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Willie Anderson
from her Mother
Tom
1865
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FRANK HELD A SPY-GLASS FOR LOUISE "JE VAIS MA PATRIE"
EXCLAIMED THE YOUNG GIRL.
I will be a Gentleman, page 60.

THE
JUVENILE LIBRARY
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1950



I WILL BE A GENTLEMAN

A BOOK FOR BOYS

By MRS. TUTHILL.



“ A ruffle, cravat, or a cane,
With him is the pink of perfection ;
A tassel or watch-key he deems
The very tip-top of gentility ;
And plain common sense he esteems
Scarce worthy of decent civility.”

THIRTY-SEVENTH EDITION

BOSTON:
CROSBY AND NICHOLS.
1863.

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CHAPTER I.



JUVENILE GENTLEMEN.

I WILL be a gentleman! Why? because you whisk about a little dandy cane, smoke cigars, and toss your hat on one side of your head? Is that the way to be a gentleman?

One afternoon, last spring, there had been a sudden gust of wind and a slight shower of rain. It soon passed over, the sun shone out brightly, and the rain-drops sparkled like diamonds upon the trees of Boston Common.

The Boston boys love the Common, and well they may, for where could they find a more glorious play-ground? During the shower the boys had taken shelter under the trees; as soon as it had passed they resumed their amusements.

On one of the crossings, or walks, appeared a small, plainly-dressed old woman, with a cane in

one hand and a large green umbrella in the other. She was bent with age and infirmity, and walked slowly. The green umbrella was open, and turned up in the most comical manner. The wind had suddenly reversed it, without the knowledge or consent of the old lady, and she now held it in one hand, like a huge flower with a long stalk.

“Hurrah! hurrah!” cried one of the boys, pointing to the umbrella, “mammoth cabbages for sale! mammoth cabbages!”

The whole rabble of boys joined in the cry, and ran hooting after the poor old woman. She looked around at them with grave wonder, and endeavoured to hasten her tottering footsteps.

They still pursued her, and at length began pelting with pebbles the up-standing umbrella; some crying “Mammoth cabbages!” and others, “New-fashioned sun-shades!”

She turned again, and said, with tears in her eyes, “What have I done, my little lads, that you should thus trouble me?”

“It is a shame,” said a neatly dressed, fine looking boy, who rushed through the crowd to the rescue of the poor old woman.

“Madam,” said he, “your umbrella has turn-

ed in the wind; will you allow me to close it for you?"

"Thank you," she replied. "Then that is what those boys are hooting at. Well, it does look funny," added she, as she looked at the cause of their merriment. The kind-hearted boy endeavoured to turn it down, but it was no easy task; the whalebones seemed obstinately bent upon standing upright.

The boys now changed the object of their attack, and the pebbles rattled like hail upon the manly fellow who was struggling to relieve the poor woman from her awkward predicament.

"You are a mean fellow, to spoil our fun," said they; "but you can't come it; you can't come it; cabbage leaves will grow upward."

He however at length succeeded, and, closing the troublesome umbrella, handed it to the old woman with a polite bow.

"Thank you, thank you, a thousand times, Sir," said she, "and I should like to know your name, that I may repay you whenever I can find an opportunity."

"By no means," replied he, "I am happy to have rendered you this trifling service;" and he walked away.

“Well,” said she, “whoever you are your father and mother have reason to be proud of you, for you are a gentleman,—a perfect gentleman.”

And so he will be ; and I wish I could tell you his name, that you may see if my prophecy does not prove true.

“Manners make the man,” you may often have written in very legible characters in your copy-book ; they certainly do go very far towards making the gentleman.

I knew a boy once who thought a “long coat,” as he called it, would make him a gentleman. Christopher, (for so I shall take the liberty to call him, though that was not his real name,) Christopher lived in the country, and was going to New York, on his first visit. His father was very indulgent, and, yielding to his entreaty, allowed the country tailor to make Christopher a blue broadcloth dress-coat, with bright gilt buttons. Silly boy ! he was mightily pleased with his beautiful coat, and tried it on again and again, and almost wrung his neck to see how it fitted him in the back and about the shoulders. He did not wear it, for fear of taking off the gloss, till he got to New York. No sooner had he step-

ped upon the dock there, than one of the boys belonging to the gang that always assemble about the steamboat landings espied the glossy new coat. "Mister! Mister!" said he, "how much will you take for your long-tailed coat?"

A country lad, somewhat older than Christopher, who had before visited the city, was to be his guide through the great metropolis. They hurried along without taking much notice of the insult, Christopher merely saying, "I suppose these are what they call dock-rats."

But it is no easy matter to get rid of the mischievous rogues. A whole troop of young tatterdemalions followed, crying "Mister! Mister! what will you take for the long-tailed blue?"

Christopher turned an imploring look towards them, which struck them as peculiarly ludicrous, for they began imitating it, with their thumbs on their noses and their fingers in rapid motion.

The country boys, quite dismayed, started upon a full run, the skirts of Christopher's coat flying out behind him, like the tail of a kite. Their persecutors took mud from the gutters and threw after them, crying, "Look out for the brassy buttons! there goes Tom Thumb, junior."

Christopher and his companion were at last

obliged to take refuge in a shop, and when the "dock-rats" had dispersed, they sneaked back to the steamboat. Christopher took off his mud-bespattered coat, his once beautiful, glossy coat, and, putting on his old round-about jacket, sagely concluded that the coat does not make the gentleman.

"Bill what are you, a Loco-Foco or a Whig?" said one of these would-be-gentleman to a boy about his own age; they might have been each twelve years old, or thereabouts.

"I am a Loco-Foco, 'cause mother is a Whig. She is for ever talking about it; and it is my opinion that women have nothing to do with politics, and I should be ashamed to be what my *mar* wants to have me. That 's the reason I am such a raving, tearing Loco-Foco."

"That 's right, Bill," was the reply, "you had just as lief your anxious *mar* would know you are out as not."

"Sure I had! None of your mammy-calves for me. I am thankful that I shall be a man before my mother." So saying, the youngster spit out the tobacco-juice from his mouth in the most approved manner. The accomplishment must have required a great deal of practice.

“ Their feet perhaps may want a shoe,
Yet they are patriots through and through,
Their tongues can for their country roar,
As loud as twenty men or more.”

Disrespect for a mother's opinion, certainly, never will make a boy a gentleman. The wisest and best men that ever lived have acknowledged, with gratitude, that they owed their wisdom and goodness more to their mother's influence than any other earthly cause. It is a very bad sign when a boy or a man speaks disrespectfully of his mother.

Women, it is true, have not much to do with politics, but they have a right to an opinion, and they often form correct ones.

CHAPTER II.



SENT TO SCHOOL.

JOSEPH BRANDON was a boy who did not respect his mother's opinion; yet she was a good woman, an excellent woman. Joe wanted to be a gentleman, and did not like to be tied to his mother's apron-string. She was a widow, and Joe was her only son. She had a house of her own, and a snug, pretty house it was; and she had a small but comfortable income from well-invested funds. She had made up her mind to send Joe to college, and for this purpose she instructed her two daughters at home, — that she might save by that means enough to educate her son in the best possible manner. The two girls, Susan and Fanny, were affectionate and kind to their mother, and as nice, pretty girls as one would wish to see.

Joe was the most tormenting tease to his

sisters. He pulled the ears of Susan's favorite kitten every time he could get a chance. He trampled upon the flower-beds in Fanny's little garden. Because Susan had a small nose, he gave her the sobriquet of Pug; and Fanny, who had light brown hair, he called Tow. In short, he invented every possible way to make them uncomfortable, until Mrs. Brandon concluded that she must send Joe away to school. He had got entirely beyond her management, and had not the least respect for her opinions.

The morning came for Joe's departure for school. His kind mother had prepared every thing for his comfort in the neatest order. His sisters had each secretly put a little packet of "goodies" into Joe's carpet bag, that he was to have the pleasure of coming upon unexpectedly, when far from home.

The stagecoach was at the door. Joe drew on his new kid gloves with a very important air, and called out to the driver, "Here, fellow, come and take my luggage." It was carried out.

"Good by, mother," said he, in a swaggering kind of indifferent manner.

"Stop, Joseph, my son," said Mrs. Brandon, "are you not going to give us one kiss before

you leave? We shall not see you again in a very long time."

"Do.n't make such a baby of me, mother," he replied, pushing her aside, and rushing out.

"God bless you my son; be a good boy," said she.

"Pug and Tow, good by," said Joe, springing upon the top of the stagecoach. The driver snapped his whip and the horses went off at full speed.

Mrs. Brandon and the girls went back into their little parlour and sat down and wept together right heartily. Ah, how little do men know of the tenderness of woman's affection! Although Joseph Brandon had tyrannized over his mother and sisters, and been a continual trouble to them, no sooner had he left them than they forgot all his faults, and loved him dearly, as a son and brother.

Joe's first letter home will give an account of his journey. It was as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:—

You told me to write to you as soon I could. I only arrived yesterday.

I met with a little bit of an accident on the

road. There was a big fellow on the top of the coach who took it into his head to be very saucy to me. He was a travelling pedler, or some such sort of thing, with his box of jewelry, spectacles, &c., who had got tired of trudging, and had coaxed the driver to give him a lift for a mile or two.

I would not bear the vulgar fellow's impertinence, so I threw his box of gimcracks into the road. He made a mighty fuss about it, and the driver stopped for him to pick it up. When he opened it, the glasses of some of the spectacles were broken, and several of the crystals to his pewter watches. Would you believe it, he threatened to sue my parents? But I took out five dollars and gave him, telling him another time to mind who he was saucy to. You know, mother, after what had happened, I wanted him to know that he had insulted a gentleman. I do n't believe his whole pedler-concern was worth five dollars, for he looked at the money with surprise, and all the people in the coach seemed to feel that I was somebody.

You know, mother, that was all the money I had with me, and therefore I expect by return of mail that you will send me some more.

I do n't know yet how I shall like the school. Tell Pug that there is a boy in our school whose nose has just such a turn up as hers, and there are Tow-heads in abundance.

From your affectionate son,

JOSEPH BRANDON.

The widow had given her son the five dollars for spending money, for the whole term. She had not a dollar left in her own purse. What could be done? The girls read the letter.

“I would not send him a fourpence,” said Susan. “Extravagant fellow! and so foolish, too, to give five dollars to a pedler to show him he was a gentleman! Mother, let him go without money a while, till he knows better how to use it.”

“But,” said Fanny, whose affectionate disposition ever led her to self-sacrificing kindness, — “but, mother, he may want something that we have not thought of; I will send him the gold piece that Aunt Mary gave me last Christmas.”

“No, my dear child,” quickly replied Mrs. Brandon, “you ought not do to that. Poor fellow, I do not know what will happen if he should need any thing among strangers.”

“He shall have it, he shall have it,” exclaimed Fanny.

“A part of it, my child,” said Mrs. Brandon. “I am sorry, indeed, to have your dear aunt’s gift changed; but if you will lend it to Joseph, Mr. Fuller, the grocer, will change it for you.”

Fanny’s sun-bonnet was on in a moment, and she flitted, like a bird, across the street with the gold piece, and soon returned with a two-dollar bill and a three.

“Send him the three,” said Fanny.

“The two, mother, the two,” said Susan; “Joe is a mean fellow, and I do not doubt that he insulted the man first.”

“I will send him the two,” said the widow, and she inclosed it in the following

LETTER.

MY DEAR JOSEPH:—

It is with deep regret that I am compelled to blame you, yet much to blame you certainly are.

Let me tell you, in the first place, that I had no money to send you; the inclosed is the gift of dear little Fanny, who changed her aunt’s present, the favorite gold-piece, that she might be able to aid you.

And you wish to be a gentleman, Joseph.

Was it like one to get into a quarrel with the pedler? No; it was much more like a swaggering bully. A true gentleman is quiet, unobtrusive, and, as the very name implies, gentle. I know that boys of your age very generally suppose that noisy, dashing manners mark the gentleman; and consider a mild, peaceable deportment as girlish in the extreme.

I have no doubt that the famous Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, had very amiable and delicately gentle manners, although he was the bravest of the brave.

Sir Philip Sidney, who lived in the reign of Elizabeth of England, was a man of remarkable bravery, as well as a perfect gentleman; it was said that his life was poetry in action. Do you suppose that he had the bold, swaggering manners that you admire? I imagine them resembling sweet music,—perfect harmony,—soothing and exalting to the feelings.

Our own Washington, too, with his noble heroism, his indomitable spirit,—how calm and quiet were his manners! What simple, natural dignity, with the refinement and chivalrous politeness of a gentleman! A model for every American boy.

Lavish expenditure of money is no mark of a gentleman. Give to every one what is justly due and be capable of true generosity. You must, in fact, be just, before you can be generous. How seldom is generosity perfect and pure! How often do men give, because it throws a certain inferiority on those who receive, and a superiority on themselves.

Your fellow-travellers, Joseph, were not imposed upon by your false generosity to the pedler. They probably thought you a very foolish boy, throwing away your parents' money. You were far from coming off triumphantly, as you imagined, by dashing off your five dollars. You cannot "buy golden opinions of all sorts of men," with money. The worldly may seek the rich and the prodigal for their own interest, and to answer their own selfish ends; respect for the man himself is a very different thing from the tribute paid to his wealth. Besides, you are not wealthy, and pretending to be so was not only folly, but sin.

Do you not suppose, my dear Joseph, that the son who stayed at home and labored faithfully with his father was more of a gentleman than the Prodigal Son? Was the Prodigal a gentle-

man, when spending his substance in "riotous living," any more than when he sat down among the swine, and would have eaten with them of the husks? A miserable way, indeed, did he take to be a gentleman, and yet it is not a very uncommon one. Many hard-working fathers and mothers have gentleman sons, idle and extravagant, very like the Prodigal. No doubt he thought he was much more generous and noble-spirited than his brother. I can even conceive of his thinking himself, in rags and dirt, a reduced gentleman.

Remember, then, my son, prodigality is no mark of a gentleman.

I have already written so long a letter that I can only add my fervent wishes for your success at school. Be obedient and studious.

How much of my comfort during the remainder of my pilgrimage depends upon you, Joseph.

"When I am feeble, old and gray,
Your healthy arm must be my stay,
And you must wipe my tears away."

How sweetly you once lisped out those simple lines, so familiar to every child,—and I fondly believed that your heart would ever be true to
your

MOTHER.

Susan and Fanny send love.

And how did Joe feel on the reception of his mother's letter? He glanced his eye hastily over it, took out the money, and exclaimed, "Only two dollars—how mean!" then threw the letter into his trunk, and tried to stifle the reproaches of conscience. Alas! too well did he succeed.

CHAPTER III.



SISTERLY AFFECTION.

SEVERAL weeks passed, and no answer was returned to his mother. Fanny went every day to the post-office, and returned home disappointed. Susan said it was just like him not to write, but she would bring a letter; so she immediately wrote the following epistle:—

A pretty fellow are you, Joe, not to answer dear mother's kind letter! Here we haunt the post-office, week after week, till I am absolutely ashamed. Poor Fanny says nothing, but tries to comfort us. You know it was her money that you received, and you have not even thanked her.

My pet, Snowball, is growing so cat-like that I have discarded her, and taken to petting your poor old Hero, who really grieves at your ab-

sence. His faithfulness to his master is really touching.

I do not think that you behave well, but yet you are my brother, and in spite of all your naughtiness I love you. I have not much news to tell you. We have almost finished Old Rolin, only twenty pages more to read. Mother has already begun to knit your winter stockings, and seems to think of you every minute.

It is a great effort for me to write, for you know I am not very literary, and you will, I am sure, acknowledge this from your sister,

SUE.

Like many other mothers, Mrs. Brandon was willing to make every personal sacrifice for her son, hoping that he might become a good and useful man. Fearing that her means would not be sufficient to carry him through college, she dismissed her only domestic, and with the aid of her daughters performed all the household labor. She did not, in consequence, neglect their intellectual culture. Neither did she lose her lady-like appearance, or allow her daughters to be neglectful of theirs. Every person, capable of judging, would have said that Mrs. Brandon

was a lady, and that her daughters were becoming more and more like their mother.

Joseph, soon after the reception of Susan's letter, wrote a short but dutiful one to his mother, and at the same time the following to his sister Fanny.

DEAR LITTLE TOW :—

It was very kind in you to change your beloved gold for me. If you will send me the remaining three dollars I will send you the first gold-piece that I get, and you shall again admire the effect through the meshes of your little purse.

Do n't say a word to mother about this letter. It is a matter between ourselves. I want a new cap desperately. Mine is a shabby countrified thing, of a different fashion from what the boys wear here, and you know I must *appear like a gentleman*, for one of these days I shall be one, and then I will see that mother, and Susan, and you, live in elegant style, and have every thing you wish. Susan is not as generous as you, Fanny, and therefore you must not tell her about the money. Just inclose the bank-note carefully in a letter, and put it into the post-office directed to me. I know you will oblige your brother,

JOSEPH.

Fanny was an amiable, affectionate little girl only eleven years old. She had never written a letter to send through the post-office. She had never done any thing without her mother's consent, and it was a fearful task that her brother had imposed upon her. She feared it was wrong to do as he requested, but her brother's letter seemed to her youthful fancy so kind, so affectionate, and so great was her desire to oblige him, that after a violent struggle in her own mind she determined to send him the money.

She took her little writing-desk into her own room, and sat down, trembling, to write.

She made several attempts before she succeeded to her own satisfaction, and, indeed, she was not very well satisfied at last.

DEAR JOSEPH : —

I am very sorry that you do not wish me to tell mother about this money that I now send to you. She would not tell me not to send it, I am sure, because you really want it. I hope it is not wrong to write without her knowing it. O, do try to make a good man. Our dear mother prays for you every morning and night, and talks about you a great deal

I am so afraid Susan will come up stairs, and find me writing, that I must stop. O, dear! I have got to put this in the post-office, and I shall remble so. I shall feel like a little thief.

From your loving sister,

FANNY

P. S. You won't call us Pug and Tow any more, will you? Susan's nose is really quite pretty, and my hair grows darker every day.

Fanny did feel as she said she should, "like a little thief," when she stealthily stole to the office and deposited her letter.

Joe must have felt as meanly as if he had been robbing a hen-roost when he took out the three dollars. He did. But then he thought immediately how necessary it was that he should look like a gentleman,—and he went and bought a new black cloth cap with a very large tassel, and strutted about in a very consequential manner.

The next Saturday evening, Mrs. Brandon and her daughters sat in their neat little piazza, admiring the rich glow of a golden sunset-sky.

"It is a beautiful prelude to the Lord's day," said Mrs. Brandon. "Sunday was originally named after that glorious luminary, but it should

remind us now of the Sun of Righteousness, who has risen with healing in his beams."

The labors of the week were past. In the soothing calmness of the quiet evening, the widow's heart expanded with gratitude to her Heavenly Father. She remembered that there was to be a contribution at church the next day, for a benevolent object in which she was deeply interested.

"Fanny, dear," she said, "I must borrow your three-dollar note for the contribution-box to-morrow. I have no smaller sum by me than ten, and I cannot afford to give so much. In the course of the week I will pay you my debt, for I have not forgotten that I am to restore your pretty pocket-piece."

Fanny blushed, hesitated, and trembled.

"What ails you, sister?" said Susan, "you were willing enough to give Joseph the money, why are you unwilling to lend it to mother?"

"Well, my dear child," said her kind mother, "I will not take your last dollar; perhaps it is not right to borrow it even for a benevolent purpose."

"O mother! dear mother," cried Fanny, throwing her arms around her mother's neck,

"I have not the money to lend you, but do n't ask me what I have done with it, for I must not tell you."

"Perhaps Joseph could tell me," said Mrs. Brandon, sorrowfully, for the truth flashed across her mind.

"He could, mother, he could," sobbed Fanny

"Just like him, just iike him," exclaimed Susan.

That night, when Mrs. Brandon, as usual, prayed for the absent one, it was with a mournful, trembling voice, and many, many tears.

CHAPTER IV.



A RETURN.

JOSEPH continued at school from month to month, and when his vacations came he made engagements to go home with some of his school-fellows, till nearly two years had glided away, and in all that time he had not once seen his mother or his sisters.

During this time he had made large demands upon his mother for money. He had got into many disgraceful scrapes, which he was careful should not reach his mother's ears, who continued her kindness and her good advice. The former he received when it came in a substantial form, the latter he neither valued nor heeded.

Yet the kind family at home had practised constant self-denial; — they seemed to have concentrated every effort into that one, — to educate Joseph.

It was a cool evening in autumn. The hearth in Mrs. Brandon's little parlour was swept with the most scrupulous neatness. A bright fire glowed in the chimney. By it sat Fanny, at a little table covered with worsteds and patterns, and a piece of embroidery in her hand. She was now thirteen, and tall of her age, — a lovely blue-eyed girl, with a modest, sweet expression, and gentle, graceful manners. The door suddenly opened and a young man entered. He was whistling a lively opera air, but stopped at the sight of the lovely Fanny. She had never before seen so fashionably-dressed or so gay a gentleman; startled and blushing, she arose, and without waiting for him to inquire, said, "My mother and sister have gone out for a short walk; they will soon return."

Joe, for it was he, burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "Who would thought you would not have known me, and that I should not have known little Tow-head?"

"Brother, dear brother," said Fanny springing into his arms.

Joe kissed his sweet young sister, and then, releasing himself from her arms, said, "Where's mother and Pug?"

"Joseph, do not call us by those old, ugly

names; mother and Susan will soon be home. We did not expect you."

"No; of course you did not. I did not expect to come so soon myself. The old rum'un must explain."

"And who is he?" said Fanny, surprised

"Old Plym, alias Dr. Plympton, the master of the school."

Mrs. Brandon and Susan now returned, and cordially greeted the unexpected visiter. The mother carefully scrutinized the countenance of her only boy. Alas! the expression was not improved. It was more proud, bold, and bad, than ever. Her heart sank within her, but she made no inquiries that night. She hastened to get tea, and called Susan to her assistance.

"I must put the tea-kettle on in the parlour to-night," said Mrs. Brandon, as cheerfully as possible.

"But why do you put it on yourself mother," said Joseph; "where are your servants?"

"We are our own servants, Joseph; it is long since we have had any other," calmly replied his mother.

"Is it possible? I cannot bear to see you employed in such menial offices. I shall insist that you have at least one servant."

Mrs. Brandon sighed, but did not say how, for her son's sake, she had thus taken up employments to which she had never before been accustomed.

Susan, who had not as much delicacy as her mother and sister, said, "It is of no consequence whether we are ladies or not, so long as you are such an exquisite gentleman."

"Well, Pug, you are just the same as *you used to was*; your nose has even a more celestial tendency than ever," said Joe, with a mocking laugh.

"Stay, my children, do not reproach each other. It is time for our evening prayers."

And she brought out the great family Bible. Fanny read the evening lesson, and then they all knelt, while the widow prayed fervently to the widow's God and Judge.

CHAPTER V.

JOSEPH AT HOME.

THE next morning Mrs. Brandon received a letter from Dr. Plympton, the Principal of — Seminary. Its contents were far from pleasing.

TO MRS. BRANDON.

My dear Madam:—I regret exceedingly the circumstances that render it necessary for me to say, that I can no longer consider your son Joseph a member of my institution. On your account I have borne with much provocation from him, but it would be injustice to other parents to retain among their sons one whose example is so corrupting.

Joseph, I am sorry to say, is idle, extravagant, and viciously inclined. He has borrowed money from every boy in the school. He has even art-

fully wheedled out of the smaller boys the six-pences given them for spending money. I can not say that he is absolutely dishonest, — that is, I do not know that he would actually steal, — but his meanness amounts to the same thing, — he borrows without expecting to pay. Debts, to a considerable amount, he has contracted in the village, which I have no doubt you will settle as soon as possible. For my own payment I can wait your convenience.

Joseph will doubtless tell you that he has done nothing unworthy of a gentleman, for I understand that is his chief aim; — he prides himself upon being a gentleman.

I must advise you, madam, not to send your son to college. I understand he expected to enter the Sophomore Class. It would be useless for him to make the attempt.

With great respect, dear Madam, yours, &c.

It would be impossible to describe the sorrow that settled deep into the heart of that widowed mother, — the grief and mortification of those loving sisters.

Mrs. Brandon was unable to leave her room during the day. Susan and Fanny were obliged to attend to all the household affairs.

“Pug, it is a shame for you to work so hard,” said Joe, picking his teeth after a late breakfast, and throwing himself back in his chair with the air of a prince; “you will make your hands as tough as leather.”

“I do not work half as hard as our dear mother does,” was the reply.

“Her hands are old and tough already, it wont vulgarize her as it will you and Fanny. Why does she not have help?”

“Because Mr. Joseph Brandon must be liberally educated,” replied Susan with some bitterness. “She has toiled day and night for you, and what is her reward? She will be obliged to sell this, our dear home, to pay your debts,—cruel boy that you are.”

“Go it, Xantippe,” said Joe, “your tongue is a glib one; mother need not pay the few hundreds that I owe, I will pay them myself one of these days. By the way Pug, how do you like this cashmere vest? It is the very pattern that Dickens wore in this country, and he wore it because it was a favorite with D’Orsay.”

‘And who is he?’

“You never heard of the famous Count D’Orsay, the immortal D’Orsay.”

“Never. Was he one of Napoleon’s generals?” asked Susan.

“That is a good one! No, indeed! he is commander-in-chief of the world of fashion. Have you never heard of the D’Orsay hat, the D’Orsay tie, and a million of other things invented by him? you really are *vulgariously* ignorant.”

“Is it possible that any man can have so poor, so mean an ambition, as to wish to be distinguished in this way?” asked Susan.

“It is a glorious distinction! I had rather be a leader in the empire of fashion than to be autocrat of the Russias.”

“Or to be a Howard, or a Franklin, a Wilberforce, or a Washington. O Joseph, I had hoped that if you were not a distinguished man you would at least have become a respectable one,” said Susan with a sigh.

“Nonsense: there is nothing I hate like a respectable man; it is nothing but sleek, clear vulgarity.”

“I am sorry to see my only brother such a simpleton. Do you expect to gain your living by letting yourself out in place of a wax-figure at a barber’s or a tailor’s. As far as I can see, it

is all you are fit for. How much more respectable you would be as a barber or a tailor."

"Me! What, cut me down to a ninth of a man! You are actually murderous."

"It would be an immense elevation for you, Joe, for now you are absolutely good for nothing, not the ninety-ninth part of a man, for,

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

"Pug, I am shocked at your want of refinement. That line and its fellow have been the rounds of the copy-books these forty years. It has long been excluded from genteel society."

"In fact, I fear it has. It is not the less true for all that."

"I do n't know what mother thinks of herself to let two great girls grow up in entire ignorance of every thing that is genteel and fashionable. I must go out among these barbarians in your petty village, and astonish the natives."

So saying, Joe went to the glass, admired his gay vest, put his hat carefully upon his head, that he might not disarrange his beautiful hair. His cane, too, he took that; and then he looked at himself again, smoothed down the brilliant cashmere, drew on his delicate gloves, admired the set of

his coat, — it was a perfect fit, — and he did *look* like a gentleman in his own estimation, but in his heart of hearts he *knew* that he was a mean fellow.”

“Astonish the natives!” said Sue, as her hopeful brother closed the front door. “Astonish the natives! yes, indeed, they will be astonished that Joe Brandon, after all the money his poor mother has spent upon him, has come back just such a proud simpleton as he went away.”

CHAPTER VI.



A SUDDEN RESOLUTION.

“WHAT are you going to do, Joseph, now you have been compelled to give up the idea of a college education,” inquired Mrs. Brandon, after Joseph had been home some weeks. These weeks he had employed in driving about the country, lounging at the tavern, smoking, wine-drinking, and other like gentlemanly amusements, — keeping his mother and sisters in a state of constant anxiety and alarm.

“I do n’t know yet what profession I shall follow,” said Joe; “give me time to think, will you. I am sure you and the girls need not grudge me the little I eat and drink under your roof.”

This to a mother who had been so self-sacrificing! She replied with a mournful voice, —

“I have done injustice to the girls already. We are so much reduced by your extravagance that we shall soon be compelled to labor for our own support.”

“Well, it is no more than I shall have to do myself,” was the unfeeling reply.

Week after week passed away, and still Joe was lounging about home, teasing his sisters and adding to the expenses of his mother.

Susan possessed much energy of character, and a freedom in speaking the plain truth, which Joe did not relish at all. If there was any thing on earth that he loved, besides his own dear self, it was his sister Fanny. She was so gentle and kind that she never spoke harshly or severely to any one. Yet she did not escape from the persecutions of her mischievous brother. She often wept under the inflictions that he imposed upon her, and pleaded so earnestly to escape from him that any one with the least generosity would have desisted. Her health actually suffered in consequence of his perpetual annoyances.

Mrs. Brandon at length insisted that Joe should endeavour to find some employment in Boston. With much difficulty she provided him with money to bear his expenses to the city, and to

support him for a week or two till he could look for some employment.

He left home with but little feeling, although many and bitter tears were shed by his affectionate family. After strutting about the streets of Boston for a couple of weeks, until his money was spent, he wrote the following brief epistle :

DEAR MOTHER : — I am going to sea. Give my love to the girls. It will be long before you are troubled again by your son,
JOSEPH.

Not a word of the ship in which he was to embark ! No mention of the place to which he was going ! Poor Mrs. Brandon ! Susan and Fanny did all they could to comfort her, although they were sad enough themselves.

“ I am sure he has improved, mother,” said Fanny, “ he does not call us Pug and Tow any more, and really sends his love to us. Who knows but this is the very best thing that could happen to him.”

“ I hope, indeed, that it may be,” said the disconsolate mother.

CHAPTER VII.



THE GENTLEMAN SAILOR.

THE good ship Sally Ann, in which Joe embarked, sailed from Boston, bound for Smyrna on the 15th of December. He went out before the mast, a common sailor.

The day of sailing was bright and pleasant for a winter's day, and the wind was fair. But in twenty-four hours the wind changed and blew a gale from the southeast.

Joe had been for the last ten hours deadly seasick. He begged they would throw him overboard, for he could not live any longer. But when the storm arose, fear and excitement brought him upon his legs again.

"All hands upon deck!" was the cry. The ship had carried full sail while she was "going large," even her "flying kites," as the sky-sails

are called, flaunted jauntily in the fair breeze. The sailors were ordered to take in the sails. Much confusion ensued, for there were several raw hands on board beside Joe Brandon. He was sent up aloft, but so terrified was he that he had not taken three steps upward before he came down upon the deck, flat upon his back.

The crew at length succeeded in taking in all the sails; though several had been torn and the rigging much injured. The wind continued to blow, and the snow fell thick and fast. The ship was driven back upon the coast. The cold was so intense that the hands of the poor sailors almost froze to the rigging.

Joe, after his fall, had skulked away to his hammock, and there continued half dead with fear, till the storm was over. It lasted thirty-six hours. The seasickness again came on, and in his agony, Joe, tossing from side to side, would exclaim, "My mother, O my poor mother! How would she feel to see me now!"

An old sailor came, after the storm, to the hammock, and, taking hold of Joe with a rough gripe, said, "Come, land-lubber, try to find your legs there 's work enough on deck."

"I am too sick to work," said Joe, piteously.

“Can’t have any shamming here ;— you have lain there long enough while all hands were hard at it ;— come along, I say ;” and Joe, more dead than alive, crawled upon deck.

He was a pitiful looking object. His long hair was matted into a tangled mass, and his face, pale as ashes, was streaked with tar. Some of his messmates burst into a real horse-laugh on seeing him, and pointed to his shirt— a fine linen ruffled shirt ! Joe was very sensitive to ridicule, and, as he sank upon a coil of ropes, he said, “It was very foolish for a gentleman, like me, to come to sea.”

“A green hand !” exclaimed Tom Simpson. “We ’ll teach him how to behave himself like a gentleman.”

From this time all manner of practical jokes were played off upon poor Joe. They greased the deck, when it was his watch, to make him fall. They tarred his hammock, till his hair stuck so fast that he was obliged to saw himself loose from it with his jack-knife. In short, they seemed determined to show him that a ship was no place for gentlemen.

They had now been out a fortnight. Joe was, at last, too ill and weak to leave his hammock.

The only sailor who showed him any compassion was a boy, two years younger than himself, named Frank Wood.

“Come,” said Frank, “cheer up. I have brought some nice gruel, that I coaxed the cook to let me make for you; I know it will do you good.”

The voice of kindness was soothing and sweet. Joe gladly took the gruel, and it proved very serviceable. His new friend was a favorite with all on board.

On Sunday, it was pleasant to see the young sailor dressed in his wide trowsers, clean calico shirt, and bright tarpaulin, with its “fathom of black ribbon.” No boy on land could have looked more beautifully neat. This was his third voyage. It was a perfect wonder to Joe how Frank could be such a favorite on board; even the rough, weather-beaten face of the captain relaxed into a smile as Frank politely touched his tarpaulin in passing him.

When Joe was able again to be on deck, Frank endeavoured to aid him, in every possible way, to acquire a knowledge of his duty as a sailor.

One night, as they were together upon deck,

whiling away their watch by telling *yarns*, Joe asked Frank how he happened to be a sailor.

“It is not much of a story,” replied Frank Wood, “but if you want to hear it, you shall have it.”

The moon shed its pure and tender light upon the wide waters; the ship, with a fair light breeze, was gliding onward, and in the calmness of that still and lovely night, Frank Wood told his simple tale.

“My father is a physician in New York, and I am his only son. My poor mother died some years since, when I was twelve years old. But I shall never forget her, nor her instructions. She was beautiful; and, O, so good! I really believe she was too good for this earth, and so God took her to Heaven. Do you know, Joseph,” continued Frank, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, “that I sometimes think my mother still watches over me. I have heard there were such things as guardian angels, and why should not my own mother be mine? When those bright stars guide our path over the sea, I look up to them and think she may be there. Look at *Lyra* at this moment; that was her favorite, chosen star. I never look at it without thinking of her.”

There was a solemn pause of some moments, and then Frank continued:—“My father is engaged in a very extensive practice, and, after my mother’s death, I was sent to school. Before that, as I was her only child, she had educated me at home. I cannot tell you about her death, it is too sad; nor how miserable I was afterwards.

“At school I was very unhappy. I had never been accustomed to mingle with all sorts of boys, and they seemed to me very rude and unfeeling. Month after month I was very, very homesick; yet I studied hard, for my father is ambitious, and I wished to please him. With hard study, hard fare, and harder usage, at length I grew pale and weakly. I did not complain to my father, but when I went home, at the end of two years, he was astonished to find me looking so miserably. He took me from school, and I remained at home for a half year, growing worse and worse. At length my father said I must try going to sea; and he placed me under the care of a good captain, where I should not be made to work too hard, and where I would be sure of kind treatment.

“I had tough times, that first voyage; seasick, homesick, and disturbed by the coarseness of my messmates; but I recovered my health.

“I attempted to study after my return home and again grew ill. I have recovered, by going another voyage, and this is my third. You have suffered, I think, still more than I did, Joseph, but I hope the worst is over now. You must be very civil to the sailors, for they have got a notion that you are proud and dandyish; and they like to torment you.”

“Well, I always meant to be a gentleman, and it is plaguy hard that I can be nothing but a common sailor,” said Joe.

“Why cannot you be both?” inquired Frank.

“Both! that would be impossible.”

“Certainly not; my dear mother always told me that the feelings of a gentleman might often exist where the manners were not polished. I have found several sailors who had right noble, honorable feelings, who, with education would have been as perfect gentlemen as my own father is.’

“Then your father is rich,” said Joe.

“I believe he is,” replied Frank, smiling.

“But that, you know, does not make him a gentleman. In the sick-room of his poorest patient he is just as polite as if he were with the most distinguished man in the country. He gave me

some rules for politeness, that I keep to look over now and then. They are in my chest, alongside of the Bible that my mother gave me ; I will read them to you some time. They were written for a boy only eleven years old, and of course are very plain and simple."

It was time to change the watch, and the boys gladly went to their hammocks. Frank said, as they parted, "You must tell me your story, Joseph, the next time we have an opportunity. I am sure I shall dream of my mother to-night."

Though weary and sleepy, Joe could not help thinking how little he had prized his mother's advice, and how unkind he had been to his sisters. He dreamed of seeing Fanny, his sweet sister Fanny, suffering and dying, and awoke in agony.

CHAPTER VIII.



RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

THE first time that Joseph had an opportunity, he told Frank Wood his story ; describing his mother and sisters ; and when he spoke of Fanny, it was with a tear in each eye.

“I am glad you have so good a mother, and such sweet sisters,” said Frank Wood ; “I hope I shall one day be acquainted with them.”

“I do n't care much about Sue, but Fanny was always so kind, so very kind. I am afraid I was so troublesome to her that she thinks that I do not care any thing about her. I wish I could show you one of my mother's letters ; she writes beautiful letters, but I did not pay much attention to them formerly. You have promised to read me those rules which your father wrote for you. Though I suppose rules for politeness can do us

very little good now, I should like to hear them."

"That you shall," said Frank; and, going to his chest, he brought out a little packet, from which he took a neatly folded paper and read the following:—

FOR MY DEAR FRANK.

You will hear much said, my boy, about politeness,—the politeness of a true gentleman; and you will wish, I hope, to be polite. In order to be so, you must,

1. Be quick to discover what your place is;
2. What is due to every person;
3. How you can render every one their due, most agreeably;
4. How you can make yourself most acceptable in person, dress, manners, and conversation.

These plain rules I will render still more intelligible. You would not think it right to place yourself in your mother's favorite rocking-chair every time she left it vacant; you would not sit in your father's seat at church; you would not take his place at the dinner-table, when he was expected to be there. As you become older, and go out among other persons, pay the same regard

to propriety. Never stand or sit in any body's way, so that they will tread on your toes, or you will tread on theirs. This rule, however, might perhaps be included in the next. Yield to every person their due. This is exactly the golden rule;—"Do unto others what you would that they should do unto you."

A nice and quick perception of what is really due to others can alone render you ever ready to manifest politeness. You can be as polite to a boot-black as to the president of the United States. That is, you can conduct yourself towards him in such a way as to make him respect you, and feel satisfied that you do not despise him. In doing this you need not put on a condescending manner; just render to him what is really his due as a man.

On the other hand, is the man one of high station, no cringing civility should be offered to him. Render him the respect and attention that he has a right to demand, and maintain your own self-respect.

In order to render strict justice to every one, we must be as careful with regard to their feelings as to their more substantial rights. A certain delicacy of sentiment,—a quick sympathy

with others, will enable you to do this ; without it, you may know all the rules of external politeness and yet never be a gentleman.

This delicacy of sentiment will enable you to render to others their due, agreeably and gracefully.

A boy may be a well-meaning boy, and yet be awkward and uncivil, because he does not perceive what others expect from him, and what they have a right to expect.

You, my dear Frank, must know what is required from you, as a boy, to your elders and superiors, to your equals and inferiors ; and, in practising it, form early habits of politeness, that will become so habitual that you can be easy and graceful in your intercourse with your fellow-beings.

A more refined and delicate politeness must be yielded from our sex to the female sex than we render to our own. They are weak, and claim our protection. They are subordinate, and therefore it would be mean to make them more sensible of it than is needful. All these things you will understand in time.

How can you make yourself most acceptable in your person ?

You never heard of a *dirty gentleman*, Frank ; it is a contradiction in terms.

Use plenty of cold water.

Brush your teeth two or three times a day. You will want them for an ornament to your mouth, as well as a convenience. A fine set of teeth may give tenfold value to the pleasantest smile. Think, too, how much suffering you may prevent by care in preserving your teeth. There is really no small thing that so marks a well-bred boy as this scrupulous care of the teeth.

Keep your hair neatly combed and brushed ; and arranged after the fashion, without following it too far. That is, if it is the fashion to wear it long, do not wear it extravagantly long ; if short, do not have it shaven close to your head. Follow fashion moderately, in order to follow it gracefully.

“Scarlet finger, and long jetty nail,” as Pope says, are most disgusting. Be careful, then, not to ornament the ends of your fingers with a black crescent. Do not put your fingers in your nose, mouth, or ears ; or pick your teeth in company.

So much has been said of that filthy practice of spitting, that I cannot think you will ever fall into it. Chewing and smoking tobacco render

spitting indispensable. I entreat you to avoid both of those unwholesome and disagreeable habits.

I wish to have you neat and tasteful in your dress, without extravagance. Keep your clothes well brushed, and hang them up carefully when they are taken off.

Never, my son, never rely upon dress to make you a gentleman. It is as flimsy a disguise as the lion's skin was to the ass. When he brayed, his borrowed attire only made him more conspicuously ridiculous.

In your *conversation* be scrupulously polite. Address persons by their proper titles, and use those expressions of civility that custom renders necessary. "If you please," "Thank you," "Beg pardon," &c., &c., even to those in the humblest station.

Speak out your words plainly and distinctly, and in a moderate tone of voice. What is called a good enunciation is a distinctive mark of good breeding.

I cannot think it possible that my son should ever commit such a sin against the laws of God as to use profane language. Infinitely worse is this than a breach of politeness. Yet it is not

only a violation of God's law, but it is a mean, vulgar habit; so low, that I trust you will never be tempted to fall into it.

How horrible is the sound of oaths from youthful lips. My heart is saddened by the thought that they are often heard in our streets, from mere children.

Obscene language; low, vulgar conversation; surely, my son, you can never dishonor your father and mother by allowing any such language to pass your lips. Never listen to it from others.

A tattling, gossiping, tale-telling disposition, avoid. Every honorable mind despises traitors, spies, and tale-bearers.

You must not alone be just to others, my son, in order to be polite, you must be generous, noble, chivalrous.

Above all, to be a Christian gentleman, the character which I most desire for you, it is necessary to study faithfully that most perfect and beautiful code of politeness, given by St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

In short, my dear son, my desires and prayers for you constantly are, that you may be,—

Pure in body and mind;

Pure in manners and morals ; and,
Pure in heart.

That thus you may perform your duties faithfully and acceptably to God and to man.

Frank carefully folded the precious paper, and said, " Well, Joseph, do you not think we may be polite, even if we are sailors ? "

" Not very elegantly so," replied his companion.

" Yet I think we may be as gentleman-like in our feelings here as anywhere else," said Frank and as he said so he received an order from the captain to come into the cabin.

CHAPTER IX



NEW ACQUAINTANCES

ON entering the cabin, Frank was surprised at its magnificence. It was beautifully finished with mahogany and rosewood. A large mirror adorned one end of it, and curtains of rich crimson damask were hung there in graceful festoons.

But Frank was still more surprised at its inmates. A delicate-looking middle-aged lady was reclining upon a couch, and by her side sat a young girl, of about fourteen, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a complexion pale as marble.

The captain seemed quite amused at the undisguised astonishment of Frank, as he stood, tarpaulin in hand, bowing with the most profound respect to the ladies.

“You did not know, boy, that there were passengers on board,” said the captain.

“I heard, soon after we sailed, that there were cabin passengers, but had forgotten it, and I did not know that they were ladies.”

“They are ladies in every thing but one important consideration, — that is, they can’t speak English. Madame La Tourette and her daughter were placed under my care by a French merchant in Boston, to be landed at Marseilles. I do not know their history. The poor things have been very seasick and lonely. I took it into my head that you, being brought up a gentleman and a scholar, might find some way to amuse them. They have looked through the cabin door, though they have not been on deck, and have asked a great many questions about you.”

Frank was sorely puzzled to know what he should do for the amusement of the invalid lady and her daughter, who were looking at him with much curiosity and interest, as he stood there in his sailor’s dress.

“They seemed to see at once that there was something peculiar in you, and I have tried to make them understand that you are a young gentleman,” continued the captain, “but I do not know whether I have made it out or not: you must go and shake hands with them.”

Frank was ready to laugh at this proposal ; but the captain immediately “ suited the action to the word ” by taking Frank’s hand and placing it in one of the lady’s, and then in the girl’s hand.

They smiled at this peculiar introduction, and asked Frank if he spoke French. He had learned to speak it with his mother, and at school ; but felt, at first, some diffidence about replying in that language. He made the effort, however, and it seemed to give great pleasure ; they immediately commenced talking with so much volubility that Frank could hardly distinguish a word.

The captain was charmed. He slapped Frank on the shoulders, clapped his hands, and exclaimed, “ There, I told them there was a young gentleman on board who could parley-vous with them. Poor creatures, they are so lonesome that I have determined to have you come and dine with them every day ; but, as the sailors might not think it just the thing if you at the same time messed with them, you must be my clerk, and we will arrange it so that the other hands can manage without you.”

“ But I have no suitable clothes,” said Frank. “ I have nothing but a sailor’s dress of the most common kind : how should I look, sitting down to dine with ladies, as you now see me ! ”

“But, my boy, you are always neat and clean I have wondered a thousand times how you kept yourself so. No excuses. I dare say Madame, and the pretty little dem’selle, won’t need any. I’ll tell them how it is.”

So saying, the captain pointed at Frank’s jacket, wide trowsers, and red flannel shirt, and shook his head, and shouted, “Can’t help it, no land gear”; as if the ladies were deaf; making, at the same time, divers grimaces and shrugs, to aid himself to be understood.

“There, now, they understand that you can’t dress up smart to please them, and won’t mind your sea-rig.”

Frank was obliged to obey the captain’s order, and remove his quarters.

The vessel was to touch at Marseilles to land the passengers; and from this time to their arrival Frank devoted himself to the ladies, and to the captain, as his clerk.

Joseph Brandon was not at all pleased at the change which had taken place relative to Frank. He tried to make the other sailors complain of it; but they, to a man, rejoiced in it; saying that it was not suitable that such a delicate lad should be with them and have to put up with

their rough ways. They felt, always, that he was a gentleman, although he refused no part of his sailor's duty.

Madame La Tourette and Louise were exceedingly amused the first time Frank came to dine with them. His blue jacket and trowsers, his calico shirt, and morocco pumps, were all in the neatest order. Yet Madame could not help saying to herself, " *Quel drole de petit matelot !* " " What a funny little sailor ! " and Louise, in spite of her good-breeding, was obliged to hold her handkerchief before her mouth, to conceal a smile.

The captain thought his plan had succeeded marvellously, for in a few days his passengers appeared upon deck.

Joe had been employed in splicing and tarring ropes ; and, when Frank appeared upon deck in attendance upon Madame La Tourette and Louise, the poor fellow was sadly mortified at his appearance. He would not look towards Frank to give him an opportunity to speak to him, but turned away with a sulky expression.

Frank was determined that he should not escape him ; and, going up to him, said, kindly, " Joseph, do not think that new friends make me forget old ones. I should really like to intro-

duce you to the agreeable acquaintances which the captain has, in a manner, forced me to make."

"A pretty fellow should I be," replied Joe, "to be introduced to ladies; they never would think it possible that I had been brought up genteelly. See, they are looking at you now, and wondering how you can speak to such a dirty fellow as I am. I am so much ashamed to be seen working and looking so, that I am just ready to jump into the sea."

"That would be a sure way to wash away the dirt," said Frank. "But Madame calls me."

So saying, Frank went to assist the lady in going below. From the time that he was so singularly introduced, Frank exerted himself in various ways to relieve the tedium of the voyage. They came in sight of Gibraltar on the twenty-eighth day out; and, passing through the Straits, made for Marseilles.

The Sally Ann was to remain two or three days at Marseilles, and as she sailed from Boston in the winter, and there had been no sickness on board, she would not be obliged to perform a long quarantine.

Madame La Tourette was so grateful to her young friend, Frank, that she invited him to re-

main at her house during his stay at Marseilles. She wished to show him every thing worth seeing in her native city.

Louise was now looking in better health ; the early part of the voyage both mother and daughter had suffered exceedingly from seasickness. Louise was delighted at the thought of reaching home, — her dear Marseilles, — from which she had been absent for two years. Madame La Tourette was a widow, and Louise was her only daughter. She had been passing a couple of years with a brother in Canada, and, after visiting the United States, sailed from Boston, as has been said, in the Sally Ann.

The captain stood on the deck with Madame leaning on his arm ; Frank held a spy-glass for Louise. “ Je vois ma patrie, ma belle France,” exclaimed the young girl. “ Oui ; c’est vrai, nous verrons bientôt, votre Marseilles,” replied Frank : and then he asked the captain how long it would be before they should be able to see the city.

“ In about three hours,” was his reply.

So happy were they all at this news, that they decided upon remaining upon deck till sundown.

And it was a glorious sunset. Far in the west the clouds were piled in rich masses of purple

and gold, while lighter flakes floated above, dazzlingly white, or tinged with red. The sea reflected far and wide the brilliant sky.

“There, I see the rocks,” said Madame La Tourette; “I know those rocks well; often have I climbed them in my youth to look out upon the sea, and watch the distant vessels.”

“And can we not land to-night?” inquired Louise, eagerly.

“Not to-night, but early in the morning,” replied Frank.

“O, I shall be so happy!” exclaimed she; “but then I shall soon have to part with you for ever, Frank; and that makes me sad, even in the midst of my joy.”

“My good friend, Frank,” said Madame, as they were about to separate for the night, “I owe you a thousand thanks: is there any thing I can do for you before we leave. Of course you are our visiter while you stay at Marseilles.”

“You owe me no thanks,” said Frank, “and yet I have one favor to ask;—it is that you will include a friend of mine in your kind invitation. Joseph Brandon has never been to sea before; he has suffered much during the voyage, and I think it would do him good to be with me”

“I should be most happy to have him accompany us,” said Madame, with great politeness.

“And will you ask the captain to give him leave of absence?” said Frank.

“As well as I can,” replied Madame; and, turning to the captain, she said, “Capitaine, will you let von friend of Meester Frank go chez moi — to mine house dat is — vid him?”

“Who is it, Frank?” asked the captain.

“Joseph Brandon, Sir. I should like to have him go ashore with me and remain the two days that we are at Marseilles. Madame La Tourette is so kind as to invite him to her house.”

“He is a lazy dog, that Joe Brandon; he is n’t fit to be a sailor, and I do not think he deserves the favor you ask for him; but since you ask it, Frank, I grant it.”

“Thank you, Sir; I hope he will do better on the voyage home; he was entirely green, you know, and has gone through a pretty good salting.”

CHAPTER X.



BEAU BRANDON ASHORE.

GREAT preparations were going on before a small looking-glass, on board the Sally Ann, the next morning.

Joe was delighted with the invitation of Madame La Tourette, and attributed it entirely to the impression he had made by his gentleman-like appearance, which, by the way, she had never observed.

The self same splendid Dickens, D'Orsay cashmere vest was once more the object of his admiration, as he surveyed himself with much complacency in the aforesaid bit of a looking-glass. But, like Sampson, he was shorn of his glory,—his long hair. The unfortunate tarring into the hammock had robbed him of his locks, and left him looking as if it had been gnawed off by the rats.

Joe was a tall, thin, awkward boy, with long arms and large hands. His dress-coat was quite too short-waisted for him, the buttons seemed travelling up to the shoulders, and those large hands hung out of the sleeves at a goodly distance from the cuffs. But the ruffled shirt, the splendid vest, the gold chain, and large breast-pin,—they would atone for other deficiencies; at least so thought Joe.

When he appeared upon deck, the sailors gave three cheers, — “Hurrah for Beau Brandon.”

Frank appeared in his Sunday sailor dress. Soon Madame and Louise were ready; and were handed ashore, and into the carriage, by Joe and Frank.

The friends of Madame hastened to greet her on her return, and were not a little surprised to see her young companions.

A dinner-party was invited the next day to meet them.

The habitual politeness of Frenchmen could hardly keep them from laughing at seeing Frank Wood, dressed like a common sailor, walking up and down the splendid drawing-room, with Louise La Tourette. But so completely was he at his ease, and so graceful and polite withal

that they soon changed their tone and admired the fine young American.

Poor Joe could not speak a word of French. He sat in a corner, not knowing where to put his feet or his hands, where to look, or what to do. There could hardly have been a better specimen of a raw Yankee, and so thought Johnny Cra-peau.*

Poor Madame La Tôurette did not know what to do with him. She was glad when dinner was announced, and she asked him to sit by her at table. There his awkwardness and vulgarity were still more apparent. He carried all his food to his mouth with his knife; he stuck out his elbows like a grasshopper; used his pocket-handkerchief instead of a napkin, and ate so fast as to alarm his lady hostess lest he should actually choke himself.

Frank, if he had had time to observe Joe, would have been much mortified, but fortunately he was engaged in conversation with a distinguished gentleman who was making inquiries about the United States. In a prompt and clear manner he gave the information that was desired and surprised the gentleman as much by his

* The English nickname for a Frenchman.

intelligence as he did the ladies by his easy politeness.

Madame La Tourette and Louise were very happy to see their young friend the object of such general attention and admiration. Beau Brandon was stung with jealousy and envy.

What could there be in that sailor-boy so attractive ?

He was a gentleman-like, well-bred boy ; and if a gentleman at home, of course he was so everywhere.

There are different customs and various usages among different nations ; quickness of perception will enable a well-bred person to adopt at once those customs which are new to him, without awkwardness. He would use his fingers with the Turks, chop-sticks with the Chinese, and silver forks with the French, with equal grace and propriety. He would know his place everywhere, and maintain his self-respect.

Thus it was with Frank Wood, though only a boy of sixteen, among entire strangers, in a foreign land ; and, though in the dress of a common sailor, it was impossible not to perceive that he had the manners and the sentiments of a gentleman, and was therefore a fit associate for the refined and the noble of every land.

Having no hereditary titles in the United States, there can be no higher distinction than that which belongs to moral worth, intellectual superiority, and refined politeness. A republican gentleman, therefore, need acknowledge no superior; he is a companion for nobles and kings, or, what is better, for the polite, the talented, the good.

Since such are an American's only claims to distinction, it becomes the more important for him to cultivate all those graces which elevate and dignify humanity. No high ancestral claims can he urge for his position in society. Wealth he may possess, and there are those who will acknowledge that claim; but if the possessor have not intelligence and taste to teach him how to use his wealth, it will only make him a more conspicuous mark for ridicule. Those glorious institutions of New England, common schools, afford to every boy the opportunity to acquire that intelligence and taste, and his associates there are from every class of society. There is no insurmountable obstacle in any boy's way; his position in society must depend mainly upon himself.

CHAPTER XI.



THE PARTING.

MADAME LA TOURETTE took great pleasure in showing the young sailors every thing worthy of notice in the Old Town and the New Town, into which Marseilles is divided.

Her own elegant mansion was in the beautiful street, Beauvau. From this they sallied forth to see the Exchange, the fine old Cathedral,—one of the most ancient in France,—the hospitals, and the Museum. In all these objects, Frank Wood took an intelligent interest, and was highly pleased to be able to communicate so much to his father that would be interesting to him. At the hospitals, in particular, he made so many judicious, well-directed inquiries, as to astonish the physician in attendance, and give great pleasure to Madame La Tourette. She was much amused

when the physician said to her, aside, "A very remarkable sailor-boy, Madame; by his accent he must be English; I never saw any one of that class so intelligent and so polite."

"He is an American," was the reply.

The result of his observations Frank was able to communicate in a letter to his father, which he sent by a vessel just ready to sail for New York.

Joseph Brandon wrote to his mother at the same time, and expatiated largely upon the flattering reception he had met with in France. He failed not to describe the table equipage and the dress of the ladies at the dinner party; his own dress, too, was very particularly mentioned. Nothing, however, worthy of a traveller's notice was described. Yet his mother's heart would be gladdened, and his sisters would rejoice; for he assured them that he was sorry that he had been only a burden to them, and concluded with a hope that he might henceforth be to them a better son and brother.

Madame La Tourette bade adieu to her young friend, Frank, with sincere regret, begging him to visit them again. This he earnestly hoped he should be able to do.

Louise, with the consent of her mother, gave him a ring, within which was engraved, "Pensez a moi."

Joseph was about taking leave without thanking Madame for her politeness, when Frank gave him a hint to do so.

Joe said she would not understand him; but Frank waited for him, and at length he said, "I tank you berry much for de politeness you hab show me," thinking he should be better understood in broken English.

Frank could scarcely refrain from laughing outright, while Madame and Louise bowed with the greatest civility, although their countenances expressed very perceptibly that they were exceedingly amused.

When they had gone, Madame said, "Frank Wood is a very polite, fine boy, and will make people think well of Americans wherever he goes."

"Yes, mamma, he will, if he does not take that great awkward boy with him, to destroy the good opinion."

"Let us ever, my child, cherish the memory of the good and the agreeable that we discover,

and obliterate the bad and the disagreeable," said Madame.

Louise was in no danger, in this instance, of not following her mother's wise injunction.

CHAPTER XII.



A STORM AT SEA.

THE vessel had a speedy voyage up the Mediterranean to Smyrna, and, having taken in her lading, sailed for Boston.

The voyage continued prosperous for several days ; after they had left the Straits of Gibraltar, head winds prevailed, and then a dead calm. Several of the sailors were seized with a malignant fever. The captain, too, was ill. The labor of working the ship, as well as the care of the sick, came upon a few.

Frank, who had, till this time, continued to act as captain's clerk, now cheerfully returned to the duties of a common sailor.

Brandon's visit at Marseilles for a time rendered him quite proud and pretending but there was no use in it no good was gained, and Frank

advised him never again to boast, among his messmates, of "that famous French dinner-party."

From a notion that ardent spirits would keep off infection, Brandon took large quantities of rum. Frank warned him seriously of the danger he incurred of becoming intemperate.

"I thought you had too much taste to be a tee-totaller," said Joe.

"You did not think I had a taste for rum?" replied Frank.

"No; but I thought, with all your ideas of refinement, that you would drink wine like a gentleman. I was surprised to see you refuse Champagne and Burgundy at that famous French dinner-party."

"I promised my father, before I left home the first time, that I would not drink wine nor ardent spirits, and I have not broken my promise."

"Well, I can tell you that those stylish French people looked at you as if they thought you were terrible green not to take wine; I dare say they thought you never saw any thing of the kind before."

"You are quite mistaken, I told them that I

never drank wine, and they, with true politeness did not urge it upon me."

In spite of his precautionary measures, Brandon was seized violently with the fever. Two of the sailors had already died, and were buried in the depths of the ocean. Poor Joe was terribly alarmed.

"Frank," said he, "I do not think I shall get over this, for every body is so selfish that I can now hardly get a cup of cold water brought to me. O, if I only had my mother to take care of me."

"The sailors have all so much to do, poor fellows!" replied Frank, kindly, "that they cannot devote as much time as they would wish to the sick. I will do all that I can for you, and I am glad that I went to the hospitals at Marseilles, for I there learnt many things which may be of use to us now. I shall sponge you as often as I can with cold water, and use some other remedies of which I there heard. Keep up good courage, Joseph, and I think you will do well. There is one thing I want you to promise me; that is, when you recover, that you will drink no more ardent spirits."

"Never, in all my life?" inquired Joe.

“Never. The men on board who drank most freely are the ones who have died, and not a temperate sailor has yet had the fever.”

“Ah, I think I shall never wish to take another drop, and I solemnly promise you that I will not, unless it is prescribed by a physician for a medicine. Give me water, water, now, for I am mad with thirst.”

After giving him the water, Frank was summoned upon deck, and was unable to return for several hours; when he did so he found Brandon raving with the delirium of fever. He called upon his mother in the most piteous accents, begging her not to forsake him.

Frank tried to soothe him, used the cold water frequently, and gave him such medicines as the ship's medicine-chest afforded. Although exhausted by fatigue, he sat by him for several hours.

The Bible, the gift of his mother, he read with deep interest. He knew not how soon his own turn might come to be laid low, and he prayed earnestly for himself and his companion.

Towards morning Joseph slept, and Frank snatched a short nap. He was aroused from it to relieve the watch upon deck.

So sleepy that he could hardly stand, he staggered upon deck, and there met the captain, who was just able to come out of the cabin.

Seeing Frank thus staggering along, with his face flushed and his eyes red and swollen, he laid his hand roughly upon his shoulder, and said, "What! drunk at this time of the morning, boy! — you must have the cat for this."

"Sir, you are mistaken," said Frank, with great mildness and self-possession, "I am very weary and sleepy from having taken care of poor Brandon all night. I was afraid that he might not live till morning. I never take spirits, Sir."

"Excuse me, my good fellow; I see I was entirely mistaken," said the captain. "How much you gain by never getting into a passion. There is nothing convinces one so soon as this mild way of speaking. It makes me think of my good old mother. I wish I was more like the old lady. How sorry she would have been to hear me rip out an oath as I do now and then. Odd zooks, there is a storm brewing. There, look over the water, — there comes a real hurricane, — down with the sails!"

The few sailors on deck flew into the rigging, but before they could succeed in taking in the

sails, the gale came rushing on so furiously that the vessel reeled, and seemed fighting for existence, "like a thing of life."

Another blast, still more furious;—she was thrown completely upon one side, and the tattered sails floated upon the water.

Two men went overboard and were lost; the remainder clung to the sides, spars, and rigging. Orders were given to cut away the masts. In consequence of the small number of the crew remaining, this was a task of great difficulty; it was, however, accomplished, and the vessel righted. The storm raged fiercely for several hours; the straining that the ship had undergone loosened the timbers, so that there was water in the hold, and the pumps were occasionally used.

As soon as Frank could make his way to the place where he had left Joseph, he went to see what had become of him. To Frank's utter astonishment, there he still lay in his hammock.

Whether he had clung to it the whole time or not could not be ascertained; there he was, deathly pale, and so weak as to be unable to move.

"Frank," said he, in a feeble voice, "Is it you? I believe I am dying. I am not fit to die. Wha

a bad son and brother I have been. What shall I do?"

"Ask God's forgiveness," said Frank, deeply moved.

"I have," was the reply.

After a few moments' pause, Joseph inquired, "How near home are we, Frank?"

"We are quite distant; you know we had not made very rapid progress after we left Gibraltar, when we carried away our masts ——"

"Carried away our masts!" interrupted Joseph. "When? how?"

Frank commenced telling the sad tale, but so extreme was the weakness of Joseph that he fell asleep during the recital.

He awoke after some hours, refreshed and evidently better; the crisis was past, and recovery probable. Great was his astonishment on learning the full extent of the catastrophe; and it was difficult to convince him that the ship was not even then in immediate danger of being engulfed in the ocean.

The danger, though not immediate, was imminent. There was the ship that came so gallantly out of port, every sail proudly swelling to the breeze, bearing high aloft the stars and stripes

so dear to every American,—there she lay,—maimed, deformed, floating at the mercy of every wave ; her hardy crew lessened by death ; the remainder sick, disheartened, almost in despair • their only hope that some vessel might heave in sight and take them from the wreck.

In consequence of the small number of serviceable hands on board, it was some time before they succeeded in raising a jury-mast ; when this was accomplished, they spread their sails and steered for Fayal, one of the Azore Islands.

Brandon was now rapidly recovering. He had no friend but Frank ; no one else troubled themselves about him, or rendered him the slightest attention. Gratitude, like one fresh flower in a desert, sprung up in the heart of Joseph Brandon ; and its kindred flower, affection, must soon bloom in its neighbourhood. The selfishness of his nature had yielded, and he allowed himself to be more influenced by his young friend than he ever before had been by any human being.

Moreover, that Almighty Being whose wonders are upon the great deep, was now often present to his thoughts ; for in his agony, with death staring him in the face, he had prayed.

During the long and tedious hours of loneli-

ness that he now suffered, there was abundant time for reflection. His life passed before him like a moving panorama. What had he ever done for the happiness of others? Nothing. How had he sought his own? By trying to appear what he was not. He wished to appear rich, — he was not so. He wished to appear brave, — at heart he was a coward. He wished to be considered polite and refined, — he was rude and coarse. In striving after appearances he had totally neglected reality.

His mother, his excellent, loving mother, — she was now revealed to him in her true character. The large tears rolled over his pale, thin face, as he thought of her neglected counsels, and all the trouble he had occasioned her.

Fanny, sweet Fanny, seemed to hover near him like some mild spirit of love and tenderness. Susan, too, in spite of her candor and plain-dealing severity, was a generous sister. How could he ever repay them all for their self-sacrificing kindness? He thought, again and again, of that last fortnight in Boston, when, instead of earnestly looking for some respectable employment, he had strutted about the streets as if he were as rich as Cræsus, until his time and money

were spent, and he was forced, as a last resort, to go to sea.

That home, which he had once despised, — what spot on earth now seemed so lovely! “Home, sweet home.” When the sullen waves dashed at midnight against the shattered vessel, O, what agony thrilled through his soul as those words seemed to vibrate there, —

“Home ' sweet home ! There 's no p'ace like home ! ”

CHAPTER XIII.



A SAIL.

ON the fourth morning after the ship had carried away her masts, the joyful sound was heard, — “A sail! a sail!”

Suddenly a fresh breeze came over the water; the vessels neared and neared, and the crew of the dismasted ship became almost frantic with joy.

It was soon changed to the deepest dejection; for the vessel bore off in an easterly direction, and either saw not their forlorn condition, or chose to take no notice of their signals of distress.

To increase their anxiety, the leak was gaining fast upon them, and the labor at the pumps was incessant. Captain Wye, who had just recovered from sickness, which had been succeed

ed by great debility, seemed entirely bewildered and knew not what directions to give for the safety and preservation of the crew.

Some of the sailors, in a state of extreme desperation, drank freely of ardent spirits, and became mutinous and disobedient.

It was necessary that all should work, by turns, at the pumps. Towards the morning of the fifth day, while the captain, Joseph Brandon, Frank Wood, and two common sailors, were sleeping soundly, during the brief space allowed them for rest, the first mate, with the remainder of the crew, had taken the long-boat and escaped.

One of the sailors, accustomed to wake, from habit, at the time appointed, went upon deck without being called, and found it entirely deserted. He immediately gave the alarm, and all who remained on board were soon upon deck.

Frank's courage had held out manfully, hitherto, but when he saw the terrible condition to which they were now reduced, he sat down and wept piteously. "My father, my dear father, I shall never see you again," said he, with a bursting heart.

Brandon, who was but just able to crawl upon

deck, at the sight of Frank's sorrow was in absolute despair.

The water was gaining rapidly in the hold. The sailors said the vessel could not remain above water more than twelve hours longer.

The captain seemed utterly to have lost his reason. He was calm, but it was not the calmness of a strong mind; it was the fearful indifference of idiotic derangement.

The sailors went to work to construct a raft. They endeavoured to cheer Frank with the hope that they might thus be saved, and he aroused himself to assist them in their labor.

As soon as it was finished, he attempted to go below to get his chest, or at least some of his clothing. It was already under water. Joseph was sorely distressed when he found that his chest, too, was not to be recovered.

They had hitherto had an abundance of water and provisions; but the men in the long-boat had carried off a quantity, and what remained would not long hold out.

Far in the distance the anxious eyes of one of the sailors discovered a mere speck in the horizon. It might be a sail, it might be only a cloud. It grew larger and larger. It was a sail!

O, how the hearts of the poor fellows throbbed with anxiety as they watched the increasing mast, and then the hull of the vessel, as it came up fully to view. It was steering towards them. It came nearer and nearer hour after hour. At last they shouted, and made signals, though still too distant to be heard. On, on, came the vessel, bounding over the waves.

“Captain!” said Frank, “Captain! we shall be saved.”

“Well, what of that?” said the poor captain, without the slightest expression of joy.

“Could I not possibly get at my chest?” said Brandon. “What will people think of me in these old clothes?”

“It would not be safe to make the attempt,” was the reply of one of the sailors, an experienced tar.

“Never mind your clothes, Joe, if your life is saved. There comes a boat,—hurrah!” cried Frank.

It was an English brig, bound for Fayal. The boat was soon alongside.

“Halloo! shipmates!” said a bluff English sailor; “you do n’t spread much canvass. I’m afraid you’re bound for Davy’s locker.” And

he jumped upon the deck, now almost level with the ocean, followed by his companions.

The story of their misfortunes was soon told.

“Hurry! hurry!” said the first speaker; “we nave n’t a second to lose. What ails your captain? He seems in a brown study.”

“He has been very ill, and since his misfortunes seems to have lost his reason. We must help him on board,” said Frank, taking him kindly by the hand. “We must leave the poor Sally Ann.”

“That was my wife’s name,” said the captain. “Must we go? Well, just as you say”; and he stepped into the boat. Brandon, Frank, and the sailors followed.

A few casks of biscuit, and some other things of little value, were all that could be saved from the wreck.

They rowed for the brig; and, after having been cordially welcomed by the English captain and crew, they turned to see, once more, the wreck of the Sally Ann.

“The shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.”

CHAPTER XIV.



FAYAL.

WITH a fair wind the brig went on towards Fayal. There seemed but little change in the captain from day to day, and yet he was declining. Frank attended upon him with as much devotedness as if he had been his father.

The cry of "Land, land," the third day after they left the wreck, started the captain from a long sleep. Frank was sitting by him. He knew him, and calling him by name, said "Was not that the cry of land?"

"It was," said Frank, pleased to see that the captain had once more his reason. "Here is Captain Brown who will tell you what it is."

"How are you, Captain? Better, I hope. We shall soon be in port. The land is a high mountain in one of the Azores, called the Peak," said the English captain.

“ I have a dim recollection of escape from a wreck. The poor Sally Ann, did she go down, Frank ? ” asked Captain Wye, in a mournful voice.

“ She did, Sir, but all were saved, ” replied Frank.

“ You are a good lad, Frank, God bless you, ” said the poor captain ; then, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said, “ You pray sometimes, Frank, do n't you ? Well, pray for me, for I am going to my long account. Bury me in the ocean, Captain, I shall rest better there. ”

For a few moments he was silent ; he thought of his far-distant home. He then called Frank again, and said, “ Here, my brave boy, take my watch, it is all I have to give you, — it keeps true time ; and when you get home, go to New Bedford and tell my wife all about my misfortunes. Call the other boys. ”

The sailors were called.

“ Well, my lads, your captain 's just going, ” said he. “ Keep steady, boys, and then, you know, all 's well. There 's nothing more comfortable than a clean conscience when one is about to die. Brandon, I thought you would have gone before me, but it seems you stay a

while longer. Be kind to Frank, whatever happens; he has been kind enough to you. God bless you, Captain Brown. Take good care of these poor fellows."

And here the captain's mind wandered again; he muttered indistinctly for a while, and then was for ever silent. In a few hours he had breathed his last.

"They saw the pomp of day depart, —
 The cloud resign its golden crown, —
 When to the ocean's beating heart
 The sailor's wasted corse went down. —
 Peace be to those whose graves are made
 Beneath the bright and silver wave."

The town of Villa de Horta, in Fayal, is inhabited principally by the Portuguese. At the time of the arrival of Captain Brown with the wrecked seamen from the Sally Ann, it happened there was no American consul there, and only one American resident in the place. Vessels from the United States, however, frequently visited the island; and the captain, after giving each of the sailors a full suit of coarse clothes, left them to find what opportunity they could to return to their own country.

The very next day, the two sailors shipped on

board a returning East-Indiaman, in want of hands, leaving Joseph and Frank to take care of each other.

They walked about for some time, inquiring if there were any residents from the United States. The Portuguese, whom they met, did not understand them; but at length an Englishman directed them to a well-built house in one of the principal streets, saying it was the dwelling of an American merchant.

Frank and Joe, with beating hearts, stood at the door of their fellow-countryman. A Portuguese servant appeared, who was, after much difficulty, made to comprehend that they wished to speak with his master.

A tall, spare man, with a hooked nose and small grey eyes, soon appeared.

Joe made his best dancing-school bow, and, as he was the oldest, chose to be spokesman.

“Sir,” said he, “you see before you two unfortunate young gentlemen from the United States who have had the misfortune to be shipwrecked and lose all their clothes. We take the liberty to present our deplorable case for your consideration. We are not sailors in the common acceptance of the term.”

Here was a little of the old desire to be a gentleman. It takes a long time to overcome early habits.

“I see plainly you are a couple of English runaway sailor-boys, and I will have nothing to do with you,” said the stranger, preparing to shut the door in their faces.

“Stay, stay, I entreat you,” said Frank. “We are indeed your countrymen;—sailors from the Sally Ann, of Boston.”

“Yes,” added Joe, “and we both belong to very respectable families at home.”

“I am not anxious to make the acquaintance of such highly respectable individuals,” said the man, shutting the door, and bolting it.

Brandon, who had so recently recovered from severe illness, was pale and weak. He sat down upon the door-step, exclaiming, “I can go on further. I should just like to tell that fellow that he is no gentleman.”

“And yet, Joe, he was a remarkably well-dressed man,” replied Frank, with a meaning smile. “At least you can rest here a while, till I look about and see what can be done.”

Frank walked off briskly, and Joe laid down a small budget, done up in a silk handkerchief,—

his whole worldly possessions; and, leaning his head upon his hands, fell into sad meditations.

While he was thus musing, the door of the house again opened, and the Portuguese servant appeared and began scolding him in a violent manner. The words he did not understand, but the tones and gestures plainly intimated that it was the man's intention to drive him away.

As Joe had agreed to wait there for Frank, he did not move, but said, in a loud tone, "Tell your master that I say he is no gentleman, and when I get home I will report him as a mean fellow."

The servant did not understand this but the master, who was at an open window above, did, and coming down to the door, he gave the little budget a kick into the street, and said, — "Begone, you rascal, and if I catch you here again I will give you a good cowhiding."

"But," said Joe, in an expostulatory manner, "I am to wait here for my friend; and Mr. Whats-your-name ——"

"My name is George Washington Mudge, — 'well known upon 'change,' as the saying is. You report me at home! A man worth forty thousand dollars reported as a mean fellow by

a dirty, low-lived sailor-boy, not worth a brass farthing? Who would believe you? Come! be going, as fast as your feet will carry you."

"I wished only to wait here till Frank Wood returned, but I can go to the next door-step," said Joe, picking up his little bundle and muttering, — "What a horrid disgrace to the name of Washington! What a disgrace to his country! A man worth forty thousand dollars too!"

Disheartened, and actually hungry, he sat down upon the next door-step, and there he waited for Frank's return till the sun was sinking below the horizon.

Meantime Frank passed through one street, and another, and another, not meeting with any person whom he could venture to address. At length he bethought himself of the captain's watch; and it occurred to him, if he could dispose of that he could procure lodgings for himself and Joseph.

Seeing a large goldsmith's shop, he went into it, and found it was kept by a Frenchman. He handed him the watch, and asked how much he would give for it. The goldsmith looked at the watch, a fine gold repeater, and then at Frank, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and said,

“Where you get him watch, you English boy, I mend him vonce for von Capitaine Vy.”

“Captain Wye! Did you know him? He was my captain on board the Sally Ann, and he gave me that watch when he was dying. I would not part with it, but I have nothing else to supply my necessities and those of a friend.”

“Ah, I ’fraid you no come honestly by him, but I give you twenty dollars for him.”

At this moment a gentleman, who had been standing in another part of the shop, came up, and said, “Monsieur Fourcher, why do you not speak French with the boy? I wish to hear what he has to say.”

“The very reason why I did not speak to him in French is, because I wish to make a bargain with the young rascal who has stolen this watch.”

“Stolen it!” exclaimed Frank, indignantly; “I told you, Sir, it was the gift of my poor captain, his parting gift; and cruel necessity alone obliges me to dispose of it.”

“Have the goodness to relate the particulars,” said the gentleman, who seemed much interested.

“Let me, meantime, examine the watch.”

The goldsmith seemed reluctant to let it go out of his hands, but durst not refuse.

Frank then gave a brief but clear account of their voyage from Boston to Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Smyrna, and from thence homeward, — the gale, the loss of the vessel, the death of Captain Wye, and his being left with Brandon at Fayal without any means of returning home. As Frank concluded his story, he said, “I must hasten to my friend, for he will be alarmed at my long absence.”

“And I will go with you,” said the stranger. “Monsieur Fourcher, you must wait a while before you can buy this watch for twenty dollars, which must have cost two hundred.”

“And so the captain left you unprovided for? That was just like John Bull,” continued he, as they walked along.

“Excuse me, Sir, you are mistaken. He was kind to us. He gave me the clothes I have on, and a suit to each of my companions in misfortune.”

“And left you to find a passage home as you could. And where are you going to stay in the mean time?”

“I do not know, Sir, but I have already met with so much kindness that I trust Providence will open the way for our speedy return home.

I am sorry to say that we met with rudeness and unkindness from the only one from whom we could reasonably have expected different treatment, — our own countryman who resides here.”

“ One Mr. Mudge ? ”

“ I do not know his name.”

“ As mean a scoundrel as ever disgraced any country is that same Mudge, for I have no doubt he was the man. He set up a little huckster’s shop here some years since, and has scraped together a few thousands by all manner of cheating and roguery, rum-selling and so forth.”

“ I am sorry my country should be so badly represented here,” replied Frank, with an expression of face that denoted extreme mortification.

“ O, every country has its rogues. The Frenchman is one, for instance, who would have taken your watch for one tenth of its true value. Will you have the kindness to tell me how you happened to be a sailor, — for that you were destined for some other employment I am certain.”

Frank then related his loss of health; his father’s profession; his advice with regard to going to sea; and his recovery in consequence. The stranger had already heard his account of the

gale and wreck. He listened with much interest questioning Frank closely, and at the same time politely.

It was some time before they reached the place where Brandon was left; when they did so, he was not there. Frank, much alarmed, raised the huge old-fashioned knocker, and gave a thundering rap. Mr. Mudge himself appeared, and, seeing only Frank, said, in a very harsh tone, "What! one of those young scoundrels again. Begone, you scamp, and do n't darken my door again."

The stranger stepped forward. Though he did not understand English, the threatening tone was not to be misunderstood. The moment Mr. Mudge perceived him, he bowed in the most obsequious manner, and said, in Portuguese, — "I am most happy to see you, Don Francesco Rebeiro; most happy to see you. Do me the honor to walk in."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Mudge; I only came with this *young gentleman* in search of his companion," coolly replied Don Francesco.

Brandon, exhausted by weakness and fatigue, had fallen asleep upon the neighbouring door-step. The noise awakened him and he came forward.

“The friend of whom I spoke, — Josephn Brandon,” said Frank.

“Your fellow-countrymen, Mr. Mudge,” said the Don.

“I do n’t believe a word of it; they are runaway English sailors. The very clothes they have on are English,” replied Mr. Mudge.

This only confirmed what Frank had said of their being the gift of the English captain.

“Good evening, Mr. Mudge,” said the gentleman. “Come, my lads, we will see where we can find a comfortable place for you to lodge, and to-morrow find out what further can be done for you.”

Not far distant was a Portuguese inn, where he left them for the night.

Joe made wry mouths at the accommodations, which were neither the neatest nor most luxurious possible. Frank said their new friend was truly a good Samaritan; and a hearty supper and good night’s repose brought Joe to the same opinion

CHAPTER XV.



REMEMBERED KINDNESS.

ACCORDING to promise, the Don appeared early the next morning.

Refreshing sleep and a careful morning toilet had wonderfully improved the appearance of both the boys.

“I related your story to my wife,” said the Don to Frank, “and she is very anxious to see you. She has been in the United States, and can talk with you about your country.”

The exterior of the house of Don Francesco was plain, but the interior was tastefully and richly furnished.

They passed through several large splendidly furnished apartments to a smaller room, in which was a lady, with easy, lively manners, and a very pleasing countenance. She received them

with great politeness, and asked Frank to have the kindness to relate his own story and that of his companion.

He did so, in a brief and simple manner, and the Donna frequently dashed away the tears from her eyes during the recital. When he had finished, she said to her husband, in Portuguese, "Every word of this recital is true, I am sure. Trust to my woman's instinct, — this is a noble boy."

She then inquired if they had ever been in Charleston, South Carolina. They had not.

"I once spent some months there, and received the greatest possible kindness and hospitality from entire strangers, and I am anxious to return it, in some degree, to your countrymen." Then, turning to her husband, she said, in Portuguese, "We must try and do all we can to make these boys comfortable while they remain with us. Would it not be well to ask them to stay with us. They can have their meals served in their own rooms."

"Just as you say, dearest."

"Well, then, propose it to them."

"I really do not know how to invite them, the younger one in particular, unless I do it as I would to any gentleman."

“That would not answer. You can inquire if they would like to remain with us, or would prefer going to a hotel.”

The Donna did so, and Frank replied, with many thanks for their politeness, that of course he left it for them to decide.

“Well, then, stay with us,” said the Don, cordially.

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the earnest truthfulness of a well-bred boy. Frank might have invented a falsehood, but he could not at once have assumed the manners and conversation of a gentleman. These were the corroborative testimony, the strong circumstantial evidence, to his statement.

Brandon, who did not understand French, was astonished when he found that they were invited to make their home in that elegant mansion. He saw that Frank was everywhere received and treated as he really deserved to be, under whatever disguise he might appear. He could not but feel his own inferiority, and resolutely determined that he would endeavour to cultivate those qualities which would render him worthy of love and respect.

CHAPTER XVI.



A SURPRISE.

THE next morning, at breakfast, the Donna seemed not quite at ease. Her treatment of the young sailors was such as would have satisfied almost any person in the world. She had fulfilled that law of Christian benevolence to which a reward is promised, — “I was a stranger and ye took me in,” &c. Yet she was not satisfied with herself. She said to her husband, “No doubt we shall even now be called romantic, and perhaps imprudent, for taking these unfortunate ones into our house; but you know it is immaterial to us what people say. We are rich, and have no relations to share our wealth with us. I am not satisfied with our reception of that amiable boy. It seems quite uncivil not to invite our guests to our own table.”

“They would look very droll at your table ; it is quite impossible,” said he.

“No, not impossible,” replied his wife, “for we can easily furnish them with suitable apparel, and then, I am sure it would do no harm to any one. I should like to have that contemptible Mr. Mudge, who treated them so cruelly, see Frank walking with me dressed as he has been accustomed to be. As for the other lad I do not know what he is, as he cannot speak French. He is by no means equal, however, to his companion.”

“Do as you like, my dear,” said the Don. “I believe you will be happier for having discharged the debt of obligation to these Americans, which you incurred long since to some of their fellow-countrymen.”

Don Francesco then handed her his purse, saying, “I hardly know in what way you can propose to them to purchase better clothing, but I leave that to your womanly ingenuity.”

This, to the Donna, was rather a difficult task. She requested a servant to call the young gentlemen into the drawing-room ; and, in a very delicate manner, asked to be allowed to be their banker, until they could draw upon friends at home.

Joe's pride was really or apparently aroused and he said, "He could not think of receiving pecuniary obligation"; but Frank gratefully accepted the offer, knowing that his father would remit the money at a future period. He advised Joe not to pain his kind hostess by a refusal.

The truth was, Joseph had no idea of not accepting it, but he thought, very erroneously, that it would be more polite to make a great ado about it.

The purse was accepted, and the contents divided equally between them.

They soon started off to purchase an entire new suit of clothes, and make such other additions to their wardrobe as were needed.

They were so successful that they returned before dinner, with the outer man completely renovated.

It was amusing to see the difference of character exhibited in their dress. The flashy style of Joe betrayed his lurking fondness for finery. He had even purchased a large brooch of colored glass, which, to say the least, looked like an emerald, and was a very conspicuous ornament. His coat was green, his vest yellow and red, and his pantaloons blue; so that there was no want

of variety in colors. This, however, was only a want of taste. Joseph was improving in character.

Frank's dress was dark blue, with a white vest, and as little expensive as he could possibly choose, although he was morally certain that it would not be many months before the money would be refunded.

At the dinner hour, an invitation was sent up for the young gentlemen. They went down to a sumptuous meal, such as they never had seen, even at "the famous French dinner-party."

The kind Donna seemed pleased with the change the boys had undergone. She said to her husband, in Portuguese, "I'm delighted; what would old Mudge say, if he should see these young gentlemen?"

According to the old proverb, the person spoken of was near. Mr. George W. Mudge was shown into the dining-room. The Donna requested him to take a seat at table. He bowed, and bowed lower and lower each time, until his head almost touched the carpet.

"You do me great honor, Don Francesco Rebeiro," said he. "I should have been here according to your invitation at an earlier hour, but

important business detained me. A vessel has just arrived from the United States, and its cargo is consigned to me."

"We are in no haste to part with our young friends," said the Don, looking at Joseph and Frank, "but this may be a pleasant opportunity for them to return to their country."

"What! are these young gentlemen Americans? You must introduce me to them."

The Don did so, with great ceremony.

"Highly delighted to see you, fellow-countrymen; charmed; hope for a better acquaintance," exclaimed Mudge; who, by the way, had quite forgotten, at the moment, the poor sailor-boys.

"Fine looking young gentlemen," said the Donna, in Portuguese.

"Beautiful!" replied Mudge, "never saw more elegant young men. Where do they belong?"

"They will tell you."

"What part of the Union claims you, Sir," said Mr. Mudge to Brandon.

"Boston has that honor," replied Brandon.

"The cradle of liberty! A worthy son of New England. And you, my fine fellow?"

"I was born in New York," replied Frank.

A sudden recollection seemed to come over the mind of Mr. Mudge. He repelled the thought, — “No; it cannot be that these are the two shipwrecked sailor-boys,” said he to himself; then, again addressing them — “I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at my house often while you are at Fayal; — make it quite your home.”

“Once is enough for me,” said Joe, bluntly.

The suspicion, then, was correct.

“Don Francesco, it seems I have been laboring under some great mistake. Your merry young friends played a trick upon me by appearing in the disguise of common sailors.”

“No trick at all, Mr. Mudge; they told you the plain truth; they were poor shipwrecked sailors, far from their friends and country.”

“Amazing!” exclaimed Mr. Mudge, dropping his knife and fork, and rolling up his little grey eyes to the ceiling.

“Do not lose your appetite so soon,” said the Donna.

Mr. Mudge partly recovered himself, saying, “You have too much to tempt it, Donna · there is no danger of that.” But so great was his astonishment and dismay that it was exceedingly difficult for the poor man to swallow.

The Don had invited Mr. Mudge to dine with him, not alone to mortify him, but because he thought he might make him useful to his young countrymen, — whether he were willing or not to be obliging to them. He knew it was too much for Mr. Mudge's own interest not to oblige him, he therefore said, — “Who is the captain of the American vessel, and when does she sail for the United States ? ”

“Captain Harrison, brig Sea-gull ; sails in about a week for New York.”

Frank did not understand what had been said, as it was in Portuguese, but at the name of New York his heart bounded, the blood flushed his face, and he unconsciously repeated, half aloud, “New York ! New York ! ”

“You are then extremely anxious to see your native city ? ” said the Donna.

“I am, indeed,” replied Frank, “for I fear my father may hear of the wreck of the Sally Ann, and will mourn for me as dead. Being an only son, the loss will be great to him.”

“I am afraid you are imposed upon, Don Francesco,” said Mr. Mudge. “What if you should find that these are really English runaways ? ”

“I shall say, that neither my wife nor myself are capable of judging of character, and that you are a man of infinite discernment,” said the Don, somewhat sarcastically. “But I am not troubled about it. Ask Captain Harrison if he can take two passengers, and what will be the passage-money to New York.”

“I will, Don, and moreover I shall ask him if he ever heard of such a person as Dr. Wood. Are they to be cabin passengers?”

“Certainly,” replied the Don, who had no idea of making a half-way business of the benevolent task he had undertaken.

CHAPTER XVII.



THE AZORES.

“HAVE you ever known much of the Azores?” inquired the Don of Frank.

“I have read very little about them,” he replied. “I know they lie about 800 miles from Cape St. Vincent, and are supposed to have been discovered and settled by the Portuguese. I have seen volcanic specimens from these islands in the mineralogical cabinet of Yale College, in Connecticut, and that is all the information that I have about them.”

“It was of their volcanic origin that I was about to speak,” continued the Don. “Some, if not all of them, must have been formed by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. I wish the American consul had not been absent from Fayal during your stay, as he would have accompanied

us on a little trip that I have projected for the morrow. I am going to take you, if it is agreeable, over to St. George. With a fair wind we can go over in about five hours. There was a tremendous eruption on that island in 1808, and its present condition affords much that is interesting."

Accordingly, the next morning, the Don and Donna, with their young guests, embarked in a small vessel for St. George. The sky was beautifully clear and serene, but the Don said they were subject to violent winds in that region, and could never be sure of the continuance of such delightful weather, even during a single day.

"You know," said he, "they say that no serpents of any kind (through the influence of St. Patrick) can live in Ireland. It is true that our fertile islands give birth to no poisonous reptiles, and it is generally believed that if they were brought here, they would soon expire."

"I shall always think of Fayal as a little paradise," remarked Frank.

"Notwithstanding the one noxious animal that you have found here,—Mr. Mudge," said the Donna.

"He is of foreign growth," replied Frank, "and

it is a wonder how he can thrive among beings so different."

By this time they had arrived at St. George. After a ride of four miles, they came to the foot of the crater; its elevation is about 3,500 feet.

They mounted up its rough sides, and had, besides the view of the crater, a fine prospect of the sea, dotted with the other islands belonging to the Azores.

"The American consul, who was resident at Fayal at the time of this eruption," said the Don, "gave the best account of it that I have seen, in a letter to a friend of mine, who then resided at St. Michael's, one of the largest of the Azores. It was as follows:—

"On Sunday, the 1st of May, at one, P. M., walking in the balcony of my house at St. Antonio, I heard noises like the report of heavy cannon at a distance, and concluded there was some sea-engagement in the vicinity of the island. But soon after, casting my eyes towards the island of St. George, ten leagues distant, I perceived a dense volume of smoke rising to an immense height; it was soon judged that a volcano had burst out about the centre of that island, and this was rendered certain when night came on,—the fire exhibiting an awful appearance.

“ Being desirous of viewing this wonderful exertion of nature, I embarked, on the 3d of May, accompanied by the British consul and ten other gentlemen, for St. George’s, and arrived at Vellas, the principal town, at eleven, A. M.

“ We found the poor inhabitants perfectly panic-struck and wholly given up to religious ceremonies and devotion ; and learned that the fire had broken out in a ditch, in the midst of fertile pastures, three leagues southeast of Vellas, and had immediately formed a crater, in size about twenty-four acres. It threw out small cinders and pumice-stones. The fire of this large crater had nearly subsided, but on the evening preceding our arrival another small crater had opened, one league north of the large one.

“ After taking some refreshment, we visited the second crater, the sulphurous smoke of which, driven southerly, rendered an attempt to approach the large one impracticable.

“ When we came within a mile of the crater, we found the earth rent in every direction, and, as we approached nearer, some of the chasms were six feet wide ; by leaping over some of these chasms, and making windings to avoid the larger ones, we at length arrived within two hundred

yards of the spot, and saw it distinctly, in the middle of a pasture.

“ ‘The mouth of it was only about fifty yards in circumference ; the fire seemed struggling for vent ; the force with which the pale blue flame issued forth resembled a powerful-steam-engine, multiplied a hundred-fold. The noise was deafening ; the earth where we stood had a tremulous motion ; the whole island seemed convulsed ; horrid bellowings were occasionally heard from the bowels of the earth, and earthquakes were frequent.

“ ‘After remaining here about ten minutes, we returned to town. The inhabitants had mostly quitted their houses, and remained in the open air, or under tents.

“ ‘On the same day, (the 4th of May,) we returned to Fayal, and on the 5th and the succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanoes broke out in the very fields we had traversed on the 3d, from the chasms before described, and threw out a quantity of lava, which travelled on slowly towards Vellas. The fire of those small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running, about the 11th of May, on which day the large volcano, that had lain dormant for nine days,

burst forth again like a roaring lion, with horrid belchings, distinctly heard at twelve leagues' distance ; throwing up prodigiously large stones and an immense quantity of lava, illuminating at night the whole island. This continued with tremendous force until the 5th of June, exhibiting the awful yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire (distinctly seen from Fayal) running into the sea. In a few days after, it ceased entirely.

“ ‘The lava inundated and swept away entirely the town of Ursulina, and country-houses and cottages adjacent, as well as the farm-houses throughout its course. As usual, it gave timely notice of its approach, and most of the inhabitants fled ; some few, however, remaining in the vicinity of it too long, endeavouring to save their furniture and effects, were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, took off not only their skin but their flesh. About sixty persons were thus miserably scalded, some of whom died on the spot or a few days after. Numbers of cattle shared the same fate.

“ ‘The judge and principal inhabitants left the island very early. The consternation and anxiety were for some days so great among the people,

That even their domestic concerns were abandoned, and, amidst plenty, they were in danger of starving. Supplies of ready-baked bread were sent from hence to their relief, and large boats to bring away the inhabitants who had lost their dwellings.

“ ‘ In short, the island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, is nearly ruined, and a scene of greater desolation and distress has seldom been witnessed in any country.’

“ Thus far the American consul. You see,” said the Don, “ that this scene of desolation is now partly relieved ; vines have sprung up over a part that was at that time nearly desolate, but the traces of the streams of lava we can still discern.”

“ The night is fast approaching, but, as the moon is at the full, the sail of ten leagues to Fayal will be delightful,” said the Donna.

The wind blew a brisk breeze, and although not fair, it wafted them in seven or eight hours back to Fayal.

CHAPTER XVIII.



HOMeward BOUND.

THE week previous to the sailing of the *Seagull* was a very useful and interesting one to Frank and Joseph. Their kind host and hostess enjoyed highly the gratification they were able to afford their young guests.

Often, when looking at Frank, would the Donna say to herself, "Would that Heaven had granted me such a son!"

Mr Mudge, finding how much it was for his interest to be obliging to the guests of Don Francesco Rebeiro, bestirred himself to secure their passage as cabin passengers, and one would have thought that he was intensely anxious for their welfare. This anxiety was doubtless much increased by finding there was an eminent physician in New York by the name of Dr. Wood

He went so far as to invite the Don and Donna, with Joseph and Frank, to "take tea" with him and as they all were curious to see how he kept bachelor's hall, the invitation was accepted.

The Portuguese servant, who had so efficiently aided his master in the ejection of Joseph from his premises, was cook, waiter, valet, and chamber-maid to the establishment. He answered the knock at the door, on the arrival of the guests, dressed in a suit of green baize, turned up with yellow flannel, — a livery servant.

Every room in the house was used for the storage of some kinds of goods. Kegs, barrels, boxes, hampers, champagne-baskets, demijohns, bottles, were usually in dire confusion. Now, they were covered with baizes and other cloths.

The parlour was fitted up with red, green, and blue flannel, arranged according to the taste of master and man. The table was garnished with a variety of china and crockery, from three quarters of the globe, — pieces that never dreamed of being related to each other.

At the head of the table sat the lean man pouring tea from a black teapot, that was of Yankee origin, and might have belonged to Mr Mudge's grandmother, — pouring it into beautiful Dresden china.

“How astonishing strange it was,” exclaimed Mr. Mudge, “that I should not have known that these were young gentlemen, in any disguise. It must have been my rascal of a servant, who came to me with such a horrid story of two fierce looking sailors, that I could not see exactly with my own eyes. I, who have been so much in gentlemen’s company, surely ought to have known one as quick as I know real Mocha coffee.”

“I do not think, Sir, that it is strange,” said Frank, “for we were in a sad condition, and must have looked badly.”

“But Mr. Brandon — who now looks so very elegant — it is most monstrous strange that I should have treated him so unceremoniously,” said Mr. Mudge.

“O, it is of no consequence,” replied Joseph. “I shall never mention it when I get home.”

“I can’t get over it, though. Don Francesco, you must be a man of infinite discernment to have seen through these youngsters.”

“I was much aided by the discrimination of my wife; you know the ladies have a quicker insight into character than we have,” said the Don.

“There you have the advantage over me. I have never had time to pay my *devoirs* to the ladies,” said Mr. Mudge, with a piteous grimace. ‘Donna, I beg you to help yourself freely, — and help the lads. I’ll warrant they have had keen appetites after their long starvation. Have n’t they?’”

The Donna actually blushed with embarrassment at this singular question, and did not answer it.

The visit was an amusing one, and yet by no means agreeable, and they were glad when it was time to return home.

The day at length arrived for the sailing of the Sea-gull. The Don saw that every thing nice and comfortable was provided, by way of clothing and stores, for the voyage.

“And have you no parting request to make of me, my young friend?” inquired the Donna of Frank; affectionately taking his hand.

“I have two requests to make,” replied he, “one is that Don Francesco and the Donna make a voyage to the United States, and allow my father the honor of receiving them at his house, and me the pleasure of showing them every thing worthy of observation in my native city.”

“It would give us the greatest pleasure,” warmly replied the Donna, “for we have a strong inducement to do so, now that we shall have a particular friend there. But is there not something that I can do for you?”

“That is my second request; pardon me if I am too bold. I should like to possess that miniature likeness of yourself,” replied Frank, pointing to a beautiful painting on ivory suspended over the mantel-piece. “I shall never forget your kindness, but I may not be able to retain the exact impression of those features. Besides, it resembles my dear mother, and henceforth I shall love to think of you together.”

The Donna handed him the miniature, without saying a word, but her eyes were full of tears.

Joseph had been practising, under Frank’s instruction, a farewell speech in French, and really succeeded very well as he said, —

“Don and Donna Rebeiro, I am exceedingly obliged to you for your hospitable politeness. My mother and sisters will bless you as long as they live, and I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance. Adieu.”

“Let me hear from you both, by the earliest possible opportunity,” said the Don.

“By all means,” said Frank ; “my father will be most happy to discharge his indebtedness to you as soon as possible.”

“No, my dear boy, not a word of that ; I insist that you and your friend do me the favor never again to allude to this matter. On that condition, alone, I promise to return your visit at no distant day. Captain Harrison was quite indignant at the offer I made him with regard to passage-money, saying, ‘ Things had come to a pretty pass if a Yankee could not be as generous as a Portuguese. I want company in my cabin, and consider it a lucky chance to have two nice young fellows with me.’ He is a frank, noble-hearted man, and I am quite easy to intrust you to his care.”

The parting words had all been said, and Joseph and Frank were once more upon the waters.

Captain Harrison was a jovial sailor, and yet a man of good morals, and good plain sense. Nothing in his deportment showed that he was doing a favor to his young passengers.

The voyage was rapid and free from storms. In twelve days after leaving Fayal, land was in sight.

“My own, my native land !” exclaimed Frank, with heartfelt enthusiasm.

“I shall be sorry to part with you, Frank,” said the captain. “If you ever go to sea again, ship with me. I should like to see if you could act the sailor as well as you do the gentleman. And you, Brandon, I’ve given you some tough lessons, hard enough to swallow, but I hope they will do you good. But on the whole you have made yourself agreeable; you do play a first rate game of chess.”

“I trust I shall not be obliged to go to sea again; for my father, I am sure, will be unwilling to part with me,” replied Frank; “but if I should, I prefer you for my captain to any man I know.”

“And so should I,” said Joseph. “I do not know how I shall ever repay you for your kindness.”

“Poh! poh! do n’t say a word of that. I was provoked to think that *furrener* should offer me money for carrying home two shipwrecked fellow-countrymen. I am afraid he judges us all by that skinflint Mudge, but he is no more like a genuine Yankee than a potato is like a Connecticut pumpkin.”

“Then you are a Connecticut man?” said Frank.

“That I am,” replied the captain, “a true.

born Yankee, from Stonington, and proud to acknowledge it all the world over. I have seen a great deal of this round earth, but I never saw any thing to equal old Connecticut. Has n't every body heard of her clocks, colleges, and common schools? "

"And her wooden nutmegs," said Brandon.

"There now, Mr. Brandon," replied the captain, "you are not so much of a gentleman as you might be. Frank Wood would have cut off his little finger before he would have said that. But there is no making a silken purse out of a pig's ear."

"I beg your pardon, captain," exclaimed Joseph. "I really did not think you could be so sensitive about the honor of old Connecticut."

"It 's only because you are from the Bay State, which happens to be a very little larger. The pardon is granted ; — but, remember, never jest about a man's wife to her husband, nor about Connecticut to a Stonington man "; and the captain turned upon his heel and whistled Yankee Doodle.

CHAPTER XIX.



HOME.

WITH a throbbing heart, Frank Wood saw the spires of New York rise out of the water.

The health officers came on board, and finding the Sea-gull had sailed from a port where there was no prevailing malignant disease, and had had no sickness on board, the passengers were allowed to land.

How anxiously Frank looked into every face to recognize a familiar one among the crowd. All were strangers, hurrying by, intent upon their own business. No one knew or cared for him.

He left Brandon on board the vessel until he should have seen his father and communicated to him how closely he had been connected with his friend, and how much Joseph had needed kind
ness.

As he stood at the door of his own home, he hardly dared to lay his hand upon the bell-knob. It was at last pulled so faintly that its feeble sound intimated a poor beggar-child, fearful of refusal to a solicitation of charity.

The waiter — who appeared a new servant in the house — evidently expected some such application; for he said, in a rough voice, “Well, fellow! What ’s wanted!”

“My father,” faintly articulated Frank.

“Your father! there is no such person here.”

“You must be mistaken.”

“No, I am not, youngster. If your father has been here to consult the Doctor, he is not here now”; and the waiter was about to close the door.

But Frank, hearing the well-known voice of that beloved relative, rushed by the servant and ran up the stairs to the library, in spite of his bawling, — “Halloo, shipmate! I tell you your father is not in this house. The boy must be raving distracted.”

Being disturbed by the noise, Dr. Wood stepped out of his library, and Frank stood before him.

For a moment they both remained motionless

and speechless. The Doctor hardly believing his own eyes; Frank amazed at his father's pale and haggard appearance.

At length Dr. Wood exclaimed, "Great God! I thank thee!" and throwing his arms around Frank's neck, pressed him to his grateful heart.

The sailors, who left the Sally Ann in the long-boat, had been picked up by a homeward-bound vessel, and had reached New York about a month before the arrival of the Sea-gull; bringing the news that the captain, and four sailors, went down with the wreck of that unfortunate vessel. Dr Wood had made inquiry of one of these sailors, and learned of him that Frank was among the lost.

His grief at the melancholy death of his only son was such as to have occasioned an illness from which he was just recovering, and which had left him with the extreme paleness that so much alarmed Frank. He received his noble-hearted Frank as one restored from the dead. After an hour spent in conversation, as he looked into the bright blue eyes, sparkling with pleasure, and saw the fresh healthy countenance of Frank his heart was overflowing with Christian gratitude.

“ Poor Brandon, I must go back to him, for he will be impatient to see me,” said Frank.

“ And who is he ? ” inquired Dr. Wood.

Frank briefly related the story of Joseph’s sufferings. His father told him to order the carriage and bring him home with him immediately ; adding, “ Poor boys ! I suppose your luggage will easily be transported.”

Although Frank had prepared Joseph to expect to see in his father a perfect gentleman, he was struck with the elegance and dignity of Dr. Wood’s appearance ; and the cordial politeness with which he received him put him at once entirely at ease.

After two days spent very pleasantly in New York, Brandon began to be extremely anxious to see his mother and sisters. Frank went with him to make arrangements for his journey home.

The morning came on which he was to leave. Frank had been so faithful and persevering in his kindness to Joseph, that he had become much attached to him. It is a principle in our nature to love whatever we bestow kindness upon ; even

“ The bird that we nurse, is the bird that we love.”

Joseph, on his part, felt both gratitude and

affection towards his young friend. Though younger than himself, he had looked up to him for advice and example. By that example, he had corrected his erroneous opinions with regard to being a gentleman. He saw that Frank was very different from the ideal that his own mind had furnished; yet, wherever he went, he was recognized as a gentleman. He acknowledged to himself how much Frank's high moral principles had contributed to this, and he very naturally came to the conclusion that it was not best for him any longer to be a gay, dissipated fop.

When Dr. Wood was about to part with Joseph, he put into his hand a well-filled purse, saying, "Mr. Brandon, I will not subject you to the pain that an honorable, independent young man would feel at receiving pecuniary obligation. Whenever it shall be perfectly convenient, you can, if you like, repay me."

"Certainly, I shall be most happy to do so," replied Joseph; "I am greatly obliged to you, Sir."

"I shall be in no haste for the money, and am sure, in the course of a few years, you will have saved more than that amount from your own earnings. Keep up a constant correspondence

with Frank. It will be an advantage to both of you, and whenever you can find leisure from more important avocations, come and see us. I trust I shall be able, during the coming year, to pay you a visit, with Frank, and make the acquaintance of your mother and sisters."

When the boys parted, Frank said, "Do you know Joseph, that this is my birthday?"

"I did not."

"It is; I am just seventeen; and I should be perfectly happy were I not obliged to part with you. But let us try to meet every year on this anniversary, and then we shall be sure to keep up our friendship."

Brandon's heart was so full that he could hardly reply. He thought it unmanly to shed tears, and brushed away the intruders from his eyes. Tears that flow from gratitude are no mark of weakness in man or woman; to either, they are the natural expression of genuine sensibility.

CHAPTER XX.



ANOTHER MEETING.

BRANDON pursued his way homeward as fast as steamboats and locomotives could convey him; yet, to his eager wishes, they seemed to move but slowly.

When he reached Boston, the associations connected with that place were painful and mortifying.

“What a silly boy was I, to parade about these streets, trying to make people think I was somebody! And what consequence was it what these passing strangers thought of me? O, it was too ridiculous,” thought Joseph.

He now walked across the city quite unconcernedly, in his sailor’s dress, not fearing “the world’s dread laugh,” and took passage in a stagecoach for his native village.

As he rode along, sad forebodings filled his heart. What changes might have taken place! As the well known spire of the village church came in sight, it was impossible to restrain those tears which appeared to have burst from a long time sealed up fountain;—tears of penitence for his undutifulness as a son, his unkindness as a brother. They were as refreshing to the soul as evening dew to the delicate flower.

Joseph alighted at the well known gate. The roses were in full bloom; the grass, fresh and nicely cut; every thing bore the air of comfort.

With a trembling hand he raised the latch, opened the door, and walked into the parlour. It had undergone an entire change; not one familiar object met his eye among the new and handsome furniture that adorned the apartment.

A lady, an entire stranger, entered; and, seeing a sailor thus unceremoniously surveying the room, she was about to scream with alarm, when Joseph, very politely bowing, said,—

“Excuse me, Madam, does not Mrs. Brandon live here?”

“She does not,” replied the lady; “she has removed to the small cottage on the other side of the green.”

“Do you know if she and her family are well?” inquired Joseph, with a tremulous voice.

“Mrs. Brandon is well, I believe, but one of her daughters has been very ill for some time past,” was the reply.

Joseph could scarcely articulate, “Which one?”

The lady did not know. Joseph hurried across the green to the small cottage, knocked at the door, and it was opened by Susan.

“Joseph! Joseph!” she screamed, and threw her arms about his neck.

Immediately recovering from her surprise, she motioned her brother to remain silent, and whispered in his ear, “Our dear Fanny is ill; so very ill that there is but little hope of her recovery. Come in softly.”

She led him into an humble little parlour, where were crowded the familiar movables for which he had looked in vain at his mother’s own house. Mrs. Brandon sat by the bedside of her precious child, who seemed to be insensible. She watched

“Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

Suddenly, the apparently dying girl started, opened her eyes, and faintly articulated, —

“ I heard Susan call Joseph. Has he come home ? ”

“ I will go and see, dearest,” replied Mrs. Brandon.

She hastened to the parlour.

“ Mother ! ”

It was all that Joseph could utter, but the word came up from the depth of a penitent heart, and volumes could not have expressed to that mother all which the tone of voice conveyed. Never, since she held her first-born an infant in her arms, had such an appeal been made to her love, — the past was all forgiven.

Mrs. Brandon soon hastened back to Fanny.

“ Mother, has brother indeed come home ? ” said the invalid.

“ He has, Fanny. Do you wish to see him ? ”

“ I do, immediately, for I fear I shall remain but a very short time.”

Wasted by long illness, Fanny was but the shadow of herself, — pale even to ghastliness ; she seemed already to have approached the confines of the world of spirits. She reached out her thin white hand to Joseph, and a lovely smile passed over her wan face.

“Fanny, my own sweet sister!” exclaimed he, “forgive me! I have not been a kind brother to you.”

“I do not remember that I have any thing to forgive,” she replied, pressing his hand to her lips. “I have not long to live, but since you are restored to our mother and Susan, I shall die contented.

“Do not speak of dying, Fanny; I trust we shall all live together happily many years,” said her brother.

“Just as it may please God,” fervently and solemnly said the lovely girl. “I am resigned to his holy will.”

From this time she began to recover. By that wonderful sympathy* that exists between body and

* The celebrated Dr. Rush relates the following anecdote:—“During the time that I passed at a country school in Cecil county in Maryland, I often went, on a holyday, with my schoolmates, to see an eagle’s nest, upon the summit of a dead tree in the neighbourhood of the school, during the incubation of the bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field the tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married and settled in this city (Philadelphia) about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and among others of the eagle’s nest in her father’s field.

mind, no sooner was the latter relieved from the weight of anxiety that had long pressed upon it, than the physical system was equally relieved. She was soon restored to perfect health.

A few years ago I was called to visit this woman when she was in the lowest stage of typhus fever. Upon entering the room I caught her eye, and with a cheerful tone of voice said, only, '*The eagle's nest.*' She seized my hand, without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, probably from a sudden association of all her early enjoyments with the words which I uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails, when we meet, to salute me with the echo of '*The eagle's nest.*' "

CHAPTER XXI.



BETTER HOPES.

JOSEPH'S letter, from Marseilles, had not reached Mrs. Brandon, and not one word had she heard from him during his absence. She did not know even in what ship he had embarked, and her anxiety for him had been unceasing.

Soon after he left home, finding her affairs much embarrassed, she leased her own pretty house, and took the small cottage. In this way she thought she should be able to pay off, in time, the debts which Joseph's foolish extravagance had left upon her hands.

Fanny had been a long time in delicate health, and her illness was increased by the troubles that had weighed down her youthful spirits.

Sorrow, and sympathy with her mother and

Fanny, had softened the harshness of Susan's character.

"Why, Sue," said Joseph, a few days after his return, "I should scarcely know you; really you are much improved."

"I might say the same of yourself, Joseph," was the reply. "I should hardly recognize your former self in your conversation, unless when you boast of that 'famous French dinner-party,' or speak grandiloquently of your great friends,—the 'Don and Donna Francesco Rebeiro.'"

"I do not intend to speak boastingly; I thank you for the hint," he gently replied, "and hope I shall profit by it. I am truly grateful to those excellent people. I intend learning French and Portugese as soon as possible, that I may converse with them whenever I visit them again. I used to feel like a complete simpleton when they were all talking around, and I was not able to understand a single sentence. I am going to set myself about some employment whenever I have an opportunity, that I may no longer be a burden to our kind mother. I hope to relieve the pressure that is upon her, so that she can go back again to her own house."

"Bravely spoken, Joseph," said Susan, with a little of her former sarcastic manner.

“And bravely, by God’s help, shall it be done,” warmly replied Joseph.

The purse that Joseph received from Dr. Wood contained one hundred dollars, all of which remained, excepting the amount of his fare from New York.

The expenses of Fanny’s illness had pressed heavily upon Mrs. Brandon. Joseph told her of the generous loan he had received, and insisted that she should make use of half of it, while he would carefully use the remainder until he found some employment.

“I have been so entirely occupied since your return,” said Mrs. Brandon, “that I had quite forgotten to tell you that your Uncle Jones has removed to Boston, and that he is in want of a clerk in his counting-house. Go to him next week, and state your wishes and intentions, and I will write to him at the same time. I have no doubt you can have the place, if you wish to be a merchant.”

“I wish for any honorable employment, whereby I can maintain myself respectably, and in time support you and my sisters in a comfortable manner,” replied Joe; “and as Fanny is so much better, and I have already been home a fortnight, I will go, if you think best, to-morrow.”

“I am sorry to part with you so soon, but perhaps it would be well to go soon, as the place may not long remain vacant. Shall you go in your sailor dress?”

“No, mother, I have another suit that I have carefully kept,—the gift of kind friends. How many excellent people there are in the world! Yet I doubt if I should have experienced their kindness had it not been for the unmistakable good-breeding and gentleman-like deportment of my friend, Frank Wood.”

“I should like much to see that amiable Frank Wood,” said Fanny. “I wish to thank him for his kindness to you.”

“All in good time, Fanny dear,” said Joseph. “He has promised to make us an early visit.”

The next morning Brandon started for Boston, and rode on the outside of the stagecoach without quarrelling with his fellow-passengers,—a peaceable, well-behaved young man, intent upon making every body as comfortable as possible.

His uncle, although he received him kindly, looked somewhat askance at his gay foreign dress,—the one he had purchased at Fayal. Joseph, observing it, said, “I hope, Sir, if you receive me into your counting-room, that I shall soon

be able to purchase a more suitable dress than this, which has such a foreign air."

"Such a foppish air," replied his uncle. "You look like a paroquet."

"It is too foppish entirely, and I shall be right glad to exchange it for one of American manufacture, and true Yankee plainness," said Joseph.

"That you shall do very soon, if you succeed, as I think you will. When can you begin?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

"Well, I like your promptness. The salary is five hundred dollars a year. Be honest and faithful, and another year I will add two hundred more to it."

The morning found Joseph seated among a number of other clerks in a large counting-room. At first, he was, of course, ignorant and awkward, but so great was his desire for improvement that he soon overcame all obstacles.

Faithful and honest he was, giving entire satisfaction to his uncle, and gaining the good will of all with whom he was associated.

The first present that Joseph made, from his own salary, after he had remitted the hundred dollars to Dr. Wood, was a pretty purse to Fanny,

with three five-dollar pieces shining through the meshes. This was at the end of the first half year. The correspondence between Frank and himself had been sustained with undiminished interest on both sides. He learned that Frank occasionally heard from his foreign friends, and that the Don and Donna expected soon to pay a visit to the United States.

CHAPTER XXII.



AN UNEXPECTED RESOLVE.

So well had Joseph Brandon satisfied his employer that he promised to raise his salary, as he had intimated at their first interview. During the year which was now nearly at an end, he had been so economical as to live within his income, pay Dr. Wood, and make several presents to his mother and sisters; yet he had always dressed with neatness, and bearded in a respectable family.

The family who had taken his mother's house wished to give it up, to remove to the city; and Joseph gladly persuaded his mother to return to it again, promising to make up the difference between the rent and that of the small cottage.

Mrs. Brandon consented to do so. Susan and Fanny were delighted to return to their own

home, — and still more so, because it was through the generosity of their brother. They had just become nicely settled when they received a visit from Joseph, accompanied by Dr. Wood and Frank.

It was Frank's eighteenth birthday. His health, since his return, had remained perfectly good; and having decided upon following his father's profession, he had commenced his preparatory studies.

The yarns that they had to spin, when they found themselves *tête-à-tête*, were as long as those with which they whiled away the lazy hours on board ship.

“Have you heard from Louise La Tourette, lately?” inquired Joseph. “I perceive you still wear her parting gift. A very sentimental motto, — ‘*Pensez à moi!*’”

“Madame La Tourette wrote to me not long since that they confidently expected a visit from me. She was so kind as to say that Louise would never forget her American friends,” said Frank.

“It is a pity that you were not a little older when you became acquainted with Mademoiselle,” responded Joseph.

Frank blushed deeply as he replied, "I am too young to think much of such high concerns as matrimony, if that is what you intimate; yet I must say, that if in after years I do enter into the condition, I hope my lady-love may resemble your sweet sister Fanny."

"She could not resemble a better girl," was Joseph's reply. Then, changing the subject abruptly, he said,—"Frank, why was it that you never lectured me on board ship? You saw me rough and rude as a bear, and far more disagreeable; yet you led me gently to follow your example. I have often thought of it with wonder, how you could have gained such an irresistible influence over me. That Temperance pledge that I gave you I have scrupulously kept, and it has doubtless saved me from immense evils. Was I not a constant source of mortification to you on shore?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Joseph."

"Well, Frank, I have given up all idea of being a gentleman, as I then understood the word, and shall be quite contented if I can become what I once despised,—a respectable man."

"I have no doubt, Joseph, that you will become

both in time. If it is not an impertinent question, how old is your sister Fanny?"

"Sixteen, — sweet sixteen."

Dr. Wood was much pleased with the Brandons, and invited them all to pay him a visit in New York, whenever Don Francesco and his lady arrived.

It was not many weeks after their return home that the good Doctor and Frank wrote to announce their arrival. Mr. Jones gave Joseph permission to accompany his mother and sisters to New York.

The Don and Donna were agreeably surprised to hear Joseph address them in French and Portuguese. He had so diligently applied himself to the study of these languages during his leisure hours, that he already spoke them with some facility.

Frank Wood's good opinion of Fanny did not suffer on a more intimate acquaintance. He was delighted to hear the Donna say that she had the most charming smile and the most dove-like eyes that she ever saw. He was almost as much pleased when she spoke of Joseph's improvement.

"My father," said Frank, "thinks he will

make one of the most respectable merchants in Boston. And allow me to tell you that it is saying a great deal, for there are no more polished gentlemen in our country than some of the Boston merchants.”

“I like him exceedingly, and hope he will soon pay us another visit,” said the Donna.

“He may possibly do so, for Mr. Jones intends sending him to Europe on business. I should not be surprised if Madame and Mademoiselle La Tourette should not recognize him, he is so much improved since ‘that famous French dinner.’”

“Did I not hear you speak of Mademoiselle La Tourette?” inquired Joseph, who had caught the sound of her name.

“I said, Joseph, that she would scarcely recognize you; so much have you changed of late.”

“Then I must beg your ring, to serve as a talisman when I shall see her again. Will you give it to me? I am going to Marseilles before many months.”

“Certainly, if you wish it,” replied Frank, taking it from his finger. “I hope you will wear it at another famous French dinner-party.”

“O, better than that,” replied his friend, pressing the ring upon his little finger. “I hope it may be worn at the famous wedding-party of Mrs. Joseph Brandon.”

After a few weeks spent in seeing whatever New York affords to interest a stranger, the Brandons returned home. The Don and Donna accompanied them to Boston, and then pursued their journey through the United States.

Brandon returned to his counting-room, with a firmer resolution than ever to be an honorable and upright merchant,—and a Christian gentleman.

THE END



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