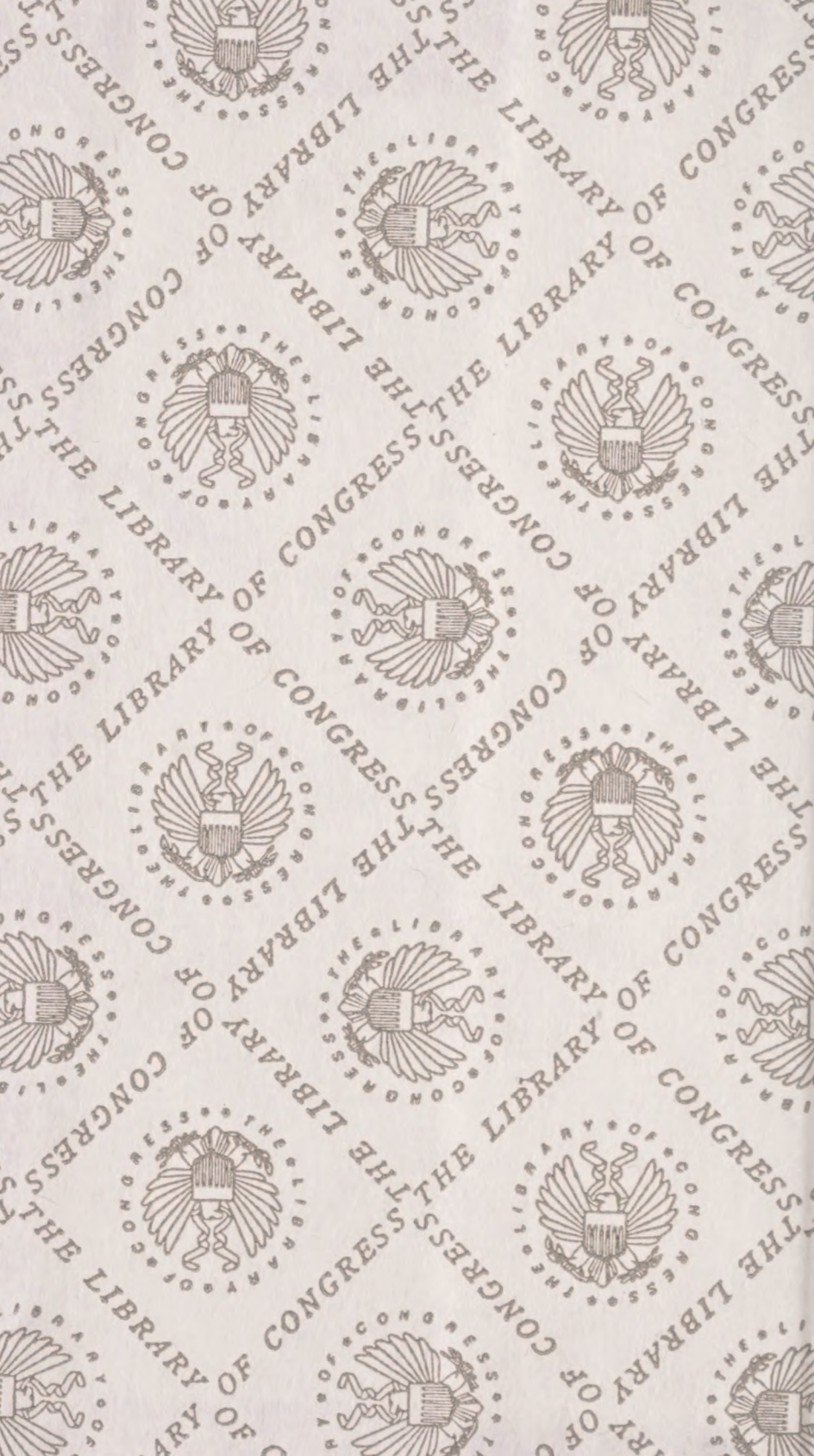
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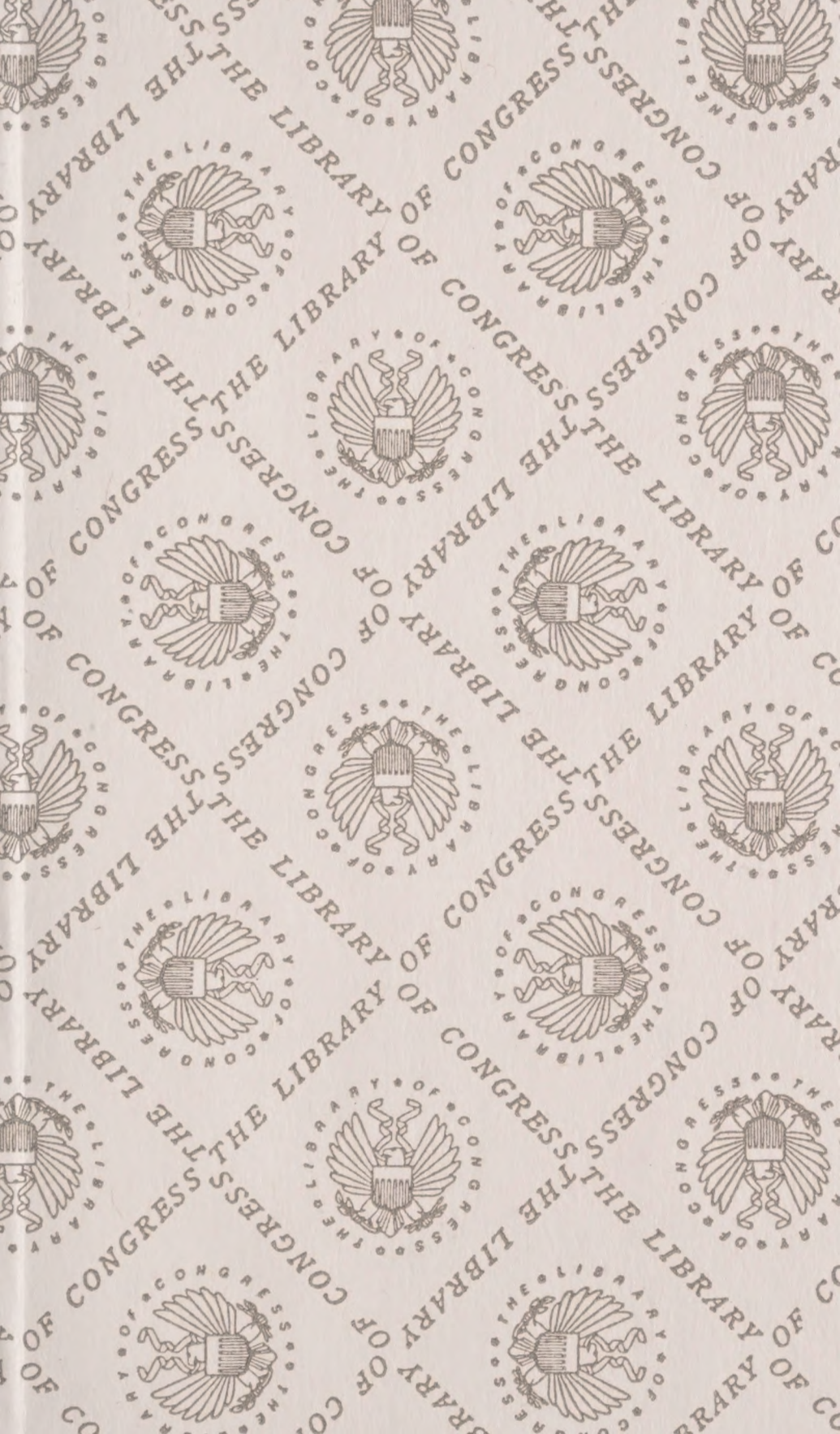
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ELINOR FULTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING'

'Every individual should bear in mind, that he is sent into this world to act a part in it; and though one may have a more splendid and another a more obscure part assigned him, yet the actor of each is equally accountable.'

Hannah More.

Eleventh Edition.

BOSTON:

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1837.

TO

THE FEMALE COMMUNITY

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE extraordinary demand for the recent publication, called 'Three Experiments of Living,' — of which no less than twenty thousand copies have been called for in the course of two months, — justifies the opinion which the Editor had ventured to express of its merit; while, at the same time, it affords highly satisfactory evidence, that the public sentiment still remains sound upon the subject of the important, though apparently humble concerns, which form the leading topics of that work. It is no small confirmation of the truth of this opinion, that the little work just mentioned was no sooner issued from the press, than it called forth imitators; who, while they disclaimed all intention of interfering with the rights of its author, yet acknowledged themselves to be in some degree indebted to that publication, and adopted so much of its name and external appearance as has served (whatever may have been the intention) to connect their own works with it before the public.

The Editor believes, that the author of the 'Three Experiments' will not be sorry to have any worthy and able fellow-laborers in this great cause; but he trusts, that the public will not, — as might happen on a hasty inspection, — be led to suppose, from any resemblance in the titles or other badges, that these last publications are from the same source with the former.

The decided opinion of the public, thus manifested, has induced the author to pursue in the present work the main subject of the 'Three Experiments,' into some details, which could not well be embraced within the limits prescribed for that publication.

Among those details, the relation subsisting between heads of families and their domestics holds an important place; as, upon the careful adjustment of the rights and duties of the two parties depend the comfort and happiness of both of them. The views of this truly practical writer on that subject, as developed in the present work, are, that some portion, at least, of the troubles and animosities of which we hear so much in this perplexing family relation, — though to be attributed oftener than we could wish to the domestics themselves, — are yet, too frequently, the effect of unreasonable and injudicious requisitions on the part of the master or mistress of the family.

In a country circumstanced as ours is, this domestic relation will undoubtedly be essentially modified by our peculiar condition, as has been the case with almost every thing else belonging to the practical concerns of society, which our ancestors brought from the old world to the new. Whether these modifications have already reached their settled and permanent state, or are yet to undergo still further changes, time alone can determine. Without speculating, too minutely, however, as to the future, and looking at our social condition as it actually exists at the present time, few persons, it is believed, will deny the justness of the author's views, in general, upon this part of the subject; and, if those views shall have the effect to induce a more accurate examination of the true sources of the difficulties in the case, by those whose talents and experience best qualify them to be judges on this question, the author of the present publication will have rendered no small service to the community.

This particular topic, however, is in every respect a subordinate one in the author's plan; it being the main object of the present work, still to inculcate the same great fundamental principle which was the basis of the preceding one, — a just observance of that true economy in living, which, without degenerating into miserly meanness, and producing a real degradation of the individual from the station in society, for which his Creator has destined him, is yet essential to happiness, and, above all, to an *honest independence*.

THE EDITOR.

Boston, March 1, 1837.

ELINOR FULTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIO.

THERE is nothing more easy than for people to retire from the world, without turning hermits or living in caves or deserts. Astronomers tell us of countless worlds; — if we look within our own precincts we shall find an equal multiplication; every class of society talks of *the world*, and every class means something different. Poor Mrs. Fulton and her family, since they had been driven from fashionable life, seemed to be the only beings in this great city that were tenants of no world, for they were decidedly pronounced *out of the world.*

It was on a morning call at Mrs. Bradish's, that the trio of Jane's former friends chanced to meet. — 'Do tell me,' said Mrs. Hart,

addressing Mrs. Reed, 'what has become of your friends, the Fultons?'

'My friends!' replied Mrs. Reed, in rather an elevated tone, — 'I do not know why you term them *my friends*; to be sure they lived in the same block of buildings that I did, and now and then I gave them advice, for the poor things were as ignorant of the customs and forms of society as the natives of the South Sea Islands, and yet had a most unconscionable desire to be fashionable and genteel; but as for my ever ranking them *among friends*, nothing could be further from my thoughts. I was willing to give them my advice, and did all for them in my power to enable them *to appear well* on their income; and without vanity, I may say, they would never have been any thing without my instructions; why, I do assure you, the first large dinner they gave, Mrs. Fulton asked me if she had not better have *two boiled turkeys*, because, she said, everybody was so fond of boiled turkey! I was absolutely shocked; and I suspected, from that time, there must be some moral deficiency in her mind; and you know it proved so afterwards.'

'I never thought,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'Mrs Fulton was *so much* to blame.'

'I assure you,' replied Mrs. Reed, 'she was the most ungrateful of the two, to me. After they came into your neighborhood she seemed to have entirely forgotten, that it was *I* who lifted her up.'

'You must remember,' said Mrs. Hart, a little scornfully, 'that if she had not been "lifted up," she would never have fallen.' Mrs. Reed took no notice of the observation, but continued; 'I never could bear people that are always striving to rise.'

Smiles were now exchanged between the two other ladies, which seemed to have an irritating effect on Mrs. Reed, for she added, in an excited manner; 'Now I think of it, Mrs. Hart, you were acquainted with them before I was; I should rather ask you what has become of *your friends.*'

'Upon my word,' said Mrs. Hart, 'you have quite the advantage of me in memory. O, I do recollect, that I first met them where I went on a visit of charity, and afterwards Mrs. Fulton actually came to my house, to solicit my subscription for an infant school, or

something of the kind. I really do not know any thing more impertinent than for people to offer to spend your money for you; I presume we can all find ways enough. I recollect, however, I *subscribed.*'

'That is the way I always do,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'it is the easiest way of getting rid of such people. I never read their papers, nor hear their stories, but if I happen to have the money, I give it to them.'

'Well, for my part,' said Mrs. Reed, 'I think *giving* is an encouragement to vice.'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'I never thought about that.'

'You have such a kind heart,' exclaimed Mrs. Reed, 'that you are continually imposed upon; but I do assure you, giving of all sorts is an encouragement to vice. I am principled against it.'

'Not against *giving advice*,' said Mrs. Hart, sarcastically; 'that, you know, you gave gratis to your friends, the Fultons. O, I ask your pardon, to *my friends*. But I have twenty calls to make before dinner, and I must leave you, ladies, to settle the matter by yourselves;'

and, making a fashionable something between a bow and a courtesy, she departed.

'What a horrible humor Mrs. Hart is in, this morning!' exclaimed Mrs. Reed, when she was well out of hearing. 'I can account for it all; it is for nothing but because I bought a bonnet yesterday that she wanted. I wish to mercy I had had it on! it would have killed her outright!'

Mrs. Bradish laughed. 'Why I thought you were excellent friends.'

'Bless you, so we are, the best in the world; but that is no reason I should be blind to her faults. She certainly dresses with a great deal of taste; we almost always hit upon the same things; but she will give any price for an article of dress that she fancies. She actually raises the price of articles; she is horribly extravagant about her own dress. As to her "charity visits," I do not believe she ever gives any thing in charity.'

'Perhaps she is *principled* against it,' said Mrs. Bradish, smilingly.

'O, no,' said Mrs. Reed; 'if she was, I should not have a word to say; for, you know, we must always act up to our principles'

'I don't pretend to know,' said Mrs. Bradish, languidly; 'but it seems to me, that it does not make much difference to people who are starving, whether you refuse from principle, or because you want the money for your own dress.'

'I ask your pardon,' replied Mrs. Reed; 'I have thought a great deal upon all these subjects, and when people come to me, I always advise them to work; and if they say they are sick, or old, or blind, or have any of this kind of *cant*, which you know is common, I have an answer ready; I say, "Go to the almshouse!" You must remember, my dear Mrs. Bradish, that money does not flow in upon everybody as it does upon you; it is very easy for people to be charitable, if they make no sacrifices.'

'I never pretended to be charitable,' said Mrs. Bradish; 'I said I gave my money to get rid of solicitations. However, I do think Mrs. Fulton was charitable, for she would walk all about the city to help the poor, and Ellen was one of the dearest little girls I ever knew.'

'That puts me in mind,' said Mrs. Reed;

'have you heard from your son Henry lately?'

'Yes, we expect him home very soon.'

'He was a prodigious favorite of mine,' said Mrs. Reed, 'and my Fanny thinks he is the best dancer she ever saw. I remember it was said at the *crash* ball that the Fultons gave, that it would be a match between your son and Ellen Fulton.' Mrs. Bradish made no answer, and the lady again repeated the latter part of her sentence.

'We were all of us good friends on both sides,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'till the failure took place; and I can say with truth, I miss them more than any people I ever knew, and if it were not so troublesome to hunt them up, I should be thankful to resume my intercourse with them; nor do I see any objection to it now, as Dr. Fulton has gone to Kamtchatka, or some such place, where I hope he will always remain.'

'How amiable and forgiving you are,' said Mrs. Reed, 'when Mr. Bradish lost so much by him!'

'There is nothing very amiable in it,' replied Mrs. Bradish, 'it did not diminish my

comforts. I really wish I could see Mrs. Fulton again.'

'Nothing would be easier,' said Mrs. Reed.

'I don't think so; they live at the land's end; I can't hunt them up.'

'I shall be happy to do it for you,' said Mrs. Reed, recollecting that Mrs. Bradish's carriage would be very convenient. 'Ellen Fulton is certainly a fine girl. I thought when she and your son were waltzing together at the ball they gave, that they were a very fine couple. Perhaps you would like to have me take your carriage some morning, and hunt them up.'

'I should,' said Mrs. Bradish. At that moment the footman entered and handed a paper to his lady. She cast her eye over it, — "a poor family, six children!" She took out her purse, —

'My dear Mrs. Bradish, for once be advised by me,' eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Reed; do not give; it is imposition, all imposition,— nobody is obliged to beg here. I am principled against giving,' repeated she; 'it is only an encouragement to vice.'

Mrs. Bradish found it easier to resist the

silent paper than the eloquent address of Mrs. Reed, and she told the servant to take it away.

'What horrid cold weather it is!' said Mrs. Reed, putting her feet to the fire. 'I declare I have been frozen all the morning, for our furnace got out of order, and we could not have a fire in the entry.'

'It is unusually cold,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'the thermometer was below zero this morning. I am thinking,' added she after a pause, 'that it must be very cold weather for poor people. I suppose they have no furnaces in their cellars.'

'Not colder for them than for us, you know,' said Mrs. Reed; 'nor so cold neither, for they are used to it, and hardier than we are.'

'I am sorry,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'I did not give a trifle just now; perhaps it is not too late.' She rung the bell. 'John, you may bring that paper to me again.'

Mrs. Reed started up. 'Well, I must go; but take my advice and do not give.'

The servant came back and said the person was gone. 'O, well,' thought Mrs. Bradish, 'there is no help for it, and I dare say Mrs.

Reed was right.' Yet, as the wind blew in gusts against the windows, and the frost gathered on the polished panes, she more than once regretted she had not given a trifle.

CHAPTER II

CHARITY.

It cannot be amiss to state the circumstances which called forth Mrs. Reed's opinion upon alms-giving, nor what occasioned the appeal to Mrs. Bradish's charity.

The Bemis family, for whom the paper solicited aid, lived as comfortably on their daily labor as improvident, thoughtless people generally do; they worked from day to day for food, fuel, and house-rent. If by any unexpected good fortune a dollar or two more was earned in the course of the week, than was expended, it was squandered on Saturday evening in an additional treat, which for a few hours made the inhabitants of the ten-foot building as happy as those who inhabit palaces.

A few days before the *sixth* child came to claim its place amongst them, the father had unfortunately injured his right hand so much as to wholly disable him from work. When the mother likewise was taken from the labor

of the family with the additional care of an infant, none could be more destitute than they were, and nothing more pressing than their actual wants. Mrs. Smith, a kind-hearted woman, who lived near them, learned, through one of the children, their situation, and immediately went to see them.

She found them deficient in the necessaries of life, and the mother without proper attendance.

It may well be said of infants, that 'they bring their love with them'; for among this group of innocent children not one emotion save of delight could be found. All were contending for the pleasure of holding the baby; and the youngest was seated on the floor, with her two feet stretched out, waiting for her turn to come.

To those who had reflection, it was a scene of gloomy anticipation. Mrs. Smith was full of kind feeling. She perceived, that, under these circumstances, the family must have aid; such as her own means enabled her to give she willingly contributed; but she was one of those who had more time than money, and possessed a degree of restless activity, that

made it no hardship for her to do all in her power to adjust matters between the rich and the poor.

With all the confidence of benevolent purpose she drew up a petition, that was first sent to Mrs. Bradish, because that lady frequently headed subscriptions. It described in pathetic language the situation of the family; dwelt, in a most moving manner, upon the six helpless little children; and assured those who might give, that they would have their reward in this world, as well as in another. Of the father, she thought it better to say nothing, as it might weaken her plea, but left people to suppose, or conjecture, that he had died a short time before the petition was presented.

To this paper she put the most unequivocal proof of her sincerity, by signing her own name, 'Mercy Smith,' at full length.

We have seen how little success the petition found with Mrs. Bradish, as it was the one that was discarded through Mrs. Reed's eloquence.

The sick woman said she thought her cousin Lucinda, that lived at Mrs. Hopkins's, would come and stay till she got about.

Mrs. Smith put on her hood and cloak, not at all displeased at the idea of getting access to the splendid mansion of Mrs. Hopkins, and set out in pursuit of Lucinda.

Now it so happened, that in turning a corner of the next street, she met the very person of whom she was in pursuit. She immediately told her errand, and described the suffering state of the family with so much pathos, that Lucinda said she had 'more than half a mind to go and take care of her cousin Bemis. It is true,' said she, 'that Mrs. Hopkins is a great invalid, but that is nothing to me. She has two nurses already.'

'Your poor cousin has none; and nobody but Sally to take care of her, who is but a child, you know,' said Mrs. Smith.

'I *have* half a mind, as I said before, to go,' said Lucinda; 'but you must wait till I have done my errands.'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Smith; 'and then you must ask Mrs. Hopkins's leave.'

'Ask Mrs. Hopkins's leave!' said Lucinda, scornfully. 'I hope you don't think I ask leave when I want to go out; I am above that, I assure you; that is all done away, now-

a-days. They don't ask *our* leave, and I don't know why we should ask *theirs*. I shall just tell her I am going a few days to take care of my cousin, because it is but fair she should know it.'

'Perhaps she won't let you come back again.'

'There is no danger of that; help is so scarce, that they will put up with almost any thing. Besides, I don't over and above like my place. Why, when she wants to send me of an errand, she does not like it because I stop to dress me a little smart. Don't my nose look as red as a cherry?'

'I think if you had worn your cloak and hood, you would have been much more comfortable.'

'As if I would go into Washington street with a cloak and hood!'

In a few hours Lucinda was Mrs. Bemis's nurse, and Mrs. Smith was at liberty to plan something for the relief of the family. She was a kind-hearted woman, who gave to the utmost of her ability, and that was time; she was admirable at drawing up a petition, and, as before mentioned, she was willing to test

her sincerity, by signing her name, 'Mercy Smith,' at full length. But it often happened that she was as little known as the object of the petition.

It was in this way her petition for the Bemises had gone the rounds. Some, when they saw an unknown name signed at the bottom, sent it away with disgust; some refused to read it; and a few, a very few, took pains to inquire, and then Mr. Bemis came to life, a *hearty, able-bodied man*, and the whole appeared to be an imposition.

When Mrs. Smith found how unsuccessful she had been, it was very natural, that she, who knew the destitute situation of the family, should take but one view of the wealthy; she pronounced them hard-hearted, unfeeling monsters, and had serious thoughts of writing *a tract*, to arouse their slumbering consciences One resource, however, remained; it was to consult Mrs. Watson, whom she had often met on benevolent errands, and to whose good judgment she had sometimes, unwillingly, yielded her own. Yet the event had always justified Mrs. Watson's advice, and she had learned to respect it. Again went on the cloak

and hood, and the indefatigable wearer gained easy access to Mrs. Watson.

She stated her case, told what she had done, and what she had tried to do, and though she had put *her own* name to the paper, at *full length*, they chose to believe it an imposition. 'I have been thinking,' said she, 'that we might get up a fair for the poor at large, and in this way assist the Bemis family. I have a number of needle-books and pincushions, and as many as thirty emery-bags on hand, that remain from the last fair.'

'I doubt,' said Mrs. Watson, 'whether you could do much for this individual family in that way; their necessities seem to require immediate relief; we had better think of some other means.'

'It seems to me unaccountable,' said Mrs. Smith, 'that such a charitable woman as you are should not be willing to help on fairs; think how many hundred dollars have been raised by them, — you will allow, for excellent purposes. I should like to know why a fair for the poor at large, upon the same principle, is not as good as a ministry for the poor at large.'

'Because,' said Mrs. Watson, '*it is not*

upon the same principle ; in that ministry, there is no contribution levied upon the weaker propensities of human nature, — they administer to the spiritual and temporal wants of the community, and, like the apostle of primitive times, "go about doing good." We are often accused of being only a money-making people. Let us not justify this character, by gaining money for charity through traffic and barter.'

'I don't care how we get it,' said Mrs. Smith; 'if we only get it, that is the point.'

'*I do*,' said Mrs. Watson. 'I want charity to be a mutual benefit, to bless those who give and those who receive, to be a school for our children. I have heard mothers boast with complacency, that their children were laying up all their money to spend in charity at the next fair. Do you think these little beings kept in sight the principle of charity, while they were wandering about among dolls and painted harlequins? Probably the desire of gain was their first and only impulse. It reminds me of an observation by some sarcastic foreigner, that even the very lullaby song of our nurseries is "*Bye*, baby, *bye*."'

'All that can be said,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'is, that if we do not get money in this way, we shall not get it at all.'

'Your object,' replied Mrs. Watson, 'is for the *poor* to get it; if they are relieved, your purpose is answered.'

'But there are people who will not give, unless they get something in return,' replied Mrs. Smith.

'It may be so,' said Mrs. Watson; 'but there are few who do not feel, that, when they relieve the suffering and the helpless, they get more in return than fairs can offer, — the approbation of their own consciences, and the blessing of Heaven.'

'Then you wholly disapprove of fairs?'

'I am very willing they should be got up as *fairs;* they exercise the ingenuity and industry of our young people, and, I doubt not, are generally from the best motives; but I cannot altogether like the principle of operating upon the weaker propensities of our nature, even to accomplish a good purpose; nor do I wish our children, when they go from a fair, loaded with toys, to think they are charitable little

creatures, that have been saving their money to give in charity. Let individuals who mean to be charitable, have their high reward, the blessings of their own consciences, and of the poor.'

'I suppose then,' said Mrs. Smith, 'you don't approve of *societies*?'

'There are many societies of which I highly approve; much more can be effected by them, than by individual charity. There are societies whose members visit the houses of the poor, investigate their wants, and give sympathy and advice, as well as money; who, amidst storm and snow, and the piercing cold of winter, come like angels of mercy. To such, who are willing to give their time and labor to helpless indigence, we may freely and thankfully give our subscriptions. All I would wish is, that what we give in these subscriptions, may not subtract from individual charity.'

'All this may be very true, but it does not help the Bemis family,' said Mrs. Smith.

'Not a bit,' said Mrs. Watson; 'we will try, however, what we can do for them; my health confines me to the house, but I have an active

young friend, who will call on you in an hour or two, and go and see them. I promise you, your benevolent errand shall not fail.'

Mrs. Smith departed in a more composed state of mind than she came.

There seems to have been no better definition of charity, for more than eighteen hundred years, than St. Paul's: 'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.' 'Charity suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not behave herself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, *and thinketh no evil.*'

After Mrs. Smith had gone, Mrs. Watson sent for her young friend, who proved to be our former acquaintance, Elinor Fulton.

We will not pretend to say how long a time had elapsed since she was driven from the paradise of fashionable life; certainly enough to mature her appearance, and to give her that dignity of manner which arises from self-respect.

'My dear Elinor,' said Mrs. Watson, 'I want you to go immediately and see how far Mrs. Smith is correct in her judgment as to this poor

family. There is wealth enough, and charity enough in this city, if it is only properly solicited, to aid the poor.'

Elinor did not seek to magnify her mission, by telling how busy she was, and how difficult she found it to leave home, — as she certainly might, for the care of the family devolved on her, — but cheerfully putting on her cloak and hood again, — for Elinor, unlike Lucinda, wore both when she went on errands, — set out on her *exploring expedition.*

In a short time she returned to give the information she had gained.

She had accurately made out her statement, had arranged the industrious earnings of the family opposite their necessary expenses for rent, clothes, food, light, and fuel, and fully proved, that, though their daily labor was sufficient to enable them to live from day to day in a state of health, when sickness came, nothing remained for such exigences.

'It was evident,' Elinor said, 'they had no desire or habit of begging, and a little temporary assistance was all that was needed, to save them from much suffering.'

Both Mr. and Mrs. Watson felt that this

exact statement of the case was worth a hundred elaborate descriptions of their wants, and pathetic appeals to the charity of the affluent. They presented it to a few; judicious aid was given; Mr. Bemis was put into a better way of earning a living; and in a short time the family were again going on well.

There is in the simple truth an eloquence which reaches the heart. Would that this could be realized in the smaller, as well as the greater concerns of life! Truth is the key to the human heart. Every one thinks it necessary to assume the *appearance* of truth. How much contrivance, manœuvring, and waste of words would they save themselves, by adopting the *reality!*

We embark on the ocean of life. Truth stands ready to be our guide; she tells us her course is a straight-forward one; we doubt her power of carrying us in that way to the desired haven; we know there are eddies and quicksands, and winds and tides, and we think it better to steer sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left; at length we get perplexed, perhaps aground, perhaps shipwrecked.

Truth, in the mean while, has kept on her steady course ; she has sometimes had to contend with winds and tides, but she never fails to reach her haven in safety.

CHAPTER III.

ACCOMMODATING ONE'S-SELF TO THE MEANS.

An arduous task had devolved upon Elinor Fulton ; it was not merely the care of the family, of her brothers and sisters, but also of her mother, who had become nervous and unhappy, and was troubled with that disease which seems to spring almost exclusively from self-indulgence, and is the portion of the wealthy, *ennui*. Mrs. Fulton had this badge of former grandeur, when nothing else remained. It would have been difficult, in her anxious face and languid eyes, to recognise the once cheerful and happy Jane ; still less in her daily conversation.

'I wonder,' said she one day, for her time was filled with wondering and conjecturing, 'what can be the reason we have not heard from your *poor* father so long. Do you know, Ellen ? I think he is sick.'

'You forget,' said Ellen, 'how bad the roads have been. It is hardly time to get another letter.'

'I never shall be happy till we are together again,' replied Jane; 'nor do I see why we can't be. If we can live *here*, we can live *there*. It is much cheaper living there; everybody says so.'

'It is doubtful,' said Ellen, 'how we should succeed; we find we can live here on the little we have; to get there would cost a great deal. If my father thought it best, he would send for us; in the mean time, we must do *all* for ourselves, and not call upon him. Mr. Watson says he has made some remittances towards paying his creditors. O, if we were once again free from debt, I would not complain of any thing!'

'I should be as glad of that, as of any thing, except being again with Frank. Do, Elinor, write to your father; tell him how miserable I am away from him. I am sure he could not be so cruel as to keep me in this state, if he knew how much I suffered. He was the kindest husband in the world, and I was the happiest wife, till that unfortunate ball. How I wish we had never given it!'

'O, mother,' said Elinor, 'the ball was of little consequence, it only hastened — it was

better, —' she stopped, for she had got on difficult ground. 'It must be very hard to my father to be separated from you and his children. I think we ought not to make it harder by our impatience.'

'As if our being with him would not be a comfort to him!' said Jane. 'How many things he must want done, that I was in the habit of doing for him! I am sure I can say, with truth, I never felt weariness or fatigue, if I could be serviceable to him. Often and often, when he was out, I have sat up till midnight, that he might not come back to a cold, desolate home.'

'That must have been very hard for you, mother,' said Julia; 'there is nothing I dislike so much as waiting for people.'

'Hard!' said Jane, 'these were the happiest days of my life! You children remember nothing about them. Would that they could come back again.'

'That is the very thing my father is trying for,' said Elinor; 'that he may come back free from debt, and begin life again; you know he says so in almost every letter.'

'And then, mother, you can have the pleas-

ure of sitting up till midnight,' said Julia, playfully.

'You talk like children, as you are,' said Jane, 'compared to me, who have had so many years pass over my head, and have had so much experience!'

Jane had fallen into the error that many people do, of thinking *age* is *experience;* that passing through a certain number of those events that crowd round our path, is experience; whereas, it is not born of time, but of thought, of investigation. Like all other treasures of mind, we find it within. The fountain of wisdom lies deep in our own hearts, and it is there we must seek for it.

Jane had gone through various vicissitudes; she had felt the happiness of honest independence, she had felt the harassing care of striving to appear more wealthy than her means, and, sadly enough, had learnt the misery of living beyond the means; but all these were sources of practical knowledge, that she knew not how to bring home.

It is this total want of application of events, that makes experience useless to most people. It much resembles the everlasting reply of our

kind friends, when we inquire if they know of anybody going to one of our sister cities, 'No; but I know of somebody that went yesterday.'

The experience that does not form our characters is worthless; for, while we are acquiring it, the opportunity of using it is gone.

Poor Jane had experienced the heartlessness of those to whom she had sacrificed the honest independence of life. She had given dinners and parties to an ungrateful world; and out of all her hopes and disappointments she made a sort of *hodge-podge*, that she called *experience*.

'I have always heard,' continued Mrs. Fulton, 'that it is a great deal worse for those who are left behind, than for those who go; and I am sure my experience proves it. Your father has new objects to amuse and interest him, and he entirely forgets how I am condemned from morning to night to one spot, and with not a person to speak to!'

'Thank you, mamma,' said Julia. Ellen too smiled. 'You forget,' said she, 'Mr. and Mrs. Watson.'

'No, I do not; they are very kind, but they have moved in such a narrow sphere! they

have no knowledge of the world, *no experience.* I really sometimes wish I could have a little chat with Mrs. Reed; she certainly was very entertaining, and knew every thing.'

'I should think,' said Elinor, 'she knew nothing that could help us in our present situation.'

'It is indeed deplorable! God only can help us,' said Jane, clasping her hands with an expression of melancholy, that she undoubtedly mistook for piety.

'God can, and will help us,' replied Elinor; 'indeed, mother, He has helped us. Has he not given us health, and the capacity of making our small means a sufficiency? Let us only exert ourselves, and not call on my father for assistance, and all will go well.'

Such was the virtuous determination of Elinor. We enter not into the little details of her family arrangements; how her garments descended from the oldest to the youngest; how they were lengthened when they became too short, even for the shortest; how cheerfully Elinor and Julia, with their two brothers, lived almost upon the *Graham system*, that their mother, whose health required a more nourishing diet, might have what was necessary

It is said in this day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn *to live without means.*

Setting aside the aged and the helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who in this wide world, in this universal magazine, this great store-house, cannot find means for a living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual, but can find means. Ye, who have been lingering on, hoping for better times, rouse up your energies, feel that you have *that within*, that may stir you up to the best purposes of life; resolve to find means; it may not be, that they will exactly correspond with your taste, but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of materials.

The very rocks and stones we tread upon, which nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the Macadamized pavement beneath our feet!

Water, the free gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs; it is made the source of wealth

and industry ; it turns wheels, it spouts forth in steam, and becomes a revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materials; but these materials must be converted into use by those who *think*, those who *invent*, and those who LABOR. And this includes every order of *accountable* beings that God has created.

It is the will of the Creator, that they should arrange themselves in *natural orders*. Let us, then, endeavor to find out to which we belong ; for in that class alone shall we be respectable and useful. Probably much of the misery of life proceeds from mistaking the natural order for which we are created.

How happily these orders assist each other, we daily see proofs ; they are mutually important, and flow into each other. The working man has his seasons of thought, or ought to have;

> 'For he respect can ne'er deserve,
> Who hands *alone* to labor brings;
> * * * * *
> His mind with heavenly fire was warmed,
> That he with deepest thought might scan
> The work which his own hand has formed '

He who unites in himself the three orders we have mentioned, however obscure may be his origin, will carve out fame, and, with a common share of prudence, fortune! Invention, it is true, is a rare gift; but we must remember that it is born of *thought*. There is no occupation that does not demand reflection, and there is only one class in our happy country, that can be degraded to the situation of the peasantry in many parts of Europe, and that is the class of those

'Who hands *alone* to labor bring.'

Our young friend, Elinor Fulton, happily united in her own character the three orders we have mentioned. The great may smile; but there is no household, however humble, that, to be well conducted, does not unite these three orders. Ellen rose early enough to give herself time for thought, and from this proceeded many ingenious inventions, on a humble scale to be sure, which made the labors of the day light. Perhaps the hardest part of her lot was 'administering to a mind diseased'; for Mrs. Fulton, though yet in the prime of mature life, often said she 'was *broken up*.'

'I do wish, Elinor,' she would sometimes say, 'you would not sit every evening mending old clothes; it would be an amusement to me sometimes to play a game of backgammon.'

Elinor did not say 'there is nobody to mend them but me'; but she said, 'Why, mother, you would not like to see Frank and George to-morrow going to school with their elbows out, or holes in their stockings.'

Frequently, however, she put aside her work, and played backgammon with her mother, till Jane said, she had 'such bad luck, it was no pleasure to play.' Then Elinor resumed her mending, which often kept her employed long after the family were asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

RENEWAL OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

One morning, after the boys had gone to their *free school*, and Elinor and Julia had performed the various duties of household work, and were seated on each side of their mother, who was winding a skein of cotton on Julia's hands, they observed a carriage stop near the door. A lady put down the window, and made inquiries of some one in the street.

'It is Mrs. Reed,' exclaimed Jane; 'she is coming here, I know; what shall I do?' and she actually trembled. They all waited in silent suspense. At length the little brass knocker confirmed their suspicions.

Elinor rose to go to the door.

'Stop, Elinor, stop,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'I cannot see her; you must say I am engaged;' and again she repeated, 'What shall I do?'

'Dear mother,' said Elinor, with that quiet self-possession that restores it to another, 'what if it is Mrs. Reed? She is coming probably on some errand; she is nothing to us;

you know we are in our own house, in *Uncle Joshua's house!*'

The last part of the sentence seemed to rouse Jane's energy. Perhaps she run a parallel in her own mind between the two characters of Uncle Joshua and Mrs. Reed; for thought is as quick as lightning, we all know. 'You are right, Elinor,' said she; 'make haste; go to the door;' and, bracing herself up in her chair with an expression that seemed to say, '*Who is afraid?*' she awaited the visiter.

Mrs. Reed, not expecting that Elinor would be her own porter, seemed a little surprised; however, she pushed by her into the room.

'My dear Mrs. Fulton,' said she, 'how do you do? what an age since I have seen you!'

'It is a long time,' said Jane, with tolerable calmness, though she was pale and red by turns.

'And there is my friend Elinor, and little Julia too, I protest! But we must not call Julia *little* now, she is as tall as my Fanny!'

'I hope Mr. Reed and all your family are well,' said Jane.

'O yes; they all desire their compliments to

you. What a pleasant snug little room you have got!' said she, looking round.

'We like to occupy this, *when we are by ourselves*,' said Jane.

'You are quite right; if you remember, I always did the same. A good manager saves her best room for company. I dare say Elinor knows all this,' added she, for she observed Elinor and Julia look at each other.

'We have no company,' said Elinor, cheerfully.

'And so,' said Julia, 'we have the privilege of living in our best rooms ourselves.'

'Well, that is all right,' exclaimed the accommodating lady; 'but now what do you think I have come for?'

Neither of them spoke.

'Why, I came at Mrs. Bradish's desire; you know how fond she was of you, Mrs. Fulton. Well, she is now really dying to see you. She says there is nobody she likes so well, and you must put on your cloak and bonnet, and go with me to see her.'

'O, no,' said Jane, 'I cannot go out.'

'But you *must;* I came on purpose; Mrs. Bradish will be so disappointed; the ride will

do you good, and I will bring you back to your own door.'

Strange as it may seem, Jane begun to yield, but a glance at Elinor restored her first resolution.

'You must excuse me,' said she; 'it is not in my power to go. I am obliged to Mrs. Bradish, and I beg you will say so; but I do not visit.'

Mrs. Reed seemed for a moment discouraged, but, suddenly turning to Elinor, exclaimed, 'Then I will positively run away with your daughter. You cannot object to her going; you would not be such an unnatural mother'

'No,' said Jane; 'Elinor has but few amusements; I have no objections;' and she secretly hoped she would go.

Poor Jane! her experience, of which she so much boasted, had not taught her the folly of seeking the patronage of the rich; and yet what had it done for her, but involve her in ruin!

'Run and get ready,' said Mrs. Reed.

'I am very much engaged this morning,' said Elinor, 'and it is not in our power to visit.'

This was said in a manner that silenced Mrs. Reed.

Suddenly, however, she exclaimed, looking round the room, 'What have you done with your beautiful piano?'

'It is in the other room,' said Elinor.

'Do let me have a look at it.'

Elinor hesitated a moment, for they made a sort of pantry of the *other room;* there, on a little pine table, was deposited the daily bread, and there stood a pan of milk, the greatest luxury of this frugal family.

Mrs. Reed, however, was not easily baffled, and Elinor in a moment conquered the feeling of pride that came over her, and led the way. Nothing could apparently have been more out of place, than the 'beautiful piano'; it took up nearly one half of the room, which was cold, cheerless, and unornamented.

'What a splendid instrument!' said Mrs. Reed, running her fingers over the keys; 'ah, I remember what delightful sounds you drew from it. If it had been sold, I intended to have bought it for my Fanny. I thought, perhaps you could not afford to keep it.'

Elinor colored, for she felt the implied reproach.

'Perhaps, madam,' said she, 'you did not know that this was given me by my father's creditors?'

'O yes, I did; I knew all about it, but I suppose they thought you would dispose of it again.'

Elinor made no reply.

'It was originally a superb instrument,' said Mrs. Reed. 'I remember, when your mother told me she had bought it, I called her an extravagant little puss. It is rather old-fashioned now; still it would bring a very good price. What do you say, love? suppose we strike up a bargain about it. Fanny would like it.'

'No, madam,' said Elinor, coldly, 'I consider it as belonging to the family.'

'Just as you please,' said Mrs. Reed; 'I only mentioned it, because I thought it might accommodate you. It certainly makes an elegant ornament for this little boudoir.'

'I don't agree with you,' said Elinor, with spirit; 'nothing could be more inconsistent

apparently, than the piano, with the room, and with our situation.'

'Why don't you dispose of it, then?' said Mrs. Reed eagerly.

'I could not get so fine-toned a piano,' replied Elinor, 'for the price I should get for this.'

'And you must have a piano? Well, everybody has a right to do as they please; but candidly I would advise you to sell it for the most you can get. I will give you a fair price. Come, I will make you an offer.'

'It would be useless,' said Elinor; 'I do not mean to dispose of it.'

Again Mrs. Reed passed her fingers over the keys of the piano; the sound seemed to give her fresh energy.

'My dear Ellen,' said she, 'I have always been a sincere friend to your family, or I should not say what I am going to say; but I am one of those that cannot help giving *advice*, when I can serve my friends. Now people will always talk, and they are very apt to say disagreeable things about *extravagance*, when there is any change in one's situation, &c. &c.'

Mrs. Reed had a peculiar faculty of making *and so forth* mean more than she ventured to express.

Elinor seemed to have some irresolution come over her; the tears actually started to her eyes; but she gave one convulsive sob and was calm again, and stood silent as if waiting for the end of the sentence.

'You know,' said Mrs. Reed, 'I can have but one motive in this advice. I can buy a piano anywhere; but it would be a pleasure to me to serve you.'

Elinor did not say, 'I am much obliged to you;' she was too sincere; but she said, 'We will return, if you please; this room is very cold.'

When they went back, Mrs. Reed stayed but a short time; and, just as she was leaving, said, 'Do you know of any chambermaid that wants a place?'

Elinor thought of Lucinda, and mentioned that a girl who lived at Mrs. Hopkins's, had applied to her.

'What! Mrs. Henry Hopkins?' exclaimed Mrs. Reed.

'I really don't know; the lady was a great invalid, when I saw the girl.'

'O, then it is she; why, she lives in elegant style. It is a recommendation to have lived in such a place. I will find her out immediately. I am rejoiced, my dear Mrs. Fulton, to see you again, and looking so well and happy. When you write to dear Dr. Fulton, remember me to him. He was a prodigious favorite of mine. To be honest, I always thought Mr. Reed was a little jealous of my admiration; but then your husband was so devoted to you, he had no eyes for anybody but his wife'

CHAPTER V.

A LETTER.

THERE are few ears, excepting 'the dull, cold ear of death,' which flattery does not enter.

When Mrs. Reed had gone, Jane exclaimed,

'I feel a great deal better for Mrs. Reed's visit. I wish, Elinor, we could afford to have company of an evening, the evenings are so long; but it is out of the question. Everybody knows that it costs a great deal to have company.'

'It does not cost a great deal, mother,' said Julia, 'to have such company as Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and Henry Wardour, and they often come in and spend an evening with us.'

'O, yes; but I don't call them company. I mean such company, as I used to keep; for instance, Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Bradish, and twenty others.'

'If the twenty others,' said Elinor, 'are like Mrs. Reed, may we be preserved from them!'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Mrs. Fulton, looking at her with astonishment; 'pray do you know any thing against her?'

'I think she is a hard-hearted, selfish woman,' said Elinor, resolutely.

'I cannot approve,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'of your speaking of any one, much less of *my friends*, in this way.'

'Depend upon it, mother, she is not your friend,' replied Elinor, 'or her visit here was not one of friendship,—it was one of curiosity; and then, too, she wants to purchase the piano.' She now gave some account of her manœuvres, but suppressed her allusions to former extravagance.

'Why did you not tell her at once,' said Jane, 'that you gave lessons in music, and could not part with the piano on that account?'

Elinor was silent.

'I don't think,' said Jane, meekly, 'we ought to have any *pride* about the matter.'

'I hope, mother,' said Elinor, 'it was not pride that prevented my telling her; but her conversation and manners were so disagreea-

ble to me, that I was not willing to expose myself to her observations. I said as little as possible.'

'I *do* remember,' said Jane, 'that she was apt to say disagreeable things; but she certainly was delightful this morning.'

'I am sorry,' said Elinor, 'that I did not tell her; she may possibly attribute my silence to pride. I am very sorry; it was due to myself to declare the truth; she must have thought me very extravagant, to keep such an instrument for my own use.'

'Who cares what she thought?' said Julia.

'I felt just so, Julia,' said Elinor, 'but it was wrong; for even your example and mine, humble as they are, may have some weight; at least we ought always to conduct ourselves as if we thought so.'

'It is an honor to Elinor, to play so well as she does,' said Julia, 'and to be able to teach others.'

'Certainly it is,' said Mrs. Fulton; 'but with all your exertions, it does not seem as if we grew any richer. We have only now the bare necessaries of life.'

'If that is all,' said Elinor, 'what would become of us without them? But I think we have many of the comforts of life.'

'Yes,' said Julia; 'and when spring comes, and Frank, and George, and I can work in the little garden, you shall have the luxuries, you shall have currants, and strawberries; and Mary Davenport has given me some radish seeds, and you shall have radishes as good as Mrs. Henry Hopkins, who, Mrs. Reed says, lives in such style.'

'You are dear, good children,' said Jane, 'and if your father was only with us, I should be willing to live on bread and water. If I could only go and see him, I should be willing to come back again if he thought it best for me'

'At any rate, mother,' said Elinor, 'you could not go before spring, and perhaps, by that time, you may find the purse of Fortunatus in your work-basket!'

'Here comes Mr. Wardour,' said Julia. 'I know by his looks he has got a letter for us. O, yes, he holds it up,' and she ran to meet him.

As it seemed to come so applicably to the conversation, we shall make an extract from it·

. . . . 'You can have no idea, my dearest Jane, of the deprivations that people must submit to, who settle in a new country. I live in a log-house, and my room, which is here called a very good one, admits air and light in every direction. My eye, at this moment, can trace the trunk of a tree, between the logs which form one side of the house, till the branches begin.

'The chimney lets down air and light, but is very rebellious about carrying up smoke; and then sometimes there comes a freshet, and we are obliged to remove ourselves and chattels to another log-house, far inferior to this, which stands on a little rising, that they call the mountain, and which we, in New England, should hardly call a hill.

'The want of neatness is a trying affliction. The people I board with are clever in their way; but as the woman is half-Indian, you will not expect much refinement.

'There are two or three shingled houses in the place, and more erecting; in time, I am sure it will be a thriving one. The climate is mild, the soil rich, and I have had success enough in banishing fever and ague, to make

me of some importance. You must not think I do this, Jane, by gallipots, pill-boxes, or phials. No, here as everywhere, the radical causes of disease among the poor are dirt, humidity, and intemperance. Now, you know, the only elixir for this is moral improvement; everywhere it is the *elixir vitæ*. I have done something, I hope, for the cause of good habits. I have prevailed on them to make their habitations dry, and at least to aim at cleanliness. I am now trying to prove to them it is for their interest to be temperate.

'You will be surprised to hear that I have turned preacher; yet I assure you we have regular *meetings*, and there is no other preacher but myself. I accommodate my addresses as much as possible to their comprehension, and try to interest them. I have supplied myself with the "temperance tracts," and I lend them one by one; and when they are brought back to me, I endeavor to add to their impressions by a few appropriate remarks.

'In letters that I have received from partial friends, they regret that my education and acquirements should be lost in this situation. They are mistaken; it is the influence of

education which gives me power over this half-savage race. The animal strength of us, effeminate citizens, would avail us nothing among them; it is by the power of mind alone that we can help them. Strange as it may seem to you, I never till now felt that I was turning to account whatever talents I have received. I sometimes feel as if this opportunity was given me to atone in some degree for my past errors. Indeed, Jane, this is just such a country as I deserve to be banished to; but for worlds I would not have you and my innocent children condemned to such privations. You are sufferers from my extravagance and folly; would that I could bear the penalty alone! but God has planted us in families, and the misconduct of one member is felt through the whole. This ought to make us watchful of our habits and conduct, for no man can injure himself only, — he is accountable to the community, and injures others at the same time. When I look back, it seems to me that I was under mental derangement; indeed, all vice is in one sense so; for no person in the exercise of his rational powers but would deem it insanity.

'And now, Jane, I must write a little about my pecuniary prospects. There is no place where a man can live with less money than here. I spend nothing comparatively on my own wants, and I am continually making acquisitions of land which must one day be valuable. This place will command the navigation of three rivers, for it stands at the point where they meet.

'In return for the services that I am doing here, I do not ask money, but land, of which they have more than they know what to do with. I have already made some fortunate sales, and Mr. Watson will tell you I have done something towards paying my debts.'

CHAPTER VI.

ONE SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

We must now leave the Fultons, and follow Mrs. Reed, or rather go with her to Mrs. Bradish's, where she finally stopped after executing a number of errands.

When she arrived, she found morning visiters; and as she always loved a *little chat*, she concluded to remain an hour, and walk home.

'I was in hopes to have brought Mrs. Fulton back with me to see you,' said she, addressing Mrs. Bradish; 'but she would not come.'

'Perhaps it is because I have not called upon her,' replied Mrs. Bradish; 'but how is she? does she look as she used to do?'

'Dreadfully altered,' said Mrs. Reed; 'it made my heart ache to see her; you know she used to look so smiling and happy. She is now the image of gloom and discontent, and every thing so desolate, on such a contracted scale! I am sure they are paying bitterly for their extravagance; but some people never will

grow wise. You remember that elegant piano that they had? Well, would you believe it? they have got it still, and mean to keep it, though they have not a room bigger than your china closet to put it in.'

'I suppose,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'it is the greatest pleasure that Elinor has, she was so fond of music, and certainly performed delightfully. The piano was given to her, and I think she is right to keep it.'

'So she thinks,' said Mrs. Reed, 'though she has had an excellent offer for it, an offer that many would have been glad of; but she prefers to keep it for her own amusement.'

'Are you quite sure that she keeps it for her own amusement?' asked a lady who sat the other side of the room.

'Quite sure,' said Mrs. Reed; 'to be honest, it was I that offered to take it off her hands.'

'I believe she does not keep the piano merely for her own pleasure, however,' said the lady who had just spoken, and whose name was Davenport.

'What then can be her object?' said Mrs. Reed.

'To help support the family and educate

her brothers,' replied Mrs. Davenport; 'she gives lessons in music.'

'Are you quite sure?' said Mrs. Reed.

'Quite sure,' replied Mrs. Davenport; 'my daughters have taken lessons of her for nearly a year, and they have made uncommon progress.'

Mrs. Reed looked abashed, but it was only for a moment. 'At any rate,' said she, 'a cheap piano would have done just as well.'

'I don't think so,' said Mrs. Bradish. She now inquired more particularly of Mrs. Davenport about Elinor's mode of instruction, said she should be perfectly satisfied if Caroline could acquire her manner of touching the instrument, and play and sing as well; and she really thought, if Ellen would give her three daughters lessons, she should send them to her.

With the most unblushing assurance, Mrs. Reed offered to negotiate the matter; but Mrs. Bradish, whose faculties, though in a degree paralyzed by indolence and luxury, were not annihilated, immediately declined, and requested Mrs. Davenport to speak to Ellen on the subject, at the same time saying, 'Ellen

had conducted herself in this matter consistently with her character, for she had thought her one of the finest girls she ever knew.'

Other topics were now introduced, and finally Mrs. Reed inquired if the ladies present knew of any good chambermaid they could recommend. The answers were unsatisfactory, and generally ended with, 'Do you know of any good cook, or seamstress, or nursery-maid, that wants a place?'

Then came the too frequent complaint, — domestics had got to a pass that could not be endured; and Mrs. Reed said she really wished it was the fashion to have slaves.

This observation excited so much horror, that she was obliged to compromise the matter by saying she did not mean *black slaves*, but *white ones*.

'They are a pampered, worthless race,' said she, 'and unless we put them down, they will absolutely turn us out of our houses; and then what enormous wages they demand! they say, because every thing has risen, their wages must rise; when it is the very reason they should be lowered. We give them food and

homes, and what do we get in return? Insolence and complaints; and if we venture to hint that we don't like this thing or that, they tell us we may look out for other help, and off they go. Why, I do assure you it is not at all uncommon for all of mine to go off together, and then, of course, I am obliged to take just whom I can get.'

'I do not think they are so very bad,' said Mrs. Bradish; 'not bad at all,' added she.

'O, you are no judge, my dear Mrs. Bradish,' said Mrs. Reed; 'you are *so amiable* that your domestics do just what they please. If people would only take a proper stand, and act from principle, this class would find its level, and the odious system of liberty and equal rights be done away. I can say, with truth, and I have heard many say the same thing, that they make the misery of our lives. Now all this might be remedied, if people would only take a proper stand, and act from principle, as I do.'

'Yet,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'your system does not appear to be so successful as might be wished; you say they frequently all go off and leave you.'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Reed, 'while they do just what is right in their own eyes at other places, they will not submit to any proper restrictions with me; but if we could all unite, and agree to put down their insolence, we should soon see a change. They are an abominable pack, and there is no country in the world where people are so imposed upon as we are. They ought to be ground,' continued she, warmed by her own eloquence, 'ground to powder.'

'I believe,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'we should find it quite impossible to perform an operation like this in our country; *one head* might be found to invent such a machine, but hands would be wanting to turn it. I must say I think there are a great many good domestics. What do you think, Mrs. Davenport?'

'I can only say,' replied she, 'that I have a large family, nine in number, and I have three domestics to do the work, a chamber-maid, cook, and man-servant. On these I depend for the labor of my family, and it is cheerfully done.'

'I suppose you give the highest wages?'

'I give no extra wages, but such as are generally given, such as are given in every regular, respectable family; this thing, like all others, regulates itself. I always find, the way to make my domestics good is to make them happy and contented.'

'I must confess,' said Mrs. Reed, 'I don't set up for one of your pattern ladies.'

'And yet,' said Mrs. Bradish, 'you seemed to be projecting a system of reform for us all just now.'

'O, one person cannot do every thing alone. We must work now-a-days by societies and combinations,' said Mrs. Reed.

'It is not actually necessary,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'to begin a good work in our own families, that we should have others to co-operate. It is very desirable for the general good of society, for the interest of mistresses of families and domestics, that a better state of things should prevail; but we are not obliged to suspend our own efforts till others think as we do. If you have found out a system that will remedy these evils, you can begin to put it in operation in your own family, which is your little world.'

'I have,' said Mrs. Reed; 'I do all in my power to put them down.'

'And has it succeeded in promoting your comfort?'

'No, because I stand in a manner alone. If others would coöperate with me, I should succeed perfectly.'

'I confess,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'I should doubt the excellence of any system that was only good in the whole. Every one can tell what promotes the individual order and comfort of their families. I agree with you that a difficulty prevails, and wish it might be remedied; but I do not think this can be done by societies.'

'Pray how do you think it is to be done?'

'In the first place,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'we must find out what causes the evil.'

'That is easily done,' replied Mrs. Reed 'It is caused by their pride, insolence, wastefulness, and ill-temper.'

'But this is only one side of the question,' said Mrs. Davenport. 'Has it never occurred to you, that there is error on the other side? that mistresses of families may sometimes err, and occasion these very faults? For instance,

the insolence of which you complain so much, — people are seldom insolent to those who treat them kindly and affectionately.'

'Affectionately!' said Mrs. Reed, scornfully. 'I suppose we must ask them to make us a cup of tea, if it is not too much trouble, or to be so condescending as to wash us out a few clothes, if it will not fatigue them too much.'

'No,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'I believe they understand any improper condescension as well as they do any real solicitude or kindness for their welfare.'

'Well, I must confess,' said Mrs. Reed, 'I am no radical; I do not wish to level all orders of society.'

'Neither do I,' replied Mrs. Davenport; 'but I must say, that I wish all orders of society to feel that there is a mutual bond between them; that "the high and the low, the rich and the poor meet together, and God is the Maker of them all."'

'This sounds very well,' said Mrs. Reed; 'but I must confess I have too much aristocracy in my disposition to adopt such opinions.'

'I think,' said Mrs. Davenport, 'you have named the cause of much of this evil; we

cherish the ideas of the older countries, whose governments are aristocratical.'

'I do hope,' said Mrs. Bradish, who began to grow heartily tired of the conversation, 'that the time will arrive, when ladies will have something to talk of, besides their domestics. You have both of you talked very sensibly, — now let us drop the subject.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

THERE are always two sides to a question ; — it is but fair to listen to what the other may have to say ; for this purpose we must once more repair to the Bemis's ten-foot building, where Lucinda and several of her associates had agreed to hold a sort of female caucus.

There was Susan, and Sally, and Mary, and one or two others, besides Lucinda.

'Who do you think,' said the latter, 'has been after me, to get me to live with her ? Mrs. Reed ! '

'I hope you are not going ! ' one and all exclaimed.

'Not I; they say it is one of the worst places in town, that she is the most proud, unreasonable woman that ever was, and gives her help *no privileges*. I took care to inquire her character, as soon as she sent to me. I am sure I would not leave Mrs. Hopkins to go to her; it would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.'

'Why do you leave Mrs. Hopkins?' was the next question.

'O, I have a number of reasons; one is, that she makes a fuss about our going out without asking leave, and we can't put up with that now-a-days. Miss Porter, the cook, says she 'll be buttered before she 'll ask leave.'

Several agreed with Miss Porter; but Sally said, 'Well, for my part, I am convinced that I ought to ask leave. I set up for not asking leave when I first went to Mrs. Davenport's; but she convinced me that it is but right, because it may happen very inconvenient to have us gone.'

'Certainly it may,' said Susan; 'but then it often happens very inconvenient to us when they *don't go out*, and we expected they would.'

'To be sure it does,' said Lucinda, 'and it often happens very inconvenient to us, when they have company. They don't consult our convenience, and why should we theirs?'

'Well,' said Sally, 'I have got a good place, and I mean to keep it.'

'I suppose then,' said Susan, 'you have very little work to do.'

'Yes,' said Sally, 'I have a good deal of work.'

'Then you have as much company as you choose,' said another.

'No,' said Sally, 'I have very little company.'

'Then you go out a great deal.'

'No, for it is not convenient.'

'Well, I am sure,' said Lucinda, 'I don't see what makes you like your place.'

'Nor I neither, exactly,' said Sally; 'but I believe it is because I feel happy, and as if Mrs. Davenport was a friend to me and wants to make me happy. When I first came to Boston, I did not know hardly anybody, and as I wanted a place, I bethought me of the intelligence offices; well, I went to two or three places, and I only stayed a month or two at each of them. At last I got to Mrs. Davenport's, and then I was contented, and there I mean to stay.'

'I can't understand yet,' said Lucinda, 'what makes you like the place.'

'Why, it is because I love her,' said Sally, after a moment's thought.

'That is a new reason under the sun,' said

Lucinda. 'I am sure I never lived with anybody yet that I loved, or cared a hang for They hire us because they want help, and we live with them, and put up with a great deal because we want their money, and that is the long and the short of the matter.'

'You can't think,' said Sally, 'unless you have tried it, what a difference there is in living with somebody you like and somebody you don't; I am sure I never think it a hardship to do any thing for Mrs. Davenport, any more than I should for my own mother.'

'I never saw but one of the gentry,' said Lucinda, 'that I wanted to live with because I liked her, and that was the Miss Fulton that used to come and see you, cousin Bemis, when you were sick. I did once ask her if she did not know of a place, in hopes she would say she wanted me herself; but she said she did not know of a place. I should like to try for once living with a person I liked.'

'Perhaps,' said Mrs. Bemis, 'Mrs. Fulton might take you, if you were to offer.'

'I declare,' said Lucinda, 'I will go tomorrow and see her.'

'It is a mighty fashion for people to talk

against their help; but I guess we can find full as much to say against them,' said Susan.

Then came forth many grievances, and they finally separated, with the exception of Sally, fully determined to push hostilities to a greater extent.

As we have listened to both sides, it may be well to say more on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOMESTICS.

"Whenever any general evil prevails, it is those who are the most enlightened who are most to blame."

A FEW years ago, several members of our intelligent and benevolent community, fully impressed with the evil which exists between mistresses of families and domestics, and earnestly desirous to remove it, after giving much thought to the subject, suggested a plan that appeared excellent.

The general outline was, instituting an intelligence office upon a different plan from what was in use. It was to be supported by individual subscriptions to defray all necessary expenses that might naturally arise. The managers were pledged to ascertain the characters of those that applied, who were not called upon, as at other intelligence offices, to pay for information. The subscribers were to be first supplied, and then the overplus of domestics were to be distributed at large. As an inducement to remain in one place, and a

reward for good conduct, they were to receive compensation over and above the stipulated wages at the end of a certain number of years.

So far the plan appeared good; but the event proved that it was not calculated for our state of society. The case is the reverse here of what it is in older countries; good domestics are not seeking mistresses, but mistresses good domestics. It is no sooner known that a good domestic is about quitting a family from any casualty, such as breaking up housekeeping, or going abroad, than they have immediate applications.

All complain of the scarcity of good help, and intelligence offices are resorted to by foreigners and strangers. Of course, many prejudices exist against them; not because they are not good in themselves, but because they are not needed by first-rate domestics. It is common for them to say, 'I never yet went to an intelligence office for a place, and I never will.' We leave it to those who are seeking domestics, to determine, whether much of the same prejudice does not exist on the

other side, and whether intelligence offices are not usually considered as a last resource.

One of the important objects for which this institution was intended, then, did not exist. There is no want of places for good domestics. On the other hand, it was no aid to those who wanted them, for they never applied. Our city is not yet so large, but that it may be compared to a whispering gallery. Intelligence flies from one end to the other with incredible swiftness. If a family is going to Europe, we hear of it long before they have made any arrangements ; and then their domestics are considered as open to the first bidder. If a *good place* is in want *of help*, it is immediately known.

This system of a *free* intelligence office was likewise considered by those for whom it was intended, as one of patronage and protection, at which they spurned. They did not choose to have places allotted to them. — 'Thank Heaven, they had tongues of their own, and they would choose for themselves.'

We believe few stayed long enough to secure the *bonus*, and in a short time the plan was given up, much to the triumph of the

other intelligence offices, which had confidently predicted that 'it would never succeed.' These are often blessings to the poor houseless emigrants that come to our shores; and the best chance of getting good Irish servants, or indeed foreign ones of any kind, is probably at intelligence offices.

We hope and believe, that in our city these offices are in the hands of honest, upright people. While, like most other occupations, they are assumed for a living, let them act up to what they profess, and be scrupulous on both sides in their recommendations.

The plan projected then by this society was not adapted to our wants, nor to the spirit of the community; nor do we think it was calculated to remove existing evils. The frequent change of domestics is certainly one; but what family would wish to retain a discontented member, even with the intention of bestowing an additional reward at the end of a certain time? Neither will they stay for it; it has been tried by respectable individuals without coöperation, and has not succeeded. The only way we can secure their services for any length of time, is to make it a willing ser

vice. This carries me back to Mrs. Davenport's suggestion: the fault may be, in some degree, on the part of mistresses of families.

Let us patiently investigate the matter. We hire them for specific purposes; perhaps for chamber-work, perhaps for cooking, perhaps for needle-work; and possibly, meaning to prepare for every exigence, we stipulate that we expect them to do whatever we may require.

Yet with all this stipulation, there is much that comes into their services which cannot be specified. If we have sickness in our families, how many times they go up and down, perhaps three flights of stairs! How frequently they are called from their regular employments, to prepare for accidental company! how often obliged to sit up late at night, perhaps after a hard day's work, for members of the family, who are recreating themselves at a ball! Then, too, they have their days of lassitude, of headache, their sleepless nights. They take cold as we do, and, like us, are subject to 'the ills that flesh is heir to.'

All this *must be*, nor would we, with a sickly sensibility, mourn over it; it is the order of society. But we ought to bear it all in mind,

and strive to make their labors as cheerful as possible, by our sympathy, our care, and, I will venture to say (notwithstanding Mrs. Reed's astonishment), our *affection.* No one can have any high degree of virtue, without self-respect; it is the twin-sister of virtue. Domestics must be taught to feel the responsibility of their situation; that they are members of the family in which they live; to feel that the domestic roof is their *sanctuary.*

It may be said, that this system is a levelling one; but can there be a more levelling one than now prevails? when the mistress has sometimes been told, 'If she does not like the work, as done, she may do it herself'?

It is only by enlightening them, that we can teach them the respectability of proper subordination.

How many intelligent girls come to our city from the comfortable and independent homes of their parents in the country! Mayhap they have a desire to see more of the world, or they have worked in factories, and find it does not agree with their health; they descend from the honest independent yeomanry of our country, and come breathing the spirit of their

fathers. These are the most impatient of command, and yet are the most readily wrought upon through their reason and affections. Convince them through their reason, or win them through their affections, and they become tractable and devoted.

Mrs. Reed said she had too much aristocracy for such opinions. What have we to do with aristocracy? Is it the spirit of our country? our constitution? Did our forefathers talk of aristocracy? Was it to establish an aristocracy, that they fought and bled? and must we cling to the habits and notions of the country, whose yoke we have thrown off?

Liberty has set her foot on our shore, and she is now not to be restricted in her walks. If we were not willing to receive her, why did we fight for her? At any rate it is too late to circumscribe her walks? She is ours! all classes, as classes, claim her; all contend for what they think just and equal. There can be no system of unrequited labor, no *hereditary bondage* in our happy New England. There may be subordination, and there must be, if we would have order or government;

but it is the subordination of the free and willing mind. And here lies our strength; not in money, for every day proves, that those who give the highest, or rather extra wages, change domestics the oftenest. Here lies our advantage, and it is better than all the feudal aristocracy of ancient days. This is a power that exists wholly on our side; we can encourage, animate, guide, and reward our domestics We have the opportunity of binding them to *our* interest, by respecting *their* interests; by soothing their sorrows, watching over them in sickness, and guiding them by our counsel. They may view us as friends, or task-masters; they may be attracted, or repelled; they may love, or hate us. There is one eternal fountain from which we may all draw, and that is nature and truth, — and wo be to those, who convert its waters to bitterness!

It is justly said, 'that when any general evil prevails in any country, it is the most enlightened who are most to blame.'

The present state of domestics is thought to be a *general evil.* Some say, there is a state of warfare existing between the two classes so necessary to each other's comfort

There is one thing, however, to be considered, — that *families*, with the present habits of society, cannot do without domestics; but domestics can do without *them*. They come, because they prefer the situation to more laborious toil. If they are received with kindness, they will become attached, if there is any good in them; and, if not, the sooner we are rid of them the better.

It must be acknowledged, that, with their present state of feelings, they often do not stay long enough in a really excellent family, to become attached; they take umbrage at some trifling thing, and go off. How much they stand in their own light, they will learn by experience. A domestic, who has been a long resident in a family, becomes an object of respect and affection, and is only inferior to the heads of it in her importance to its happiness. There are bonds formed strong and lasting, and that death alone severs.

It is impossible, between domestics and families, that many gratuitous services should not be necessary on both sides; these, so far from occasioning murmuring and dissatisfac-

tion, should be made bonds of union, as in all other relative situations.

We have arrived at that period, when there is no putting a padlock on the human mind; every one is contending for his rights, every one ready to strike for them. We must conform to the state of society in all our compacts.

If domestics know their own happiness and respectability, they will perceive the propriety of subordination; for it is necessary and honorable. They will feel how much they lower themselves by insolence and ill-nature. We often see instances of their just discrimination as to character; how quickly they detect the affectation of gentility. The same perception helps them with regard to themselves; they know what is right and proper, but are sometimes irritated to insolence.

It is most earnestly to be wished, that a different state of things should prevail; but it cannot be done by societies or coöperation — it must be done by individuals. It must be done by the strong Christian ties that unite families. Both sides must feel their obligations; but it is the most enlightened that must begin the work. Perhaps it is not just to say

it cannot be done by coöperation, for it is co-operation we need; the coöperation of *both sides*, — of those who are employed and those who employ them.

Our obligations are mutual; if we can once realize this great truth, the evil will be done away. 'We are all members of one body.' Shall the feet refuse to perform their office, because they are placed lower than the hands?

It is *moral obligation* we want, that which springs from the religion we profess to cherish. Were this great principle observed, the duties on both sides would be in agreement, and domestic union and harmony would flow from them. There is no position more favorable to such a state than ours. Our rights on both sides are carefully guarded; there may be *anarchy*, but there can be no *oppression*.

We are all 'servants of one Master'; let us faithfully perform our *relative* duties; 'Let us love one another, for love is of God.'

We have dwelt on this subject perhaps too long for the patience of our readers; but it is one of the most important that belongs to domestic life; every mind and every heart is bound to bring its tributary stores. The

humblest and the most obscure has its individual influence. Let it be exerted to remove this evil from our land.

CHAPTER IX.

A MUTUAL EXPERIMENT.

LUCINDA, in pursuance of her determination, soon after the conversation at Mrs. Bemis's, went to see Elinor.

'I come,' said she, 'to know if you have heard of any place that you could recommend to me.'

'I know of several people who are in want of chambermaids,' replied Elinor.

'What wages do they give, and what *privileges?*'

'I did not ask; it is only by accident I have heard of them. I mentioned you to Mrs. Reed.'

'O, yes, she sent to me; but I have particular reasons for not going there.'

Elinor looked impatient to be gone.

'I have inquired her character,' added Lucinda, 'and I should not like to go there. I have thought, Miss Fulton, perhaps you might be in want of help now yourself, and would

like to have me come upon trial; you know if we don't like, we can separate.'

'We do not want a chambermaid or a cook,' said Elinor, with a smile; 'we are supplied with both; or, in other words, we do our work ourselves.'

'I am sure,' said Lucinda, with a tone of feeling, 'your hands don't look as if they were made to work.'

'I believe no hands were made to be idle,' said Ellen.

'I wish,' said Lucinda, 'you would try me I would come for low wages and *privileges*.'

'What privileges?' said Elinor, looking surprised.

'Why, I should like to have the afternoon to myself, to do as I pleased.'

'That would be very inconvenient to us,' replied Elinor, 'and not good for you. I would advise you to try to get a good place, good wages, and feel that your time belongs to the family you are with, except such recreation as is reasonable. It is the only way you can take an interest in your place, and feel happy.'

'It is not all wages,' said Lucinda; 'I am particular about my place. I could stay at

Mrs. Hopkins's, and she gives as high wages as anybody; but there are things I do not like. I cannot stir out without asking leave.'

'I should doubt whether you could stay in any well-regulated family, if that is your objection. I am sure you could not here; for my mother would not take anybody on those terms.'

'I am willing to ask leave, if I am treated properly. But the day I went to Mrs. Hopkins's, I only run out after dinner, to see about having my trunk and bandbox brought; and she happened to find it out, and so she called me up stairs, and said, "she did not *choose her servants* should go out without leave."' This was said in a way that gave a very good idea of the lady's manner. 'I should as lief ask as not, if they spoke properly.'

'Then it was only the *manner*,' said Elinor. 'I am glad of that, because it would be very unreasonable to expect to go out when you pleased, let it be ever so inconvenient; and only the mistress of the family can be the judge when she can spare you. I am sure no reasonable person would be unwilling that her

domestics should have the privilege of going out occasionally.'

'I do wish,' said Lucinda, 'I could live with you. Sarah Tool says it is a heaven upon earth, to live with anybody you like. I wish I could try it *for once*. You don't do your washing, do you?'

'No,' said Elinor; 'we hire that.'

'What does it cost you?'

'A dollar a week.'

Lucinda's honest, blooming face discovered the workings of her mind. Suddenly striking her hand upon her lap, she exclaimed, 'I will come for that, if you cannot afford to give any more, and then I can do your washing, and other work beside.'

'I am afraid, Lucinda,' said Elinor, 'you would not be contented with our fare; we live very simply.'

'I am willing to live on what you do,' said Lucinda.

'I will ask my mother,' said Elinor, who began to feel a strong interest in the girl. 'If you continue in the same mind, you may come to me in a day or two, and I will let you know our decision.'

Mrs. Fulton had long been proposing that they should have a domestic ; but Elinor had been unwilling to increase their expenses, and had made it a study that her mother should not feel the want of any services to which she had been accustomed. This she had so completely done, that Jane was hardly aware of the constant sacrifices that Elinor was making for her.

Neither luxury, nor the sudden reverse that she had experienced, had wholly changed Jane's nature; she was still affectionate and disinterested, but it was only something uncommon that roused her to exertion. If either of her children were indisposed, she was again the fond, watchful, anxious mother; she was no longer nervous and unhappy, and could sit by their bedside till the morning dawned ; but when her fear ceased, her activity ceased with it. When Elinor mentioned Lucinda, she became eager to try her.

Elinor's piano was the principal support of the family. Happily that accomplishment had not been cultivated superficially. She was able to teach well, and her fine voice, good

taste, and expression gave a peculiar charm to her music.

With an assistant for family work, she would have time to devote herself to teaching music. Under all these circumstances, with the advice of Mrs. Watson, she concluded to take Lucinda.

After proper inquiries at places where she had lived, which were very discouraging, as she was generally said to be very high-tempered, though capable, and not willing to submit to any rules, Elinor ascertained with some difficulty that she was honest and neat ; and in a short time Lucinda was installed in her office.

It proved to be just such a place as she liked; there was no rebellion, for nothing unreasonable was demanded. She soon felt like one of the family, and talked of *our* children, and *our* young lady. When she saw how frugally they all lived, and what necessary exertions were making, she became interested to contribute her part in the domestic economy.

'It is strange,' said Elinor, 'that those with whom Lucinda has lived, have never found out her character.'

'O,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'ladies in fashionable life do not think about the character of their domestics; they have other things to attend to.'

'If they did,' said Elinor, 'they would make them better and happier, and find their own comfort in it. Our good and bad depend much on circumstances.'

'Yes,' said Jane, 'I know that by *experience*. Ah! Ellen, mine is a melancholy story!'

'I am convinced,' said Elinor, 'it will have a happy ending. I have something now to tell you, that I am sure will please you. Here is a very kind note from Mrs. Bradish, requesting me to instruct her three daughters in music.'

Jane's eyes sparkled as they used to do, as she exclaimed, 'O, how fortunate! we shall now renew our acquaintance with her.'

'It is not *that*,' replied Elinor, 'that makes me so happy; but you know Mr. Bradish is my father's chief creditor. I can now be doing something towards paying the debt.'

'It will be but a drop in the ocean,' said Jane, shaking her head. 'There are other

debts that hang much heavier on my conscience.'

'What are they?' said Elinor, eagerly.

'They are former household bills for articles of daily consumption; bread, milk, fuel, &c. Mrs. Watson once spoke to me about them. These are from hard-working people, and can poorly afford to lose their money.'

'Let me see them,' said Elinor; 'if we cannot pay them, and retain Lucinda, we must part with her."

Mrs. Fulton took out her little pocket-book; the bills were carefully rolled up together, and on the envelop was written, in her mother's hand, 'Bills unpaid, in consequence of extravagance.' 'O, Elinor, I have shed many tears over them.'

Elinor's eyes, too, were filled with tears 'Dear mother,' said she, 'let me have them.'

In the afternoon she returned them to her mother. 'Look at them,' said she. They were all receipted, and the respective names signed.

'Did I not tell you,' said Elinor, embracing her, 'that you would find the purse of Fortunatus in your work-basket. Now one load is removed from your mind; only summon your

resolution, and all will go well.' The bills had been paid from the sum Elinor had gained by her musical instruction.

Could any mother resist the influence of such a daughter? Since Lucinda had come, Elinor had more time to devote to her mother, to read to her, and to converse with her. By degrees her mind resumed a more healthy state. She began to engage in the domestic affairs, and was quite willing to assist Lucinda, till the latter, with something of her former manner, said 'she hindered her more than she helped her.'

Then she offered to hear the children say their lessons, and said she certainly might prove as good an assistant, as Mrs. Reed's chambermaid; but this Elinor declined, as it was peculiarly her business. Still there was enough left for Jane, that she could do well; for how many little nameless occupations come into a well regulated household. As she grew industrious, she grew cheerful, and the heavy cloud seemed breaking away. She wrote such letters to her husband as were calculated to excite in him new resolution.

Was Elinor's lot a hard one? She never

visited, she had nothing that the wealthy call recreation. She never rode, she never went to the theatre or to parties; and yet she was always occupied, and always happy. The education of her brothers and her younger sister had been a source of delightful interest to her. Julia had now grown to be a friend and companion. Lucinda had lightened their labors, and become an object of affection to them all. To Ellen she was the most devoted of beings; and often said, everybody found their right place at last.

Poverty no longer stared them in the face; the seasons, in their round, had brought the luxuries of their little garden, with its fruits and vegetables. Their mode of living was still as frugal as possible, and habit had made self-denial easy. The spirit of Uncle Joshua seemed to pervade the little household.

Elinor's musical scholars had so much increased, that she had been obliged to form them into classes. Yet no addition of means could induce her to increase the expenses of the family. She said the casualties of sickness might arrive, and till they were free from debt, they had no right to any luxuries.

Mr. Watson had looked on, and judiciously forbore to interfere ; yet he was not idle in their cause. His timely arrangements, his humane and just representations, were not without effect.

Another year passed away in these virtuous efforts of this little family.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

How fast time moves! Six years had gone by, since these eventful changes had taken place. About this time, a meeting was called by Dr. Fulton's creditors; his remittances, though small, had been constant. A mutual agreement was made by them, to sign a paper releasing him from all further demands.

Let not the humblest individual who is adding his mite to the diffusion of moral goodness, feel that it is worthless. It is impossible to say how much influence Ellen's self-denying efforts might have had upon the minds of her father's creditors. Mr. Bradish was well acquainted with them, and he had not heard the story, unmoved.

With what joy did Mr. Watson hasten to inform Mrs. Fulton and Elinor of this humane resolution.

Elinor received the intelligence with thankfulness and tears. Her heart rose in gratitude to the Father of every good gift, to Him who

can break the chains of the oppressed, and let the prisoner go free !

Jane received it with rapture, and her heart turned to her husband. 'Now,' she exclaimed, 'he can come back to us, and I shall once more be happy !'

As she wrote to him immediately, and expressed this conviction, we give his answer:—

'You may believe, my dear Jane, there never was a brighter sun to me, than the one that rose this morning; for it was last evening that I received your and Mr. Watson's letters, with the joyful information they contained.

'For a moment I felt, like you, that all obstacles were removed to my return. Debt ! how does that word freeze the life-blood of the heart ! Mine now flows freely in its natural current ; and after a night of thought, not of sleep, I am capable, I hope, of answering you justly. When I left Boston, it was with a feeling of shame and disgrace ; I wished, literally, as I crossed the Alleghanies, that the mountains might fall upon me and cover me. This feeling by degrees yielded to honest industry. For years I have appropriated all my

gains to paying my debts. Ellen has always written me, that you had the necessaries of life, and that was all that I thought, in justice, I could expect for myself or family. I know what your deprivations have been, and I know what our dear Elinor has been doing for us. Mr. Watson has informed me of all, from time to time. At length this weight is removed from my heart; my creditors have generously acquitted me, and Mr. Bradish has written me a friendly and encouraging letter. I am fully sensible, however, that all this is a free gift; I have no right to it. My creditors have released me, in the full belief, that, however I have wandered from the right path, I have been seeking to regain it. They have done it to assist my endeavors. I should feel as if I had disappointed their intentions, as if I were undoing five years of exertion, and, I may venture to say, hardship, if I were now to return penniless to my family. When I can come back to you with even a small sum, I will come; and, with that and my profession, I shall feel as if I might once more take an honorable stand in society. Do not be dis-

heartened; the time will arrive before you think of it.

'You say it would have been better if we had never separated. How can it be better than it is? How slight have been my penalties compared to my transgressions! Not for a thousand such worlds as this, would I have seen you undergo the hardships of a new settlement. A man may choose his own lot, and go where he pleases; he may settle on the swampy shores of the Mississippi; he may contend with fever and ague; he may live among a race of half-blood Indians, who guard their property by rifles and bull-dogs; he may do all this, and many men deserve it; — but women and children, — God preserve them from such a lot!

'There was a time when my profession gave us the luxuries of life; I am confident there is no situation in which it will not give us the bare necessaries.

'I often look back upon my own mad career. It was a fearful experiment, destitute as I was, when we first began life; one, perhaps, which no wise man ought to make; yet Heaven smiled upon us, and we were success-

ful. In many of your former letters, my dear Jane, you are willing to think yourself equally to blame with me, in the events that followed; but that is not the case. A man knows his resources; a woman seldom knows or understands them. He tells her in vague words he cannot afford this expense or that; but yet apparently he acts inconsistently and often does so in reality; he indulges his taste, and it is one that often seems to her extravagant. Her confidence is weakened, even where her affection is strong, and her wants increase proportionably to his. Since we parted, my mind has sometimes been in a state of despair, and then I have found in healthful industry new vigor. How can any one despair to-day, when to-morrow may change his whole destiny! and, on the other hand, how can any one be presumptuous, when the very elements, that have produced his success, may annihilate it! This is an admirably constructed world, and it was made for the beings that inhabit it; that no one may despair and no one presume, but every one use his best endeavors, and leave the rest to Providence.

'I remember well, Jane, I was sometimes

petulant and unkind; but I was far less dissatisfied with you than with myself. I could not escape from my sense of duty, and I knew I was not acting consistently with it. A man's conscience begins life with him; if he does not keep friends with it, he is continually at warfare with this principle within. He cannot be happy unless he respects himself, and retains the feeling that others respect him. If he has this feeling, he is satisfied; he asks no outward proofs, — if they come, he is grateful for them; if they are denied, he has the consciousness of deserving them, and that is enough for peace of mind.

'How many truths have I treasured up for my boys, gleaned from my own experience! When will the happy time arrive that I may impart them, not in this dull formal way on paper, but by word of mouth, surrounded by the family group, and mingling them with anecdotes of this strange country, and the strange beings among whom I live!'

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSE OF FORTUNATUS.

Though the human mind can never stagnate for want of motives, yet all nature has its seasons of rest. The husbandman plants his seed, and waits for the harvest; the merchant sends out his ships, and waits their return; all vocations have their every-day labors, and their seasons of rest and tranquillity.

Elinor might be said to have arrived at a period of tranquillity. Not that her exertions were suspended; but she no longer felt the wearing anxiety of providing for the next week. Her purse she had truly named the purse of Fortunatus. Though never full, it always had something in it for emergences, and this little store was never drawn upon for a single luxury. This was Ellen's *honest competency*. Without this resource she would have felt poor; with it, she always felt rich.

And such a competency every woman, with but few exceptions, may possess. It may not be in thousands, or even in hundreds; but she

may always keep a small part of her earnings untouched. What is a new bonnet, or a new pelisse, to the pleasure of feeling there is something in reserve that you may call your own! Blessings on the Savings Bank! It is truly, to those who resolutely deposit their earnings there, the purse of Fortunatus; for in no very long course of years the sum becomes *doubled.*

For years, Elinor had hoped to be rich enough to enable her mother to visit her father; but now Jane was contented to await the period of his coming, and this sum was appropriated to the education of her younger brothers, not with the view of making them physicians, lawyers, or ministers, but of giving them such knowledge as would qualify them for any station of life, — such as would be a foundation for professional, mercantile, or mechanical pursuits, — such as would make them respectable and *thinking men.*

After all, the world, that is, the rich and fashionable, who wear expensive clothes, live in elegant houses, and ride in carriages, are not so heartless as is sometimes thought. Elinor's unobtrusive merit, and her skill in

music, began to excite observation; she received pressing invitations to musical parties; Mrs. Hart had called and invited her to her house, and assured Elinor she should feel a benevolent pleasure in showing her off to her former friends; but Ellen had no inclination to be *shown off*. Mrs. Reed, too, was quite earnest to 'patronize' Elinor; but Elinor had no inclination to be patronized.

Perhaps these two last ladies, whom we do not by any means consider specimens of our community, would not have been so fond of showing off a homely or an awkward girl; but Elinor inherited more than her mother's good looks; — hers was a beauty of soul, that gave animation to her eye, sweetness to her smile, and eloquent color to her cheek. How many young girls spend their time and money as if they thought embroidered capes, French flowers, and curls were the soul of beauty! Elinor had none of these auxiliaries, and yet many were attracted by her appearance; and even Henry Bradish, who had just returned from the tour of Europe, admired the simplicity of her dress.

He first came to Mrs. Fulton's to call for

his little sister, who happened that day to be alone. Ellen was giving her a lesson, and he discovered that she had lost none of her beauty since the *crash ball*, as Mrs. Reed called it.

He certainly took some pains to get up a *flirtation* (we use the most approved phrase); he sent her bouquets of flowers, with which she ornamented her mother's mantel-piece, and once actually hired some musicians to serenade her, standing himself an hour or two in the cold night air. This proved very unlucky, as Elinor had gone that night to watch with a sick child, that the poor mother might be recruited for the duties of the next day.

Poor Jane! is there no exterminating the shoots of vanity where it has once taken root? How her heart beat at the thought, that Elinor might once more take that place in society to which her education entitled her; might be the Mrs. Henry Bradish, Jun., of the fashionable circle; might give elegant balls, have splendid mirrors, and yet not live beyond her means! for that, Jane said, she knew by experience was the most wretched of all situations.

'Do, Elinor,' said Mrs Fulton, 'answer some of his notes that he sends you with the flowers.'

'O, mother,' Elinor replied, 'how can I? I have no embossed, gilt, perfumed, billet-paper, no French wafers.'

'You can find paper enough to answer William Wardour's notes,' said Mrs. Fulton, a little angrily.

Elinor's 'eloquent color' was heightened as she replied, 'His notes are only on business; and common paper, even foolscap, will do for that.'

We fear some of our young friends will think she deserved to wear the foolscap on her head, when we confess that she refused a most pressing invitation from Henry Bradish to a bachelors' ball, though Mrs. Reed offered to take her, and lend her one of Fanny's dresses.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO RESOURCES.

Some may ask, 'Who is William Wardour? He cannot be *anybody*, for we have never met him in society.'

Ellen, however, had frequently met him at Mr. Watson's. As they gradually became better acquainted, he found many ways of serving her

It is in vain to talk of the 'rights of women,' as long as they are obliged to confess the supremacy of the other sex in so many different ways. What spinster is there who has a few thousands, that is not obliged to call upon some kind brother, nephew, or friend, to transact her affairs? It matters not what the capacity of her mind may be for business; her education, or rather her want of business education, makes her a child in these affairs.

Perhaps this state of things is not to be regretted. It becomes a bond of benevolence on one side, and gratitude on the other; and

probably most men would rather perform these extra services, than see the exchange crowded with women transacting their own concerns.

There is one species of education, however, that is most earnestly to be wished, — it is such a one as would enable a woman to earn a living without having to open a boarding-house or a school. These seem to be the only resources for women who are tenderly brought up, and reduced by misfortune to earn a subsistence for their families.

The present enlightened state of society has in a manner cut off one of these resources. Schools are every day rising in importance.

We doubt if Shenstone's school-mistress can now anywhere be found in our part of the country :

'In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we school-mistress name
Her cap far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the harebell that adorns the field.'

Still less do we think the following lines

apply to the little urchins who compose the schools of the present day :

'E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways,
Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.'

School-keeping cannot now be assumed by age or indigence, — it will go more and more into the hands of those who qualify themselves for instructers. Does it not require a first-rate education to educate others ?

About twenty-six years ago the first seminary in Boston was opened for instructing young ladies in the higher branches of education. It was an experiment, and succeeded, because it was founded on the wants of the time. A taste for literature was cultivated, and a knowledge of languages taught. This seminary prepared the way for others ; and, though the founder of it has retired from his arduous labors to enjoy in the bosom of his family the honorable competency he has won, many a blessing goes with him.

It appears at the present day to be realized, that the highest powers of the mind are necessary to this work; that there is no profession

that requires more laborious preparation; after the *preparation* is made, there are few occupations more wearing to the spirits. No doubt it would be a 'delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoot,' if it shot always upwards; but there is an endless variety of tempers and dispositions to deal with. We truly rejoice, that it is taken out of the hands of such school-mistresses as Shenstone's, however picturesque they may be in poetry or painting.

The other resource to which we before alluded, was opening a boarding-house. How insufficient this is to enable females to earn more than a scanty living for their families, many most respectable women can attest; many, who have devoted the best part of their lives to this business, and finally have given it up as poor as they took it. They have only the wages of daily labor.

Has not the period arrived, in our country, when women may be qualified and assisted to gain a competency in various branches of business? It may be said, there is no impediment placed in their way; but this is not just; public opinion is the strongest impediment.

We believe there is a general aversion among men to employing or dealing with women in any business concerns. Undoubtedly their ignorance on the subject is the cause, for ignorance is exacting and unreasonable; but why are they continued in ignorance? Why are the few women who know any thing of business, and are able to transact their own affairs, mentioned as prodigies?

CHAPTER XIII.

ARCHITECTURE.

ELINOR's acquaintance with young Wardour had been one of mutual benefit. Whilst he relieved her from many of the irksome and harassing cares that throng round a *lone* woman, as single ones are expressively called, he felt it no slight privilege, comparative stranger as he was in the city, to pass his evenings at Mrs. Fulton's house; to take his seat at the little table which the family usually gathered round with their various occupations; the boys with lessons, the girls with their sewing, and Mrs. Fulton with her knitting.

Fireside occupation is one of the rights of women that men may envy. Wardour, however, contrived to be employed; he assisted the boys in their lessons, read aloud to the girls, or played backgammon with Mrs. Fulton.

This pleasant intercourse had existed for many months. Sometimes he brought portfolios of drawings, with beautifully executed

designs of public buildings or of houses and cottages. These were great sources of pleasure. With the advice of friends he had determined to make architecture a profession, and to the cultivation of this taste he now turned his whole attention. George, the youngest son, had already begun to imitate his designs, and Wardour had brought them boxes of blocks, to instruct them in the art of building.

How much may a young man contribute to the usefulness as well as pleasure of society, who endeavors to make his best powers beneficial to others.

'What is an architect?' said Julia, one evening, when Wardour was present. 'I like to know the exact meaning of words.'

'Wait a minute,' said Frank, conceitedly, who was turning over his Latin dictionary; 'I will tell you the derivation of the word, if you will give me time.'

'It is somebody that draws houses,' said George. 'Because Mr. Wardour is an architect, and *he* draws them.'

'Poh,' said Frank, 'you might as well say he is an architect because he is a clever fel-

low. An architect is one that *plans* buildings ; anybody can *draw* them.'

Wardour was attracted by their conversation, and moved up to the table. 'What do you think,' said he, 'were the first kind of houses that people lived in ?'

George said he thought the first was much such a house as theirs.

Frank laughed, and said, 'It could not be better than Mr. Craft's barn, which was made of rough boards an inch or two apart.'

Julia said, 'They must have had houses before they made logs into boards ; so, undoubtedly, log-houses were the first.'

'Poor Frank !' exclaimed Mrs. Fulton, whose thoughts at the mention of log-houses, immediately turned to her husband.

'Probably,' said Wardour, 'that was the third order of houses ; but there were dwellings and an architect before either.'

'I should like to know who he was,' said Frank.

Wardour was silent for a moment, and then continued : 'The first habitations of men were caves and the hollow of rocks ; and God was the first great Architect. Then, as fam

ilies multiplied, they wanted separate habitations, and they formed something like what the Indians call wigwams; that is, they took groups of trees, and cut out the centre ones, then twisted the tops of the outer trees together, and so made themselves a shelter from sun and rain.'

'Poor houses enough, they must have been,' said Frank.

'Yes,' said Wardour, 'and they soon found out a better contrivance; for the next houses were probably log-houses.'

'Talking about *log-houses* always makes me melancholy,' exclaimed Jane.

'I have been practising the song you brought me the other day, Mr. Wardour,' said Elinor; 'should you like to hear it?'

Wardour started up with alacrity; but Jane said, 'Indeed, Elinor, I cannot think of your going into that cold room to play; I beg you will not.'

They both reseated themselves. At that moment Henry Bradish entered. Mrs. Fulton received him with her usual cordiality, which, we are sorry to say, was a little more *hearty* than her reception of the first guest. The

boys, however, seemed by no means delighted; it was an interruption to their enjoyment, for Henry Bradish confined himself to the prevailing topics of the day, talked of the theatre, of engagements, of parties, &c. No one entered much into these topics except Julia; she possessed many of the traits of her mother's character, and partook with facility of every thing around her.

'My sister Caroline begged me to ask you to play the new piece of music I sent you by her,' said Henry, addressing himself to Elinor.

'I would with pleasure,' replied she, 'but my mother is afraid to have me sit in a cold room.'

Jane looked actually vexed. 'I think, Elinor,' said she, 'if you put on my blanket shawl, and tie a handkerchief over your head, you may just venture to play one piece to Mr. Bradish.'

Henry grew urgent upon this encouragement.

Elinor rose to go to the *cold room*, but said, 'Come, Mr. Wardour, I must first play your song.'

There was no domestic branch of education that Elinor did not think important for her brothers, even to the sewing on of a button; for she told them they would often be so situated as to be obliged to do it for themselves, and then it was important to do it in the right way. She certainly did not gain much assistance from them in this respect; for Frank delighted to put his broad, chubby hand by the side of hers, and ask exultingly which was made for sewing. Still, however, something was learned, and it was the source of much amusement to the little circle.

Their evenings were now often enlivened by two or three visiters. Mrs. Fulton's spirits were better on this account; and Elinor said, justly, there were no pleasures so cheap as those of society, if they were contented with the simple enjoyment of it, to call, and pass an hour by the fireside.

These visits were always pleasant, for they were without form; no one dragged out another half-hour because it was rude to go before the entertainment came in. Conversation and music were the only entertainment.

Henry Bradish became a constant visiter.

Mrs. Fulton always received him with smiles, and Julia had many inquiries to make about the prevailing topics of the day; but Elinor, much to the disapprobation of her mother, was often necessarily engaged in household matters, and left them to entertain him.

CHAPTER XIV.

A COTILLON PARTY.

One change now took place in their little circle, which was important to some of the members of it. Wardour exchanged his evening visits for morning calls, when he had errands on business. This, after the domestic intercourse of many months, was deeply felt by the young people. Still, however, he was ready to render the family all essential services, and Elinor had no reason to complain.

We retract the last sentence; — there *is reason to complain* when a friend, after accustoming us to his society, suddenly withdraws and leaves a painful void. Many a young heart, under such circumstances, has borne its secret anguish, till the spring time of life has prematurely faded into autumn.

Mrs. Reed could not remain ignorant of Henry Bradish's visits to Mrs. Fulton's. She had learned that he carried music to Elinor, and sent her flowers.

How she had learned it, we cannot imagine; we are sometimes tempted to think these busybodies, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, have little birds that tell them every thing.

'Why, mamma,' said Fanny, 'I am not the least afraid of Elinor Fulton; she knows nothing of the world; she is not in the least fascinating.'

Mrs. Reed had more foresight than Fanny. 'I don't know,' said she; 'I could tell, if I could see them together. I think it would be well, Fanny, for you to get up an intimacy with Elinor Fulton.'

'I have tried, mamma,' said Fanny; 'but somehow or other there is no being intimate with her.'

'I know I can get it out of Mrs. Fulton, if there is any engagement,' returned the mother; 'I will go and see her.'

Accordingly she made a morning call; but there was nothing to 'get out,' and she returned in high spirits. As she was now sure the way was open for Fanny, it cost her a new pink satin dress, and a quantity of French

flowers, for the young lady to begin a new attack upon the heart of the beau.

At this time a note of invitation arrived from Mrs. Bradish, inviting the Miss Fultons to a very small cotillon party. Ellen had uniformly declined all such invitations; but Julia was now for the first time included and was most earnest to go. Mrs. Fulton, too, said, it would be hard on poor Julia to refuse.

Elinor hesitated. How difficult it is to take a painful responsibility on ourselves!

'Mother, 'said she, 'there is no half way if we once begin; we cannot afford dress or the necessary expense.'

'O,' said Julia,' Mrs. Bradish says in her note, she will send her carriage for us, and send us home.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'and you are both welcome to wear any thing of mine.'

'If we go,' said Elinor, 'we must not attempt to dress, except in the plainest manner.'

Julia agreed to any thing, and the joy of her heart was unbounded. Mrs. Fulton made several attempts to get a little antiquated finery on her daughters; but Elinor on that point was decided.

It was a painful effort for Ellen; it was against her judgment that she went, and she fully resolved to go no more.

The party was not very large, but poor Elinor constantly thought of the *ball*, in the adjoining house; and when Henry Bradish asked her to dance, she declined. Not so Julia; it was a scene of delight to *her*, and *she kept the floor* all the evening.

Had Mrs. Fulton been present, her maternal pride would no doubt have been highly gratified when she heard it said, that 'the Miss Fultons were the prettiest girls in the room.'

Mrs. Reed and Fanny returned triumphant Henry Bradish had not danced with Elinor *once*, and he had danced with Fanny *twice*.

Jane was confirmed in her idea, that there was an attachment between Henry and Elinor. 'Nothing else,' she said, 'could have induced her to go to a party.' How few can comprehend the disinterested sacrifices of a noble mind! Jane doted on Elinor, honored and respected her; but she did not understand her character.

Another invitation came the next day from

Mrs. Hart, to a musical party. The Miss Fultons were really getting into fashion. Again Mrs. Fulton and Julia were for accepting; but Elinor said, 'Mother, for what have we been making all these sacrifices? has it not been for honest independence? is it not for this, my father is still struggling with hardship, and living away from us? I cannot go to any more parties. Do you remember the good old lady's observation some time ago, in speaking of fashionable visiting? She said we must *give it up, or keep it up.*'

'It is evident,' said Mrs. Fulton, 'that you might take the first stand in society, if you gave Henry Bradish more encouragement.'

Both Elinor and Julia laughed.

'I have always thought,' continued Jane, 'that if I gave my children a good education, and introduced them to good society, I had done all I could for them; but really, Ellen, it seems to do you no good.'

'You are right, mother,' said Elinor, 'there is no such blessing as good society; but is Mrs. Hart, or Mrs. Reed, what you call good society? Would not my father be astonished,

when he returns, to find us in a circle like this ?'

'Elinor,' said Jane, 'I will never mention it again. I am a foolish, fond mother.'

'You are the dearest of mothers,' said Elinor, embracing her, 'and I pray Heaven to make me worthy of such kind parents.'

Month after month passed, and Henry Bradish did not offer himself to Elinor. Mrs. Fulton was full of wonder. 'What could he keep coming for, if he meant any thing serious ? He was standing in his own light, not to declare himself. Elinor was losing the first freshness and bloom of youth. It certainly was not for want of opportunity, for she had often contrived to leave them together.'

It was with some degree of pleasure, that she learned that an end was to be put to Wardour's visits ; he called to tell them, that he had an eligible offer made him of superintending a public building in one of our sister cities, and he should not return for several months.

Mrs. Fulton was quite sure that Henry would now come forward ; and, though she expressed civil regret at Wardour's depart-

ure, she thought it was the luckiest thing that could have happened.

That evening it struck Jane, after Wardour went away, that Elinor looked pale and dejected.

'You are not well, I am afraid,' said the anxious mother.

'Yes,' said Ellen, 'quite well;' but in spite of her efforts the tears came into her eyes.

'Elinor! Elinor!' exclaimed Jane, 'you have heard some bad news from your father,' and she flung herself back in her chair half fainting.

'Not one word, I assure you, mother,' returned she; 'good night.'

CHAPTER XV.

DR. FULTON'S RETURN.

"Nought shall make us rue,
"If England to itself do rest but true."
Shakspeare.

WHO has not felt the languor and weariness of life creep over them at intervals, perhaps after great happy excitement, perhaps after bitter disappointment? All who think, must have experienced this lassitude. Elinor had less right to it than any one, for she never had been the round, and found all was vanity; she had never sipped the cup of what is called pleasure; and yet this period seemed to have arrived. She performed her daily duties; but the gay carol was wanting, which rose, like the song of the lark, on the pure breath of the morning.

Lucinda perceived there was a change, and she went to Mrs. Fulton and communicated her thoughts. 'I am afraid, ma'am,' said she, 'all is not right with our Miss Elinor; I am sure it is dull work to me, when I don't hear her sweet voice of an evening or a morning.'

Jane was all agitation. 'Do you think she is sick, Lucinda? has any thing happened?'

'Why, I have thought,—' said Lucinda.

'What? what?' exclaimed Jane.

'That our rye bread does not agree with her.'

'Poh! is that all?' Mrs. Fulton, however determined to observe Elinor more closely She finally came to the persuasion, that there was an ambiguity in Henry Bradish's conduct that was the cause of Ellen's depression, and concluded, as he was on the point of offering her his hand, it was best not to interfere.

We know not what mental process Ellen went through; but it seemed to be one that gradually restored her cheerfulness. Both her mother and Lucinda grew tranquil, and the latter again set open her kitchen door when she was about her work, that 'she might hear,' as she said, 'Miss Elinor's voice warbling like a canary bird's.'

Late one evening Jane sat in her rocking-chair, looking into the fire, and thinking over past scenes. Suddenly the door opened, and Dr. Fulton entered. Jane had said, and fully believed it, if he was to come unexpectedly,

she should fall dead at his feet. But we have more strength, or less sensibility, than we think. She lived through it, — lived through the overwhelming delight of having him again restored to her. Jane had come as near to Milton's description of Eve as perhaps any woman ever did :

'God, thy law; thou, mine!'

Her gentle and yielding spirit had always been guided by her husband's. If, in former scenes of luxury and extravagance her better reason had spoken, one word of his could silence its voice. Had his influence and superior sense been beneficially exerted, she would never have erred; for Frank was her second conscience.

We believe there are few husbands that do not consider such a wife a *model;* but, after all, they are frail barks, and made for the smooth waters of a summer's sea. Woman has her part to perform as well as man, nor is it one of less vigorous principle. Men are impelled by a thousand contending interests that operate abroad; women have time for thought and reflection. While he is laboring for the temporal benefit of the family, she

may watch over its spiritual welfare, and make the domestic altar worthy of that devotion,

'Which touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire.'

Elinor happily united resolution and firmness with the yielding disposition of her mother; but her strength lay in her uncompromising sense of duty.

What are talents, genius, or good temper, without high and resolute principle? They much resemble the spectacle that has at different times collected so many thousands on our beautiful *Common*, — they are like the balloon, which rises high, while inflated, and is the admiration of the gazing multitude. How proudly it wafts the hero in his car! how gracefully he waves his banners, first on one side, then on the other! He scatters around his printed leaves, — the populace contend for them; 'awhile he floats in empty space,' and then soars beyond mortal ken. What is the closing history of this brilliant spectacle? The gas begins to escape, — he descends gradually; if on dry land, he is fortunate; but it is more probable that he will go fathoms deep into the ocean, and, when he rises, a scarcely breathing form, be rescued from a watery

grave by the hand of some humble and perhaps despised mariner.

Would to Heaven that the voice of truth and duty, of unwavering principle, of *accountability to each other*, of honest independence, could be heard in all our cities, and in 'every log-house beyond the mountains!' Would that it could 'grow liquid,' and flow forth, like our noble rivers, fertilizing our country! When will man feel that *man* is his *brother*? Do you say this will never arrive till the millennium takes place? It is this state of feeling that will make the millennium. Could we once unite for the good of the whole, we should be as invincible over internal evils as we have been over foreign invasion. Our national existence was secured by one spirit; — by one spirit it must be preserved. Away with division of interests! our fathers fought for one and the same cause; they have given us this land for our inheritance, and we are children of one family. Let us have confidence in each other; let us realize, that our hearts are mutually warmed by the same vital stream that flows from the Creator; that we have humane and benevolent

purposes, and that it is the duty of all to unite cordially and sincerely in carrying those purposes into execution.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DEPARTURE OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Now, indeed, nothing seemed wanting to the happiness of the Fulton family. Frank had returned to see his children. Promising and amiable, not one of the little flock had been separated from the fold. How much Jane had to tell, we can easily believe. Dr. Fulton's sign was again put up, and, as we have the sick as well as the poor always with us, he soon began to have patients.

Their true friends, the Watsons, partook most heartily in their happiness; but Mrs. Watson's pale cheek and emaciated frame spoke more of another world than this. She had borne the loss of all her children with submission, and, by degrees, cheerfulness; it was now evident she was hastening to join them. She disclosed this expectation, however, only by an increased gentleness of manner and the hope that brightened her eye. It truly seemed, as if the glorious light of Heaven penetrated through the ruins of the decaying frame.

Again Elinor was receiving, under the same roof, lessons for this life and another. Often for hours she sat at the feet of her friend, sometimes holding them, and trying to bring back circulation by the gentle friction of her hand; sometimes reading to her from the Scriptures; after they were wholly silent, they mingled their hearts in fervent devotion, but no *human voice* was heard!

The last night at length came. Elinor watched by her friend, and they talked at intervals through the night. How impressive was that period! The physician had given it as his opinion, she could live but a few hours. She was yet here, breathing and conversing, with all the powers of her mind in full exercise, the soul unimpaired, and, apparently, only waiting to throw aside the heavy garment which impeded its flight upwards. As the morning approached, she requested Elinor to extinguish the lamp, and open the shutter; they watched together the dawning of light. 'See the day breaks!' exclaimed Mrs. Watson. They kept their eyes fixed on the increasing brightness, till the majestic orb itself rose above the horizon.

'Look!' said the dying woman; 'behold the glorious type of Him who is the life and the resurrection! Close the shutters,' said she to Mr. Watson, who was kneeling by her bedside; it is too bright for human eyes.' He went forward and closed it; when he returned, she was lying lifeless on the bosom of Elinor!

It was a hard parting for Mr. Watson. For more than thirty years they had shared together the joys and sorrows of life; that the sorrows had predominated, had only been a stronger bond of union. The spirit of consolation still dwelt with him.

All went on quietly at Dr. Fulton's. Henry Bradish still continued to be a constant visiter. It was unaccountable to Jane, that he did not offer himself to Elinor; yet, though the opportunities were frequent, he never had.

Since Dr. Fulton's return they frequently saw the newspapers. In one of them, mention was made of the public building of which Wardour was the architect, and the following paragraph was added: — 'We are pleased to say, that, while the building gives universal satisfaction, the young architect will receive

a remuneration beyond his expectations, and henceforth full employment.'

When Jane was alone with her husband, she gave him the history of Wardour's acquaintance, and added with self-complacency, 'I think he would have offered himself to Elinor, if I had encouraged him.'

Frank had resumed his former gay and happy laugh; it was constitutional with him, and only banished by anxiety and self-condemnation; he had one for the present occasion.

'There seems to be some great difficulty with Elinor's admirers,' said he; 'one does not offer himself, because *she* does not encourage him; another, because *you* do not. Now seriously, my dear Jane, is not Elinor the greatest blessing we have? why should we wish to part with her?'

'I do not, I am sure,' replied Jane; 'only it seems to be the lot of every woman to be married.'

'And a sad lot, too, it sometimes turns out.'

'And sometimes a blessed one,' said Jane, with enthusiasm; 'as my experience proves.'

'My excellent Jane!' exclaimed Frank, his eyes glistening; 'God make me worthy

of such affection! Still, however, as matrimony is justly called a lottery, let us not be eager to buy tickets for our children. I ask no greater good than to keep them with us. As to this young man, William Wardour, from all I have heard of him publicly, and from all Mr. Watson has told me privately, I know not a man in the world that I should prefer to him for a son-in-law.'

'Should you prefer him to Henry Bradish?' said Jane, 'who will inherit a fortune, and moves in the first circle?'

'I honor the man,' replied Frank, 'who makes his own fortune by talents and industry. This is the spirit of our institutions, — this is to make us a race of virtuous men. What are the first circles to us, or indeed to any one, except in proportion as they contain good sense, good morals, and more extensive influence? Let us grow wise by all we have suffered.'

'I perceive you are right,' said Jane; 'I am sorry I discouraged Wardour'

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ARRIVAL OF A FRIEND, AND CONCLUSION.

A FEW days after this conversation, Dr. Fulton came in one morning and observed, 'that Mr. Wardour had returned the evening before; and just now,' added he, 'Mr. Watson introduced him to me, and he requested leave to call and see us this evening.' The boys shouted for joy, Julia clapped her hands, Mrs. Fulton said, 'How glad I shall be to see him!' but Elinor bent her head over her work.

'Elinor is the only one that says nothing!' exclaimed her father.

How tormenting is the 'eloquent color' of a woman which rushes to her cheek! There is no counterfeiting this proof of emotion; and so thought Dr. Fulton; for he looked anxiously and tenderly in her face.

When the evening came, the boys were busy in preparing for their friend. Julia had a purse that she had been making for him; George had written a petition in Latin, re-

questing him to learn him to be an architect; Frank had his mathematical problems; Elinor alone made no preparations.

When Wardour arrived, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. Dr. Fulton possessed uncommon talents at conversation; he brought forward his backwoods descriptions, full of spirit and humor, mingling touches of thought and moral feeling, that discovered how well he had profited by his exile.

The evening wore away to a late hour. At length Wardour, with some embarrassment, requested of Elinor, that he might again hear his favorite song upon the piano.

She arose and took one of the lamps, — the boys, too, rose to follow them; but Dr. Fulton called them back, saying 'My good boys, it is time for you to go to bed, or you will be sleepy in the morning.' They retired, and Julia too withdrew.

Dr. Fulton, with his happy wife, sat listening to the rich full tones of Elinor's voice, till at length it ceased, and only the low murmur of conversation was heard. When Wardour returned to them, he was alone. It was evi-

dent he had but one object, and that was to say, that he had obtained Elinor's favor, and theirs alone was wanting. This was readily accorded ; and then he spoke of his long affection, of his many struggles, and resolute determination not to make known his feelings till he felt secure that he could provide for all exigences. The time had arrived, and he had only to pray for that blessing on his exertions, that every industrious man may expect.

The next morning Jane happened to be alone ; — Henry Bradish, unexpectedly to her, called. Poor Jane ! her kind heart ached for him; she knew not how to tell him of Elinor's recent engagement, but she expressed a double share of regard for him, and said she hoped, let what would come to light, he would always preserve his friendship for them.

Henry, on his side, seemed a little embarrassed. He said, ' She must have perceived he felt a strong interest in one member of her family.'

Jane confessed that she had.

'I have never spoken to you,' said he, ' though I saw you were my best friend ; because I had not obtained my father's consent.

But he has permitted me to call this morning, and ask yours and Dr. Fulton's.'

'Alas!' said Jane, 'it is too late! too late! why did you not speak before? She has declared her preference for another.'

'Impossible!' said Henry; 'we have long understood each other, even before the cotillon party at our house.'

'I cannot help it,' said Jane; 'they are positively engaged, — we gave our consent last evening.'

'They?' exclaimed Henry; 'who?'

'Why, Mr. Wardour and Elinor.'

'We are playing at cross purposes,' replied he, eagerly; 'it is of *Julia* I am speaking.'

Now came Mrs. Fulton's astonishment. 'What! Julia? that child? only seventeen!'

Julia was called. 'How could you,' said her mother, 'carry on this affair, and we none of us suspect it?'

'Indeed, mother,' replied Julia, 'when Henry told me we must keep it secret till he had gained his father's consent, I knew the only way to keep a secret was not to tell of it. And then you helped us; — for you were so determined Henry should be in love with

Elinor, that you never once thought of your poor Julia.'

'To say the truth,' said Henry, 'when I first came back from Europe, I thought only of Elinor; but I soon saw Elinor thought only of Wardour, and I very soon discovered that Julia and I were made for each other.'

We have now come to the end of our story, and have only one more sentence to add The next week the two weddings took place, and Julia was received into Mrs. Bradish's family as a cherished daughter, and Elinor settled in her own neat and pleasant house, planned by her husband, with a niche reserved for the piano. Lucinda came to Mrs. Fulton and told her she had been looking out for other *help* for her.

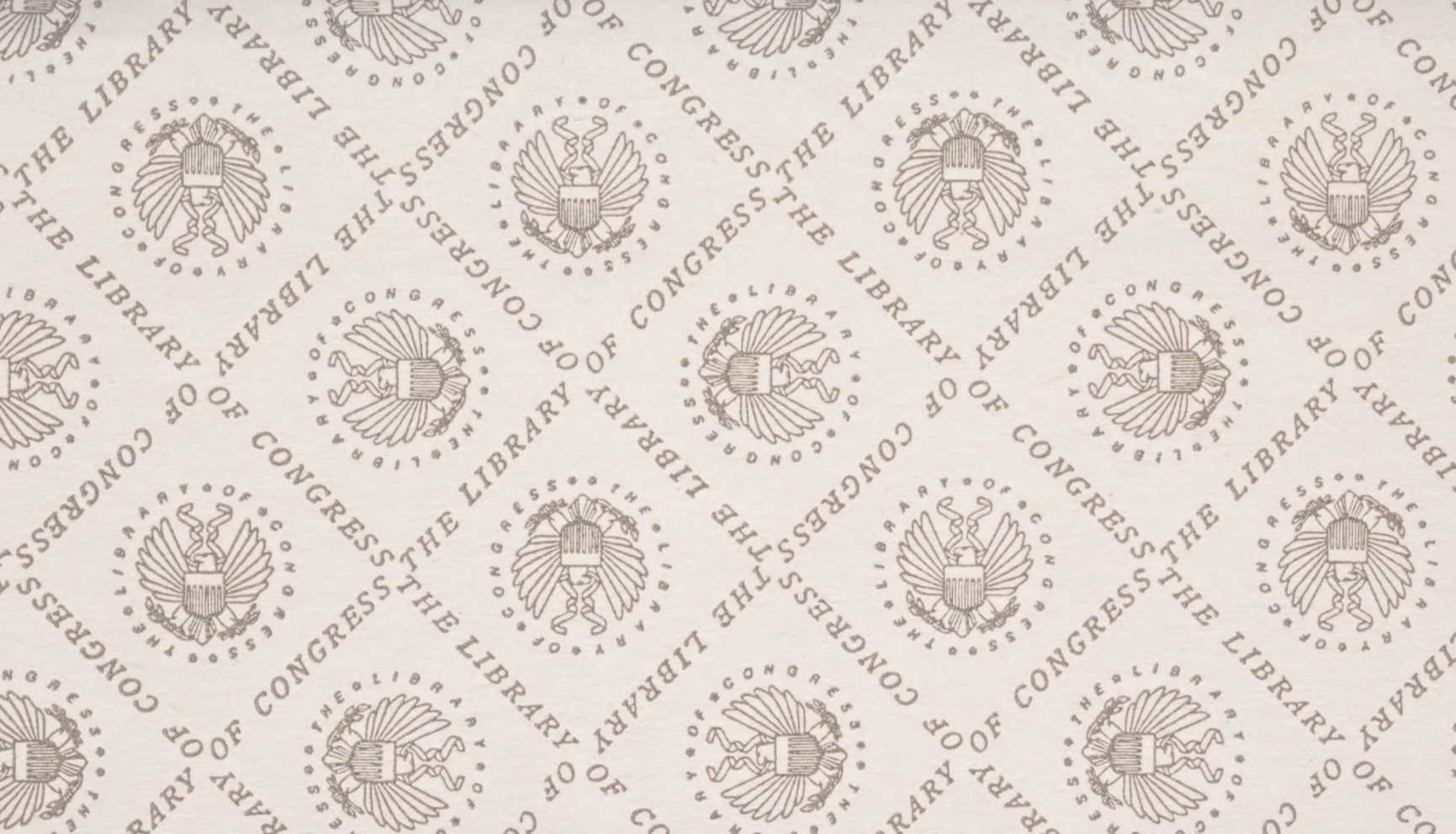
'And why?' said Mrs. Fulton; 'I am perfectly contented with you.'

'But I am not contented, ma'am,' said Lucinda. 'Miss Elinor was the making of me, she knows how to manage me; and if she will not let me live with her, I shall get a place to work in a factory.'

It is needless to say that Elinor received the affectionate girl. Mrs. Fulton had perhaps

been too long under Mrs. Reed's guidance to suit Lucinda.

Dr. and Mrs. Fulton are now frequently invited to the circles from which they were once exiled. But they have learned, that there is no happiness like that which they can find in their own little parlor, enlivened almost every evening by the presence of their children; and we believe Jane's *sole annoyance* now arises from her *other help*.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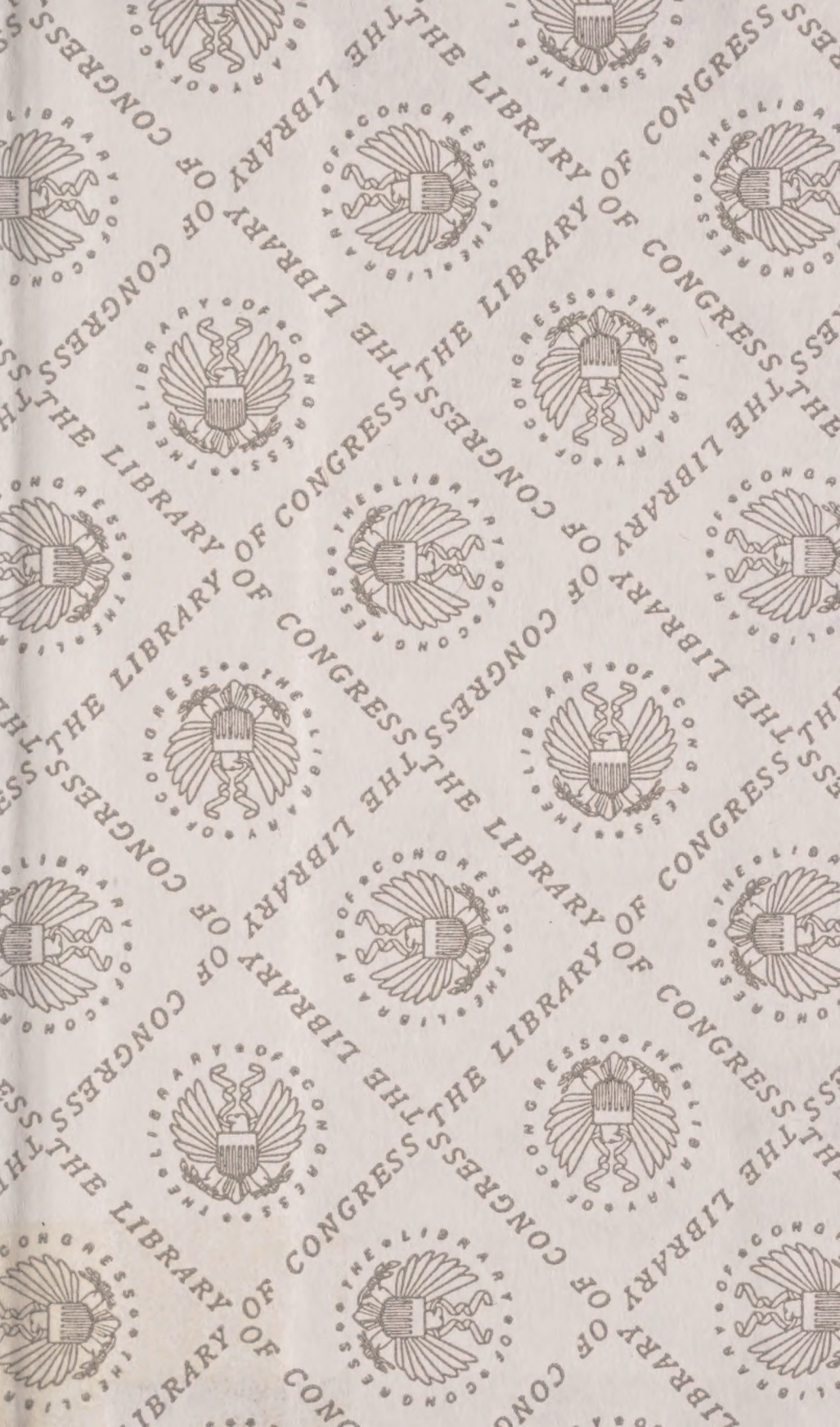
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