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THE
MECHANIC.

BY
FRANCES HARRIET WHIPPLE.

McDOUGALL, MRS. FRANCES HARRIET
(WHIPPLE) GREEN]

" Where lavish Nature the protecting hand
Of art demanded; shewed him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers;
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gathered blast:
Gave the tall, ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone: —

Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on,
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace,
And bade him be THE LORD OF ALL BELOW."
Thompson.

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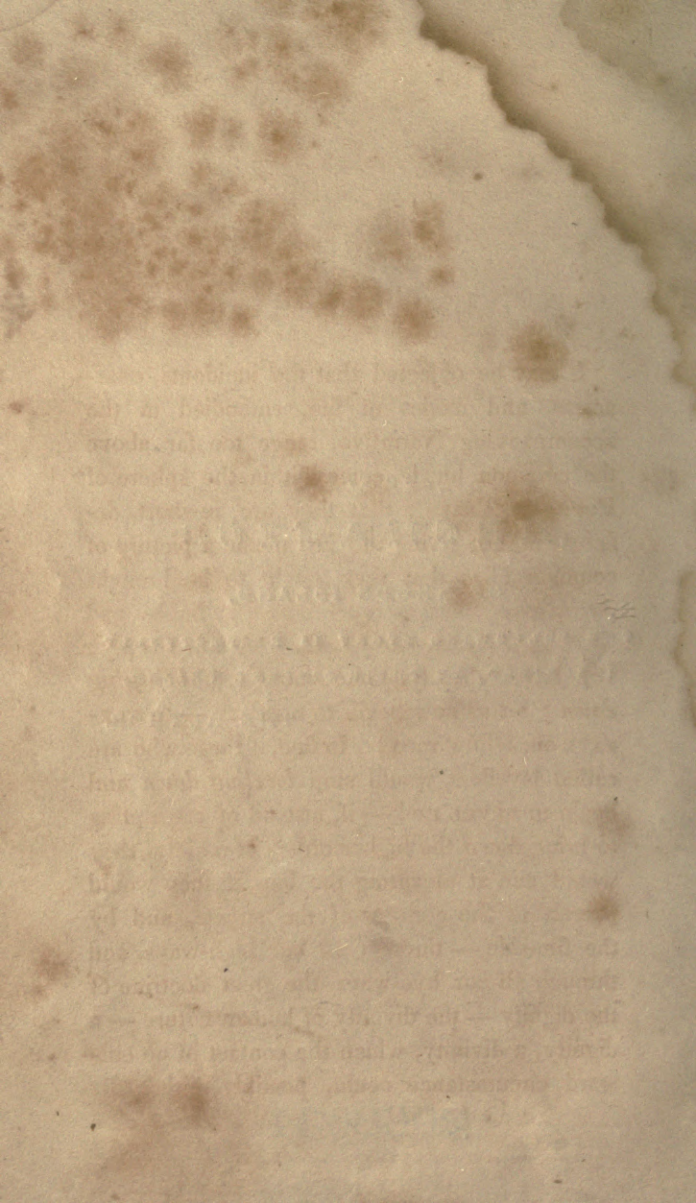
TO THE

M E C H A N I C S

OF RHODE ISLAND,

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS RESPECTFULLY  
INSCRIBED, BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND,  
THE AUTHOR.

2068034





## PREFACE.

It may be objected that the incidents, characters, and modes of life, embodied in the accompanying Narrative, range too far above the common lot, to come within the sphere of **POPULAR TALES** ; that they are, in short, deficient, in not giving the just medium picture of common life ; that they ought to be brought down more upon a level with the habits and tastes of the common people. To this I reply : We have, already, done enough of *bringing down* ; let us now begin to **LIFT UP** — to **ELEVATE** our fellow men ! In fine, if those who are called levellers, would stop *leveling down* and begin to **LEVEL UP** ! — if, instead of attempting to bring down the higher orders of society, they would aim at elevating the low, if they would preach at the corners of the streets, and by the fire-side — through all our high-ways, and through all our bye-ways, the great doctrine of the dignity — the divinity of human nature — a dignity, a divinity, which the contact of no outward circumstance could, possibly, either de-

grade, or exalt, a great change would begin to be wrought, — and this, undoubtedly, would lead to a clearer perception of the spirit, and a carrying out of the principle, which was in the mind of Jesus. Is the diamond less a diamond because accident has cast it among flint, or pebble stones? is it more a diamond, if set in the finest gold? Is not the gem one? — are not its beauty, and its value one, wherever, or however, it may be set? When these doctrines are generally preached, and embodied in practice, every man will begin to feel himself, and **TO BE — A MAN**; and feeling, and being this, however high, or however low he may be in a worldly point of view, he will regard his fellow men as equals, and brethren, all walking in different paths, it may be — all pursuing different avocations; yet each bearing on his brow the visible signet of Jehovah, which confirms **THE NOBILITY OF A GODLIKE NATURE** — each invested with a mission to his race, for the faithful discharge of which he is accountable to all future generations. When this spirit comes to be diffused, the rich man will cease to be arrogant, and the poor man will forget to be servile; for will not each feel himself equally a **MAN**? — and where upon the face of the wide earth could be found a higher dignity?

F. H. W.

THE MECHANIC.



## CHAPTER I.

“For oh the morning of the soul  
Has heavenly brightness in it ;  
And as the mind’s first mists unrol,  
Gives years in every minute —  
Years of ideal joy ! — life’s path,  
First trod, such dewy freshness hath,  
’T is rapture to begin it.”

BARTON.

THE first of the holydays which followed the closing of the summer term, at the academy of one of our beautiful New England villages, was just closing in upon as happy a group of children, as ever charmed echo with the music of merry shout, or ringing laugh. The whole air seemed one continuous vibration of joyous melody, as they loitered along the way side, on their return from a juvenile party. There were three lingerers aside from the merry group ; and of these, again, two loitered still farther behind ; a fine, dark-eyed boy of sixteen, with a little gypsey-looking romp of a girl, who might have been two or three years younger.

“Do you go home to-morrow, Bell?” asked the boy.

“O, yes!” she replied, shaking back the long chesnut curls from her fair shoulders, and looking up in his face, with an expression vibrating between the earnest simplicity of childhood, and the first dawn of maiden bashfulness. “O, yes! I shall go home to-morrow, and see my own dear father and mother—see them every day! only think! and Auntie! and darling little Bobby—that is my bird, you know—and beautiful little Mariou, white as snow! that’s my pet lamb—and good old Bessy! that’s our horse—and Cherry! that was brother Charley’s bird—and Pruny! that’s puss—and Leon! that’s our good old dog! O, don’t you feel very glad for me, Victor? It seems as if I should fly!” and clapping her hands quickly, the merry little creature began to dance, like a very sprite; while the starting tears shewed she was not deficient in sensibility.

“Yes, I am very glad for *you*, Bell—but—” He paused abruptly.

“But, what, Victor?”

“Can it be pleasant to think of being forgotten, Bell?”

“Now who thought of forgetting you, Vic-

tor?" replied the girl, with childlike innocence construing his inuendo. "I am sure I never did. I never will—I never could—forget such a good, kind, dear—" She hesitated, as if with half-awakened consciousness at his eager look; and then added, but with a slightly tremulous tone, and manner; "I am sure you have been like a cousin—like—a brother! And I think it would be very—very wicked—to forget you." She paused; and then added, "I had a brother once—poor little Charley!" Tears gushed into her eyes; but shaking them off, lightly as dew is shaken from the rose, she asked, "but what made you think about forgetting just now, Victor, when we were all so happy?"

"Because," he replied, hesitating, "I hardly know—unless—" he paused, and looking earnestly in her face, added, "Indeed, Bell, I don't know—."

"O look yonder, Victor! see that beautiful blue flower! Get it for me; will you?" It is the real Fringed Gentian! I believe!" But she did not see until he had sprung eagerly from her side, that there was difficulty, if not danger, between him and the flower.

"O, stop, Victor!" she cried. "Do not go! and I will remember you, and love you,

just as well without it ! Yes, I will ! and longer ! and better !” she added, in the most beseeching tones.

He had just reached the middle of a light fence of old trees, loosely piled together, which bridged a deep and rapid stream ; when turning at her anxious cries, he smiled, kissed his hand gallantly, giving at the same instant a forward spring, just in season to escape a plunge in the river ; and when he reached the shore, and his loud, clear, and triumphant shout announced his safety, the fragments of the fence were seen floating down the swollen current. He soon ascended the opposite bank, plucked the fair cluster ; and, waving it with an air of triumph, he said, “ Nothing venture, nothing have ; Miss Bella Thompson ! ”

“ But how will you get back again ? ” she cried, clasping her pretty little hands, with a gesture and expression of real distress, and a touch of genuine feeling, which many older and more sentimental ladies would give worlds to command, “ O, Victor ! how wrong — how very wrong I was to ask you ! ”

“ And what if I should not get back ? ” returned the boy, with secret gratification at her distress, “ Who will care if I do not ? ”



“O, your mother and your cousin! They will hate me!”

“O, that is all; is it?” he returned, with more of chagrin, than gallantry.

“O, no; that is *not* all, Victor. I shall hate myself! I shall be forever miserable!”

Again waving his trophy, and kissing his hand, the boy disappeared among the shrubbery; and running up the stream a little way, soon found a crossing place. He was just in the act of presenting the flowers, when Thomas Stanton, Bella's cousin, entered, quite inopportuno.

“One kiss on her fair hand!” said Tom, “claim thy boon, man, as thou art worthy to win the grace of fair lady! Nay, Bell! no pouting! or, by our cousinship I'll take twenty! Why a kiss of the hand is the smallest of all boons a lady ever granted to the faithful knight who periled life and limb in her fair service! Victor, have I to teach thee?” and, seizing the bunch of flowers, he knelt gracefully on one knee, with the hand containing them pressed against his heart, while, with the other, he was about to grasp the taper fingers of his pouting cousin; when, much to his surprise, the hitherto quiescent hand seemed gifted with sudden energy; for it administered such a spirited box on the

ear, as quite threw him out of his heroics. This, happening just at the moment the other children came up, it was hailed by acclamation ; for Tom was, although a great favorite, the torment of the whole school.

“ We will settle for this one of these days ! ” he said in a somewhat subdued tone ; but quickly recovering his vivacity, he added ; “ and even now I will repay good for evil ; ” and he seized and kissed in spite of her, the hand that smote him.

At the door of Mrs. Hyde, the mother of Victor, the happy group, after lingering a while became thoughtful ; for the moment of parting had now come ; and they bade each other farewell, with the bright, but evanescent tears of childhood, or early youth, which have less of sorrow in them, than of hope.

## CHAPTER II.

“For a’ that, and a’ that,  
Our toil’s obscure and a’ that,  
*The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,*  
THE MAN’S THE GOLD for a’ that.”

BURNS.

NOT many days after the scene alluded to in the last chapter, two boys met on the village green. “How are ye, Vic?” said the older and taller of the two.

“So, so, Tom!” replied the other, lifting his cap, and loosening the hair, which was now matted into thick curls by the perspiration; “but I have had a deuc-ed hard time of it; and, to say the truth, Tom, I have wanted your help not a little.”

“How is it, Vic, the old matter of the profession come up again?”

“Yes; and, thank fortune, it is settled, at last.”

“You have given up the point, then, I take it?”

“Not at all. I have fought manfully; but I have won them all over now; or established

a truce with them at least. My grandmother was there, with all the old aristocratical notions, which she has kept bottled up for pressing emergencies ever since the Revolution. There too was the minister, talking about my father's dignity, and my mother's feelings. My cousin Kate, too, stood on the ground, with a host of notions, about esteem, and fashion, and gentility; which I didn't understand; and, for that matter, I don't believe she did. Kate is a belle; and, of course, her opinion must be sound. Last and strongest of all against me, was my dear mother, with her too great fondness — her too high opinion of me."

"And so, Vic, you are resolved upon taking a subordinate station in life," said a third, who joined the two boys as, arm in arm, they were proceeding across the common together. "How do you think some of your noble born relations will feel, when riding through the streets of some great city, they read the spruce sign, 'Victor Hyde, House Carpenter?' And how will a certain fair school-mate relish that, eh, Vic? Now don't you think such a high-sounding name as Victor Hyde, ought to be associated with Attorney at Law, or Doctor, or Reverend, at the least."

"Reverend, at the least! you ought to be

ashamed of that, to put the sacred profession last."

"But does not the Great Book say the first shall be last? However, that's not answering my question."

"For the first, then, I trust that no crime, no wrong, no meanness, will ever be associated with the name of Victor Hyde, let it stand how, or where it may; and the esteem which its own real worth cannot command, I neither wish for, nor expect."

"Why to be sure you have a world of great words, just at your tongue's end, and can beat me out and out, talking; but I know what's what, after all. I say, then, Vic, you are mad to think of throwing away such a good chance as you have of going to college; or even of going into a store, where you might have the finest chaps in Washington street for company, *as I do*;" and the incipient fop flourished a rattan, nearly as possible as he had seen others of a like stamp do.

"I know, Mr. George Henry Wilton," returned our hero, somewhat ironically, "that you have been educated in one of the most genteel shoe-stores in all Boston; and I ought, perhaps, to bow, at once, to such high author-

ity ; but I'm an odd fellow, and must have my own way."

"Tell me if you are really in your senses?" continued Wilton, disregarding, or probably not understanding the irony. "Perhaps you do not know that mechanics are not respected at all in genteel city circles. You have not had the happiness—the advantage—of living two years in Boston, you know! Besides, I am almost three years older than you—and—*just going into business for myself*; and, of course, I am better able to judge;" and he pulled up his false collar, and adjusted his highly perfumed locks, with an air which is easily acquired by those who are never disquieted, by the action of any redundancy of brain.

"No, *not of course*;" was the cool reply. "I feel myself the best qualified to judge for myself; and, especially, in a matter that touches my private taste, and my peculiar situation."

"You are right!" said Tom, whose better sense had been shocked by the foppery and superficial airs of the counter graduate. "And here's my hand, with my word of honor, Vic, that the lawyer shall never look down upon the carpenter;—which, indeed, would be a pretty

hard matter, if you represent the profession ;” he added, with an admiring glance at the noble air, and intelligent face of the boy before him.

“ But you surely will not expect to associate with merchants ? ” said Mr. George Henry. “ Of course, I intended to notice you, had you gone into a store ; but a carpenter ! *Sacre !* Of course, George Henry Wilton, Shoe Dealer, No. — Washington street, could’nt be expected to know one ! ” and he drew himself up with what he would have called an air of fashionable *non-chalance*.

Victor cast a look of ineffable disdain on the puisne fellow ; but he struggled against the feeling, which his conscience told him was wrong ; and, more in pity than in anger, he replied.

“ I shall always respect myself too much to be an intruder any where, I trust. I have no doubt I shall have as much society, as will be either valuable, or agreeable to me. At any rate I intend to deserve the best. I mean to make myself worthy of the highest ! and if I do not have it, it shall not be my fault ! ”

“ O, of — of — course ” — replied Mr. George Henry, rather stammeringly — “ of course, you may have the best — in a — moral — point of view. There are, you know, a great many

good people in low life. You are quite right in not aspiring to fashionable society. So if you come to Boston, Vic, it need'nt affect our private friendship, you know, if I should cut you in the street. It is the custom of the city, you know — or, rather, it is peculiar to the most genteel and exclusive circles." And he knocked the ashes from his cigar, with an air quite as gentlemanly as that of any of his wasp-waisted, lisping models.

"Not in the least;" replied Victor, with a smile of ill-repressed scorn, which the other was too much of a gentleman to notice, or even to perceive. "Indeed, I think our PRIVATE FRIENDSHIP will never incommode either of us: and, as *cutting* is soon to be a necessary part of my business, allow me to begin now. Tom and I have that to say which needs no third person. — Mr. George Henry Wilton, I wish you a very good evening." And he bowed with an air of real dignity, which quite disconcerted the shoe-dealer, obtuse as were his perceptives. Victor passed his arm through that of his friend, and the two boys turned into another path, leaving the exquisite-presumptive, with a non plus in the cavity that was made for brain. It was this. What could there possibly be in a country boy — the 'prentice to a carpenter,



that could silence, and absolutely cut, a clerk of one of the largest shoe-dealers in Boston — and he, too, *just going into business for himself*.

“Ha! ha! well done, Vic!” almost shouted Tom; “but you made me think of a lion lifting his great paw to brush off a fly. You need’nt have smashed the insect at one sweep.”

“Where there is nothing to hit, there is nothing to hurt,” replied Victor, laughing; “Mr. George Henry Wilton, with his dignity, his gentility, and his friendship, are, all, alike safe.”

“But, Vic, now that puppy is gone, a word more of this project of yours. I hold that the man is the seat of true dignity and honor, not the profession; still that one kind of business is more eligible than another, all will say. But, though you have that in you which would elevate any calling, it seems to me, after all, that, for one of your high, romantic notions, you have chosen very oddly. I should sooner have guessed that the finest scholar of our academy would have chosen to be a poet, or a painter; proving himself born to starve in a garret, with all the enviable privileges of neglected, though admired genius. I should have thought any thing rather than of your being a carpenter.”

“I have ventured to use my reason, roman-

tic as I am ;” replied the boy, proudly. “ You know that my mother’s property is very limited. She wishes me to go to college ; and is willing to make great sacrifices, in order that my profession, as she fondly says, may correspond with my talents. But I cannot consent to this. You know it would be a long time before I could be established, so as even to support myself, in any one of the learned professions, even with the best chance. I have no taste for mercantile business ; but I have a decided talent for mechanics ; and I believe that time will prove I have chosen wisely. I shall not only carry the preference of taste into my new business ; but I shall go into it, knowing that so far from curtailing the comforts of my mother, I shall soon be able, even with common success, to add to them. But the matter is decided now ; and I am actually about to be apprenticed to Mr. Gray, who is now in A —— ; and he is a gentleman, though a carpenter. I go to Boston next month.”

“ Well, success to you, Vic !” replied his friend ; and the boys separated.

### CHAPTER III.

“Farewell — a word that hath been and must be  
A sound that makes us linger — yet — farewell.”

BYRON.

“This above all, — to thine own self be true :  
And it must follow, as the night to day,  
Thou canst not, then, be false to any man.”

HAMLET.

THE time of parting had come. Victor had called upon, and received calls from all his old school-mates, and play-mates. He had visited fondly every object which was connected to his heart, by the dear associations of childhood and happiness. He now stood on the threshold, with his arms around his mother's neck, and his tears flowing fast upon her bosom. Who can tell a mother's agony when she thus sees a dear, an only, as yet pure son, going forth into the world, as gold to the crucible — it may be to become yet more pure. It may be to mix with base alloy — and be utterly lost. But must he not, at the best, lose that for which no substitute can be found, in the wide world? the watchfulness, the love, the unweary ministering, which can be only hers.

“Remember my son,” said the matron, as she kissed again and again the upturning forehead of her boy; “Remember you are the child of many prayers; and let that thought be with you in the midst of temptation. Go to the throne of grace morning and evening. As long as you are punctual in this, you are safe. Never forget the worship of your father’s house; but never give up to any, your privileges as a free moral agent. You will meet with many temptations; but scan every thing, before you believe. O, I have much to say, my son! and it seems as if, at this moment, my heart were gushing over, with its love, and its fears.” She paused as if choked. For the first time on that sad day, tears gushed into her eyes; and their full flow relieved her.

It is a fitting season for pious admonition, when the heart is open to the tenderest emotions; for the truths enforced, being there incorporated with affection, sink more deeply into the heart, and are cherished more fondly — more faithfully.

The stage-coach was already waiting at the door; and with renewed tears, and renewed embraces, Victor left the sheltering bosom and the protecting love of his widowed mother; and launched out into a world of temptation

and sin, of which he yet knew nothing ; but his bosom was shielded by a principle stronger than adamant — the pure love of truth and goodness, inwrought with deep and earnest affection.

It was the Saturday evening of a cold November day, when Victor was set down at the door of his destined employer. The cheerless whistle of the wind, as it went shrieking and moaning, through the narrow alleys, and round the corners of the streets, heightened the dreariness of the scene, and smote upon the poor boy's heart, with such a feeling of loss and loneliness as he had never before felt. For one moment, could he have caught wings, he would have flown back to his mother's arms. But the settled purpose of his being, brightened again. He felt the power and the dignity of man stirring within him ; and he was strong. One pious thought sped back to that dearly-loved, and trusting mother — one deep vow to be all that mother wished — all she prayed for, was breathed in the silent earnestness of thought ; and then he was calm as if the spirit of the full-formed man, had suddenly expanded within the bosom of the almost weeping boy.

The house our hero stood before was a respectable looking one, in a handsome street ;

and he remained a moment, thinking of the eventful step he was taking; and then, with a beating heart, he ventured to ring. The bell was promptly answered by a benevolent looking woman, of a delicate, and even lady-like appearance.

“Victor Hyde, I presume!” said the lady, as she looked at his luggage. “We have been expecting you for some time. I believe the stage is rather late to-day. But you can set your trunk and other things into the hall, if you please; and then walk in. I am very glad you have come,” she added, as she cast another glance at the re-assured, and now animated countenance of Victor. He was ushered into a pleasant sitting-room where he found a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a boy just about his own age; who, with a bonny girl of seven years, made the family of Mr. Gray.

“Ednah,” said Mrs. Gray to her eldest daughter, who was engaged over a piece of delicate embroidery. “Ednah, here is the young man from A——. Robert, set a chair, and you will tell him something of the city—and—be kind to him, for he is a stranger,” she added, as she detected a sinister, if not a contemptuous expression, on the face of her son.

Master Robert gave little heed to his mother's words; but, taking a cigar from his hat, he lighted it, and seating himself astride a chair, with his face turned to the back, he commenced smoking. Ednah cast a reproving look on her brother; but knowing him so callous that any common shaft would glance off pointless, she merely said, "you know, Robert, smoking makes me sick; why will you do so?" Then she sat down by the young stranger; and, by her kind and gentle manners, made ample amends for her brother's rudeness; while Mrs. Gray herself, was busy in the kitchen. The whole aspect of the room spoke the truest independence — the power to obtain all that is needful — much that is elegant — with no vain reaching after extravagant display — mere outward show — indeed, the only really superfluous thing in the room was, perhaps, Robert's cigar. Presently in came a buxom Irish girl, who seemed in herself the very personification of good nature; and she set the table in a manner that showed she at least, in some way, had acquired habits of order and neatness. Immediately after, Mr. Gray came, whom he had met at A., with his journeyman, George Rankin, to whom Victor was duly introduced. So we pass over this first day of our hero's seques-

tration from home, and sojourn among strangers.

Victor had left home, prepared to meet difficulties and determined to grapple with them manfully; therefore he was neither surprised, nor shocked, when called upon to perform labors to which he had hitherto been quite unaccustomed. Mr. Gray was, not only a first-rate workman, but also a man of considerable acquirement, and of more than ordinary talent. He was vigorous and efficient in business; and his industry and good management had met their reward. The world went well with him; and as yet, in all the relations of life he was happy and prosperous. Victor found no apprentice besides himself; and only one journeyman, whom we have just mentioned. George Rankin was one of those singularly constituted beings, who seem to turn all they touch to bitterness! This quality of mind was indeed kept covered with the nicest art; but there was none the less gall, because it was hidden. By apparent devotion to his interests, he had so completely won the confidence of Mr. Gray, that he was allowed to exercise an almost unbounded influence over his son. Indeed, without the father's ever having suspected it, the latter had become strongly assimilated



to, and a willing instrument in the hands of a man, who appeared to be almost thoroughly envious and malicious. Victor soon saw, however, that Robert was, by no means, a willingly vicious boy. The love of mischief was his besetting sin; and for the sake of a frolic — for the mere love of fun — he had first entered into the councils of his elder companion; and being of an exceedingly reckless temperament, the very daring of many of Rankin's schemes, won his hearty co-operation; while the guilt was lost, to his mind, in the sport. This Victor was very soon to perceive; and, though in accordance with the resolution to make him their butt, a great number of petty tricks were played off upon him, from time to time; yet he cherished no resentment; but, on the contrary, felt a deep-seated and most earnest wish to deliver the misguided, but often generous boy, from the toils of his adversary. In this spirit he met the petty attacks of the other with so much gentleness and dignity, that he soon gave up even attempting to tease him.

But Victor became more and more delighted with the intelligence and refinement of Miss Gray, who had first received, and still continued to treat him, with the gentle kindness of an older and affectionate sister. That amiable

and accomplished young lady, although a mechanic's daughter, was gifted with mind and manners fit to adorn and dignify any station. She was assistant teacher in a high school of considerable reputation; and was already engaged to one of the most promising young lawyers in New-England.

Mr. Gray was a thorough business man, possessed of intelligence, with no inconsiderable degree of good taste, and refinement, he yet made the grand oversight, which many such men do. While he labored to enlarge the fortune, which he hoped to leave his son, he had entirely neglected to mould his character properly. To this task Mrs. Gray, had she been left to the entire management of the boy, might have been equal; for she was a woman of singular energy and firmness of purpose and action; and these qualities were combined, as they rarely are, with great gentleness and delicacy of heart, and manner; and with benevolence wide as the wants and miseries of her fellow-creatures. But her influence was completely broken up, and lost, by the carelessness and inattention of the father, leaning now this way, now that — now granting a favor — now refusing one — without understanding the reasons in either case; and all because his

mind was engrossed by the details of business. He had no time to look after children ; and the child for whom he labored untiringly, became well nigh lost for the want of that influence — that looking through daily conduct — that scanning of motives — that planting of good seed at the needful moment — and that lopping off of the evil branches which a mother may indeed effect ; but which still wants the father's seal. For if there are two parents the great work of home education, can only be wrought by the coincident action of both. A higher degree of moral and religious principle would have set Mr. Gray right. He would then have seen that the character of his son was of infinitely greater importance than his fortune. With her girls Mrs. Gray had no difficulty ; as they never appealed to their father, and he never interfered in their management ; and her signal success with them, proved her fitness for the high vocation of woman.

On the first Sabbath after Victor's arrival in Boston, as Mr. Gray was ill, the former attended Mrs., Miss Gray, and Annie to church ; for Robert declared that going to church, except the Catholic on Christmas, or some other holy-day, was too great a bore to be thought of, much less submitted to. Our hero was not a

little strengthened by the high character of the devotional exercises, which were different from any he had ever before witnessed, or united in; and he now, for the first time, began to see that the services of the Christian altar are, indeed, "a reasonable service."

It was the practice with Mr. Gray to be very particular in the choice of his apprentices. He drew them always from respectable families, and then incorporated them as members of his family, with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining. This duty is shamefully neglected by many of the wealthier mechanics, who are in the habit of making their apprentices and journeymen complete underlings. If they would reflect at all, or allowed themselves to trace the necessary connection between cause and effect, they would see that the surest way to elevate themselves, as a body, would be to elevate the character of their subordinates; who are destined, in turn, to take their places as members of society, and of the body politic.

Even the Sabbath did not go by without Victor's having been several times annoyed by the petty mischief of Robert, which he soon saw was connived at, if not instigated by Rankin. The latter was so artful as to make a complete dupe of Mr. Gray; or he would

not have allowed him such unbounded intimacy with his son—a confidence which he abused in the worst manner. But he was always polite and decorous at home; indeed, his manners, when he chose, had an appearance of uncommon frankness and good humor. To his employer he always paid a deference, which was particularly agreeable to one who had long exercised, and who loved power. Added to this he was an ingenious mechanic—a complete workman. In these facts we have the secret of his influence over the mind of Mr. Gray. He saw that Victor was fast becoming a general favorite with the family; and though he forebore to speak, or act openly, he cherished towards the unoffending boy a deep and malicious hatred; while, on the other hand, our hero engaged in his new duties with an intelligence and a determined faithfulness, which could not do otherwise than win approbation and success. Notwithstanding the strong affection he had cherished for the things of his mother's house, Victor was delighted with his new home; and for the sake of those who were always so good to him, he forgave Robert's petty annoyances, and tried with all his power to conciliate him; but, for a long time, he was unsuccessful. For the most part Rankin

treated him with a kind of patronizing attention, which was sometimes, however, so shallow as to show the MOTIVE, that, like a serpent, lay coiled beneath.

On the evening of the Sabbath above alluded to, George and Robert, who were always bed-fellows, stood listening some time at the door of Victor's chamber, after he had retired.

"The fellow's praying!" said Rankin, at length, garnishing the exclamation with an oath. "That'll do very well among the owls; but we must show him 'twont go down here. How shall we contrive to fix him?"

Robert whispered something in the ear of his companion; and on tip-toe they both withdrew to their own chamber.

## CHAPTER IV.

“Happy is the house that shelters a friend.”

EMERSON.

To the blessing of himself, his friends, and even of us who write and read his story, our hero established himself, at first, on **THE RIGHT GROUND**. There he stood, firm as the rock itself. He saw and knew he was a self-dependent being. He beheld a work to do — a mission to perform. Peradventure it was to teach men, what they are — to shew, by a beautiful correspondence of outward action with the indwelling spirit, that there is dignity ; that there is virtue ; that there is piety ; that there is **MANHOOD** — in man. Strange that he should thus, uninstructed and alone, have reached the height, which for one who so much as looks at, thousands do not even dream of! No, not strange, either. He only listened to the being within himself, and that taught him. He did not go abroad to ask what he was, or what he should be. He looked into his own bosom and received light. He felt the godlike nature of

man stirring within him ; and he was strong. He was strong as if girded by the armor of Achilles ; yea, and stronger. There was no pervious heel for the shaft of his adversary. What then could outward circumstance be to such a mind ? Could employment, the delicacy or roughness of the hands, the texture or fashion of the garments, affect a spirit that knows and appreciates itself ? Never. On the other hand there is that in the true man which gives dignity to the meanest labor, and renders the most servile occupation beautiful. You may, indeed, be haughty, and toss your heads, ye who have never entered into communication with such a spirit. You may exclude him from your table, your society ; you may even affect not to see him, as you pass him in the streets ! But can you hurt him ? Aim a penny arrow at the eternal Sun ! You cannot reach it, much less, injure it !

True to the voice that was speaking in his soul, Victor devoted his leisure time either to judicious reading and study, or to the more healthful communion with nature : and now that these moments were limited, they gave him more intense pleasure than ever. On him, being the only apprentice, devolved the business of taking care of the cow, milking, getting in



wood, coal and water ; with many minor matters ; yet none of these things degraded him : and he had, in winter, many leisure hours, which he found every day were growing more and more precious. He obtained from the Mechanics' Library, to which he had access through the membership of Mr. Gray, a valuable work on Architecture ; and the more he read, the more he was determined to master that noble science. He began more and more to justify himself in the choice of his profession. He saw that it was, indeed, a noble one, capable of giving scope to the cunningest skill, as well as the loftiest genius. In short he was getting enthusiastic in his love. These habits were not unobserved by Miss Gray, who kindly invited him to commence a course of historical reading, which he gladly accepted ; and with much profit to them both, they employed, in this manner, a portion of almost every evening. The advantages which Victor derived from this friendship can hardly be estimated. It not only drew him from evil company, but was continually exerting a positively good influence — in the polish of manner — in the elevation of taste — in the cultivation of the understanding. Does any apprentice boy say, "I could never have that chance !" I reply, Let him be what Vic-

tor Hyde was, TRUE TO HIMSELF ; and there will always be some noble spirit near with whom to take sweet counsel — or if there be none, there is the spirit of great men in books — the spirit of God in nature. Let him then not cease to be man, because a butterfly, vain of his gaudy wings, flutters by and heeds him not. Let him not die — let him live. And the true spirit shall be at hand — for “as face answereth to face in water,” so doth the true spirit ever respond to the true ; and its call is heard even from afar.

But to return. The superior age of Miss Gray — then about twenty-two — her high attainments ; her acquaintance with the literature of the day ; her lovely person and winning manner ; but, above all, her high moral dignity and consistency, made her a delightful teacher, and an invaluable friend. She had tried her utmost to get Robert to join their circle ; but to no purpose. Victor soon came to be set before Robert as an example of good taste, and scholarship ; and this added no little to the mischievous spite, which the latter continued to feel for the young stranger. So well pleased was Mr. Gray with the intelligence and faithfulness of his apprentice, that he presented him with a season ticket to a course of scientific lectures. So passed

away the winter ; and not to one, even of the highest, I venture to say, did it give more happiness, or leave more profit — more real advantage — than to our humble apprentice boy ; for he had established a relation — or rather had detected the relationship between him and the external world. Things to him had a meaning. Ideas woke, either rejecting or corresponding ideas. He was not a machine. He became a living and pervading presence. He entered into his subject, and filled it with himself — with his heart — his soul — his mind. But not yet had he reached the Highest Thought ; nor caught even the remotest expression of that thought. In his Religion he was not yet positive. He had taken his Belief, because his fathers had the same — because it was sanctioned by the authority of great and good men — because, in short, every body worth caring for sanctioned it ; and to be without it was to be not respectable — yet not because he had weighed it, measured it, scanned it — and knew that it was full, and good, and true. He had not gone aside far enough, even to behold it. He stood within its own shadow and how could he understandingly consider its proportions ; or even appreciate its defects and beauties ? Yet

the refiner's fire was at hand ; and the day even for these things, also.

In another way Miss Gray was of great service to our hero. He had a decided talent for drawing ; and that excellent young lady, on discovering some rude attempts at copying architectural designs, which indicated talent underneath, began at first gently to direct him, and afterwards gave him regular lessons ; for she was, herself, a proficient in the theory of that elegant art ; and the scholar did ample credit to the skill and untiring exertions of the teacher. All these kindnesses were not unmarked by Rankin ; and Victor was not long in perceiving that the latter regarded him as a rival in the good graces of the young lady ; although her superior age and previous engagement, must have precluded all thoughts of any other than the purest—nay the necessary friendship, between two persons of taste and genius, who were thus constantly associated. In short Rankin was a rejected suitor of Miss Gray. She had long since declined receiving his addresses, kindly but positively ; and until the period of Victor's coming, he had appeared for a long time perfectly resigned to his fate. He seldom sought her society—indeed, he gene-

rally avoided her with studious care. But the attentions she bestowed on Victor, carried home a new dart to the covered, but not healed wound, thus exciting the venom, with which his nature was redundant. But he was too cunning a diplomatist to commit himself by any overt act of unkindness. Every circumstance was invested with his own bitterness, and treasured up against the day of wrath, which he had inly sworn *should come*.

As the spring opened, Victor discovered that himself and Miss Gray had another coincident taste. The latter was an ardent devotee of that charming science, which no woman should fail to make herself acquainted with — she was, in short, an intelligent and practical botanist. This study also from his quick perception of the beautiful, and ardent love of nature, was peculiarly adapted to the mind of Victor. He had taken it up during the last term he had attended school at the Academy of his native town, and advanced so far as to perceive its beautiful system, and to take much interest in gathering, analyzing, and preserving specimens. Since then it had been hallowed and shrined in his bosom, with one of the sweetest memories that ever stirred a gentle and loving heart. But when he found that Miss Gray had a kin-

dred taste — and that much more highly cultivated than his own — not only love for the science itself, but gratitude to his charming preceptress, prompted him to renewed interest. Every swamp, wood, meadow, marsh, and river side was made to yield a part of its hidden treasures ; and never a holyday came without bringing some valuable addition to Miss Gray's Herbarium, through the untiring earnestness of her grateful young friend.

Here, again, let not the poor boy say, "The Natural Sciences are entirely beyond my reach," for, in this also, he is wrong. Behold, is not a fly, a moth, a flower, a stone, a bit of earth, cheap? Yet each of these is a study. These are the spontaneous publications of nature, which she scatters abroad over her whole domain, even that the poor may gather them together and read. A manual containing the Elements of any one of the natural sciences may be bought for less money than even the poorest boys among us spend in a year for cross-bows, and crackers, and squibs, and gunpowder, which they are better without than with ; and the time consumed in mischief would be sufficient to acquire a knowledge of any one of the natural sciences, besides furnishing healthful, instead of troublesome, wanton and dangerous exercises.

## CHAPTER V.

“ Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! ”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

But this height of happiness was not to last long ; or rather it was to be tested. Rankin had forbore making any observations upon Victor's religious habits — his strict attention to all the duties enjoined by the spirit of Christianity — but, after a while, whenever he could find him alone in his chamber, he began to throw out sly but keen inuendos. One evening it happened — it was not a very common thing — as Rankin seldom came home until late, that they ascended the stairs at the same time. After a few moments the latter knocking slightly, threw open the door familiarly, and entered the room of Victor. The latter was engaged, as usual, in reading a chapter before he retired. His visitor stood over him a few minutes ; and

then said in a low tone, in which it were difficult to guess whether was embodied irony, ridicule, or merely a simple enquiry. "Christian, eh?"

"What did you observe?" returned Victor, looking up.

"I meant to ask," he replied, confronting the other, and fixing his keen eyes, now glistening like those of the basilisk, full upon his unwavering countenance. "I meant to ask whether you call yourself a Christian?"

"That is a curious question."

"Not so curious, my dear fellow returned the other; "You certainly have been in town long enough, to see that there is not a young man of spirit in the city, who would wear the fetters of Priestcraft. Religion, to be sure, will do well enough for babies — for boys who are content to hang forever at their mother's apron strings — but for fellows of pith and marrow, like you and me — who have minds of our own — who can think, and reason, and judge. We can be a law to ourselves. Religion will do well enough to furnish excitement for disappointed old Maids, and bread for idle, sycophantic Priests; but you, my dear fellow, with your brilliant intellect — have you not guessed before now that it is all a humbug?" As he spoke he



pressed himself into the chair of Victor, and passed an arm round his waist, with the most winning kindness of manner.

“I do not like to hear such language,” returned Victor, the severity of his rebuke softened by the apparent kindness of the other; “and I beg of you to spare me. We shall not agree. If we converse, let it be upon some subject which we do not think so differently about.”

“I know advisers, and true, honest friends, generally get few thanks for their pains; and yet,” added Rankin, “so great is the interest I feel for you, that I cannot bear to see one so blessed by nature with the rarest gifts, crippled down by miserable impositions, fit only for silly old women. O, you are like the rest!” he said, accidentally throwing off his veil, “You dare not think for yourself! You are all one pack of fools!”

“I do not wish to think differently from what I do,” replied Victor, taking advantage of Rankin’s oversight, and recovering his self-possession. “I do not wish to change my opinion, because I fully believe I am right.”

“And so do I, my brave fellow!” returned the other, with a change of countenance and manner, rapid as thought. “You have stood

the test ; and I now feel you are worthy of all confidence." He arose, and after walking the room a few minutes, returned to the side of the now astonished Victor.

"Listen to me ;" he said, "I have found much hypocrisy in the garb of religion ; or, to use the familiar phrase, I have often found the wolf in sheep's clothing. For this reason I did not dare to trust you, without making trial of the strength of your principles. I am convinced, I honor the courage with which you defend your faith, as I honor the faith itself."

Victor was far too single-hearted, and straightforward in thought and purpose, to understand the deep and bitter irony of this. He thought, indeed, that he had in no-wise defended his faith ; but had rather made that a defence for himself and his own weakness. He knew not what to think. He was bewildered.

"Now that we understand each other," resumed Rankin, "we must be friends ;" and drawing the softened youth to his arms, and gently embracing him, he added, "I am a strange creature, Victor, I am full of harrassing fears and distressing doubts. My mind is very far from being quite settled. What do you say to commencing the Bible with me ? We can

read a few chapters every night after we come into our chambers ; and perhaps we can assist each other."

To this wily proposition Victor gladly assented ; and as Rankin withdrew from the room, he proposed to commence the next evening ; and the innocent, noble-hearted boy knew not that the kiss which was imprinted on his fair, upturned brow was like that of Judas.

The next evening they met, according to appointment, in the room of Victor, and commenced the Bible. They read together the chapters on the Creation and the Fall of Man.

"Now do you see no difficulty in all this?" said Rankin, as they concluded the last chapter.

"None at all;" replied Victor, "It appears very plain to me."

"There is an obstinate difficulty in my way;" returned Rankin. "Did the Almighty before he created man intend to introduce evil, or was his design frustrated?"

"I believe," replied Victor, "that it was his intention to produce just such a state of things as now exists — a state, not perfect in itself, but containing all the elements of perfection."

"But how could a perfectly good Being create sin? If you admit that God created, or

designed sin, you must also admit that he is not perfectly holy.”

“I see no necessity for this. In making man a free agent, with perfect liberty to choose between good and evil, he has given him the power of acquiring positive goodness ; which he never could have had, were he so constituted by nature as to be incapable of sin. Here, Mr. Rankin, is a book on this very subject, which I wish you to read. I have lately read it with much profit.” As he spoke he drew from his little book-case a volume entitled, “CHEERING VIEWS OF MAN AND PROVIDENCE, drawn from REFLECTIONS ON the NATURE, ORIGIN, and USE OF EVIL.”

“Ha, by Burton! Heterodox, already, I see!” exclaimed Rankin. “I will read the book for your sake, my dear Victor, and then we will finish our argument ; for I see I must be armed at all points, to combat you — no,” he added, checking himself, “to keep up sides with you. You must be my teacher, Victor ;” and again he took leave of the affectionate but now flattered boy.

Thus they met, evening after evening, and read as before ; the artful Rankin, who was thoroughly acquainted with all the shoals and

breakers of the Christian system, starting one difficulty after another, in his apparent seeking after truth. These were suggested so incidentally — so artfully — with such well affected sorrow — and seeming earnestness of zeal, that every one left the germ of doubt in the mind of the simple hearted boy. He was in great danger. He was fast losing the stable ground of his faith. There was one thing and but one thing, saved him. His mother was capable of directing him, and he confided all to her. Not yet was his entire deliverance. Not yet was he strong enough to contend for the boon of positive and perfect liberty. Rankin felt it prudent to change his *modus operandi* ; yet he still took Victor to meeting in different parts of the city, so he might hear the opinions of all the various sects, and learn something of their particular modes of worship. One Sabbath afternoon he came home unexpectedly, and told Victor he had come on purpose to invite him to attend the meeting of a great preacher ; and as he spoke of this freely, and at length in a letter to his mother, let us turn to that letter ; which will be only turning to the next chapter,

## CHAPTER VI.

“T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
Another thing to fall.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

LETTER FROM VICTOR TO HIS MOTHER.

BOSTON, July 4, 18—.

“As this is a holyday, my dear mother, I gladly devote a part of it to you. And first, let me thank you for the present of the nice warm stockings you sent me last Fall, which I forgot to mention every time I have written since. They were so soft and warm—rather too warm, indeed, to think of this hot July day—but they are very different from the coarse rough things they buy at the stores. After all, mother, I believe I do love the country best; the dear good country. There are a great many fine things here, to be sure; but there are also a great many bad ones. I am finding them out every day, more and more. But I hope I am grateful, as I feel I ought to be, mother, to the kind Providence that has placed me in this excellent family. Mrs. Gray is

almost like a mother. She is very different from the mistresses which most of my fellow apprentices have, if they tell the truth. I believe it is pretty generally customary among the higher order of mechanics to treat apprentices, especially the younger ones, as menials, rather than equals. They are, I am told, seldom invited into the parlor, when there is company present. They are allowed to go wherever they please on the Sabbath. They have little or no religious instruction, even among the professedly pious; and their wants are seldom enquired into. But here, mother, you cannot think how different it is! If I eat less than usual, or look soberer than common, Mrs. Gray sees it just as quick as if I were her own child; just as quick as you would, mother, and she finds out all my trouble; and she doctors me, and comforts me, just as you do. And Miss Gray—I have told you before what she is; but I never can speak enough of her. O, she is so good, and so kind, and so beautiful—I can never tell half. She is now teaching me to draw; and she says I make great progress; but she is so amiable. Mother don't you think it is a grand thing I am learning to draw, and all at leisure hours, too, without paying any money? It is to me a delightful recreation. I

mean to be an Architect. You shall never be dissatisfied with the station I shall gain. I have looked at it, mother. I have thought of it ; and my determination is fixed. It will require long and unwearied exertion — perhaps much self-sacrifice ; but I have fixed my mark high ; and I am determined that nothing shall divert me from it.

Since I have come to this great city, where the distinctions of rank are so much more glaring than they are in the country, I have only become more fixed in my former opinion, that the real dignity of man, does not rest in his profession, nor in the amount of money he may have ; but in the mental and moral power which he is capable of exerting. Mechanics, as well as laboring people, generally fail in want of self-respect. They are willing to take inferior places, when they might command higher. A certain set names them an inferior caste ; and they subscribe to it — with grumbling and hard words, it may be ; but still their own hand and seal is there ; or the parchment could never be valid — still they crouch when the rich man goes by — still they cry out against wealth, and Rank, and Fashion — and still they meanly envy them ; until there is no principle of manliness left in them. In this spirit their families



are brought up ; and so the evil is perpetuated. Taking it for granted that they cannot and should not rise to a level with the highest, they neither prepare themselves, nor their families, for any thing better, or higher. As a general truth I believe that men will be respectable, and respected, only just as far as they respect themselves. But enough of this, mother. I have a confession to make.

“ I hope you will not be a very severe judge. Where do you think I was, last Sabbath afternoon ? You cannot guess. I must tell you. Do not be alarmed, mother ; but I was actually listening to the celebrated atheist, ——. Believe me, I should never have gone voluntarily to hear him, but I was invited by Mr. Rankin, (whose sincerity, between ourselves, I have still increasing reason to doubt) to go and hear a great preacher, whose name he refused to tell me. But I soon found out that I could be listening to none other than the notorious person, whose name, being coupled with blasphemy and persecution, has made so much stir lately. I will first tell you, dear mother, in order to relieve your affectionate heart, that I *neither* intend, nor wish to go again ; and that a system sustained by arguments so entirely superficial, has rather strengthened my reliance on what I

consider the true faith. And now, as you are, without doubt, curious to know how these meetings are conducted, I will endeavor to describe the one I attended. I should think there might have been 2000 persons present. A great portion of them appeared to be dashing young men of the city. There were also many Mechanics and decent respectable looking people, with their families. The great numbers he draws together are, without doubt, owing to the persecution he has suffered ; and I venture to say that if he were left undisturbed for a while, his audience would soon dwindle into nothing. The services commenced by reading a hymn in praise of Wisdom. This was then sung by the congregation to a spirited and very animating air. Mr. ——— then read a chapter from one of the French Philosophers on the organization of Matter. He then gave another hymn in praise of Truth. Then came the lecture. ——— is one of the most dignified and venerable looking men I ever saw. His hair is perfectly white ; and his whole appearance truly apostolical. He is, as you know, a man of talent, and I am inclined to think, sincere in his belief, His subject was the Christian doctrine of SIN. He gave a very ingenious argument in defence of his creed, the fallacy of which was easily to

be detected by an educated man, or by one accustomed to think ; but it was precisely suited to the minds of his audience ; and, no doubt, it produced a strong effect. Indeed I have seldom heard a speaker, who was possessed of such plausible and ingenious sophistry.

“ Mother, dearest, do write to me, and advise me what to do. I really believe, now, that Rankin is insincere in his professions ; but I know not how to escape his society. He treats me so kindly that I can find no excuse for cutting him, as the fashionable phrase here is. I want to tell Miss Gray, and ask her advice ; but she seems to dislike any reference to him so much, that I really dare not. Poor Miss Gray ! I really wish she had a better brother. I wish it for the sake of all the family, as well as for his own. I have some hope of him, even yet. The son of such parents and the brother of such a sister, cannot be all bad.

“ Dear mother, I bid you once more adieu, and remain your ever dutiful and affectionate son.

VICTOR HYDE.

P. S. I met Mr. George Henry Wilton the other day, in Washington street. I had on my short jacket, and I was carrying a basket of nails in my hand. The carpenter was quite evident. He was with some very finely dressed

gentlemen. Nevertheless, I cut him, before he could get a chance to cut me. I looked him full in the face, with a strange and wild stare, which disconcerted him so that he was thrown off his guard ; and he involuntarily recognised me by a nod ; which I only returned by staring at him again, as if he were the most impertinent and insolent fellow under heaven. Henceforth we meet as entire strangers. I never see Bella Thompson. What do you think is the reason, mother ? ”

The reception of this letter occasioned some uneasiness in the mind of the widowed mother ; but she knew that she had implanted good principles ; and she felt assured that they would stand the test. She sat down at once, and wrote him a reply, filled with the quick, and earnest outgushings of a mother’s love, hopes, and fears, all speaking strongly to that pure home affection, which is the best amulet to preserve a young heart, or to call it back from its wanderings.

But Victor had to pay the penalty of his involuntary offence, elsewhere ; and a heavy one it was likely to be. In the course of the week following the Sabbath above referred to, Victor imagined that Mr. Gray treated him rather coolly ; and one morning, instead of rising as

usual from the breakfast table, after the meal was finished, he requested the family to remain seated a few minutes, as he had something of importance to communicate. Mr. Gray was habitually rather taciturn ; but when he did speak, every word told. And as he made this annunciation, there was instantly perfect silence ; but when his eye moved slowly round the table, and rested on Victor, the latter felt that glance as a rebuke, though he could not guess for what ; and his color went and came, while he felt a misgiving — a sickness of the heart — such as he had never known before.

He did not appear to notice this, however, though, as Robert and Rankin exchanged glances, the latter could hardly resist the disposition to chuckle, audibly, so much was he delighted to perceive that his rival had fallen under his father's displeasure. The expression was noticed by Mr. Gray ; and in perfect contempt of the meanness of which he suspected his son, he said, sternly. "Leave the table, sir ; and leave the room." The boy instantly withdrew ; for when his father did speak, he felt himself compelled to obey. As the door shut, Victor became pale as ashes ; for he thought there must be something dreadful ; and he felt an instinctive apprehension that it was to fall on him.

But he was relieved, for a moment, by the attention being directed to Miss Gray.

“Ednah,” said her father, “I find the respectability of my family is called in question.”

“How so?” returned the young lady quietly.

“It has been told to me, no less than four times this very day, and many times more in the course of the week, that I neglect a father’s duty, in allowing my daughter to walk the streets, and associate, upon terms of intimacy, with a person who is in the habit of attending Infidel meetings;” and his eyes once more rested on Victor, whose face was flushed, and then became pale again; while Rankin, disconcerted at the premature development of his plot, sat very uneasily.

“I find I need not accuse you directly, sir, in so many words;” he added, addressing Victor. “Your countenance condemns you.”

“Women have a much more direct way of arriving at truth, in some cases, than men. Their perceptions are generally more acute.” Miss Gray cast a rapid glance from Rankin to Victor, and that glance detected the real state of things.

“Victor,” she said, encouragingly, “speak

out. Let us hear how it is." And a kind look from Mrs. Gray, with whom, also, he was a particular favorite, likewise emboldened him.

"I went once to hear Mr.——lecture" — he said, for the first time raising his eyes. They encountered those of Rankin; and he knew by the terrible expression he met, that it would be dangerous to betray him. This also was observed, even by Mr. Gray.

"Speak out, sir!" he said. "I will have no shuffling — no equivocation — tell us how many times you have been — who you went with — and how you came to go."

"Of course I shall tell you the truth, sir;" returned Victor. "I have been once — and only once — and that was last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Rankin invited me to go with him, to hear a celebrated preacher, but refused to tell me his name; then he took me to hear Mr. —— I never went before. I do not wish to go again. But I am very sorry, sir, that I have been the means of bringing reproach on any of your family, especially on Miss Gray, who has been so very, very kind to me." His eyes filled with tears, and he choked.

"I am sorry, too, Victor;" replied Mr. Gray, "I regret, exceedingly, that any imputation of

the kind should have been fixed on my daughter, or on you. But, as I find you are not to blame, I mean to deal justly by you. Should you discontinue attending the girls to the Lectures your character will suffer, which I cannot allow ; so you will consider yourself still a participator in the family ticket. If you are more prudent in future, the truth will soon work its way out, and be established. Continue to speak the truth — and be very careful what company you keep ;” he added, while Victor, almost overpowered with gratitude, was attempting to express his thanks. Mr. Gray turned to rebuke Rankin ; but he had left the room.

As her father rose from the table little Annie ran forward to congratulate Victor. “ O, I am so glad you are not naughty !” she said, throwing her fair round arms about his neck ; while a few bright tears fell on her sunshiny hair. “ I am so glad ! O, it makes me cry, Victor ! and is’nt it funny ?” and the sweet little creature hid her face in his bosom, and really sobbed ; while her mother and sister shared her joy.

Mr. Gray regarded the group with a pleased eye. “ You see, Victor, how we all love you ;” he said, “ I know not how it is ; but,



from the first, we adopted you as one of us ; and you will not, my dear boy, be, at any time, forgetful of our love.”

Victor could not have spoken if the wealth of the world had been offered for the act ; but, hastily wiping his face, he took his hat and went to his work. The plot of Rankin was an exceedingly shallow one ; and it was now likely to recoil upon the head of the projector. He had busily circulated the report of Victor's attendance at Infidel meetings, with divers little aggravating touches, among a score of good gossips, who are so very charitable as to neglect their own business, and attend to that of other people ; but, somehow, he never anticipated such a *denouement* as actually took place. Victor was more firmly established than ever in the good opinion of the family ; while Rankin, to his utter mortification, saw that himself had taken the place he had intended for his victim ; and that even the eyes of Mr. Gray were about being opened upon his real character.

A word now of the part which Mr. Gray had taken in this matter. I have said before, that he had not a strong development of the RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE. To what then, was his zeal owing ? He considered that any deviation from the common routine of religious habits was

disreputable It was a sheer matter of policy with him ; as it is with far too many. How much — how infinitely better — is *any* discussion, than such a breathless, waveless, motionless, Dead sea of mind ! Yet that very state, inane as it is, may be a very decorous and respectable one ; for the world will reward with her loudest sounding praises those (would they were few ! ) who are willing to lay the Individual ME upon the altar of HUMAN PRAISE ; and take instead, something, it may be in the shape of ME, but without vitality — an automaton, formed, and still to be moulded, by the opinions of others — until it becomes incapable of having — much more of asserting — a principle of its own. Some minds of a very high order are precisely in this state ; and, being there, they know it not.

## CHAPTER VII.

“How beautiful on their approach to this beating heart the steps and forms of the gifted and the true.”

“A new person is always to me a great event and hinders me from sleep.”

EMERSON.

A few days after the above incident, Mrs. Gray announced to her family, at the breakfast table, that Bridget was very ill; and, she feared she was already in a confirmed fever.

“What will you do with her?” asked Mr. Gray. “You may not be able to get another woman for some weeks; and you surely will not think of taking care of her in addition to all your work?”

“O, as to that,” replied Mrs. Gray, “Ednah and I have settled it all nicely. Bridget has a cousin in town, who now is out of a place. We will send for her to act as nurse. A friend is such a blessing in sickness! And Bridget has no other in the country besides Ellen—at least no relative but her. I think I can get along very well. It will be a good chance for Annie. I have been thinking of it

for some time. Ednah, at her age, knew a great deal of the mystery of house-keeping. Annie can wipe, or even wash dishes, and dust very well. Ednah loves exercise, and needs it. She will help a good deal night and morning — and Victor” — she hesitated a moment, as she looked at the handsome and intelligent young man — “Victor will not think himself degraded, if I ask him to clean the brasses, rub the knives, or fetch an extra pail of water occasionally.”

“My duty can never degrade me; he replied warmly; “and this is more than duty. It is a pleasure. Any service I can render to you, Mrs. Gray, or any of your family, will make me happy.”

“Robert and Rankin exchanged glances, as much as to say, “What a low fellow; or what a fool he is!”

The plan of Mrs. Gray succeeded admirably. Instead of sending the poor friendless Irish girl among strangers, or to the poor house, she waited on her, or caused her to be attended, with untiring benevolence. This, to be sure, was only duty; yet it was a duty many would be incapable, either of perceiving or practising. On Friday, which was Mrs. Gray’s scouring day, Victor, girded with one of Bridget’s crash

aprons, entered into the midst of oil, rotten stone, and whiting, tin and brass ware.

“Scratch ’em !” whispered Rankin, in passing Victor, who had succeeded in giving a very fine polish to a beautiful planished tin dish-cover. “A few incidental, or accidental scratches would end your labors shortly. Here, let me show you ;” and he threw a few grains of coarse sand upon the polishing cloth.

“You are a fool, to make yourself a scullion !” he added, as Victor, without deigning any reply, calmly wiped the sand away.”

“If you go on at this rate you never will be any thing ; I shall give you up !”

“He was interrupted ; and Victor was relieved for the time. That morning, as the latter was going to his work, Rankin hailed him from a corner, telling him there was no work just then ; and they might have an hour or two of leisure. He had gathered a number of companions about him : and he began to banter Victor in a very coarse way, about being a scullion, a cleaner of kettles and pans, and the like.

“Mr. Hyde,” continued Rankin, with extreme acrimony of manner, “my friends and I have been considering the propriety of the term **MASTER**, being given to him who instructs young

men in any business. The opinion of a person of such singular dignity and elevation of character, must be worth having. You will please to enlighten us."

Victor's bosom glowed intensely; and the warmth was reflected on his flushed face. He bit his lips. He felt too much contempt for words. He did not speak.

"Get out Rankin!" "Hold on there!" "You are too bad." "Come, Mr. Hyde, we really want your opinion," exclaimed one and another.

Victor swallowed his resentment, and replied, "I see no reason why the man who teaches any art, should not be called master, as well as he that teaches any science."

"There, I thought so!" retorted Rankin; "servile in every thing! I tell you he is incapable of taking in a noble thought. Go to the South! the whip of the negro-driver might make you feel! Go to the South; and there you might really have a master!"

"I see no reason for this anger;" returned Victor, mildly, for he had recovered his self-possession. "I only expressed an opinion, in compliance with the request of those present."

"But it makes me mad to see such meanness!" continued Rankin,

“Hold on there, Rankin, and let us have Hyde’s opinion!” said one of the young men.

“I am unwilling to make any difficulty:” replied Victor; “but as you really wish me to speak, I will do so. I cannot, then, see any thing degrading to myself, in calling the man who teaches me his art, master. I do not see how a mere name, used one way or another, can disgrace us. It seems to me that honor, or dishonor, must flow entirely from our own actions.”

“A noble sentiment, my brave lad!” exclaimed a very dignified and benevolent looking old man, with long white hair sweeping over his shoulders, who had joined the circle, and was listening unobserved. “A noble sentiment!” he continued; “and here is the hand of one, who through the experience of three score years and ten, has seen no honor but that of pure right, no dishonor but that of wrong. Pray give me your name; I want to know you;” added the old man, as he pressed the hand of Victor in his.

“You honor me, indeed, sir!” replied Victor, blushing with pleasure, at the old man’s kindness; “my name is Victor Hyde; and I am apprentice to Mr. Gray, carpenter, — street.”

“Ay, William Gray? He is my son-in-law. I congratulate him! and I congratulate you, my boy! Few apprentices have a place like that! Tell Mrs. Gray that she may expect her father this evening. I have been absent (as you have undoubtedly heard grandfather Filbrook was) about two years, with a daughter at the West. I may possibly bring Harrison with me; and I hope to meet Talbot, for I hear he is expected, in town to-day. And be sure you be at home, my boy,” he added, again presenting his hand.

“I shall not fail to be so;” returned Victor, his eyes actually dancing with pleasure.

“You’ve hit it now!” said one of the young men: “John Filbrook has a mint of money: and as much influence as any man.”

“He is always crawling after great folks!” said Rankin, bitterly.

At this moment the young men were summoned to the post of duty; and the conversation was suspended.

The evening came, and with it came father and grandfather. The meeting was a happy one, as there always will be between those who stand in just relationship towards themselves, and each other. Victor was met by the kind old gentleman with renewed expressions of in-



terest and kindness. That night the happy boy, excited by the curious circumstances of his introduction to Mr. Filbrook, as also by the hope of meeting Mr. Harrison, whom he had heard lecture, could in no wise think of sleeping; and he lay tossing from side to side, until nearly morning, in all the delightful irritability of a highly nervous temperament, warmed and expanded by a single predominating, and a host of subservient ideas — yet all pleasant — all delightful. I should have said that Mr. Filbrook did not bring Mr. Harrison with him, but he promised that he should come the next day. Accordingly, at an early hour the latter gentleman arrived, and was duly introduced by his venerable friend; which, indeed, was hardly necessary; for he was well known as one of the most popular lecturers in the employ of a philanthropic association; and also as editor of a very able paper, devoted to their interests. Mr. Harrison was a self-made man, and about forty years of age. He had a singularly fine head, which indicated a full development of THE MAN — not the physical, merely; nor yet the intellectual; but the full and harmonious proportions of physical, mental and moral power. His eye was dark and expressive; and his whole manner evinced an exceedingly strong

and active temperament. Mr. Talbot, the lover of Ednah Gray, was also present. He exhibited a full command of the reasoning powers, with little imagination, or little more than went to give pungency to sarcasm — which, however, he used only as a weapon, that was not drawn upon light occasions; though incidental flashes indicated its locality. As a young lawyer, he had already obtained considerable reputation; and he gave great promise. He was said to belong to one of the highest families in the country; this last fact however was one which he was far from asserting, either directly, or indirectly; and it modified his own character and feelings much less than those of others. He had too much innate nobility — too much real self-respect, to claim any distinction on the credit of his fathers. He demanded nothing for the mouldering eulogy that was sculptured over his mouldering ancestors. Content himself and proud to be a man, he conceived that the character of man, wherever it is truly and honestly developed, is worthy to be met by the name of brother; though peradventure it may possibly exist, shrouded in the bosom of a bond or chattel slave. How weak — how passing vain to such a one must be the poor distinctions which are founded on any thing extrinsic to the man.

Mr. Filbrook had been a very successful machinist, who had grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of one of our flourishing manufacturing towns. He had accumulated wealth without compromising every thing true and honest; for he sought wealth not as an end, but as a means. In rising to the highest rank in society as many such have done, he did not as too many do forget his less fortunate brethren whom he had left in the rear; but while he enjoyed, with the highest zest, the society of the refined and intellectual, his heart glowed with the purest philanthropy — the tenderest love — towards all men; and he watched the progressive steps of reform tending to meliorate the condition and elevate the mass of men, with a pleased and interested eye. Hence the friendship between him and Mr. Harrison — and I may add, between him and all with whom he came in contact, of the good and the true. He was now in a green and happy old age, enjoying the fruits of honest and successful industry — most in the power of blessing others. He was the father of Mrs. Gray, and in giving his youngest daughter to a mechanic when he was amply entitled to look higher; for he had married four other daughters into the highest classes — he was carrying out

his principles. Here then was represented in one little family party the aristocracy of mind, the aristocracy of wealth, and the aristocracy of blood; and these were all met in the house of a carpenter, confessedly one of the lower orders; and not only so but two of these were either allied to him, or about to be allied to him, by the closest family ties. Is this fact a singular one? I trust not altogether so. But when man comes better to be known, and to know HIMSELF, such occurrences will be more and more frequent; until the question shall no more be asked — what a man *does* — but what he is — and the ticket of admission to society shall not be graven with his *profession*, but with his CHARACTER. But were not all these MEN? Did they not meet each other AS MEN? or was their behavior modified; or would it have been, at any time, or any place, modified by the profession of any whom they might meet? Would the grasp of *their* hands be graduated according to the roughness or delicacy of the palms they met? The true soul takes no cognizance of such things. She asks not if the hand of a man has been calloused by the implements of manual labor. She looks for CHARACTER, and speaks to that. She looks for SOUL; and, finding that she finds brotherhood,

As soon as Mr. Gray had received and spoken with the gentlemen he called to Victor, by request of Mr Filbrook, and introduced him. How the heart of young genius leaps within itself, at the first presence of a kindred spirit. A kindred spirit to such a one is a magician; and when he first breaks the seal from the young thought, that did not till then know itself, lighting the depths of the bosom as with Aladdin's lamp revealing mysteries hitherto undreamed of, all nature seems created anew, in more delicate beauty, in loftier majesty, with intenser glory. Truths before unperceived speak in the face of all things; as if God had then first said, "Let there be light." Such was the meeting between Mr. Harrison and Victor — such their correlative action upon each other. Were it not that the full grown soul stood partially unveiled before him, the poor boy would have been overwhelmed when he first perceived, and felt, and knew the godlike energy that was shrined within his own bosom.

"You will stay at home to-day, Victor," said Mr. Gray, kindly. "Our work is not driving; and I feel anxious that you should see and know these friends."

"I thank you, sir!" returned the delighted boy, with the most earnest emphasis; and his

whole soul flashed at once through his animated features, and eloquent eyes. There was a beauty, a dignity, a majesty in that poor apprentice boy as he stood there in his newly awakened consciousness of being, with which the wealth of all mines, the insignia of all hereditary honors — the pomp of all thrones — could not have invested him — it was the beauty, the dignity, the majesty, of a highly gifted human soul, true to its fellow creatures — true to itself; and then first perceiving its alliance with Deity — its heirship to Jehovah. What man having a soul himself — and what man has not? — could think of a commission, an office, a staff, a star, a garter, a coronet, a crown, in the presence of such a one? Yet thousands of such are unrecognised, even by themselves. Still the day is coming when man will not only know his brother, but he shall know himself; and it rests with those who have already made acquaintance with the human character, to hasten that day. Then, and not till then, will be the true millennium; for then, indeed, will “**THE DAY-SPRING FROM ON HIGH**” have visited us!

## CHAPTER VIII.

“An ideal of right does dwell in all men, in all arrangements, pactions and procedures of men it is to this ideal of right, more and more approximated to, that human society for ever tends and struggles.”

### CHARTISM.

“Now Annie expects grandfather will give her a sugar-plum,” said the happy old man, drawing the beautiful child to his knee.

“No, I do not ;” she replied, shaking back the flaxen curls, and looking up cunningly in his face — “not such sugar-plums as monkeys love — but —” and she squinted curiously at the hand which was slowly drawn from his pocket.

“Ha ! this is the sugar-plum for you, my little darling !” continued the grandfather, putting into her hand a fresh number of “The Girl’s Own Book” — “Go, and feast, little one ! for these sweets are the product of a free soul ; they are not embittered and poisoned by the sweat, and tears, and blood of the crushed and miserable slave.” Imprinting a warm kiss on his venerable cheek the child sprang from

his arms, and ran to show all her friends her new treasure.

“Only look, sister!” she cried, “do see, Mr. Talbot! ‘The Girl’s Own Book!’ the very book I wanted! O, how much better I love dear, dear grandfather than if he had bought me sugar-plums and candy!” and the gratified and affectionate child ran back to her aged relative; and as she clung round his neck, with renewed kisses, the two formed a singularly striking and beautiful group. The child’s face was like a very cherub’s, full of gentleness, sweetness, and of almost unearthly beauty; and it contrasted finely with the truly noble and venerable one it met; while curls of the richest amber, and long locks of glossy silver, mingled in not unpleasing contrast. There are two characters of surpassing interest and beauty, that of a noble-minded, benevolent, good man, in ripe old age, and that of a child in the first pure and hallowed day-spring of its being—these two are as the evening and the morning star of human life; and they both shine with the clearest and the brightest evidence of the dignity—the divinity of human nature.

“Ednah dear,” said Mr. Filbrook, as Annie again withdrew, “I have not forgotten you in



my travels. It was my good fortune to fall in with a young naturalist — a very intelligent and interesting young man, by the way, with whom I kept company for several weeks. It was in my power to oblige him, and in return, he has sent you some specimens both in Botany and Mineralogy.”

“He sent them to me, grandfather?” said Ednah, blushing.

“Yes, to be sure where’s the harm? I’m a weak old man it may be, but I could not help talking of you, and praising you, Ednah. Why do you blush so, you little handsome intelligent gypsey? I believe one word from me would have brought the poor fellow on here; but no harm, Mr. Talbot. I mentioned your name.”

Ednah found relief from her slight confusion, in opening the portfolios; when she was joined by Victor, who knew and understood the value of the specimens better than any one present, except herself.

“O, Victor!” cried the latter, opening a sheet that was folded with peculiar care — “here is the *Ceanothus Ovalis* — and from the borders of Lake Champlain too! the very spot where Pursh found it! I am rich indeed!”

“Here,” said Mr. Filbrook, “is something that pleases me infinitely more than that or any

other weed. Here are some specimens of petrified sea-shells, which I found myself on an eminence on the borders of the Susquehannah, 1200 feet above the level of the ocean. In some places the ground was almost covered with them. This, I think proves conclusively, either that there has been a period when the waters of the ocean rose to that height, or else, that the locality of the sea is entirely changed. But how did you like our lecture last evening, Mr. Harrison? He bore down pretty hard upon the aristocracy — did he not?”

“He did, indeed, Mr. Filbrook. But I have just been thinking, that with all our talk about aristocracy, we do not know exactly what we mean by the expression. It seems to me that the fabled hues of the chameleon vary not more than the definitions of that term.”

“Rank, like beauty, is, with us, a word of indefinite and arbitrary meaning, which every one feels at liberty to interpret for himself,” said Mr. Talbot. “We have a monied aristocracy — an aristocracy of fashion — an aristocracy of talent — and an aristocracy which pretends to establish itself on the basis of gentle and ancient blood; but, for want of support, this last is fain to lean upon wealth at the one hand, or talent on the other. But, to borrow

one of your figures, Mr. Gray, the underpinning is giving out. You may patch it, and prop it, as you will; but it is rotten. It will not stand."

"But," said Mr. Harrison, "in all these enquiries which now agitate and shake society to its inmost centre, the observing eye can perceive the kindling fire of truth, acting upon all these discordant elements. Truth, like the electric fluid, when once aroused can no more be held in check — can no longer be hidden, but, in its own resistless energy — its own overwhelming power — it announces itself to an astonished world — it may be with waste and ruin; yet none the less surely comes the equalizing power, and the destruction of what is noxious in the moral atmosphere."

"Our rich people," continued Mr. Harrison, after a momentary pause, "are, for the most part, those who have sacrificed every other valuable thing at the altar of mammon. Like the very miners, they have bent their brows into the earth and toiled for gold, to the peril of ease, health, conscience, intellect, soul. They would be rich. They place their aim at that point — and seldom rise higher. Can such a state, any more than the heartless inanity of fashionable life, be favorable to the develop-

ment of the true man? I need not answer. But the mentally gifted may be seen rising above the mass in every grade of society; yet chiefly among the middling and lower classes; for the very struggles into which poverty compels them — the very warfare with contending fates — are a healthy discipline, which gives tone, and energy, and manliness to the character. The tallest and the strongest trees are they that have wrestled with the tempest — that stand on the bleak mountain side, and arrest the storms of heaven. Gifted spirits will rise above their peers, as truly — as necessarily — as the gigantic oak, and the towering sycamore, will stretch out their strong arms, and lift themselves up above their meaner brethren of the forest. The gladiator is not nurtured in the arms of luxury; his sinews are not strengthened, nor his muscles knit, beneath the influence of the soft lute, or the delicious viol; he reposes not on down; he eats no delicate viand. The roar of the Nubian lion — the growl of the Bengal tiger, are the music that he loves; his bed is the bare flint; his food the coarsest product of the earth; and early, and continually, meeting defiance from danger and death, he gathers increasing, and still increasing strength — until he comes to

defy them in turn — until he sports with danger as with a toy, and hears death at his very threshold. Even such must be the education of the human soul, to give its highest strength — its noblest power. And who are so likely to meet with this discipline as the poor and the despised of earth? It has been truly said that ‘Mind is made for dominion;’ but THE NOBLEST DOMINION OF MIND IS OVER ITSELF. Could the human spirit come to know, and perfectly to govern itself, we should be a race of divinities — we should be the truest and the noblest of created beings — the highest representatives of the divine wisdom — direct emanations from God.”

During this speech Victor had left his seat, and was seen gradually approaching Mr. Harrison; until, at its close, moved by the impulse of his own ardent nature, and excited far above all thought of propriety, or of fear, he sprang into the arms of Mr. Harrison; and, burying his face in the speaker’s bosom, he burst into tears. It was inexpressibly affecting. There was not one dry eye looked upon the group. No comment was made — not a word was spoken; but all present felt that the fate of the apprentice boy was then determined — that there was a spirit roused within him, whose

power could no more be checked nor its presence be hidden. There are moments in human life, which destiny marks as peculiarly her own; when she puts the seal on character, by the magic of some trivial circumstance, a look, a tone, rousing a dormant principle, which is appointed to live, and expand, and dominate, until it shall have colored every future period of life.

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Parkhurst, an acquaintance of Mr. Talbot's, who took special care, however, to let it be known, that he considered the mechanic's house was all too highly honored by his most august presence. This gentleman was a commission merchant; and in his character and feelings, he was one of the most exclusive among us; but of him, his entrance, conversation, &c., we will tell further in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IX.

“It is not what a man outwardly has, or wants, that constitutes the happiness or misery of man. Nakedness, hunger, distress of all kinds, death itself, have been cheerfully suffered, when the heart was right. It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men. No man can bear it, or ought to bear it. A deeper law than any parliament-law whatever, a law written direct by the hand of God in the inmost being of man, incessantly protests against it.”

CARLYLE.

“YOUR servant, Mr. Talbot — your most obedient, Mr. Filbrook,” said Mr. Parkhurst, bowing cordially as he gave his hand, alternately, to the only two in the room, whom he considered entitled by their birth and mode of living, to his notice — then, bending his head in a very stately manner, in recognition of the presence of others, he said, “Come, Mr. Talbot, of course you can have nothing in common with these good people ; let us step into the Marlborough, and have a little social chat.”

“You are entirely mistaken, Mr. Parkhurst. I have all things in common with these friends ;

for these are true and noble spirits, with whom it is not only my choice, but my highest happiness, to mingle. We were just engaged in a very interesting conversation, which I may have no opportunity to resume. Therefore I beg you to join us ; and first let me introduce you to Mr. Gray — the honored father of my dearest hope — and Mr. Harrison, whom, not to know, argues yourself, either unknown — or out of the way of much good influence.”

“ Hem ! your most obedient, gentlemen ! Mr. Gray, how are the prices in the Lumber Market ? Do shingles and clap-boards keep up yet ? ” inquired the visitor, pompously.

“ The prices are fluctuating at present, sir ; ” returned Mr. Gray, with an air of quiet dignity, that felt no-wise conscious of a cut.

“ Mr. Harrison, ” continued Mr. Parkhurst, “ I believe I have had some acquaintance with you before — Hem ! Educated to THE BENCH, I believe — excuse me, sir, if I am mistaken ; but I really was under the impression that you made a pair of boots for me — and they pinched like the devil ” he added, dropping his voice to a lower key.

“ Harrison can pinch yet ; ” said Mr. Talbot, smiling at the futile effort the gentleman was making to establish his own dignity. “ He can



pinch yet, I assure you ; and you had better take care of his nippers, Parkhurst."

The gentleman only bowed in reply ; then, turning to Mr. Harrison, he said, "excuse me, sir, for suggesting so unpleasant a topic ; but, really, I intended no offence."

"And you gave none, Mr. Parkhurst. Be assured sir, I am not ashamed of honest labor. He who is so — is an excrescence on the fair character of manhood — he is no true man."

"Hem ! of course it becomes you to speak well of the bridge that carried you safe over ; as the old proverb says — you have risen above your old business — your present profession is — is — quite — a gentlemanly one — and I see no reason why we may not be acquaintances."

The bronzed cheek of Harrison flushed slightly, with the impulse of pure honest contempt of the insinuation, as he replied ; "You mistake, Mr. Parkhurst, I have never relinquished my early business. It is an honest calling. It is favorable to thought — and I love it. Still, during all the intervals of more active duties, I work at my trade. I was bred a shoemaker, I am still a shoemaker, Mr. Parkhurst — but I am also a man."

"Very likely — not the least doubt of it — so is yonder sweep — yet what *gentleman* thinks

of associating with him. Allow me to say, Mr. Harrison, that I think you wrong yourself. With your capabilities you might even rise to the highest circles, and, by and by, the waxed ends, and the awl, would be no more thrown in your teeth. Be just to yourself. Sink the Shoemaker. Leave these common implements for common hands ; and the best man among us would not blush to call himself your friend."

"I ask for no friendship—I admit no acquaintance"—returned Mr. Harrison, "but on the ground of the Universal brotherhood of man. What is it to me that one man calls this high, or this low? To me, nothing is high, or low, but character. How should soul be affected by any modification of matter? True spirits magnetize and attract each other. They are like chemical affinities, which rush together, and unite, without a question if one came from a golden, and the other from an earthen vessel."

"In the nippers, eh! Parkhurst!" whispered Mr. Talbot, to the subdued and silent hero; then, turning to Mr. Harrison, he said aloud: "Go on, my friend. Preach these doctrines; for, in sustaining them, you strike at the very root of our strongest social evil. But among us, where few inherit large patrimonial estates, the mentally gifted will not generally be rich.

We, Utilitarians, make the exclusive pursuit of literature, or science, rather unproductive — as in good right we may ; since the most healthful and perfect development of the man, will be through the mutual action of physical and mental labor. Let every man who is a student, work with his hands. This is my theory.”

“But a word of our people of family ;” said Mr. Filbrook. “When I was a boy this class was quite numerous ; but now, in its original peculiarities, it is hardly recognized among us ; and it is every day diminishing. Even our friend Parkhurst here, can remember his father’s lapstone — I do perfectly — I remember——.”

“You have the privilege of age, sir, to be garrulous !” interrupted the other, fiercely.

“Yes, the privilege of telling the truth. You know the adage, ‘children (whether old or young) always speak the truth.’ But I was going to say, Mr. Parkhurst, that I perfectly remember the day when your ever honored father first entered Boston ; with his little wallet of clothes, and his kit of tools, swung manfully over his shoulder as became a traveling Jour., seeking employment. I know these things ; for it was my own Uncle that hired him ; and my own cousin it was that he married — moreover, a better workman, as I have often heard

my Uncle say, never bristled end. So you belong to the good old stock — the root of all other stocks, Mr. Parkhurst — the People. Though your father was a shoemaker, we hold you none the worse for that. We welcome you as a brother ; and cordially invite you to take a seat with us, and a part in our conversation. ”

There was something in the old gentleman's manner, which expressed reproof so kindly, so benevolently, that anger and ridicule were alike disarmed, and the man of importance, who but a moment before was inflated with a vapid notion of his own greatness, now extended his hand to every one present — even to Victor — with a subdued and gentle air ; as if the spirit of a very lamb dwelt in him. The point of that gentle rebuke was not to be mistaken ; and yet it was couched in terms, and expressed in a spirit, of the purest kindness ; and it did what, perhaps, no eloquence could, in a like case, have done — it absolutely found a heart in the calloused bosom of a mere worldling.

No notice was taken of the gentleman's confusion ; and he was glad to find a still corner, where, for a time, he might “ hide his diminished head ; ” for though made capable of feeling, he had, by no means, come to think.

“But, to return to our original subject ;” said Mr. Talbot. “I was going to observe that the old aristocracy, engrafted from the European stock is daily becoming uprooted by the natural growth of our soil — by the clustering foliage — the hardy and persevering roots, and the far stretching arms of our native productions. With these circumstances in view, it would seem strange that any should attempt to build upon so unstable and insufficient a foundation ; for, while we want the only legitimate basis of such pretension — a long line of illustrious ancestry — entailed estates, and the rights of primogeniture, we find among us many self-assumed people of quality, who might have been safe in France, during the reign of Robespierre ; since they would be puzzled to tell who were their grandfathers ; or, if they might, they would be ashamed to speak the good old gentleman’s name ; because, forsooth, his coat-of-arms might have been a plough-couchant or a spindle, or a trowel-rampant.”

“Now this pretension, which can never be sustained,” said Mr. Gray, “must strike every one possessed of common sense, as being so weak as to be quite pitiful ; and must, I think, furnish a just occasion of merriment to our archetypes over the Atlantic — who can boast, at

least, that their injustice, and their follies, have the shadow of a foundation. ”

“ The very idea of an aristocracy in a republic, ” said Mr. Harrison, “ where there is no exclusive, and, of consequence, no excluded caste, involves a most ridiculous absurdity. With us one condition is continually merging itself in another. Spendthrift sons rapidly squander the estates which were hoarded by their miserly fathers ; while noble sons, ay, and daughters too, are continually rising, Phoenix-like, from the ruins of inefficient, or unfortunate parents ; by the power of energetic action, and all-controlling industry, shaping fortune to their will. ”

“ We are certainly guilty of some things, ” said Mr. Talbot, “ of which Republicans ought to be ashamed ; and, not the least of these, is the disesteem in which the manual operatives of our commonwealth are held. If our government was really aristocratical, upholding a certain caste by means of entailed estates, and hereditary dignities, such a result might be expected. But with us, where the humblest tyro, rising, invigorated, from his straw pallet, feels, and justly, rationally, too, that there is no office, no dignity, beyond the reach of his ambition ; where there is no person of rank, how-

ever high, who can look back to his ancestry, or round among his kindred, without acknowledging they are, mainly, of the common people — farmers, mechanics, laborers — this condition of things, it is quite evident, proves a gross want of independence, and an entire departure from the doctrines taught by our fathers.”

“It requires no gift of second sight,” observed Mr. Harrison, “to perceive the ridiculous figure a mushroom lord of some country village, or city square, whose father struck finished coins from his ever-sounding anvil, would make turning up his honorable nose at an honest blacksmith; yet we see scenes in this spirit enacted daily — Mr. Filbrook, you doubtless witness many of them.”

“That I do,” returned the old gentleman, “and sometimes, it excites a feeling of contempt; but oftener one of pity. I could mention fifty instances, right round me, of the sons and daughters of mechanics, whose chief claim to distinction rests in the hard-earned wealth of their honest and toiling fathers, turning, with the most refined disgust, and elegant horror, from persons who are, every way, as truly honorable as themselves, merely because they wear the calloused hands of honest labor. This spirit tends, not only to the check and

injury of social intercourse, but to the destruction of erect, honest, staunch Republicanism."

"Faith, this is too bad! I can't stand this fire any longer!" exclaimed Parkhurst, springing from his chair, with an air of grandiloquence, and mock desperation, which were quite striking and remarkable. "Talbot, I shall see you again. Good morning, gentlemen." Saying this, he withdrew, with as much awkwardness and discomfort, as if, Talbot remarked, he had been hampered by his poor honest father's own waxed ends, and pricked by every awl in the kit of memory; which he had vainly thought was to be opened no more, for ever. The latter could not quite forego his parting joke; and popping his head out of the window, as his friend was descending the steps, he called out, "Ah, Parkhurst! a shoe-knife is a dreadful thing to cut, especially when it thrusts back on ourselves the reflected wound, which we have been trying to inflict on another."

Several persons looked up; for it was a public street, and one old man, in particular, who was hobbling on crutches, seemed to catch the spirit of the remark; for his gray eyes kindled with long-unwonted fire, as, leaning on his crutches he glanced, with a look of intelli-



gence, and meaning, from the speaker, to the one addressed — the latter, meanwhile, fled from the ground, as if his father's complete family of tools, bristles, knives, lapstone, bench, and awls, had been in full chase after him.

“There,” said Mr. Filbrook, looking out, “as the poor fellow's evil stars will have it, there is one of his father's journeymen;” then, calling to the old man he said, “Good morning, Mr. Handy! did you see little Augustus?”

“Ah,” replied the other, “he's grown up to be a gentleman. He don't see poor folks now. But many's the time I've dandled him on these poor old knees! The little fellow seemed to love me then; but now he never sees me. But no matter, no matter. I'm lame, and old, and poor.

“Do come in, and rest you,” said Mr. Gray.

“No, no. I'm used to going about.”

“What occasioned your lameness?” enquired Mr. Filbrook.

“O, 't is a long story. I had weak eyes an' I almost lost the sight o' one of 'em. I could not see to work at my trade. Business was bad. I couldn't find nothing to do. At last I got work, tending mason. I was old an' stiff an' not used to that climbing sort o' business. I fell an' broke my hip. Then I told my wife

— Gentlemen I *will* come in, seein' I've got to talking about it ; for what I've got to say had'nt ought to be spoke here — ” Thus saying he hobbled up the steps ; and having been seated in a comfortable arm chair, he went on. “ I had scraped together about 500 dollars. This I was keepin' agin a dark day. But after I got hurt I was laid up for a long time. We got out of provisions. Rent was due. I had nobody to depend on ; for my children all lived in distant parts of the country. I had no relations about here, but one granddaughter, that lived with us, the child of my poor, dead Mary. Well, I told my wife we must get a little money, come what would. She thought so to. So we sent Mary to Augustus — Mr. Parkhurst I mean — Mary's a proper nice, pretty girl, though she is mine. She saw Mr. Parkhurst ; an' he told her plumply that he'd failed, an' the demand want worth a cent ; but she might call agin, an' he'd see what could be done. Mary cum cryin' home, an' told us. This was a dreadful blow. Well, we got along for several days more' till we got entirely out of things. Mary went, and went, day after day ; but she could never see Mr. Parkhurst. Sometimes he was engaged. Sometimes he was out. We had nothing to eat. I had the spirit of indepen-

dence. I couldn't bear to beg. Mr. Parkhurst had failed, to be sure; but he didn't suffer much on that account. He lived in the same great house. He had the same fine furniture. He kept servants. He wanted nothing. But there was my money, that I'd worked hard for, day an' night, year arter year. He'd spent that — an' I was sick, an' my own poor wife an' child was starvin'! But I thought, when Mary told me how 't was, that I'd rather starve an' die, than be like him. Well one day Mary made out to see him. He told her to go over to his counting-room. She went, with a light heart. But now comes the worst of all. What did the villain do but insult her — insult my poor child — He offered her a great purse of money — offered her money, when he could'nt pay me a cent! But she got away; for she's a good, nice girl. She got away. She cum runnin' home, pale as death. 'T was a long time afore she could tell us, she cried so." The poor old man could go no farther. Tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks.

"Have I called this villain, friend!" said Mr. Talbot. "I will see him. And if he does not pay you every cent he owes, principal and interest, he shall be exposed!"

“But how did you get along?” asked Mr. Gray.

“Thank God, he has permitted some of his children to be poor! There are still hearts, in some of his creatures. My neighbors — most of them poor day-laborers, assisted me. They got plain sewing for my wife, and Mary, and helped us along, till I got able to work. Now I have plenty of business; an’ we do pretty well. But the thought of that money does come ruther hard. I put it into his hands, ye see, because I know him, and believed him safer than the Bank, in these difficult times.”

“Did Parkhurst never go to see you, all this time?” asked Mr. Harrison.

“Never. I sent for him repeatedly; but he never would come.”

“Give us your address, if you please;” said Mr. Filbrook. “We will visit the gentleman and see what can be done.”

“Naming a narrow alley, in an obscure part of the city, Mr. Handy rose to go. Each of the gentlemen gave him his hand, with an expression of sympathy, and kindness.

“I hope you will always come, or send here, if you want any advice, or assistance,” said Mr. Gray.

With a strong expression of gratitude, the poor old man then took his leave.

“ Yet even he is not all bad, villain as he is ! even such a one has a heart ! ” sighed Mr. Harrison — “ Even he, has a soul ! Even he is a man ! O, could he only know how much truer greatness — how much more imposing majesty — really exists in his own nature, enervated, and corrupted, and shackled, and hood-winked, as it is, than any which he merely apes, would he not arise ; and, casting forth the shadow, the vapor, the mockery of himself, stand out a reality — a truth — an actual being ? Yet the day is coming, even for these — but first shall come up the low, and the miserable, and the vile, to drink of the pure waters of Truth, and be redeemed ; for not so widely have they departed from the true standard, however deeply they may have sinned, as those who have immolated Nature on the altar of Fashion, who have cast down the sacred, the everlasting ME, which God fashioned. beneath the wheels of the accidental JUGGERNAUT POPULARITY ; content, if from the crushed mass may be fashioned a machine, bearing the remotest likeness to the misguided, but still divine ME. But when the light which God placed there, is dimmed by accident, or wantonly extinguished, who shall

go down into the deepest cells of the human soul, to reillumine and gladden its dark and desolate places, by carrying thither, and kindling again, the light and the fire of Heaven? O, it seems to me, at times, as if I must cry aloud, as with a prophet's voice, to all men — and to every man — and tell them what they are. I long to tear away **THE FALSE**, and lay bare **THE TRUE**. If we should see any man take the one precious diamond from a string of pearls, and cast it forth, and plunge it in filth, should we not straightway call the man mad, and seek to restrain him, as an idiot, or a maniac? But how many of us know the gem which is locked in our own bosom-casket — a gem that has drunk the beams of Eternity from the kindling Eye of God! Are we less idiotic, less mad, to trifle with **THE GEM OF MIND** — not knowing its value — a gem which may, indeed corrode within us, in all the bitter gangrene of remorse; but which we can never lose!”

“These are, in truth, sad reflections; but to revert again to the main subject,” said Mr. Talbot.

“A truce to your subject, now!” said Ednah, entering the room at the moment, and playfully laying her hand on his mouth. “Dinner is on the table; and after you have partaken of *our*

feast, we hope to join you at your richer, your more bountiful board, where the mind is refreshed and strengthened, by the 'Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul.' "

Talbot looked with more love, with greater pride, on that fair girl, as she stood, in the simplicity of her domestic attire, lovely, gentle, delicate, truthful, than if she had been a crowned queen ; and passing an arm gently round her waist, he kissed her, so tenderly, so delicately, that the fair cheek scarcely blushed to receive his salutation.

## CHAPTER X.

“Be to the poor like onie whunstane,  
And haud their noses to the grunstane,  
Ply every art o’ legal thieving ;  
No matter, stick to SOUND BELIEVING.”

BURNS.

“Throwing offe stoness as neighbours’ windowes  
passe,  
Noe man shoulde, when his owne bee made offe  
glasse.”

AFTER dinner, their necessary domestic duties being done, the ladies, Mrs. and Miss Gray, joined their friends in the parlor; and, by their intelligent and pleased attention, by their easy and sensible remarks, they showed themselves accustomed to the society of rational beings, *on equal terms*; and also proved themselves conscious of the possession of independent character, and of the action of free capabilities.

“But shall we resume our subject?” asked Mr. Harrison, with a glance at Talbot, who had been assisting Ednah in disentangling her netting thread.

“By all means;” was the reply; “and, I



was going to observe some time ago, that it is a miserable hypocrisy — it is a contemptible servility, which emboldens us to strut, like the daw, in fable, sporting our borrowed plumage — false notions of gentility — imagining ourselves very fine, while, in fact, we are a spectacle — and admired, only as we make the observer merry.”

“ We might as well attempt to decorate the untamed elephant with gauze ; ” said Mr. Harrison, “ or, to bring the simile nearer home, to bind point lace round the shaggy neck of our own wild bison, calling the frippery a decoration, as to fling the miserable gossamer, the very shreds of European distinctions, which are fast wearing out, even there, over the free limbs, and untrameled soul, of a native Yankee. If any is willing to wear them, or can see beauty, or propriety in them, when worn by others, depend upon it, he is deteriorating — he is retrograding from the noble, and the true. The mass of the people, it is to be hoped, will not long submit to, nor recognise such innovations ; or, rather, it is to be hoped that they who will inevitably rise above the mass, may become imbued with a higher spirit of patriotism — with a purer philanthropy — using their power to elevate, rather than to depress, their

less gifted, and less fortunate brethren. All who have the power, and yet do not this, are, virtually, traitors to our constitution, and apostates from our national character.”

Just at this moment the front door bell rang ; and an addition was made to the party, in the person of Mr. Crosby, of whom each one of us may form his own opinion. He was seated ; and after some few casual remarks, Mr. Filbrook went on.

“ Labor, with us, should certainly be honorable, for, later or earlier, in some form or other, all our people labor ; or, at least, the exceptions to this rule are neither many, nor honorable. The necessity of labor being then the lot of all, we create our distinctions in regard to its kind. There must be, it is true, at least, for a long time, distinctions, and gradations in society. Like will naturally — nay, inevitably, be associated with like ; but as the moral character of the higher classes, and the intellectual character of the lower — nominally so called — become elevated, and ameliorated, there will be a gradual process of assimilation between these extremes and the intermediate class ; until every false distinction shall pass away, and be no more known, for ever.

“ I beg your pardon, gentlemen,” said Mr.

Crosby, "but it seems to me you are getting radical. This savors of ultraism. We should, to be sure, respect the rights of the people; but is there not great danger in promulgating opinions, tending to make the lower classes discontented with their lot. Is it not a necessary condition of things, that there should be ranks and grades in society? Must I invite the man who saws wood at my door, whether white or black, to dine at my table?"

"Certainly not, unless you choose to do so," said Mr. Harrison; "for he, not having been accustomed to your mode of living, you would only make him uncomfortable by doing so. But I consider your table as a no more honorable place than your servants' table, unless your true moral dignity is greater than theirs. Understand me, sir. It is not for these outward circumstances that we contend; but for THE RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF THE SOUL. These are the property of every man; and of these, no man may waste his own, or abuse his brother's with impunity."

"I have often thought that we have committed a great mistake," said Ednah, "in placing our standard of the man, in something without, or external to the man, in dress — in his profession — in the dignity of his fathers —

rather than in CHARACTER which is the man himself."

"True. Therefore should a foreigner," said Mr. Talbot, "innocently supposing that our Republicanism had a positive character; and taking it for granted that certain passages in our 'Declaration of Independence' are not, as we have lately discovered them to be, mere rhetorical flourishes — express himself thus: 'what a truly free and happy people you must be. You make mental power, and moral worth, alone, the test of dignity!' How mortifying would it be, to contradict him — to throw the lie in the very teeth of our National Pretensions, by declaring, 'O, no, you are quite mistaken, sir. We look at a man's business, to see if it be genteel. We look at his hands, to see if they are white, and soft. We look not at *the whole man*, to mark if he be honest — to learn if he be true.'"

It has been said," observed Mrs. Gray, "that any calling has dignity, in proportion to the amount of mind required to be active in the pursuit of it. It seems to me this is a pretty good rule if we will adhere to it; and if we must have distinctions, is much the best. But, as far as I have observed, I think that mechanics, as a class, stand higher in point of

intellect, and certainly in strength and solidity of character, than the lower orders of merchants and retailers; and the reason is obvious, because the pursuit of any mechanical vocation, is a better discipline of the mind — requires more talent, and that of a higher order, than is necessary to enable one to descant flippantly on the texture of silks, or the hues of ribbons; and, above all, to smile graciously and bow winningly to lady customers. Yet mechanics, as a class, do not stand upon a level with retail dealers. Why should they not? Nay, if there must be distinctions, why should they not rise above them? As for manufacturers, the most successful among them, are, or have been mechanics; and my own dear father here, is a good instance.”

“ I respect the mechanics — no man respects and honors them more than I do,” said Mr. Crosby; “ but I hold that they should keep their places. They are a necessary link in the chain of human ranks; but they are not, and cannot in the very nature of things, be the highest. I respect these people, as I said; but, at the same time, I am happy to say that our family blood, in all its ramifications, yet remains pure. No Crosby, to my knowledge, ever has been a mechanic.”

“And are you a citizen of the American Republic, whose very basis is the people — and the laboring people; and, yet, unblushingly speak this?” said Mr. Harrison. “Why it seems to me that the ghosts of our venerable fathers, would lift their own labor-honored hands from their very graves to rebuke you!”

“And another thing,” said Mrs. Gray, “you are a very zealous and devoted professor of religion. You mark with a quick, and I have sometimes thought, unpitying eye, the slightest delinquences of those around you; but with these sentiments, can you be a consistent follower of the meek and lowly Jesus — of him who sat at meat with the poorest who spake with kindness to the vilest? Excuse me, Mr. Crosby, if I ask, how, according to the sentiments you have just expressed, you can suppose it quite consistent with the character of the true gentleman, to acknowledge for your Lord and Master, for your great head and leader, a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter?”

“O, that was a mere typical representation of the humility which clothes the heart, when it is changed from the state of nature to that of grace.”

“I too believe it is typical,” returned Mrs.

Gray — “ it is full of deep and peculiar meaning. I have often thought that that single fact embodied the essence of all social, political, and moral ethics — in showing us that labor — physical labor is, and should be considered honorable. Truly was *THE LIFE OF JESUS* his best and purest teaching.”

“ O, if you speak of *Christian* communion, I acknowledge that we shall all meet on common, and equal grounds there.”

“ Here you fall into the common mistake,” said Mr. Filbrook, “ of abstracting religion and its duties, from the affairs and duties of everyday life. Is religion a mere holyday garment, which is to be put on with our Sunday coat, and laid aside with that ? ” — Is it not, rather, a living and vital principle, dwelling in, and shining through the whole man, modifying every action ? Is religion, in short — can it be any thing less, or more, than the character of the soul ? ”

“ Excuse me, — excuse me, gentlemen,” said Mr. Crosby, “ I still have my opinion ; and I must, if I speak at all, protest against this spirit of leveling. But I confess, I think wrangling upon these points is rather beneath the character of a gentleman.”

“ Certainly,” said Mrs. Gray, “ to wrangle

upon any subject is beneath the character of man; but, Mr. Crosby, you say there have been no Mechanics in your family — allow me to ask if there have been no lazy characters — no liars — no slanderers — no swearers — no drunkards — no PAUPERS among you?”

“I have an engagement,” said Mr. Crosby, drawing out his watch. “Excuse me, gentlemen and ladies. I wish you a very good evening” — and he withdrew without apparent notice of the last question; though it was plain that he both heard, and was choked by it.”

“Nothing cuts like the truth,” said Mr. Talbot, as the door closed. “Are you aware, Mrs. Gray, how close you came?”

“Not in the least,” she replied. “I was not aware of any application.”

“Well, that very man who is so stark mad about distinctions, has a sister in the House of Refuge, a brother — an irreclaimable profligate — in yonder Asylum for the Poor; and there also died an uncle, a miserable drunkard, leaving the poor skeleton of a wife, and six small children, to the tender mercies of the world. Comment is unnecessary.”

“Just what might be expected,” said Mr. Filbrook. “It really provokes me,” observed Ednah, “to see young ladies who have the



reputation of being well educated, and matrons who are called sensible women, reject from their society the whole class of mechanics, while they smile on, caress, and court, every thing that is called a merchant."

"Unless, indeed, it be a TRAVELLING MERCHANT" — added Mr. Talbot.

"But, in respect to these false distinctions of society, the higher orders are not alone to blame," said Mr. Harrison. "There is very little self-respect among the poorer classes — too great a willingness to accede to the demarkations, and usurpations of the other. When they learn the real dignity of their nature — a dignity which no extrinsic circumstance could, possibly, either reach or modify, they will begin to be just to themselves. In this country there are few who cannot command the means of procuring, at least, the basis of a good education. Every class is capable of self-culture, and thus of commanding, in a higher or lower degree, intellectual pleasures, which, after all, are the true luxuries of life; for, possessing and appreciating these, I deny that the laboring should be called the lower classes. The wealthy, and the fashionable, may have fine houses, rich furniture, costly apparel, luxuries of which the poor man never dreams, and

servants who absolve them from the necessity of labor; but that they really occupy a higher place in the range of intelligent beings, than many whom they exclude from their table, and would scorn to recognise in the street, I cannot, for one moment believe. But, after all, what is all this worth — this finery — this grandeur — this sitting at certain tables — this recognition in the street — whether enjoyed or not — whether done, or left undone? Can any, or all of these things, either give, or take away, one jot of real character — one point of true dignity? I think not; but, as we rise above the gross bondage of sense, we shall perceive these things, more and more clearly. The very hair might, with as much propriety, say to the head, ‘stand back, poor Plebeian, and presume not to approach me!’ as for the fashionable to use like language, (whether oral or practical) to the laboring classes.

“Let mechanics, then,” said Mr. Filbrook, “respect themselves. Let them learn their own dignity, and their own importance. Let them educate themselves and their children — not as persons predestined to a circumscribed sphere; but as citizens of the United States, invested with all the rights and privileges of freemen; — as men and women, by their very

nature, so noble, that *none but THEMSELVES may touch their nobility, or sully it in the least.* Then shall the filmy shadow of aristocracy no more obscure the potent sun of liberty, which shines, widely and equally, over all this land: the eyes that cannot perceive this must be diseased. For though some unrighteous ones have cast the baleful shadow of their own iniquities over their brethren — yet none the less truly does the sun shine; and none the less quickly will come the day, when every noxious vapor shall have been absorbed — every shadow have been melted away. Then shall all the ends of the earth sing together — manifesting that ‘where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty.’”

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in the good old man, as, with a fervor truly prophetic, he breathed these words. For a moment his eyes remained lifted, the long silvery hair falling back from his yet fine brow, and his whole face expressing the lofty character of his thoughts. Who could disturb such holy musing? There was a devout silence for some minutes; and then conversation was resumed in a low and reverent tone.

But we forbear. Already has this scene been too long dwelt upon; for who does not

forget all time in converse with dear, familiar friends? Even so, dear reader, have I been tempted to linger; for these to thee new acquaintances, are to me, tried friends, having “a local habitation, and a name,” as it were in the inmost depths of my being. Then, if their conversation, which is so pleasant to me, be otherwise to thee, turn to the next chapter; and there let us resume our narration.

First, let me say, however, that from this period there was an evident change in the character, as well as the feelings of Victor. He became more thoughtful, more strictly conscientious — more heedful of his own progress — while, at the same time, there was a new clearness in the meaning of things. What had of late been mysteries, seemed written out, as it were, in his own vernacular tongue — he now conned, and knew them. Most favorable was the impression which he made on his new acquaintances; and, on parting with him, they extended to him the most flattering expressions of interest and friendship. He had gathered up all their sayings, and, long after, he pondered them carefully. His heart was as the good ground, receiving the good seed; and it gave promise of bringing forth fruit “an hundred fold.”

## CHAPTER XI.

“And truly it demands something godlike in him, who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a task-master. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a SIMPLE PURPOSE may be to him as strong as iron necessity to others.”

### SELF RELIANCE.

Rankin soon found that he must alter his course, and proceed more covertly in his work of malice ; for he had bent himself upon the ruin of Victor ; and he was determined to effect it. For some time — ever since the visit to the Infidel meeting, he had discontinued reading the Bible with him ; but whenever he met him, it was with a degree of kindness the latter was not prepared to expect. He, indeed, expressed his regret that Victor should have betrayed his friend ; or, rather, that he should have given a mere joke, a turn so entirely against him, by taking it as if it were really a serious matter.

“ You must see,” he said, “ that I suffer in

the good opinion of Mr. Gray, as well as the rest of the family. But I forgive you, Victor, freely as I hope to be forgiven. And, now, say if we shall not be friends again!" he added, cordially extending his hand.

It could not be in the nature of a generous and unsuspecting boy of eighteen, to resist such an appeal; and he gave his hand, frankly expressing his regret that the affair should have transpired at all.

"You are a lucky fellow, Vic!" continued the other, condescendingly offering his arm as they proceeded down the street together, "You are a lucky dog; and you know it."

"I think that I am fortunate;" returned the other, with the greatest simplicity. "I am sure there are few apprentices who have such advantages as I enjoy. They are altogether beyond my expectations, and beyond my desert."

"I see you are disposed to avail yourself of the best of them, notwithstanding;" returned Rankin, with an ill-suppressed sneer. "The favor with which Miss Gray regards you is not unmarked, I assure you. There will be warm work when poor Talbot's eyes come to open. Poor fellow! they are, very fortunately, blinded just now, with such a thick veil of Philanthropy and Trust! Poor fellow! Have you counted

the odds, and calculated the chance of shots in the case?"

"I do not understand you;" returned Victor, with a look of astonishment.

"That's well got up — that look of innocence, of honesty. But 'you can't catch old birds with chaff.' It don't go down here. Well, Master Simple-heart, shall I spare your blushes, and make it all plain to you? You don't know, I suppose, the meaning of all this reading, and drawing, and botanizing, and going to Lectures. You don't understand, then, that Miss Gray loves you, and is determined to shake off Talbot, the first convenient opportunity?"

The suppressed irony got rather too strongly into his expression; but the excited boy did not heed. "You astonish me!" he said.

"And you do not know," continued Rankin, "in the same tones, that you love this same sweet lady, who is so very, very kind to you? and he mimicked the manner of Victor, in using his language.

"My friend," continued the other, "you are young and simple-hearted. I am more experienced, and will teach you. I cannot bear to see so good a chance thrown away. All you have to do is to speak out, at once, boldly, and the prize is yours. You ought not to expect

the young lady to do all the wooing. You surely do not mean to wait until she actually comes to make the proposal? That she expects one, is a fact which I know; and that this is all she is waiting for, is another fact."

"How do you know these are facts?" eagerly inquired Victor, flattered, as was very natural, by the supposed preference of one whom he considered so much his superior.

"O, by a thousand things; which, if you had not been blinded by love yourself, my dear little boy, you must have seen."

"I really cannot believe it; she is so much older than I am — and so entirely ——"

"Devoted to Mr. Talbot — you would have said;" interrupted Rankin — "All sham; depend upon it, my dear fellow. And as for your ages, so much the better. Now, my dear boy, what are you going to do — profit by this friendly hint, which I have dropped all in confidence — you understand — or will you let this chance of all chances go by, leaving your disappointed fair one to pine over your coldness, and your cruelty, and be a poor drudge forever?"

"What would you advise me to do?" asked Victor, perfectly bewildered.

"What, my dear fellow, but to step up to the lady at once, and offer yourself, like a lad



of spirit ; and if Talbot attempts to interfere, knock the poor devil down ; and so commend yourself, at once, to your lady love.”

Victor was silent a moment ; and then he said ; “ I shall do no such thing. Even if all you have told me were true — and I do not believe it — I could never make so ungrateful a return, for all the kindness I have met, both from Mr. and Mrs. Gray.”

“ You will not, will you ? ” returned Rankin, laughing — “ we shall see — but come in here Hyde, and drink to your obliging Fair, in a bumper of red wine ; and then you will own yourself a real lover ; and your courage will be sufficient for all occasions.”

“ I cannot stop now ; ” said Victor, attempting to hurry past the magnificent hotel where they stood. “ I must go now, you know, on the errands I have to do for Mr. Gray, before the stores are shut for the night.”

“ There it is again — dull matter-of-fact ! Why, my dear fellow, you are not worthy so much love, and so much beauty, as are ready to be lavished on you. I will tell the lady myself you are a poltroon — a cold, heartless lump of clay — that can run of errands for messes — for pork, and beans, and lard, and onions, at the very moment when love and beauty stand ready

to cast themselves into your arms." Without waiting a reply, he seized the hand of the wondering boy ; and favored by the impressing crowd, who were going to attend a lecture in an adjoining hall, drew him into the room of the D. I. S. O. T. D. Club. The stranger was led into the midst of a throng, who were met to celebrate the first anniversary of their Society.

"Mr. Hyde, gentlemen!" said Rankin, dragging forward the reluctant victim. "An odd fellow ; but prime in his way. Fill up, gentlemen ! Fill high ! and let us pledge to his lady-love — and to his better acquaintance, with you, and with life — the life of life ! — " he added, as, pouring out the liquor, he handed one glass to Victor ; and, lifting his own, he proposed "The health of Miss Ednah Gray !" and drained the goblet at a draught. The pledge was answered around with many profane and lewd interjections, which made Victor's cheek burn with indignation, to hear the name of one so truly good, and pure, breathed by the unhallowed lips of the libertine and the inebriate. So great was the confusion occasioned by these obscene jests, and the reiterating volleys of laughter they drew forth, that it was not perceived that Victor's glass remained untasted, full and running over.

“ Drink, my dear fellow ! ” whispered Rankin. “ Quick ! I beseech you ! If it is perceived you refuse, your character is gone forever. ”

“ I do not drink wine ; returned Victor, firmly, at the same time setting down his glass.

“ You belong to the Temperance Society, my fine little fellow ? ” squeaked a tall, and rather interesting young man, imitating the drawling cant of the unco good ; as planting a hand in each pocket, he drew himself up to his utmost height, and stood before our hero.

“ I do ; ” replied the other, with more firmness than the interrogator was prepared to meet.

“ And pray when did you join that august body ? ” continued the latter, in the same drawling tones.

“ The same day that his grandmother died ; ” said a stentorian voice from another part of the room as arose one of such strongly-marked animal character, as to be quite remarkable, even there, and the coarse jest — (if jest it might be called, which had neither sense nor wit) — was garnished by an oath, that was echoed, and re-echoed, amid the coarsest peals of laughter.

“ Spirits is out of the question in these refined days ; ” said another, “ but you drink wine, o course. ”

“ I neither drink wine nor any fermented

liquors ;” replied Victor, attempting to force his passage out.

“ A teetotaler !” shouted the Stentor, with a splashing oath ; and “ A teetotaler !” was echoed amid thundering shouts, and bacchanal jests, and laughter.

“ Come aside, a moment ;” whispered Rankin ; and drawing Victor to a recess, he continued. “ Getting drunk is out of the question ; but drinking is, here, in the city, my dear fellow, a matter of course, and unavoidable. Some of these young men ” — he whispered lower — “ belong to the first families in the city. They are entirely above either of us, in point of rank ; and if you éver want to rise, and be anything, now is your time. I owe my acquaintance here, and my union with this club to a lucky accident ; and, with much difficulty, I have succeeded in inducing them to admit you. It is a great favor, you may depend, and I beg of you not to make me ridiculous, by refusing to comply with so reasonable a request. Drink one glass, I beseech of you — only one glass !”

Victor was confounded. The earnest pleading of Rankin’s tones touched his heart. He felt, for a moment, only the kindness the latter had shown him. It seemed really ungenerous to refuse. But at the moment of vibration, he

looked up ; and a survey of the group of swollen and flushed faces around, settled the balance aright. "The end of these things is death!" was audibly whispered in his soul ; and, for one moment, the image of his widowed mother, with a look of mingled fear sorrow and reproof, seemed to glide through the midst. The idea made him strong.

"Why am I here?" he asked. "Let me be gone!" and he again attempted to leave the room.

"Catch him!" cried one.

"Hold him!" cried another.

"He is tied to his granny's apron strings!" shouted a third.

"Search him, and find the clue!" said yet another.

With bacchanal shouts, and the most horrid oaths, several seized upon the boy, and attempted to strip off his clothes. Our hero had imagined himself, in principle, a non-resistant ; but there is an instinct, stronger than any principle, in the character of every high-spirited boy, which prompts him to resist force, or insult ; and right handily, and without question, did Victor lay about him ; and that with such good spirit, as to distance his tormentors, and compel

them to abandon the design of unrobing him. The enemy rallied again.

“The child is sick. He needs medicine!” cried one.

“If he refuses to take it, force it down!” cried another; and they seized the boy, who, resolutely closed his teeth, and the wine was dashed in his face; while several other goblets, administered in the same way, completely drenched his clothes.

“Stand back!” cried the Stentor: and a huge mass of flesh and blood made its way towards our hero; who stood, nearly blinded, wiping the wine from his eyes; and, setting a silver goblet on the table opposite Victor, he said, with the most menacing air, and a suitable garnish of oaths; “Drink that, sir! every drop of it, sir — and, if you dare to disobey me, sir, I’ll knock you into H—ll!”

“Not one single drop;” returned Victor, planting his foot firmly, and folding his arms upon his breast — “You dare not — you cannot compel me to do it. I will die first.”

The energy of a resolute soul wrought its work; not one dared to approach him; and, for a moment, there was silence, with a feeling of awe; as if the consciousness of a superior

presence had pervaded their minds. It was but momentary.

“Set him in the desk!” they shouted. “Let’s have a temperance lecture!” “A temperance lecture!” “Hear the teetotaler!” “Hear! Hear.”

With these shouts Victor was borne into the desk; and then there was a silence of some minutes, as if he were really expected to speak. He looked for a way of escape; but the passage from the desk was guarded. He thought of leaping over the top; but he knew there would be numbers ready to prevent him. Suddenly he grew calm. He became collected and master of himself, as he said; “Since, by a unanimous vote, I am called upon to address you, gentlemen, I feel bound to say that I think — very much as you feel, when the lees settle heavily on your brain — I think *it is all bad*. So the quicker you get rid of it the better. There is in each of you a soul, with capacities, boundless as the Universe — with hopes, infinite as Eternity. You may crush, you may degrade — you may brutalize this being; but you can never kill: **IT WILL LIVE** and bear testimony, either for good, or evil, forever and ever! Are you — I put the question to each one of you — are you willing to be a brute,

when you may be a man? As for myself, God has given me A FREE WILL, TO DO — and TO BE — and the Devil shall not take it away !”

This little speech, made in sheer desperation, really seemed to produce a good effect. One by one they drew away from the desk ; and Victor, finding his way no longer opposed, came down quietly. Rankin met him on the platform — he was thinking of the untimely development of his last plot ; and something whispered him this would be no better. At least, he felt it was prudent to treat with the enemy. In a low conciliating tone, he whispered,

“ I did not think of carrying the joke so far. Then, turning to some acquaintances who came up, as if to detain the hero of the hour, he said, “ We must let him go now ; for he is contrary as the very devil, when he is roused. But he can't deny he has taken wine with us !” he added, with a glance at the drenched garments of Victor.

“ He is profuse of luxury, as Bacchus, himself !” said one, “ for he is actually bathed in nectar. ”

“ Excuse me, for a moment, gentlemen, said Rankin, and he passed out with Victor, quietly as possible. In passing forth the latter was no



less surprised, than shocked, to perceive Robert Gray, already sensibly the worse for liquor. He attempted to crouch away, and appeared desirous of avoiding Victor.

“Take Robert with us!” whispered the latter. “Do take him with us!”

“Impossible, my dear fellow! How can you think me so barbarous? He is in the third heaven of ecstacy.”

“But his parents,” continued Victor, “they will be offended with him, and with you!”

“Not in the least, my dear fellow; and, for the simple reason, that they will never hear a syllable of the matter. Your simplicity does not seem to suspect, how many times I have led him home in his cups, and put him snug in bed, with the utmost secrecy; and I am ready, at any time, to perform the same kind office for you;” he added, contemptuously.

“I shall never trouble you in that way!” returned Victor proudly; but I insist upon taking Robert home.”

“Insist upon no such thing — do not re-enter that room, except as one of us. If you go back, you stay there; and you drink with us. There’s no two ways about that. My advice is, use your liberty, if you value it. One word more;” he continued, as they reached the

street. "In Heaven's name, do not betray me at home! Remember, I trust to your honor. I confide in your generosity. You surely will not betray me! Let me think, what story can be invented to account for your drenching?"

"I shall invent nothing;" returned the other. "If I tell any thing, it must be the truth."

"There — thank Heaven! it rains! That will wash the smell of wine from your garments, and account for the wetting!" said Rankin. Go now. Run; or the shops will be shut. Say nothing of Robert, or me. Remember I trust to your generosity."

Victor gladly availed himself of the liberty to fly; and ran, like a frightened bird escaped from the fowler's snare, with only one object in view, viz. that of increasing the distance between himself and his foes. But he soon recollected his commissions; and he hastened, with his utmost speed to the several stores, which he had the good fortune to reach just in time to obtain what he wanted, before they closed; for it was now nearly 10 o'clock.

## CHAPTER XII.

“Blest mother, who in wisdom's light  
By her own parent trod,  
'Thus taught her son to flee the wrath  
And know the fear of God :  
Ah, youth, like him, enjoy your prime,  
Begin eternity in time,  
'Taught by that mother's love.”

MONTGOMERY.

“WE have been really concerned, you were gone so long ;” said Mrs. Gray, as Victor entered. “Pray have you seen any thing of Robert ? He has not been home since dinner. Why how wet you are !” she added, taking it for granted that he knew nothing ; “wet and icy. It is a very tedious night. Do ask Bridget for a dry shirt, and change your clothes directly.”

Poor Victor was glad for this momentary respite. He did not know what to do. He thought, at first, it was right to tell Mr. Gray at once where Robert was, and his situation ; but he was afraid that if he should betray him, he might be so indignant, as to be determined

in a bad cause. Then, again, he thought he was doing wrong to wait a single moment; for, from the violence which was offered to himself, he had no doubt there was extreme danger, in suffering one like Robert to remain in such reckless, unprincipled company. He knew it was dangerous to offend Rankin; but, for himself, he thought not, feared not; and without changing his clothes, he went down stairs (for he had gone to his chamber a moment to collect himself) and, taking Mr. Gray out, told him frankly the whole: of course omitting the conversation in respect to Ednah. Mr. Gray immediately told his wife; for he had no secrets from her; and, bidding her keep up good courage, took Victor and went forth, in search of the offender — leaving that mother in a state of agony, which, only a tender, true mother, like herself, could feel. They went directly to the hall, which Mr. Gray entered, and enquired for his son; but Rankin, expecting such a visitor, had withdrawn to some nook with his victim; and Mr. Gray was told they had been gone for some time.

“I doubt this story,” he said, as he rejoined Victor on the steps, and told him the result of his enquiry. “Let us wait here under this arch, till they come out.”

They accordingly sheltered themselves from observation ; and very soon the riotous company began to pour forth ; for they had made so much noise that the landlord had threatened them with a visit from a police officer. The quick eye of Victor soon distinguished the light form of Rankin, who was, himself, much too cunning to be drunk ; though he so ably assisted in making others so. Poor Robert, almost frantic, was led between him and another, who, with their united strength, could scarcely restrain him. Shortly after they left the house, he extricated himself from his leaders, one of whom was considerably worse for liquor ; and sprang forward, with the frightful energy of one, who puts forth his whole remaining strength against his enemy. In doing this he trod on a loose bit of ice, and was thrown with great force against the projecting corner of a building. With one deep groan he rolled upon the ground, with the heaviness and the stillness of death. In a moment a fearful silence succeeded the riotous clamor ; for the thought of death, even to those calloused, maddened creatures, was horrible. In an instant Mr. Gray rushed to the spot, pressing madly through the crowd that gathered round, suffi-

cient to suffocate the poor boy. He lifted his son in his arms. He was cold and stiff.

“O, my boy! my poor, murdered boy!” he exclaimed; and, as if paralyzed, he sank with his burden to the ground; and groans of the bitterest anguish, not unmingled with remorse, broke the horrible stillness.

For some minutes Victor, from the lightness of his form was prevented from approaching; but calling upon some passers-by for assistance, he made his way through the crowd; and when he came up, by the fitful glimmering of the lamp, through a dark and stormy night, a fearful spectacle was presented. Poor Robert lay in his father's arms, his pale face spotted with blood, which was still streaming from a deep gash in the forehead. His clothes were torn into strips in the struggle to detain him; while his father was frightfully pale, and almost senseless as himself. Victor loosened the poor boy's vest, and he respired faintly. The sufferer was soon conveyed to a neighboring hotel by the attentive strangers, who called a physician; while Victor ran home for Mrs. Gray and Ednah. A carriage fortunately stood at the corner; and they were not long in reaching the place.

I pass over the particulars of this scene ; for what pen — what art can delineate truly, the bitterness of a mother's and a sister's anguish, when, not only the physical life of the dearly loved, though erring one, is seen to hang on the merest thread ; but, at the same time, there is felt, within this, a moral death, infinitely more frightful — infinitely more heart-rending.

The poor boy was pronounced unfit to move that night. Indeed, on examination, the contusion, and the cut, were found much worse than they had at first appeared to be. Sorrow, heavier and bitterer than the sorrow of death, gathered upon that little band of watchers, as they hovered round the sufferer, who continued wild and restless through the night, notwithstanding a powerful anodyne had been administered ; and in the morning he was found to be in a decided brain fever. For several days he lay in a state of extreme danger. At times he raved frightfully, calling for Victor, and begging his forgiveness, in the most moving terms ; then, telling him to beware of Rankin. On the evening of the fifth day of his illness, he lay in a profound sleep, which had lasted for several hours. Not a breath could be heard in the room, so intense was the anxiety with which all were watching the event of his

waking ; for the physician had pronounced the crisis at hand ; and he, himself, had waited with the afflicted friends. If the last medicine given proved to have a good effect, the turn would be favorable ; if not, he assured the family they must be prepared for immediate death : and the intense interest he manifested, showed that his fears were stronger than his hopes. The patient stirred slightly. All gathered softly round the bed. The physician was holding his pulse. By his side stood Mr. Gray ; on the opposite side Mrs. Gray and Ednah ; while poor little Annie, with Victor, stood at the foot. Robert slowly opened his eyes, as if oppressed with extreme weakness ; but the wild light of insanity was gone. He was perfectly conscious ; and a look of recognition slowly passed from one to another. He made a faint attempt to lift his arms to his mother, who hung over him, in the intensity of maternal anguish ; but he could not. Mrs. Gray could resist no longer ; but, sinking beside her son, she strained him to her heart ; and the first tears she had shed during his illness, gushed over, and bathed his burning cheeks and forehead. The physician gently interposed ; and, leading her from the room, beckoned to the weeping sisters to follow. As



the door closed, Robert looked earnestly at his father. Mr. Gray bent his ear close to him, and he whispered feebly; "Father, if I die, let Victor be your son. He will be better than I have ever been. O, if I had only listened to him!" He paused, with a groan so deep, so bitter, it seemed to be wrung from his inmost soul; then added, "Father, he *would* have saved my life; but he has saved my soul. I have not been unconscious for the last—I know not how long—it seems an eternity—but my mind has been busy with itself. I trust I have repented. If I live, I shall be a different person. If I die, I shall die happy! Father, tell mother, tell my sisters, how much I owe Victor, that they—" Apparently in the last effort of exhausted nature, he stretched himself back; and, for a moment, they thought that he had ceased to breathe.

The physician took his hand; and, after an instant of agonizing suspense, announced that his pulse beat—feebly, indeed, but gently; by which he knew that the crisis had passed by. After several hours of sleep, so deep and tranquil it seemed almost breathless, he awoke, enquired for his friends, and embraced them all affectionately; but when he came to Victor, the poor boy clung round his neck, and his

tears poured out like rain. "Go," he whispered. "Leave me; I cannot bear this now." The physician requested all but his sister Ednah to leave the room; and, having administered some slight nourishment, he withdrew.

When the Angel of Mercy gives back our cherished one from the arms of Death, there is a holy rapture of the soul, so exquisitely tender, so hallowed, that it approaches perhaps, more nearly to the joys of pure, disembodied spirit, than any other human emotion; for the mind becomes exalted and strengthened, by a closer communion with the spiritual, both within, and exterior to itself; and, casting aside the vapor, misnamed reality, it passes through the Superficial, and arrives at the Actual. High, then, must its joys be; and akin to the rapture of Heaven, when, going up, as it were, into the immediate presence of its Father, to whom it had consigned, with perfect confidence, its beloved, it receives back again the treasure, with the assurance of renewed life, as from the very lips of God. Does not such a state of the soul give an earnest of the final triumph over Death?

In a few days from this time Robert was removed home; and as he began to amend, the most favorable change was observable in his

character. He was thoughtful, gentle, kind ; while his affection for Victor seemed absolutely without bounds. He was uneasy if the latter left him, even for a short time ; for he began to perceive the beauty and truthfulness of his character ; and he seemed to be conscious of gathering strength by associating with him. With a pleased eye his friends marked this predilection ; for Robert being of an exceedingly ductile character ; it was more essential to his well-being, than to that of many others, that his friends should be true, both to him, and to themselves.

As he gathered increasing strength, his mother most tenderly, yet earnestly — zealously — endeavored to set the truth before him. She carefully unfolded to him the power of habit, and the consequences of sin. No reproach fell from her lips ; yet she spared neither the offence, nor the offender ; and she soon cherished a reasonable hope, that her son had been arrested in his desperate course, to go no more astray.

Victor, on his part, was unremitting in his attentions to the invalid. He spent every leisure moment in his chamber. He read to him, collected for him all the little interesting news of the day, and taught him a variety of

amusing games ; until, after a long, and very gradual convalescence, Robert began to feel well again. Then how grateful was he to those who had so gently won him back ! Sometimes he would look upon the happy faces of those about him, thinking how much anguish he had caused them, until the tears gushed into his eyes, and he would be obliged to leave the room.

The next day after Robert's accident Rankin made his appearance ; and was by Mr. Gray, paid off, and dismissed from his service — an act of justice to his son, which, if it had been done before, would have saved them all much sorrow.

Through the spring and summer nothing of importance occurred. Mr. Filbrook, who resided with his oldest daughter, about 20 miles from the city, often visited them, with Mr. Harrison. Both of these gentlemen continued to feel, and to express, the strongest interest in the welfare of Victor. They lent him many valuable books ; and, in their society, his character expanded into the fair and noble proportions of perfect manhood. He and Robert became like very brothers. They were almost inseparable ; and the improvement of the latter justified the most sanguine hopes of his friends.

“There is one thing more to do,” said Robert, as he threw himself on the sofa ; after having taken a longer walk than usual ; “there is one thing more, father. I wish you to have my name stricken from the books of the **DRINK-IN-SPITE-OF-THE-DEVIL SOCIETY.**”

All looked at each other with a curious expression, half comic, half sad, as Robert drew forth a badge inscribed with the mystic characters.

“I have often thought I would ask you,” said Victor, the meaning of those initials.”

“Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned the name, as it is a secret,” said Robert, “but I have so long been free from the thralldom of my former tyrants, that I really forgot myself. But I would still be honorable. I know there are none here who would take an ungenerous advantage of my inadvertency. Here, father,” he continued, giving the badge, “you will please take this to Mr. —, the president of the society, with my abdication. Here also is a letter, which I wish them to read at one of their meetings, if agreeable. I expect to work no miracle of reformation ; but if it arouses one good thought — one pure, honest feeling, I shall not have written in vain. And do, father, enquire if they know any thing of George. I

believe I am now strong enough, both in body and mind, to see him. There is good in him, father ! I know there is good in him ! I loved him, and cannot bear that he should be lost !” The poor boy covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly !

“ O, you don’t know,” he continued, “ you have no conception of the anguish, and the remorse, of the drunkard ! Sometimes it used to seem as if a living serpent was gnawing within me — as if unquenchable fire was burning at my very vitals ! I want to tell all my old companions how happy I am now ! I want to tell Rankin of the peace and joy, which passeth all understanding, — except to the penitent, and reformed inebriate ! O, mother, father, and dear, dear Victor ! you may think I am ungrateful for all your kindness, because I do not say much ; but when I look at you, sometimes, it seems as if my heart would burst, with its gratitude, and its love ! and when I feel so much, I cannot speak !” He sprang from the sofa ; and, clinging round his mother’s neck, he sobbed so fearfully, so convulsively, that they really feared that it might induce a relapse of fever. But no one could speak to calm him ; for all, father, sisters, and Victor, pressed around him, on their very knees, and wept. But these tears

were healthful. They were such as the Redeemed might shed over the returning sinner. This was the first passionate burst of feeling Robert had given way to since his illness.

“ I shall feel better now ; ” he said, after the violence of the struggle was over. “ These thoughts and feelings have been long lying here — they have pressed upon my heart, as with a leaden weight. But now I am relieved. Mother — mother — often when you have been talking to me I could not speak ; for my heart was too full — but you will believe me, now — that I am truly penitent — that I will, from this hour, strive to the utmost of my power — to be what you wish me — to be ALL you wish me. I know I am forgiven ; but I now feel it a duty, both to myself, and to you, to ask your forgiveness. I have often deceived and disobeyed you — I have followed courses which I knew would overwhelm you with anguish.” He drew himself from his mother’s arms ; and, embracing, he asked the pardon of each individual ; which, you may be sure, was given — with blessings, and with tears.

But when he came to Victor, he said, “ This is the hardest. How shall I ask you to forgive me, my more than brother ! my friend ! my preserver ! when I remember that I have in-

sulted you, ridiculed you, cursed you, and joined in repeated plots to ruin you ; and, all this, not only without offence on your part, but in defiance of the most persevering, and entirely undeserved kindness. O, Victor ! I do not wish to think you are guilty of wrong ; but if I could remember one ungenerous act of yours, my reflections would not be half so bitter ! Will you — can you forgive me ? ”

Victor struggled with himself to speak calmly. “ I have nothing to forgive ; ” he said ; but he could say no more. The two embraced, and wept in each other’s arms.

“ I have a word to speak, ” said Mr. Gray, as Robert was led, quite exhausted, to the sofa. “ I have neglected a father’s duty, I now clearly see. Forgive me, my son. I have erred greatly — sinfully. I trust I shall do so no more. ” He withdrew hurriedly from the room ; and, after a time, calmness was restored.

Nothing could be found of Rankin. It was supposed he had left the city ; and, for a long time, nothing was heard of him.



## CHAPTER XIII.

“ Onward, onward, will we press  
Through the path of duty ;  
VIRTUE IS TRUE HAPPINESS,  
EXCELLENCE TRUE BEAUTY ;  
Delve we now for richer gems  
Than the stars of diadems. ”

MONTGOMERY.

“ Victor, ” said Mr. Gray, as they rose from the breakfast table, one morning in the beginning of winter ; “ I want to speak with you a few minutes. Go to my chamber, if you please ; I will be there in a moment. ”

“ You know, I suppose, ” said Mr. Gray, as he entered, and shut the door, “ that by the terms of my agreement with your mother, I am to give you six months of schooling, in addition to that you have already had. Now I am so well assured of your good influence over my son, that I wish you to attend school with him. Therefore I shall not send you to the public school. You are now nineteen, I believe ; and you will attend to such studies as will be most useful to you, in the business you intend to fol-

low. I owe this to you, Victor ; and more than this. Indeed, I shall always feel that any opportunity to serve you, will be a privilege ; for never, never, Victor, shall I cease to be indebted to you." He paused as if utterance were checked by strong feeling ; and then added, " You are very near, and dear to me, Victor. You have talents of a high order. You will rise to eminence in your business ; and a proud thought will it be to me, that I have so far served my country, and the age in which I live, as to have been of the smallest assistance to you."

Victor was more touched by the kind expression of esteem, and encouragement, than by the extravagance of the eulogy.

" Mr. Wilmot, the teacher, I have chosen for you," resumed the other, " is a proficient in drawing, and thoroughly understands the science of Architecture. He has been a practical mechanic ; but was obliged, on account of ill health, to relinquish the practice of the art he loved, for a less laborious profession ; and may his mantle fall upon you, my dear boy."

" I hope I shall be grateful, as I ought to be ; returned the delighted youth. " Indeed, I think my happiness — my good fortune — is greater than I deserve."

“The good which our own merit fairly earns, should not be called fortune, Victor. I believe, unless the event becomes inverted by accident, that good causes will always produce good effects. You have earned all I can do for you — and more — nobly earned it. But if you think there is yet any thing due to me, shew your gratitude in the improvement you make — in the example you give. Your term commences on Monday.”

Nothing could exceed the delight of Robert when he learned this arrangement. He sang, danced, embraced his father, kissed his mother and sisters ; and, finally, put the climax on his ecstasies, by turning a complete waltz with the happy Victor ; humming all the while, to the music of his own grateful and loving heart :

“We have been *sad* together,  
Oh ! what shall part us now. ’”

The school into which our hero was introduced was composed of youth belonging to the very *elite* of the city ; but Mr. Gray had taken care that the teacher, at least, should be favorably disposed towards the apprentice boy. Those who were at first inclined to treat him with contempt soon found that he was fully able to sustain himself ; and that he stood upon more than equal terms with the very best of

them ; and Mr. Wilmot himself was not long in perceiving that his new pupil had character and genius of no common order. Some there were, who, for a time attempted to look down upon our hero ; but he was always so lofty in his own consciousness of right — so perfectly erect and true-hearted, as to render this exceedingly difficult. Victor was too entirely engaged in his own pursuits to heed them ; and when obliged to notice any thing, he cast aside their futile attempts at ridicule, with as much quiet dignity as was manifested by Uncle Toby, when he brushed the impertinent fly from his nose. He did not, for some time, attempt to join in their sports ; but during recess, enquired more particularly into his lessons, conversed with his teacher, or took a short walk with Robert, who generously determined to share his friend's fortune, whatever it might be. There was a gymnasium at the academy of his native village ; and in every exercise taught there, Victor had excelled ; but now, if he went out with the boys at all, he was content to be a quiet spectator ; for he saw that some of them considered him an inferior ; and, being a stranger, his own pride compelled him to keep aloof, until their opinion should be corrected.

However, the little state within a well conducted school (I say WELL conducted) must be a Republic ; for there every one must stand upon the foundation of his own merits, and upon nothing else. Our scholars, too, are generally, pure democrats, except perhaps the mere shadow of some prejudices caught at home ; for the very reason, that, from their age, they have not, as yet, been called upon to set their names in the False Statute Book which the world imposes. They have not, as yet, surrendered their honest individuality, to be shaped according to the selfish policy of ambitious, but narrow-souled parents, in the distorted mould of Fashion. They have not as yet bowed themselves down, and laid the rights of Free Will, of Independent Thought and Action, upon the altar of the Modern Dagon, FASHIONABLE SOCIETY, which, like the fabled Hydra, thrusts forth its many heads, hissing now this way, now that, at every thing which has one particle of Nature, or of Truth.

Character will, sooner or later, always assert its proper sway, and attain its just due ; and the tendency to this will be strong, in proportion to the truthfulness of the parties. Now this state — (that of truthfulness) to our shame be it spoken — is, and I fear must be for a long

time, purest in the young. Therefore it was not long before Victor was not only admitted as an equal, but welcomed as a favorite.

The character of Robert, thus intimately and lovingly subjected, as it was, to good influences, began to be developed in an entirely new, and most favorable direction. He had always been remarkable for great quickness of parts, which enabled him, hitherto, with very slight application, to hold an equal place among his young competitors ; but now that he was warmed by a newly created taste — a pure love of science, and nerved by conscience, to redeem the time, and the character, he had thrown away, and lost ; his progress was truly astonishing. But with these habits, was developed, also, a tendency to disease, founded in the delicate organization, which is too often the concomitant of genius ; that, along with the pride, the admiration of his friends, awoke, also, their most anxious fears.

It may be proper to mention here that the promise made to the venerable Mr. Handy, was redeemed. Parkhurst, either through fear or shame, was prevailed upon to pay the whole debt he owed him ; and the money was carefully deposited by Mr. Filbrook. Nor was this all ; the family of the good old man, his worthy

wife, and lovely granddaughter, were called upon by Mrs. and Miss Gray, and invited to visit them — not in a patronizing, but in a truly social and friendly manner ; for it was a principle with them — nay it was a spontaneous mode of action — to encourage, and love, and honor, real goodness, irrespective of the accidental circumstances which might surround it.

The winter, in passing, left its full fruition of good to our hero. With a craving earnestness of appetite for knowledge, he gathered up even the fragments ; and nothing was lost. But as the reasoning powers were more and more developed, his Religious Belief became somewhat unsettled. Many things which had always appeared well established, now seemed doubtful. In longing earnestness of soul he sought the Reasons of many things ; but no satisfying response came from the deep chasm of Doubt, which he had uncovered within himself. Yet in this, also, he was true ; and the whole process of enquiry was so gradual, that, for a long time, it did not all, or at least sensibly, affect his happiness. It was merely the action of a strong and energetic mind seeking the seal and signature of Truth ; yet in doing this penetrating, it may be thought by the

common mind, somewhat too deeply scanning, perhaps, somewhat too closely. It should be remembered, in pronouncing upon the honest Doubter, that what is conviction to one mind, can, by no means, be such to another ; and this last may be, in all things, by far the higher order. The grand mischief with the mass of unbelievers is, that they are NOT honest — that they are not seeking Truth, but Error — that they do not, conscientiously, wish to find out, and embrace the True ; but merely to pick out flaws and patches on the fair face of Reality, watching always, lest, peradventure, Falsehood may be concealed there ; which is a spirit of Paul-Pryism so entirely unworthy the momentous question it is brought to bear upon, that it can never result in good : neither will it ever be practised by the true, honest, upright soul. But of these things no man may judge of his brother ; but only of himself ; for has not each a Thought, and a Conscience of his own ; and who shall say if he be true to these, or not, save himself only ? If he be true, shall he not stand ? And if he be NOT true, let us leave him with an Unerring and Righteous Judge. The sanctuary of another man's Opinion, no foreign power has a right to invade ;



but let us each look to his own, and measure, and weigh it, carefully ; to see if its proportions are just — to learn if it be true.

We now pass over a gap of several years. These had gone by clad in the variously chequered garments of weal and wo, which this Proteus-World is wont to fashion. The ripened manhood of Victor had more than redeemed the promise of his early youth. With mind, and heart, and feelings, strong, deep-toned, and vigorous — with physical, mental, and moral capabilities, developed in due proportion, came, naturally enough associated, genius of a high and healthy order. Regarding labor not only as a duty, but as a privilege and blessing — being that condition which is absolutely essential to the developement of the perfect man — he loved his art, and labored in it with the fervor of a free and true soul. A few noble spirits, who, having detected the Reality in themselves, were capable of understanding and appreciating it in others, were gathered about him — a charm-ed circle, wherein the morning Sun of Truth, shone, with the promise of yet revealing himself in the fulness of his noontide splendor ! For there are a few, thank Heaven ! a noble few ! even now — even here — who have not bowed down to the popular Divinities

of Fashion, nor worshipped the Images which are set up in the temple of the modern Baal — ARISTOCRACY. These have not offered the God-enkindled incense of their MANHOOD, before an Indian Ship, a Yard-stick, a Gallipot, a bundle of Briefs ; nor even a Pulpit-Cushion ! A few there are who now believe what the Many — what All must, ere long, believe and see — that the Living Spirit of Man, which God fashioned, is better than a heap of Yellow Dust, though it bear the name of Gold — better than a pile of Brick and Mortar, though it rise above the height of Babel — better than any square measure of Earth, be it small or great ; believing this, they have no place in their affections for perishable matter ; but grasp with the far-reaching arms of undying Love the one Actual Truth — THE BROTHER SOUL ! Can such a one feel any resentment towards the poor mistaken one, who undervalues, possibly despises him, simply because he cannot reach — he does not know him ? Who would not pity that visual hallucination, which could mistake the dark spots, or even the brilliant clouds which sometimes overshadow the Sun, for the Sun himself ?

Beautiful, in its entire truth, and trustingness, was the friendship between Victor and Robert ;

and with singular felicity were the excesses of one character, adapted to the wants of the other. The genius of Victor was, unquestionably, of the most healthy and vigorous order ; for his mind was more truly balanced than that of Robert ; but he had not the far-reaching imagination which distinguished the latter ; while he had the great advantage of superior reasoning and controlling power. Robert had, in short, the loftiest poetic feeling — not that he wrote verses, for to the deep, and wild, and beautiful Thoughts within him, no words could give utterance. He wrote not, indeed, but he interpreted — he read — he felt — what is written in the Book of Nature, which was to him an infinite Volume of Mystery and Beauty. The loftiest and the purest poetry, though it has never been written, yet it cannot be lost ; but when the grossness of mortality shall have melted away, it will be revealed, wrought upon the elements of the undying soul, in the mystic characters of Eternity.

Though Robert seldom attempted to embody his thoughts, he created to himself a world of free and happy existences — of pure and exalted spirits — until his own soul, won, as it were, from the Sensual, and absorbed in the Spiritual, held by a very slight tenure, the bond which is

miscalled Life. Meanwhile his health was so delicate that no profession was even thought of ; until, at length, a voyage at sea was prescribed by the physician, whom his anxious friends had consulted, as the only probable means of saving, or even of prolonging his existence. Then it was that the long cherished hope of Victor — that of studying the deeper mysteries of his art among the classic models of Greece and Rome — ripened into a determination. He had, during the two years of his majority, accumulated a sufficient sum to defray his expenses — and, prompted alike by friendship, and the hope of improvement, he gladly accepted Mr. Gray's earnest request for him to accompany his son. In short, the voyage was determined on, and the passage engaged : but we must go back to a period about six months prior to this, in order to relate circumstances which are essential to our story : all — or a part of which may be found in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIV.

“If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.”

POPE.

WITH your permission, gentle reader, we introduce again our old friend, Thomas Stanton; not now a green boy, but a full-fashioned man; and what is more, to most persons, a physician of high standing and great promise; he having changed the profession of the Law for that of Medicine. It was plain that some serious reflections occupied his mind, as he passed through the busy streets of M., which, from a small manufacturing village, had rapidly grown to be a thronged and populous town. The locality of M. was, or rather had been, one of those quiet, picturesque spots, where the wood-nymph might wreath her bower, seeing nought to make her afraid, or the Naiad gem her grotto, hearing nought but the liquid melodies of her own delicious warblings, accompanied by the ever-breathing harmony of her tributary waters. But the envious eye of

Utility saw only a fall in the dashing and foaming waters ; when lo ! as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand, huge piles of brick and stone arose amid the beauty — man usurped the dominion of Nature, setting up his works where had been only those of God ; and his clanking hammers, and sounding anvils, and dashing wheels profaned the lovely solitude. The sylvan deities fled, giving place to mere spinners and weavers, and the banks where naiades had sported became thronged with pale and meager children, whose tufted locks, and linty garments, told they were of that unfortunate, but, as it is believed, necessary class of wights, who minister in cotton mills. In short our village was fast getting to be a town of no mean aspect ; and among those who had grown up, and strengthened with it, one of the most fortunate was Anthony Thompson, Esq. This gentleman, in early youth, had been apprenticed to a blacksmith, in whose business he became a proficient. Afterwards he added the machine-making business to his original calling ; and, subsequently, he entered largely into manufactures ; in which he was successful beyond his most sanguine hopes. At the age of fifty he had the singular good fortune (so the lady, herself, then, and afterwards, assured him) to find, what is so

seldom found here, a young lady of family. So, he married the daughter of an unfortunate English gentleman, who died on a visit to this country, leaving his two daughters penniless. Young, I said the lady was—so she called herself; though on the verge of forty; and with her came a sister some five or six years younger, who had not married, as she often said, because, in this most unfortunate country, there was not a single gentleman of rank, so high-minded, and chivalrous—as ever to propose to the lady a change of names, we may add. She fell into hysterics at the first intimation of her sister's engagement; and she wept three consecutive days and nights before, and as many after the wedding. Notwithstanding all this, she became, very soon, so far reconciled, as to honor the house of the Ex-mechanic, by residing in it; and himself by accepting a support. But of these matters anon.

Thomas Stanton drew near the house of this same Anthony Thompson, of whom his mother was the youngest sister. It was a truly magnificent edifice, worthy to be the dwelling of a prince, and was situated in the suburbs of the town, where Nature still vied with Art, and, in some degree, asserted her ancient sway. But

now all things were shrouded in the garments of winter ; and the house, itself, was far the most interesting portion of the scene. Beautiful piazzas of Doric architecture were on the eastern, western, and southern fronts ; and the fine white columns still sustained the leafless stems of the many creepers, which, in more genial seasons, wreathed them with bonds of beauty. But we detain our friend too long this cold morning, from the hospitable fire. We will presently admit him, and thee too kind reader, if it be only to warm thy fingers after the cheerless way we have been taking thee and prating of scenery, too, when thy ears, despite of fur and exercise, were stinging with this whistling north-wester.

The cogitative mood in which we have hinted Stanton was indulging, seemed to strengthen as he drew near the house ; and a feeling of uneasiness — of doubt, of fear, perhaps, became mingled with his reflections. A somewhat hesitating pull of the bell, called a spruce servant to the door ; and the enquiry of, “ Is Miss Thompson at home ? ” was answered in the affirmative. The next moment a light step came tripping down the spiral stairs ; and, “ Is that you, coz ! ” said Bella Thompson, before



she came in sight ; and when she did appear, even her cousin was struck with her dazzling beauty, familiar as it was.

“ Why, Bell ! you have grown very — upon my word you are — you know what, Bell, as well as I do ! ”

“ Fie, Tom ! I had rather shake your fur mitten, than such an icy hand ! You freeze me ! ”

“ Then I’ll warm you again, by giving a harder shake ! ” and the action was speedily suited to the word.

“ Be merciful, gentle cousin ! Remember dislocated joints would be very bad at the party to-morrow ! This is what I get by waiving ceremony, and running down stairs in my morning dress ! But I’ll pay you for it, some time — never fear ; ” and she tossed back her pretty head, flinging away from the glowing cheek, and fair hands, a cluster of dark ringlets, discovering by the act, two eyes of as deep and melting blue, as ever played at hide-and-seek with the touched and stirring heart. Mischievous they were, and naughty-looking at times ; with perhaps a light shadow of wilfulness : and yet, beneath all this, lay a spirit of tenderness forever welling up amid their depths

of liquid azure, that might touch and soften any heart.

“I claim my right, Bell! said Stanton. “Remember my good old rule, cousins may kiss any time; but when they meet most especially.”

“Nay, Tom, you stretch this cousinly prerogative almost too far — and I *will* run away!”

No, no, you must not!” said he, gently detaining her. “I have some news to tell you.”

“Well, what is it? Has aunt’s tortoise-shell tabby had another fit; or has some mischance alighted on your beautiful iron gray?”

“Pshaw! no. I have been thinking ——”

“That is news indeed! Pray what has occasioned so wonderful a phenomenon?”

“Fie, Bell! you half put me out of patience! I have something to say to you. May we be alone a few minutes in the parlor?”

“No; father, and mother, and aunt, and Leon, and Pruny, and Polly, and the gold fishes, and all the rest of the family are there; so if you would really be particularly private, come to the library. But if you mean to offer yourself, Tom, I can save you the trouble of going up stairs. Just step in, and speak to

father ; for you must know, coz, that my consent would come, free, gratis, for nothing, as Mr. Synonyme would say."

"And pray, how is your old lover? since you have forced the enquiry on me." Thus saying he drew her arm through his, and ascended to the library; which the reader will please to believe was fitted up in a style of simple elegance according well with the character of its mistress, not forgetting the beautifully arranged herbariums, the exquisite little cabinet of shells, and the valuable one of minerals, with various minor matters in the shape of curious productions of nature, or of art; we must add to this some pictures selected with much taste and judgment, a guitar, and a harp.

"Shall I play an air while you are collecting your thoughts?" she said, taking down her guitar, and running her fingers over the strings.

"No, not now. I am not in musical mood — sorry to be so ungallant. But never mind — sit you down by this good fire, and we will talk over matters in a social, cousinly way. Do you remember Victor Hyde, Bell?"

"Victor Hyde?" she repeated, with a slight blush; and why should he not. He was the finest scholar at A. — unless I except my cousin here."

“No exceptions, gentle coz. Victor Hyde was the best scholar in school — and the very best fellow out of school, I have ever had the good fortune to meet.”

“So you have often told me — and, I may add, the very best companion in a botanical excursion, that ever escorted me. Grew the plant never so high, or never so far, it was reached, and brought, as if his simple will, had been to him an enchanter’s wand. He would scale cliffs, and compass floods, as determinately, and as naturally, as if to surmount obstacles were fulfilling a law of his nature. Many’s the time I have sighed for those good old days — for his quick foot, and ready hand, when under the scort of a file of tightly laced, sandal-shod, city’ beaux. Then, too, he learned as if by intuition. Botany was not a school study with him. He took it up merely for his own amusement, and only pursued it during leisure hours ; yet, for my life, I could not get before him.”

“Yes, coz ; and there were many sly jokes among the boys, as there were, I doubt not, among the girls, with regard to this same devotion to the same study, with all the tete-a-tete rambles, it naturally enough brought on. It was considered quite ominous, at least.”

“Fie, Tom !” she replied, again blushing.

“I was a mere child then. But to what does all this tend?”

“I loved Victor.”

“I am aware of that.”

“I love him still.”

“I do not doubt you.”

“We have corresponded for several years, and he writes admirably.”

“So I should think. But for what is all this preamble?”

“Victor is in town.”

“In town?”

“Yes, his partner, Mr. Gray, has lately removed here.”

“What is his business?”

“He is a carpenter.”

“A carpenter, Tom! you astonish me!”

“It is even so. But why do you express so much surprise, Bell?”

“Why — I thought his mother intended him for a profession.”

“She did; but Victor disappointed her by choosing — one of the fine arts — as most men of genius do; — and I know of no profession that will give freer, bolder scope to his peculiar talent than the noble science of Architecture.”

“You talk strangely enough, Tom.”

“I am sorry you think so.”

“Why?”

“Because I have a favor to ask of you.”

“Name it.”

“I wish to introduce Victor into our circle; not that I think he would be at all honored by the admission; but from a more selfish motive than that—I value his society more highly than that of the whole company beside; and therefore I want to multiply the chances of meeting him.”

“Are you crazy, Tom? This, of all your freaks, caps the climax! So you have really turned patron to a carpenter!”

“Patron!” he repeated, contemptuously; “whoever stands in the presence of Victor Hyde would be able to think very little of patronage; unless, indeed, it were on his own account.”

“You talk very strangely, Tom! A carpenter admitted into our society! Impossible, Tom! Only think of it! There is not one of our acquaintances would consent to it!”

“By Jove! they shall consent to it; or their number shall be one the less!”

“Is it possible, Tom, that you! a young physician of agreeable person, gentlemanly bearing, fine talents, good family, and the pros-

pect of a large fortune, should, voluntarily, associate yourself with a carpenter?"

"Whatever I am, Bella Thompson, be assured that I am proud to own Victor Hyde as my bosom friend; and where he may not be admitted, there will I not go — mark me — if it be to this very house! But what intrinsic advantage have I, which he has not? In person am not half his equal; in talent far inferior; in family, even, not superior; and, as to fortune, Victor Hyde need look to no father for that — with a head to plan, and a hand to do; with industry, character, genius, he, himself, will be the father to his own fortune. He will not only win fortune, but reputation, such as our puisne puerite gentlemen never dreamed of, much less thought of acquiring!"

"You are enthusiastic."

"You will not think so, when you see Victor."

"He was a beautiful and refined, as well as intellectual boy, I remember. But, associating, as he must have done, with mechanics, must have made him rough, vulgar, and low-bred."

"You have sense, Bell. Let it have its way. Do you call your father rough, vulgar, and low-bred? Forgive me, Bell!" he said, as she blushed, and was turning away, half

angryly. "Forgive me, coz; but the only way to judge correctly in these things, is to bring them home to us. Were this always done, we should find so many sore spots on ourselves, as to make us rather more careful than we are, of wounding others. To speak plainly, then, I see no reason why a blacksmith's daughter should pretend to look down upon a carpenter."

"Well, Tom! here's my hand. I had half a mind to be angry; but now I think better of it. I will consider your proposition. In the mean time, I think that some allowance ought to be made for the influences to which I have been subjected."

"But you have been subjected to enough of good influence, to make you, — even lovely as you are. That noble aunt of ours is worthy to train an angel!" Stanton alluded to a sister of Mr. Thompson, who had had the principal care of the education of her niece. "But listen, coz!" he continued; "Victor will be at Mr. Filbrook's; or rather at Mrs. Pennington's to-morrow night; and you must meet as friends; for the success of my plan, in a great measure, rests with you."

"How with me?"

"My reason for thinking so is established on



three pretty good pillars ; and your own will in the matter will make the fourth. You are a beauty, a belle, and a fortune. But nonsense ! every pretty, much more every beautiful woman knows her power : the worst of it is she is prone to abuse it. You know, Bell, that you have the blessed privilege of acting your own pleasure ; and if it should please you to be civil to your old friend and school-fellow, who may say you nay ? ”

“ But do be merciful, coz ! You surely would not have me throw aside all dignity ! ”

“ By no means. I have always thought dignity — real dignity — very becoming, especially in a fine young lady ; and now it will enable you to meet some rebuffs, without shrinking. Shall I bring Victor here to-night, or would you rather meet him first in a full party ? ”

“ I hardly know. It will be less awkward to me there ; and less awkward to him here. ”

“ Decide, if you please. I have an engagement, and must be gone. Don't think I am asking you to act the patroness. You would find that pretty hard, I can tell you. Neither do I ask it for his sake. He would spurn the least attention that was not perfectly voluntary. But I ask you to be civil to him, for my sake —

and for yours" — he added, in a low and somewhat mysterious key — "You would most certainly ——"

"Would what Tom?"

"Never mind. Shall I bring him to-night?"

"Let me think. There is my mantua-maker to attend to; and I am partly engaged at a concert; and mother's cap I have promised to re-model for the party to-morrow, and ——."

"Well?"

"I will see him to-night."

"That's right, my sweet cousin! Dare to listen to the dictates of your own generous heart — attend to the counsel of your own good reason — call up, and cherish, the inspiration of your better angel, that noble Aunt; and you will be safe, even amid the hollow mazes of vanity and folly, you are doomed to tread. Now, sweet cousin, I must run away; but sometime ere long, I will enact the confessor; and hear from your own true lips how fares that gentle heart of thine, amid the many sieges it has, of late, been called to sustain."

"Free, cousin! mine — free, as the mountain winds — free, as the freest thought! But stop a moment, and tell me of the bride. How happens it, that when she has lived all her life in Boston, people never found out before, that

she is the most beautiful, the most accomplished, the most elegant — the most perfect lady that ever blessed our longing eyes ; in short, that she is like the poet's Miranda, 'made of every creature's best.' One would think, indeed, that all her acts *were* queens, such a lustre accompanies whatever she does ; but how is it that the world has just seen fit to crown them, with its all-gracious approbation?"

"I will tell you. Before her marriage, Mrs. Talbot was a carpenter's daughter. Now, she is a Lawyer's wife."

"You astonish me more and more ! Your friend Talbot — one of the most unexceptionable matches in the whole country, descending to marry a carpenter's daughter!"

"You have seen Ednah — do you think it really a descent to love, and marry her?"

"Why you know I thought her an enchanting creature, as far as herself was concerned,"

"Who else, pray, has any right to be concerned?"

"You understand me well enough. Whatever the girl might be, herself, if her father was a carpenter, I do not see how a gentleman ever came to think of marrying her."

"How much worse is a carpenter's daughter,

than a blacksmith's daughter? It seems to me that the Chip is much the nicer man ——."

"There it is again. You know father never — never worked long. He has been entirely a gentleman for these great many years. You know it is very different, Tom! Why will you teaze me so?"

"Because you deserve it."

"Nay, now, I'll retaliate! I believe there must be an under current of vulgarity, running below all this fine appearance. I shall look out."

"Take care, Bell; or I shall administer truth in such doses as will not be agreeable, if they are wholesome. I tell you, then, that the advantages of home education — (and they are by far, the most important) which you have enjoyed, may not compare with those of Ednah Gray; for the very reason that your mother, in point of education, temper, talents, or real dignity of character, does not deserve to be mentioned in the same day with hers. Forgive me, gentle cousin. You have virtues; and they are all the better for being entirely your own."

"I know — I understand you, Tom," she replied, after having tried to pout a little. "So I am taking my first lesson in Radicalism?"

“In common sense, you had better say.”

“No, Tom, in the most *uncommon* sense. But what kind of a scholar shall I make?”

“Capital, I doubt not. You will surpass your teacher, ere long, I dare say. But tell me again, coz, is your heart really unpledged, untouched, as yet!”

“Entirely so.” And putting her hand in his, as he rose to go, with that delicate confidence of manner, that goes so directly to the heart, she added, “I have no secret for you, coz:” and, imprinting, unforbidden, a kiss on her fair cheek, he left her alone.

## CHAPTER XV.

“ Think not of it, THY STATE IS NOT THYSELF.  
Let mean souls, highly ranked, look down on thee,  
As the poor dwarf perched on a pedestal,  
O'erlooks the giant. 'Tis not worth a thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shame seize me, if I would not rather be  
The man thou art, than court-created chief,  
*Known only by the dates of his promotion.*”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

For some minutes after the departure of her cousin, Bell remained silent. Both her hands, (*they*, at least, in no-wise seemed to have any memory of the blacksmith's shop,) were clasped before her. There was an evident uneasiness in her thoughts, which, presently, took the form of soliloquy.

“ What a strange fellow that cousin is ! He is forever drawing me into some difficulty ; and always with a plausible reason ! Victor was handsome, intelligent, captivating ; as all the girls knew ; and I remember with quite sufficient distinctness. But what is all that now ? He is a carpenter. He used to be aspiring. How can he have so little ambition ? He must

be changed. Tom says he is improved ; but his opinion, in such matters, goes for nothing. I remember once he discovered the highest intellectual beauty, in a blind, itinerant fiddler ; at another time he went into raptures over the grace and elegance of a sweep ; and I verily believe he was determined to make me in love with a young dray-man ! Then he is so independent — so entirely free from the prejudices that fetter other people. He is not fit for fashionable life. But this old beau — I have a great curiosity to see him ! What if he should presume — No, he will never think of renewing that childish partiality. Fie ! I wonder if he will see any change in me !” and tossing off her curls again, and lifting her fine head with the air of a queen, she surveyed herself a moment in the pier glass opposite ; and a wiser than she might be forgiven the brief exultation ; for a fairer image has seldom been reflected in mortal habitation ! Yet, most beautiful Isabella, yet art thou changed, and mournfully too — even more than in the perfection of thine own lovely exterior. Truth and Nature, as in most instances, have not been quite sacrificed to Falsehood and Art ; for there was too deep sincerity in thy own truthful and loving heart, to be satisfied with the mere semblance of things ;

yet much is there of mockery, — much that is quite hollow — as the throned Monitor within, is continually telling thee. But the refining fire is coming to thee, also; when the chaff, and the tares, shall be burnt up together; until only the good wheat shall be left.

Bella Thompson had really many frailties lurking in her sweet human nature; and if she were not quite spoiled, in having been the object of injudicious, almost unbounded indulgence, it only proves that genuine goodness, like Gold, is indestructible. Nature meant her for a lofty and noble — for a right truthful character; and although weak Indulgence, and idle Vanity, were not strong enough to overthrow — yet they thwarted the design. Our heroine was proud, dominating, perhaps vain, as a belle at twenty might naturally be. But enough of this; character is best shown in action.

The evening came. Bell, without having made her toilet with unusual care, still kept finding the not perhaps unwonted thought, of how do I look? strangely enough intruding upon her. Let us to the parlor. A magnificent grate, piled with glowing anthracite, gave an air of comfort to the richly furnished apartment. In a large, comfortable, lolling chair, sat Mr. Thompson, with one foot carefully de-



posited on an ottoman ; for he was but just recovering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism ; or, as his lady would have it, the gout. He was a fine-looking old man, with the word of command, the power to shape destinies, written on his bold open brow. You could hardly think him more than seventy. On another ottoman, close by his well side, sat his daughter — his hope and idol — reading the last Review aloud to him. She was dressed like a little Quakeress, rather than a belle, so exquisitely neat was her attire — a plain black silk dress, surmounted by a white muslin caped apron, trimmed with a narrow frill neatly crimped, made a costume particularly becoming to her finely rounded little figure, and fair complexion. One arm rested on a richly carved rose-wood table ; while a large argand lamp threw its beauty-giving lustre on her fair cheek, and heightened the proud flush of her dark eye. On the other hand sat Aunt Augusta, a prim-looking, lady-like personage, uneasy in mind, and restless in body, engaged in netting. Her few gray locks were mostly hidden by two large braids of false hair, (which False was a true symbol,) crowned by a large and elegantly wrought comb. You would set her down at a glance, as numbering herself among the ex-

clusives. Her father had been a born-gentleman ; and not one of her family had ever profaned a finger by the touch of any implement, for the purpose of what is vulgarly — I should rather say politely — called work ; notwithstanding her two profligate brothers had died in an English almshouse. Back on a grecian sofa sat Mrs. Thompson, her feet on a beautifully wrought stool ; and her gloved hands folded on her lap, with that nothing-to-do, and nothing-to-wish for expression, that showed she was fully practised in the truly lady-like art, of perfect idleness. On the rug, at the feet of Bell, lay old Leon, a noble Newfoundland dog, with one silvery paw stretched out over the delicate little foot where he nestled : and in the opposite corner reposed a large Maltese Cat, on another rug expressly devoted to her ladyship. Presently Leon gave the long, low whine, that announced a coming step ; and the next moment the door-bell rang ; but it was only Miss Simpson the mantua-maker ; and Bella blushed as if half angry with herself, for having risen so hastily. She left the room to attend to Ladies' state business — the mighty matter of dress — Miss Simpson found her in a very accommodating mood. Several grave faults were not seen — several other quite aggravated ones, were

passed over as hardly worth minding ; and the important personage was dismissed, quite agreeably disappointed.

“ I have done well to be simple, to-night ; ” said the beauty, pausing — as what beauty does not — before the glass. “ I must be merciful ; for, not having been accustomed to society, it would be a thousand pities to disconcert him. I shall be sorry for the poor fellow, I am sure. How dreadfully awkward, and uncomfortable he must feel ! What a pity it is he has seen nothing but Mechanics ! ”

With another quite approving look at her own fair image, she descended to the parlor ; but scarcely was she seated, when Leon started on his feet ; and laying his head across the lap of his young mistress, uttered a long, thrilling cry. There was something peculiar in the creature’s tone and expression ; and Bell really blushed, as if she felt that he had detected another ear watching for a coming step. The bell rang. Dr. Stanton entered, and the girl’s eyes became riveted to the door by a strange fascination : and when a tall, graceful, very handsome, and singularly elegant young man made his appearance, she thought Tom had been quizzing her. The air of the stranger was truly noble ; how, then, could he be a

Mechanic — a mere vulgar working-man, that was doomed to labor with his hands? But, at a second glance, she recognized the well-remembered — she had sometimes feared too well remembered, outlines of form and feature peculiar to Victor Hyde. She rose as Thomas led him forward.

“Bell, I have the pleasure of bringing back to you again, your old friend — I need not tell his name, I believe.”

Was there a coloring of *rouge* in that thought of bringing back, that they both blushed so deeply? Bell gave her hand; but they were silent a moment regarding each other with evident surprise and pleasure. She then turned, and introduced him to her father, as the old friend of whom she had so often spoken. Alas, poor Bell! she blushed while confessing that she had often spoken of him; but the blush was for the frequent *thought*, which she did *not* confess! The old gentleman received him right cordially. Mrs. Thompson, as usual, was stately; and Miss Augusta extended her hand with an indefinable kind of patronizing air, very becoming in a lady of quality; for she had understood that his family were plain country people, who could support themselves honestly, and, in extreme cases, could, in no wise, prefer,

what so many of our aristocracy do, a residence in some public Asylum, rather than descend to Labor. This ceremony past, the guests were seated ; when Bell eagerly inquired of her friends in A ——, and especially of her dear Aunt Louisa, with whom she had resided while there.

“ She is well ; ” replied Victor, “ and I am happy to say I bring a letter for you. ”

Bell took the letter eagerly ; and saying, “ With your leave gentlemen ! ” broke the seal, read, and handed it to her father.

Mr. Thompson soon engaged his young guest in conversation ; and, on all the subjects introduced, he expressed himself so understandingly, and even elegantly : that Bell, who had been watching for some vulgarity, some technical, or cant phrase, was thwarted. He did not even appear surprised at any thing he saw. He behaved, in short, quite like a well-bred gentleman. It was *very* strange ! Mr. Thompson appeared really pleased ; for Victor not only entered into most of his views, with great spirit ; but from that deep-seeing eye of his, reflected new light upon them. Mr. Thompson liked this hearty concurrence in most of his views ; for he was of a very ardent temperament ; and where they did not agree, the Opinion of Vic-

tor, without compromising one jot — without bending at all, was, as it were, softened by that respectfulness of manner, which goes so to the heart of an old person. Miss Augusta, even, forgot that he was a plain farmer's son ; or rather she conceived that she had detected the innate and undisguisable Nobility, which is always supposed to accompany noble blood ; as she very deferentially enquired, if he were connected with the Hydes, of Hyde-Park, England.

He replied that his ancestors, for several generations had dwelt in A —— ; and further back he knew nothing of them, though possibly his grandmother might be able to tell the lady, were she alive, and present ; but she, quite unfortunately, being not only absent, but dead, the probability was that the great question of our hero's ancestry would remain unsettled. So was his claim to ancient blood, rendered, at the least, questionable. Claim, did I say ? He made none ; for he plainly told her that his ancestry, and connections were, all, so far as he knew them, hard-laboring, but respectable and very honest people. Miss Augusta turned up her own very gently descended nose ; though in the individual, it must be confessed, this feature bore rather questionable marks of gentle-

ness. Mr. Thompson saw that unfortunate turn ; and, as he was a lover of peace, and a polite man, withal, he began making some enquiries of his own individual prospects ; finally asking, “In what business do you propose to engage ? Any thing in the manufacturing line ?”

“Another bad hit !” thought Tom, while Bell really turned pale. “He will be severely dashed now !” thought she ; but nothing was more foreign to him.

“I am a carpenter sir ;” he replied, with the air of a prince, Bell thought. It was, indeed, with that quiet dignity of manner, which, being assured in itself, seeks no foreign seal. “I am a carpenter, sir ; and I expect to work at my trade.”

Mrs. Thompson moved in her chair, as if agitated by a very slight electric shock. Miss Augusta drew herself up to rather more than her usual height ; while Mr. Thompson, himself, manifested no slight surprise ; yet he said, “That is a good business ; but hardly one that a young man of your advantages, would be likely to engage in at this day. Perhaps it was your father’s wish.”

“No, sir ;” replied Victor, rather proudly ; for he saw the effect his communication had

made. "No, sir ; my father intended me for the bar ; but I chose my own business ; and to be a finished architect is now the height of my ambition. Architecture, sir, is a noble science — it is a divine art. I have had a passion for it longer than I can remember ! and would it not be a shame, for me to sacrifice this ability for certain usefulness, to a miserable pride — a silly prejudice !"

"True — very true ; but the girls, now-a-days, have but a poor idea of mechanics. How is it ? Am I not right, Bell ? I can't tell how it is, with you ; but when I was a young man, my chief desire was to please the girls."

"I have chosen my profession for myself, sir, and the community in which I live ; and I shall not take the trouble to enquire who else is pleased, or displeased ! The girl that I can love will have too good a heart, as well as too strong a mind, to admit such narrow views. She must have a generous and liberal Thought ; a penetrating and truth-loving Eye, that can perceive the excellence, the beauty, of true, manly labor ! She will not look upon it merely as a mode of getting bread ; but as the Gymnasium of this great Academy, which is called Life, wherein the Scholar-Soul may be exercis-



ed, according to its various capacities, so it may gather the truest and the noblest strength ; and without which, strength is not. This single principle, sir, of the dignity of man, his innate tendency to goodness — his universal capacity for greatness — nay, the absolute greatness of every human soul — I would not yield for the sake of being married to an empress, were I to be raised to an equal place on the throne beside her. To me every true man is invested with a dignity — a grandeur — which no human agency could, either create or destroy. Crowns, coronets, and mitres ; the highest officers both of church and state are made by men ; and of men they hold their power ; but who has ever created A MAN, and given *him* power, save God only ? ”

As he paused the eyes of Victor met those of Bell. There was a mutual flush — a mutual revelation of thought — and their spirits stood, as it were, face to face. They knew each other. For a moment each gazed into the other’s eyes, with the piercing earnestness of a truth-seeker ; and was not that conscious blush, as a threshold, where the kindred souls went forth, and met, and recognized and embraced each other ? Henceforth, they were not strangers. Powerful

is the influence of the true spirit upon the true. With a principle stronger than any chemical affinities, they rush together, and mingle — and beautiful — most beautiful — is their union! I have said that Bella Thompson had many faults. Truly, had she. But the Actual had not quite given place to the chimerical. The central sun of Truth still shone; obscured, it may be, by the mists and shadows of Folly, and Vanity, and Falsehood; yet still it shone; and still it was Truth living, indestructible Truth. And if the Lightning-Thought of Victor did not quite melt away and disperse those vapors; it still penetrated them, and reached the corresponding Thought beneath. Mysterious is the action of Mind upon Mind!

But we digress. Mr. Thompson smiled benignantly, as he replied; “All this is true and right. You have made an honorable choice, from honorable motives. I am a mechanic myself; and though I have long been engaged in other business, all the sympathy of early association is with that class of people. Mrs. Thompson here, though come of gentle blood, had the good sense to choose a Mechanic for her husband.”

“You were not a mechanic when I gave my

consent, Mr. Thompson !” replied the lady rather tartly. “If you had been, your name, sir, had never been mine !”

Here the scene closes. The probability is that Bell and Victor, dreamed of each other that night. But, kind Reader ; inasmuch as we profess to indulge no mere idle curiosity ; we will not pry more closely into their affairs. than they, themselves, are willing to shew.

We have little to do with ball and assembly rooms ; and yet, dear reader ; if it be agreeable to thee, we will take a stroll into those of Mrs. Pennington, as they are now brilliantly lighted ; and thronged by forms of the gay, the lovely, and the gifted, in honor of the bride, her niece — late Ednah Gray, now Mrs. Talbot. There stands the heroine of the night, in the centre of that brilliant circle, “the admired of all admirers ;” and so intrinsically lovely, that nothing — not even this nonsensical parade, can hurt her. Lovingly twined with her, arm in arm, stands Bella Thompson, whose truthful spirit, though long exposed to much that was sickly and sinister, yet promptly responds to the healthful and the true ; and now she is drawn to the side, and the heart of Ednah, by a new and irresistible attraction. She who was yesterday, but a carpenter’s daughter, or,

at the best, a lawyer's wife, is now the acme of every feminine grace and virtue. How mysteriously opinions sometimes change! At the bride's right hand stands Victor; and on her left Mr. Harrison; while advancing towards her, is her happy and devoted husband. Hovering round this little centre, is a circle of magnificently dressed belles and beaux; such as pay their *devoirs* to Beauty, Wealth, or Gentility. Farther on is a group of the extreme fashionables. Yet farther is Mr. Filbrook with Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and Mr. Thompson; who, notwithstanding his lameness, has ventured out on this joyful occasion, so interesting to his old friend. Quite aside from these sits Mrs. Thompson, with Miss Augusta; the latter, pale, cheerless, and deserted, well representing the ghost of departed Aristocracy — a solemn mockery. There, Victor is now leading Bella Thompson towards Mr. Filbrook, who salutes her with a truly paternal kindness of manner; and Victor, himself, could not help observing, amid that gorgeous blaze of splendor how refreshing was her perfectly elegant simplicity of dress and manner. There were nods and whispers among the Exclusives, near at hand, envious and malicious sneers and light titterings, which, far more than "the loud laugh," "speak

the vacant mind." But these oracles of Fashion are beginning to speak. Let us listen.

"For my part, I think it quite time to put a stop to these encroachments!" said Mr. Allshort, a tall, meager, lantern-jawed son of change. If we do not drop down the gate upon these innovations, I tremble to think what will become of society! Who could imagine that the talented, the rich Talbot, should marry a Mechanic's daughter?"

"And her Aunt, pushing her forward, and expecting us to notice her!" added Mrs. Tallman, a short, fat, pug-nosed, and altogether quite vulgar looking woman!

"Mr. Allshort," said Mr. Filbrook, whose vicinity was not perceived in the crowd, "is the son of a Barber; and Mrs. Tallman's father was the illegitimate child of a washwoman."

"I think it is really awful, Mr. Bownotte," sighed Miss Julia Almira Overbred. They say that Mrs. Talbot has really been keeping school. When I was in Germany I knew nothing of this vulgar mixing!"

"I wonder who brought that fellow here, and what he expects?" returned the Exquisite, who was one of the most delicate of all the Diminutives, that ever took the name of Dandy.

"Worse and worse!" said Mr. Filbrook.

Bownotte's father was a French dancing-master ; and Miss Overbred's father was a Shoemaker, her mother a dress-maker. ”

“ Surely that chip cannot expect to become one of us ! ” said Mr. Clapwell, deliberately raising his glass, and surveying our hero.

“ Quite unlikely ! ” said our old acquaintance, Parkhurst ; “ and yet, these sort of fellows will push along, with impudence that could shame the Devil — your pardon, ladies ! ”

“ I should not be surprised if Miss Thompson should elope with that mechanic ! see how affectionate she looks on him, now he is speaking ! I wonder any body can call her handsome ! ” said Miss Orangecheek.

“ La ! how strange it is he ever thought of coming here ! ” said Miss Upper crust.

“ That Clapwell, ” said our aside, “ is the son of a carpenter, who, moreover, was known to purloin, absolutely to steal, almost all the stuff with which to build his first house. Miss Orangecheek is the niece of a New York milliner, who obtained her, when an infant, nobody knows where ; and Miss Upper crust is the grand-daughter of a stage-driver. ”

Mr. Filbrook was rather eccentric. He loved a joke ; but it was never at the expense of one particle of truth, or kindness. Suddenly he

emerged from the little nook where he had been stationed ; and with Victor supporting him on one side, and Bell on the other, drew near the group we have been listening to.

“Bless me ! there is Filbrook the bride’s grandfather !” whispered Parkhurst. “He must have heard our remarks. We shall get it now. Let’s off, Crosby !” and the two honorable gentlemen, made a hurried exit.

“I have often thought,” said Mr. Filbrook, appearing to address Victor, “that those whose claim to gentility is the most questionable, are the most strenuous in asserting that claim. There is an old adage,” he continued, recognizing his acquaintances around, that ‘Those who live in glass houses, should not throw stones at their neighbors’ windows’ — to me, as to you, without doubt, my friends, that saying has peculiar significance. Now, gentlemen and ladies, I have a game to propose. As we are, by no means, vulgar Mobocrats, or, in other phrase, Republicans ; but genuine, whole souled Aristocrats, what do you think of making a set of Armorial bearings, corresponding with our several ancestral dignities ? If there is any one present skilled in drawing, let him be called. Victor, you will do, I think. I have several designs all ready for you. Mine, if I may be

allowed to begin at home, shall be a good old-fashioned spinning-jenny, in full operation ; with a hand like that of Fortune, guiding and amending the threads. The house of Thompson would be well represented by an anvil couchant, with a large sledge-hammer rampant. How do you like that my dear little Bell ? ”

The one addressed smiled archly ; but the others, by no means, chose to avail themselves of the good old gentleman’s illustrations. The caucus was dissolved, *instantly*. By this time several persons had caught the spirit of the scene, and had drawn near ; among whom was Robert Gray, now a young man of such finished and singular elegance, as to be an object of universal attention. His dark gray eye had, generally, a pensive cast ; but when he spoke with animation, its vivid flashes might almost hurt one, as if they cut.

“ If Shakspeare had heard these our fashionable oracles, ” he said, “ it were no wonder that he exclaimed so eloquently,

‘ O but man, proud man !  
Drest in a little brief authority ;  
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,  
His glassy essence — like an angry ape  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep. ’ ”

“ The angels, I should think, ” returned



Victor, would, far rather 'laugh themselves mortal.' For my part, I have been highly entertained, I confess."

"You have fairly exercised these troubled spirits, Mr. Filbrook ;" said Harrison.

"Pray is not that young gentleman your friend Hyde, Dr. Stanton?" whispered Mr. Vinton, a clergyman ; and, moreover, one of the noblest of human intelligences. "Have the kindness to introduce me. It gives me great pleasure," he said presenting his hand to Victor, "to meet one, of whose good report I have so often heard. I hear you are going to Europe, Mr. Hyde ; and, if agreeable, I will introduce you to my friend, Mr. Gannett, who has extensive connections abroad ; and would, I doubt not, be pleased to furnish you with letters."

"Do you hear that?" whispered Dr. Stanton to Bell. "Did I not tell you that every person possessed of common sense, must, and would, be attracted by Victor? See, now, with what modest dignity he replies to Mr. Vinton, and receives the proffered services of Mr. Gannett, to whom he has no idea of being servile ; though he is one of the strongest merchants in the country." Then, turning to the latter, he said, "do you not congratulate yourself, my

dear sir, that there is one spark of common sense left among us?"

"I do, indeed;" was the reply; "and I have been thinking, while listening to some remarks, that it is not strange ignorant European travellers, hearing such things, should make the ridiculous reports, which they sometimes do."

"Poor, miserable apes, that we are!" said Mr. Harrison; "to leave the solid, actual realities of life, for a mere shadow!"

"Any pretension to aristocracy, properly so called," said Mr. Vinton, "is, at the best, an absurdity; for who among us can say he is not descended from, or connected with, the common people?"

"My father," said Mr. Gannett, "was a cooper; and though a good workman, he was really so excessively benevolent (I use the term in the widest sense) that he always kept himself poor; yet I never blush to think of him. I rather glory that I am descended from so good a man!"

"My father," said Mr. Vinton, "was a wheelright, and my mother was a country school-mistress; yet it has never occurred to me to be ashamed of these honored parents! They were poor, in what the world recognizes

as wealth, and could not afford to keep me at a high school, when I was young: so during the intervals of my necessary labor, (for I worked with my father at his trade 'till I was twenty,) my mother fitted me for college. How many of our fashionable ladies could do as much? My mother's acquirements, indeed, would have been respectable in a university. Could I be prouder of my parentage, were I entitled by birth to the highest dignity?"

"And yet," said Mr. Harrison, "is your family both honorable and ancient; for is not the FAMILY OF MAN, honorable? Is not the BLOOD OF ADAM, ancient? This is the true Nobility! Its patent is graven by the hand of God! It is indelible as the fixed Laws of Being!"

"It seems to me," said Mr. Gannett, "that the greatest impediment to the progress of society, is the total want of manly independence, which is so common among the lower classes."

"This is a great obstacle, but not the greatest;" said Mr. Vinton. "The grand difficulty it appears to me, lies here. The most influential people, the legislators of society, recognize, nay, enforce the idea, that Manual Labor is degrading! They may, to be sure, have the finest theories, embodied in finely rounded peri-

ods, garnished with high-sounding expressions ; but their action, their practical teaching, goes to establish this principle. This the poor craftsman, who is left to freeze in the presence of some mercantile or professional dignitary, well knows : when a single word of kindness, which, so far from detracting from the character of the gentleman, only enhances it, would, by recognizing his manhood, set him perfectly at ease. We cannot, with impunity, seek to evade the penalty ; ‘In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread.’ If any deems himself so fortunate as to be beyond this law, still the penalty must be required in the decay, or waste, of health, of intellect, or of morals. But I can see that this law is founded in the purest benevolence. When we regard man as the subject of education — as a creature of progress — is not **THE NECESSITY OF LABOR** one of the most beautiful features, in the philosophy of his nature? It always appears to me I can detect an innate, intrinsic vulgarity, in the man who looks upon labor, as degrading ; however high a niche he may have gained in the world’s temple.”

“There is ;” said Mr. Harrison ; “for such a one is content with the Superficial, and has slight perception of the Real.” Here the group separated.

As if by an absolute law of nature, Victor was seen ever at the side of Bell, during that long, and yet, short evening. Are there not souls so perfectly adapted to, so attractive to each other, that they cannot approximate, without mingling?

But now, if it please you, gentle Reader, let us make our bow to all the friends, and not friends, whom we have been looking in upon. Gentle and simple, Fashionable and Vulgar, Aristocrat and Democrat, we wish you all, a very good evening.

## CHAPTER XVI.

“ An anxious stomach well  
May be endured ; so may the throbbing heart :  
But such a dim delirium ; such a dream  
Involves you ; such a dastardly despair  
Unmans your soul ! ”

ARMSTRONG.

I have said in a preceding chapter that Victor had, to his extreme sorrow, found that his religious opinions were getting somewhat unstable. This process had been a very long and gradual one ; and thus it passed into a state of feverish restlessness, of doubt, almost of despair. Day after day were these doubts deepening and darkening, until, at length, bright-winged Hope, and pure-eyed Faith, who had been, forever, as visible angels, walking before, and hovering around him, clapped their wings and fled ; and darkness settled, like a heavy shroud, over all the world. Human voices spoke in unknown tongues ; the familiar faces of his friends looked strangely on him. He seemed not to belong to the race of men and women ; for he had lost the idea of oneness with them : the principle of

affinity was gone. He strove to recall the favorite and familiar texts of scripture ; but Memory was palsied, and sat quaking on her throne. He attempted to call back the holiest amulet of his faith, the memory of his mother's teachings, her prayers, her parting words ; but a nightmare sat upon his affections ; and the heart lay beneath his bosom, cold and lifeless as a stone. He felt that he had no part, either in physical or mental being. Every external object lost its meaning, and its lesson. Nothing spake to him. He heard voices, indeed ; he beheld objects ; but they had no intelligence for him. No spirit communed with his spirit. The bond of brotherhood was broken — the cord of sympathy was rudely torn asunder. He was an alien — a loose, floating atom — a part of nothing — bound to nothing — nothing in the wide world. At times he cried out for actual pain. He groaned in spirit for real suffering ! He felt that he might bear to have his limbs hacked off by inches — that he might see his mother die, without a pang — that he might see the earth open to swallow up all his kindred, without emotion. Indeed, he would have welcomed any mode of physical torture — any thing that could break that hideous apathy. His kind friends marked the change, and strove

to cheer him. They administered to his supposed malady ; but he changed not ; nevertheless a change was working within him. If this period had continued long he must have died. No human being could sustain such agony, for any great length of time.

A change came over him. He seemed to wake, as from a troubled dream. The reaction was strong. He was cold, collected, calm — perfect master of his reason, of himself. One by one he took up the Articles of his Faith, with their corresponding Doubts and Objections. He scanned them severely as candidates for the seal of Truth. He tried their life, their power, by the evidence of the Bible, by the principle of Life within himself. He was long in doing this ; for he felt that he was deciding his future fate — perhaps for Eternity. He stripped off all that was meretricious, the inconsistency of professing christians — the clash of speculative opinions — uncharitableness, bigotry, superstition. He broke the thick crust of Names and Forms, which envelope Religion so closely, and weigh her down so heavily, we know not if she lives. He cast out all these things, as foreign ; and entered into the inner Tabernacle, the Holy of Holies. There he beheld Religion, herself, an existing,



real, and all pervading influence. There he beheld the great idea of JESUS, visibly written — THE ONENESS OF GOD — THE ONENESS OF MAN. He listened with the ear of the understanding, to the words of Him “who spake as never man spake.” His doubts were satisfied. He believed; and his belief was positive. But not yet were his affections recalled to life. Not yet was the benevolent Deity, the tender Father, quite evident.

Victor, being on a visit to the city, had wandered away one Sabbath afternoon, (as had of late been his frequent habit,) to muse alone. He stood by a retired and beautiful inlet of the bay. The roar of the far-off ocean came softened in the distance; and as the fresh wind curled the spirited waves, they rose among the rocks, and dashed upon his feet, like messengers from Eternity; so vast, so unsearchable, was the bosom from whence they came. The petrel uttered a hoarse scream, as, plunging beneath the waters, she seized her gliding prey; and afar off the gull, resting on pinions that seemed wrought from the feathery snow, hung silently above the excited Deep. The mind of Victor was filled with the purest, the loftiest emotions. He lost all cognizance of Time and

place ; but with the images of his actual position, he was carried back to the sea of Gallilee. He stood on the shore, and beheld the tremendous war of elements. The lashed and foaming waves were dashing mountain high. By the fitful gleams of lightning he beheld a ship, borne like a feather upon the wings of the storm—now, riding into the very clouds ; now, plunging into the fearful depths below ; while the screeching prey-bird, and the voracious shark, seemed to anticipate the horrid event. Bitter, indeed, were the piercing shrieks, wrung from human hearts in their extremest agony ! But, lo, a man, clothed in the majesty of God, went forth toward the ship, walking firmly upon the waves. Those who beheld him fled in fear. He spake ; and the Deep knew his voice. The storm heard him, and was mute. “Peace. Be still. It is I. Be not afraid.” Ocean, like a tired war-horse, obedient to the call of his master, lay down quietly. The rebuked prey-birds withdrew on noiseless wing ; and the disappointed monsters below, in mute astonishment, glided away through the unsunned alleys of the Deep. Stillness, profound as that which brooded over the first midnight settled upon the scene ; for

conscious Nature felt the presence of a God ; and she listened without breathing, lest, peradventure, he should speak again.

Then broke forth light upon the soul of Victor. The Deity became once more evident in all he saw. The relation between himself and the external world, was renewed. He felt himself an integral part of intelligent being ; and he turned away from that lonely shore, where he had lost himself, for hours, in sublime musing, a free man. The presence of his Heavenly Father, the voice of his Divine Master, went with him, and cheered, and blessed him, whithersoever he went. All outward things became intelligent, as they were manifestations of Deity — revelations of the Divine Power ; and they were continually speaking to him, in their sweet, low, stirring voices ; “ It is I. Be not afraid. ”

It happened that, on his return, Victor went through an exceedingly poor and mean part of the city ; and, in passing a miserable tavern, he noticed something familiar in one of the lingerers of the shabby portico. The house stood on a corner ; and, in turning, Victor saw the whole face, and instantly knew Rankin ; whom he had never seen since the evening of Robert's accident. The recognition was mutual ; and

in the duskiess of a clouded twilight, Victor saw that a melancholy change had taken place in his old acquaintance. His face, indeed, his whole person, was fearfully bloated. The eyes were red and inflamed ; and an expression of conscious guilt had succeeded the free and graceful manner, for which he had been formerly remarkable. He tried, at first, to avoid an interview ; but, finding that impossible, he came slowly down the steps, and gave a palsied hand to Victor. The first feeling of the latter was one of pure disgust ; but when he marked the truly wretched aspect of Rankin ; and saw him surrounded by such low wretches, as he would once have scorned to mingle with, that feeling gave place to one of heart-felt pity.

“ Will you come in ? ” asked Rankin. “ But no ; you must not. ” His voice was dry and husky ; and, as he spoke, Victor saw that his whole face quivered with strong emotion. “ Come round the corner here ; ” he continued. “ Here let us stand under this shed, a while. But perhaps — perhaps you would rather go ; ” and he cast a look of shame over his own miserable garments.

“ No, ” said Victor, interpreting that look, “ I want to talk with you, and tell you of Robert. ”

“What of him?” asked Rankin, quickly.

“You would not know him. He is truly one of the noblest works of God. But he is not well. We fear he is going into a decline.”

Rankin started, as if with horror. “Do you think he ever fully recovered from the effects of that blow?”

“I verily believe that he never did.”

Rankin started, as if stung by an adder. “And is not this murder?” he cried, lifting his clenched hands, while his eyes shone, as with the fearful gleam of insanity.

“He often speaks of you;” continued Victor, soothingly. “He wants to see you, and talk with you, to tell you how happy he is; and how happy —”

“I might be — you were going to say.”

“Yes.”

“Impossible. I am lost — lost, beyond the power of Heaven, itself, to redeem. I have nothing to do now; but to go on, sinking deeper and deeper.” He shuddered as he spoke.

“Do not talk so. The worst —”

“Again I say, impossible. This is the wages of my own work; and, verily, I have my reward. But hear me; wretch as I am, I have some pride. It is not all sin that has

brought me where you see me. Misfortune has done its part. I had, perhaps you know, quite a handsome sum when I left Mr. Gray. This was stolen from me. Directly upon the loss of it I fell sick. In this state I was dragged to yon wretched hole ; where I lingered a few weeks ; and then crawled out again, to breathe, not live. I found myself surrounded by a set of loafers of the very worst stamp. I hated, despised the whole crew ; but still, being from my desperate condition, cast aloof from from every thing else, I associated with them. A heavy discouragement, a bitter shame, took hold of me, and crushed every particle of manhood. We generally work, and earn a little money, then club together and have a carouse. But low and vile as you now think me, Victor, I am absolutely a better man than I was when you knew me. I am not now a hypocrite. I am abiding in guilt by a kind of compulsion ; but I would deceive no man. During that miserable sickness I had reflections, bitter — bitter, indeed ; but wholesome. Had a friend come to me then, I might have been saved. But now it is too late. I pretend to nothing. I am nothing — nothing but a lost, miserable drunkard !” He laid his hand against his forehead, as if to press down the blood that

rushed to his throbbing temples, as he added: "Go, Victor. Leave me to my own destruction."

"Do not say so. If you know and confess your fault, you may yet be saved — you may yet be happy!" returned Victor, with the strongest expression of pity and kindness. "Be a man, George! and say that you WILL BE FREE!"

"Impossible! You had better leave me, Victor. You will be disgraced should you be seen in my company. You have character to lose. Consider that."

"I fear no disgrace; but that of doing wrong. I value no character that would prevent me from doing good."

"The same obstinate integrity. And even this I have sworn to spoil; but it was too strong for me! The stagnant pool might as well attempt to corrupt a living sun-beam!"

"Leave this place;" said Victor. "Get work of some respectable man!"

"Alas! I am incapable of procuring even a decent situation. I have no money to go away; and if I remain here, these pot-brothers would dog me all over the city."

"You *must* leave the city then."

“I cannot leave myself. You see what I am. What honest man would trust me?”

“Set all men the good example, by trusting yourself; and so proving yourself worthy of trust. Do not swear to reform; for I think we have a strong propensity to break oaths; but resolve that you will do so.”

“Victor, your kindness has opened the heart, which I believed was sealed forever. Listen to me. I must speak low, for I am jealous that the very winds should hear me. There is one objection to leaving this place. One single tie binds me to life. In yon miserable dwelling, a resort of the vilest profligates and drunkards, there is one who has long been to me an angel of mercy and love. Sarah Hopewell is the niece of our landlord and an orphan. There she lives in that vile abode; for she has no other home, and no other friends, suffering all the bitterness of dependence on selfish and brutal kindred. The wrongs she endures are greater than you can imagine; yet she bows her head beneath them, with such gentleness as would disarm the malice of a fiend. There she lives, menial as she is, surrounded by the grossest libertines; yet she seems enveloped by a hallowed atmosphere, which nothing bad can



penetrate. All that look upon her, know that she is pure as the light of day. If I have one good thought, one good feeling, to her I owe it. She came to my sick bed, and ministered; and, straightway, I became another man. I was created anew. Every latent germ of good, touched by her influence, sprang up, and grew. She loved me; for she could not live without sympathy; and I felt for her—I appreciated her. I began to live in a new atmosphere. Associated with perfect purity, I was kept pure. But a suspicion of our attachment entered the mind of that old Jezabel, her aunt. With the malice of a fiend she determined to ruin us. Sarah was too profitable a servant to lose. She spread a snare for me. I was enticed away by some of my old cronies. A drugged cup was administered. I drank. I was carried home dead drunk. Never shall I forget the look of that angelic girl, when I first became conscious. She was leaning over my bed, pale as marble. Her large dark eyes were almost insufferably bright; but they were lighted by despair. ‘O George!’ she cried, ‘is this true?’ Her lips quivered, and became fixed. She fainted away and fell upon my bosom. There she lay, as one dead. Desperation gave me strength. I rose and bore her to the window. I verily

thought she was dead. But in a few minutes she recovered. Her whole aspect suddenly underwent a powerful change. She withdrew from my still-enclosing arms with the dignity of an upright soul. 'Let me go;' she said, gently, but firmly. 'I will endure any thing—every thing—I can but die; but I will never marry a drunkard. Farewell.' I entreated her to forgive me. 'I do forgive you;' she said; 'but I can do nothing more;' and, forsaken by her, I abandoned myself. She is miserable. I am a wretch; yet would I give my body to the torture, to make her happy? I would freely die for her?"

"You must live for her!" eagerly interrupted Victor.

"I tell you it is impossible. Every day—every hour, the gulf between us, is widening, and deepening. She is sinking into the grave; and her meek, uncomplaining despair, is my bitterest reproof."

"Let not the guilt of murder be added to your offences. You may be—excuse me, you *must* be saved! You must save her! Leave this place now. You will never be better able."

"Where shall I go?"

"To a respectable house,"

“ I have not money enough, to pay even for a night’s lodging ? ”

“ I will gladly supply you. ”

“ Do you think I would accept money from one whom I have injured ? No, Victor ; low as I am, I have not come to that ! Go away. Leave me. Every kind word you speak to me, is a dagger ! I beg of you to leave me ! ”

“ Do you suppose I would leave, in the hour of his extremest need, one who has been my companion — my friend ? ”

“ Do not say that. I never was your friend ? ”

“ But you will be — you must be ; for I am determined to be yours ! Do you think I could lay my head, in quiet on my pillow, leaving you as you are ? No Rankin ; I will not leave you, until a remedy for this evil can be devised. ”

“ You are obstinate. ”

“ I always was ; but we are not getting on with this business. I have a proposal to make. A friend of mine is going into business, and wants to engage a finished workman. I will get the place for you, upon condition that you totally abstain from intoxicating liquors. I exact no promise. I would put no fetter upon your will ; for I believe that will be my best aid. It will, I doubt not, be true as it is strong.

Go with me to the Temperance house. Mr. — the Landlord is my friend. Be my guest for one night ; and when you have a cheerful home, lighted by the smile of a loving and happy wife, I will joyfully be yours. ”

For a moment Rankin shook, as if an ague had penetreted every particle of his being ; and, with a groan that seemed wrung out by the most horrible torture, he fell prostrate on the ground, sobbing and weeping, as if the whole burden of shame, remorse, and guilt, with which his bosom had been so long laden, had melted at once, and was pouring out in tears.

Victor raised and embraced him tenderly. “ Trust me ; ” he whispered — “ Trust yourself. Let us go. ”

“ Must I tell you ? These tattered rags are all the clothing I possess. My last shirt was, this very day, pawned for rum. ”

“ So much the better. Begin entirely anew. There is still something ; believe me, George, there is something yet in you, beyond all comparison, better than money, or aught that money can purchase ; there is a quick and living soul. Within this soul there is yet a love of good — a tendency to good. Shall there not be — is there not — a determination also ? ”

For a few minutes Rankin shook convul-

sively. The struggle was fearful. Suddenly he was calm ; and, after a short period of perfect silence, he extended his hand, saying, " You have conquered. Do with me as you will. Only — I have one favor to ask. Will you see Sarah, and tell her ? — tell her what you think best. "

" I will, with pleasure. But first let me see you safe. You will allow me to send you some necessary articles of clothing ; and you shall pay me, principal and interest — compound interest if you will — whenever — you please. "

Rankin only pressed his hand in reply ; and by this time they had reached the Temperance house.

The next morning Victor visited his *protegee* at an early hour. He was in a state of extreme irritation and intolerable anxiety.

" Did you see — " he began ; but could go no further.

" Yes ; and I think your eulogy was fully deserved ; which is more than can be said of most lovers' reports. "

" What did you tell her ? What did she say ? " asked Rankin, with the most piercing eagerness.

" I told her that you had resolved to be a better man — that you still loved her — that

you were determined to be worthy of her. And then she blushed, so sweetly, so modestly; and for a moment was overcome with confusion. But her true woman's nature was the strongest. Coming closer, she fixed her large, melancholy eyes upon me, with an expression which I shall never forget: 'Do you believe this?' she asked; and her whole eager soul flashed in the question. 'I believe it;' I replied. 'I can almost say I know it. She had been comparatively calm, until that moment. Then she clasped her thin hands together; and as the tears streamed through the closed lids, wetting the long, dark lashes, she ejaculated, in a voice that was half choking, 'Thank! thank God!' I think I never saw a more beautiful creature than she was, at that moment. In addition to exceeding delicacy of form, features, and complexion, there was something so pure, so spirit-like, in her whole aspect, that I thought she might go down into the Pit, if such a place there be, without contamination; and I wondered not that those brutal men were awed, as they evidently were, by her presence. But I must tell you the worst. I fear she is ill. I verily believe her life is in your hands. You cannot trifle with it! You will not throw it away!

“Never! Never. So help me God!” He walked the room a moment, as if some thought still possessed his mind; then, stopping again, he said; “You say truly that she is ill. And must I leave her there, to be abused — to suffer — to die! She cannot live there without me! Bad as I was, I protected her. There was not a man there, but knew I would stab him to the heart, if he dared to lay hands on her — nay, if he so much as looked on her, too freely! Even her uncle, and the old hag, her aunt, were afraid to treat her ill, if I were present.”

“Compose yourself. She will suffer no more at their hands. I this morning procured a carriage, and called upon her with Ednah, Mrs. Talbot. She is under her protection; and there she will remain, until you have proved yourself worthy; and then —”

The face of Rankin flushed crimson, then grew very pale. He tried to speak; but his lips quivered, and he was silent. He sank into a seat; and yielding to irrepressible emotion, he sobbed and wept passionately.

Victor grasped his hand. “I have engaged you to my friend. You will begin to-morrow. God bless you.” Rankin could not reply. He only wrung his benefactor’s hand; and they parted in silence.

## CONCLUSION.

We have little more to say. The end of a story, by us, Yankees, at least, may always be guessed. The most interesting facts are, as follows. Victor, previous to his embarkation, of course, paid Bell a visit. Not to have done so would have been a breach of common politeness, considering what kind, nay, what intimate friends they had been for the last three months — doing even all sorts of ungracious things, from that quite numerous class of persons, who are more gifted in the way of minding other people's business, than in attending to their own. It was a glorious October afternoon. Who would not make love in October ; clear, dreamy, beautiful, rain-bow-vested October ? There was, perhaps, a sympathetic principle in the very atmosphere. Nevertheless, Victor had formed a very wise resolution to be grave, and calm, and dignified, in his leave-taking. How could he be otherwise, considering the difference in their positions ? Principle, self-esteem, forbade. It was strange Bell should have been



quite alone, just then, in a summer-house, too, in one of the most witching spots that Nature ever cherished as her own. These things are sometimes arranged for us, certainly better than we could arrange for ourselves! He drew near unheard. The dear girl was in tears, and the molten pearls were dropping fast upon a long-since dried, and altogether quite faded bunch of flowers! Do you remember a fair purple cluster, plucked by a chivalrous boy, and presented to a merry maiden? — Reader, inasmuch as we are sober-minded persons, we will not enquire aught farther; nor even guess if Victor lingered so long (even to the verge of losing his passage) to kiss away the tears she wept at parting.

In two years from the time of his departure, Victor returned, an accomplished Architect — a finished man — with an undisputed title to the highest place in society: yet far dearer to him was the gentle whisper of affection than the loudest notes of praise. On just such an October day as had witnessed their plighted love, were confirmed the nuptial vows. Victor and Bell were united — all, Aunt Augusta, even, forgetting his vulgar origin. Or, rather she denied this altogether; for, on the wedding day, she told with a most convincing smirk, that her new nephew was, undoubtedly,

a lineal descendant of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whose daughter, Ann, married James, Duke of York, afterwards James II ; but one of whose grandsons, a son of the unfortunate Henry, Earl of Clarendon, fled to this country, after his father's death, where he settled, and left a numerous family. A dignity so far brought must have been very flattering to Victor.

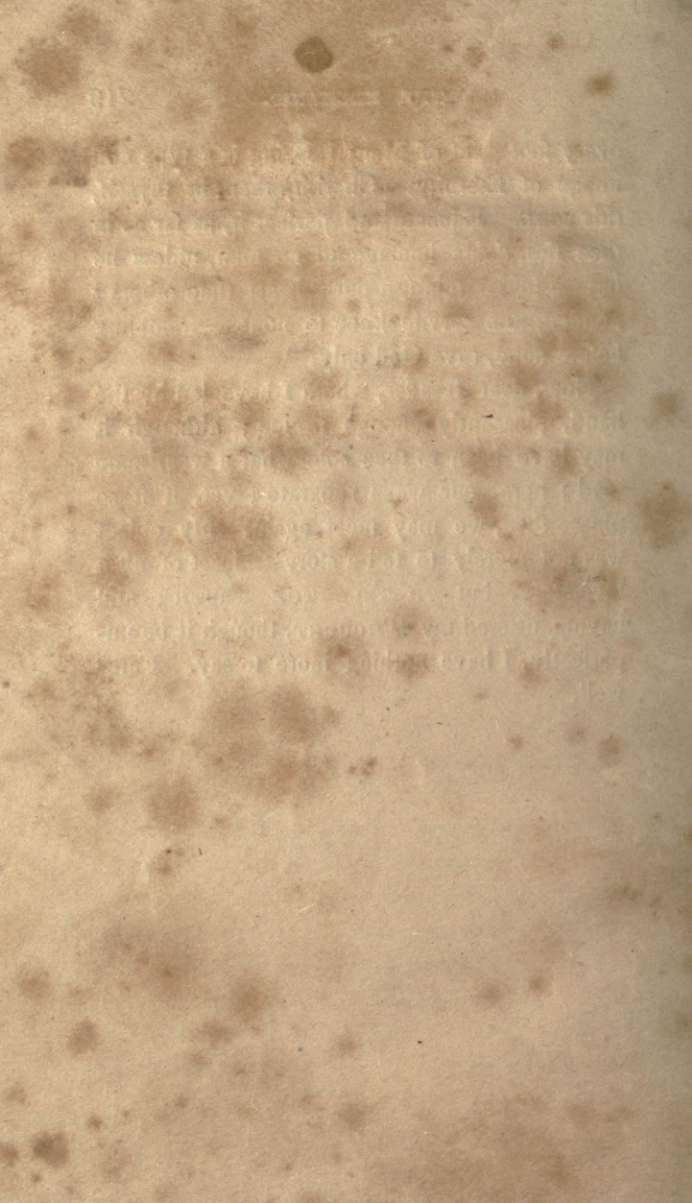
The highly-gifted Robert returned not with his friend. He was left, sleeping his last sleep beneath the glorious skies of Italy !

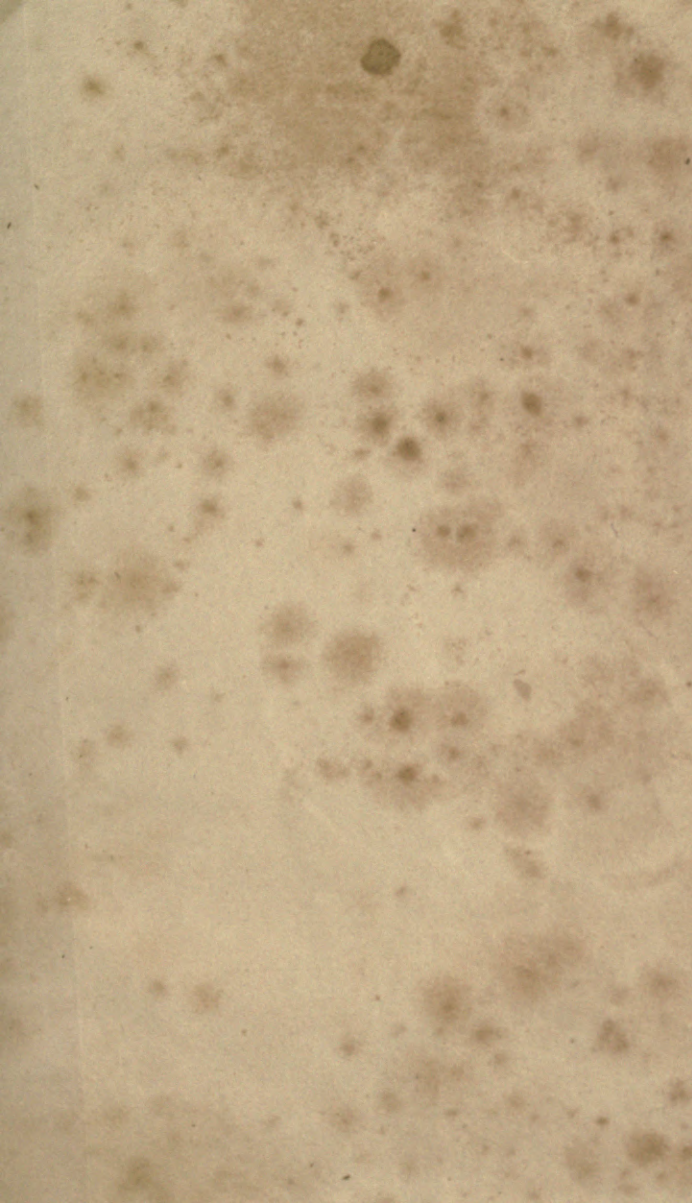
Rankin, thoroughly reformed, had become a happy husband. He had prospered and risen in the world ; and on the eve of our hero's marriage, as he presented his beautiful and intelligent wife, who was leading her little Victor by the hand, he said : " These blessings, my friend, and every thing of good, I owe to you."

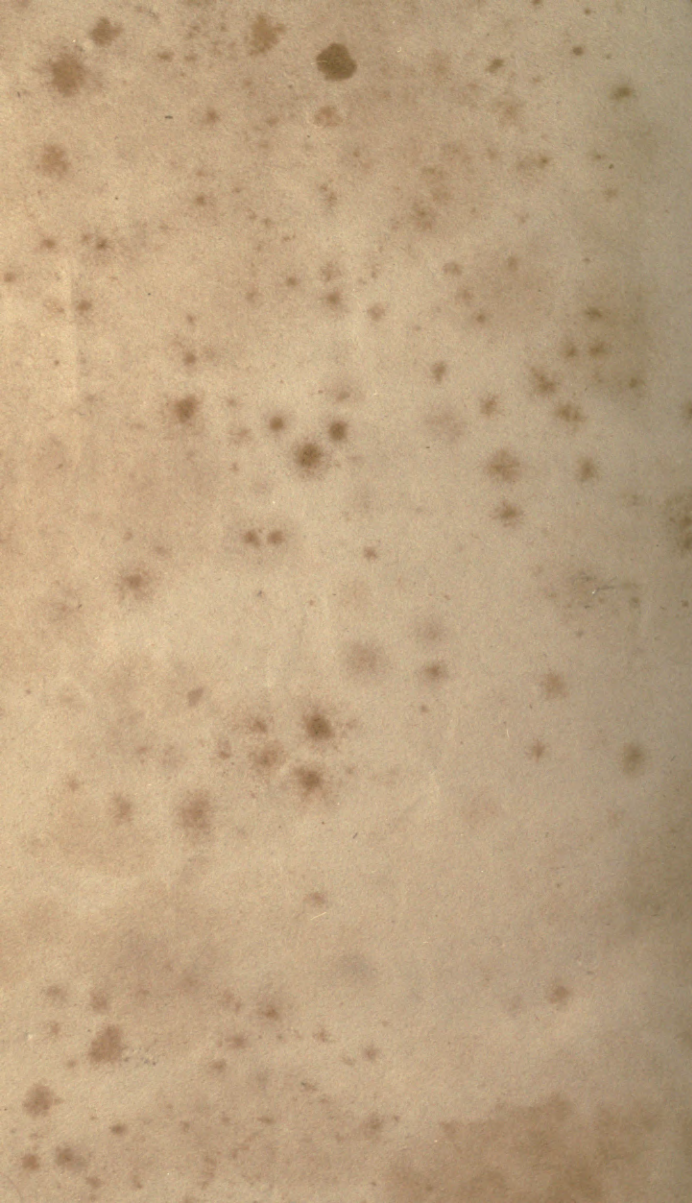
Now, a word in parting : be honest, self-relying, truthful. Fear no man, envy no man ; hate no man. **RESPECT THYSELF** ; and if any one despises, or neglects thee, pity him. Learn that external things are mere shows, continually changing, and passing away ; and that all absolute greatness is in the human soul. " The gateways of a thousand palaces " have crumbled into dust, and are scattered by the winds ; but

every foot-print of Mental Being is a type and image of Eternity. Cherish, then, in thyself, this SOUL. Educate and perfect it, as far as in thee lies, doing homage to no man, unless he have a loftier mind, a purer heart than others ; bending the servile knee to none — trembling before none, save God only.

Now, dear Reader, whom I have led by the hand, pleasantly enough to me ; although it may have been to thee somewhat a wearisome road ; here, our ways separate ; yet, if it so please thee, we may meet again. My object was not merely to tell a story — least of all a love-story, but TO TELL THE TRUTH ; and having uttered my THOUGHT, though it be imperfectly, I have nothing more to say. Farewell.













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