight in such pictures," said Mary Van Alstyne.

"You would have been often delighted then, in Italy, Miss Van Alstyne. Raphael's cherubs are as perfect in their way, as his men and women."

Mrs. Hilson, unwilling to be thrown out of the conversation, again addressed Elinor.

“When you joined us, Miss Wyllys, we were speaking of the fire opposite your hotel. Were you not dreadfully alarmed? I hear you were there; although I did not find you at home when I called.”

“We were disturbed, of course; but I can’t say that we were personally alarmed. The wind, you may remember, carried everything in the opposite direction.”

“Did it? Well, I was too much frightened to notice anything; you know it was in the same block as our boarding-house.”

“Yes; you were nearer the danger than we were.”

“Oh, I was dreadfully frightened! There was one of our ladies wanted to persuade me to look at Trinity Church, lighted up by the fire; I believe she really thought it a fascinating sight. Here comes a gentleman who was staying at your hotel, and has not got over his fright yet; it is one of my escorts—I have two, the Baron and this gentleman; but the Baron is not on deck now—let me introduce you; Monsieur Bonnet, Miss Wyllys. I do believe, Monsieur Bonnet, you were as much alarmed as I was.”

“Alarm—ah, Madame, I was *ébloui* by the

fire! In all my life, I never saw real *incendie* before; though, of course, I saw the Panorama of the *incendie de Moscou*—I was not in *Russie* with *l'Empereur*. At the *spectacle* we have *incendies* sometimes; but never in the street. Ah! I did not see that house until the roof fall, when light burst through my *volets*, and I spring to the window."

"I should have thought the noise would have called you out before that."

"*Du tout*; when I hear cries, and people marching, I think *tout bonnement* it was an *émeute*, and I turn round to finish my sleep. I think myself happy not to belong to the *Garde Nationale* of New York, and not be afraid of the *rappel*."

"What did you think it was?"

"An *émeute*, *sans doute*, say I to myself. It was *un tintamarre épouvantable*."

"An *émeute*; pray, what is that?"

"*Emeute*? A little *révolution*, as we have in Paris *constamment*."

"Why, my dear Sir, our revolutionary war took place more than fifty years ago. Did you expect to find us fighting now?"

"*Certainement*; I thought the wheel I hear was cannon. But, *mon ami Eel-sun* tell me next day, there is *incendie* every night somewhere in

New York. *Un drôle de divertissement, vraiment.* It is a great *désagrément*, of a city otherwise so beautiful, with so many charming ladies."

"Thank you, Sir; you are very polite. I believe, Miss Wyllys, that French gentlemen, no matter what they talk about, always find an opportunity to pay a compliment."

"*C'est tout naturel—cela va sans dire*; it is only our *devoir*, Madame, to *exprimer* to the ladies some of the many agreeable things they inspire."

"Worse and worse," said Mrs. Hilson, laughing. "How different you are from Captain Kockney; he never said a civil thing to me all the time he was in New York."

"*Le capitaine Coquenais* was an *Anglais*, who cannot feel the true *politesse Française*."

"He used to say it is not aristocratic to be polite to other people; he belongs to the English aristocracy, you know."

"*L'aristocratie!* Oh! that is a vile state of things. *La vieille aristocratie* of France, Madame, was the cause of our *révolution*. But in France now, and in America, those happy countree, the spirit of aristocracy is extinct."

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur Bonnet," said Mrs. Hilson, quite indignantly. "It is true there



are many plebeians in this country; but we have also many people of the highest aristocracy."

"*Ah, vous plaisantez avec tant de grâce, Madame!*"

"It is pleasant, certainly, to me; though some people may not appreciate it. I am a very aristocratic spirit."

"*Ah, sans doute, Madame*; you have so much *esprit*, you laugh at me," said the Frenchman, who took Mrs. Hilson's protestation as a joke.

"No, indeed; I never was more serious in my life. I should suppose you would have been struck with the high state of aristocracy at our boarding-house, for instance."

Monsieur Bonnet could only shrug his shoulders, being quite at a loss for the lady's meaning.

"Yes; I am thoroughly patrician and aristocratic; if we only had a despotic government, to take away all privileges from plebeians, I should be perfectly happy. My language surprises you, I perceive; but it is quite natural that a descendant of a Scotch Baronet, the Duke of Percy, should have similar feelings."

More and more bewildered, Monsieur Bonnet was reduced to a how. Happily, as he thought, the warning bell was rung; and the usual cry, "Passengers for West Point, please look out for

their baggage!" changed the current of Mrs. Hilson's ideas, or rather the flow of her words.

In another moment, Mrs. Hilson and Monsieur Bonnet, with a score or two of others, were landed at West Point, and the ladies of Mr. Wyllys's party felt it no little relief to be rid of so much aristocracy.

The boat had soon reached Poughkeepsie, and much to Mr. Ellsworth's regret, Mr. Wyllys and his family went on shore. Mr. Ellsworth had been introduced to Elinor at Jane's wedding. He was a man of thirty, a widower, with an only child, and had for several years been thinking of marrying again. After having made up his mind to take the step, he next determined that he would not marry in a hurry. He was not a man of quick passions, and was sometimes accused of being fastidious in his tastes. He thought Elinor's manner charming, and soon discovered that she had every recommendation but beauty, the want of which was her only drawback; he liked her family, and probably was not sorry to hear that she would have a large property. But, unfortunately, he seldom met Miss Elinor Wyllys; she was a great part of her time in the country, and he knew nobody in the immediate neighbourhood. He had not been asked to Wyllys-Roof; nor was he, a very

recent acquaintance, on terms sufficiently intimate to present himself at the door, bag and baggage, without an invitation.

More than a twelvemonth intervened in the mean time; but he was still thinking enough of Elinor to make him wish for a meeting, when, accidentally, they passed a few days together at Old Point Comfort, and afterwards met again, not exactly by accident, it is believed, at the Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. His good opinion of Elinor was not only confirmed by this intercourse, but his admiration very much increased. It was only natural it should be so; the more one knew Elinor, the more one loved her; good sense, intelligence, sweetness of disposition like her's, united to the simple grace of manner, peculiarly her own, were best appreciated by those who saw her daily. Quite unaware of Mr. Ellsworth's views, and unconsciously influenced at first, perhaps, by the fact that he was an old friend of Harry's, she soon liked him as a companion, and received him with something more than mere politeness. "It is always pleasant to meet with an agreeable, gentlemanly, well-informed man," thought Elinor; a train of reflection which has sometimes carried young ladies farther than they at first intended. Under such circumstances, some ardent spirits would have settled

the question during a fortnight passed with the lady they admired ; but Mr. Ellsworth, though he thought Elinor's manner encouraging, did not care to hazard a hasty declaration ; he preferred waiting a few weeks, until they should meet again in Philadelphia, where the Wyllyses intended passing the winter. But unfortunately, shortly after the family returned home, Miss Agnes was taken ill, and on her partial recovery, was ordered to a warm climate before the cold weather ; and Elinor merely passed through Philadelphia on her way to the West Indies with her aunt and grandfather. Mr. Ellsworth was, of course, disappointed ; he expressed his regrets as warmly as he dared, during a morning visit, in a room half-full of company ; and he hinted in terms so pointed at his hopes of a happy meeting in the spring, that Elinor's suspicions were for the first time excited, while those of Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes were only confirmed. Since then, Mr. Ellsworth and Elinor had only seen each other once, in the street, until they met on board the steam-boat on their way to Saratoga.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Who comes here?”

AS YOU LIKE IT.

THERE was to be a Temperance meeting at Longbridge, one of more importance than usual, as a speaker of note was to be heard on the occasion.

“Are you ready, Catherine?” inquired Mr. Clapp of his wife, appearing at the parlour door, holding his hat and cane in one hand, and running the other through his brown curls.

“Wait one minute, dear, until I have put a clean collar on Willie.”

Little Willie, who had been hopping about the room, delighted with the importance of sitting up later than his younger brothers and sisters, was persuaded to stand still for a few seconds, while his mother tied on the clean collar; when Mr.

Clapp, his wife, and eldest boy set out for the meeting-house, which they found already half-filled. They were beckoned into a pew near to one already occupied by the Van Hornes, Miss Patsey, and Charlie. As the evening was very pleasant, men, women, and children crowded in, until a large audience was brought together, urged, as usual, by different motives; some came from curiosity, others from always preferring an evening in public to an evening at home; some, from sincere respect for the object of the meeting; many for the sake of the speeches, and many others merely because they were ever ready to follow the general example. Mr. Clapp had no sooner found seats for his wife and child, than he began to look about him; his eye wandered over the heads around, apparently in quest of some one; at length his search seemed successful; it rested on a man, whose whole appearance and dress proclaimed him to be a sailor.

The meeting was opened by prayer, two different ministers officiating on the occasion; one, a venerable-looking old man, offered a simple, fervent, Christian prayer; the second, a much younger person, placing one hand in his waistcoat pocket, the other under the flaps of his coat, advanced to the front of the staging, and commenced, what was afterwards pronounced one of

the "most eloquent prayers ever addressed to a congregation."

The speeches then followed. The first speaker, who seemed the business-man of the evening, gave some account of the statistics of the Society, concluding with a short address to those present, hoping they would, upon that occasion, enrol their names as Members of the Longbridge Temperance Society.

The principal orator of the evening, Mr. Strong, then came forward; he made a speech of some length, and one that was very impressive. Nothing could be more clear, more just, more true, than the picture he drew of the manifold evils of intemperance; a vice so deceitful in its first appearance, so treacherous in its growth; so degrading, so brutalizing in its enjoyments; so blasting and ruinous in its effects—ruinous to body and mind, heart and soul—blasting all hopes for this life and for the next, so long as it remains unconquered. He entreated his friends to count the cost of indulgence in this vice; loss of property, loss of health, loss of character, loss of intellect and feeling, loss of conscience, until roused in those fearful moments of terror and fury, the peculiar punishment of drunkenness. He begged his hearers to look at this evil under all its aspects, from the moment it destroys the

daily peace of its miserable victims and all connected with them, until it leaves them, in death, without a hope, exposed to the fearful penalty of sin. As he went on, the heart of many a wretched wife and mother acknowledged the bitter truth of his observations; many a guilty conscience shrunk under the probe.

He then made a just and reasonable estimate of the difficulties to be resisted in conquering this evil; he did not attempt to deny that there were obstacles to be overcome; he showed all the force of bad habit, all the danger of temptation—but if there were difficulties in the way, it was equally true that the power to subdue them was fully within the reach of every man. He went on to represent the happy effects of a change from evil to good; a restoration to usefulness, peace, comfort, and respectability, which has happily been seen in many an instance. He concluded by appealing to his hearers as men, to shake off a debasing slavery; as Christians, to flee from a heinous sin; and he entreated them, if they had not done so before, to take, on that evening, the first step in the cheering, honourable, blessed course of temperance.

Mr. Strong's speech was, in fact, excellent; all



he said was perfectly true, it was well-expressed, and his manner was easy, natural, and dignified.

He was followed by William Cassius Clapp; the lawyer had been very anxious to speak at this meeting. Temperance societies were very popular at that time in Longbridge, and he was, of course, desirous of not losing so good an opportunity of appearing before the public on such an occasion; he thought it would help him on in his road towards the Assembly. Running his fingers through his curls, he took his place on the stage, and commenced. He was very fluent by nature, and in animation, in fanatical zeal for the cause, he far surpassed Mr. Strong; any other cause, by-the-bye, had it been popular, would have suited him just as well. In assertion, in denunciation, he distinguished himself particularly; he called upon every individual present to come forward and sign the pledge, under penalty of public disgrace; it was the will of the community that the pledge should be signed, public opinion demanded it, the public will required it; every individual present who neglected to sign the pledge of total abstinence, he pronounced to be "instigated by aristocratic pride," and would leave that house, stigmatized as "anti-Christian, and anti-republican;" and

in conclusion he threw in something about "liberty."

Mr. Clapp sat down amid much applause; his speech was warmly admired by a portion of his hearers. All did not seem to agree on the subject, however, to judge, at least, by their manner and expression; for, during the delivery of their brother-in-law's oration, Miss Patsey Hubbard seemed to be generally looking down at the floor, while Charlie was looking up at the ceiling: and there were many others present, who thought Mr. Clapp's fluency much more striking than his common sense, or his sincerity. It is always painful to hear a good cause injured by a bad defence, to see truth disgraced by unworthy weapons employed in her name. It would have been quite impossible for Mr. Clapp to prove half his bold assertions, to justify half his sweeping denunciations. Still, in spite of the fanatical character of some of the advocates of Temperance, who distort her just proportions as a virtue—lovely in her own true character—yet drunkenness is a vice so hateful, that one would never wish to oppose any society, however imperfectly managed, whose object is to oppose that dangerous and common evil. Let it not be forgotten, however, that total abstinence from spirituous liquors is not the one great duty of

man ; intemperance is not the only sin to which human nature is inclined.

Mr. Clapp's speech was the last for the evening.

"I wish you joy, Mrs. Clapp," said Mrs. Tibbs, leaning forward from the seat behind the lawyer's pretty little wife, and nodding as she spoke.

"I really congratulate you ; Mr. Clapp has surpassed himself—such animation, such a flow of eloquence !" added Mrs. Bibbs.

Kate smiled, and looked much gratified ; she evidently admired her husband's speeches as much as she did his hair.

The moment for enrolling new names had now come ; numbers of the audience went forward to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. There was one worthy woman, a widow, sitting near Miss Patsey, whose only son had, during the last year or two, fallen into habits of intemperance ; his attention had quite lately been attracted to the Temperance Societies, he had read their publications, had been struck by a short speech of Mr. Strong on a former occasion ; and his mother's joy may possibly be imagined, as she saw him rise and add his name to the list of members engaging to abstain from intoxicating liquors. There were several others whose hearts

were cheered, on the same occasion, by seeing those they loved best, those over whom they had often mourned, take this step towards reformation. Among the rest, a man dressed as a sailor was seen approaching the table; when his turn came he put down his name, and this was no sooner done, than Mr. Clapp advanced and shook him warmly by the hand.

“Who is that man, Catherine, speaking to Mr. Clapp? He looks like a sailor,” inquired Miss Patsey.

“I don’t know who it is—some client I suppose. William seemed very much pleased at his signing.”

Mr. Clapp, after shaking hands with his friend, the sailor, made his way through the crowd, until he reached the pew where his wife and little boy were sitting. Taking Willie by the hand, he led him to the table, placed the pen in his fingers, and left him to write William C. Clapp, jr. as well as he could—no easy matter, by-the-bye, for the child was not very expert in capital letters. As Willie was the youngest individual on the list, his signature was received by a burst of applause. The little fellow was extremely elated by being made of so much consequence; to tell the truth, he understood very little of what he

was about. If respect for temperance were implanted in his mind on that evening, it was also accompanied by still more decided ideas of the great importance of little boys, with the germ of a confused notion as to the absolute necessity of the approbation of a regularly organized public meeting, to foster every individual virtue in himself, and in the human race in general.

Miss Patsey very much doubted the wisdom of making her little nephew play such a prominent part before the public; she had old-fashioned notions about the modesty of childhood and youth. The mother, her sister Kate, however, was never disposed to find fault with anything her husband did; it was all right in her eyes. Mr. Clapp himself took the opportunity to thank the audience, in a short but emphatic burst, for their sympathy; concluding by expressing the hope that his boy would one day be as much disposed to gratitude for any public favours, and as entirely submissive, body and soul, to the public will of his own time, as he himself—the father—was conscious of being at that moment—within a few weeks of election.

The meeting was shortly after concluded by a temperance song, and a good prayer by the elder minister.

As the audience crowded out of the door, Mr.

Clapp nodded again to the sailor, when passing near him.

“Who is that man, William?” asked Mrs. Clapp, as they reached the street.

“It is a person in whom I am warmly interested—an injured man.”

“Indeed!—one of your clients I suppose.”

“Yes. I am now pledged to serve him to the best of my ability.”

“He looks like a sailor.”

“He is a sailor, just returned from a three years’ whaling voyage. You will be surprised, Catherine, when you hear that man’s story; but the time has come when it must be revealed to the world.”

“You quite excite my curiosity. I hope you will tell me the story?”

“Yes; you shall hear it. But where are your sister and Charles; are they going home with us?”

“No. I am very sorry; but they told me at the meeting they could not stay, as they had come over in Mrs. Van Horne’s carriage. It is a pity, for I had made some ice-cream, and gathered some raspberries expressly for them; and we have hardly seen Charles since he arrived. But Patsey wants us to spend the day at the grey-house, to-morrow, children and all.”

Mr. Clapp assented to this arrangement; although he said he should not be able to do

more than go over himself for his family in the evening, on account of business.

Kate had only her husband and Willie to share her excellent ice-cream and beautiful raspberries on that warm evening; the trio did justice, however, to these nice refreshments; and little Willie only wished he could sign a temperance pledge every evening, if he could sit up later than usual, and eat an excellent supper after it.

After the little fellow had been sent to bed, and his mother had taken a look at her younger children, who were sleeping sweetly in their usual places, the lawyer and his wife were left alone in the parlour. It was a charming moon-light evening, though very warm; and Kate having lowered the lamp, threw herself into a rocking-chair near the window; while Mr. Clapp, who had had rather a fatiguing day, was stretched out on the sofa.

“It is early yet, William; suppose you tell the story you promised me, about your client, the sailor.”

“I don’t much like to tell it, Catherine; and yet it is time you knew something about it, for we must proceed to action immediately.”

“Oh, tell me, by all means! You have really made me quite curious. You know very well that I can keep a secret.”

“Certainly; and I request you will not mention the facts I shall relate, to any one, for some time; not until we have taken the necessary legal steps.”

“Of course not, if you wish it; and now for the story. You said this poor man had been injured.”

“Grossly injured.”

“In what manner?”

“He has been treated in the most unjustifiable manner by his nearest relatives. His reputation has been injured, and he has been tyrannically deprived of a very large property.”

“Is it possible!—poor fellow! Can nothing be done for him?”

“That is what we shall see. Yes, I flatter myself if there is law in the land, we shall yet be able to restore him to his rights!”

“Does he belong to this part of the country?”

“He does not himself; but those who are revelling in his wealth do.”

“What is his name? Do I know his family?”

“You will be distressed, Catherine, when you hear the name. You will be astonished when you learn the whole story; but the time for concealment has gone by now. Several years ago that poor sailor came to me, in ragged clothing, in poverty and distress, and first laid his complaint



before me. I did not believe a word of what he told me ; I thought the man mad, and refused to have anything to do with the cause. He became disgusted, and went to sea again, and for some time gave up all hope of being reinstated in his rights ; the obstacles seemed too great. But at length a very important witness in his favour was accidentally thrown in his way : at the end of his cruise he came to me again, and I confess I was astounded at the evidence he then laid before me. It is conclusive, beyond a doubt, to any unprejudiced mind," said Mr. Clapp, rousing himself from his recumbent position.

"But you have not told me the man's name."

"His name is Stanley—William Stanley."

"You said I knew him ; but I never heard of him. I don't know the family at all."

"Yes, you do ; you know them only too well ; you will be as much surprised as I was myself—as I am still, whenever I allow myself to dwell on the subject. Mr. Stanley is the cousin-german of your friend, Miss Elinor Wyllys. Mr. Wyllys himself, Mrs. Stanley, the step-mother, and young Hazlehurst, are the individuals who stand between him and his rights," continued Mr. Clapp, rising, and walking across the room, as he ran his fingers through his brown curls.

“Impossible!” exclaimed Kate, as the fan she held dropped from her hand.

“Just what I said myself, at first,” replied Mr. Clapp.

“But surely you are deceived, William—how can it be?” continued the wife in amazement. “We always thought that Mr. Stanley was lost at sea, years ago!”

“Exactly—it was thought so; but it was not true.”

“But where has he been in the mean time? Why did he wait so long before he came to claim his inheritance?”

“The same unhappy, reckless disposition that first sent him to sea, kept him roving about. He did not know of his father’s death until four years after it had taken place, and he heard at the same time that he had been disinherited. When he came home, after that event, he found that he was generally believed to have been lost in the Jefferson, wrecked in the year 18—. He was, in fact, the only man saved.”

“How very extraordinary! But why has he never even shown himself among his friends and connexions until now?”

“Why, my dear, his habits have been unhappily very bad in every way for years; they

were indeed the cause of his first leaving his family. He hated everything like restraint—even the common restraints of society, and cared for nothing but a sailor's life, and that in the worst shape, it must be confessed. But he has now grown wiser—he has determined to reform. You observed he signed the temperance pledge this evening?"

"It all sounds so strangely, that I cannot yet believe it, William."

"I dare say not—it took me four years to believe it."

"But what do you mean to do? I hope you are not going to undertake a law-suit against two of our best friends, Mr. Wyllys and Mr. Hazlehurst?"

"That must depend on Mr. Wyllys and Mr. Hazlehurst themselves. I have undertaken, Catherine, to do my best towards restoring this injured man to his property."

"Oh, William, suppose this man is in the wrong after all! Don't think of having anything to do with him."

"My dear, you talk like a woman—you don't know what you say. If I don't act in the premises, do you suppose he won't find another lawyer to undertake his cause?"

"Let him have another, then; but it seems too

bad that we should take sides against our best friends. It hardly seems honourable, William, to do so."

"Honour, alone, won't make a young lawyer's pot boil, I can tell you."

"But I had rather live poorly, and work hard all my life, than that you should undertake a dishonest cause."

"It is all very pretty talking, but I have no mind to live poorly. I intend to live as well as I can, and I don't look upon this Stanley cause as a bad one at all. I must say, Catherine, you are rather hard upon your husband, and seem to think more of the interests of your friends, than of his own."

"How can you talk so, William, when you know you *can't* think it," said the wife reproachfully, tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, I only judge from what you say yourself. But in my opinion there is no danger of a law-suit. As Mr. Stanley's agent, I shall first apply to Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Hazlehurst to acknowledge his claim; and when the evidence is laid before them, I have no kind of doubt but they will immediately give up the property; as they are some of your very honourable people, I must say I think they are bound to do so."

“Certainly, if the evidence is so clear; but it seems to me, from all I have heard since I have been a lawyer’s wife, that evidence never is so very clear, William, but what people disagree about it.”

“Well, I flatter myself that people will be staggered by the proofs we can bring forward. I feel sure of public opinion, at least.”

Kate was silenced; but though she could think of nothing more to urge, she was very far from feeling easy on the subject.

“I hope with all my heart it will be settled amicably,” she added at length.

“There is every probability that it will. Though the story sounds so strangely to you now—just as it did to me, at first—yet when you come to hear all the facts, you will find there is scarcely room for a shadow of doubt.”

“How sorry mother and Patsey will be when they hear it!”

“I can’t see why they should be sorry to see a man reinstated in his rights, after having been deprived of them for eighteen years. If they are not blinded by their partiality for the Wyllyses and Hazlehursts, they cannot help being convinced by the evidence we can show.”

“How old is this man—this sailor—this Mr. Stanley?”

“Just thirty-six, he tells me. Did you remark his likeness to Mr. Stanley’s portrait at Wylls-Roof? That was the first thing that struck me.”

“No. I hardly looked at him.”

“You must expect to see him often now. I have invited him to dinner for to-morrow.”

“For to-morrow? Well, Uncle Dozie has sent me this afternoon a beautiful mess of green peas, and you will have to get something nice from market in the way of poultry and fish. Though, I suppose as he has been a common sailor so long he won’t be very particular about his dinner.”

“He knows what is good, I can tell you. You must give him such a dinner as he would have had at his father’s in old times.”

“Well, just as you please, William; only, if you really care for me, do not let the man deceive you. Be sure you sift the matter thoroughly—what you call cross-examine him.”

“Never you fear—I know what I am about, Katie; though if I was to follow your advice in law matters, I reckon we should all of us starve together.”

“I hope it will all turn out well, but I seem to feel badly about it,” said Kate with a sigh, as she

rose to light a candle: "only don't be too hasty—take time."

"We have taken time enough I think, as it is. We are only waiting now for Mr. Hazlehurst to arrive in Philadelphia, when we shall put forward our claim."

## CHAPTER IX.

"They call thee rich."

COWPER.

WHEN the Wyllyses arrived at Saratoga, after having paid their promised visit to their friends at Poughkeepsie, the first persons they saw in the street, as they were driving to Congress Hall, were Mrs. Creighton, Mr. Ellsworth, and Mr. Stryker, who were loitering along together. It seemed the excursion to Nahant had been postponed, or given up.

The brother and sister soon discovered that the Wyllyses were among that afternoon's arrivals, and in the course of an hour or two called at their rooms.

"Here am I, Miss Wyllys," said Mrs. Creighton, "the best of sisters, giving up my own private plans to gratify this brother of mine, who



would not let me rest unless I promised to pass another week here."

"Josephine makes the most of her complaisance; but I don't think she was so very much averse to giving up Nahant. I am sure, at least, she did not care half so much about going, as I did about staying."

Mr. Stryker also appeared to make his bow to the ladies. This gentleman had indeed come to Saratoga, with the express intention of making himself particularly agreeable to Miss Elinor Wyllys. As long ago as Jane's wedding, he had had his eye on her, but, like Mr. Ellsworth, he had seldom been able to meet her. Mr. Stryker was a man between forty and fifty, possessing some little property, a very good opinion of himself, and quite a reputation for cleverness and knowledge of the world. He was one of those men who hang loose on society; he seemed to have neither relations nor connexions; no one knew his origin. For years he had occupied the same position in the gay world of New York, with this difference, that at five-and-twenty he was known as Bob Stryker; at five-and-thirty he was Colonel Stryker, the traveller; and at five-and-forty he had returned to New York, after a second long absence, as Mr. Stryker, *tout court*.

He prided himself upon being considered a

gentleman at large, a man of the world, whose opinion on all subjects was worth hearing. Since his last return from Europe, he had announced that he was looking about for that necessary encumbrance, a wife; but he took good care not to mention what he called his future intentions, until he had actually committed himself more than once. He had several times kindly offered to rich and beautiful girls, to take charge of themselves and their fortunes, but his services had been as often politely declined. He was not discouraged, however, by these repulses; he still determined to marry, but experience had taught him greater prudence—he decided that his next advances should be made with more caution. He would shun the great belles; fortune he must have, but he would adopt one of two courses; he would either look out for some very young and very silly girl, who could be persuaded into anything, or he would try to discover some rich woman, with a plain face, who would be flattered by the attentions of the agreeable Mr. Stryker.

While he was making these reflections, he was introduced to Elinor, and we are sorry to say it, she appeared to him to possess the desirable qualifications. She was certainly very plain; and he found that there was no mistake in the report of her having received two important legacies

quite lately. Miss Elinor Wyllys, thanks to these bequests, to her expectations from her grandfather and Miss Agnes, and to the Longbridge railroad, was now generally considered a fortune. It is true, common report had added very largely to her possessions by doubling and quadrupling their amount; for at that precise moment, people seemed to be growing ashamed of mentioning small sums; thousands were invariably counted by round fifties and hundreds. Should any gentleman be curious as to the precise amount of the fortune of Miss Elinor Wyllys, he is respectfully referred to William Cassius Clapp, Attorney at Law, Longbridge, considered excellent authority on all such subjects. Lest any one should be disposed to mistrust this story of Elinor's newly-acquired reputation as an heiress, we shall proceed at once to prove it by evidence of the most convincing character.

One morning, shortly after the arrival of the Wyllyses at Saratoga, Mr. Wyllys entered the room where Miss Agnes and Elinor were sitting together, with a handful of papers and letters from the mail. Several of these letters were for Elinor, and as she reads them we shall take the liberty of peeping over her shoulder—their contents will speak for themselves. The first which she took up was written on very handsome

paper, perfumed, and in an envelop; but neither the seal nor the hand-writing was known to Elinor. It ran as follows:—

“Charming Miss Wyllys,

“It may appear presumptuous in one unknown to you, to address you on a subject so important as that which is the theme of this epistle; but not having the honour of your acquaintance, I am compelled by dire necessity, and the ardent feelings of my heart, to pour forth on paper the expression of the strong admiration with which you have inspired me. Lovely Miss Wyllys, you are but too well known to me, although I scarcely dare to hope that your eye has rested for a moment on the features of your humble adorer. I am a European, one who has moved in the first circles of his native land; and after commencing life as a military man, was compelled, by persecution, to flee to the hospitable shores of America. Chequered as my life has been, happy, thrice happy shall I consider it, if you will but permit me to devote its remaining years to your service! Without your smiles, the last days of my career will be more gloomy than all that have gone before. But I cannot believe you so cruel, so hard-hearted, as to refuse to admit to your presence, one

connected with several families of the nobility and gentry in the north of England, merely because the name of Horace de Vere has been sullied by appearing on the stage. Let me hope—”

Elinor read no farther; she threw the letter aside with an expression of disgust and mortification. It was but one of half-a-dozen of similar character, which she had received during the last year or two from utter strangers. She took up another, a plain, honest-looking sheet.

“Madam,

“If the new store, being erected on your lot in Market Street, between Fourth and Fifth, is not already leased, you will confer an obligation if you will let us know to whom we must apply for terms, &c., &c. The location and premises being suitable, we should be glad to rent. The best of references can be offered on our part.

“Begging you will excuse this application, as we are ignorant of the name of your agent in Philadelphia, we have the honour to be, Madam,

“Your most obedient servants,

“McMUNNY & Co.

“Grocers, Market, between Front and Second.”

A business letter, it appears, to be attended to accordingly. Now for the third—a delicate little envelop of satin paper, blue wax, and the seal “*semper eadem.*”

“My sweet Miss Elinor,

“When *shall* we see you at Bloomingdale? You are quite too cruel to disappoint us so often; we really do not deserve such shabby treatment. Here is the month of June, with its roses, and strawberries, and ten thousand other sweets, and among them you must positively allow us to hope for a visit from our very dear friends at Wyllys-Roof. Should your venerable grand-papa, or my excellent friend, Miss Wyllys be unhappily detained at home, as you feared, do not let that be the means of depriving us of your visit. I need not say that William would be only too happy to drive you to Bloomingdale, at any time you might choose; but if that plan, *his* plan, should frighten your propriety, I shall be proud to take charge of you myself. Anne is not only pining for your visit, but very tired of answering a dozen times a-day, her brother’s questions, ‘When shall we see Miss Wyllys?’—‘Is Miss Wyllys never coming?’

“I do not think, my sweet young friend, that you can have the heart to disappoint us any

longer; and, therefore, I shall certainly look for one of your charming little notes, written in an amiable, complying mood.

“Anne sends her very best love. William begs to be *very particularly* remembered to Miss Elinor Wyllys.

“With a thousand kind messages to your grandfather and Miss Wyllys, I remain as ever, my dear young friend,

“Yours, most devotedly and partially,

“ARABELLA HUNTER.”

Elinor read this note with a doubtful smile, which seemed to say she was half-amused, half-provoked by it. Throwing it carelessly on the sofa, she opened the fourth letter; it was in a childish hand.

“My dear Miss Wyllys,

“My mother wishes me to thank you myself, for your last act of goodness to us; but I can never tell you all we feel on the subject. My dear mother cried with joy all the evening, after she had received your letter. I am going to school according to your wish, as soon as mother can spare me, and I shall study very hard, which will be the best way of thanking you. The music-master says he has no doubt but I can play well

enough to give lessons, if I go on as well as I have in the last year ; I practise regularly every day. Mother bids me say, that now she feels sure of my education for the next three years, one of her heaviest cares has been taken away ; she says too, that although many friends in the parish have been very good to us since my dear father was taken away from us, yet ‘ no act of kindness has been so important to us, none so cheering to the heart of the widow and the fatherless, as your generous goodness to her eldest child ;’ these are her own words. Mother will write to you herself to-morrow. I thank you again, dear Miss Wyllys, for myself, and I remain, very respectfully and very gratefully,

“ Your obliged servant and friend,

“ MARY SMITH.”

This last letter seemed to restore all Elinor’s good humour, acting as an antidote to the three which had preceded it. The correspondence which we have taken the liberty of reading, will testify more clearly than any assurance of ours, to the fact that our friend Elinor now stands invested with the dignity of an heiress, accompanied by the dangers, pleasures and annoyances, usually surrounding an unmarried woman, possessing the reputation of a fortune.



Wherever Elinor now appeared, the name of a fortune procured her attention; the plain face which some years before had caused her to be neglected where she was not intimately known, was no longer an obstacle to the gallantry of the very class who had shunned her before. Indeed, the want of beauty, which might have been called her misfortune, was now the very ground on which several of her suitors founded their hopes of success; as she was pronounced so very plain, the dandies thought it impossible she could resist the charm of their own personal advantages. Elinor had, in short, her full share of those persecutions which are sure to befall all heiresses. The peculiar evils of such a position affect young women very differently, according to their various dispositions.

Had Elinor been weak and vain, she would have fallen into the hands of a fortune-hunter. Had she been of a gloomy temper, disgust at the coarse plots and manœuvres, so easily unravelled by a clear-sighted person, might have made her a prey to suspicion, and all but misanthropic. Had she been vulgar-minded, she would have been purse-proud; if cold-hearted, she would have become only more selfish. Vanity would have made her ridiculously ostentatious and conceited;

a jealous temper would have become self-willed and domineering.

Change of position often produces an apparent change of character; sometimes the effect is injurious, sometimes it is advantageous. But we trust that the reader, on renewing his acquaintance with Elinor Wyllys, will find her, while flattered by the world as an heiress, essentially the same in character and manner, as she was when overlooked and neglected on account of an unusually plain face. If a shade of difference is perceptible, it is only the natural result of four or five years for additional experience, and she has merely exchanged the first retiring modesty of early youth, for a greater portion of self-possession.

In the first months of her new reputation as an heiress, Elinor had been astonished at the boldness of some attacks upon her; then, as there was much that was ridiculous connected with these proceedings, she had been diverted; but, at length, when she found them rapidly increasing, she became seriously annoyed.

“What a miserable puppet these adventurers must think me—it is cruelly mortifying to see how confident of success some of them appear!” she exclaimed to her aunt.

“I am very sorry, my child, that you should be

annoyed in this way—but it seems you must make up your mind to these impertinences—it is only what every woman who has property must expect.”

“It is really intolerable! But I am determined, at least, that they shall not fill my head with suspicions—and I never can endure to be perpetually on my guard against these sort of people. It will not do to think of them; that is the only way to keep one’s temper. If I know myself, there never can be any danger to me from men of that kind, even the most agreeable.”

“Take care,” said Miss Agnes, smiling, and shaking her head.

“Well, I know at least there is no danger at present; but as we all have moments of weakness, I shall therefore very humbly beg that if you ever see me in the least danger, you will give me warning, dear aunt. A very sharp warning if you please.”

“In such a case I should certainly warn you, my dear. It strikes me that several of your most disagreeable admirers—”

“How can you call them *admirers*, Aunt Agnes?”

“Well, several of your pursuers, then, are beginning to discover that you are not a young lady easily persuaded into believing herself

an angel, and capable of fancying them the most chivalrous and disinterested of men."

This was quite true ; there was a quiet dignity, with an occasional touch of decision in Elinor's manner, that had already convinced several gentlemen that she had more firmness of character than suited their views ; and they had accordingly withdrawn from the field.

"Suppose, Elinor, that I begin by giving you a warning, this morning ?" continued Miss Agnes, smiling.

"You are not serious, surely, aunt ?" replied Elinor, turning from some music she was unpacking to look at Miss Wyllys.

"Yes, indeed ; I am serious, so far as believing that you are at this moment exposed to the manœuvres of a gentleman whom you do not seem in the least to suspect, and who is decidedly agreeable."

"Whom can you mean ?" said Elinor, running over in her head the names of several persons whom she had seen lately. "You surely do not suspect—no ; I am sure you have too good an opinion of him."

"I am very far from having a particularly good opinion of the person I refer to," said Miss Agnes ; "I think him, at least, nothing better than a fortune-hunter ; and although it is very

possible to do many worse things than marrying for money, yet I hope you will never become the wife of a man whose principles are not above suspicion in every way."

"I am disposed, just at present, I can assure you, dear aunt, to have a particularly poor opinion of a mere fortune-hunter."

"Yes; you do not seem to feel very amiably towards the class just now," said Miss Agnes, smiling.

"But who is the individual who stands so low in your opinion?"

"It is your opinion, and not mine, which is the important one," replied Miss Agnes.

"Ah, I see you are joking, aunt! You half frightened me at first. As far as having no fears for myself, I am really in an alarming state."

"So it would seem. But have you really no suspicions of one of our visitors of last evening?"

Elinor looked uneasy.

"Is it possible," she said, lowering her voice a little, "that you believe Mr. Ellsworth to be a common fortune-hunter? I thought you had a very different opinion of him."

"You are right, my child," said Miss Agnes, apparently pleased by this allusion to their friend; "I have, indeed, a high opinion of Mr. Ellsworth; but he was not our only visitor last evening."

“Is it Mr. Stryker? I have half suspected some such thing myself, lately; I cannot take credit for so much innocence as you gave me. But it is not worth while to trouble oneself about Mr. Stryker; he is certainly old enough, and worldly-wise enough to take care of himself. If he actually has any such views, his time will be sadly thrown away. But it is much more probable that he is really in love with Mrs. Creighton; and it would be very ridiculous in me to imagine that he is even pretending to care for me, when he is attached to some one else.”

“He may flirt with Mrs. Creighton, but, if I am not mistaken, he intends to offer himself before long to Miss Wyllys; and I thought you had not remarked his advances.”

“I fancy, dear aunt, that men like Mr. Stryker seldom commit themselves unless they feel pretty sure of success.”

The conversation was here interrupted, Elinor was engaged to ride with Mr. Wyllys, who now returned from the reading-room for his granddaughter. Mrs. Creighton was also going out with her brother, and proposed the two parties joining; an invitation which Mr. Wyllys had very readily accepted. The horses were ordered, Elinor was soon equipped, and on joining Mrs. Creighton at the door, she was assisted to mount

by Mr. Ellsworth. Mr. Stryker had also been invited to ride with them by the pretty widow.

It was a lovely morning, and they moved off gaily on one of the roads leading to Saratoga Lake. Elinor enjoying the air and the exercise, Mr. Ellsworth at her side, doing his best to make his society agreeable; Mrs. Creighton engaged in making a conquest of the two gentlemen between whom she rode. Yes, we are obliged to confess the fact; on her part, at least, there was nothing wanting to make up a flirtation with Mr. Wyllys. The widow belonged to that class of ladies, whose thirst for admiration really seems insatiable, and who appear anxious to compel all who approach them to feel the effect of their charms. Elinor would have been frightened had she been aware of the attack made that morning, by Mrs. Creighton, on the peace of her excellent grandfather, now in his seventy-third year. Not that the lady neglected Mr. Stryker—by no means; she was very capable of managing two affairs of the kind at the same moment. All the remarks she addressed, particularly to Mr. Wyllys, were sensible and lady-like; those she made to Mr. Stryker, were clever, worldly, and piquant; while the general tone of her conversation was always a well-bred medley of much fashionable levity, with some good sense and propriety. Mr.

Stryker scarcely knew whether to be pleased, or to regret that he was obliged to ride at her side. He had lately become particularly anxious to advance in the good graces of Miss Elinor Wyllys, for two reasons ; he had lost money, and was very desirous of appropriating some of Elinor's to his own use ; and he had also felt himself to be in imminent danger of falling in love with Mrs. Creighton, and he wished to put it out of his own power to offer himself to her in a moment of weakness. Much as he admired the beauty, the wit, and the worldly spirit of the pretty widow, he was half afraid of her ; he judged her by himself ; he knew that she was artful, and he knew that she was poor ; for her late husband, Mr. Creighton, during a short married life, had run through all his wife's property, as well as his own, and his widow was now entirely dependent upon her brother.

The attention of the two gentlemen was not, however, entirely engrossed by Mrs. Creighton. Mr. Stryker was by no means willing to resign the field to his rival, Mr. Ellsworth ; and Mr. Wyllys was not so much charmed by the conversation of his fair companion, but that his eye could rest with pleasure on the couple before him, as he thought there was every probability that Elinor would at length gratify his long-



cherished wish, and become the wife of a man he believed worthy of her. As the party halted for a few moments on the bank of the Lake, Mr. Wyllys was particularly struck with the expression of spirit and interest with which Elinor was listening to Mr. Ellsworth's description of the Lakes of Killarney, which he had seen during his last visit to Europe; and when the gentleman had added a ludicrous account of some Paddyism of his guide, she laughed so gaily that the sound rejoiced her grandfather's heart.

Elinor had long since regained her former cheerfulness. For a time, Harry's desertion had made her sad, but she soon felt it a duty to shake off every appearance of gloom, for the sake of her grandfather and aunt, whose happiness was so deeply interwoven with her own. Religious motives also strengthened her determination to resist every repining feeling. The true spirit of cheerfulness is, in fact, the fruit of two of the greatest virtues of Christianity—steadfast faith, and unfeigned humility; and it is akin to thankfulness, which is only the natural consequence of a sense of our own imperfections, and of the unmerited goodness of Providence.

“We have had a charming ride, Miss Wyllys!” said Mrs. Creighton, as the party returned to the hotel.

“Very pleasant,” said Elinor.

“Delightful!” exclaimed Mr. Ellsworth. “I hope we shall have such another every day.”

“Then I must try and find an animal with rather better paces than the one which has the honour of carrying me at present,” said Mr. Stryker.

“But Mrs. Creighton has been so very agreeable, that I should think you would have been happy to accompany her on the worst horse in Saratoga,” observed Mr. Wyllys.

“Only too agreeable,” replied Mr. Stryker, as he helped the lady to dismount, while Mr. Ellsworth performed the same service to Elinor.

## CHAPTER X.

“ I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.”

HENRY VIII.

ONE evening, about a week after the arrival of the Wylyses, there was a dance at Congress Hall, where they were staying. Mrs. Creighton, with her brother, who were already engaged to meet some friends there, urged Elinor very much to join them; but she declined, not wishing to leave Jane. Mr. Ellsworth, who had been very devoted, of late, seemed particularly anxious she should go. But although Elinor's manner betrayed some little embarrassment, if not indecision, as the gentleman urged her doing so, still she persisted in remaining with her cousin.

“ Well, I am sorry we cannot persuade you, Miss Wylyys; though I dare say you will have a very pleasant evening in your own parlour.”

“We must put off our game of chess until tomorrow, Mrs. Creighton,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“Yes, unfortunately for me; for I have fully determined to beat you, Sir, at our next trial. Well, Frank, we cannot stay here all the evening; I dare say, our friends, the Stevensons, are looking for us in the ball-room already.”

“Mrs. Creighton is a very pretty woman,” observed Mr. Wyllys, as he seated himself at the chess-board, opposite his daughter, after the brother and sister had left the room.

“Yes, a very pretty woman; and she always looks well in her evening-dress,” replied Miss Agnes.

Elinor devoted herself to Jane's amusement. Ever since they had been together, she had given up a great part of her time to Mrs. Taylor, whom she was very anxious to cheer and enliven, that she might persuade her to throw off the melancholy and low spirits, which her cousin seemed purposely to encourage. The sick baby was better, and Elinor was in hopes that before they parted, she should succeed in awakening Jane to a somewhat better frame of mind. She was very desirous that the time they were together should not be lost; and her kindness was so unwearied, her manner was so affectionate and soothing, and the advice she sometimes allowed herself to give,

was so clear and sensible, that at last Jane seemed to feel the good effects of her cousin's efforts.

After Mr. Ellsworth and his sister had left the room to join the dancers, Jane suddenly turned to Elinor, with tears in her eyes. "How kind you are!" she said. "I dare say you would like to go down stairs. But you are too good to me, Elinor!"

"Nonsense, Jenny; I can't help it if I would. Do you think I should enjoy dancing, if I knew you were sitting alone in this dark corner, while grandpapa and Aunt Agnes are playing chess? You are looking a great deal more woe-begone than you ought to, now baby is so much better."

"You spoil me," said Jane, shaking her head, and smiling with more feeling than usual in her unexpressive face.

"I shall spoil you a great deal more before we get through. Next week, when Mr. Taylor comes, I intend to talk him into bringing you over to Wyllys-Roof, to pay a good long visit, like old times."

"I had much rather think of old times, than of what is to come. There is nothing pleasant for me to look forward to!"

"How can you know that, Jane? I have learned one lesson by experience, though I am

only a year older than you, dear—and it is, that if we are often deceived by hope, so we are quite as often misled by fear.”

“I believe, Elinor, you are my best friend,” said Jane, holding out her hand to her cousin.

“Oh! you have more good friends than you think for, and much good of every kind, though you will shut your eyes to the fact.”

“It may be so,” said Jane; “I will try to follow your advice if I can.”

“Try hard, then,” said Elinor, “and all will go well. And now, shall I sing you the song Mrs. Creighton cut short?”

She began to sing “Auld Lang Syne;” but the song was interrupted before she had finished the second verse. Several persons were heard approaching their room, which was in a retired, quiet part of the house; the door soon opened, and in walked Robert Hazlehurst.

“Well, good people!” he exclaimed, “you take the world as quietly as anybody I know. We supposed, of course, you were at the ball, but Elinor’s voice betrayed you. This way, Louisa,” he said returning to the door, after having shaken hands with Mr. Wyllys and Miss Agnes.

“How glad I am to see you!” exclaimed Elinor; “you are as good as your word; but we

did not expect you for several days;" and Jane and herself went to the door to meet Mrs. Hazlehurst.

"And, pray, what reason had you to suppose that we should not keep our word?" said the latter as she appeared.

"We thought Harry would probably detain you," said Elinor.

"Not at all; we brought him along with us."

"That was a good arrangement we had not thought of," observed Miss Agnes.

Harry entered the room. He was not entirely free from embarrassment at first; but when Mr. Wyllys met him with something of the cordial manner of old times, he immediately recovered himself. He kissed the hand of Miss Agnes, as in former days, and saluted Elinor in the same way, instead of the more brotherly greeting with which he used to meet her of old.

"And here is Jane, too, Harry," said Mrs. Hazlehurst, who had just embraced her sister. "You have been so long away, that I dare say you have forgotten half your old friends."

"Not at all," said Harry, crossing the room to Jane. "I think myself a very lucky fellow at finding them all collected here together for my especial benefit. I met Mr. Taylor for a moment in New York," he continued addressing Jane.

“Did he say when he was coming for me?” replied Mrs. Taylor, offering her hand to her kinsman.

“He told me that he should be at Saratoga very shortly.”

“I have a letter for you in my trunk, Jane,” said Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst.

“Don’t you think our invalid much better, already, Louisa?” asked Elinor.

“Yes; she does credit to your nursing.”

“No wonder,” said Jane; “for during the last month I have been petted all the time; first by Mrs. Taylor, then by Aunt Agnes and Elinor.”

“It’s very pleasant to be petted.” said Harry; “that’s precisely what I came home for. I give you fair notice, Louisa, I expect a great deal from you in the next three months.”

“Is that the length of your holiday?” inquired Miss Agnes.

“So says my master, Mr. Henley. I understand,” he added, turning to Elinor, “that you have all the agreeable people in the country collected here.”

“There are some thousands of us, agreeable and disagreeable, altogether. They say the place has never been more crowded so early in the season.”

“So I’m told. I was warned that if I came, I



should have to make my bed in the cellar, or on the roof. Are Ellsworth and Mrs. Creighton at this house, or at the other?"

"They are staying at the United-States. They are here this evening, however, at the dance."

"Indeed!—I have half a mind to take Ellsworth by surprise. Will they admit a gentleman in travelling costume, do you think?"

"I dare say they will; but here are your friends coming to look for you."

At the same moment, Mr. Ellsworth and Mrs. Creighton joined the party.

"How d'ye do, Ellsworth? Glad to see you, my dear fellow!" cried the young men, shaking each other violently by the hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hazlehurst?" added the lady. "Welcome back again. But what have you done with your sister-in-law? For I did not come to call upon you alone. Ah, here you are, Mrs. Hazlehurst! My brother observed you passing through the hall as you arrived, and we determined that it would be much pleasanter to pass half an hour with you, than to finish the dance. We have been wishing for you every day."

"Thank you. We should have set out before, if we had not waited for Harry. Elinor tells me half Philadelphia is here, already."

"Yes. The houses have filled up very much

since I first came ; for I am ashamed to say how long I have been here."

" Why, yes ; I understood you were going to Nahant."

" We ought to have been there long ago ; but I could not move this obstinate brother of mine. He has never found Saratoga so delightful, Mrs. Hazlehurst," added the lady, with an expressive smile, and a look towards Elinor. " I can't say, however, that I at all regret being forced to stay, for many of our friends are here, now. Mr. Hazlehurst, I hope you have come home more agreeable than ever."

" I hope so too, Mrs. Creighton ; for it is one of our chief duties as diplomatists, ' to tell lies for the good of our country,' in an agreeable way. But I am afraid I have not improved my opportunities. I have been very much out of humour for the last six months, at least."

" And why, pray ?"

" Because I wanted to come home, and Mr. Henley, my boss, insisted upon proving to me it would be the most foolish thing I could do. He was so much in the right, that I resented it by being cross."

" But now he has come himself, and brought you with him."

" No thanks to him, though. It was all Uncle

Sam's doings, who wants to send us from the Equator to the North Pole."

"Are you really going to Russia, Hazlehurst?" asked Mr. Ellsworth.

"Certainly. You would not have me desert, would you?"

"Oh, no! don't think of it, Mr. Hazlehurst. It must be a very pleasant life!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton. "I only wish, Frank, that you were enough of a politician to be sent as minister somewhere. I should delight in doing the honours for you; though I dare say you would rather have some one else in my place."

"We will wait until I am sent as Ambassador to Timbuctoo, before I answer the question."

"You have grown half-a-dozen shades darker than you used to be as a youngster, Harry; or else this lamp deceives me," observed Mr. Wyllys.

"I dare say I may have a fresh tinge of the olive. But I am just from sea, Sir, and that may have given me an additional coat."

"Did you suffer much from heat on the voyage?" asked Miss Wyllys.

"Not half as much as I have since I landed. It appeared to me Philadelphia was the warmest spot I had ever breathed in—worse than Rio.

I was delighted when Louisa proposed my coming to Saratoga to see my friends."

"You will find it quite warm enough here," said Mr. Wyllys. "The thermometer was 92° in the shade, yesterday."

"I don't expect to be well cooled, Sir, until we get to St. Petersburg. After a sea-voyage, I believe one always feels the cold less, and the heat more than usual. But where is Mrs. Stanley? We hoped to find her with you. Is she not staying at this house?"

"Yes; but she left us early this evening, not feeling very well. You will not be able to see her until to-morrow," said Miss Agnes.

"I am sorry she is not well. How is she looking?"

"Particularly well, I think; she merely complained of a head-ache from riding in the sun."

"Mrs. Stanley has been very anxious for your return; but she will be as agreeably surprised as the rest of us to find you here," said Elinor.

"Thank you. I look upon myself as particularly fortunate to find so many old friends collected in one spot, instead of having to run about and hunt for each in a different place, now that I am limited for time."

"You ought to be greatly indebted to Frank and myself for breaking our word and staying

here; instead of keeping our promise and going to Nahant as we had engaged to do," said Mrs. Creighton.

"Certainly. I look upon it as part of my good luck; but I should have made my appearance at Nahant if you had actually run away from me."

"I shall believe you; for I make it a point of always believing what is agreeable."

"As I knew Mrs. Hazlehurst and your brother had engaged rooms here, I hoped you would join us soon after your arrival," said Mr. Ellsworth.

"It was much the best plan for you," said Mr. Wyllys.

Harry looked gratified by this friendly remark.

It was already late; and Mrs. Hazlehurst, who had been conversing in a corner with Jane, complained of being fatigued by her day's journey, which broke up the party. The Hazlehursts, like Mrs. Creighton and her brother, were staying at the United States, and they all went off together.

When Elinor, as usual, kissed Mr. Wyllys before retiring to her own room, she hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I must thank you, grandpapa, for having granted my request, and received Harry as of old. It is much better that the past should be entirely forgotten. Self-respect seems to require

that we should not show resentment under the circumstances," she added, colouring slightly.

"I cannot forget the past, Elinor. Harry does not stand with me where he once did, by the side of my beloved grand-child; but we will not think of that any longer as you say. I hope for better things from the future. Bless you, dear!"

## CHAPTER XI.

“The foam upon the waters, not so light.”

COWPER.

As usual, at Saratoga, early the next morning groups of people were seen moving from the different hotels towards the Congress Spring. It was a pleasant day, and great numbers appeared disposed to drink the water at the fountain-head, instead of having it brought to their rooms. The Hazlehursts were not the only party of our acquaintances who had arrived the night before. The Wyllyses found Miss Emma Taylor already on the ground, chattering in a high key with a tall, whiskered youth. The moment she saw Elinor, she sprang forward to meet her.

“How do you do, Miss Wyllys? Are you not surprised to see me here?”

“One can hardly be surprised at meeting

anybody in such a crowd," said Elinor. "When did you arrive?"

"Last night, at eleven o'clock. We made a forced march from Schenectady, where we were to have slept; but I persuaded Adeline and Mr. St. Leger to come on. You can't think how delighted I am to be here, at last," said the pretty little creature, actually skipping about with joy.

"And where is Mrs. St. Leger?"

"Oh! she will be here in a moment. She has gone to Jane's room. I left her there just now."

The platform round the spring was quite crowded. In one party, Elinor remarked Mrs. Hilson and Miss Emmeline Hubbard, escorted by Monsieur Bonnet and another Frenchman. They were soon followed by a set more interesting to Elinor, the Hazlehursts, Mrs. Creighton, and her brother.

"I hope none of your party from Wylls-Roof are here from necessity," said Harry, after wishing Elinor good morning.

"Not exactly from necessity; but the physicians recommended to Aunt Agnes to pass a fortnight here this summer. You may have heard that she was quite ill, a year ago?"

"Yes. Robert, of course, wrote me word of



her illness. But Miss Wyllys looks quite like herself, I think. As for Mr. Wyllys, he really appears uncommonly well."

"Thank you. Grandpapa is very well, indeed; and Aunt Agnes has quite recovered her health, I trust."

"Miss Wyllys," said Mr. Stryker, offering a glass of the water to Elinor, "can't I persuade you to take a sympathetic cup this morning?"

"I believe not," replied Elinor, shaking her head.

"Do you never drink it?" asked Mrs. Creighton.

"No. I really dislike it very much."

"Pray, give it to me, Mr. Stryker," continued Mrs. Creighton. "Thank you. I am condemned to drink three glasses every morning, and it will be three hours, at this rate, before I get them."

"Did you ever hear a better shriek than that, Miss Wyllys?" said Mr. Stryker, lowering his voice, and pointing to Emma Taylor, who was standing on the opposite side of the spring, engaged in a noisy, rattling flirtation. After drinking half the glass that had been given to her, she had handed it to the young man to whom she was talking, bidding him drink it without making a face. Of course, the youth immediately exerted himself to make a grimace.

“ Oh, you naughty boy !” screamed Miss Taylor, seizing another half-empty glass, and throwing a handful of water in his face ; “ this is the way I shall punish you !”

There were two gentlemen, European travellers, standing immediately behind Elinor at this moment, and the colour rose in her cheeks as she heard the very unfavourable observations they made upon Miss Taylor, judging from her noisy manner in a public place. Elinor, who understood very well the language in which they spoke, was so shut in by the crowd that she could not move, and was compelled to hear part of a conversation that deeply mortified her, as these travellers, apparently gentlemanly men themselves, exchanged opinions upon the manners of certain young ladies they had recently met. They began to compare notes, and related several little anecdotes, anything but flattering in their nature, to the delicacy of the ladies alluded to ; actually naming the individuals as they proceeded. More than one of these young girls was well known to Elinor, and from her acquaintance with their usual tone of manner and conversation, she had little doubt as to the truth of the stories these travellers had recorded for the amusement of themselves and their friends ; at the same time, she felt perfectly convinced that the interpretation

put upon these giddy, thoughtless actions, was cruelly unjust. Could these young ladies have heard the observations to which they had laid themselves open by their own folly, they would have been sobered at once; self-respect would have put them more on their guard, *especially in their intercourse with foreigners*. It is, no doubt, delightful to see young persons free from every suspicion; no one would wish to impose a single restraint beyond what is necessary; but, surely, a young girl should not only be *sans peur*, but also, *sans reproche*—the faintest imputation on her native modesty is not to be endured: and, yet, who has not seen pretty, delicate creatures, scarcely arrived at womanhood, actually assuming a noisy, forward pertness, foreign to their nature, merely to qualify them for the envied title of belles? There is something wrong, certainly, wherever such a painful picture is exhibited; and it may be presumed that in most cases the fault lies rather with the parents than the daughters. Happily, the giddy, rattling school to which Miss Emma Taylor belonged, is much less in favour now, than it was some ten or fifteen years ago, at the date of our story.

“How little do Emma Taylor, and girls like her, imagine the cruel remarks to which they expose themselves by their foolish manners!”

thought Elinor, as she succeeded, at length, with the assistance of Mr. Ellsworth, in extricating herself from the crowd.

As the Wyllys party moved away from the Spring to walk in the pretty wood adjoining, they saw a young man coming towards them at a very rapid pace.

“Who is it—any one you know, Miss Wyllys?” asked Mr. Ellsworth.

“He is in pursuit of some other party, I fancy,” replied Elinor.

“It is Charlie Hubbard coming to join us. Did we forget to mention that he came up the river with us?” said Harry, who was following Elinor with Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Stryker.

The young painter soon reached them, as they immediately stopped to welcome him. He was very kindly received by his old friends.

“Well, Charlie, my boy,” said Mr. Wyllys, “if Harry had not been here to vouch for your identity, I am not sure but I should have taken you for an exiled Italian bandit. Have you shown those moustaches at Longbridge?”

“Yes, Sir;” replied Charlie, laughing. “I surprised my mother and sister by a sight of them, some ten days since; it required all their good-nature, I believe, to excuse them.”

“ I dare say they would have been glad to see you, if you had come back looking like a Turk,” said Elinor.

“ I am determined not to shave for some months, out of principle ; just to show my friends that I am the same Charlie Hubbard with moustaches that I was three years ago without them.”

“ I suppose you consider it part of your profession to look as picturesque as our stiff-cut broad-cloth will permit,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“ If you really suspect me of dandyism, Sir,” said Charlie, “ I shall have to reform at once.”

“ I am afraid, Mr. Hubbard, that you have forgotten me,” observed Mr. Ellsworth ; “ though I passed a very pleasant morning at your rooms in New York some years since.”

Charlie remembered him, however ; and also made his bow to Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Stryker.

“ And how did you leave the Mediterranean, Sir ?” asked Mr. Stryker, in a dry tone. “ Was the sea in good looks ?”

“ As blue as ever. I am only afraid my friends in this country will not believe the colour I have given it in my sketches.”

“ We are bound to believe all your representations of water,” remarked Mr. Wyllys.

“ I hope you have brought back a great deal for us to see. Have you any thing with you here ?” asked Elinor.

“ Only my sketch-book. I would not bring anything else ; for I must get rid of my recollections of Italy. I must accustom my eye again to American nature ; I have a great deal to do with Lake George, this summer.”

“ But you must have something in New York,” said Miss Wyllys.

“ Yes. I have brought home with me samples of water, from some of the most celebrated lakes and rivers in Europe.”

“ That is delightful,” said Elinor ; “ and when can we see them ?”

“ As soon as they are unpacked, I shall be very happy to show them to my friends. They will probably interest you on account of the localities ; and I have endeavoured to be as faithful to nature as I could in every instance. You will find several views familiar to you, among the number,” added Charlie, addressing Hazlehurst.

“ I have no doubt that you have done them justice.”

“ They are far from being as good as I could wish ; but I did my best. You will find some improvement, Sir, I hope,” added Charlie, turn-

ing to Mr. Wyllys, "since my first attempt at Chewattan Lake in the days of compound interest."

"You have not forgotten your old enemy, the Arithmetic," said Mr. Wyllys, smiling. "I am afraid Fortune will never smile upon you for having deserted from the ranks of trade."

"I am not sure of that, Sir. She is capricious, you know."

"I should think you would do well, Charlie, to try your luck, just now, by an exhibition of your pictures."

"My uncle has already proposed an exhibition; but I doubt its success. Our people don't often run after good pictures," he added, smiling. "If I had brought with me some trash from Paris or Leghorn, I might have made a mint of money."

A general conversation continued until the party returned towards the hotels. They were met, as they approached Congress Hall, by several persons, two of whom proved to be Mrs. Hilson, and Miss Emmeline Hubbard. Charlie had already seen his cousins in New York, and he merely bowed in passing. Miss Emmeline was leaning on the arm of M. Bonnet, Mrs. Hilson on that of another Frenchman, whose name, as the "Baron Adolphe de Mont-

brun," had been constantly on her lips during the last few weeks, or in other words, ever since she had made his acquaintance. Charlie kept his eye fixed on this individual, with a singular expression of surprise and vexation, until he had passed. He thought he could not be mistaken, that his cousin's companion was no other than a man of very bad character, who had been in Rome at the same time with himself, and having married the widow of an Italian artist, a sister of one of Hubbard's friends, had obtained possession of her little property, and then deserted her. The whole affair had taken place while Charlie was in Rome; and it will readily be imagined that he felt no little indignation, when he met a person, whom he strongly suspected of being this very *chevalier d'industrie*, flourishing at Saratoga by the side of his uncle Joseph's daughter.

Charlie had no sooner left the Wyllyses on the piazza at Congress Hall, than he proceeded to make some inquiry about this Frenchman. He found his name down in the books of the hotel, as the Baron Adolphe de Montbrun, which, with the exception of *Alphonse* for the first name, was the appellation of the very man who had behaved so badly at Rome. He went to Mrs. Hilson, and told her his suspicions; but they had not the least



effect on the "city lady;" she would not believe them. Charlie had no positive proof of what he asserted; he could not be confident beyond a doubt as to the identity of this person and the Montbrun of the Roman story, for he had only seen that individual once in Italy. Still, he was convinced himself, and he entreated his cousin to be on her guard; the effect of his representations may be appreciated from the fact, that Mrs. Hilson became more amiable than ever with the Baron; while she was pouting and sulky with Charlie, scarcely condescending to notice him at all.

Hubbard only remained twenty-four hours at Saratoga, for he was on his way to Lake George; before he left the Springs, however, he hinted to Mr. Wyllys his suspicions of this Montbrun, in order to prevent that individual's intruding upon the ladies of the Wyllys party; for Mrs. Hilson delighted in introducing him right and left. As for her other companion, M. Bonnet, he was known to be a respectable merchant in New York.

Several days passed, during which our friends at Saratoga, like the rest of the world there, walked, and rode, and drank the waters, and seemed to pass their time very pleasantly; although the ladies did not either dress or flirt as

much as many of their companions, who seemed to look upon these two occupations as the peculiar business of the place. Jane's spirits improved very much; there was much curiosity to see her, on account of her reputation as a beauty; but, like the rest of her party, she was only occasionally in the public rooms.

"Have you seen the beautiful Mrs. Taylor?" "I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Taylor, the great beauty, this morning." "What, the beautiful Jane Graham that was? Is she as lovely as ever?" were remarks that were frequently heard in the crowd.

Elinor also came in for her share of the public notice, and the attention she attracted was, of course, of a directly opposite character. There happened to be staying at Congress Hall, just then, a very pretty young lady from Savannah, who was also considered a great fortune; she was known as the "lovely heiress," while Elinor, in contradistinction, was spoken of as the "ugly heiress."

"Do you know," said a young lady, standing on the piazza one evening, "I have not yet seen the ugly heiress. I should like to get a peep at her. Is she really so very ugly?" she continued, addressing a young man at her side.

“Miss Wyllys, you mean! A perfect fright—ugly as sin!” replied the gentleman.

Elinor, at the very moment, was standing immediately behind the speakers, and Mr. Ellsworth, who was talking to her, was much afraid she had heard the remark. To cut short the conversation, he immediately addressed her himself, raising his voice a little, and calling her by name.

The young lady was quite frightened when she found the “ugly heiress” was her near neighbour, and even the dandy was abashed; but Elinor herself was rather amused with the circumstance, and she smiled at the evident mortification of the speakers. Never was there a woman more free from personal vanity than Elinor Wyllys; and she was indifferent to remarks of this kind to a degree that would seem scarcely credible to that class of young ladies, who think no sound so delightful as that of a compliment.

On the evening in question, the piazzas were crowded with the inmates of the hotels; those who had feeling for the beauties of nature, and those who had not, came out alike, to admire an unusual effect of moonlight upon a fine mass of clouds. Elinor was soon aware that she was in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Hilson and her

sister, by the silly conversation they were keeping up with their companions. These Longbridge ladies generally kept with their own party, which was a large one. The Wyllyses were not sorry that they seldom met; for, little as they liked the sisters, they wished always to treat them civilly, on account of their father.

The English art of "cutting" is, indeed, little practised in America, except in extreme cases; all classes are too social in their feelings and habits to adopt it. It is, indeed, an honourable characteristic of those who occupy the highest social position in America—those who have received, in every respect, the best education in the country—that, as a class, they are free from the little, selfish, ungenerous feeling of mere exclusiveism.

"Oh! here you are, Miss Wyllys!" exclaimed Emmeline Hubbard to Elinor, who was talking to Mrs. Creighton. "I have been wishing to see you all the afternoon—I owe you an apology."

"An apology to me, Miss Hubbard? I was not at all aware of it."

"Is it possible? I was afraid you would think me very rude this morning when I spoke to you in the drawing-room, for there was a gentleman with you at the time. Of course I ought not

to have joined you at such a moment, but I was anxious to give you the Longbridge news."

"Certainly. I was very glad to hear it; the conversation you interrupted was a very trifling one."

"Oh! I did not wish to insinuate that you were conversing on a *particularly* interesting subject. But, of course, I am too well acquainted with the etiquette of polished circles, not to know that it is wrong for one young lady to intrude upon another while conversing with a gentleman."

"If there be such a point of etiquette, I must have often broken it very innocently myself. I have never practised it, I assure you."

"Ah, that is very imprudent, Miss Wyllys!" said the fair Emmeline, shaking her fan at Elinor. "Who knows how much mischief one may do in that way? You might actually prevent a declaration. And then a young lady is, of course, always too agreeably occupied in entertaining a beau to wish to leave him for a female friend. It is not everybody who would be as good-natured as yourself at such an interruption."

"I have no merit whatever in the matter, I assure you; for I was very glad to find that—"

Just at that moment, one of Miss Hubbard's

admirers approached her, and without waiting to hear the conclusion of Elinor's remark, she turned abruptly from the lady to meet the gentleman, with a striking increase of grace, and the expression of the greatest interest in her whole manner.

Elinor smiled as the thought occurred to her, that this last act of rudeness was really trying to her good-nature, while she had never dreamed of resenting the interruption of the morning. But Miss Hubbard was only following the code of etiquette, tacitly adopted by the class of young ladies she belonged to, who never scrupled to make their manner to men much more attentive and flattering than towards one of themselves, or even towards an older person of their own sex.

Elinor, however, had seen such manœuvres before, and she would scarcely have noticed it at the moment, had it not been for Miss Emmeline's previous apology.

Mrs. Hilson soon approached her. "Has Emmeline been communicating our Longbridge intelligence, Miss Wyllys? Do you think it a good match?"

"I hope it will prove so—we were very glad to hear of it. Mary Van Horne is a great favourite

of my aunt's ; and Mr. Roberts, I hear, is highly spoken of."

"Yes ; and he is very rich too. She has nothing at all herself, I believe."

"Do you know whether they are to live in New York ? I hope they will not go very far from us."

"I suppose they will live in the city as he is so wealthy. Mary will have an opportunity of tasting the fascinations of high life. I shall introduce her to a cliqué of great refinement at once. Don't you think Saratoga the most delightful place in the world, Miss Wyllys ? I am never so happy as when here. I delight so much in the gay world ; it appears to me that I breathe more freely in a crowd—solitude oppresses me. Do you like it ?"

"I have never tried it very long. If you like a crowd, you must be perfectly satisfied just now."

"And so I am, Miss Wyllys, perfectly happy in these fashionable scenes. Do you know, it is a fact, that I lose my appetite unless I can sit down to table with at least thirty or forty fashionably dressed people about me ; and I never sleep sounder than on board a steam-boat, where the floor is covered with mattresses. I am not

made for retirement, certainly. Ah, Monsieur Bonnet! here you are again, I see. What have you done with the Baron? Is not the Baron with you?"

"No, Madame; he has not finished his cigar. And where is Mlle. Emmeline? I hope she has not *abandonné* me!" said M. Bonnet, who, to do him justice, was a sufficiently respectable man, a French merchant in New York, and no way connected with the Baron.

"Oh, no! she is here. We were waiting for the Baron and you to escort us to the drawing-room; but we will remain until the Baron comes. I have heard something that will put you in good humour, another of those marriages you admire so much—one of the parties rolling in wealth and luxury, the other poor as Job's turkey."

"*Ah, vraiment!* that is indeed delightful. *Cela est fort touchant*; that show so much *sensibilité*, to appreciate *le mérite*, though suffering from poverty. A *mariage* like that must be *beau comme un rêve d'Amour!*"

"You are quite romantic on the subject; but don't people make such matches in France?"

"*Ah, non, Madame!* *le froid calcul* dominates there 'at such times. I honour the beautiful practice that is common in *votre jeune Amérique*; *cela rappelle le siècle d'or*. Can there be a *tableau*



more *délicieux* than a couple *unis* under such *circonstances*? The happy *époux*, a young man perhaps, of forty, and *la femme a créature angélique*;" here M. Bonnet cast a glance at Miss Emmeline; "*une créature angélique*, who knows that he adores her, and who says to him, '*mon ami je t'aime, je veux faire ton bonheur*,' and who bestows on him her whole heart, and her whole fortune; while he, of course, oppressed with gratitude, labours only to increase that fortune, that he may have it in his power to make the life of his *bien aimée* beautiful *comme un jour de fête*!"

"You are eloquent, Mr. Bonnet."

"*N'est ce pas un sujet, Madame, to toucher le cœur de l'homme* in a most tender point; a man who could be *insensible* to such delicacy, to such *aimable tendresse*, would be no better than one of your *sauvages*, one of your *Mohicans*!"

"Well, I don't think so much of it, because it is very common here; such matches happen every day."

"And who are the couple you refer to at *présent*?"

"'Tis a young gentleman of New York city, Mr. Roberts, who is going to marry a young lady, whose father is a neighbour of pa's."

"And what is the sum the young lady has bestowed upon her grateful *adornateur*?"

"Oh! the lady has not anything to bestow in this case. It is the gentleman, who is very wealthy, and doing a very handsome business in New York."

"Ah!" said M. Bonnet, taking a pinch of snuff, "that is not so interesting I think, as when the *mari* is the favoured party. The heart of man is more susceptible of lasting gratitude for *un tel bienfait*."

"The gentleman has all the money, this time. I don't think Mary Van Horne will have a cent. Do you, Miss Wyllys?"

But Elinor was gone. As the Baron appeared, however, Mrs. Hilson did not regret it.

"Ah, Baron! I thought you were never coming. You ought to be much obliged to me, for I had just told Monsieur Bonnet, we must not move till the Baron comes. The Baron will not know where to find us."

## CHAPTER XII.

“ They sit conferring.....”

TAMING THE SHREW.

THE usual evening circle had collected in Miss Wyllys's parlour, with the addition of Mary Van Alstyne, who had just arrived from Poughkeepsie, and Mrs. St. Leger. Miss Emma Taylor had gone to a concert with her good-natured brother-in-law, and a couple of her admirers. Jane and her sister-in-law, Adeline, were sitting together in a corner, talking partly about their babies, partly about what these two young matrons called “ old times ;” that is to say, events which had transpired as far back as three or four years previously. To them, however, those were “ old times ;” for, since then, the hopes and fears, cares and pleasures of the two friends were much changed.

Among the rest of the party, the conversation became more general ; for Elinor had just finished

a song, and Mr. Wyllys had just beaten Mrs. Creighton at a game of chess.

“Mr. Hazlehurst, pray what have you done with my *saya y manto*?” asked the pretty widow, taking a seat at the side of Elinor on a sofa. “Here have you been three, four, five days, and I have not even alluded to it, which, you must observe is a great act of forbearance in a lady, when there is a piece of finery in question.”

“I am really ashamed of myself for not having reported it safe at Philadelphia before. I would not send it to your house, when I heard you were here, for I wished to deliver it in person; and I did not bring it with me, because Mrs. Hazlehurst told me it was too warm for a fashionable lady to wear anything as heavy as black silk for the next three months.”

“Well, of course, I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have had with it; but I shall defer thanking you formally, until I find out whether it is becoming or not.”

“Do you expect to make a very captivating Spaniard?” asked Mr. Stryker.

“I shall do my best, certainly; but I shall leave you to decide how far I succeed, Mr. Stryker. Are the Brazilian women pretty, Mr. Hazlehurst? What do they look like?”

“Very like Portuguese,” was the answer.

“More than the Americans look like the English?” inquired Elinor.

“Far more,” said Harry; “but you know there is less difference between the climates of Brazil and Portugal, than between ours and that of England.”

“For my part,” observed Mr. Ellsworth, “I do not think we look in the least like the English—neither men nor women. We are getting very fast to have a decided physiognomy of our own. I think I could pick out an American from among a crowd of Europeans, almost as soon as I could a Turk.”

“You always piqued yourself, Ellsworth, upon having a quick eye for national characteristics. We used to try him very often when we were in Europe, Mrs. Creighton, and I must do him the justice to say he seldom failed.”

“Oh, yes! I know all Frank’s opinions on the subject,” replied Mrs. Creighton: “it is quite a hobby with him.”

“What do you think are the physical characteristics of the Americans as compared with our English kinsmen?” inquired Mr. Wyllys.

“We are a darker, a thinner, and a paler people. The best specimens of the English have the advantage in manliness of form and carriage. The American is superior in activity, in the

expression of intelligence and energy in the countenance. The English peculiarities in their worst shape are, coarseness and heaviness of form, a brutal, dull countenance. The worst peculiarities among the Americans are, an apparent want of substance in form, and a cold, cunning expression of features. I used often to wonder, when travelling in Europe, particularly in France and Germany, at the number of heavy forms and coarse features, which strike one so often there, even among the women, and which are so very uncommon in America."

"Yes; that brutal coarseness of features, which stood for the model of the old Satyrs, is scarcely to be met in this country, though by no means uncommon in many parts of Europe," observed Hazlehurst.

"I was very much struck the other evening, at the dance, with the appearance of the women," continued Mr. Ellsworth. "Not that they are so brilliant in their beauty—one sees beautiful women in every country; but they are so peculiarly feminine, and generally pretty, as a whole. By roomsful, *en masse*, they appear to more advantage, I think, than any other women; the general effect is very seldom broken by coarseness of face, or unmanageable awkwardness of form."

"Yes, you are right," said Mr. Stryker. "There

is a vast deal of prettiness, and very little repulsive ugliness among the women in this country. But it strikes me they are inclining a little too much to the idea, just now, that all the beauty in the world is collected in these United States, which, as we all know, is rather a mistaken opinion."

"Certainly; that would be an extremely ridiculous notion."

"You think delicacy then, the peculiar characteristic of American beauty?" said Mr. Wyllys.

"Yes, Sir; but I could point out others, too. Brown hair and hazel eyes are another common feature in American beauty. If you look over the pretty women of your acquaintance, you will find that the case, I think."

"Like Mrs. Creighton's," said Elinor, smiling.

"No. Josephine's features are not sufficiently regular for a beauty," said her brother, good-naturedly.

"I shan't get a compliment from Frank, Miss Wyllys," replied the widow, shaking her head. "I agree with him, though, about the brown-haired beauties; for I once took the trouble to count over my acquaintances, and I found a great many that answered his description. I think it the predominating colour among us. I am certainly included in the brown tribe myself, and so are you, Miss Wyllys."

“As far as the colour of my hair goes,” replied Elinor, with a smile that seemed to say, “talk on, I have no feeling on the subject of my plain face.” One or two persons present had actually paused, thinking the conversation was taking an unfortunate turn, as one of the ladies present was undeniably wanting in beauty. To encourage the natural pursuit of the subject, Elinor remarked that, “light hair and decidedly blue eyes, like Mrs. St. Leger’s, are not so very common, certainly; nor true black hair and eyes like your’s, Jane.”

“You are almost as much given to compliments, Miss Wyllys, as I am,” said Mrs. Creighton; “I have to say a saucy thing now and then, by way of variety.”

“The saucy speeches are for your own satisfaction, no doubt, and the compliments for that of your friends, I suppose,” replied Elinor, smiling a little archly; for she had very good reasons for mistrusting the sincerity of either mode of speech from the lips of the gay widow; whom, for that very reason, she liked much less than her brother.

“Do you really think me too severe? Wait till we are better acquainted!”

“I shall always think you very charming,” replied Elinor, with her usual frank smile; for, in



fact, she admired Mrs. Creighton quite as much as the rest of the world. And then observing that Mr. Ellsworth was listening to their conversation, she turned to him and asked, if the true golden hair, so much admired by the Italian poets, and so often sung by them, were still common in Italy?

“Judging from books and pictures, I should think it must have been much more common some centuries ago than at the present day; for, certainly, there is not one Italian woman in a hundred, who has not very decidedly black hair and eyes. I remember once in a translation from English into Italian, I used the expression ‘grey eyes,’ which diverted my master very much; he insisted upon it, there was no ‘such thing in nature;’ and even after I had reminded him of Napoleon, he would not believe the Emperor’s eyes were not black. He was a thorough Italian, of course, and knew nothing of the northern languages, or he would have met with the expression before.”

“Let me tell you, Ellsworth,” said Harry, after a short pause in the conversation, “that it is very pleasant to pass an agreeable evening in this way, chatting with old friends. You have no idea how much I enjoy it after a three years’ exile!”

“I can readily believe it.”

“ No, I don't think you understand it at all. It is true you were roving about the world several years, but you were not alone, my dear Sir. You had indeed the advantage of particularly agreeable companions with you; in Paris you had Mrs. Creighton, and in Egypt you had your humble servant. And then, in the next place, your mind was constantly occupied; you lived with the past while in Italy and Greece, and with the present in Paris. Now, at Rio, there is no past at all, and not much of a present.”

“ Is there no general society at Rio ?” inquired Miss Wyllys.

“ Oh, yes ! society enough, in the usual meaning of the word. I was very fortunaté in meeting with some very agreeable people, and have really a strong regard for Manezes—a good fellow he is, and I hope to see him here one of these days. But they were all new acquaintances. You cannot think how much I wanted to see a face I had known all my life. I was positively at one time on the verge of being home-sick.”

“ You found out that you were more tender-hearted than you had believed yourself,” said Mr. Ellsworth.

“ So it seems,” replied Harry; a shade of embarrassment crossing his face as he spoke.

“ I should have thought some old acquaintance

or other would have gone straggling towards Rio, in these travelling days," observed Mr. Ellsworth.

"No. I was particularly unfortunate; once when the American squadron lay at Rio for some weeks, and I had several friends on board the Macedonian, I happened at that very time to be absent on an excursion in the interior. For six months, or so, it did very well; it takes one as long as that to enjoy the lovely scenery, to say nothing of the novelty; but after admiring the bay and the Corcovado under every possible aspect, I got at last to be heartily tired of Rio. I should have run away, if we had not been recalled this summer."

"You should have fallen in love," said Mrs. Creighton.

"I don't think I succeeded in that; perhaps I did not try very hard."

"But is not the state of society pleasant at Rio?" inquired Mr. Wyllys.

"Not particularly, Sir; it is too much like our own for that. Something provincial lingering about it, although they have an Emperor of their own. We cannot do without the other hemisphere yet, in spite of our self-important airs. We Yankees have coaxed Time out of a great deal, but he is not to be cheated for all that.

People were not busy for thousands of years in the Old World, merely to qualify them for discovering America, whatever some of our patriots may say on the subject."

"Yes, you are right, Harry; I have often wished that our people would remember what they seem to forget, that Time has a prerogative beyond their reach. There is a wide difference between a blind reverence for Time, and an infatuated denial of his power; I take it to be one of the duties of your generation to find out the dividing line in this and other points, and shape your practice accordingly."

"Yes, Sir; it appears to me high time that the civilized world set about marking more distinctly a great many boundary lines on important moral questions; and it is to be presumed, that with so much experience at our command, we shall at last do something towards it. It is to be hoped that mankind will, at length, learn not always to rush out of one extreme into the other; and when they feel the evil of one measure, not to fly for relief to its very opposite, but set about looking for the true remedy, which is generally not so far off."

"You don't believe in moral homœopathy?" said Mrs. Stanley.

"Not in the least."

"Well, we are very much obliged to you for

getting tired of Rio," said Mrs. Creighton; "and thinking that the gay world of Philadelphia was quite as agreeable as the Imperial Court."

"I take it for granted, however, that it was not exactly the gay world that you regretted," said Ellsworth.

"Not exactly—no; general society is not sufficiently perfect in its way among us for a man to pine after."

"I have often thought," observed Elinor, "that the spirit of mere dissipation must be less excusable in this country than in Europe. Society must have so many attractions there—more general finish—more high accomplishment."

"Yes; we want more of the real thing; we have smatterers enough as it is," replied Mr. Ellsworth.

"And then the decorations are so well got up in Europe!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton. "I must confess myself enough of a woman to be charmed with good decorations."

"Something far better than mere decoration, however, is requisite to make society at all agreeable," continued Mr. Ellsworth. "There is luxury enough among us, in eating and drinking, dressing and furniture, for instance; and yet what can well be more silly, more puerile, than the general tone of conversation at common parties

among us? And how many of the most delightful soirées in Paris are collected in plain rooms, au second, or, au troisième, with a brick floor to stand on, and a glass of *orgeat*, with a bit of *brioche* to eat!"

"Lots and Love—Speculation and Flirtation are too entirely the order of the day, and of the evening with us," said Harry; "whether figuring on Change, or on a Brussels carpet."

"I have often been struck, myself, with the excessive silliness of the conversation at common parties, especially what are called young parties; though I have never seen anything better," said Elinor.

"Those young parties are enough to spoil any society," said Harry.

"Perhaps, however, you have too high an idea of such scenes in Europe, precisely because you have not seen them, Miss Wyllys," observed Mr. Ellsworth.

"That may very possibly be the case."

"There are always silly and ignorant people to be met with everywhere," remarked Harry; "but the difference lies in the general character of the circle, which is not often so insipid and so puerile in Europe."

"It is the difference, I suppose, between a puppet-show and genteel comedy," said Elinor.

"Precisely, Miss Wyllys," said Mr. Ellsworth, smiling.

"We have very pretty puppets, though," observed Mrs. Creighton; "quite well-dressed, and sufficiently graceful, too; that is to say, the young lady puppets. As for the gentlemen, I shall not attempt to defend them, *en masse*, neither their grace nor their coats."

"You won't allow us to be either pretty or well-dressed?" said Mr. Stryker.

"Oh! everybody knows that Mr. Stryker's coat and bow are both unexceptionable."

"Why don't you go to work, good people, and improve the world, instead of finding fault with it?" said Mr. Wyllys, who was preparing for another game of chess with Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst.

"A labour of Hercules, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Stryker, shrugging his shoulders. "The position of a reformer is not sufficiently graceful to suit my fancy."

"It is fatiguing, too; it is much easier to sit still and find fault, Sir," observed Robert Hazlehurst, smiling.

"*Sauve qui peut*, is my motto," continued Mr. Stryker. "I shall take care of myself; though I have no objection that the rest of the world should profit by my excellent example; they may improve on my model, if they please."

“The fact is, that manners, and all other matters of taste, ought to come by instinct,” said Mrs. Robert Hazlehurst; “one soon becomes tired of being regularly tutored on such points.”

“No doubt of that,” replied Harry; “but, unfortunately, though reading and writing come by nature, as Dogberry says, in this country, yet it is by no means so clear that good taste follows as a consequence.”

“Good taste never came by nature anywhere but in old Greece, I take it,” said Ellsworth. “In a new state of society, such things must force themselves upon one.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Wyllys; “and you young people, who have had so many advantages of education and leisure, are very right to give the subject some attention, for the sake of the community in which you live. Manners in their best meaning, as a part of civilization, are closely connected, at many different points, with the character and morals of a nation. Hitherto, in this country, the subject has been too much left to itself; but in many respects there is a good foundation to work upon—some of our national traits are very creditable.”

“That is true, Sir,” replied Mr. Ellsworth; “and Americans are naturally very quick in taking a hint, and in fitting it to their own uses. They



are a good-natured, sociable race, too, neither coarse nor unwieldy in body or mind. All they want is, a little more reflection on the subject, and a sufficiently large number of models to observe and compare together; for they are too quick and clever, not to prefer the good to the bad, when the choice lies before them."

"Remember, too," said Mr. Wyllys, "that if you cannot do everything, you must not suppose you can do nothing."

"There is one point in American manners, that is very good," said Harry; "among our very best people we find a great deal of true simplicity; simplicity of the right sort—real, not factitious."

"Sweet simplicity, oh, la!" exclaimed Mr. Stryker. "Well, I am a bad subject to deal with, myself. I am too old to go to school, and I am too young yet, I flatter myself, to give much weight to my advice. Not quite incorrigible, however, I trust," he added, endeavouring to smile in a natural way as he turned towards Elinor and Mrs. Creighton. "I shall be most happy to learn from the ladies, and try to improve under their advice. Have you no suggestions to make, Miss Wyllys?"

"I am afraid I could not be of much use in that way."

"There are only a thousand-and-one hints that I should give you," said Mrs. Creighton, laughing.

"You must be frightfully particular!" exclaimed Mr. Stryker; "pray, what is hint No. 1?"

"Oh! I should not have time to make even a beginning; it is growing very late, and I shall defer your education until the next time we meet. Mr. Hazlehurst, that is my scarf, I believe, on your chair."

The party separated. Harry offering his arm to Mrs. Creighton.

## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Verily

You shall not go—a lady’s verily is

As potent as a lord’s. Will you go yet ?”

WINTER’S TALE.

Mrs. STANLEY had joined the Wyllyses at Saratoga a few days after they arrived, and the meeting between Hazlehurst and herself had been very cordial. She had always felt a warm interest in Harry, looking upon him as her husband’s chosen representative, and all but an adopted son; the intercourse between them had invariably been of the most friendly and intimate nature.

Mr. Stanley’s will had placed the entire control of his large estate in the hands of his widow, and his old friend, Mr. Wyllys. Mrs. Stanley, herself, was to retain one half of the property for life; at her death, it was to be divided in different legacies, to relatives of her own, and to charitable insti-

tutions, according to her own discretion. The other half was also to be kept in the hands of the executors until his own son returned, and had reached the age of five-and twenty ; or, in case the report of William Stanley's death, which had just reached his family, were to be confirmed, then Harry Hazlehurst was to take his place, and receive his son's portion, on condition that his, Hazlehurst's, second son should take the name of Stanley.

Hazlehurst was a nephew by marriage ; that is to say, his father, after, the death of a first wife, Harry's mother, had married Mr. Stanley's only sister : this lady died before her brother, leaving no children. At the time this will was made, Mr. Stanley had given up all, but the faintest hope of his son's being alive ; still, he left letters for him, containing his last blessing and forgiveness, in case the young man were to return. He also expressed a wish that an easy allowance, according to Mrs. Stanley's discretion, should be given, after the age of one-and-twenty, to his son, or to Harry, whichever were to prove his heir ; on condition that the recipient should pursue some regular profession or occupation of a respectable character. Hazlehurst was to receive a legacy of thirty thousand dollars in case of William Stanley's return.

Such was Mr. Stanley's will; and circumstances having soon showed that the report of his son's death was scarcely to be doubted, Hazlehurst had been for years considered as his heir. As Harry grew up, and his character became formed, his principles proving, in every respect, such as his friends could wish, Mrs. Stanley had made very ample provision for him. The allowance he had received for his education was very liberal, and during his visit to Europe it had been increased.

At different times considerable sums had been advanced to enable him to make desirable purchases: upon one occasion, a portion of the property upon which his ancestors had first settled, as colonists, was offered for sale by a distant relative, and Harry wished to obtain possession of it; twenty thousand dollars were advanced for this purpose. Then, Hazlehurst was very desirous of collecting a respectable library, and, as different opportunities offered, he had been enabled, while in Europe, to make valuable acquisitions of this kind, thanks to Mrs. Stanley's liberality.

As every collector has a favourite branch of his own, Harry's tastes had led him to look for botanical works, in which he was particularly interested; and he had often paid large sums for

rare or expensive volumes connected with this science. Since he had reached the age of five-and-twenty, or, during the last two years, he had been in full possession of one entire half of Mr. Stanley's property, amounting, it was generally supposed, to some ten thousand a year. According to a codicil of the will, Hazlehurst was also to take possession of Greatwood at his marriage: this was a pleasant country-house, surrounded by a place in fine order; but Mrs. Stanley, who preferred living in town, had already given him possession.

"I wish, Harry, we could keep you at home, now," said Mrs. Stanley to her young friend, one morning, as he was sitting with herself, Mary Van Alstyne, and Elinor, in her rooms at Congress Hall. "I think Mr. Henley could spare you better than we can. Is it quite decided that you go to Russia?"

"You are very kind to express so much interest in my movements. But you must permit me to remind you of a piece of advice I have so often received, as a youngster, from your own lips, dear Mrs. Stanley; and that is, never to abandon, merely from caprice, the path of life I might choose."

"Certainly; but I think you might find very

good reasons for staying at home, now; your affairs would go on all the better for some personal attention. I should be sorry to have you a rover all your life, Harry."

"I have no intention, Ma'am, I assure you, of being a vagrant all my days. And if there is nothing else to keep me at home, it is highly probable that I shall be thrown on the shelf before long by Uncle Sam. When a man has served his apprenticeship, and is fully qualified to fill his office creditably, he may prepare to be turned out; and, very possibly, some raw backwoodsman, who knows nothing of the world in general, or of diplomacy in particular, will be put in his place. That is often the way things are managed amongst us you know."

"For that very reason, I would not have anything to do with public life, if I were a young man!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, earnestly. "So many men who are ill-qualified, for either public or private confidence, get into office, that I should think no man of high principles and honourable views would care to belong to the body of public servants."

"There is all the more need, then, that every honest man, who has an opportunity of serving his country, should do so," observed Harry. "I

do not believe, however, that as regards principles, the public men among us are any worse than the public men elsewhere," he added.

"Where all are chosen, they ought to be better," said Mary Van Alstyne.

"That I grant," said Hazlehurst; "the choice by election, or by appointment, might often be more creditable; whenever it is bad, it is disgraceful to the community."

Look at A——, B——, and C——, whom you and I happen to know!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanley.

"No doubt they are little fit for the offices they hold," replied Harry.

"The worst of it is this, Harry: that the very qualities which ought to recommend you, will probably keep you back in the career you have chosen," said Mrs. Stanley. "Your principles are too firm for public life."

"I shall try the experiment, at least," said Harry. "Mr. Henley urges me to persevere, and with his example before me, I ought not to be discouraged; he is a proof that a public man is not necessarily required to be a sycophant, and a time-server; that he is not always neglected because he is an upright man, and a gentleman. I shall follow his example; and I am convinced the experiment would succeed much oftener, provided it were fairly tried."



Mrs. Stanley shook her head. She was a woman of rather a peculiar character, though very warm in her feelings, and firm in her principles. She had become disgusted with the world, from seeing much that was evil and disgraceful going on about her; forgetting to observe the good as well as the bad. Of late years, she had withdrawn entirely within a narrow circle of old friends, among whom the Wyllyses and Hazlehursts held a conspicuous place. She was disposed to mistrust republican institutions, merely because she attributed every evil of the society about her to this one cause. Her opinions on this subject were, however, of no value whatever; for she knew nothing of other countries, their evils and abuses. If warmly attached to her friends, she was certainly too indifferent to the community in which she lived.

She was very decided in all her actions and opinions: thus, for instance, she would never allow a newspaper, of any character whatever, to appear in her house—she held every sheet alike, to be loose in principles, and vulgar in tone; because, unfortunately, there are many to be found which answer such a description. An office-holder, and a speculator, she would never trust, and avoided every individual of either class as much as possible. Her friends would have

wished her more discriminating in her opinions, but she never obtruded these upon others. Personally, no woman could be more respected by her intimates; there was nothing low or trivial in her character and turn of mind—no shadow of vacillation in her principles or her feelings. Mrs. Stanley and her young friend Hazlehurst, much as they esteemed and respected each other, disagreed on many subjects. Harry made a point of looking at both sides of a question; he was loyal to his country, and willing to serve it to the best of his ability—not at all inclined to be an idler, and play the drone in the bee-hive, whether social or political. Mrs. Stanley had much regretted his being in any way connected with public life, but she seldom attempted to influence him.

“What do you say, young ladies?” asked Harry, at length, turning towards Elinor and Mary Van Alstyne, who had hitherto thought the conversation of too personal a nature to speak much themselves. “Do you think I had better stay at home, and look after the stock at Greatwood, or go to St. Petersburg, and set up my droschky?”

“I should never have the least fancy for going to Russia,” replied Mary; “and, therefore, I am

not much disposed to admire your constancy in adhering to Mr. Henley."

"Oh, go, by all means," said Elinor; "you will see so much! And be sure you go to the Crimea before you come home."

"The Crimea is certainly a temptation," observed Harry. "I beg, ladies, you will honour me with your commands for St. Petersburg, some time during the next three months. I refer you to Mrs. Creighton for a certificate of good taste; her *saya y manto* is perfect in its way, I am told."

"Perhaps I ought to have engaged Mrs. Creighton on my side, before I tried to coax you into staying at home," said Mrs. Stanley, smiling.

We are obliged to confess that Harry coloured at this remark, in spite of a determination not to do so; and a great misdemeanour it was in a diplomatist to be guilty of blushing; it clearly proved that Hazlehurst was still in his noviciate. Happily, however, if the Department of State, at Washington, be sometimes more particular in investigating the party politics of its agents in foreign countries than other qualifications, it is also certain, on the other hand, that they do not require by any means as much bronze of countenance as most European cabinets.

“Oh! Mrs. Creighton strongly recommends me to persevere in diplomacy,” said Harry.

Just at that moment, a note was brought in from this very lady.

“With Mrs. Creighton’s compliments,” said the man who brought it.

Harry’s colour rose again, and for a second he looked a little embarrassed. Mrs. Stanley smiled, and so did the young ladies, just a little.

“I will look for the book immediately,” was Harry’s reply; and turning to the ladies, he communicated the fact that Mrs. Creighton had asked for the volume of engravings which he had shown to Mr. Wyllys, two or three evenings before. The book was in Miss Wyllys’s room, and Elinor went for it.

“Will you dine with us to-day, Harry, or at the other house?” asked Mrs. Stanley.

“Thank you, Ma’am; I am engaged to dine with Mr. Henley, who is only here for the day, and wishes to have a little business-talk with me. We are to eat a bachelor’s dinner together in his room.”

Elinor returned with the book, and Harry made his bow.

As he left the room, Mary Van Alstyne observed that Mr. Hazlehurst seemed quite atten-

tive to his friend's sister. "He admires the pretty widow, I fancy," she said.

"No wonder," said Elinor; "Mrs. Creighton is so very pretty, and very charming."

"Yes; she is very pretty, with those spirited brown eyes, and beautiful teeth. She is an adept in the art of dressing, too, and makes the most of every advantage. But though she is so pretty, and so clever, and so agreeable, yet I do not like her."

"People seem to love sometimes, men especially, where they do not like," said Mrs. Stanley. "I should not be surprised, at any time, to hear that Harry and Mrs. Creighton are engaged. I wish he may marry soon."

"The lady is, at least, well-disposed for conquest, I think," said Mary Van Alstyne.

"She will probably succeed," replied Elinor, in a quiet, natural voice.

Miss Agnes, who had just entered the room, heard the remark, and was gratified by the easy tone in which Elinor had spoken. Since Hazlehurst's return, Elinor's manner towards him had been just what her aunt thought proper under the circumstances; it was quite unembarrassed and natural, though, of course, there was more reserve than during the years they had lived so

much together, almost as brother and sister. We are obliged to leave the ladies for the present, and follow Hazlehurst to his *tête-à-tête* dinner with Mr. Henley.

We pass over the meal itself, which was very good in its way; nor shall we dare to raise the curtain, and reveal certain communications relating to affairs of state, political and diplomatic, which were discussed by the minister and his secretary. Harry heard some Rio Janeiro news too, which seemed to amuse him, but would scarcely have any interest for the reader. At length, as Mr. Henley and Harry were picking their nuts, the minister happened to inquire the day of the month.

"It is the twentieth, I believe, Sir; and by the same token, to-morrow will be my birth-day."

"Your birth-day, will it? How old may you be?"

"Twenty-seven, if I remember right."

"I had thought you two or three years younger. Well, I wish you a long life and a happy!"

"Thank you, Sir; I am much obliged to you for the interest you have always shown me."

"No need of thanks, Harry; it is only what your father's son had a right to expect from me."

A silence of a moment ensued, when Mr. Henley again spoke.

"You are seven-and-twenty, you say, Hazlehurst? Let me give you a piece of advice—don't let the next ten years pass without marrying."

"I was just about making up my mind, at Rio, to be a gay bachelor, my dear sir," said Harry.

"Yes. I remember to have heard you say something of the kind; but take my advice, and marry, unless you have some very good reason for not doing so."

Hazlehurst made no answer, but helped himself to another supply of nuts. "More easily said than done, perhaps," he observed.

"Nonsense!—There are many amiable young women who would suit you; and it would be strange if you could not meet with one that would have you. Some pretty, lady-like girl. I dare say you know twenty such, in Philadelphia, or even here, at Saratoga."

"Five hundred, no doubt," replied Harry; "but suppose the very woman I should fancy, would not fancy me." Whether he was thinking of his past experience with Jane, or not, we cannot say.

"I don't see that a woman can find any reasonable fault with you—you do well enough, my good fellow, as the world goes; and I am

sure there are, as you say, five hundred young women to choose from. In that point a man has the best of it; young girls of a certain class, if not angels, are at least generally unexceptionable; but there are many men, unhappily, whose moral reputations are, and should be obstacles in a woman's eyes."

"A regular old bachelor's notion, a mere marriage of convenience," thought Harry, who rather resented the idea of the five hundred congenial spirits, in the shape of suitable young ladies.

"You are surprised, perhaps, to hear this from me," continued Mr. Henley.

"No, Sir: for I once before heard you express much the same opinion."

"Did you? I don't often think or speak on such matters; but I remember to have heard you talk about a single life occasionally, at Rio; and I always intended to give this piece of advice to my nephews, and to you, Harry. If I were to live my life over again, I should marry myself; for of late years I have felt the want of a home, and one can't have a pleasant home without the women."

"There I agree with you, Sir, entirely."

"That is more than some gay, rattling young fellows would admit. Since you think so," con-



tinued Mr. Henley, smiling, "perhaps you have also fixed upon some amiable young girl, who would be a pleasant companion for you."

Hazlehurst was silent.

"I dare say you have, and I might have spared you the advice. If that is the case, you must make the most of the next three months; persuade her to marry you, and we can take her to Russia, to do the honours for us."

"Things have not gone quite so far as that, yet," said Harry, just a little embarrassed.

"Well, my good fellow, settle the matter your own way. I have, at least, satisfied my conscience, by telling you not to follow my own bad example," said the minister, as he rose from table.

It seemed that Mr. Henley, like most old bachelors, regretted not having married; though he thought that his habits had all become too confirmed to make it worth while to attempt a change. As a general rule, it will be found that your decidedly old maid is contented with her lot, while your very old bachelor is dissatisfied with his. The peculiar evils of a single life—for every life must have its own—are most felt by women early in the day; by men, in old age. The world begins very soon to laugh at the old maid, and

continues to laugh, until shamed out of the habit by her good-nature, and her respectable life. The bachelor, on the contrary, for a long time finds an ally in the world; he goes on enjoying the pleasures it offers, until old age makes him weary of them—and then, as his head grows grey, when he finds himself going out of favour, he begins to feel the want of something better—a home to retreat to. He looks about him, and he finds that his female contemporary has outlived her peculiar annoyances; “the world forgetting, by the world forgot;” she has long since found some collateral home; or, in her right as a woman, has made a home for herself, where she lives as pleasantly as her neighbours. Perhaps he sets about imitating her example; but, poor fellow, he finds it an awkward task; he can never succeed in making his household gods smile with a good will on a home where no female voice is heard at the fire-side.

So thought Mr. Henley, and he had been intending to recommend to Harry to look out for a wife for some time past. The minister’s ideas on the subject of love and matrimony were, to be sure, rather matter of fact, and statesman-like; he would have been quite satisfied if Hazlehurst had married the first young girl, of a respectable family, that he met with; the hundredth part of

Mrs. Creighton's attractions he would have thought sufficient. Harry forgave him, however, for the sake of the kindness intended by the advice he had given; and the minister had the satisfaction of seeing his secretary, that evening, at a concert, quite gallant and attentive to a party of ladies, several of whom were young and pretty, although one was young and ugly.

"Who is that?" he asked of a friend; "that lady to whom Hazlehurst is talking? Half the young people here have grown up since I was last at home."

"That is Mrs. Creighton."

"No—not Mrs. Creighton; I know her—a charming woman. The lady on the right."

"That is Miss Van Alstyne. Mrs. St. Leger is next to her; the young girl before her is Miss Emma Taylor."

"A pretty girl—but noisy, it seems."

"On the next bench, with Ellsworth, are Mrs. Tallman Taylor, the great beauty, and Miss Wyllys, the heiress."

"Yes, I know the family very well; but I never saw Mr. Wyllys's grand-daughter before."

"She is quite plain," observed one gentleman.

"Very plain," replied the other, turning away.

The evening proved very sultry, and after

accompanying the ladies home from the concert, Mr. Ellsworth proposed to Harry a stroll in the open air. The friends set out together, taking the direction of the spring; and, being alone, their conversation gradually became of a confidential nature. They touched upon politics, Mr. Henley's character and views, and various other topics, concluding with their own personal affairs. At length, when they had been out some little time, Mr. Ellsworth, after a moment's silence, turned to Harry and said :

“ Hazlehurst, I have a confession to make; but I dare say you will not give me much credit for frankness—you have very probably guessed already what I have to tell.”

“ I certainly have had some suspicions of my own for the last few days; but I may be mistaken. I am not very good at guessing.”

“ I can have no motive,” continued Mr. Ellsworth, “ in concealing from you my regard for Miss Wyllys, and I hope you will wish me success.”

“ Certainly,” replied Harry; who was evidently somewhat prepared for the disclosure.

“ It is now some time since I have been attached to her, but it is only lately that I have been able to urge my suit as I could wish. The better I know Elinor Wyllys, the more anxious I am for

success. I never met with a woman of a more lovely character."

"You only do her justice."

"There is something about her that is peculiar; different from the common-place set of young ladies one meets with every day; and yet she is perfectly feminine and womanly."

And Mr. Ellsworth here ran over various good qualities of Elinor's. It is impossible to say, whether Harry smiled or not, at this lover-like warmth; if he did, it was too dark for his friend to observe it.

"In a situation like mine, with a daughter to educate, the choice of a wife is particularly important. Of course I feel much anxiety as to the decision of a woman like Miss Wyllys, one whose good opinion is worth the wooing: and yet, if I do not deceive myself, her manner is not discouraging."

"Is she aware of your feelings?" asked Harry.

"Yes. I have only proposed in form quite lately, however, a day or two after you arrived. Miss Wyllys scarcely seemed prepared for my declaration, although I thought I had spoken sufficiently distinctly to be understood some time since. She wishes for time to consider: I was willing to wait as long as she pleased with the hope of eventually succeeding. Her friends

are quite well disposed towards me, I think. Mr. Wyllys's manner to me has always been gratifying, and I hope her aunt is in my favour. To speak frankly, there have been times when I have felt much encouraged as regards Miss Wyllys herself. You will not think me a coxcomb, Hazlehurst, for opening my heart to you in this way."

"Certainly not. You honour me by your confidence."

"I should like to have your honest opinion as to my future prospects; for, of course, one can never feel sure until everything is settled. Josephine is hardly a fair judge—she is very sanguine; but like myself she is interested in the affair."

"Mrs. Creighton has so much discernment, that I should think she could not be easily deceived. If my kinswoman knows your views, I should say that you have reason to be encouraged by her manner. There is nothing like coquetry about her. I am convinced she thinks highly of you."

"Thank you; it gives me great pleasure to hear you say so. The question must now be decided before long. I was only prevented from explaining myself earlier by the fear of speaking

too soon. For though I have known Miss Wyllys some time, yet we have seldom met. I dare say you are surprised that I did not declare myself sooner; I am inclined to think you would have managed an affair of the kind more expeditiously; for you are more rapid in most of your movements than myself. But although I might imagine love at first sight, I never could fancy a declaration worth hearing the first day."

"Do you insinuate that such is the practice of your humble servant?" asked Hazlehurst, smiling.

"Oh, no! but I was afraid you might disapprove of my deliberation. My chief hope rests upon Miss Wyllys's good sense and the wishes of her friends, who, I think, are evidently favourable to me. She has no silly, high-flown notions; she is now of an age—three or four-and-twenty I think—to take a reasonable view of the world; and I hope she will find the sincere affection of a respectable man, whose habits and position resemble her own, sufficient for her."

"You wish, I suppose, to hear me repeat, that such will undoubtedly be the result," said Harry, smiling again.

"Perhaps I do," replied Mr. Ellsworth, in the

same tone. "I suppose you are discerning enough to be aware that I have a rival in Mr. Stryker."

"Stryker attentive to Elinor? It has not struck me. I had fancied him rather an admirer of Mrs. Creighton's."

"Of Josephine? Oh, no! she can't endure him, they are quarrelling half the time when together. No, it is very evident that Stryker is courting Miss Wyllys's favour. But I confess I feel encouraged by her conduct towards him; there is a quiet civility in it, which speaks anything but very decided approbation."

"I know Elinor too well, not to feel assured she must despise a man of Stryker's character," said Harry, with some indignation. "He can't appreciate her; it can be nothing more, on his part, than downright fortune-hunting."

"No doubt; there you mention another motive I have for not being too hasty in my declaration to Miss Wyllys. I could wish to convince her that my attachment is sincere."

"Certainly. I forget twenty times a day that she is now a fortune, until I see some fellow, like William Hunter, or Stryker, paying their court to her. I have never been accustomed to consider her in that light of old. In fact, I had no idea of her reputation as an heiress, until I found it so well



established when I arrived here. But Saratoga is just the place to make such discoveries. I was quite behind the age in every respect, it seems; for although it did not require much penetration to find out your secret, Ellsworth, yet I was taken entirely by surprise. You never made any allusion to anything of the kind in your letters to me."

"It was so seldom that I met Miss Wyllys, that for a time my mind was undecided. But, of course, I should have written you word if anything had been finally settled; even if you had not come to look after me in *propria persona*."

Having reached their hotel, the gentlemen parted. Mr. Ellsworth would, in all probability, have been less communicative with his friend Hazlehurst, on the subject of their recent conversation, had he been aware of the state of things which formerly existed between Elinor and himself. He had only heard some vague stories of an engagement between them, but had always supposed it mere gossip, from having seen Harry's attention to Jane when they were all in Paris together; while he knew, on the other hand, that Hazlehurst had always been on the most intimate terms with the Wyllyses as a family connexion. He was aware that Harry had been very much in love with Miss Graham, for he had remarked it

himself; and he supposed that if there had ever been any foundation for the report of an engagement with Elinor, it had probably been a mere childish caprice, soon broken, and which had left no lasting impression on either party.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“Nor have these eyes, by greener hills  
Been soothed in all my wanderings.”

WORDSWORTH.

CHARLIE HUBBARD had been at Lake George for some days; and it was a settled thing, that after he had established himself there, and fixed upon a point for his picture, his friends from Saratoga were to pay him a visit. Accordingly, the Wyllyses, with a party large enough to fill a coach, set out for the excursion, leaving Mrs. Stanley, Jane, her sister, Mrs. Hazlehurst, and their children, at the Springs. The weather was fine, and they set out gaily, with pleasant prospects before them.

Charlie was very glad to see them, and as he had already been some time on the ground, he thought himself qualified to play cicerone. Most of the party had a relish for natural scenery, and

of course they were prepared to enjoy very much, a visit to such a lovely spot. Robert Hazlehurst, it is true, was indifferent to everything of the kind ; he acknowledged himself a thorough utilitarian in taste, and avowed his preference for a muddy canal, running between fields, well covered with corn and pumpkins, turnips and potatoes, rather than the wildest lake, dotted with useless islands, and surrounded with inaccessible Alps ; but as he frankly confessed his want of taste, and assured his friends that he accompanied them only for the sake of their society, they were bound to overlook the defect.

Mr. Stryker also said a great deal about his indifference towards *les ormeaux, les rameaux, et les hameaux*, affecting much more than he felt ; and affirming that the only lakes he liked, were the ponds of the Tuileries, and the parks of London ; the only trees, those of the Boulevards ; and as for villages, he could never endure one, not even the Big Village of Washington. He only came, he said, because he must follow the ladies, and was particularly anxious to give Mrs. Creighton an opportunity of finishing his education, and—to fish. Some of the party were sorry he had joined them ; but Mrs. Creighton had asked him.

“ Are Mrs. Hilson and her sister still at Saratoga ?” inquired Charlie Hubbard of Hazlehurst, the evening they arrived at Caldwell.

“ I believe so ;—they were there the day before yesterday, for Mrs. Hilson asked me to a pic-nic, at Barkydt’s—but I was engaged. I think I saw Miss Hubbard in the street yesterday,”

“ Had they the same party with them still ?”

“ Yes ; it seemed to be very much the same party.”

Hubbard looked mortified ; but he was soon busy answering inquiries as to the projected movements for the next day.

The following morning the whole party set out, in two skiffs, to pass the day on the lake. Under Charlie’s guidance, they rowed about among the islands, now coasting the shores, now crossing from one point to another, wherever the views were finest ; generally keeping near enough, as they moved leisurely along, for conversation between the two boats.

“ How beautifully clear the waetr is !” exclaimed Elinor.

“ The water in the Swiss lakes is limpid I suppose, Charlie, like most mountain streams ?” observed Mr. Wyllys.

“ It is clear, Sir ; and in the heart of the Alps it has a very peculiar colour—a blueish tinge—

from the glaciers, like molten *lapis lazuli*; entirely different from the deep, *ultra-marine* blue of the Mediterranean."

"Have you any views of the Swiss lakes?" asked Elinor.

"Yes. I can show you several—and, as usual, there is a difference in their colouring: from Lugarn, a little bit of lapis lazuli, lying like a jewel, in the green pastures, half-way up the Alps, just below the ice and snow, to the reedy Lake of Morat, on the plains of Neufchâtel, more like an agate," added Charlie, smiling.

"We shall hope to see them when we pass through New York," said Elinor, listening with interest.

"I will show them to you with great pleasure, *faute de mieux*, Miss Elinor; but I hope you will one day see the originals."

"In the mean time, however, we shall be very glad to enjoy your pictures. Have you any Italian views?"

"Yes, quite a number! Wherever I went, I made sketches, at least; though I have not yet had time to finish them all as pictures. In my boxes, there are Venetian lagoons, and Dutch canals; a view of the Seine, in the heart of Paris, and the Thames, at London; the dirty, famous Tiber, classic Arno, and classic Avon."

“ You make our eyes water, Charlie, with such a catalogue,” said Mr. Wyllys. “ You must certainly get up an exhibition, and add several of your American pictures to those you have just brought home.”

“ I really hope you will do so,” said Elinor. “ The transparent amber-like water of the Canada, and the emerald colour of Niagara, would appear finely in such a collection.”

“ I shall never dare attempt Niagara,” exclaimed Charlie. “ All the beauties of all the other waters in the world are united there. It will not do to go beyond the rapids; I should be lost if I but ventured to the edge of the whirlpool itself.”

“ I have no doubt you will try it yet,” said Harry.

The young artist shook his head. “ I am sometimes disposed to throw aside the brush in disgust, at the temerity of man, which can attempt to copy even what is most noble in the magnificent variety, and the simple grandeur of nature.”

“ You have been sufficiently successful in what you have attempted hitherto,” said Harry. “ I saw your view of Lake Ontario, in Philadelphia, just after I arrived; and I can never forget the impression it produced on me. Of all your pictures that I have seen, that is my favourite.”

"It is indeed a noble picture," said Mr. Wyllys.

"And few men but yourself, Charlie, could have given so deep an interest to a broad field of water, with only a strip of common-place shore in the fore-ground, and a bank of clouds in the distance. A common painter would have thrown in some prettiness of art, that would have ruined it; but you have given it a simple dignity that is really wonderful!" said Hazlehurst.

"You mortify me," said Charlie; "it is so much inferior to what I could wish."

"Captain C——," continued Harry, "who was stationed at Oswego for several years, told me he should have known your picture without the name, for a view of one of the great lakes; there was so much truth in the colour and movement of the water; so much that was different from the ocean."

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is cruel in you to flatter a poor young artist at this rate," said Charlie.

"If it is criticism you want," said Hazlehurst, "I can give you a dose. You were very severely handled in my presence, a day or two since, and on the very subject of your picture of Lake Ontario."

"Pray let me hear the criticism; it will sober me."



“What was the fault?” said Elinor; “what was wanting?”

“A few houses and a steam-boat, to make it lively.”

“You are making up a good story, Mr. Hazlehurst,” said Mrs. Creighton, laughing.

“I give you the critic’s words verbatim. I really looked at the young lady in astonishment, that she should see nothing but a want of liveliness in a picture, which most of us feel to be sublime. But Miss D—— had an old grudge against you, for not having made her papa’s villa sufficiently prominent in your view of Hell-Gate,”

“But such a villa!” said Hubbard. “One of the ugliest within ten miles of New York. It is possible, sometimes, by keeping at a distance, concealing defects, and partially revealing columns through verdure, to make one of our Grecian-temple houses appear to advantage in a landscape; but, really, Mr. D——’s villa was such a jumble, so entirely out of all just proportion, that I could do nothing with it; and was glad to find that I could put a grove between the spectator and the building: anybody but its inmates would have preferred the trees.”

“Not at all. Miss D—— thought the absence of the portico, with its tall, pipe-stem columns,

the row of dormer-windows on the roof, and the nondescript Belvidere crowning all, a loss to the public."

"The miserable architecture of this country is an obstacle to a landscape painter, 'quite too serious to be trifled with, I can assure you,'" said Charlie.

"It must be confessed," said Mr. Ellsworth, "that the order of things has been reversed here. Architecture is usually called the parent of the fine arts; but with us she is the youngest of the family, and as yet the worst endowed. We had respectable pictures, long before we had a single building in a really good style; and now that we have some noble paintings and statuary, architecture still lags behind. What a noise they made in New York, only a few years since, about St. Thomas's Church!"

"Yes," said Mr. Stryker; "the curse of the genius of architecture, which Jefferson said had fallen upon this country, has not yet been removed."

"Some of the most ludicrous objects I have ever laid my eyes on," said Hazlehurst, "have been pretending houses, and, I am sorry to say, churches too, in the interior of the country; chiefly in the would-be Corinthian and Composite styles. They set every rule of good taste

and good sense at defiance, and look, withal, so unconscious of their absurdity, that the effect is as thoroughly ridiculous, as if it had been the object of the architect to make them so."

"For reason good," observed Mr. Wyllys; "because they are wanting in simplicity and full of pretension; and pretension is the root of all absurdity."

They had now reached the spot Charlie had selected for his picture; the young artist pointed it out to Miss Wyllys, who was in the other boat.

"This is the spot I have chosen," he said, "and I hope you will agree with me in liking the position; it commands some of the finest points on the lake; that is the Black mountain in the back-ground."

His friends admired his choice, acknowledging that the view was one of the most beautiful they had seen.

"It must be difficult to choose, where every view is charming," said Elinor. "How beautiful those little islands are; so much variety, and all so pleasing!"

"You will see hundreds of them, Miss Wyllys, when you have been over the lake," said Hubbard.

"There are just three hundred and sixty-five,

Marm," added one of the boatmen, the guide of the party; "one for every day in the year."

"This must be May-day island," said Elinor, pointing to an islet quite near them. "This one, half wood, half meadow, which shows so many flowers."

"May-day island it shall be for the next six weeks," said Charlie, smiling. "I have chosen it for another view."

"Well, good people!" exclaimed Robert Hazlehurst, from the other boat; "you may be feasting on the beauties of nature; but some of us have more substantial appetites! Miss Wyllys is a little fatigued, Mr. Stryker all impatience to get out his handsome fishing-rod, and your humble servant very hungry, indeed!"

As they had been loitering about for several hours, it was agreed that they should now land, and prepare to lunch.

"We will put into port at May-day island," said Charlie; "I have been there several times, and there is a pretty, grassy bank, where we may spread a table-cloth."

They soon reached the little island pointed out by Elinor, and having landed with their baskets of provisions, the meal was prepared, and only waiting for the fish which Mr. Stryker had promised to catch, and for a supply of salt which

one of the boatmen had gone for to a farm-house on the shore; this necessary having been forgotten when the provisions were laid in. There never was a pic-nic yet where nothing was forgotten.

Mr. Stryker soon prepared himself for action; he was a famous fisherman, and quite as proud of his rod as of his reputation, which were both Dublin-made, he said, and, therefore, perfect in their way. Mr. Wyllys and Mrs. Creighton admired the apparatus contained in his ebony walking-stick to the owner's full satisfaction: he had a great deal to say about its perfections, the beauty of his flies, the excellence of his hooks and lines, and so forth; and the ladies in general, Mrs. Creighton especially, listened as flatteringly as the gentleman could desire. As he was to supply the perch for luncheon, however, he was obliged to begin his labours; and taking a boat, he rowed off a stone's throw from the shore.

In turning a little point, he was surprised, by coming suddenly upon a brother fisherman. In a rough, leaky boat, with a common old rod in his hand, sat our acquaintance, Mr. Hopkins, wearing the usual rusty coat; his red silk handkerchief spread on his knee, an open snuff-box on one side of him, a dirty tin pail on the other.

The party on shore were not a little amused by

the contrast in the appearance, manners, and equipments of the two fishermen; the fastidious Mr. Stryker, so complete, from his grey blouse to his fishing-basket; the old merchant, quite independent of everything like fashion, whether alone on Lake George, or among the crowd in Wall Street. Charlie who did not know him, said that he had met the same individual on the lake, at all hours, and in all weathers, during the past week; he seemed devoted to fishing, heart and soul, having left the St. Legers at Saratoga, and come on to Lake George immediately to enjoy his favorite pastime. It was a pleasure to see how honestly and earnestly he was engaged in his pursuit: as for Mr. Stryker, we strongly suspect that his fancy for fishing was an acquired taste, like most of those he cherished; we very much doubt whether he would ever have been a follower of Izaak Walton, had there not been a fashionable accoutrement for brothers of the rod at the present day.

Several of the ladies also fished for half an hour; Mrs. Creighton begging for a seat in Mr. Stryker's boat, that she might profit by his instructions. While they were out, a small incident occurred which amused the spectators not a little. Mrs. Creighton had risen to look at a fish playing about Mr. Stryker's line, when she

accidentally dropped a light shawl, which fell from her arm into the water; an involuntary movement she made as it fell, also threw a basket of her companion's flies overboard, at the same instant. He had just been showing them off.

"Oh, Mr. Stryker, my shawl!" exclaimed the lady.

But the fashionable fisherman was already catching eagerly at his own precious flies. He succeeded in regaining the basket, and then, bethinking him of his reputation for gallantry, turned to Mrs. Creighton to rescue the shawl; but he had the mortification to see old Mr. Hopkins already stretching out an arm with the Cachemere, which he had caught almost as soon as it touched the water, and now offered to its fair owner, with the good-natured hope that it had not been injured, as it was hardly wet. The lady received it very graciously, and bestowed a very sweet smile on the old merchant; while Mr. Stryker, quite nettled at his own flagrant misdemeanour, had to face a frown from the charming widow. It was decidedly an unlucky hour for Mr. Stryker—he only succeeded in catching a solitary perch; while Mr. Hopkins, who had been invited to join the party, contributed a fine mess. The fault, however, was all thrown on the sun-

shine; and Mr. Hopkins confessed that he had not had much sport since the clouds had broken away earlier in the morning. Everbody seemed very ready for luncheon, when hailed from the island, for that purpose.

The meal was quite a merry one. Mrs. Creighton was the life of the party, saying a great many clever, amusing things. She looked charmingly, too, in a little cap, whose straw-coloured ribbons were particularly becoming to her brown complexion. Mr. Stryker gradually recovered from the double mortification of the shawl, and the solitary perch, and soon began talking over different fishing excursions, with his friend A——, in Ireland, and his friend B——, in Germany. The rest of the party were all cheerful and good-humoured. Mr. Ellsworth was quite devoted to Elinor, as usual, of late. Mary Van Alstyne amused herself with looking on at Mrs. Creighton's efforts to charm Harry, pique Mr. Stryker, and flatter Mr. Wyllys into admiring her; nor did she disdain to throw away several arch smiles on Mr. Hopkins. "She seems successful in all her attempts," thought Mary. Harry was quite attentive to her; and it was evident that Mr. Stryker's admiration had very much increased since they had been together



at the Springs. He had set out for Saratoga, with the firm determination to play the suitor to Elinor; he resolved that he would *not* fall in love with the pretty widow; but a clever coquette, and a man of the world, are adversaries well matched; and, as usual in such encounters, feminine art and feminine flattery seemed likely to carry the day.

Mr. Stryker, in spite of himself, often forgot to be properly attentive to Elinor, who appeared to great disadvantage in his eyes, when placed in constant contrast with Mrs. Creighton. He scarcely regretted now, his little prospect of favour with the heiress, for the poor widow had completely fascinated him by her graceful flatteries, the piquancy of her wit, and her worldliness, which, with Mr. Stryker, passed for her wisdom. Even Mary Van Alstyne, though prejudiced against her, was obliged to confess, as she watched Mrs. Creighton, that she admired her. The lady had thrown herself on the grass in a graceful position. Excited by admiration, she had a brilliant colour; her dress was always studiously fashionable and becoming in its minutest details; her amusing remarks flowed freely from a conscience under no other restraints than those of policy or good breeding; and her manner, though

always studied for effect, was particularly well studied and agreeable. Her companions thought her charming.

Elinor, at the same moment, was standing by her side, in a simple dress, with no attempt to disguise a plain face under finery, and a perfectly quiet position, which was graceful without her knowing it. Her whole manner, indeed, was always natural; its simplicity was its great charm, for one felt confident that her grace and sweetness, her ease and quiet dignity, flowed readily from her character itself. Whether these ideas occurred to any of the party besides Miss Van Alstyne, we cannot say: it is certain, however, that Mrs. Creighton was all prepared for observation, Elinor, as usual, quite regardless of it.

"We must carry off some flowers from May-day island," said Mr. Ellsworth, preparing to gather a bouquet for Elinor. He had soon succeeded in collecting quite a pretty bunch, composed of wild roses, blue hare-bells, the white blossoms of the wild clematis, the delicate pink clusters of the Alleghany vine, and the broad-leaved rose-raspberry, with several other varieties.

Mr. Stryker offered a bouquet to Mrs. Creighton.

"It is really quite pretty; but to make it complete, I must have one of those scarlet lobelias, on the next island; they are the first I have seen

this season. Mr. Hazlehurst, do be good-natured, and step into that boat and bring me one."

"I can do that without the boat, Mrs. Creighton, here is a bridge," replied Harry, springing on the trunk of a dead tree, which nearly reached the islet she had pointed out; catching the branch of an oak on the opposite shore, he swung himself across. The flowers were soon gathered; and, after a little difficulty in reaching the dead tree, he returned to the ladies, just as they were about to embark again. Perhaps he had caught a spark of the spirit of coquetry from Mrs. Creighton, and resented her flirting so much with Mr. Stryker; for he did not give her all the flowers he had gathered, but offered a few to each lady as she entered the boat.

"Thank you, Mr. Hazlehurst, very gallantly done," said Mrs. Creighton, placing one of the lobelias, with a sprig of Mr. Stryker's in her belt.

As they rowed leisurely along, Charlie Hubbard pointed out some of the localities to Miss Wyllys and Robert Hazlehurst.

"These mountains are very different in their character, Mr. Hubbard, from those you have recently been sketching in Italy and Switzerland," observed Mr. Ellsworth.

"Entirely different—their forms are much less bold and decided."

“Yes; all the mountains in this country, east of the Mississippi, partake, more or less, of the same character; forming rounded ridges, seldom broken into those abrupt, ragged peaks, common in other parts of the world.”

“But the elevation of these mountains is much less than that of the Alps, or high Apennines,” observed Mr. Wyllys; “do not the mountains in Europe, of the same height, resemble these in formation?”

“No, Sir, I think not,” replied Ellsworth. “They are generally more bold and barren; often mere masses of naked rock. I am no geologist, but it strikes me that the whole surface of the earth, in this part of the world, differs in character from that of the eastern continent; on one hand, the mountains are less abrupt and decided in their forms with us; and on the other, the plains are less monotonous here. If our mountains are not grand, the general surface of the country seems more varied, more uneven; there is not so large a proportion of dead level in this country as in France, Germany, Russia, for instance; we have much of what we call a rolling country—even the prairies, which are the plains of this region, show the same swelling surface.”

“The variety of character in the landscape of different countries, must be a great charm to one

of your profession, Hubbard," observed Harry. "A landscape painter must enjoy travelling more than any other man; nothing is lost upon you—every time you look about you there is something new to observe. How you must have enjoyed the change from the general aspect of this country—fresh, full of life and motion, yet half-finished in the details—to old Italy, where the scenery and atmosphere are in perfect harmony with the luxurious repose of a great antiquity!"

"I did indeed enjoy the change beyond expression!" exclaimed Charlie. "I have often felt thankful, in the best sense of the word, that I have been enabled to see those great countries, Italy and Switzerland; it has furnished me with materials for thought and delight during a whole life time."

"It would be a good plan to get you appointed painting attaché to the Legation, Hubbard," said Harry. "As you have seen the south of Europe, would you not like to take a look at the northern regions?"

"Not much," replied Charlie. "I should have nothing but ice to paint there for half the year."

"Well, I suppose there is something selfish in my wish to carry you to the North Pole; but when I was in Brazil, I had a very disinterested desire that you should see the Bay of Rio."

"Is it really so beautiful?" asked Elinor.

"Yes. Finer even than Naples, as regards scenery; though it wants, of course, all the charm of recollection which belongs to the Old World."

"You must forget everything like fine scenery when you go to St. Petersburg," said Robert Hazlehurst.

"Not at all. I hope to take a trip to the Crimea while I am in Russia. I shall do my best to ingratiate myself with the owner of some fine villa on the Black Sea."

"And have you really made up your mind to be a regular diplomatist?" asked Mr. Wyllys.

"For a time, Sir; so long as I can serve under Mr. Henley, or a man like him."

"I used to see a good deal of Henley, some twenty years since," observed Mr. Wyllys. "I should think him particularly well fitted for his duties."

"I have the highest respect for him," replied Harry.

"He is a good model for an American diplomatist," added Robert Hazlehurst. "A man of ability, good education, and just principles, with simple, gentlemanly manners; always manly in his tone, and firm as a rock on all essential points."

"But those are only a small portion of the

qualifications of a diplomatist," said Mr. Stryker. "According to the most approved models, the largest half should be cunning."

"Mr. Henley is particularly clear-sighted—not easily deceived either by himself or by others; and that is all that American diplomacy requires," said Harry. "I am proud to say that our government does not give us any dirty work to do. We have chiefly to act on the defensive."

"Set a thief to catch a thief," said Mr. Stryker, with his usual dry manner. "I don't believe in the full success of your virtuous diplomatist. How is a man to know all the turnings and windings of the road that leads to treaties, unless he has gone over it himself?"

"But an honest man, if he is really clear-headed and firm, has no need of these turnings and windings; he goes more directly to the point, and saves a vast deal of time and principle, by taking a more honourable road."

"Suppose a man has to make black look white, I should like to see your honourable diplomatist manage such a job," said Mr. Stryker.

"But our government has never yet had such jobs to manage. We have never yet made a demand from a foreign power that we have not believed just. Intrigue is unpardonable in American diplomacy, for it is gratuitous; a man need

not resort to it, unless his own taste inclines him that way. It is an honourable distinction of our government—as a government—that it has never committed a single act of injustice against any other power, either by open force, or underhand manœuvres. We have been wronged sometimes, and omitted to demand justice as firmly as we might have done; but there is, probably, no other government among the great powers of Christendom, that has been so free from offensive guilt, during the last sixty years, as that of this country.”

It was evident that Mr. Stryker was not in the least convinced by Harry's defence of honest diplomacy.

“The ladies must find great fault with Washington diplomacy,” he added, turning to Mrs. Creighton and Elinor; “they are never employed; not a single fair American has ever figured among *les belles diplomates* of European saloons, I believe.”

“Perhaps the ladies in this country would not condescend to be employed,” said Elinor.

“Don't say so, Miss Wyllys!” exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, laughing; “I should delight in having some delicate mission to manage: when Mr. Stryker gets into the cabinet, he may send me as



special envoy to any country where I can find a French milliner."

"You had better go to Russia with Mr. Henley and Mr. Hazlehurst. I have not the least doubt but they would find your *finesse* of great service," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Creighton blushed; and Harry coloured too.

"The very idea of such an ally would frighten Mr. Henley out of his wits," said the lady, recovering herself; "he is an incorrigible old bachelor; that, you must allow, is a great fault of his, Mr. Hazlehurst."

"If he be incorrigible," said Harry.

"But that is not clear," said Mr. Stryker to the lady; "he is a great admirer of yours."

"Come, a truce to diplomacy, Josephine; I am going to beg Miss Wyllys for a song," said Ellsworth.

Elinor sang very readily, and very sweetly; the Swiss airs sounded charmingly among the hills; and she was accompanied by Mary Van Alstyne, while Charlie, with the two Hazlehursts, made up a respectable second for several songs.

Some gathering clouds at length warned the party to turn inn-ward again.

"It is to be hoped the shower won't reach us, for your sake, ladies," said Robert Hazlehurst.

"I hope not for the sake of my *bibi!*" said Mrs. Creighton. "It is the prettiest little hat I have had these three years; it would be distressing to have it spoiled before it has lost its freshness."

"There is no danger, marm," said one of the boatmen, with a good-natured gravity, that made Mrs. Creighton smile. "Them 'ere kind of clouds often goes over the lake without coming up this way."

And so it proved; the party reached the hotel safely, all agreeing that they had had a very pleasant day, and were not at all more tired than was desirable after such an excursion.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ Sebastian are you ?  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us ? ”

SHAKSPEARE.

ON their return to Saratoga, the Wyllyses and Hazlehursts found startling intelligence awaiting them. Letters had just arrived for Harry, for Mrs. Stanley, and for Mr. Wyllys, all of a similar nature, and all of a character that was astounding to those who received them. They could scarcely credit their senses as they read the fact, that the executors of the late John William Stanley, Esquire, were called upon to account for all past proceedings, to William Stanley, his son and heir. Hazlehurst was also summoned to resign that portion of the property of which he had taken possession two years since, when he had reached the age of twenty-five.

The letters were all written by Mr. Clapp, Charlie Hubbard's brother-in-law, who announced himself as the attorney of William Stanley, Esquire.

"Here are the letters addressed to myself," said Mrs. Stanley, who had immediately sent for Mr. Wyllys and Hazlehurst, as soon as they returned from Lake George: she had not yet recovered from the first agitation caused by this extraordinary disclosure. "This is the letter purporting to come from my husband's son, and this is from the lawyer," she added, extending both to Hazlehurst.

Harry read them aloud. The first ran as follows:

"Madam:

"I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, as my late father was not married to you when I went to sea, not long before his death. But I make no doubt that you will not refuse me my rights, now that I step forward to demand them after leaving others to enjoy them for nearly eighteen years. Things look different to a man near forty, and to a young chap of twenty; I have been thinking of claiming my property for some time, but was told by lawyers that there was too many difficulties in the way, owing partly to my

own fault, partly to the fault of others. As long as I was a youngster, I didn't care for anything but having my own way—I snapped my fingers at all the world; but now I am tired of a sea-faring life, and have had hardships enough for one man: since there is a handsome property mine, by right, I am resolved to claim it, through thick and thin.

“I have left off the bottle, and intend to do my best to be respectable for the rest of my days. I make no doubt but we shall be able to come to some agreement; nor would I object to a compromise for the past, though my lawyers advise me to make no such offer. I shall be pleased, Madam, to pay my respects to you, that we may settle our affairs at a personal meeting, if it suits you to do so.

“Your obedient servant, and step-son,

“WILLIAM STANLEY.”

“Can that be my husband's son!” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, in an agitated voice, as Harry finished reading the letter, and handed it to Mr. Wyllys.

“It will take more than this to convince me,” said Mr. Wyllys, who had been listening attentively. The hand-writing was then carefully examined by Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys, and

both were compelled to admit that it was at least a good imitation of that of William Stanley.

“A most extraordinary proceeding in either case!” exclaimed Harry, pacing the room.

Mr. Clapp’s letter was then read: it began with the following words:

“Madam:—

“I regret that I am compelled by the interests of my client, William Stanley, Esquire, to address a lady I respect so highly, upon a subject that must necessarily prove distressing to her in many different ways.”

Then followed a brief statement of his first acquaintance with Mr. Stanley; his refusing to have anything to do with the affair; his subsequent conviction that the ragged sailor was the individual he represented himself to be; his reluctance to proceed, &c., &c. But since he was now convinced, by the strongest proofs, of the justice of Mr. Stanley’s demand, and had at length undertaken to assist him with his advice, he was, therefore, compelled by duty to give the regular legal notice, that Mrs. Stanley, as executrix, would be required to account for her proceedings since her husband’s death. His client, he said, would much prefer an amicable arrangement, but, if necessary, would proceed to law

immediately. He wished to know what course Mrs. Stanley was disposed to take, as his client's steps would necessarily be guided by her own, and those of Mr. Wyllys and Mr. Hazlehurst. He concluded with a civil hope that the case might be privately adjusted.

"Clapp all over," said Harry, as he finished reading the letter.

"A most bare-faced imposition, depend upon it!" exclaimed Mr. Wyllys, with strong indignation.

Mrs. Stanley was listening with anxious eagerness for the opinion of the two gentlemen.

"I am strongly disposed to mistrust anything that comes through Clapp's hands," said Harry, pacing the room thoughtfully, with the letters in his hand. "Still, I think it behoves us, Sir, to act with deliberation; the idea that it is not impossible that this individual should be the son of Mr. Stanley, must not be forgotten—that possibility alone would make me sift the matter to the bottom at once."

"Certainly; it must be looked into immediately."

"What has the lawyer written to you?" asked Mrs Stanley.

The letters to Mr. Wyllys and Harry were then read aloud; they were almost identical in their contents with that to Mrs. Stanley. The tone of

each was civil and respectful; though each contained a technical legal notice, that they would be required to surrender to William Stanley, the property of his late father, according to the will of the said John William Stanley; which the said William, his son, had hitherto neglected to claim, though legally entitled to it.

“There is certainly an air of confidence about those letters of Clapp’s,” said Harry, “as if he felt himself on a firm foot-hold. It is very extraordinary!”

“Of course: he would never move in such a case without some plausible proof,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“But how could he get any proof whatever on this occasion?” said Mrs. Stanley. “For these eighteen years, nearly, William Stanley has been lying at the bottom of the ocean. We have believed so, at least.”

“Proofs have been manufactured by lawyers before now,” said Mr. Wyllys. “Do you suppose that if William Stanley had been living, we never should have heard one trace of him during eighteen years? At a time, too, when his father’s death had left him a large property.”

“What sort of a man is this Mr. Clapp?” asked Mrs. Stanley. “His manners and appearance, whenever I have accidentally seen him with the



Hubbards, struck me as very unpleasant; but is it possible he can be so utterly devoid of all principle, as wilfully to countenance an impostor?"

"He is a man whom I do not believe to possess one just principle!" said Mr. Wyllys. "Within the last year or two, I have lost all confidence in his honesty, from facts known to me."

"I have always had a poor opinion of him, but I have never had much to do with him," said Harry; "still, I should not have thought him capable of entering into a conspiracy so atrocious as this must be, if the story be not true."

"He would do any dirty work whatever for money. I *know* the man," said Mr. Wyllys, with emphasis.

"It is possible he may be deceived himself," observed Mrs. Stanley.

"Very improbable," replied Mr. Wyllys, shaking his head.

"A shrewd, cunning, quick-witted fellow, as I remember him, would not be likely to undertake such a case, unless he had some prospect of success," said Harry, pacing the room again. "He must know perfectly well that it is make or break with him. If he does not succeed, he will be utterly ruined."

"He will give us trouble, no doubt, said Mr.

Wyllys. "He must have got the means of putting together a plausible story. And yet his audacity confounds me!"

"Eighteen years, is it not, since William Stanley's death?" asked Harry, turning to Mrs. Stanley.

"It will be eighteen years next October since he sailed. I was married in November; and from that time we have never heard anything from the poor boy, excepting the report that the Jefferson, the ship in which he sailed, had been shipwrecked on the coast of Africa the following winter, and all hands lost. That report reached us not long before my husband's death, and caused him to word his will in the way it is now expressed; giving to the son of his kinsman and old friend, half his property, in case his son's death should be confirmed. The report *was* confirmed, some months later, by the arrival of an American vessel, which had ridden out the storm that wrecked the Jefferson: she saw the wreck itself, sent a boat to examine it, but could find no one living; although several bodies were picked up with the hope of reviving them. But you have heard the whole sad story before, Harry."

"Certainly. I merely wished to hear the facts

again, ma'am, from your own lips, lest I might have forgotten some important point."

"Although you were quite a child at the time, Harry," said Mr. Wyllys, "eight or ten, I believe, still I should think you must remember the anxiety to discover the real fate of William Stanley. I have numbers of letters in my hands, answers to those I had written with the hope of learning something more positive on the subject. We sent several agents, at different times, to the principal sea-ports to make inquiries among the sailors; it all resulted in confirming the first story, the loss of the Jefferson, and all on board. Every year, of course, made the point more certain."

"Still, we cannot say that it is not impossible he should have escaped," observed Harry.

"Why should he have waited eighteen years before he appeared to claim his property? And why should he not come directly to his father's executors, instead of seeking out such a fellow as Clapp? It bears on the very face every appearance of a gross imposture. Surely, Harry, you do not think there is a shade of probability as to the truth of this story?"

"Only a possibility, Sir; almost everything is against it, and yet I shall not rest satisfied without going to the bottom of the matter."

“That, you may be sure, we shall be forced to do. Clapp will give us trouble enough, I warrant; he will leave no stone unturned that a dirty lawyer can move. It will be vexatious, but there cannot be a doubt as to the result.”

“You encourage me,” said Mrs. Stanley; “and yet the idea of entering into a suit of this kind is very painful!”

“If it be a conspiracy, there is no treatment too bad for those who have put the plot together!” exclaimed Harry. “What a double-dyed villain Clapp must be!”

“He will end his career in the State-Prison,” said Mr. Wyllys.

“The Hubbards, too; that is another disagreeable part of the business,” said Harry.

“I am truly sorry for them,” replied Mr. Wyllys. “It will give them great pain.”

“What steps shall we first take, Sir?” inquired Harry.

“We must look into the matter immediately, of course, and find out upon what grounds they are at work.”

“I am utterly at a loss to comprehend it?” exclaimed Mrs. Stanley. “Such a piece of bare-faced audacity!”

“Clapp must rest all his hope of success on our want of positive proof as to the death of

William Stanley," observed Harry. "But his having dared to bring forward an individual to personate the dead man, is really a height of impudence that I should never have conceived of."

"If I did not know him to be an incarnation of cunning, I should think he had lost his senses," replied Mr. Wyllys; "but happily for honest men, rogues generally overreach themselves; after they have spread their nets, made the mesh as intricate as possible, they almost invariably fall into their own snare. Such will, undoubtedly, be the result in this case."

"Had you not better return to Longbridge at once," said Mrs. Stanley, "in order to inquire into the matter?"

"Certainly. We had better all be on the spot; though I am confident we shall unmask the rogues very speedily. You were already pledged to return with us, Mrs. Stanley; and I shall be glad to see you at Wyllys-Roof again, Harry."

"Thank you, Sir; you are very good," replied Hazlehurst, with something more than the common meaning in the words; for he coloured a little on remembering the occurrences of his last visit to Longbridge, more than three years since.

"We shall find it difficult," continued Mr.

Wyllys, "to get an insight into Clapp's views and plans. He will, no doubt, be very wary in all he does; though voluble as ever in what he says. I know his policy of old; he reverses the saying of the cunning Italian, *volto sciolto, bocca stretta.*"

"But his first step has not been a cautious one," observed Harry. "It is singular he should have allowed his client to write to Mrs. Stanley. Do you remember William Stanley's handwriting distinctly?" he added, again handing the letter to Mr. Wyllys.

"Yes; and it must be confessed this hand resembles his. They must have got possession of some of young Stanley's handwriting."

"But how could they possibly have done so?" said Mrs. Stanley.

"That is what we must try to find out, my dear madam."

"He must have been very confident that it was a good imitation," said Hazlehurst; "for, of course, he knew you must possess letters of William Stanley's. I don't remember to have seen anything but his signature, myself."

"Yes; it is a good imitation—very good; of course Clapp was aware of it, or the letter would never have been sent."

"William was very like his father in appear-

ance, though not in character," observed Mrs. Stanley, thoughtfully.

"He was very like him."

"Should this man look like my poor husband, I might have some misgivings," said Mrs. Stanley. "We must remember, at least, my dear Mr. Wyllys, that it is not impossible that William may be living."

"Only one of the most improbable circumstances you could name, my dear friend. I wish to see the man, however, myself; for I have little doubt that I shall be able at once to discover the imposture, entirely to our own satisfaction, at least—and that is the most important point."

"Should the case present an appearance of truth, sufficient to satisfy a jury, though we ourselves were not convinced, it would still prove a very serious thing to you, my dear Harry," observed Mrs. Stanley.

"No doubt: very serious to Hazlehurst, and a loss to all three. But I cannot conceive it possible that such a daring imposture can succeed so far. We shall be obliged, however, to proceed with prudence, in order to counteract the cunning of Clapp."

After a conversation of some length between the friends, it was agreed that Hazlehurst should

answer the letters, in the name of Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys, as well as his own. It was also decided that they should return to Longbridge immediately, and not take any decided steps until they had seen the individual purporting to be William Stanley. The bare possibility that Mr. Stanley's son might be living, determined Mrs. Stanley and Hazlehurst to pursue this course; although Mr. Wyllys, who had not a doubt on the subject from the first, had felt no scruple in considering the claimant as an impostor. We give Harry's letter to Mr. Clapp.

“Saratoga, June, 18—.

“Sir:

“The letters addressed by you to Mrs. Stanley, Mr. Wyllys and myself, of the date of last Tuesday, have just reached us. I shall not dwell on the amazement which we naturally felt in receiving a communication so extraordinary, which calls upon us to credit the existence of an individual, whom we have every reason to believe has lain for nearly eighteen years at the bottom of the deep: it will be sufficient that I declare, what you are probably already prepared to hear, that we see no cause for changing our past opinions on this subject. We believe to-day, as we have believed for years, that William Stanley



was drowned in the wreck of the *Jefferson* during the winter of 181—. We can command to-day, the same proofs which produced conviction at the time when this question was first carefully examined. We have learned no new fact to change the character of these proofs.

“ The nature of the case is such, however, as to admit the possibility—and it is a bare possibility only—of the existence of William Stanley. It is not necessarily impossible that he may have escaped from the wreck of the *Jefferson*; although the weight of probability against such an escape, has more than a hundred-fold the force of that which would favour a contrary supposition. Such being the circumstances, Mr. Stanley’s executors, and his legatee, actuated by the same motives which have constantly guided them since his death, are prepared in the present instance to discharge their duty, at whatever cost it may be. They are prepared to receive and examine any proofs, in the possession of yourself and your client, as to the identity of the individual purporting to be William Stanley, only son of the late John William Stanley, of — county, Pennsylvania. They demand these proofs. But they are also prepared, Sir, to pursue with the full force of justice, and the law of the land, any individual who shall attempt to advance a false

claim to the name and inheritance of the dead. This matter, once touched, must be entirely laid bare: were duty out of the question, indignation alone would be sufficient to urge them, at any cost of time and vexation, to unmask one who, if not William Stanley, must be a miserable impostor—to unravel what must either prove an extraordinary combination of circumstances, or a base conspiracy.

“ Prepared, then, to pursue either course, as justice shall dictate, Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys, executors of the late Mr. Stanley, and myself, his legatee, demand: First, an interview with the individual claiming to be William Stanley. Secondly, whatever proofs of the identity of the claimant you may have in your possession. And we here pledge ourselves to acknowledge the justice of the claim advanced, if the evidence shall prove sufficient to establish it; or in the event of a want of truth and consistency in the evidence supporting this remarkable claim, we shall hold it a duty to bring to legal punishment, those whom we must then believe the guilty parties connected with it.

Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys wish you, Sir, to understand this letter as an answer to those addressed by you to themselves. They are on the point of returning to Longbridge, where I

shall also join them; and we request that your farther communications to us, on this subject, may be addressed to Wyllys-Roof.

“ HENRY HAZLEHURST.”

This letter was written, and approved by Mrs. Stanley and Mr. Wyllys, before the consultation broke up; it was also signed by them, as well as by Harry.

The amazement of Miss Wyllys and Elinor, on hearing the purport of Mr. Clapp's letters, was boundless. Had they seen William Stanley rise from the ground before them, they could scarcely have been more astonished; not a shadow of doubt as to his death in the Jefferson, had crossed their minds for years. Like their friends, they believed it a plot of Mr. Clapp's; and yet his daring to take so bold a step seemed all but incredible.

When some hours' consideration had made the idea rather more familiar to the minds of our friends, they began to look at the consequences, and they clearly saw many difficulties and vexations before the matter could be even favourably settled; but if this client of Mr. Clapp's were to succeed in establishing a legal claim to the Stanley estate, the result would produce much inconvenience to Mrs. Stanley, still greater difficulties

to Mr. Wyllys, while Harry would be entirely ruined in a pecuniary sense; since the small property he had inherited from his father would not suffice to meet half the arrears he would be obliged to discharge, in restoring his share of the Stanley estate to another. Hazlehurst had decided, from the instant the claim was laid before him, that the only question with himself would regard his own opinion on the subject; the point must first be clearly settled to his own judgment. He would see the man who claimed to be the son of his benefactor, he would examine the matter as impartially as he could, and then determine for himself. Had he any good reason whatever for believing this individual to be William Stanley he would instantly resign the property to him at every cost.

All probability was, however, thus far against the identity of the claimant; and unless Hazlehurst could believe in his good faith and honesty, every inch of the ground should be disputed to the best of his ability. Mr. Wyllys was very confident of defeating one whom he seriously believed an impostor: it was a dirty, disagreeable job to undertake, but he was sanguine as to the result. Mrs. Stanley was at first quite overcome by agitation and astonishment; she had some doubts and anxieties; misgivings would occasionally cross

her mind, in spite of herself, in spite of Mr. Wyllys's opinion; and the bare idea of opposing one who might possibly be her husband's son, affected all her feelings. Like Hazlehurst, she was very desirous to examine farther into the matter without delay; scarcely knowing yet what to hope and what to fear.

Ellsworth and Mrs. Creighton soon learned the extraordinary summons which Harry had received; he informed them of the facts himself.

"The man is an impostor, depend upon it, Mr. Hazlehurst!" exclaimed Mrs. Creighton, with much warmth.

"I have little doubt of it," replied Harry; "for I do not see how he can well be anything else."

"You know, Hazlehurst, that I am entirely at your service in any way you please," said Ellsworth.

"Thank you, Ellsworth; I have a habit of looking to you in any difficulty, as you know already."

"But I cannot conceive that it should be at all a difficult matter to unravel so coarse a plot as this must be!" cried Mrs. Creighton. "What possible foundation can these men have for their story? Tell me all about it, Mr. Hazlehurst, pray!" continued the lady, who had been standing when Harry entered the room, prepared to

accompany her brother and himself to Miss Wyllys's rooms. "Sit down, I beg, and tell me at once all you choose to trust me with," she continued, taking a seat on the sofa.

Harry followed her example. "You are only likely to hear a great deal too much of it, I fear, if you permit Ellsworth and myself to talk the matter over before you."

He then proceeded to give some of the most important facts, as far as he knew them himself, at least. Judging from this account, Mr. Ellsworth pronounced himself decidedly inclined to think with Mr. Wyllys, that this claim was a fabrication of Clapp's. Mrs. Creighton was very warm in the expression of her indignation and her sympathy. After a long and animated conversation, Mr. Ellsworth proposed that they should join the Wyllyses: his sister professed herself quite ready to do so; and, accompanied by Harry, they went to the usual rendezvous of their party at Congress Hall.

Robert Hazlehurst had already left Saratoga with his family, having returned from Lake George for that purpose a day earlier than his friends; and when Mrs. Creighton and the two gentlemen entered Miss Wyllys's parlour, they only found there the Wyllyses themselves and Mary Van Alstyne, all of whom had already

heard of Harry's threatened difficulties. Neither Miss Agnes nor Elinor had seen him since he had received the letters, and they both cordially expressed their good wishes in his behalf; for they both seemed inclined to Mr. Wyllys's opinion of the new claimant.

"We have every reason to wish that the truth may soon be discovered," said Miss Agnes.

"I am sorry you should have such a painful, vexatious task before you," said Elinor, frankly offering her hand to Harry.

"Have you no sympathies for this new sailor cousin of yours, Miss Wyllys? I must say I have a very poor opinion of him myself," said Mrs. Creighton.

"Whoever he be, I hope he will only receive what is justly his due," replied Elinor.

"I am happy, Miss Wyllys, that you seem favourably inclined towards Hazlehurst," said Mr. Ellsworth. "On the present occasion, I consider him not only as a friend but as a client, and that is the dearest tie we lawyers are supposed to feel."

"One would naturally incline rather more to a client of yours ex-officio, Mr. Ellsworth, than to one of Mr. Clapp's, that very disagreeable

brother-in-law of Miss Patsey Hubbard's," said Mary Van Alstyne, smiling.

It was soon decided that the party should break up the next day. The Wyllyses, with Mrs. Stanley and Mary Van Alstyne, were to return to Longbridge. Mrs. Creighton and Mr. Ellsworth were obliged to pay their long deferred visit to Nahant, the gentleman having some business of importance in the neighbourhood; but it was expected that they also should join the family at Wyllys-Roof as early as possible. Jane was to return to New York with her sister-in-law, Mrs. St. Leger, leaving Miss Emma Taylor flirting at Saratoga, under the charge of a fashionable chaperon; while Mr. Hopkins was still fishing at Lake George.



## CHAPTER XVI.

“ Whence this delay?—Along the crowded street  
A funeral comes, and with unusual pomp.”

ROGERS.

It is a common remark, that important events seldom occur singly; and they seem, indeed, often to follow each other with startling rapidity, like the sharpest flashes of lightning and the loudest peals of thunder from the dark clouds of a summer shower. On arriving in New York, the Wylyses found that Tallman Taylor had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, during the previous night, the consequence of a stroke of the sun; having exposed himself imprudently, by crossing the bay to Staten-Island for a dinner-party, in an open boat, when the thermometer stood at 95° in the shade. He was believed in imminent danger, and was too ill to recognize his wife when she arrived. Miss Wylyys and Elinor remained in town, at the urgent request of Jane, who was in great distress; while Mr. Wylyys returned home with Mrs. Stanley and Mary Van Alstyne.

After twenty-four hours of high delirium, the

physicians succeeded in subduing the worst symptoms; but the attack took the character of a bilious fever, and the patient's recovery was thought very doubtful from the first. Poor Jane sat listlessly in the sick-room, looking on and weeping, unheeded by her husband, who would allow no one but his mother to come near him, not even his wife or his sisters; he would not, indeed, permit his mother to leave his sight for a moment, his eyes following every movement of her's with the feverish restlessness of disease, and the helpless dependence of a child. Jane mourned and wept; Adeline had, at least, the merit of activity, and made herself useful as an assistant nurse in preparing whatever was needed by her brother. These two young women, who had been so often together in brilliant scenes of gaiety, were now, for the first time, united under a roof of sorrow and suffering.

"That lovely young creature is a perfect picture of helpless grief!" thought one of the physicians, as he looked at Jane.

For a week, Tallman Taylor continued in the same state. Occasionally, as he talked with the wild incoherency of delirium, he uttered sentences painful to hear, as they recalled deeds of folly and vice; words passed his lips which were distressing to all present, but which sunk deep into the heart of the sick man's mother. At

length he fell into a stupor, and after lingering for a day or two in that state, he expired, without having fully recovered his consciousness for a moment. The handsome, reckless, dashing son of the rich merchant lay on his bier; a career of selfish enjoyment and guilty folly was suddenly closed by the grave.

Miss Agnes's heart sunk within her as she stood, silent, beside the coffin of Jane's husband, remembering how lately she had seen the young man, full of life and vigour, thoughtlessly devoting the best energies of body and soul to culpable self-indulgence. It is melancholy, indeed, to record such a close to such a life; and yet it is an event repeated in the gay world with every year that passes. It is to be feared there were companions of Tallman Taylor's, pursuing the same course of wicked folly, which had been so suddenly interrupted before their eyes, who yet never gave one serious thought to the subject: if they paused, it was only for a moment, while they followed their friend to the grave; from thence hurrying again to the same ungrateful, reckless abuse of life, and its highest blessings.

Jane was doubly afflicted at this moment. Her baby sickened soon after its return to town, and died only a few days after her husband; the young father and his infant boy were laid in the same grave.

Jane herself was ill for a time, and when she partially recovered, was very anxious to accompany Miss Agnes and Elinor to Wyllys-Roof—a spot where she had passed so many peaceful hours, that she longed again to seek shelter there. She had loved her husband, as far as it was in her nature to love; but her attachments were never very strong or very tender, and Tallman Taylor's neglect and unkindness during the past year had in some measure chilled her first feelings for him. She now, however, looked upon herself as the most afflicted of human beings; the death of her baby, had indeed, touched the keenest chord in her bosom—she wept over it bitterly.

Adeline thought more seriously at the time of her brother's death than she had ever done before; and even Emma Taylor's spirits were sobered for a moment. Mr. Taylor, the father, no doubt felt the loss of his eldest son, though far less than many parents would have done; he was not so much overwhelmed by grief, but what he could order a very handsome funeral, and project an expensive marble monument, a *fashionable tomb-stone* of Italian marble. He was soon able to resume all his usual pursuits, and even the tenor of his thoughts seemed little changed, for his mind was as much occupied as usual with Wall Street affairs, carrying out old plans, or laying new schemes of profit. He had now been

a rich man for several years, yet he was in fact less happy than when he began his career, and had everything to look forward to. Still he continued the pursuits of business, for without the exciting fears and hopes of loss and gain, life would have appeared a monotonous scene to him; leisure could only prove a burthen, for it would be merely idleness, since he had no tastes to make it either pleasant or useful.

His schemes of late had not been so brilliantly successful as at the commencement of his course of speculation; fortune seemed coquetting with her old favourite; he had recently made several investments which had proved but indifferent in their results. Not that he had met with serious losses; on the contrary, he was still a gainer at the game of speculation; but the amount was very trifling. He had rapidly advanced to a certain distance on the road to wealth, but it now seemed as if he could not pass that point; the brilliant dreams in which he had indulged were only half realized. There seemed no good way of accounting for this pause in his career, but such was the fact; he was just as shrewd and calculating, just as enterprising now as he had been ten years before, but certainly he was not so successful.

On commencing an examination of his son's affairs, he found that Tallman Taylor's extrava-

gance and folly had left his widow and child worse than penniless, for he had died heavily in debt. Returning one afternoon from Wall Street, Mr. Taylor talked over this matter with his wife. Of all Tallman Taylor's surviving friends, his mother was the one who most deeply felt his death; she was heart-stricken, and shed bitter tears over the young man.

"There is nothing left, Hester, for the child or her mother," said the merchant, sitting down in a rocking-chair in his wife's room. "All gone—all wasted! five times the capital I had to begin with. I have just made an investment, of which I shall give the profits to Tallman's lady—four lots that were offered to me last week—if that turns out well, I shall go on, and it may perhaps make up a pretty property for the child, in time."

"Oh, husband! don't talk to me about such things now. I can't think of anything but my poor boy's death!"

"It was an unexpected calamity, Hester," said the father, with one natural look of sorrow; "but we cannot always escape trouble in this world."

"I feel as if we had not done our duty by him!" said the poor mother.

"Why not? He was very handsomely set up in business," remonstrated Mr. Taylor.

"I was not thinking of money," replied his

wife, shaking her head. "But it seems as if we only took him away from my brother's, in the country, just to throw him in the way of temptation as he was growing up, and let him run wild, and do everything he took a fancy to."

"We did no more than other parents in taking him home with us, to give him a better education than he could have got at your brother's."

"Husband—husband! It is but a poor education that don't teach a child to do what is right! I feel as if we had never taught him what we ought to. I did not know he had got so many bad ways until lately; and now that I do know it, my heart is broken!"

"Tallman was not so bad as you make him out. He was no worse than a dozen other young gentlemen I could name at this very minute."

"Oh, I would give everything we are worth to bring him back! But it is too late—too late!"

"No use in talking now, Hester."

"We ought to have taken more pains with him. He didn't know the danger he was in, and we did, or we ought to have known it. Taking a young man of a sudden, from a quiet minister's family in the country, like my brother's, and giving him all the money he wanted, and turning him out into temptation. Oh, it's dreadful!"

"All the pains in the world, Hester, won't help a young man unless he chooses himself.

What could I do, or you either? Didn't we send him to school and to college? Didn't we give him an opportunity of beginning life with a fine property, and married to one of the handsomest girls in the country, daughter of one of the best families, too? What more can you do for a young man? He must do the rest himself; you can't expect to keep him tied to your apron-string all his life."

"Oh, no! but husband, while he was young we ought to have taken more pains to teach him not to think so much about the ways of the world. There are other things besides getting money and spending money to do; it seems to me now as if money had only helped my poor boy to his ruin!"

"Your notions are too gloomy, Mrs. Taylor. Such calamities will happen, and we should not let them weigh us down too much."

"If I was to live a hundred years longer, I never could feel as I did before our son's death. Oh! to think what a beautiful, innocent child he was twenty years ago, this time!"

"You shouldn't let your mind run so much on him that's gone. It's unjust to the living."

The poor woman made no answer, but wept bitterly for some time.

"It's my only comfort, now," she said, at length, "to think that we have learned wisdom by



what's passed. As long as I live, day and night, I shall labour to teach our younger children not to set their hearts upon the world; not to think so much about riches."

"Well, I must say, Hester, if you think all poor people are saints, I calculate you make a mistake."

"I don't say that, husband; but it seems to me that we have never yet thought enough of the temptations of riches, more especially to young people, to young men—above all, when it comes so sudden as it did to our poor boy. What good did money ever do him? It only brought him into trouble!"

"Because Tallman didn't make the most of his opportunities, that is no reason why another should not. If I had wasted money as he did, before I could afford it, I never should have made a fortune either. The other boys will do better, I reckon; they will look more to business than he did, and turn out rich men themselves."

"It isn't the money! It isn't the money I am thinking of!" exclaimed the poor mother, almost in despair at her husband's blindness to her feelings.

"What is it then you take so much to heart?"

"It's remembering that we never warned our poor child; we put him in the way of temptation, where he only learned to think everything of the

world and its ways. We didn't take pains enough to do our duty, as parents, by him!"

"Well, Hester, I must say you are a very unreasonable lady!" exclaimed Mr. Taylor, who was getting impatient under his wife's observations. "One would think it was all my fault. Do you mean to say it was wrong in me to grow rich?"

"I am afraid it would have been better for us, and for our children, if you hadn't made so much money," replied the wife. "The happiest time of our life was the first ten years after we were married, when we had enough to be comfortable, and we didn't care so much about show. I am sure money hasn't made me happy. I don't believe it can make anybody happy!"

Mr. Taylor listened in amazement; but his straightforward, quiet wife, had been for several years gradually coming to the opinion she had just expressed, and the death of her eldest son had affected her deeply. The merchant, finding that he was not very good at consolation, soon changed the conversation, giving up the hope of lessening the mother's grief, or of bringing her to what he considered more rational views of the all-importance of wealth.

As soon as Jane felt equal to the exertion, she accompanied Miss Agnes and Elinor to Wylls-Roof. During the three years of her married life she had never been there, having passed most of

the time either at Charleston or New Orleans. Many changes had occurred in that short period ; changes of outward circumstances, and of secret feeling. Her last visit to Wyllys-Roof had taken place just after her return from France, when she was tacitly engaged to young Taylor ; at a moment when she had been more gay, more brilliantly handsome than at any other period of her life. Now, she returned there, a weeping, mourning widow, wretchedly depressed in spirits, and feeble in health. She was still very lovely, however ; the elevated style of her beauty was such, that it appeared finer under the shadow of grief, than in the sunshine of gaiety ; and it is only beauty of the very highest order which will bear this test. Her deep mourning dress, was in harmony with her whole appearance and expression ; and it was not possible to see her at this moment, without being struck by her exceeding loveliness. Jane was only seen by the family, however, and one or two very intimate friends ; she remained entirely in the privacy of her own room, where Elinor was generally at her side, endeavouring to soothe her cousin's grief, by the gentle balm of sympathy and affection.



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