WHAT IS GENTILITY?

Washington
March 1828

A

MORAL TALE.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Porg.

CITY OF WASHINGTON:
PUBLISHED BY PISHEY THOMPSON.
DE KRAFFT, PRINTER.
1828.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. To wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-sixth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the fifty-second, Pishey Thompson, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"WHAT IS GENTILITY? A MORAL TALE."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Pope.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned:" And, also, to the act, entitled "An act supplementary to an act, entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

[1. S.] EDM. I. LEE,
Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.
INTRODUCTION.

The purport of this little work is to demonstrate, that gentility is independent of birth, wealth, or condition, but is derived from that cultivation of mind which imparts elevation to sentiment and refinement to manners in whatever situation of life they may be found; knowledge acting upon character, as fire upon gold, purifying it from any base or gross admixture.

To prove this truth no recurrence need to be had to other ages, or other countries; our own age and our own country abounds with examples of men, who, by the force of mind, have risen above their birth, and ennobled, instead of being ennobled by, their name.

In fact, a large proportion, if not a majority of the great men who have illustrated our nation, have won their bright inheritance by intellectual prowess, unaided by the favors of fortune.

If Horace and Virgil were the favorites of Augustus, our Franklin was equally admired and caressed in the most splendid court of Europe, and the highest circles of society; for knowledge imparted to his manners a polish beyond the power of art, and made this low-born American as much the idol of the fashionable as of the philosophic world.
Ignorance, though united with wealth, is vulgar; Knowledge, though enchained to poverty, is respectable.

Prone to imitate the manners and imbibe the principles and prejudices of the old world, aristocratical notions respecting rank in society are too prevalent in our country where no privileged orders exist. Wealth, in the acquisition of which knaves and fools are often more successful than the wise and good, ought not to be the passport into the higher orders of society. Education should be the test of gentility. Let this be once established, and the sordid desires, with which this nation has been reproached, will be exchanged for aspirations after nobler objects. Europeans have stigmatised us as a money-making people; if there is justice in the reproach, it is owing to the circumstance, that wealth bestows distinction; take from it this power and confer it on education, and we shall then be a knowledge-seeking, and not a money-making people; since, from the peasant and mechanic, all aspire to rise in the social order, and will embrace those means which ensure success.

In this simple Tale, the aim has been to demonstrate through the medium of amusing incidents, rather than serious reflections, that education is gentility: which truth, if universally adopted, would induce parents, who now lavish their hard earned wealth on dress and equipage, to devote it to the mental improvement of their children, thereby fitting them to endure poverty with dignity, and prosperity with moderation.
WHAT IS GENTILITY?

A MORAL TALE.

CHAPTER I.

IT had been a cold blustering day; the snow, which, incessantly falling, had been drifted in heaps against the houses, covered the goods exposed at shop doors, and impeded the foot paths. At the corner of the street was a large brick house, over the door of which, in large letters, appeared the name of Timothy McCarty, who, at this moment, was most busily employed in clearing away the snow from the window frames and hinges of the shutters, that he might close them for the night. This was no easy job, for it was frozen into all the crevices, and the wind blew the snow and sleet that were still falling, so violently in his face, that he was often obliged to turn round to get breath, button his coat tighter, and breathe on his benumbed fingers.
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The shop-boy meanwhile had carried in the kegs, boxes, &c. and all that stood on the pavement, and was shoveling away the snow from before the door. The shutters were at last forced to, and Mr. McCarty shaking the snow from his coat and stamping it from his feet, entered his shop. He laid his hat on the counter, and joined the circle round a close stove that stood in the centre of the shop. "A bitter cold night," said he, as he rubbed his hands, and put up first one foot and then the other against the side of the stove—"A night not fit for cat or dog to turn out in." "Then sure, Maester McCarty it's no fitting for honest folks," said a good natured looking little fellow, while he put a fresh quid of tobacco in his mouth. "No, no," said a knowing looking man, nodding his head with a significant wink to his opposite neighbor, "Maester McCarty will be no saying such a thing, and I'll answer for it he'll make honest folks welcome to a snug birth here as long as they may like it, been't to to-morrow morning, and a plenty to drink in the bargain; hey, Maester?" "To be sure, to be sure," answered the host, turning his back to the stove, after having well warmed and dried his feet.

This Shop was called a Grocery Shop, like all others of the same description, tho' had any one taken an inventory of its contents, they would have been puzzled to tell why it was so called, since the shelves on one side displayed dry goods of every description—hardware, earthen-ware, tin-ware—shelves loaded with shoes, others with books, paper, quills—some with gally-pots; pill-boxes, paints, oils, cakes, sugar-plumbs and spices. In fact it was a very Noah's Ark, of comforts and conveniences. On the counter was a large cheese, with a huge knife beside it, with bread, crackers and gingerbread, pipes and tobacco scattered about, among pew-
ter measures and drinking glasses, where the laborer or mechanic could stop for his luncheon, instead of going home to his dinner, and where he found such a collection of comforts that he could seldom get away until bedtime.

But all this display of good things and convenient nick-knacks, were in fact only the baits used for catching customers in a much more profitable commodity, which occupied the other side of the shop. Here stood in long array, pipes, hogsheads and casks of all sizes, with wine and spirits of every description. Here were opened those ever-flowing fountains, poverty, disease and misery, to the buyer, and of easily acquired riches to the seller.

The cartmen and other laborers, whom the storm had driven early in the day to this shelter, and who had been drinking ever since, were most of them, with folded arms and cigars in their mouths, nodding, or rather dozing round the stove. The dim light from an iron lamp that hung from the ceiling, was rendered still more dim by the clouds of tobacco-smoke that filled the shop.

"It's pinching cold the night," said a meagre looking man, drawing his chair closer to the stove, "and it's so snug and comfortable here, I've no mind to turn out, tho' I be a bit afraid my wife will be uneasy like—seeing I'm not right well of the chills and fevers yet. I'll be bound she and the little ones are peeping out on the storm and wondering what keeps daddy so long." "And what harm will their wondering do; let them wonder say I, and do you sit where you are," said a hard, red-faced fellow. "Yes, but poor things," replied the pale meagre man, "they haven't such comfortable fire to wonder by. I promised to have been home right early, and to have bought 'em a quarter of a cord, or so, for we
havn't had a stick o' wood these three days—but now"— and he sighed deeply—"I have not the where-with to buy a stick. I just stopped at noon to get a dram and a bit o' bread and cheese, and here I've been ever since, and my change has all run out." "Well, and where's the harm o' that, if a plenty o' the pure stuff has run in?" said another. "The harm?" said the pale, meagre man, with another deep sigh—"the harm? perhaps my wife could better tell ye what's the harm."

During this discourse, Mr. McCarty seemed rather fidgetty, and he had turned round his face, and then his back, to the stove several times; had shaken the ashes out of his pipe and filled it again, but all would not do, the pale face, the deep sighs, of the meagre man, had touched some inward feeling that he could not get rid of, turn which way he would. He went to the counter, cut off a large slice of cheese, took a loaf of bread and wrapped them together in a newspaper, then turning to the pale-faced man, "here John," said he, "take this to your wife and little ones, they may be hungry as well as cold." "God bless you, God bless you," he replied; "this gives me courage to go home."

Mr. McCarty as he heard these words, breathed easier, and bidding Tom, the shop-boy, to attend to the customers, he opened the sash door that divided the shop from his parlour, as he called the large adjoining room. A rousing fire was blazing in an open stove. The tea-kettle, which stood in one corner of the hearth, was sending up its steam while the singing and bubbling of the water made no unpleasant sound to one that loved her tea as well as Mrs. McCarty.

This good woman, the very picture of contented ignorance and indolent good nature, was sitting in a rocking chair, her arms folded before her, with a pipe in her
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mouth, rocking backwards and forwards, while she looked at the blazing fire and listened to the singing of the tea-kettle.

Two fine healthy looking boys kneeling before the fire, were eagerly engaged roasting chestnuts. A large table stood near—it was covered with a cloth, that would have been in a more proper place had it been in the wash tub—a tray with china cups and saucers, and plated tea-pot, &c. shewed pretensions to elegance not much in harmony with the brass candlesticks and dipped candles—but then there were plated candlesticks and mould candles with cut paper round them, standing on the mantle piece; but as they had stood there for several months without being used, it must be owned they were rather dim and dusty.

The floor was covered with a very handsome carpet, at least it had once been handsome; what it now was, it would be difficult to tell, for altho' new, its colors were no longer discernable. Neither the father or his sons had ever been taught to scrape the mud from their shoes, and as they were continually running in and out, and the streets were not paved, they soon brought in mud and dust enough to destroy the bright colors of the new carpet. The mahogany tables and the painted and gilt chairs, the scarlet worsted curtains, all bore marks that none of the family washed their hands oftener than they scraped their shoes. Yet to eyes, accustomed as Mrs. McCarty's had been, to the scanty and coarse comforts of the poor, this apartment was magnificent, and often as she rocked herself to and fro, with her foot resting on a handsome fender, she would cast round the parlour, a complacent and self-satisfied look, and wonder "if the President's drawing room could be any grander." When Mr. McCarty entered this grand room,
it was not with the complacent, self-satisfied air his wife exhibited; nor the self-satisfied temper he usually enjoyed. Instead of chuckling his wife under the chin, or tickling the boys and pinching their ears, as he usually did when of an evening he joined his family, he now sat down in his chair which stood in the corner opposite his wife, and drawing it nearer the fire, he put his feet on the fender, his hands into his jacket pockets, and fixing his eyes on the fire, seemed lost in thought. A loud blast made the windows and shutters rattle, and burst open a door that opened on a long entry. "Poor fellow," exclaimed Mr. McCarty, starting and looking towards the window, from which one of the shutters was torn by the gust of wind.

"Why what's that you're saying, Tim?" asked his wife. "What poor fellow do you see," said she, following the direction of her husband's eye to the window.

"Pho, pho," answered he—"no one's there but the storm, which is raging without."

"And what matters that to us?" said his wife, casting her eyes round the close comfortable room, and then on the heap of hickory coals that glowed on the hearth—"what matters that to us; we don't feel the storm."

"Aye, but wife, there are those who do feel it, and bitterly too, and who may-hap would feel less, if we felt more of it."

"Rarely, Timothy, you are quite past comprehension. What poor fellow was you meaning just now?"

"A poor fellow, whose hard earnings this cold wintry day, will make you and your boys the warmer, and the richer, while his own wife and little ones may be this minute, for what I know, starving with cold and hunger." McCarty started up as he uttered these
words, and walked hastily about the room, looking now at the large mahogany sideboard, now at the looking glasses, curtains, and other expensive articles of furni-
ture, muttering as he did so—"whiskey—whiskey."

"Upon my word, Tim, it's my opinion you'll go cra-
y one of these days; you get into such queer tantrams, 
there's no knowing what to make of you. What mag-
rot have you got into your head now?"

"One that's well nigh got in my heart, I'm think-
ing"—replied he.

"Well, come here, Tim, come sit here by me, and see if I can't get it out." He sat down in the chair his 
wife pulled close by her, and let her take his hand and 
stroke his face. He was an affectionate tenderhearted 
man, and his wife's fondness was always irresistible; it 
could allay either his anger or his sorrow, and persuade 
him to do whatever she wished he should do.

"Come now, let's hear about this poor fellow, for it's 
he, whoever he is, and no maggot, that is tormenting 
you."

After satisfying her on this point, "My dear Peg-
gy," he continued, "my conscience is not easy at times. 
Now only look round you and see how things are. 
Here is a large three story, handsome brick house, 
we're living in. Now tell me, Peggy, out of what is these 
bricks made? Why out of whiskey. Look at your well 
filled store room: what filled it so chuck full, of all that's 
nice and good?—why whiskey. And your closets and 
beaureaus full of fine linen and chintzes—silk's and what 
not. What was it stored them with things fitting a born- 
lady?—why whiskey. Yes, Peggy! one gallon of whiskey, which was all we had when we began the world, 
out of that one poor gallon, has this brick house and all it holds been made!"
And for what do you lament over that, Tim—according to my notion you should be proud and thankful in the bargain, for making such a great fortin so easily."

"Easily, indeed!" replied he with a sigh: "too easily. Had I worked at any trade and the people I worked for got any thing for their money, I should be satisfied. The man that pays a carpenter for building his house, has his house for his money: or if he pays his baker, or butcher, he has food to comfort him and his family—or to the storekeeper, why he has clothes to clothe them. But the poor souls' who bought my whiskey, deprived themselves and their families perhaps, of house, food, clothes, and get nothing for their money, but misery! When I think of it, Peggy—when I think of it, the great fortune of which you are so proud, lies like a great weight on my conscience."

"Well, did I ever hear the like," said his wife: "why, for-sure and sartin you're turning foolish in your old days. Why isn't there hundreds of people, that makes fortins the same way, and if you was to shut up shop, do you suppose that would stop people from drinking? No, truly; jist as many hogsheads of spirits would be sold and other people would get the benefit. Now, why shouldn't you get the money folks will spend in liquor, as well as another body?"

"Why that's true," answered her husband, his countenance brightening up; "that's true; as long as people will buy, they may as well buy of us, as of others. That's true, Peggy; I always said you were a sensible woman, and this proves it; lawyer Jennings couldn't of argued the point better; and now let us have supper; that poor fellow had almost taken my appetite away, but you, honey, as you always do, have set all to rights."

The heaped plate of smoking buck-weat cakes,
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swimming in butter, the dish of fried sausages with its savory steam, a plate of white and transparent honeycomb, were put on table with the fragrant tea, and drew even the boys from their roasted chestnuts.

There was as great a difference in the appetites of this good couple, as there was in their appearance. A piece of information, however, quite unnecessary to any one who could have seen them, as Mrs. McCarty's unwieldy corpulence and almost bloated face would have indicated the goodness of her appetite, while Mr. McCarty's slight and alert little person looked as if it might have been supported on bread and water. In his complexion, it might be said, without any flattery, that the rose and lily were mingled. His forehead was as fair, his cheeks as blooming, as a young maiden's, which, united to his mild blue eye, and sprightly, good natured countenance, had won for him, when young, the heart of the fair Peggy; for, once, she too had been fair, tho' now no vestige of lily or rose either remained on her broad round face. Her nose was as rosy—peony colored I should say—as her plump checks, which in truth could be compared to nothing but two full blown peonies. This may be easily accounted for. Until very lately, Mrs. McCarty had had no servant, or assistant in her household duties, and while her husband was standing behind his counter sheltered even from the light of the sun, (for but little is admitted into our shops,) she was broiling over the fire, or working in her garden, without even a bonnet on; for in these days, the possibility of being a lady, never entered her pericranium, and she attached no consequence to shape or complexion. The indoor and sedentary habits of the husband lessened, while the out-door and active pursuits of the wife ins
creased her appetite, and made her, without reluctance, join to high seasoned food, a plenty of strong beverage.

Timothy, the eldest son, strong, florid and robust, she called her boy, while Charly, who, weak, pale and puny, she said was his father's own son: this did not however make her love him the less. It had the very contrary effect, for as never woman loved husband more than Mrs. McCarty loved her dear Timothy, so mother never doted on child more than she did on her sweet little Charley. "Oh you are your father's own son," was one of her fondest epithets of endearment.

The supper over, the black girl, who waited, was sent for the boys night clothes, and after their mother had put them on, and made them kneel before her and say, "now I lay me down to sleep;" which verse was their morning as well as nightly prayer, and giving Tim, his hearty kiss, she took her pet on her lap, saying, "now hug mammy tight, with both its little arms, and give her a sweet kiss." This was a task which the loving little Charley was ever willing to perform, and of which he never wearied. Often would he continue to hug and kiss his mammy, till Tim, out of patience with waiting, would pull him by force from his mother's arms, while she, quite angry, would catch him up again, crying out, "trundle off you great butter-tub, you, I'll carry Charley up myself, so I will. Ay, ay, he was made to be waited on, one may see that plain enough."

This was a prediction she was determined to verify. Often would she say to her husband, "you will see, my prophecy will come true: Charles will be a gentleman, every inch of him; yes, if he hasn't a cent in his pocket: it is in the very natur of him; but as for that mammy's boy, that pudding headed fellow, if you give him all your fortin, he wouldn't look genteel."
Years rolled on. The gallon of whiskey, which had been the original capital of Mr. McCarty, had, like a grain of mustard-seed, multiplied itself a thousand and a thousand fold, and made him one of the richest men in the city. But riches, as Mrs. McCarty had truly observed, cannot make people genteel. It was in vain that this good couple built a still larger and handsomer house and furnished it splendidly—that the Dram-shop, or as it was called, Grocery Store—was exchanged for what was really such, and kept at a distance from the dwelling house. It was in vain that she employed the most fashionable mantua-maker and milliner, and had a nice little carriage to ride in; all would not do; Mrs. McCarty, who was a shrewd woman, felt that genteel people thought no more of her than when she lived in her humble frame house, and dressed in domestic cotton. In addition to her two boys she had now a daughter; and to make this daughter a lady, and Charles a gentleman, was the object of her care and her ambition. The little girl was sent to the best schools; she learned dancing and music, and French; and dressed much smarter than the secretary's and commodore's daughters, who went to the same school, and yet she was not asked home with them, nor would they accept of her invitations to go home with her.
This was a sad affair—a cause of continual fretting and vexation to the fond mother, who thought all her fortune worthless, if it could not procure gentility for her children; as for herself, and husband, she had long given up the hope.

One winter's evening, while the children were gone to a practising ball, and she and her husband were sitting up to await their return, Mrs. McCarty, after a long silence in which she had been musing on the subject, stirred the fire up to a brighter blaze, added several sticks which were laying in the corner, and taking her pipe from her mouth, and deliberately pressing her finger on the tobacco, till she had extinguished it, laid it on the mantle-piece, and thus addressed her husband, who sat half dozing in his comfortable arm-chair.

"Tim," said she, giving him a push to rouse him, "Tim, do now listen to a body."

The good natured man rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, and inquired what she had to say, as he was prepared to listen.

"Well then, Tim, I have been thinking and thinking, what use is there in all the riches we have got." "What use?" exclaimed the husband— "Why haven't they given you all your heart's desire? Haven't you one of the best houses in the city—the handsomest furnished—the finest clothes, and the best the market affords—and you're thinking what use your riches are of—why what would the woman have?"

"Have?" returned his wife— "why I would have what all these things won't give me it seems: I would have gentility."

"Pho, pho, woman, leave gentility for the quality, and enjoy the good things providence has given you."

"I can enjoy no such thing," said she, while my
sweet Charley there, that looks as much like a gentleman as the best of the quality, is looked down upon by any one. *Quality!* indeed; I wonder in a free country like this, where one man's as good as another, what makes *quality*? I am sure, by what I hear say, you are far richer than the President himself, except *just* while he has his salary; and from what folks say, and the papers say, General Washington himself, and three or four other generals, or them there secretaries and judges, and congressmen, were but poor boys. Some of their fathers were farmers, some mechanics, and some shop-keepers. So I don't see, what hinders our children from being genteel."

"*Education*, child, *education*, and good manners. Now, you and I haven't had the chance to have either."

"Well if that's all that's wanting, we can buy *education* and good manners for the children, I suppose, as well as any thing else; and if we spend our whole *fortin* to get them, it will be well spent."

"I don't pretend to differ from you in that point, and had I had my way, the work would have been begun before now."

"Don't come over me with that old project of yours," said Mrs. McCarty, with a heightened color, "for as for sending the children from home, to *foren* parts, it's what I can never be consenting to."

"Then my dear wife, you must content yourself with seeing them rich, and I hope happy and honest mechanics—for tho' we may make them happy and honest at home, yet neither you nor I can make them genteel."

Mrs. McCarty pondered some time on this declaration. She sensibly felt that her own habits and manners were very different from the habits and manners of the *quality*, as she termed well educated genteel society.
Yet to part with her darling Charley, who was such a puny boy, or with the pretty little Catharine, who was her pride and delight. "Oh," thought she, "it is tearing my very heart strings—it is as bad as death itself. Now, as for Tim, he could take care of himself any where; but the other tender little souls, would perish outright, if I didn't watch and care for them." While she was pondering on the subject, the children came home. Neither Charles or his sister looked as well pleased as their brother Timothy. They had both been dissatisfied with their partners, but he had danced with the girl he liked best, and was as happy as a boy of fourteen could be. He was tall and manly for his age, had a fine, open, good natured face, and was lively, frank and affectionate in his manners, and was a universal favorite. Charles, on the contrary, had a long, thin, pale face; was small of his age, of a naturally shy, timid and reserved disposition; qualities, which had been increased by his being kept always at home, tied, as it were, to his mother's apron-string. As for Catharine, her mother had stuffed her little head with such ideas of riches, that she treated most of her school-mates with such airs of superiority, that she was universally disliked. They were all thought uncommonly smart children, and were generally at the head of their respective classes.

Whenever Mr. and Mrs. McCarty were alone, the constant subject of conversation was whether their daughter and one of the sons should be sent from home to school. After the lapse of several weeks, many struggles and much hesitation, she, at last consented, that their eldest son should be sent to Princeton College, and Catharine to a celebrated school in Philadelphia, and Charles, as he was so sickly, be kept at home and brought up to his father's business.
When the matter was communicated to the young folks, all were equally reluctant to be sent from home. As for Timothy, accustomed as he had always been, to have his own way, he resolutely declared he would not go. "As for him," he said, "he had no ambition to be a greater or happier man than his father: and as for education, father has no education, and has made out as well in the world as man need desire. What learning he has given me, will answer my turn, and, mother, if you are determined to have a gentleman in the family, pray make one of Charles; since, as you have often said, he is already one by nature." It was with a heavy and forbidding heart, that the fond mother could resolve on sending her poor little Charley from her, and paying, as she said, a very dear price for making him a gentleman. "Yet who knows," thought she, "but he may one day be President of the United States!" And as the idea darted through her mind, she no longer hesitated, but gave her consent.

Altho' a year younger than his brother, he had outstript him in his studies. Kept at home, and debarred by his mother's anxiety for his health, from the sports and exercises of boys of his own age, he had sought for amusement in books, and had formed so decided a taste for reading, that even his lessons in Greek and Latin had a charm for him, while to his more robust and active brother, these lessons were mere drudgery. Catharine, too, by the promise of heaps of fine clothes and a plenty of pocket money, at last yielded with cheerfulness to the idea of being sent from home and of learning to be a lady.

The house was now all bustle and confusion; Mrs. McCarty who thought she could never do too much for
her children, made preparations almost sufficient for their whole life time.

With her natural shrewdness, she easily perceived that it would not be for the advantage of her children for her to accompany them, she therefore devolved this task on their father, who had that native gentility of look and manner, which even education and good company cannot always give.

The eventful moment at last arrived, and this fond and doting mother, after repeated embraces and many tears, released Charles and Catharine from her arms and consigned them to their father's care.

For many weeks, nay, for months, Mrs. McCarty shed tears daily for the absence of her children. Raised by wealth, and the pride of wealth, above her early friends and acquaintances, and separated by the unconquerable vulgarity of her manners and appearance from better company, she found herself condemned to solitude in the midst of a crowded city; and never going from home, all her comfort and happiness depended on her family. Timothy was now less than ever in the house; and her husband, without other occupation or resource, still as diligently attended his store, as when he had done so from necessity. Thus, poor Mrs. McCarty was left alone to her own sad thoughts. Her pipe became her inseparable companion; and in addition to the *julap*, or morning sling, which she had always been in the habit of taking, to keep off the fogs, or in other words, the chills which the fogs produced, she now found it necessary to take another after breakfast, to keep up her spirits, till her husband came to dinner; then for sociability-sake, she joined him in his bowl of hot punch, or apple-toddy; and at tea time, now that no prattling children befuddled the time and diverted their attention,
they found tea was not sufficiently exhilarating, unless it was laced with a little brandy. Nor could they sleep well, unless their portion of apple-toddy, or hot punch, was repeated at bed-time.

This good couple, accustomed as they had been the most part of their lives, to continual occupation, now that they had nothing to do, found life a wearisome burden.

"I am thinking honey," said Mr. McCarty, towards the close of a long evening that they had passed with their hands before them, their pipes in their mouths, and their eyes fixed either on the fire or on vacancy, "I am thinking, I say, that there's more pleasure in the making of money, than in the having a store of it ready to one's hand; at least I find it so."

"And so do I," said his wife. "I was just a thinking how blithsome and gay we were of an evening, after a hard day's work, when I sat patching the old clothes, and you casting up of your accounts, and then talking over things. The days and evenings were never long enough then. Bless me, how weeks and months used to slip away; why, truly, Tim, one day now is longer than a month used to be. For my share," continued she, with a sigh, that might almost be called a groan, "I think the poor hard working people happier than rich people, that do nothing all day long."

"There you are mistaken, Peggy. The rich people indeed, do not work, but they are not idle. Education provides them with pleasures and employments, I take it, which we know nothing about; and they are for the most part happier than the poor."

"Then in my poor opinion," said his wife, "as far as I can judge from my own experience, only people that have education, ought to be rich."
"Well," replied her husband, "there is truth in that, and if we cannot enjoy riches ourselves, let us hope our children will."

"Ah, if they can but get in genteel company, what with their books and their musics, and other thing'em bobs, it's to be hoped they'll have more joy of their fortin than them that made it."

"Your head is always running after gentility," said her husband. "Now, to my mind, genteel is, that genteel does; and good honest folks can be as happy as the gay folks you are always hankering after: and if you had but stuck by the good kind neighbors and friends we used to keep company with, you would not now be left all by yourself; and you cannot blame others for looking down on you, who never knew you, when you look down on those of your own condition, who haven't had the luck we have."

Mrs. McCarty gave another heavy sigh, refilled her pipe, and rocking herself more vehemently, only said—"well, may be you're right, Tim."
CHAPTER III.

Their son, Timothy, meanwhile finding home very dull and lonesome, formed acquaintance with some young shop-keepers, with whom he lounged away his leisure hours, often in something worse than unprofitable idleness. His father, with a most pernicious indulgence, left him to himself, with as much money as he chose to take. This of course made him a general favorite. He dressed handsomely; kept a fine horse; went to all the subscription balls, and often invited his young companions to oyster suppers, where cards soon produced a habit of gaming, which was carried to still greater excess in the billiard rooms which he often frequented. His parents soon grew weary of sitting up for him, and at last allowed him to have a separate key to the house door, by which he could let himself in at what hour in the night he chose. This facility would have completed the ruin of his morals, had not a fortunate accident occurred, which turned his pursuit of pleasure into a different channel.

Among the few things he had attempted for a long while past to learn, was to play on the French-horn; and this he was induced to do that he might join the young men of his acquaintance in their serenading parties. One night that a number of them had met together, as the moon was shining very brightly, they proposed a se-
renading expedition: he was more than a mile from home, and objected to taking so long a walk to get his horn; the objection was overruled by one of the young men, who said they should pass his uncle's door, of whom he could borrow an instrument for McCarty. This being agreed to, they sallied forth. The house at which they were to call for the French horn, stood by itself not far from the glass manufactory, in the midst of a garden. All was still around the solitary house, except the sound of an organ, accompanied by a sweet voice, which came from within. The young man opened the door, without knocking, with the familiarity of a relative, and bade McCarty follow. They entered on a long dark passage, and so intent were they on the music, that the young man forgot to warn his companion of some steps that they had to descend, and before he could guard him against such an accident, McCarty fell down and knocked his forehead against the corner of a table, that stood in the little hall below. The noise, and exclamation of the young man, brought his uncle with a candle in his hand to the spot. McCarty was completely stunned with the violence of the blow, and the blood was flowing over his face. Mr. Leibner, for that was the uncle's name, called to his daughter for water. She came, and with her father's assistance soon washed away the blood and bound a handkerchief round the wound.

By this time, McCarty revived, and was led into the parlour where the old man and his daughter had been sitting, the one playing on the organ, which the other accompanied with her voice. The nephew explained their errand at that late hour, and the cause of the accident that had befallen his friend. On hearing that McCarty's home was at the other end of the city,
Mr. Leibner insisted on his remaining all night; an invitation he was nothing loth to accept. Frederick Leibner was therefore despatched with the information to their companions, who agreed to postpone their serenade to another opportunity. As it was late, after offering his guest some milk and fruit, the old man showed McCarty to a small and neat chamber, where he long lay awake, ruminating on his adventure, and the sweet looks and voice of Martha, (for so he had heard her father call her.) The appearance of Mr. Leibner was as prepossessing as that of his daughter. He was a small man, of a slight, delicate make; his high retreating forehead, and bald head, were shaded by a few scattered gray hairs, and in cool weather covered by a little woollen cap. His little twinkling, lively gray eyes, sparkled like stars, from beneath his bushy and over-hanging eyebrows. His countenance was intelligent and benevolent, and such as immediately made its way to the heart; at least it did so to young McCarty's. He was a German by birth, and a cabinet-maker by trade. He had come over when young, to the United States, and not having a capital to carry on his business, had hired himself as a journeyman to a musical-instrument maker of his own nation, who lived in Philadelphia.

Extravagantly fond of music, as indeed most of his countrymen are, nothing could have better accorded with his inclination and natural taste. He married the daughter, and succeeded to the business of his master. He made several of the finest organs in the country. His only relaxation was music; to this he devoted every leisure moment, and expended large sums on the purchase and construction of various instruments. The harp, the violin, the organ, were his favorites; for although he loved wind instruments, his lungs were too weak to allow
him often to play on them. In fact, he lived in music and on music, as it were, and all his savings were expended on his favorite art. He prided himself on having one of the finest harps, one of the best organs, and one of the sweetest violins in the United States.

A fire broke out in his work-shop, which communicated all to his house, and in a few short hours consumed his treasures, and reduced him to penury. So poor man! his wife died, and thinking that change of place would change his sad feelings, he consented to accompany some of his countrymen, who had lately arrived from Germany to the New City, as they called Washington, where he had been engaged by a gentleman of that place, in a manufactory.

The glass house was on the banks of the Potomac; and the new comers built their habitations around it, forming, as it were, a little isolated village, where they preserved their own manners, and spoke their own language with each other, though they learned enough English to carry on business and social intercourse with the other inhabitants. Each house is surrounded with its garden, and Mr. Leibner's, though one of the smallest, was likewise one of the neatest. By teaching music, and occasionally working at his trade, he made out to live comfortably, although very frugally. He had succeeded in making himself a small chamber organ, on which it was his greatest delight to play, and to teach his daughter to play.

Of summer evenings, his neighbors, most of whom played on some instrument or other, would meet at one another's houses, and have little concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which, when the weather was warm, and the moon shone brightly, they often prolonged till midnight. In winter, these little concerts were often
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This passion-and manners, music, gave a refinement to the pleasures met with any of these foreigners, which is seldom or ever they carried on our own mechanics. Except when Mar- ing the low the fine yarn stockings which she knit dur- this little by winter evenings, to market, she seldom left City com amlet. The fertile pasture grounds which the hundred, lions supplied, enabled Leibner, as well as with but of other poor families, to keep several cows her por little expense. The cares of her nice dairy, of Martha try yard, but above all, of her garden, occupied in tho's time during the greatest part of the year; and doors, e months, when the weather confined her within knit, she busily plied her wheel through the day, and her shining in the evening. Yet thrifty and industrious as she was, she found time for music; for as some philoso- phic writer observes, “we can always find time, even in the busiest life, to do what we like to do.”

McCarty rose early the next morning; but early as it was, Martha had milked her cows, skimmed her milk, fed her chickens, and was, when he walked into the garden, on her knees, weeding out a bed of seedling plants. She started up on hearing him approach, and shaking back her hair, showed, if not a beautiful, at least a modest, in- telligent and blooming face. She kindly inquired after his wound, and offered, if it was necessary, to dress it with some balsam of her own preparing. Necessary, or not necessary, McCarty felt inclined to try her skill; and sat down on a bench under a peach tree, while Mar- tha, returning from the house to which she had gone for her bottle of balsam, stood by him, and with the greatest simplicity, though not without a heighten- ed bloom, untied the handkerchief which bound his head, and proceeded to examine the wound. Again she
ran into the house for a basin of water, sat down on
After bathing and wiping his forehead, she moistened
the grass and scraped a little lint, which she did this
with her balsam, and bound on the wound. A lock of
in the most effectual way, she had to cut away
Martha, which, unheeded by McCarty, but not so unsen
tha, fell on the ground beside him. She, afterward
burned by him, picked it up, and thinking it a pity of
such a pretty curl, laid it between the leaves of the
man Bible.

When the dressing was finished, and her phie
balsam again hung on its nail beside the fire-place, she
turned and walked round the garden, showing the strains,
with more pride than she usually felt on such occasions;
her rich variety of Autumnal flowers, medicinal plants,
and culinary herbs, of which she told him the names both
in English and German, and, in many cases, where the
plants were of foreign extraction, their botanical names
likewise; and with what he thought wonderful learning,
descanted on their healing and balsamic qualities. She
had scarcely more than half accomplished this task, when
her father joined them, his little woollen cap on his head,
and his pipe in his mouth. He shook hands cordially
with the youth, and inquired, as his daughter had before
done, of the state of his wound. Martha meanwhile had
tripped back into the house, and in half an hour called
them in to breakfast. He thought he never before had
tasted such fine coffee; the cream was so rich; the hot rolls
were so white and light; the honey, as Martha told him
was from their own bee-hives, and was of a finer flavor
than common honey, because she raised so many flowers,
and had besides a large bed of thyme in the garden.
"And these Bologna sausages," said the old man, smil-
ing as he laid an emphasis on the word Bologna, "are,
I assure you, as fine as any in the world, though Martha made and smoked them herself." Young McCarty, for his part, thought every thing was the finest in the world, not even excepting the old man and his daughter.

He felt almost tempted to fall down the steps again, that he might have an excuse for prolonging his visit. But this time it was impossible, for the good old man, as he showed him along the passage, pointed out the steps and bade him be on his guard. He had seen the garden, the bee-hives, the poultry, and could think of nothing else which he could ask Martha to show him, and at a loss for some excuse to lengthen his visit, was most reluctantly preparing to take his leave, when, turning to look for his hat, he saw the organ. He professed himself extravagantly fond of music, and begged Mr. Leibner to favor him with a tune. This was taking the old man on his weak side; McCarty could not listen with more delight, than Mr. Leibner performed some of the finest pieces of Handall, Steibaldt and Mozart. In some of the anthems, Martha joined her voice, and in all the pieces accompanied her father on her violin. Never before, had the young man been so charmed; he unhesitatingly expressed his delight, and added, too, how happy he should be in taking lessons, as he knew, he said, little or nothing of the French-horn, on which the night before he had intended to blow, by way of making a noise, rather than music. Mr. Leibner, willingly consented to give him lessons; the hour was fixed for three evenings in the week; the terms, he said, it was unnecessary to fix, as there was no danger of their disagreeing.

The morning was half gone, and Martha had been obliged to leave them in order to attend to her household duties, before the old man was weary of playing, or the young man of listening.
McCarty reached home without scarcely knowing how he got there; he stepped into the parlour to get his French horn and music books, and was hurrying into his own room, without remembering that he had not seen his mother since the previous morning. She, rather angrily, called him back, and was about reproving him for his protracted absence, when, on his taking off his hat, she saw the bandage bound round his forehead. Hastily and anxiously, she inquired the cause, and, on its being explained, wanted to examine it. Without acknowledging the cause of his reluctance, even to himself, he begged her to desist, telling her no doctor could dress it better or more skilfully than it was already done. He then sat down by her, and when once engaged in describing to her his new acquaintances, their house, garden, &c., she had no reason to complain of his being in a hurry to leave her. She made no objection to his taking lessons in music, declaring it to be quite genteel, but said it would be still genteeler to have the music-master to come to him. This, however, the youth declared to be impossible, and his mother gave him a charte-blanche as to the terms, only charging him to do the thing genteelly—a charge he very willingly promised to comply with.

No weather, no engagement, could prevent the young McCarty's punctual attendance on Leibner's lessons. His improvement was astonishing, to the French horn, he added a flute, and violin. His whole time, his whole soul rather, was engrossed in this new pursuit. Had music then, such a magic charm? Music, from all accounts, has magic charms; but if the honest truth must be told, altho' it "can soften rocks and bend the knotted oak," it could not thus have enchained this wild and headstrong youth, if it had not been aided by a still more potent charm. But this, neither he or any one else sus-
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pected. While at Leibner's, music was his sole occupation, at least the old man thought so; whether Martha was of the same opinion is not quite so certain. She generally, (the truth might as well be told,) well then, she always contrived so to arrange her household duties as to have leisure to sit in the little parlour with her knitting, while McCarty took his lessons; and every one who has seen an expert knitter must know that the fingers need no assistance from the eyes; and to judge from the direction of the scholar's eyes, one might be tempted to think that in taking music lessons, the ears could likewise do without their assistance. Be that as it may, these young folks contrived to become more and more intimately acquainted, without the aid of many words, and the better they knew, the more they liked each other. After the regular lesson was over, McCarty was sure to ask, and the good old man was as sure to comply with what he asked, and play for him by the hour, and McCarty felt confident that without his asking, the first wish of his heart would be gratified, for the fond father never failed to call on Martha to sing with, or accompany him. McCarty declared his preference for the vocal accompaniment, and expressed a wish to learn to sing, that he might be able to carry on one of the parts. No objection was made; his full voice formed a fine second to Martha's clear and soft first.

The sublime compositions of the German school, suited far better the full tones of the young scholar, the deep bass, of the master, and liquid tenor, of the daughter, accompanied as their voices were, by the deep-toned organ, than the soft and languishing Italian, or more brilliant and lively French airs, which were the favorite music of fashionable circles. But Martha's solo's!—Oh, they were sweet, they were touching beyond expres-
sion. McCarty's heart vibrated to the tones of her voice, with more truth than the chords of the harp to the sounds of his flute; and though I will not pretend to say they could have melted rocks, they certainly melted his heart; neither will I pretend to say, that the same exquisite solo's, sung by another voice, would have had this same effect. Accordance of taste is almost as strong a bond of union, as sympathy in feeling; and to judge by words or actions either, the old man was even fonder of his pupil's society than his daughter. The eagerness McCarty showed to acquire his favorite art, seemed so natural to Leibner, that it never occurred to him that any other motive drew the young man so punctually to his house, or retained him there so many hours after the lesson was finished. Delighted with the enthusiasm of his scholar, he devoted to him more and more of his time; prolonged their exercises till late in the evening; and when the weather was inviting, would propose to the young people to go down on the shore, or sometimes get into a little boat of one of their neighbors, a good natured fisherman, who lived on the water's edge, who, for the sake of their music, liked very well to row them about the river of a moonlight night. Leibner often said, music, on the water, was doubly sweet; and Martha thought so too, while she listened to the breathings of McCarty's flute, or the sometimes shrill, sometimes mellow tones, of his horn, reverberated by the high and rocky shores of the Potomac.

Such were the innocent joys of this humble and obscure family; of these youthful and glowing hearts! And can wealth and rank boast any so true, so pure, so un-tiring?

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These humble pleasures of the lowly train—
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To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
   One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

The young McCarty took no note of time. Week after week, and month after month passed away; though how it passed, was more than his former companions could possibly imagine. No longer was he to be seen at the billiard room; no longer at the balls or oyster suppers, nor card parties. Nor did he even display his skill, or his handsome person, on his fine high spirited horse, as he had been wont to do. much to the annoyance of some of his friends, who had neither such fine persons or fine horses to exhibit. "Where has McCarty hid himself? What has McCarty done with himself?" were questions which no one could answer; not even Frederick Leibner, who being engaged at work in the Navy Yard, knew very little of what was passing at the west extremity of the City, in the obscure settlement round the glass house. This change in his habits, whatever might be the cause, was a very pleasing change to his parents. Many was the heart ache they had on his account. "There was no reckoning the money the boy squandered," observed Mr McCarty. "Why, as to that," replied his wife, "if so it was squandered genteely, and among genteel people, I should take no account of it; but from what I can get out of him, or pick up from others, it's at very low places, and with very low company, that he makes way with it; and it most breaks my heart, so it does, to think of his turning out so ungentleel."

"I do wish you would be quit of that nonsense, Peggy; if the boy turns out a vagabond and spendthrift, I don't see, not I, that it would better the case, to drink and game with gentlemen, or mechanics. It comes to the same thing at last, if so be a man's ruined. A beggar is a beggar, to my mind."
"It is impossible, Tim, to drive any gentility into that brain o' yours; in spite of all my lecturing, you are jist as vulgar now, as when we used to live down yonder, and had only a keg of whiskey at a time behind the counter."

"Well, Peggy, when you can show what the better, or what the happier you are for your gentility, perhaps I'll take your advice."

"Ah, there you have me, agin," almost sobbed his wife, "for you know well enough I'm none the better, and none the happier for all the genteel scitiation, I'm in."

"Well Peggy," said her husband, kindly stroking her face, as he said so, for to hear her in such a mournful voice, say she was not happy, touched him tenderly, and the more so, as his own feelings confirmed the truth of her assertion. "Well, Peggy, from what I can guess, judging by our Tim's altered ways, I'm thinking he has got into genteel company now."

"Why, I was reckoning as much myself, for sartinly the boy has grown as mild and gentle as a lamb; he that used to be so robustious, and noisy, staying out o' nights, or when he did come home, bringing such a boisterous set home with him, and keeping up such a racketing—why now a-days, you see no such doings. He's at home all the day long, and when he does go out of afternoons, he's sure to be home in good orderly time: and as for company, he cares for no company now a-days but his musicks and note books."

"He has, to be sure, taken a surprising fancy to music," said his father; "and I own it seems to me a sad waste of time, to see such a strong, active young fellow as he is, do nothing but blow, blow, and pipe, pipe, all day long."
"To be sure," said the mother, "all his blowing does not make the pot boil, but then, Mr. McCarty, it is raal genteel, if it wasn't for the consideration of that, I should long before now have been tempted to throw his horns and musicks out o' the window, for, to tell the truth, at times it seems to me, they will split my very brains. For my part, I should not be surprised, not I, if some o' these days the walls of the house fall down, like the walls of Jerico when them Jew priests blew their horns."

"At any rate," said the father, "it keeps the lad out of bad company, and that's a comfort."

"Ay, Mr. McCarty," replied his wife, drawing up her head, "and it fits him for good company, and that's a comfort."
Regularly, once a month, letters arrived from Charles and Catharine, which, if Timothy was not at home, were laid aside until he returned, as neither Mr. or Mrs. McCarty could read writing. On these occasions, and on these only, did they venture to find fault with their son for being out of the way. To avoid such occurrences, he begged his brother and sister to write on the same day, namely, the first of every month; and as Timothy, wild and heedless as he had been, absent and absorbed as he now was, had a warm and affectionate heart, a kind and obliging temper, he never failed being home on letter-day. The details given by Charles, were every way gratifying. He was rapidly progressing in his studies and spoke with delight and enthusiasm of the pleasure he derived from his literary pursuits. All this was a little above the comprehension of either his brother or his parents; but when he told them of the agreeable acquaintances he had made; of his having been introduced to the first families of the place, and being on terms of intimacy with several young men of distinction, they were quite satisfied.

In our literary institutions there is no aristocracy of wealth or family; talents alone confer distinction, and on this score, Charles stood high in the estimation both of the professors and his fellow students; while his gen-
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The manners made him a general favorite, the tenderness of his disposition and delicacy of his taste, made him prefer female society to the convivial meetings of his fellow students. Nothing can be more favorable to the manners and morals of a young man, than intimate intercourse with virtuous and well informed women. It even acts as a stimulent to his intellectual pursuits, by blending warmth of heart, with activity of mind. Happy, then, was it for Charles, that he had been transplanted to so genial a clime, favorable alike to his morals, his manners, and his mind. Whether the change proved equally favorable to Catharine, was very problematical. Women are domestic creatures, and unless their habits, and their tastes are conformable to their condition, the acquisition of knowledge, in itself valuable, often proves a source of more suffering than enjoyment. Her letters however, expressed nothing but satisfaction, and a wish to protract, instead of shortening her term of absence.

Two more years passed, without producing any change in the circumstances of the family; the old folks dozing away their existence, without any object of hope or expectation, but the return of their children.

Young McCarty, if he did not doze like his parents, at least dreamed away life. But his were waking dreams, full of strong and pleasing emotion, which made existence itself a blessing. Nothing occured to rouse him from these delightful dreams; his days ran as clearly and as smoothly as a rivulet through a level and verdant meadow—If he had no plans for the future, it was because he was so perfectly contented with the present. If he had never told Martha that he loved, or required a similar confession from her, it was because the thing was so evident and certain, that it required no explanation. He never asked himself how this sweet intercourse was.
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to end, for it never occurred to him it was to end. It was evident, however, that he did not expect his parents to think as he did on the subject, as he carefully avoided communicating to them that his music master had a daughter, and they continued to believe, that their son loved nothing in the world so well as music. Months and years, meanwhile, will pass away, although we do not take any note of them, as they glide past us; and to the surprise of all the parties, excepting the good father and mother, who had counted not only the months and years, but likewise the days and weeks, it was now announced that the four years alloted for their children's absence had expired, and the ensuing month was once more to unite the family.

What a bustle, what preparation ensued!—The birth of her children was nothing compared to the importance of their entrance into the world, viz. the world of fashion. When they were born, poor things, their parents, having merely the means of subsistence, scarcely knew whether they should rejoice or grieve. Like the flowers that grew among weeds in her little garden, Mrs. McCarty having little time to attend them, perhaps would not have thought it a great misfortune had they perished. But now, transplanted into the gay parterre, the rich and ornamented grounds of life, it was of great importance that they should be exhibited to advantage. Grown up in health and beauty, they were the joy and pride of their parents. Workmen of every description were summoned. The house was new papered; new painted; new furnished. The shops were ransacked for whatever was most elegant and fashionable; and the sole order given by good Mrs. McCarty was, "to spare no expense, but to do every thing in the genteelst manner." Mr. McCarty was continually called from his store to be consulted
as to the color, form and fashion, of each article; and as uniformly assured by his wife, that he knew nothing of the matter; that his taste was vulgar; and that he had no notion of the "raal genteel." "Well, well, honey," he would reply, "I knew as much before; how should either you or I, who have never seen the inside of a gentleman's house, excepting when I carried them their accounts, and then I thought more of my money than I did of carpets and curtains, how should I, I say, know any thing of the matter?" "Pshaw!" exclaimed his wife, somewhat nettled at the mortifying truth he had uttered. "Pshaw!" And she fell into a deep and perplexed revolve, muttering, "what is a body to do?"—All at once a bright gleam shot across her clouded countenance, as if she had made a grand discovery, or fallen on an excellent expedient; she started up, exclaiming, "it is the very thing." "What?" said her husband, who had been patiently awaiting the result of her meditations. "Why, my dear Tim," said she in her coaxing way, "I tell you how we will find out what is raal genteel curtains, and cheers, for the drawing room. You say, when you used to carry your accounts, you used to get a sight of them things; so my dear Tim, jist take a bundle of bills and go round with them yourself; do deary. You have accounts I know, with two or three of the secretaries, and with generals, and colonels, and—and—" Is the woman crazy!" exclaimed her husband, reddening with anger. "I carry round my own bills? Why I haven't done such a thing these fifteen years!" "Nor would I have you, Mr. McCarty, so be mean yourself. I know it's not genteel for such great merchants to carry their own bills. But do, dear Tim, jist this once, do it to oblige me. Wrap your old plaid-cloak about you, and nobody will be the
"Wiser." "Why, certain-sure, wife, your head is turned! A plaid-cloak such hot weather as this!"

"Well," said Mrs. McCarty, sitting down, or rather throwing herself on her rocking chair, and rocking violently backwards and forwards—"Well, I don't know what's to be done, so I don't." And she almost cried with vexation. This was more than the good-natured Mr. McCarty could bear. He stood irresolute. Now walking up to the window, with his hands behind him, and looking as earnestly in the yard, as if there were something there which could solve the difficulty. Then casting over his shoulder a glance at his wife—then again out of the window.—Now gravely shaking his head, as he thought "no, no, it will never do"—now nodding in the affirmative, as if the point was settled. His wife, meanwhile, who knew the meaning of his every look and motion, as well as if he had put them in words, knew well enough how the thing would be settled; she meanwhile said not a word, but rocked the harder; sighed heavily, and fumbled with her spectacles, taking them off several times and wiping them, as if they were dimmed with tears. The last glance the good man cast, she was in the very act of rubbing them with all her might, though slowly, too, while her head moving in accordance with her hands, said as plainly as motion could say, "what shall I do! what shall I do!"

The kind husband could not stand such an appeal to his good nature. He turned briskly round, and going up to his wife, and stroking her plump round cheeks, said, "don't look so cast down, deary; if you have set your heart upon the thing, why, go I must, I suppose."

"That's a good soul," cried his wife, putting her spectacles into her pocket, and looking as bright as when the lucky thought first came in her head; "that's a good
soul, make haste, for I want to get the curtains and cheers for the drawing room."

Mr. McCarty went, though rather slowly, to the door. He had almost reached it, when turning suddenly back, "But, Peggy," said he, "why cannot you get the curtains from the most fashionable upholsterer? Sure he can tell you what's genteel, and make them up in the newest fashion." "No, no!" said his wife, "I have been bit once, I'll not be bit again. Why, now, Mr. McCarty, would you believe it, when we first furnished our house, I went to the first upholsterer in the City; the one that works for the secretaries and forin ministers, and desired him to get me furniture jist the same with Mr. Y——'s; telling him I would pay every bit as much: well, would you believe it, he trundled off some of his old store goods, as old as Noah's Ark, persuading me it was span new, jist come from over sea. And I should never have found out the contrary, if I hadn't one day, when I saw Hannah, Mrs. Y——'s housekeeper, going by, who used to be an acquaintance of mine, called her in to show her that I had a room furnished like her's: and it was she that let me into the secret; and she told me it was a common trick to put off old trumpery, and sham finery, on trade's people, and country people, who knew no better. But," added Mrs. McCarty, "as my money's as good as any lady's or gentleman's money, I am determined to get as good things with it. So, Tim, dear, to make sure of not being cheated so again, go, go along, and see with your own eyes."—Reluctantly enough, her dear Tim obeyed her commands; for obey he always had to, having unfortunately at the time they were married, mistaken her part of the ceremony for his, and having taken such vows on himself, he made it a point of conscience to fulfil them.
It was not until the tea had been made so long that Mrs. McCarty declared "it would be as strong as ley, and that the muffins would be as cold as if they had never smelt fire," that Mr. McCarty returned. His wife was sitting at the tea-table, her elbows supported on it, and her plump face supported on her hands, when he came in—not as usual, with that smiling good natured face, which drew from his better half, the exclamation, "Well, deary!"—No; it was with a face as black as a thunder-gust. He threw down his hat on the floor, and abruptly drawing his chair from the tea table, seated himself at some distance, leaning his head on his hand, and his arm on the window frame. After a moment's pause, in which Mrs. McCarty looked with inquiring astonishment at an exhibition so new to her, no longer able to contain herself, she exclaimed "Bless me, Mr. McCarty! one would think you had seen Old Nick, himself, you look so black." "I wish you had been with Old Nick, yourself," he angrily replied, "before you sent me on your fool's errands"—"Well, now! did I ever hear the like; why what's come over you, man?" "Why the insolence of a d——d fellow, who, because he calls himself gentleman, thinks he has a right to insult a man, honester than himself; ay, for the matter of that, and richer too."

"Well, now, that was raal ungenteel, I must say," said his wife; but come, Tim, dear, drink your tea, and drown your cholar, and tell us all about it?" Not immediately could Mr. McCarty obey this command; and it was not until he had told all about it, that he could drink his tea.

He had been, he said, from one end of the City to the other, and found no one at home, till he got to the house of Mr. X. He was shown into a handsome par-lour, where the gentleman was sitting with his back to-
wards the door, writing. "He turned round his head when I entered," said McCarty, "and then went on writing, the same as if he hadn't seen me. So, supposing he was adding up a bit of an account that he wished to finish first, I waited quite patient, standing behind him with my hat in one hand, and my bill in the other; and there I might have stood till doom's-day for what he cared, for he went on writing and writing. So then, I made bold to step forward and hand him the bill; he looked up just as surprised and angry like, as if I had offered him a toad. But he took the bill, and just opening it and casting his eye over it, he threw it under the table, giving it a kick with his foot to send it as far from him as he could. This was too much. I felt my blood rising, but bit my lips and determined to try what civility would do. "Sir," said I, "that account is of some years standing, and if it would be convenient, I should be glad it were settled." "It is not convenient," said he, without ever looking up, and giving it another kick. "And when will it be convenient, sir; I would not trouble you, but"—and I stopped—he went on writing faster and faster, just as if he did not hear me. "I was saying, sir," says I, "when will it be convenient?" "Never!" said he, starting up, and looking in a fury, and stooping, he picked up the bill and throwing it at me, "take your d—d bill and yourself away, as quick as you can," said he, holding the door open with one hand, while he pointed to it with the other.

"Well, and what did you do?" asked his wife. "Do? if I had done what I wanted to do, I would have shaken every bone out of his skin; but I bethought myself in time, that I had the law on my side, which would right me better than my own hand could do. So snatch-up the bill, I told him as my visit was disagreeable, per-
haps he would find one from a constable more to his taste, and hurried away as fast as I could, lest I might be provoked to strike him."

"Well, Tim, dear, but what was the color of the curtains and cheers."

"D—n the curtains and chairs—do you think I thought of them?"

"Why, seeing you stood there so long, I think you ought have taken an inventory of everything in the room," said his wife.

"Pshaw, woman," said her husband, pushing back his chair, and rising hastily, and in spite of "Tim, dear," and "do but hear rason, deary," McCarty left the house, and went to his store, from which he did not return until bed time.
CHAPTER V.

Once more had poor Mrs. McCarty to trust to the taste and good faith of the upholsterer, whom she charged over and over again, to give her nothing that was not real genteel. Every thing was now arranged; Catharine's bed-room was the finest and pleasantest in the house; Charles' was as nice as nice could be, with an elegant mahogany book-case for him to put his books in, "which to be sure," said the fond mother, "is what he will think most of."

"Well now, honey," said she to her eldest son, as she took him all over the house, from room to room, "Well now, isn't every thing quite complete and genteel? I can think of nothing else that is wanting but the musicks, and them I must leave to you and your music-master; so go, Timothy, and get him to help you to choose a most elegant grand Pianny-forty. One must pay dear for it, I know, for I axed the other day. Here, honey, is a check on the bank for 500 dollars. Be sure, honey, to get the very genteeltest and as it costs such a sum, may be you can get a harp in the bargain; for a harp Catharine must have at all events, seeing she writes so much about her learning to play on the harp."

"But you're joking mother, when you talk of getting it in the bargain."

"Well, you can but try you know, honey, so go along and do the best you can." To this injunction her
son had no objection; he was glad of any excuse to go to the house of his music master. Leibner entered very warmly into the business, and devoted the whole morning to going with his favorite scholar, or as he often called him, his young friend, to the different music-stores. They easily procured a first rate piano; but there was to be found in the whole City only one harp, and the price of that was 800 dollars.

After such a day's exercise, he thought it not unreasonable that he should rest himself at Leibner's. It was a most delicious afternoon in October, and as his morning's walk had tired the good old man, he composed himself to sleep in his great arm-chair, while Martha went on the commons to look for a cow, which had not come home the night before. Young McCarty insisted upon it he was not tired, and that he would go with her to look for her cow. The commons in Washington extend for miles on every side, but wide as they are, the cows as well as our young lovers, sometimes took it in their heads to wander into the country among the hills and woods. Not, it is presumed, that like them, they loved the stillness and shade of the little valleys that lay among these hills and woods, but because they there found a fresher herbage and more abundant springs. Be that as it may, there certainly was a great attraction in these cool, shady retreats, for ruminating lovers, as well as ruminating cows.

It was, as I said before, a most delicious afternoon. The sky was so clear and bright—the changing foliage of the woods that crowned the hills they were approaching, looked as rich and gay, Martha said, as her fine tulip bed did in spring, and showed as great a variety of colors. "But as for these plains," said she, "the grass is so burnt up and withered, I don't wonder Bessy (for so
she called her cow) has wandered farther in search of green food."

These plains, usually covered with numerous herds, were now bare and lonely, and it was evident that other cows as well as Bessy had chosen to ramble. — On and on they went, and neither McCarty or Martha observed that the sun too was going on, and would certainly get into the woods before they did. Still, no social herds of cattle were seen returning as it was their wont to do at sunset, to their respective homes. McCarty easily guessed that they had come in the wrong direction, for he saw the well trodden cow-paths branching off towards the eastern part of the plain, while they were going towards the west. But this was a discovery he did not communicate to Martha, as he wished to protract their solitary walk. — The tinkling of a distant cow bell among the woods before them, tempted our little dairy maid to pursue the path they were in. — A large corn-field crossed their way — several Negro men and girls were gathering the fodder, to whom Martha described Bessy, and inquired if they had seen her. They all said they were sure and sartin no cows had been past there that day; and the bell she heard belonged to their master's cow, that they kept at home, because she had a young calf. — This explanation was satisfactory, and all that Martha could do was to turn round and go home again.

The sun was now set behind the hills — even the shadows had left the plains — the birds had ceased to sing — no sound but the same tinkling cow bell was heard, or the rustling of the dry corn-blades — a dewy freshness fell around them — the dimness of twilight stole over the scene, and these children of nature, without knowing why or wherefore, insensibly sunk into the same stillness that pervaded nature's other creatures. Arm in arm
they walked slowly on; their hearts were full—but it was a fullness that could not pour itself out in words. Long before they reached home, the moon had risen—McCarty felt, he knew not why, a kind of gloomy forboding—He had a kind of indistinct fear, that the return of his brother and sister which would make so great a change at home, might somehow or other operate a change in respect to the Leibners. He looked at Martha, and shook his head as a negative to the question that occurred "Would Catharine like her for a companion?"—He did not venture even to himself, to say sister. He gently pressed her arm, which was within his, to him, and sighed—Martha looked up as if to inquire the cause of that sigh. McCarty had never breathed to her a word about love; and had he wished to do so, he would have been at a loss for what he deemed suitable expressions. Again he sighed, and again Martha looked inquiringly in his face.—He felt as if there was some necessity for a closer engagement than as yet existed between them—but how to explain this? It was a difficulty he could not conquer and he submitted. At last, "Martha," said he, "I have often sung Burns' sweet songs to you; do you remember the one about Peggy?" "No," replied Martha.—"Well, then, I will repeat it to you—but as Peggy is not a pretty name, I will say Matty."

Come, Matty dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue—the fields in view
All tading green and yellow.

Not April showers—to budding flowers—
Not Autumn to the farmer
More dear can be, than thou to me,
My sweet and only charmer.
AND AS HE SAID SO—HE PRESSED THE HAND HE HAD CLASPED WITHIN HIS, AND LOOKED AT MARTHA FOR A REPLY—BUT MARTHA COULD ANSWER ONLY WITH A SOFT SIGH; AND THE MODEST TIMID GIRL, FEARED SHE WAS DOING SOMETHING WRONG, IN LETTING MCCARTY STILL HOLD HER HAND, AND STILL MORE SO, BY THE INVOLUNTARY AND GENTLE RETURN SHE GAVE TO HIS PRESSURE OF HER HAND.

THEY HAD NOW REACHED HOME. MCCARTY KNEW THAT MARTHA HAD VARIOUS DUTIES TO PERFORM, AND HE WAS IN NO DISPOSITION EVEN FOR THE MUSIC OF HIS KIND MASTER.—AFTER LINGERING A FEW MOMENTS, WITH ONE HAND ON THE LATCH, WHILE WITH THE OTHER HE STILL HELD THAT OF THE TREMBLING GIRL—HE DROPPED THE HAND—LIFTED THE LATCH—PUSHED OPEN THE DOOR, AND WHISPERED—"GOOD NIGHT, MATTY!"

"MATTY!"—REPEATED MARTHA, WITH EMOTION—"HE NEVER BEFORE CALLED ME MATTY—BUT, THEN, MATTY WAS IN THE SONG!"

MRS. MCCARTY WAS AWAITING HER SON'S RETURN WITH A FIDGETTY IMPATIENCE, AND PREPARED TO GIVE HIM A SEVERE SCOLDING FOR STAYING AWAY THE WHOLE DAY; BUT WHEN HE ENTERED, WITH A COUNTENANCE SO UNUSUALLY SERIOUS, HER MOTHERLY FONDNESS TOOK THE ALARM, AND SHE INQUIRED, IN HER MOST ENDEARING MANNER, WHAT MADE HIM LOOK SO DOWN HEARTED. HE GAVE THE GO-BYE TO HER INQUIRY, AND RELATED TO HER THE FRUITLESS SEARCH HE AND HIS GOOD MASTER HAD MADE, FOR A HARPS; THAT ONLY ONE HAD BEEN FOUND, AND THAT AT THE PRICE OF EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS. SHE TOOK HER PIPE OUT OF HER MOUTH, LAID IT DOWN, AND RAISING BOTH HER HANDS, "WHAT WILL THE WORLD COME TO?" SAID SHE—"FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR A PIANO FORTY—EIGHT HUNDRED FOR A HARPS!—WHY, BOY, IT'S A LITTLE FORTIN IN ITSELF; AND IT WOULD BE A SIN AND A SHAME TO BE WASTING SO MUCH MONEY ON A MERE SONG, AS ONE MIGHT SAY—AND INDEED, FOR THE
matter of that, I wouldn't give a good song for all the thrum thrum, or blowing and piping I ever heard."

"Why, to-be-sure, mother, as Poor Richard says, it's paying too dear for a whistle; and as the Almanac further says, a penny saved, is a penny made; so it's well worth while to save these eight hundred dollars."—

"To-be-sure it is," replied the mother—"Yet, I'm afear-ed there will be no peace in the house; and that not having a harp, will spoil all; for Catharine, in all her letters, talks a monstrous deal about playing on the harp for us. And then I was thinking only the other night, when your poor father was put so out of sorts, that if Catharine was here with her harp, she might have played him into tune again, as King David used to play the evil spirit out of Saul.—To-be-sure, a harp must be something wonderful. You hear a heap about it in the Bible—and then, too, it costs such a sight of money. I suppose it is so dear on account of its having a thousand strings—for you know, the hymn says, strange that a harp of thousand strings should keep in tune so long.—And then, I suppose they are golden strings; for to-be-sure they couldn't else cost so dear."

Thus she ran on, and it was a long while before her son found an opportunity to describe the instrument to her—and when he did, she could not understand why it cost such a price.

Well then—much as it vexed her, she had to give up the harp. She had now nothing more to do, and counted the days and hours with impatience, until Mr. McCarty, who had gone to Philadelphia for his children, should return.

She spent hours together rocking herself, and fancying how Catharine would look—what she would say, on seeing such a fine house—what she would do all day
long. — "Happy she must be," thought the fond mother — "and kind and loving surely to her old parents, who have been striving so much to satisfy her to her heart's content." Her mind would then fix on the idea of her daughter hanging on her neck; sitting in her lap with her arms around her, and telling of all the things she had learned, and all the sights she had seen, till she would feel the tears trickling down her cheeks — "Sweet little soul," she would exclaim, as she wiped them away — "Sweet little soul! — and my Charley, too! — Ah, I shall be happy as the day is long."
CHAPTER VI.

The important day at length arrived!—The cook received orders to get a great dinner ready—a real genteel dinner. But on comparing their ideas, they did not agree.—"The cook," who, as Mrs. McCarty said, "was as good as any French cook, seeing she had lived with the quality, and seen how French cooks managed"—the cook proposed to have a bullion at the head, which she explained to be a piece of boiled beef—and Mrs. McCarty declared she would have no such tasteless thing, not she, indeed—she would have a large round, a la moded. Then, instead of fricaseed chickens, she would have a roast pig—All the other dishes, she insisted should be of the same size, not approving such little mean scanty dishes, as the cook proposed. Didn't the father, in the Bible, kill a whole fattened calf—and sure she loved her son as well, though he was no prodigal. The biggest turkey, biggest goose, biggest ham, in fine, the largest of every thing, was to be procured—as on such an occasion, every one should have a plenty—The plumb-pudding and all, was to be of the same proportion.

This, and other equally important matters, were just arranged, when the stage drove up. In a moment the alert and eager Timothy, was at the door—but poor Mrs. McCarty was so flusterated, as she said, that panting and out of breath, she could get no farther than the
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hall, where she sunk into one of the chairs, and with out-
stretched arms, awaited the coming of her children.—
Catharine, after shaking hands with her brother, and
coldly returning his eager salute, turned round to see that
all her trunks, band-boxes and dressing case, were care-
fully taken out; and Charles, after cordially embracing
his brother, got into the hall first, and was closely press-
ed in his mother's arms, and half smothered with her
kisses, before his sister came in. When she did, it was
with a slow careless step, often looking behind to see
that the servant was bringing in her things.

Mrs. McCarty having released Charles from her
food arms, stretched them out with equal eagerness to
her daughter, and the moment she was within her reach,
caught and pressed Catharine with a force, from which
the young lady struggled to free herself, exclaiming as
she did so, "Bless my heart, mother, you have almost
choked me; and only look," she continued, while she
adjusted her hair and the ruffles round her neck, "only
look what a figure you have made of me—I must posi-
tively go to my chamber to put myself to rights."

"But, Kitty, my dear Kitty," said the tender-heart-
ed mother, with tears in her eyes, for she was touched
to the quick, by her child's unkindly greeting—"But,
Kitty, I say, don't be going away from me, before you
have hardly got here, as one may say."

But Kitty ran on; and her mother who always
walked with difficulty, could not get up with her—the ef-
fort to do so, made her pant and blow like one that had
climbed a steep hill. When she reached her rocking-
chair, she sunk into it quite exhausted, and drew her
breath with difficulty; while in the performance of this
labor, she leaned both her broad palms on her broad knees
on which she pressed hard, as if to support her in the
toil of respiration. When at last she could get her breath, and soon afterwards her voice—"Kitty," said she, "Kitty, come and give me one kiss, and I won't, no I won't tumble nor touch your curls and ruffles." But Kitty pretended not to hear her, while she ran from one object to another, taking up this, and putting down that; while more than once she impatiently rung the bell, and asked if there were no servants in the house? Good Mrs. McCarty sat looking with astonishment; nodding her head as she internally said, "Dear me, dear me, is this my sweet little Kitty, that used to sit by the hour a hugging and kissing me?—Sure this an't she; it is some fine body's child that has nothing to do with me." But then, again, she would look. and grown and altered as Kitty was, some expression of the face, some tone of the voice, would restore to her the little pet and darling, that it had been her joy to carress, and the tears would fill her eyes as they followed Catharine's movements.— All at once she thought of a way of winning her attention, and, she hoped, her fondness.—The good woman got up, saying, "Kitty, dear, you are examining this room, but it is nothing to what I have done for you, darling, in the drawing room—come let me show you." And she took hold of Catharine's arm, on which she leaned so heavily, that the slender little Kitty almost tottered.— But no sooner had they entered the drawing room, than she quickly released herself from her mother's arm. On seeing the superb piano, she ran forward and opening it, eagerly sat down and began to play a loud and lively tune. "Ah, ha, I see how it is," exclaimed her mother, delighted to see her child delighted, "musicks is her fancy, as it is Timothy's." She sat down near the instrument, and gazed with astonishment at Catharine's flying fingers, the velocity of whose movements, almost
eluded sight. In vain she tried to speak, and express her amazement—but not a moment's pause in the almost deafening rattle of the keys, allowed her to put in a word, and there she sat, listening and gazing at Catharine's wonderful performance, until the young lady herself tired, rose from the instrument—"Well, now, Kitty, now I am sure you will kiss your old mother for getting you such an elegant *Piany forty*—come now and give me a sweet kiss." "I will give you a courtesy, mama," said Kitty; "that is the way I was taught at school—kissing is quite out of fashion." "I don't know what you were taught at school," said the offended mother, "but I know both your Bible and *natur* teaches you to love and honor your mother." Catharine, after making a low courtesy, and saying in an affected tone, "I am very, very much obliged to you, mama," ran off, adding, she must make her toilette for dinner; while her mother kept muttering, "did ever any one see the like, to take no notice of all this elegant furniture—well, well, to be sure, I supposed if they taught her nothing else, they would have taught her her manners." The good woman's anger got the better of her tenderness, and in what form it would have manifested itself, is uncertain, if on returning to the parlour, she had not found Charles there. He drew his chair close to her, as in her usual corner she sat in her rocking chair; and looking affectionately at her, "dear mother," he said, "how forcibly it brings old times to my mind, to see you in that chair and that corner." "Ay, Charley, it is old times since I first sat in this *cheer*, with you, a baby, in my arms—Many's the long day, and the still longer weary winter night, I have sat rocking you in this *cheer*, and watching you the night long, without taking my eyes off you, thinking each breath you drew, would be your last—and
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many's the time your little pale face has been wetted all over, ay, washed I may say, in my tears—and many's the heart-ache you have given me, my Charley, for often I thought you were dying. "Dear mother!" said Charles much affected, "never will I cause you another heart-ache, if I can help it."—And he squeezed her hand between his as he said so.

"Well," said Mrs. McCarty, "the sweets and bitters are mixed in this world—and every thing must take its turn—if you made my heart ache, when a baby, you make it dance for joy now you're a man; while your sister here, who was such a healthy, lively, good-natured little puss, made my heart dance with joy when she was a baby, and I reckon will make it ache often enough now she is a woman."

The servant girl was setting the table when Catharine, dressed in a gay fashionable manner, returned to the parlour.—She looked at the preparations with astonishment. "Mother, you do not eat in the room where you sit I, hope?" "Not eat in the room where we sit?" exclaimed her mother; "why where should we eat; in the rooms where we lay?"

"La, ma'am, how you talk," said Catharine, drawing up her head; "as my father told me you lived perfectly genteel, I could not therefore suspect we eat in the parlour."

"And pray, child, where should we eat then, to be genteel; for certainly, I wish to be genteel?" "In a dining room to be sure," answered Catharine. Mrs. McCarty looked quite puzzled and distressed.—Anxious to be in all things genteel, and likewise to please her daughter, she knew not what was to be done; for there were but two rooms on the floor, and where to have a dining room, she could not tell.—After pondering on
the matter for some time, she explained the difficulty, which Catharine quickly removed, by saying, that altho' it would certainly be genteeler to have a dining room, a parlour, and a drawing room, yet she knew many genteel persons who had only a dining room, and drawing room, and if her mother converted this into a dining room, they could sit in the drawing room.—“What,” said Mrs. McCarty, “make an every-day room of the drawing room! Did any one ever hear the like! Why, I reckoned on that's being opened only on high days and holidays.” “Oh!” said Catharine, “that would be vulgar in the extreme—No, every body, high and low, now, occupy two rooms; so I beg you will instantly order a fire in the drawing room, for I shall positively be made sick to sit after dinner in this room; the smell of victuals is quite oppressive.”

“Well, well”—exclaimed Mrs. McCarty, nodding her head to and fro, and rocking backwards and forwards—“well, well, did I ever hear the like—what will the world come to?”

Dinner was now served, and other folks besides the delicate Catharine, would have felt the fumes of this abundant high seasoned dinner, oppressive. The day was excessively warm for the season, and in addition to other proofs of a glad welcome, Mrs. McCarty had had an immense hickory fire kindled in the stove—thus adding the smell of heated iron to that of the steam from the meats. A large China bowl of apple toddy, stood on the top of the stove, waiting only the appearance of the master of the house, to make its circuit round the company. Mr. McCarty entered, rubbing his hands and spreading them before the fire, rather from habit than because they were cold—looking round him meanwhile, with a face beaming with exultation and delight,
“really now,” said he—turning his back to the fire, and facing his family—“really now, this is a sight any father might be proud of. There is Timothy, stout and hale—looks as if he might send the name of McCarty down through twenty generations—ay, Tim, that handsome tall figure—these bright black eyes, and them rosy cheeks, will make the girl’s heart ache, Tim, I’ll answer for ye. As for Charley, here, if he doesn’t make hearts ache, I’ll warrant he’ll make heads the wiser, hey Charley? Which will you be my boy, a lawyer, or a doctor, or a parson?—in either case, I prophecy you’ll be an honor to your cloth: And, as for this little kitten here,” said he, turning to Catharine, and tapping first one and then the other cheek, “why she has a fortune in these pretty roses here. But come,” continued he taking the ample bowl of toddy, on whose surface floated the fragments of roasted apples—“come let us drink a happy meeting and great luck to ye all.” He then took a deep strong draught, and handed it to his wife; she followed, nay, even exceeded his example, and passed it to her eldest son, who after drinking, handed it to Charles, who, with the politeness acquired in the company he had been accustomed to of late, handed it to his sister, before tasting it himself—but she pushed it from her with ineffable disdain—and her countenance expressed as plainly as words could do, the disgust she felt. Charles was the only one who understood her feelings; and after drinking from the bowl, observed, “you keep up this old family, and I may say, social custom, I perceive, of all drinking from the same bowl.” “And a shocking disgusting custom it is,” exclaimed Catharine, “only fit for savages.” “Say not so, sister,” replied Charles, “it is the ancient usage, not only of common people, but of princes, heroes, and poets. And
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if you would read the verses of Anacreon, on bowls filled with sparkling wine and crowned with roses, they would quite reconcile you to a custom, which has been but very lately abolished."

"Nonsense!" said Catharine. "The custom is obsolete and vulgar now. Mother if you wish to be genteel, you'll have small, very small punch glasses; and lemonade, instead of toddy."

Disquisitions of the same kind, took place at table. Catharine found fault with everything, and scarcely eat a mouthful. Charles tried in his mild, gentle manner, to neutralise the effect of his sister's remarks. He did his best to eat heartily, as his mother repeatedly urged him to do—but his stomach naturally weak and delicate, revolted at the profusion of rich food, with which she loaded his plate, and the fumes from roast pigs, geese, ducks, &c. all highly seasoned—the heat of the room too, and the apple-toddy, were too much for Charles. He felt his head turn—but endeavored to conceal his feelings. His mother had just turned round to speak to him, when she saw the knife and fork drop from his hands, and his head fall back on the chair. She started up, and would have screamed, if she could have screamed at the sight of his pale face. The confusion this created may be easily conceived. Mr. McCarty threw water in his face, and all crowded round him but Catharine, who threw herself back in her chair, saying, she felt as if she should faint too—but no one noticed her—all were engaged with Charles. His mother wanted to pour some whiskey down his throat, but his brother taking him in his arms carried him into the hall, telling them all he wanted was fresh air. Young McCarty, was dotingly fond of his younger brother, and had from their boyhood acted as a kind of guardian and protector
to him. He now seated him, near the open door, drew his head on his shoulder and supported him in his arms. Charles soon revived, but sensible that the same causes would soon produce the same effects, he told his mother he would take a short walk with his brother, and return when they had finished dinner—but to this the fond mother would not consent, and urged his going back and finishing his dinner, telling him there was a fine plum-pudding, that would do him good. Unwilling to wound his mother's feelings, he would not confess the real cause of his indisposition. But Catharine, not so scrupulous, triumphantly carried her point, of having the drawing-room appropriated for their sitting room, by proving that it was the fumes of the victuals that had made Charles ill, and that no genteel person could endure to sit in the room where they ate.

Every day brought some fresh proof to Mrs. McCarty, that although she had made a lady of Catharine, she had lost a daughter. The whole house was turned topsy turvy to please the never-to-be-pleased young lady. Even Mr. McCarty, at times, mild and indulgent as he was, took a share in the disputes between Catharine and her mother. He could not stand by and hear that good affectionate woman, sometimes reproached, sometimes laughed at, for what was called her vulgar ways, by the daughter, for whom she had done so much. As for the warm hearted Timothy, on pretence of music lessons, he would keep out of the way; and Charles, pained and displeased at Catharine's conduct, but without authority to repress it, retreated to his own room. Here he lived in a world of his own, and when the door was closed and the world below shut out, he was as happy as a human being could be. His father with continued kindness left him master of his own time and of his
purse. The sums which Charles drew from it were expended on a choice selection of books, which, added to those he brought from College, soon formed an excellent classical library, and surrounded him with the society of the wisest and best of men. His books were in every sense his companions, and as much the objects of affection as of veneration. The occupation of his future life, was left to his own choice. This liberty, which many would have highly prized, was to him a cause of perplexity and difficulty. He felt that his character and disposition totally unfitted him for the law; he turned from the very idea of its dry and tiresome studies, with invincible repugnance. Though the study of medicine would have been more consonant to his taste, its practice he believed would be incompatible with the feebleness of his constitution. To the ministry he felt no call. But as his father told him there was no hurry, and that he might take time to consider, he determined to give up the ensuing season to all the luxury of books—and a luxury they are to those who know their value, beyond any the voluptuary or the epicure ever enjoyed. The pleasures of the senses are limited in their nature and in their objects: slaves to time, place, and circumstance, derived from, and therefore dependent on, extrinsic objects; subject to the interference and control of others, and often in opposition to interests and duties both social and individual. The man of pleasure, so called by the world, is one of the most pitiable and abject slaves in the whole circle of society; while the man of intellect is one of the most enviable and independent of human beings. The pleasures of the mind are free from all control of time, place, or circumstance; for at all times, in all places and circumstances, the mind can act and can enjoy. For
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the man of intellect, nature spreads a continual feast of pleasures, inexhaustable and ever new. The earth, the air, the sea, furnish objects for his enjoyment more exquisite in their relish, more varied in their nature than an Apiccius could obtain from the different parts of the world. The whole creation is tributary to his desires; his pleasures self derived, are free and independent of the control or interference of others, and come not into collision with interest or duty. The man of intellect, is indeed a freeman, limited in his enjoyments neither by nature, nor society; richer in his perceptions than the worldling in his millions. And such was Charles!—The brick walls of his little room, were no confinement to a mind that held converse with minds that had enlightened and charmed the world. What was the want of society (of which Catharine so bitterly complained) to him, who lived with Socrates and Plato, with Tully, Virgil, Horace. Pliny, Tacitus, and a crowd of others, almost as admired and distinguished—whose soul was so imbued with their sentiments, whose heart was so interested in their lives and actions, whose taste was as polished and refined by their eloquence and sublimity, that he felt little interest and no pleasure in the realities of life;—or if on leaving this beloved circle, he wandered forth into the surrounding country, was he there destitute of employment or enjoyment? No; nature opened to him her vast and unexplored volume, and he could draw inspiration and wisdom from the same inexhaustible fountains from whence the sages of antiquity had drawn theirs—No; here nature lavished on him pleasures which never satiate; here, the more he enjoyed the more he desired; here, his desires unchecked by duty, unlimited by time, led him beyond the narrow bounds of human existence to expatiate in the regions
of immortality! Yet the vain coxcomb, whom the accident of birth has thrown into what is called the best society, might deem Charles of too low and vulgar extraction to be his companion.—Mistaken estimate!
CHAPTER VII.

Mild as Charles was by nature, and disciplined by study, it required his whole stock of philosophy and natural equanimity, patiently to bear the frequent interuptions of Catharine. Idle and restless, she was as much a burden to herself as to those whom she was constantly wearying with her complaints. She wandered from room to room, quilled a ruffle, trimmed a dress, rattled over the keys of her piano, or hummed a tune, and then at a total loss what else to do, would throw her listless length on a sopha and breathe, for she could hardly be said to live, through the tedious hours: or at other times she would run up into her brother Charles' apartment, and in spite of his hints or his silence, persist in her silly tittle-tattle gossip, till in despair he would throw aside his book or his pen, and either walk with her, or patiently and silently listen to her lamentations, with an air as serious and abstracted as if absorbed in meditation, or in the performance of some penance.

Bursting into his room one evening, she threw herself into a chair, opposite to her brother and laughed till the tears ran down her face: Charles looked up for a moment, but he was now so used to her ways, that without testifying any curiosity as to the cause of her mirth, he again fixed his eyes on his book and seemed insensible
of her presence. "What the deuce are you pouring over, Charles?" said Catharine, snatching his book from him, "have you neither eyes nor ears for any thing but these abominable books?" And she would have thrown it aside, but Charles starting up, caught her hand, and entreated her not to lose his place. "Tell me then what it is about," said his sister, "for to me it is nothing but hieroglyphics"—"It is Greek," said Charles—"a comedy of Aristophanes, in which he has dared to ridicule the divine Socrates."

"Pho, pho, brother, throw away your old Greek; I will give you a better comedy than all the old Grecians in the world. Oh, brother, if you love comedy, you should have been down stairs this afternoon; you would have seen one acted to perfection." And again she threw herself back in her chair, and laughed until she was almost convulsed. Seeing Charles staring at her—

"Do let me laugh," said she, "for really I have contained myself so long that my sides will split else—only look at my poor lips, I have absolutely bit them till they bleed, for had I laughed out I should not only have affronted mammy's, mama's, I mean, genteel circle, but have lost all my claim to superior politeness and higher polish. Oh, how I wish you had been there; even your gravity would have been put to flight: there was Mrs. ——, and Mrs. ——, and Mrs. ——, but such a jumble of high Dutch and low Dutch, of Irish and Scotch, of Spanish and French rigmarole names, that I could not tell one from another, as mammy, pho, mother, introduced them to my ladyship."

"This is my daughter Kitty," said she, "just come from a Philadelphia boarden school, and she has learned every thing money could buy, I assure you.—Come, now, Kitty," continued my dear mother, "show them
all the elegant picters you painted with your own hands; come, now," continued she, seeing my reluctance, "don't be afffeared."

"Afraid indeed! thought I, and lest others should think so too, I opened my port-folio, which my mother had taken care to have brought in the room. There was such exclamation, of "Oh, how pretty!"—" Why, Miss, did you make this here picture?"—" Well who would have thought, Miss could do the like; why, Mr. Brusher, I don't think a sign you ever painted came up to this."

"Fine, very fine," said the fat, sleek, Mr. Brusher, who looked as if the oil made as much a part of his diet as his art, or as if he had expended some of his varnish on his own shining face, "very fine, but let's see that picture a little closer," and he stretched out his paws of many colors to take hold of my beautiful group of the graces. I snatched it from him, the provoking fellow, but not before he had left the sign of his greasy fingers and thumb on it. I was so mad, yes mad, that I huddled all my drawings into my port-folio, notwithstanding all the bows and begging of pardons. My mother, luckily was on my side, but "in order to make it up," as she said, she insisted on my giving the company "some of my musicks." I felt inclined to astonish the natives, and willingly complied, and rattled away at a fine rate. I was applauded to the very skies by every one, except a tall, dark man, who stood aloof and said never a word. I saw my mother anxiously looking towards him; at length, no longer able to contain herself, she called out, "Why, now, Mr. Sackerilli, you an't deaf, to be sure, and yet one would be apt to think so." He bowed low and solemnly, but, not understanding her, did not speak, but very civilly handed her his snuff-box, from which, just at
the moment he was taking a pinch—"Pshaw," said my mother, pushing back the box so quickly that it lost half its contents, "pshaw, that is not answering my question."

"The question?" said the tall, dark man, quite bewildered, while he brushed the snuff from one coat sleeve with the other, still holding his box in his left hand, and a pinch of snuff between the fingers of his right, "the question, ma'am?"

"Yes, I asked you, if you was not deaf, for any one would take you to be so, seeing as how you, that must be the best judge of us all, seeing you are one of the band, said never a word, when every one else was praising my daughter's musicks."

Still the poor Italian did not understand what was expected of him, music being the only word he comprehended of all my mother said, and seizing on that, he repeated, while still engaged in brushing his coat sleeve—

"Musique, ma'am, ye-es ma'am, musique is one art very fine."—"But my daughter's musicks!" repeated my mother, almost out of patience.

"You daughter? Oh, you daughter," and he hesitated, but at last said "you daughter play very loud—very strong bravissimo, ma'am, I assure you."—And he bowed low as he said this.—I could have thrown my music book at him, with his loud and strong and bravissimo.—And that sneer on his mahogany face.—I was so provoked I could have fairly cried. Who would have thought that in such a collection of mobility, a real judge of music! Bravissimo, indeed! I jumped up from the instrument, and when my mother and her genteel circle, as she calls this gathering of neighbors, could not persuade me to play any more—my mother said "Well, Kitty, dear, now talk some French for the company."—
Did you ever hear the like? And what will come next, thinks I. She will set me to dancing, surely—No, no, mammy, I am no show goods to be displayed at this rate for the gratification of your pride, so not a word of French would I speak, though Mr. Kinchindosber, whom my mother had asked to do so, said "he would be very happy to talk his broken French with Miss."

The exhibition over, and the circle formed, tea was handed round. Then was the gallantry of the beaux displayed. Such a watching for empty tea-cups, such a strife who should be the first to dart forward and take them. One young fellow, who certainly thought himself the prince of beaux, kept strutting about, his head pushed back by his high stiff cravat, his tall, awkward figure, laced in so tight that the blood seemed as if it would burst the veins in his forehead, while his back—yes, any one would swear his back had not a joint in it.

"Why, then," said Charles, who could not forbear smiling at her ludicrous description, "according to the new classification of animals, he would have been classed among the invertebral—a phenomenon truly!"

"Why," continued Catharine, "he thought himself a phenomenon, that's certain.—Well, to go on with my story, or comedy rather, then this Adonis took it in his head to single me out as the object of his civilities, and as I could see by the bridled heads and scornful glances of the encircling Misses, very much to their dissatisfaction. This determined me to listen to the impertinent fellow, who stood stiffening before me, in all his buckram vanity, and playing with his watch chain—which in fact, was a very splendid watch chain and had suspended to it half a dozen splendid seals. He was determined I should not overlook this glistening appendage, and tossed it about at such a rate, that I more than once sud-
denly drew back, lest the seals should, in their rebound, give me a black eye. Then he made an excuse to draw out a most superb watch.—The fellow must be a gold-smith or watch-maker, thought I, or how the deuce could he come by this finery? Well, after playing off his watch, trinkets, &c. together with his tinsel compliments, he then pulled out a snuff box, as beautiful and rich as the watch; and after shaking the contents, and tapping the lid, with a most affected air, and so as to display a ring on his finger, he opened it, and, bowing low, handed it to me.—Now you must know, that when he bowed, he was bent into two equal parts, one as straight and stiff as the other, and so forcibly reminded me of a pair of compasses, that laugh in his face I literally did, which was unavoidable, as it almost came in contact with mine—but I turned it off into a sneeze, which I pretended his snuff had occasioned. I drew hastily back, and asked him, almost angrily, if he supposed I took snuff?

"To be sure, Miss—why every body here takes snuff?"

"Every body that you know," replied I, with some hauteur."

"Egad, Miss, as for that, every body that's worth knowing, takes it—You are just from school, Miss, or you would know it's all the fashion in the very first circles here."

"And pray how do you know that?" said I with still more disdain.

"And how should it be possible for me not to know it?" replied the buckram beau, reddening to the very temples. "Do not the most fashionable people buy their snuff boxes of me? Besides, Miss, Mrs. M—d—n is never,
without a snuff box in her hand; and if you want to know why it is the fashion, I hope that will satisfy you. The last time I was at the drawing room, I had this very snuff box with me, and took care Mrs. M—d—n should see it; for I offered her some snuff, and though you will not, I do assure you, she did take a pinch."

"Say you so," said a short thick set man, that bristled up; "say you so, young man, why rarely then I must crave the honor of a pinch out of the same box.—'Pon my honor, it's real Natchitoches, and would be superlative, if you had not spoiled it with your otto of roses; it's quite vulgar, quite vulgar, young gentleman, to scent your snuff; and certainly if any one knows, I should, for I do not believe there is a better assortment in the United States, than I keep—and Mrs. M—d—n, and the French legation—indeed, all the diplomatics get their snuff from me. And as for boxes, I scarcely think your assortment is superior to mine."

"Mrs. M—d—n thinks differently," said my compasses, straightening its angle into a perpendicular line; "Mrs. M—d—n thinks differently; and she must be a nice judge; for, from all accounts, she has as many boxes as the king—king of—Pho, I forgot—but some king that they tell me had at least a thousand snuff boxes."

"Solomon, I dare say!" said my mother, who, overhearing the often repeated name of the President's lady, and of first circles to boot, had crossed the room to join us—"Solomon, to be sure, it must be, for he was the richest king on earth."

"But, ma'am," said the chubby tobacconist, "what would king Solomon want with snuff boxes?"

"To hold his snuff, to be sure," retorted my mother, with the self-satisfied air of a person who had said a very wise or very witty thing.
“But where did he get snuff in them there days; now, I’m reckoning, with all his riches, he couldn’t if he had wished it ever so much, have got a pinch of snuff, or a chew of tobacco,” said he, rolling a quid of tobacco in his mouth, while he turned to spit on the carpet.

“And for why not?” asked my mother, “if he sent to Tyre and Ophir, and all over the world, for gold and precious stones, why couldn’t he send some of his vessels over here for tobacco? sure ‘Merica an’t farther than them outlandish places.”

This goodnatured seller of the fragrant weed, not wishing to expose my mother’s ignorance, yet unable to suppress a smile, turned round to spit again, and then pulling out a huge tobacco box, slowly opened it, very deliberately twisting off a quid, putting it in his mouth, and as slowly closing his box, very carefully adjusting the lid, and then fumbling it in his pocket, supposing by the time these operations were finished, the subject would naturally drop. My mother nodding at my rectangular beau, said, “Yes, yes, I was sure I was right; it was Solomon that had a thousand snuff boxes;” and very luckily walked off, or I should have been less civil than the good natured roll of tobacco, and laughed outright.

“Catharine, Catharine,” said Charles, solemnly, “if you go on at this rate, your comedy will turn to tragedy. Horrible as it was for Aristophanes, to burlesque the divine Socrates, it is still more horrible, oh, my sister! it is unnatural and impious to ridicule a mother!—And a mother, too, so kind, so tender, so indulgent.”

“Add, too, so vulgar—Preach as you will, Charles, it is impossible to preach me out of my senses, while I can see, hear, or smell; my mother’s looks, language, and pipe, will offend the good taste and correct feelings I have acquired at school.”
"How little did our kind parents think," said Charles, "when they lavished such sums on your education, that you were learning disobedience and disrespect."

"And what good is this fine education to do me?" exclaimed Catharine; "of what service is this fine house and elegant furniture, of which mama talks so much, when there is nobody to see it, or to appreciate my talents?"

"Nobody?" said Charles; "were you not telling me of a dozen people who were here this afternoon: and look up and down the street, are there not habitations of men; and are not these inhabitants thy fellow beings, endowed with the same senses, the same feelings as yourself?"

"Pugh!" exclaimed Catharine, turning up her nose, "the same feelings, indeed! I tell you, Charles, once for all, don't preach to me—I court no fellowship with such kind of fellow creatures; and I wonder how you, who are such a genius can have such low and vulgar ideas."

"Genius! What has genius to do in the case?"

"Why genius is aspiring, and though I do not pretend to genius, I'm aspiring too, and had rather live alone all the days of my life, than not live in the highest circles of society."

"And yet," said Charles, "it is not in the highest circles that genius is often found—Was not Virgil the son of a slave; Horace of a freed man; Socrates of a statuary; besides many more of the greatest geniuses of antiquity?"

"Do hush, Charles, with that everlasting antiquity of yours; what do I care for all the ancients? They do not regulate the fashion, or decide on the ton; and I repeat to you, to be out of the fashion is to be out of life. To grovel among the lower ranks is not to live."
"How strangely you forget yourself, Catharine; among whom, and from whom did you receive life? But believe me, though you forget it, others will not."

"Well," said Catharine, jumping up in a pet, "I came to you for comfort, and hoped in you at least to find refinement of taste—but really I do not see from your own account of the matter, that you have been in a higher circle than myself. Gracious heavens! what is to become of me?" and yawning, as she slowly rose from her chair, she dragged herself out of the room, pulling the door rather violently after her.

Charles, though he sometimes felt mortified by the ignorance betrayed by his parents, especially by his mother, felt it as a cause of gratitude towards them for rescuing him from the same degradation. In his just and philosophical estimate, society was divided into high and low, not by the arbitrary laws of fashion, or the caprice of fortune, but by the essential qualities of heart and mind. Knowledge and morals constituted, in his opinion, true gentility, and he ranked men as great or vulgar, according to their attainments in science and virtue. His extensive and intimate acquaintance with history afforded too many examples of great men rising from obscurity and poverty, to the highest pinnacle of fame, to allow him for a moment to doubt of the truth of his opinions. He knew nothing of real life, and could not enter into his sister's feelings. He had no idea of any rank, except such as talents and virtue bestowed. He knew that Virgil and Horace, whose fathers were of a lower order than his, had been the friends and familiar companions of the master of the world; that Augustus was never happier, than when seated, as he himself jocosely said, "between smiles and tears;" and it never once entered his head, that it would be deemed conde-
scention in a republican President, to ask to his table a man of education—one who, if not a poet, was familiar with poets, when his sister, as she often did, held up such an event as the summit of ambition to which he should direct his efforts; he smiled on her as he would on a child, proud of its toys.

Thus, free from the cravings or the mortifications of vanity, he looked on his parents with that respect which real goodness and old age inspire, and loved them with the unaltered love of childhood.
CHAPTER VIII.

Some weeks had passed in murmuring and discontent on the side of Catharine, in worrying and abortive attempts on the part of Mrs. McCarty, to find some genteel acquaintance for her daughter, or to obtain for her an introduction to Mrs. M—d—n,—in his still delightful music lessons by Timothy, and no less delightful studies by Charles, when one day Catharine came flying into his room, with an open letter in her hand, exclaiming, "joy, joy; give me joy; Maria Lenox has come at last!"

"And who is Maria Lenox?" asked her brother.

"Why, surely, you do not forget that she was my dearest friend at school—I am sure I had thought I had written you such descriptions of her, that I had written you into love of her; but come, come, throw aside your books, and tear yourself from your old Grecians; you must positively go with me to see her."

"Impossible!" said Charles, continuing to write.

"Nonsense!" returned Catharine, snatching away his pen, and clapping his hat upon his head—"Go you must—why it is an arranged plan—we settled it at school, and she as good as considers herself as your wife; and in all our letters we call each other sister."

"Catharine," said Charles, somewhat sternly for him, "I cannot permit myself to be made a fool of."—And he sat down by his table and resumed his pen.
“Fool! Truly, Maria thinks you anything but a fool. Why she believes you the greatest genius of the age. I used to show her your poetical epistles, and other verses you sent me, with which she was charmed. Come, come, I can take no denial.”

“Well, if I must,” said Charles, with a sigh, as he locked his scribbled sheets in his desk, and blushed as he thought his verses had been so praised by Maria, “if I must, I must;” and he prepared to leave the room.”

“Stop, stop, Mr. Poet, your coat, sleeves, and back, are covered with cobwebs and dust: Where is your clothes brush? But no matter,” cried she, after tossing over the medley of maps, books, &c. that covered his table, without finding it “Here, put on this other coat—but, bless me, you have no cravat on! and positively were going out with your slippers—if it were not for me, I think you would make a fool of yourself.” She then rang for a servant, and, after presiding over Charles’ toilette, declared herself satisfied with his looks, took his arm, and hurried down.

“Now,” said she, “as we walk along, I will let you know who Maria Lenox is, and what a charming plan I have laid. You must know then, that her father is an old Revolutionary officer, of as high rank as one could desire you know—none higher—but then he is very poor. A revolutionary officer to be poor, however, is nothing. Coupled with rank, poverty is no disgrace.”

“And is it ever a disgrace?” asked Charles, with surprise.

“One would think your old Grecians could answer that.”

“And so they do; but they answer it in the negative; the greatest men—”

“For heaven’s sake,” interrupted Catharine, “don’t
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get among their greatest men, there is no end to them; believe me, they were as great ignoramuses as yourself: they might all for what I know have lived in a tub and gone bare footed like Diogenes: but such philosophy will not answer now-a-days, and however honorable formerly, it might be among the ancients, it is, let me tell you, the greatest of evils among the moderns. We have no Aspasia's now-a-days, who can discern philosophy through coarse thread-bare cloaks.—Nor, let me tell you, would your charming verses have made the impression they did, had I not likewise told my friend Maria, that you inherited a few thousands from your parents, as well as inspiration from the muses."

"And it is these thousands she has fallen in love with," said Charles, with feelings of mortification new to him.

"There," said Catharine, "with my usual ill luck, I have spoiled all. But Charles, you will not be so ill-natured as to vex and disappoint me. Why only think Charles, if you marry the daughter of a revolutionary officer, into what genteel society it will introduce me:—And you know, Charles," continued she, coaxingly, "it is my only chance, so do court her, that's a dear good brother."

"Tush!" said Charles, as he dropped the arm of Catharine and put his hand to the knocker.

"For goodness sake?" exclaimed his sister, "don't knock; why they will take you for some country booby or common beggar. The servants would not come these hundred years—ring, there's the bell."

"And by what law is it deemed to be vulgar to knock, and genteel to ring?"

"By a law which you must obey, if you wish to get up in the world—the law of fashion."
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The servant came—Catharine and Charles were shown into a plain but genteel parlour, where, after waiting a full quarter of an hour, the door was flung open, and a tall fashionable girl threw herself into Catharine's arms, and almost smothered her tiny little form with her caresses. "My dear Catharine,"—"My dear Maria," was repeated twenty times before they had a thought to bestow on poor Charles, who stood holding his hat in his hand, as still and as cold as a statue.

At last Catharine introduced her brother, in due form, and her brother, awkward and embarrassed, stammered and bowed, and bowed and stammered, until Maria, with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, stretched out her hand, saying, "we meet not as strangers, Mr. McCarty; through the medium of a sister's affection, you are well known, duly appreciated and highly esteemed."

If Charles saw the fair hand thus extended to him, he did not seem to see it, and bowing more coldly, he took the offered seat, and not one word did he speak during the remainder of the visit. Maria, visibly piqued by the repulse her cordial advance had received, now almost turned her back on Charles, and chatted volubly and eagerly with Catharine. Her father, she said, had taken these lodgings for her, as it was not convenient for him to go to house keeping at present. But she did not tell, for in fact she did not know, the real reason, why he preferred gay, fashionable lodgings for his daughter, to a small, plainly furnished house and a retired mode of living, which the smallness of his salary must have rendered necessary, and where the charms of his daughter might have bloomed unseen and wasted their fragrance, if not on the desert air, at least in empty rooms.

Colonel Lenox, was a shrewed old man, or as his ac-
quaintance called him, a cunning old fox. He had not lived so long in the world, and in the gay and fashionable world too, as not to know, that modest worth and timid beauty, though they sound well in books, do not make out well in society. He had made his calculations, and the result was that a shewy, fashionable boarding school education would make his daughter much more saleable, or marriageable, or admirable, or estimable, call it which you will, than a plain, domestic, house-wifry training would do. The money expended at this fashionable boarding school, he considered as his capital put out to interest. Accordingly, his instructions were to teach her to dance in the first style, to play on the piano and harp in the first style; in short to make her a belle of the first style. His instructions had been fulfilled, and at eighteen, his only child was returned to him educated in the first style.

The next consideration was how to bring her out in the first style. To keep house on a small scale would not answer; he could not keep a carriage, and that was an indispensable in such a wild, desert, straggling place as Washington, where the deep mud and high winds, in winter, and the clouds of dust and burning sun in summer, made walking an impossibility—besides, he could not entertain company at home. What then was to be done? A carriage and company there must be, or of what use would all the accomplishments of Maria be? This was the question, and a difficult question it was. At last a happy thought struck him—to take lodgings, in a noted fashionable boarding house, where he knew the most wealthy and fashionable members of Congress boarded. One member of his acquaintance was that winter to bring his wife, a gay, fashionable young wo-
man, and as good luck would have it, this gentleman kept a carriage.

"Excellent, excellent," said the calculating Colonel, rubbing his hands; "the very thing in the bargain."

Rooms for himself and daughter were immediately taken, at the house of Mrs. ——. In the evening, when he came in, after smoking his cigar, stirring the fire up to a bright blaze, and pulling his chair near it, "come hither, Maria, my darling," said he. Maria was standing by a window, either lost in thought or watching the passers by, and did not at first hear him. "Why so pensive, my darling?" said the old gentleman; "come hither child."

As she approached, he drew her on his knee, and holding the end of his cigar in his fingers, "look ye here, child," said he, "short and sweet—so is youth—and look too at that blaze, it is warm and bright—so is youth; but that blaze will soon be extinguished, and so will the charms of youth. Now, my darling, lay these things to heart, and remember the words of thy father. I have been a kind and indulgent father—I have pinched myself of late years—and for what? Why, darling, that fortune may never pinch you. I have given you all I have to give you, and nature has added a very pretty face: now, darling, make a good use of these things, and remember it is only while youth is sweet, warm, and bright, that you can make use of them. If you are as smart a girl as I take you to be, you will not let a single season slip by unimproved. Make hay while the sun shines—cast your net when the time serves, and if you feel a fish bite, don't, merely because it don't hit your fancy, throw it in the water again. It is an old, but it is not a true proverb, that says, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever bit." I tell you good fish are scarce—so my darling, do
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you take the very first that bites. The sooner the better, for to tell you a little bit of a secret, this fashionable education has been an expensive bait and made me a little poorer than I was—besides, my darling, your old father is an old man. Look'ee here, could you think ye could find a black hair?—No, not one. And when I am dead and gone, though my laurels may be immortal, the head that wore them is not; and when that is laid low, who in the wide world will care for you my darling? He stopped a moment—nature triumphed over the world—but he quickly twinkled away the tears that were gathering in his eyes—"Nonsense," he said—"we must all die—but Maria, while we live, let us live; and to do this, try my darling to get a rich husband, and my old days, as well as your young days, will be the warmer and the brighter for it."

In Maria's heart there was no prior attachment, nor any delicate scruples that made her averse to putting her father's lessons into practice. To get a husband, and a rich husband, was the sole object of her wishes; this accomplished, she felt as if it would be the commencement of life; and every previous event indifferent or uninteresting, in proportion as it tended to the accomplishment of this important object. As long as Catharine had talked only of her brother's genius, or read over his really beautiful verses, she had often caught herself yawning and thinking of things as remote from each other, as new bonnets and tender sentiments could be. But the moment she spoke of the fortune he would inherit, she listened without weariness or wandering, to her praises of her brother, and his poetical epistles to boot. She all at once grew an enthusiastic admirer of genius and poetry, and declared whenever she married, it should be a man of genius and a poet. Catha-
rine, who expected a collegiate education was to make a gentleman of her brother, looked up to him as her future guide and protector; and when once the idea of making a match between him and her friend entered her head, it became the chief corner stone of those castles in the air, which she was in the habit of building nightly as she laid her head on her pillow. She was so provoked with Charles for his taciturnity, and sheepish behaviour, as she termed it, that she did nothing but lecture him the whole way home. Charles bore her raillery with perfect sang froid, or, as he himself termed it, philosophy. "If Socrates," said he, to himself, for on all occasions Charles referred to the ancients, as Catharine called them—"if Socrates bore the eternal clamor of his wife, calling it harmless thunder, surely I may learn to bear the silly click clack of my poor sister." Thus while she went on scolding, he went on meditating, and though somewhat annoyed by the sound of her little sharp voice, her words found no entrance into his calm and self absorbed mind.

Meanwhile she interpreted his silence and serious looks into sorrow for his fault, and sensibility to her reproof, and she determined to bring about another meeting as soon as possible. The next day by appointment, her friend Maria, was to pass with her, and the morning was to be devoted to shopping. She took care to give her own orders to the cook, which were the very reverse of those her mother had issued on a previous occasion. Vermicilli soup, a bouilli, and small dishes of every kind, were the order of the day. The waiter received especial directions, respecting his attendance on table, and every precaution was taken to avoid the vulgar mistakes and incongruities so common in Mrs. McCarty's establishment. But her mother! What was to be done
with her mother? Had the visitor been an occasional one, she would have contrived to keep her mother out of sight; but as she expected Maria to be almost an inmate, and hoped one day she would be a member of the family, an acquaintance with her mother was unavoidable. Catharine however took care to explain her views, to convince her what a prodigious advantage such an alliance would be, and that in order to accomplish it, the utmost gentility was necessary. The good old woman swallowed the bait, entered heartily into her daughter's scheme, and promised she would talk very little, and certainly never smoke in the presence of the fashionable Miss Lenox, the daughter of a revolutionary officer.

She endeavored to persuade her brother Charles to attend them on their shopping expedition. But this time her coaxing and her raillery were alike ineffectual; she could not tear him from his books, and she flung herself from him, vowing open hostility against the old Grecians and old Romans in the bargain. Her brother Timothy, whose ignorance and unpolished manners she equally blushed for, would luckily be out of the way—in fact it was not often he was at home—his music lessons grew longer and longer; but what proficiency he had made in that art, Catharine never inquired, as she took it for granted, with his vulgar tastes and habits, his music must be low and vulgar too.

Every shop was ransacked, by these fashionable friends; the counters loaded with the goods transferred from the shelves; all were tumbled and tossed over, with a most careless, and, as they thought, tonish air; every thing was pronounced vulgar, mean, of a bad taste, and old fashioned, compared with the more new and elegant assortment in the Philadelphia stores. Poor girls! they
little guessed the impression they made on the young men who attended in the shops! These young men were nice discriminators—practice had made them expert in the development of motives and characters. Those, who for several years had been at their post, knew the persons of the principal inhabitants, and when they contrasted the mild, dignified manners, and gentle and civil tones of women of fashion, the care with which they avoided giving more trouble than was absolutely necessary, with the airs of these silly girls, they set them down in their own minds for anything but women of real fashion or high rank. But as one of these shopmen observed, "money is money, wherever it comes from, and is worth a few bows and civilities"—they bowed at a great rate, and were civil in the extreme; for as another remarked, "these would-be ladies require double the attendance that real ladies do." The large roll of bank bills, ostentatiously displayed by Catharine, ensured her attention to her heart's, rather her vanity's, desire, while at the same time it excited something very like envy in the bosom of her fair friend, who almost blushed to produce her solitary bill of small amount.

Guided by Maria's advice, Catharine bought dress after dress—shawls, ribbands, bonnets and feathers; which when sent home covered sofas, chairs and tables, and produced a most delightful confusion.

The young ladies returned home, completely weared, and threw themselves on the sofa that stood before the fire.

"Really," said Catharine, throwing around a glance of ill-concealed exultation on the display of finery that was scattered round her, "really it was very silly in me to throw away so much money, for in fact I do not want a single article I have bought. I have already dresses,
shawls and bonnets, that will be out of fashion long before they are half worn."

"Well," said Maria, with a careless laugh, "you had best give some to me, who am not so well provided."

"With all my heart," replied Catharine; "I shall consider myself as the obliged person, if you will take them off my hands, for it is a prodigious trouble to have so many things to look after."

Her friend loved to confer obligations, and could not refuse to oblige her dear Catharine; she, therefore, without hesitation, took her at her word; and ever afterwards, when she wanted any article, all she had to do, was to propose a shopping excursion to her dear Catharine.
CHAPTER IX.

The dinner had gone off admirably.—Good Mrs. McCarty had "done her very genteel best," as she said; and in fact had done very well. Since Catharine's return, a great change had taken place in the old lady's appearance; her daughter out of vanity, rather than kindness, presided at her toilette. On this day she had on a plain muslin cap, tied under the chin, and a black silk dress as plainly made as the cap. She had, too, left off the morning sling and her evening posset; and since the introduction of the little punch glasses, her draughts of apple-toddy and hot punch were much reduced. The peony hue of her face was reduced in proportion; and Catharine thought, if she could but persuade her mother to wear corsets, and leave off smoking, she might in time look quite creditable. The good humour and benevolence that beamed from Mrs. McCarty's face, the simplicity and affectionateness of her manners, were calculated to excite good will, and even affection in persons of less fastidious taste, than boarding-school young ladies. As Maria felt it her interest to get into the good graces of the mother, as well as the heart of the son, she was scrupulously attentive to her. But Mrs. McCarty was not deceived; she saw through the heartless attentions, and set them down to their right account.
Well, the dinner was over. The young ladies withdrew to the drawing room—they again threw themselves on the sofa, and stretched and yawned, and declared they were monstrous tired, and the days were monstrous long.

After a long silence, from which any one would have concluded they were fast asleep, Maria started up, exclaiming, "Catharine, you told me the other day you had another brother."

Catharine looked quite amazed at this abrupt mention of her brother, and only bowed in the affirmative.

"And is he such a sheepish fellow as Charles?"

Although Catharine had applied this epithet to her brother, she felt her cheeks glow, on hearing it so applied by another.

"Sheepish!" she answered; "you are mistaken, Maria; it is a *mauvais honte*, a timidity and shyness, which I heard some one say was a characteristic of poets."

"Whatever it is," returned Maria, "it is something very inimical to the charming plan which you formed. Ah, my dearest Catharine! fortune I fear is as unpropitious to friendship as to love. It would indeed be sweet to live as we have lived. Our school days were happy days, when sitting on one cushion—working on one sampler, sleeping in one bed, we seemed, as Shakespeare says, "like to a double cherry." And shall all this counsel that we two, have shared; "the sister's vows" we have taken on us, shall all my Catharine come to nought?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Catharine: "What has put such bad thoughts into your head."

"Your brother's cold looks," replied her friend.

"Believe me, Maria, the coldness of which you complain, is only the reserve of genius, the timidity of
a student. Your warm, frank manners will conquer these impediments. I will go and persuade him to come down, but I warn you, it is no easy task, so you must take patience. I shall have to work my way through a host of old Grecians."

Maria again threw herself on the sofa, to meditate how she should manage to obtain the fortune and hand of Catharine's brother—the heart she did not take into account,—this was a minor consideration; the fortune, ay, the fortune, would certainly insure happiness, at least such happiness as Maria desired, and she was soon lost in a delightful chaos of ideas, and heeded not the protracted stay of her friend.

Catharine, meanwhile, instead of bursting, as she commonly did, into Charles' apartment, softly opened the door, and gently gliding in, stood by his side, and passing her hand over his eyes impressed a soft kiss on his cheek, before he was aware of her entrance; he started, and taking her hand from his eyes, drew her on a chair beside him, exclaiming, "Sister, ah, I was just reading of one of the best of sisters!"

Catharine looked at the page; the characters were unintelligible, but the tear which wet it, spoke in language she could understand; she looked at her brother and saw his eyes were still moist.

"Tell me, brother," said she, "something of this good sister; methinks she could not love her brother more than I do."

"It is a sad story," replied Charles: and he told her the incidents of the tragedy of Antigone, and then repeated some lines. "But I murder them," continued Charles—"Oh, Catharine, could you perceive the beauties of this inimitable writer; could you read Sophocles in the original, you would not wonder what charm it is
that binds me to this desk!” His countenance glowed as he spoke.

"The fit is too strong on him now," thought Catharine, "for me to succeed; he is in the clouds and will not descend to us mortals; but the deuce is in it, if I, who am contriving to get him a handsome wife, do not deserve more than that girl who only gave her brother a grave."

"These thoughts as they rapidly passed through her mind, she took care to conceal. She had a point to carry—to her an important point—and if she could not gain it in her own way, nothing remained but to follow in his. She pretended therefore, to enter into all his feelings, and entreated him to read more. He said, it was impossible to do justice to his author. "Well, read me then, those Latin verses you read the other day; the sound was delightful, though I understood not the sense."

This was taking Charles on his weak side; and who has not a weak side? He arose, and looking in his book-case for his Virgil, he opened at the Fourth Book, and read in that sweet and harmonious voice, which had been so often admired at College, and with that deep and tender pathos of expression, which, like music, by the mere power of sound, awakens kindred emotions in the bosom of the listener.

He warmed as he proceeded. He had not sat down when he opened the volume, and as the words were familiar to him, he recited rather than read the sad and tender story of Dido's death. He held his book in his left hand, and often leaned his elbow on the book-case, while his right, unconsciously to himself, was sometimes thrown gracefully forward, sometimes pressed against his bosom, and sometimes raised with his appealing looks to
heaven. The setting sun gleamed on his kindling and expressive face, and heightened the glow on his usually pale cheek—tears suffused his soft blue eyes, as with all the melting tenderness and impassioned energy of fund despair, he implored the cruel Æneas to return.—The young enthusiast, lost in his subject, forgot that he was but reciting the words of another, and almost made Catharine forget it too. She gazed on him with delight, exclaiming to herself, "Oh that Maria, could now see him—could now hear him—she would then believe me, that he is indeed a genius! But dear me, he has mount- ed higher than ever, and how to get him down from his sublimities, is more than I can tell—gently at all events?"

"And now, Charles," said his sister, "come and sit down, and tell me in plain English, what sounded so sweetly in Latin." To such a task, Charles was no- ways unwilling, and pleased with the attention with- which she listened, he suddenly exclaimed, "my dear Catharine, what a charming scholar you would make, and really you would find a thousand times more pleasure in this little room, than in the most splendid drawing-room, if I could but inspire you with a love for study."

"Well, what if you try Charles! Now, the very best way to succeed would be by giving me more of your company, sit with me, read to me, and who knows what may happen? Come, begin this very evening—you shall read just what you like to us—Maria will be as much delighted as I have been.

Charles had absolutely opened his drawer in order to deposit his papers, and half risen to accompany her when the word Maria broke the spell.
"What, is Miss Lenox down stairs?" said he, with a tone of vexation and disappointment—"then I cannot go."

"And why not? You know how much she admires your poetry."

"And the thousands I inherit?—my verses would be nothing in her estimation if not set in gold, you know."

"Piqued, I declare," said Catharine.

"Not at all," replied Charles Catharine shook her head, incredulously. "Vanity, brother, vanity!"

"Feeling, sister, feeling!"

Again Catharine shook her head, repeating, "vanity."

"But I hope Charles, you bear no malice."

"None at all," replied he, with emphasis, and more warmth than usual—"but, my sister, I bear that within me which turns with disgust from cupidity and selfishness, under whatever form they appear; should it even be under that of a young lady."

"How strangely you talk, Charles; I positively do not understand you."

"Why, I do not speak in Greek; but if you wish it in plain English, your friend wants fortune—you want rank, and the monkey wanted chestnuts. But, Catharine, I cannot be made the cat's-paw to get either.—Do you understand me now?"

"Not a whit better."

"Do you forget then, the little favor you required of me?—Nothing more than to marry this young lady, in order to provide for her wants, and gratify your caprice—only this little favor."

"And I am sure," said Catharine, "it would be the wisest thing you could do."
“Of that I am the best judge,” replied her brother; “and never, never, Catharine, will I marry any woman I do not love—therefore, save yourself any further trouble—for Maria Lenox will never be that woman.”

Vexed and disconcerted, Catharine no longer had any part to act, but rising hastily, she threw down the verse-scribbled sheet she had taken up so eagerly, exclaiming, “there keep your trash!” and walked out of the room, with what she thought most dignified displeasure. Charles stared after her with astonishment, wondering how it was possible that the pretty face of his sister, which had glowed as he imagined with the truest sympathy, in feelings sublime and tender, could be so transformed. He thought of the metamorphosis of Ovid, and half expected to see Catharine changed into a cat, or some other equally spiteful and ferocious animal.

“He is impracticable,” said Catharine, on entering the drawing room; “neither coaxing or scolding will do; we must give him up Maria.”

This was no very pleasing intelligence to her fair friend, who imagining Charles to be a mere ignoramus in the ways of the world, thought he would have seized with avidity, the offer of a young and fashionable wife. As a learned education had been bestowed on him, she took it for granted, he was to be the head and pride of the family, and of course to inherit the greatest portion of the wealth. It was not until some time afterwards she was undeceived.

One day (and she was almost every day with her dear friend) Catharine in her usual manner was lamenting the want of a harp, in the presence of her parents, and her good natured mother was endeavoring to ap-
pease her discontent, and explaining to her how impos-
sible it was for them to incur such an expense.

"Pho, pho," said her father, quite out of patience—
"do not waste more words on the subject, deary, do what
you will, the girl will never be satisfied; but know,
Miss," he continued, with unusual displeasure, "that
you have got nearly all you will ever have; add it up
and you will see a pretty little fortune has been laid out
on you already. There's the four years schooling
counts as many thousand dollars, and more too, were I to
add all the knick-nacks and trumpery you brought home
with you;—there is your piany, a good five hundred
more;—there is all this furniture, which was gotten just
a purpose for you. Now, add to all this the two thou-
and dollars I will give you the day you are married, and
that is all of my scrapings and savings that comes to
your share."

"And is Charles," said Catharine, "to have the
rest of your fortune?"

"Why what do you take me for?" asked her father
—No, truly; I am not so unnatural. Charles has his
portion in his learning and in his books; that is his stock
in trade; and if learning is as profitable as they tell me
it is, a good capital it will be. No, no; Tim has had no
learning, and nothing else as yet worth speaking of, so
whatever I have when I die, will go to him, and the
store in the bargain."

"At that rate," said Catharine, angrily, "he will
have the best of the bargain, I'm thinking; for what
good my grand education is to do me, without a fortune,
is more than I can tell."

"Why does it not make you genteel?" exclaimed
her mother.
"Gentility and poverty are bad company for each other," said Catharine.

"Well, did ever any one hear the like!" said her mother. "Why I always heard gentility reckoned as better than riches."

Catharine took Maria by the arm, and walked out of the room, to go and pout over this unexpected intelligence. She had taken it for granted that Timothy, not having the education of a gentleman, was to be put behind the counter, and there to earn his own livelihood, and had treated him accordingly, viz: with indifference and often with disdain. But now, he appeared to her in a new light—now he was somebody, and in case she did not get a husband to please her, she must hereafter look to him for a home. While she was making these calculations, Maria was making hers. She rejoiced that Charles had been so cold and obstinate, for had he fallen into her scheme, what would she have done with a man who had no fortune but his genius. "Genius!" thought she; "whoever heard of a genius riding in a coach, or living in splendor; give me rather stupidity itself, if it is well gilt."

The inquiry now was, where did the young McCartney pass all his time? And this was what Catharine determined soon to find out. "As for his being all the time with an old music master, as his mother asserted, that she said must be a mere fudge."

"But what kind of looking young fellow is he?" inquired Maria.

"A mere Cymon," replied Catharine; "but with a warmer heart than Charles; so that I have great hopes from your beauty, fair Iphigene."

"Well, between us," replied her friend, "we wil
try to make something of him; a gentleman if it is possible."

"A husband at least," said Catharine, rather sarcastically.

Maria felt she must be a little more on her guard, since, although Catharine spoke disparagingly herself of her family, she would suffer no one else to do so—and though a kind of tacit understanding subsisted between them, by which they were to be mutually benefited, they both secretly felt the meanness and selfishness of their motives. They felt the ardent friendship they professed for each other, was only a veil for the most interested motives. In her heart, Maria despised the vanity and presumption of a grocer's daughter, whose wealth she found so convenient; and in her turn, Catharine despised the meanness and cold heartedness of Maria, though she eagerly availed herself of the advantages which her dear friend's rank in society promised her.

They looked impatiently for Mrs Benson's arrival, on which they depended for their introduction into the world of fashion. Drawing rooms, balls, and husbands, filled their heads by day and by night. Maria felt ambitious of gaining the heart of some distinguished member of Congress; but calculating on the possibility, not to say probability of a failure, she determined at the same time to lay siege to that of young McCarty, and as a last and sure resource, to put up with what her pride revolted at, a rich grocer.

The first opportunity that occurred, Catharine began to make overtures to her eldest brother. These were not as cordially received as she expected. He was not so stupid as she imagined, and had very sensibly and painfully felt her cold and disdainful manner. Young McCarty was of a most affectionate disposition, and would, had
Catharine allowed him, loved her tenderly. But his affection had been repulsed, and he felt it keenly, and sought for something to heal his wounded feelings, in the kind and cordial manners of Martha.

Her smile of welcome, after a long and dreary winter's walk, as he entered Leibner's humble parlour, was more cheering than the warmth of the bright fire that glowed on the hearth; and then, too, the beaming kindness on the old man's face, and the warm pressure of his hand, were additional cordials to his heart. To be sure, there was no variety in the scene. He always found the good Leibner smoking his pipe in the great armchair on one side of the fire, and Martha, with her knitting, on the other. But what was wanting in variety was made up in comfort. When he entered, he always took his seat by the side of his old master, and told him the news of the day. But when they drew their seats by the tea-table, he continued to sit close by Martha, that he might, as he said, the more conveniently hand her the tea-kettle.
CHAPTER X.

When the things were cleared from the table, the music books were brought in their place, and as it was rather cold to sit at the organ, which was on the other side of the room, by a tacit and mutual consent, the flute or violin was substituted; so that there was no necessity for any one to change their seats. The old man's violin, McCarty's flute, and Martha's voice, accorded perfectly; and it would be hard to tell which of the trio most enjoyed the concert. Leibner knew nothing of Scotch music, and could make nothing out of the words of Scotch songs—but to McCarty they were full of meaning, and the tunes full of sweetness; and as Martha wished to understand what he praised so warmly, he, in his turn, became the teacher. Leibner would smile, as he heard his child trying to pronounce what he thought a barbarous dialect, rendered still more barbarous by her German accent; and smile too at the interest she showed in learning the simple airs, after having all her life sung nothing but hymns and anthems, and performed the grand oratorios, and sublime and complicated pieces of the German masters. He thought it very silly; but he remembered that he once was young, and often did what older folks thought silly in him; and when, as he looked on, he saw how happy the young folks seemed, he still smiled, but it was in benevolent sympathy, and not in
pity of their want of taste. The tender songs of Burns, was still the only language in which McCarty ventured to express his feelings; and when difficult passages occurred, which Martha could not understand, his flute, oftener, his eyes, explained them. These were simple pleasures—but they were all-sufficient for simple hearts.

Yet, when Catharine one day insisted on knowing what pleasure he could eternally find at his old music master's, simple as they were, he found it impossible to describe them, and could only repeat, "music—music."

If this is the case, said his sister, that you really devote every evening to music, you must certainly have made great proficiency; and she looked earnestly in his face as if she did not believe him. He felt himself color, and Catharine, who as quickly saw the burning blush, was the more confirmed in her suspicions. "A mere pretence," thought she, "for passing his time in low company; if he can play some reels and country dances, on his violin, I dare say it is as much as he can do". But she concealed her suspicions, for on more than one occasion, she had discovered that her brother did not want spirit, and if expressed, might resent such insinuations. She, then, in her kindest manner, asked him to stay at home that evening, and give her a little of his music, as well as company. He immediately consented, quite pleased with even this simple proof of kindness and good will from his sister.

Evening came, and with it came Maria Lenox, who, on entering the parlour, was surprised, and evidently pleased, to find both Catharine's brothers with her; for Charles, finding his brother was to remain at home, did not, as usual, retire to his room.

Young McCarty, among his former gay companions, had learned to dress with an air of fashion, though
He never went to the extremes some of the spruce young fellows did. He was tall and well proportioned, and, having been for some time a Captain of the Militia, had acquired rather a commanding air, to which was added that ease, which is acquired by associating with those to whom we feel superior—a feeling which he owed rather to his well filled purse, than any other advantage he had over his companions. But a well-filled purse inspires a very comfortable degree of self complacency.

He wanted, however, that grace and polish, which, only good society can give; but, until this evening, he never felt the deficiency: now he experienced a kind of awkwardness which was quite new to him. The presence of the gay and fashionable Miss Lenox, imposed a restraint which he could not shake off. Charles, on the contrary, having discovered the littleness of her character, had lost the awe which he generally felt in the company of strangers, particularly of strange ladies. Superiority and refinement of mind, more or less produces superiority and refinement of manners; and Charles, since Maria Lenox’s views had been fully developed to him, felt this innate superiority, and was perfectly at his ease.

In fact, Maria herself was not entirely free from embarrassment. Her own consciousness of design was rendered even painful by the expressive and somewhat sarcastic glances of her friend Catharine. But she soon shook off this uneasiness, and displayed a good humoured, familiar gaiety, that, before the evening was closed, put McCarty completely at his ease.

After tea, Catharine opened the piano, and begged her friend to play, adding “if you set the example, my brother will follow.” Though to tell the truth, she felt sadly afraid he would expose his ignorance and vulga-
rity. But then, again, she knew that her dear friend, would not stand on trifles, and that music would be as little in the account as genius.

At this proposition, McCarty felt all his awkwardness return; and thought it would be impossible to perform even tolerably in the presence of a young lady who had been taught by the first masters in Philadelphia. But Maria had not played many tunes, before he felt perfectly at ease; and when she joined his sister in requesting him to play for them, he consented without any hesitation. He inquired which instrument they would prefer, the violin, flute, clarionet, or French horn. Miss Lenox looked astonished, and Catharine enjoyed her surprise. They declared for all in succession, little expecting that he could give them any music worth listening to. But when they heard the exquisite tones he drew from his violin, and the difficult pieces he performed, how was their surprise increased. They were absolutely in ecstasies.

"What a discovery!" exclaimed Catharine: "Well much as my mother has talked of your scraping, and blowing and piping, I had no idea that you could play decently!"

"Oh!" said Maria, "I am enraptured—I dote on music!"

"As much as on poetry, Miss Lenox?" said Charles, archly.

"Oh, a thousand times more so!" exclaimed she.

"I take that for granted," said Charles, with a significance his sister understood; for she had acquainted him with the disposition of their father's fortune. Catharine could not forbear an answering smile; Maria, however, ignorant of the communications her dear friend had made to her brother, was quite unconscious.
of the opinion Charles had of her, and indifferent to that of Catharine, went on extolling McCarty, and entreat- ing for one tune after another. She then requested him to accompany her, and opening various books, asked him which piece he chose. He told her he was quite indifferent, although best acquainted with the German composers.

A piece of Mozart’s was selected; then another and another, as chance directed Italian, French, English all came alike to Leibner’s scholar, who in eighteen months good teaching and constant practice, now rivalled his master.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarty, hearing the unusual sounds of social music and social mirth, came in, and were highly delighted at seeing the young folks enjoying themselves.

Charles placed a chair in the warmest corner for his mother, and drew his own beside, while Mr. McCarty stood before the fire, with his hands behind him, gazing with unfeigned pleasure on the scene before him.— The undisguised admiration of Maria Lenox, her loud plaudits and the exaggerated praises she bestowed on her son’s performance, filled the fond mother’s heart with exultation.

“Well, well,” said she, “my words have come true—I knew our Tim’s musicks would make him quite genteel, and if I am not mistaken,” said she, winking significantly at her husband, and nodding at Miss Lenox, “it will make his fortune too.”

“But I have not heard our Kitty try her hand along with her brother; come my girl, see if you can keep time so well with the fiddle?”

“All in good time, all in good time, Mr. McCarty!” said his wife, again winking and nodding significantly.
"Kitty has time enough, all day and every day; let us have some more of Miss Maria's musicks, now."

Mr. McCarty, as usual, obeyed orders, whether given in words or signals. He understood one as well as the other—and Miss Lenox turned to a new piece.

"But pray, Miss," said Mrs. McCarty, "can't you sing us a song? for our Tim can keep company in singing too."

"Do you sing, Mr. McCarty?" exclaimed Maria, in pleased surprise.

"To be sure, to be sure he does!" said the happy and exulting mother.

They could find no song, which they both knew. Maria had learned none but the newest and most fashionable, and most of these French or Italian, and McCarty knew only the oldest, and his were German, English or Scotch. His mother, whose sole object was to exhibit her son's powers, instead of requesting the first song from Miss Lenox, insisted on his singing. Maria joined in the request, and even Kitty, though a little displeased at being thrown into the background, feeling curious to know his vocal powers, added her entreaties. The praises lavished on his instrumental performance, gave him the requisite confidence, which otherwise he would not have had; and fixing on one of those fine solo's which he had so often heard Martha sing, he threw into it all the sweetness of his full clear voice. Charles, who, though pleased had been untouched by his brother's performance on several instruments, now started from his chair, and leaving his mother, whose exclamations of delight disturbed him, he stole on tip-toe to a corner near his brother, and listened to sounds which made their way to his heart.

New acclamations followed this proof of his vocal
skill; and no one was more astonished than McCarty himself at the admiration he excited. The sound of praise was new to his ears. To Leibner and his daughter, music was so habitual and familiar an occupation, practised so purely and simply for their own gratification, that they attached as little merit to to their knowledge of this art, as to the commonest duties or employments of life; and of the two, Martha prided herself much more on her fine butter, on which she bestowed more time and pains, than on her musical skill; and it had never entered their heads to praise McCarty for learning to amuse himself. Had he learned to make an instrument, an organ for instance, Leibner would have thought he deserved praise, and would have excused a little pride on the occasion, since the old man himself was not a little proud of his performance in that way.

This happy evening at last concluded; the very happiest Mrs. McCarty declared she had known since her children's return. She begged Miss Lenox, to come every day, and play and sing with her son, and charged him to be sure to learn the same songs.

It would be hard to say which most cheerfully promised compliance. Maria looked on the game, as in her own hands, and exulted in the certainty of success. Besides, to tell the truth, McCarty's fine manly form, his open, ingenuous countenance, and his full sweet voice, had made an impression on her heart—no, on her feelings—which the magic power of music had aided.

As for McCarty, to his unaccustomed ears, praise was a sweeter music, than harp, flute, violin, or dulcimer could yield; especially when it passed through such rosy lips, and sparkled from such expressive eyes as those of Maria Lenox. And did it reach his heart? No; it only as yet touched his feelings. And to tell the
truth, and the whole truth, his vanity, too, vibrated to
the sound of "delightful!—exquisite!" as these charm-
ing words fell on his ear. But his heart? Did not his
heart beat in unison to such sweet words?—No—As yet
it was only Martha's voice that had awakened its sym-
pathies, or discoursed with its affections. Martha's
pure and simple music, which, instead of awakening the
passions, lulled them into repose—And yet, the visions
of the night, instead of restoring him to the humble par-
lour of Leibner, seated him by the side of the gay and
brilliant Maria. Is vanity, then, a stronger passion than
love? Time will decide.—Poor Martha, thou canst
not, with thy humble virtues and unadorned simplicity,
expect to rival the magic of fashion, of youth, accom-
plishments, and beauty.
CHAPTER XI.

Is vanity, I again ask, is vanity stronger than love? And I again say, let time decide, since, for the honor of human nature, I feel reluctant to do so. One thing is certain, that, however McCarthy's love for Martha might suffer, his self love was completely gratified, by the new and delightful succession of pleasurable feelings that animated his present existence. "He is certainly in love with Maria," thought Catharine, as she saw him always near, and often romping with her: "He is certainly in love!" But let me tell you my dear Miss Catharine, you are mistaken. Pleasurable sensations and tender affections, are as different as the steady and never extinguished light of the sun, and the sudden blaze of a whisp of straw. Man is a compound being, in whose nature are blended intellectual, moral and physical powers. I believe—though I am no naturalist—indeed, do not pretend to philosophy of any kind, excepting the philosophy of the heart, and I scarcely believe Cuvier, in his most profound researches, has gone deeper in this branch than I have. I adopted his system of comparative anatomy, and after collecting the hearts of men, and beasts of every class, I found, after repeated comparisons, that the hearts of some men are exactly similar to that of some brutes.—Phil—into what digressions a single word may lead you.—That
word, naturalist, has led me very far from what I was going to say.— I certainly had a very fine simile to illustrate the difference between sensations and affections, without denying that the exciting causes of affection must act through the sensations. But I really cannot recall it—it is a great pity; so I must content myself with observing, that what Catharine called love, was merely the operation of these causes on the sensations, where they expended all their force, without reaching to the affections, which lay as snugly within the heart, as the cornel of the peach does within its shell; while the sensations are like the bloom spread upon its surface, and as easily influenced by the breath of sighs and the light of eyes, as that bloom is by the breath of summer and the light of the sun. But how evanescent is that bloom!— How soon does it decay!— while the little cornel in its polished shrine, firm and undecaying, shoots forth its latent powers, increases with increasing years, and is crowned with flowers and fruit.

Well, I have stumbled on another simile—but really it is not half as fine as the one I lost by my silly digression. But, then, you know lost things are always the best; or as one of the sublimest of poets says— "blessings brighten as they take their flight"—so do the fine similies, the sparkling images that often alight for a moment on the mind—like a bird on the ground—just as we think we have seized it, it eludes the grasp, and as it spreads its pinions displays its brightness. Take pity then, on the poor author, and believe me, a thousand charming ideas visit his mind, which play him these slippery tricks.

"Well, now, to go back to my story. Where did I leave off?— I must turn over the page and see— ay, there it is— "Pleasurable feelings that animated his present
existence.” Yes, they were indeed delightful, for who loves not to be of consequence?—And what young man would not be delighted to be every day and all day, walking with, and talking with, and singing with, and romping with such a fine, lively, free and kind girl as Maria Lenox; and to sum up all, as good Mrs. McCarty said, “real genteel?” for was she not the daughter of an old revolutionary officer? Timothy, who but the week before was a mere nobody; was now the person of greatest consequence in the family. He, who, before, might lounge for hours in the back parlour, picking his teeth or paring his nails; smoking his cigar and looking in the fire, without any one, except his mammy, saying, “where have you been, Timothy?—or where are you going, Timothy?—or what makes you look so grave, Timothy?”—could not now make his appearance without being eagerly greeted with, “I am rejoiced you are come, Mr. McCarty,—where have you been this age?”—or if he had his hat on—“Oh, Mr. McCarty, you are not going out—you must not leave us—we cannot live without you; it is so dull, so lifeless, when you are not here.”

How then, ask, is it possible, that Timothy could be otherwise than delighted? It was morally and physically impossible; and if old folks will not believe me, young folks will, and perhaps not think him unnaturally hard hearted and inconstant for allowing five whole days to pass, without once going to take a music lesson. At last however he began to think, notwithstanding he practised on every instrument by turns, and played half the day and the whole evening too, with the charming Maria, he began to think, and say, that it was his duty to go and take a lesson at Leibnei’s. His duty!—Ah, with how much slower steps do we go any where, to
perform a duty, than to seek a pleasure! At least Timothy did not now bound along the plain, with that elastic step he had been used to do. Nor when he saw the blue smoke curling up from Leibner's humble dwelling, did he fly down the hill as if, like Mercury, he had wings to his feet. No; he slowly plodded on his way, as if, like some poor slave with a heavy weight chained to his heels, he was doing task-work—though to be sure the weight was not there, but in his heart. Martha, as she had been every afternoon, since she last saw him, was standing by the window which looked on the well trodden path down the hill, knitting as intently as she always knit, and saw him approach. But when she saw his slow and flagging step; his eyes bent on the ground, instead of being eagerly bent forward in search of her—"It is as I supposed," thought she; "he has been sick!" And throwing down her knitting, she ran out to meet him. Her foot got entangled in her yarn, but Martha, the careful and exact Martha, did not stay to wind it up, but ran on, dragging ball, stocking, and needles along.

"Have you come at last mein frint?" exclaimed the artless girl. "And have you been very, very sick? My father thinks you have."

"Sick?" said the young McCarty, taking the outstretched hand—"Why did you think I was sick?"

"It is five days," replied Martha, "since you have been here."

"Is it so long?" said the young man.

Martha sighed—but she did not explain that sigh—Nor was there need—Timothy's own heart explained it, and reproached him too, for the pain he had inflicted on the simple, confiding Martha.

He perceived the knitting dragging along the ground—he stopped to pick it up—the needles were bent
the stitches dropped—the yarn tangled—yet Martha, the careful and exact Martha, noticed it not; but let him wind and wind the yarn, and pull it and break it without aiding him—Alas! Martha's thoughts were more tangled than her yarn, and she was trying to disentangle them.

They reached the house, without further explanation—Timothy winding the yarn as he went, and Martha unwinding her thoughts. She lifted the latch and pushed open the door. "How low and narrow the passage looks," thought Timothy—they proceeded to the little parlour. "How small and dark it looks;" again thought Timothy. And yet, young man, it is the very same, warm, snug, and as you often thought, cheerful little parlour, in which the happiest hours of your life have been passed. But you saw it then through the medium of your own feelings, which were warm and cheerful—they are now chilled and gloomy. Yes, Timothy, it is your heart, and not Leibner's little parlour that is altered. The fire burns as brightly on the hearth, and there sits the good old man, with a countenance as mild, and, as you approach, he stretches out to you a hand as warm and cordial in its pressure, as the last time you were here.

"Then, how do you do, my truant boy?"—said his old master, as he took the pipe from his mouth, and carefully shaking the ashes out of it, rose and put it on the high chimney piece, as much as to say, "I want you not now;" then drawing the accustomed chair to its accustomed place beside him, "Sit you down then, Timothy, and give an account of yourself; for surely," said he, looking with a scrutinizing glance in his scholar's face, "for surely it is not, as mein chilt and I supposed the case to be." The naturally florid color of young
McCarty's cheeks, heightened by a deep and conscious glow, would have belied any pretence to sickness, had he even been willing to avail himself of such an excuse. But Timothy, was yet untaught. I should say unspoiled, by the world, and could not invent those harmless, or as they are called, white lies, which pass so current in the gay world, and in truth, without which, its heartless commerce could not be carried on. So, without any disguise, he told the truth, though I do not pretend to say, the whole truth.—No; he only related that a young lady, the intimate friend of his sister, having found out that he was a tolerable performer on several instruments, and being extravagantly fond of music, had kept him continually playing on either his violin, flute, or horn; and he described her as a very gay and very beautiful young lady.

Martha, seated in her corner, was busily employed, at least she seemed to be busily employed, in taking up the stitches that had been pulled off her needles, and never even looked up, during the whole recital. Timothy, as he told his story, looked now at the fire, now stooped to stroke the old cat that lay purring at his feet, and now and then stole a glance at Martha—taking good care to turn his eyes any where rather than on the face of his old master—for Timothy's were tell-tale eyes—and Leibnër's were searching ones.

Martha, as I said, had not spoken a single word, and she had tried not to breathe a single sigh.—But as Timothy ended his story, a sigh, loud enough to reach his ear, escaped in spite of Martha's efforts. The young man felt, as well as heard it—he again stooped over the cat to hide his emotion, and as he stroked puss, he stole another glance at Martha—and he saw her hastily brush a tear from her eye—for the poor girl thought she
might have done it unseen, while his head was bent down. Leibner made no remark—but the bright warm smile of welcome, that had lit up his venerable countenance, on the entrance of his scholar, died gradually away, and was succeeded by an expression of sad thoughtfulness. He shook his head, as he communed with his own thoughts, and rising slowly, took down his pipe, and as slowly filling it, reached out his hand to the tongs; but this was an act of kindness, always performed by Timothy when sitting by him, and the scholar was not so absorbed in his own feelings as to forget it. He started up, took the tongs, and selecting the brightest coal, blew it still brighter, and held it while his master lighted his pipe. As he did so, the old man looked up in his pupil's face. Oh, what a look of mournful, but unreprouchful tenderness did he fix on the working and expressive countenance of the unsophisticated boy—it was a look that spoke, and a look that read—it was a look that revealed, and discovered all that passed in the mind of either. The pipe was lit, and as Timothy was about to withdraw the coal, Leibner caught his hand and pressing it as he spoke—"it is but natural," said he—"it was to be looked for."—Timothy dropped the tongs and turned to the window—he leaned against it without speaking—and looked out of it without seeing. It was growing dark; but the young man did not remark it, till the light of the candle flared upon him. He turned and saw Martha, as he had often seen her, busily arranging the cups and saucers on the table. When she stooped to lift the tea-kettle, he darted forward, and heedless of the nice cross-stitched holder that hung on its accustomed nail, he seized the hot handle of the tea-kettle. If it burnt him, he did not feel it; he was so intent on steadying his trembling hand. But Martha's hand
trembled too; and as much water was spilt on the hearth, as went into the tea-pot. "It will do, thank'e," said she in a low inarticulate voice—and they drew their chairs round the table.—And Timothy's chair was moved to its usual place, by the side of Martha.

The old man now exerted himself, and talked as usual; but neither of the young folks followed his example; and so he had all the talk to himself—The tea things were removed, and the music and music books were brought.

"What if you give us some of the new tunes you have learned?" said Leibner.

"I would rather play some of these old ones," replied Timothy; and as he said so, he turned over the leaves of the book. It was a volume of Scotch airs which he had given Martha. He turned to one which he had often sung with her; as he die so, she hastily snatched away something, which, in her eagerness to conceal, she let fall. McCarty stooped to pick it up.—It was the same lock she had cut from off his forehead, the morning she had dressed his wound. Their eyes met as he put it in her hands. She rose, and threw it into the fire; stood by until it was consumed, and then quietly resumed her knitting. The scholar could not resume his music. "It is all over," thought he—and the thought jarring on his heart, put him completely out of tune. After the pause of a few moments, he left the table, and taking up his hat, with some hesitation, approached his kind old master, whose hand was held out. Timothy took it between both of his and pressed it—affectionately pressed it—and Leibner returned the pressure with equal warmth—"It is all natural, my young friend—it is only what was to be expected—you are young and rich—I am old and poor.—But I have
not forgotten when I was young and ambitious, and when
the world smiled upon me. It is a smiling and seduc-
ing world, young man. God grant it may not prove to
you a faithless and dangerous one—God bless you my
son—God bless you?—said he, as he withdrew his hand,
and turned to shake the ashes from his pipe.

"I shall never, never forget you," stammered Ti-
mothy.

"Martha," said he, turning and offering her his
hand—"Martha"

"God bless you, Mr. McCarty—God bless you my
friend," repeated she in a softer voice.

McCarty had reached the outer door, and had his
hand on the latch, when turning to take a last look, he
saw Martha following him. "Here is the book of Scotch
songs, Mr. McCarty," said she; "I shall never want it
now; and it may serve you to teach that young lady to
sing Scotch songs."

"And will not you keep it as a remembrance?"

"There's no need," said Martha, sighing, as she
put it in his hands, and turned back to the little parlour,
at the door of which stood her father with the candle.

It was a mournful walk; and for the first time Ti-
mothy thought it a long and dreary walk from Leibner's
to his father's—for it was the first time he had ever tak-
en it with a heavy heart. He could not realise that he
had taken a final leave. He had had no such intention,
when he went—neither had he expressed such an inten-
tion while there—and how such a thing had been brought
about he could not tell. Yet, from the moment he finish-
ed his recital about Maria Lenox, and his having been
detained by her, his old master by his looks and manner
settled the affair beyond his control; and Martha as
implicitly agreed with her father, as if the matter had
been discussed and arranged. It was strange!—And was it then possible, that all the feelings he had nourished, all the plans he had formed, were at an end?—He thought it must be a dream, and absolutely rubbed his eyes to ascertain whether he was awake. The fact was, Leibner had long been an anxious spectator of the growing attachment of the young people. He knew too much of the world to expect McCarty's parents would consent to his marriage with one so poor and humble as his daughter. He had often wondered at the constancy of the young man, and was constantly anticipating what had now taken place—But what could he do? He had no pretense for forbidding his visits; and then, he loved his scholar, and was as loath to lose his company as Martha could be. But this unusual absence, and its cause, as explained by Timothy, at once decided him. Yet it was, as we have seen, without anger, and even with affection that he had bidden him farewell.
The exhilarating welcome he received when he entered the well lighted and gay parlour, which after Leibnitz's little room with its white washed walls and single candle, appeared quite splendid, the elegantly dressed girls, the free and encouraging manners of Maria, and good humoured gaiety of Catharine, formed such a contrast with the plain, sober little Martha, that Timothy's senses were quite bewildered, and he could not conceive what charm had ever attracted him to his old master's humble dwelling; the sad feelings with which he entered were soon lost in that delicious self complacency which gratified vanity has the power to impart.

"Ah! you runaway," said Maria, stretching out her soft, fair hand, which as he pressed in his, he could not help comparing with Martha's. He stood before her, still holding the hand, which she seemed in no haste to withdraw, as she was reclining in one corner of the sofa. Catharine was in the other, but she jumped up, directing her brother with a glance of her eye, to the vacated seat, and ran to her piano. Maria's hand, as it still lay in his, gave the same direction, as his sister's eye, and he sat down by her. Maria, was so much at home, that she did not think it necessary to rise from her half recumbent posture. Certainly, in no other could her fine form have been more gracefully display-
ed, and Timothy, though no painter, seemed as much interested in studying attitudes as any artist could have been. She complained of not feeling quite well, and asked him in a soft, languid tone, if he did not think she had a fever. To feel her pulse conveniently, he had to draw still nearer—and as he counted and counted its pulsations, while he looked on eyes that spoke so kindly to him, he declared he could not tell whether she had a fever, but that he certainly thought he had one himself. She then undertook to count his pulse, but before it was decided which had a fever, Catharine struck up a lively waltz, and desired Maria to give her brother a lesson.

As this was not the first lesson he had received from his fair teacher, he was no ways awkward or embarrassed. He had been from boyhood accounted a good dancer, and inspired as he was now inspired, he surpassed himself. Giddy and out of breath, more than once Maria had to stop and support herself on his arm, declaring her head turned so she could scarcely stand, but on recovering, would again resume the dance, till quite overpowered, she sank on the sopha, and as her hand was still in that of her partner, he naturally found his seat beside her.

Was it wonderful that the old music-master and his sober little daughter should be forgotten?

The next day a note received early in the morning, announced to Catharine that Mrs. Benson, had arrived, and that she must come as soon as possible and be introduced to that lady.

Into what a flutter did the news throw Catharine's whole frame. Her hands fairly trembled with joy, and her slim little fingers could scarcely pin on her ruffles and ribbands. Now was to be realized all those gay visions, that for months past had been dancing in her
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brain—now was she to go to drawing-rooms and assemblies and card parties and concerts—and to be introduced to the President and Presidentess—to secretaries and foreign ministers' ladies—now was she to have Senators and members of Congress for beaux, and to be the familiar companion of real ladies and gentlemen.

Such a crowd of brilliant ideas, produced a perfect vertigo in the light brains of the little belle. Had she been waltzing for an hour, she could not have felt more dizzy. She sat down to compose herself—her glass was before her, and as she looked in it, and saw her delicate little figure, so tastefully and fashionably arrayed, all her fears and trepidations subsided, and the crowd of great folks vanished from her thoughts, which by degrees were completely occupied by her own dear pretty little self.

She sent up for Charles, preferring him on so momentous an occasion for a beau, as after all, she acknowledged, he was by far the genteelest looking of her brothers. But Charles, could not, or would not, leave his studies, and Timothy was therefore summoned.—

Good Mrs. McCarty too, came to take a look at her daughter, and as she surveyed her from head to foot, declared she looked "real genteel, and she was sartin no one would suspect but that she was a lady born."

Mrs. Benson, was a woman of decided fashion, high standing, and great wealth. Disposed to oblige an old friend of her husband's, she, without hesitation, undertook to patronize Maria Lenox, and was even pleased to have, in so doing, a motive to go more into company, than her own inclination would have induced her to do, as her husband, being excessively fond of gay society, she believed it her duty to follow as he led.

Catharine called, and was introduced as the dear
and particular friend of Maria, and as such, was received with the most obliging courtesy. When it came to the point however, to ask Mrs. Benson to take charge of Miss McCarty likewise, a perfect stranger, who had no possible claim to her politeness, even Miss Lenox, though nowise of a timid or backward temper, felt embarrassed. In the evening she communicated her difficulties to her father, and in addition, confessed to him the kind of attachment that was growing between her and Catharine's brother. The shrewd old Colonel, saw through the whole matter in the twinkling of an eye, and undertook to arrange the business. Mr. Benson was in every sense a man of the world, and would, Colonel Lenox knew, enter at once into the views of an anxious father, and think not a whit the worse of him, for forming schemes and calculations about an affair, which more sentimental folks might think ought to be a matter rather of feeling than calculation. As he expected, when he explained to Mr. Benson, that Miss McCarty was the sister of a young man, who would, on account of his wealth, be a desirable match for his daughter, and that the thing would be promoted by getting both the young man and his sister introduced into genteel company, Mr. Benson at once undertook to do this kindness for his old friend, and promised his wife's compliance likewise. This he unhesitatingly did, certain of her acquiescence in any wish of his. The truth was, that Mrs. Benson, aware of the gay and versatile disposition of the man she fondly loved, endeavored by every kind and winning way to retain her place in his affections: and even when she had, (as was too often the case) cause of suspicion on this score, instead of betraying the uneasiness it excited, by tears or frowns, she redoubled her efforts to please and attach him. By this
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means, notwithstanding occasional alienations; she re-
tained the first place both in the love and esteem of her
husband, and fond as he was of pleasure in all its seduc-
ing forms, the unalterable sweetness of her temper
would allure him back from his wanderings; while the
parity of her sentiments, the dignity of her manners, and
the superiority of her mind, made her the object of his
most perfect confidence and respect.

Accustomed from her birth, to the first and most
cultivated society, and looking back on European an-
cestors of high birth, she was not only aristocratical in
her feelings, but fastidious in her taste, and it must be
owned when her husband first proposed to her to intro-
duce into the first circle of the metropolis, the daughter
of an obscure shop-keeper, her feelings revolted from
the office; but her habitual desire to please her husband,
triumphed over her repugnance.

The following morning the agreeable intelligence
was conveyed to Catharine. What a delightful bustle
of preparation ensued! Mrs. McCarty entered warmly
into all that was going forward, often exclaiming, "and
so at last we shall get into real genteel company, and our
Kitty will be in the first circle! But are you sartin-
sure, Miss, that after she has called on the President's
lady, and the secretaries' ladies, and them foren ma-
dams, and all the rest of the quality, are you sartin-sure,
they'll come to see her and ask her to their parties?"

"Positive of it," replied Maria Lenox. "Not three
days will pass before they will return her visits, and
then as certainly will she have invitations to their great
parties."

"Well who would have thought the like! Why I
thought it would be the difficultest thing in the world
to get to the top of the ladder so soon. I was reckon-
ing she would have to climb step by step, and many's the night I have laid awake cogitating in my head the how's and the when's: But here, you, with just the lifting of your little finger as it were, have pushed her to the top at once.”

Charles, who listened to this harangue, reddened with vexation at this display of his mother's weakness: to confess obligation and inferiority to one he despised, as he despised Maria Lenox, was galling to the honest pride of his noble nature, and revolting to the delicacy of his cultivated taste and refined feelings.

“And what!” he exclaimed to himself, “is the mighty honor derived from such association? And what the disgrace inflicted by the accident of birth?” And his noble mind again recurred, as it often did, to the examples of great men, who had risen superior to their fortune, and who, to use a figure applied to Shakespeare, “shook from them the incumbrances of poverty, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane.” “And where,” continued he, as he mused upon the subject, “where are the proud courtiers, the frivolous coxcombs, the vain nobility, who would have deemed a place among their servants, too honorable for the poor hostler—where are they?—Their very names forgotten; while his is known through the world, and will be venerated by generations yet unborn!”

Mrs. McCarty turning round, and perceiving the unusual dissatisfaction on Charles's face, suddenly exclaimed—“Why, Charley, dear, what are you so grum about? Don't be down-hearted boy; the door once opened you'll get to see the great folks too; Miss will push you up too—won't you Miss?”

This was beyond what even Charles's philosophic temper could bear; and rising hastily, as he left the
room, he said, "For heaven's sake hush mother—I will never be pushed up by any one, nor pushed into any society; if my own merits do not raise me—I will never rise."

"Well now," exclaimed Mrs. McCarty, "did any one ever see the like!—Our Charley in a passion! Why, I did not think he had it in him—but it became him mightily I must say—it made him look real genteel."

Catharine looked vexed, and Maria had to bite her lips, as she often did, to prevent the smile, that would have betrayed the contempt she felt for her future mother-in-law.

Mrs. McCarty unconscious of the feelings she had excited, continued the discourse by saying, "Sure Miss you are so good natured, you'll speak a good word for the boys, won't you?"

Maria replied, she was sure her father would be very happy to render any service in his power to her sons, and would any day they chose introduce them to the President, and any one else.

"Well now, that is what I call real kind of you Miss; a friend in need, is a friend indeed, as the saying is; and a friend at court is no bad thing. And who knows, Miss, but things may so turn up, that you may find your own advantage in it." And she cast a very knowing look first at Maria and then at her son Timothy, who blushed up to his very eyes, which was more than Maria did, though she understood the old lady perfectly well.

"If I did not expect as much myself," thought she, "but little would I care for you or your sons either."

"Why, you look mad too, Timothy," said his mother, mistaking the cause of his heightened color.

"Indeed mother, it's enough to make any one mad,
to hear you talk so much about *pushing up*; hang it, I don't like to be *pushed up*, no more than my brother."

"Well, there's no knowing how to please you young folks," said his mother, "so it's best to leave you to yourselves."

"I think so too," said Catharine in a low voice, as her mother left the room.

The important morning arrived, when Catharine, elegantly and expensively dressed, called at Mrs. Benson's lodgings, and accompanied her and her friend Maria on their round of visits. Few of the ladies were at home; but luckily, those whom the young ladies most desired to see, were Both Maria and Catharine were delighted with the unaffected and affable manner in which they were received at the houses of the President and French minister, and during the ensuing evening could talk of nothing else.

Catharine, though she felt elated with the introductions of the morning, took care to conceal it even from her dear friend, and spoke with the utmost indifference and nonchalance of what Mrs. M—d—n and Madame de N. had said, taking good care, to express no surprise, although she really felt a great deal at their easy and cordial manner. Her brother Charles was pleased with this evidence of self-respect, and said to himself, "why, if she had taken a lesson from Horace, she could not more perfectly have conformed to his precept, *nil admirari*, &c."

Maria smiled at the new assumption of gentility, knowing it to be mere affectation, while good Mrs. McCarty, in the simplicity of her heart, spoke as usual plain out.

"Now did ever any one see the like," said she, "instead of coming home out of your head with joy—
stead of telling a body, how the President's lady looked, and what she said, and what she had on, and how the room was furnished, and all about it, I am not a whit the wiser; the girl don't seem to care no more about it, than if she had just been used to it all her life."

Maria smiled, and to gratify the old lady, went into the most minute description of every word, look, and action, with the color of the curtains, chairs, &c., while Miss Catharine, lolled back on the sofa, playing with the strings of her reticule, as if quite unconcerned in the matter.

"But what did they give you to eat?" asked Mrs. McCarty; "I suppose you had a sight of cakes and liquors?"

"Liqueurs you mean Mama;—but while I think of it, let me tell you, nothing is handed of a morning—it is quite out of fashion—it is quite vulgar; so I beg, mother, you will not be sending in any trays loaded with cakes and liqueurs or punch."

"Out of fashion!" exclaimed Mrs. McCarty, "then let me tell you a very good thing is out of fashion Vulgar indeed! to have cakes and liquors!—Why I suppose next, it will be vulgar to eat or drink.—It's well you told me Kitty, or I should sartinely have felt bounden to have sent in the very best of every thing I had in the house, when these ladies returned your visit, if so-be they ever do return it."

"Oh you may be certain, that within three days all Catharine's visits will be returned," said Maria: "that is the etiquette."

"The what?" said Mrs. McCarty, "the etty-cake? what kind of cake is that?"

"Oh mother," exclaimed Catharine, quite out of patience—"you had better let such things alone—you can't
understand them: all you have to do is to keep a rousing fire in the drawing room, these three days running, so one may be prepared; and I suppose, mother, you would rather stay in the dining room, as you say it is by far the most comfortable; and Timothy can keep you company—Charles and I will be enough to receive company.” For Catharine dreaded the vulgar and illiterate language they might use.

“Oh, to be sure Miss, to be sure, if you are ashamed of your own kin, ay of your own mother that bare you, of your own flesh and blood;” and she was so choked with the affront, that she could not articulate another word.

“Well, hang it,” said Timothy, if this an't high doings; why I suppose Kit, you'll be for sending us in the kitchen next?”

“Hush, hush,” said Maria: “nothing is so ungentle as to quarrel; I am sure Catharine you did not mean to exclude your eldest brother—he who is to be the head of your family!”

Catharine saw her mistake, and made concessions, that soon mollified her good humoured affectionate brother.

The three ensuing mornings Catharine dressed enough for an evening party, sat in the drawing room from ten to three o'clock. The servant was kept with his Sunday clothes on; the door steps duly whitened, and every thing in prime order. Two mornings passed away in useless waiting and fidgety impatience. Catharine's heart beat at the sound of every carriage that rolled by—the noise of approaching wheels put her into such a flutter she could scarcely breathe—the wheels stopped—she ran to the window and peeped through the curtain—it was only a hack at the next door. She had just returned to her seat, and again wheels were
heard, and again they stopped—and again she ran to peep—it was a market wagon.—“Was ever any thing so provoking!” exclaimed she; “I will not look again.” She was called to dinner—“The visiting hour is not yet over; tell mother I can’t come.” At last four o’clock struck, and no one had called.

The third morning arrived, and with renewed orders to the servants, and increased anxiety and increased flutterations, Catharine again seated herself in state. Wheels were again heard—“This must be somebody!” said Catharine—and again she peeped. Pohl the same market wagon. At last wheels do indeed stop. Yes, through the loop-hole in the curtain she describes the elegant equipage of the French Minister—it must be Madame de N. There was the body-guard, with his high feather, on the box by the coachman. She flew back to her chair, opened her cambrick pocket handkerchief—peeped into the glass—pulled one curl this way, and another curl that way—popped down on her chair again—in such a tremor!—The door bell is rung, till its peal so startles the cook, that she lets fall a dish from her hands, and runs up to see what is the matter.

The trembling awkward servant opens the door—and a footman in elegant livery, puts a card in his hand without saying a word—skips up again behind the carriage, and away it whirls. Catharine runs to the window to see what this means—but the coach is out of sight. She turns, and angrily inquires of the servant who brings her the card, “what stupid mistake he had made—I suppose,” said she, “you booby you said I was not at home.”

“Indeed, Miss, I said no such thing; for the man never axed me; he jist poked that bit of a pasteboard into my hand.”

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"But why didn't you do what I bid you; why didn't you say Miss McCarty's at home?"

"And so I did, Miss; I hallooed after him as loud as I could; and for the matter of that, run after him too, bawling stop, stop, till the people thought me crazy; but, dear me, the footman only looked round and laughed, and the coach was out of sight in a whif, as one may say."

"How provoking!" again said Catharine to herself, "here I may sit perched up forever, and what good does it do? If Charles would but sit with me, but no; he's so proud, and as for Tim, I'm glad he is too much affronted, for he certainly would blunder out some of his vulgar words."

Three o'clock struck—the family dinner was over, and Catharine in complete despair of seeing any one else, had gone into the dining room to take a mouthful, as she felt quite exhausted. The remnants of the dinner were still on the table—the table cloth none the better for use—dirty plates and glasses not yet removed. Mr. McCarty and his sons withdrawn, and the old lady in no very good humour, smoking her pipe in the chimney corner. Catharine was in the very act of dissecting a leg of a turkey, when another peal was rung on the door bell. Down went the turkey bone—over went the jug of beer—while Catharine, flying by the servant, to get in time into the drawing room, could only say, "be sure to ask her in"—and in her haste left the dining room door open. She peeped through the curtain—"Yes it is the President's carriage—the steps are let down—she is coming in!—Catharine reaches her chair, and is sitting as prim, as prim could be—but the drawing room door does not open. No Mrs. M—d—n appears—another minute elapses, still no one comes.—She peeps
again from behind the curtain—there is the carriage—
the door open—the steps down—the footman standing
on the pavement, laughing and talking with the coach-
man. The horrible conviction forced itself on Catha-
rine's mind—Mrs. M—d—n had gone into the dining
room!—Alas it was too true!—The booby of a servant
had not shown her where to go, but stood, holding the
street door open, and gazing in admiration on the Presi-
dent's lady, who, perceiving an open door before her,
had entered. Poor Mrs. McCarty! Had she seen a spirit
enter, she could not have been more frightened. She
jumped up, and trying to escape unseen, stumbled over
the rocker of her eternal rocking chair, as Catharine
called it. Down she fell, prostrate before the Presi-
dent's lady—away flew the pipe, scattering its sparks
and ashes.— And how long good Mrs. McCarty might
have lain there, it would be hard to say, since, to rise
without help, was more than she could do. But long
she did not lay—for Mrs M—d—n, with a politeness
flowing from the warmth and benevolence of her nature,
stooched, and most kindly assisted Mrs. McCarty to rise
and reseat herself—she even picked up the pipe, but
instead of offering it to the distressed old lady, whose
embarrassment she perceived, she laid it without obser-
vation on the table, and then in a tone of voice full of
benignity, inquired whether she was hurt, and whether
she should ring for any assistance? At the sound of so
sweet a voice, Mrs McCarty ventured to look in the face
of the speaker, where she was almost afraid she should see
the smile of derision. Far from it—the smile was
as sweet as the voice; and there was something so good,
so encouraging in the manner, that after two or three
hard drawn breaths, Mrs. McCarty was able to reply.
"I hope you will excuse me Ma'am," said she, "I am growing old and clumsy."

"We must all grow old," replied Mrs. M—d—n; "and I think it quite becoming to grow fat, as we grow old."

"Now do you really Ma'am? Well, if I don't tell our Kitty that, for she is always saying how vulgar it is to be short and fat."

"Mrs. Washington, in her old age, was about your size, I believe, that is, if I remember aright;" said the benevolent Mrs. M—d—n.

"Now is that possible! Well I'll be sure to tell my dater that too. What! Jinsenal Washington's lady, I suppose you mean Ma'am?"

"Yes, our good and great Washington."

"Well now, that's comfortable tidings. When I tell our Kitty, she can't after that say it is vulgar to be fat and short. And can you tell me, Ma'am, whether our dear old President's lady ever smoked? For that is another thing my dater is always twitting me about."

"I never heard that she did," replied Mrs. M—d—n, scarcely able to suppress a smile; "but it is a very common custom, I am told, among the old ladies in Virginia, and the other tobacco states; and indeed, I have heard lately, that among the young ladies in Baltimore, it is quite the fashion to smoke cigars."

"Well now, you can't think, Ma'am, what heart's content you have given me—I'll be sure, Ma'am, to tell our Kitty all you have said."

Here a pause ensued, which Mrs. M—d—n however filled up by taking her snuff box from her reticule, and offering it to Mrs. McCarty, who, though she never took snuff, could not refuse such an honor, and failed not to
admire the elegant gold box, which she said was 'raal raal genteel.'

There was a simplicity about the old woman, accompanied by a countenance so full of honesty and good nature, that Mrs. M—d—n was not only amused, but really pleased.

She now inquired for her daughter. The bell was rung—the servant ordered to call his young mistress. He did not return with any message, and Mrs. M—d—n, after waiting a few minutes, left her compliments for the young lady, and was followed to the door by good Mrs. McCarty, courtesying all the way, and repeating her thanks for the honor done her. And the carriage drove off followed by the blessings of the warm hearted old woman.

Catharine saw it depart, and was almost sick with vexation, which was not a little encreased by the account her mother gave her of Mrs. Madison's affability. She had no words in which she could vent her feelings; and sat in a state of sullen dissatisfaction; while her mother told her all about—how raal genteel it was to be fat and short, and even to smoke.

Catharine heard little of what she said, so absorbed was she in her own vexatious feelings. "If she had but left her card!" exclaimed she, "I could have put it up on the mantle-piece, and people would have known she had been here!"

She walked about the room—then sat down—then walked again—but walking or sitting, neither relieved her mortification, and as a last resort, she ran up stairs to her brother Charles.

"Oh, Charles!" said she, throwing herself on a chair; "Oh, Charles, I feel miserable."

At such a declaration, thinking some sad event had
happened, Charles closed his book and looked anxiously at his sister, and inquired the cause of her distress.

"Nothing in the world could have happened, so shocking," continued she. Charles looked really alarmed. "Speak my sister," said he, "and tell me what has happened."

"What do you think?" said she: "after all the pains, all the precautions—after all my management; in fine—what do you think? Mrs. M—d—n has been here, and instead of being taken into the drawing room, where all was in order for her reception, and I, dressed as you see—after all, she got into that confounded dining room. And it in such a condition too!—And there was mother too, with her eternal rocking chair—and her everlasting pipe—only think how vulgar! And then, to mend the matter, mother must fall plump down ——Oh! Oh! what shall I do!—She will never come here again! She will never ask me to the President's house! though I had contrived to be introduced by a member of Congress's lady, and had she seen only me, in our drawing room, she would never have found out but I was a gentleman's daughter!"

Thus Catharine ran on, not giving Charles an opportunity to put in a word: at last she stopped for want of breath—and Charles observed, "Indeed sister I cannot be sorry for what has happened. I hope it will cure you of your foolish desire for the society of those in a rank of life to which you have no pretension. I hope the mortification you now feel, will be a lesson you will never forget."

"How foolish you talk, Charles," interrupted his sister. "Why should not I, or any who can afford it, pretend to the highest and best society?—Is not this a
land of freedom and equality? And cannot the poorest
farmer or mechanic be a Congressman, or President?"

"Not unless he has education and talents which fit
him for such places. Talents and education change the
character as well as condition. With your sex it is
different. Women cannot rise by themselves—they are
dependant for their rank in society on their fathers or
their husbands. With them they must rise and fall.
Now, as your father's condition in society is a low one,
you must conform to it, unless you will make yourself
not only ridiculous, but what you say you now are—
miserable!"

"But," argued Catharine, "in our country, where
there are no privileged ranks, there is no high and low—
we are all equal."

"Sister, sister! your own feelings contradict you—
If we are all equal, why do you look with such disdain,
not only on those whom the world thinks lower than
you, but even on those whom the world thinks your
equals?"

This was a home thrust, which she could not answer.

"Yes," continued Charles, "those who most eager-
ly and clamorously claim equality with those above them,
just as violently deny it to those below them—Yes,
those who talk most about levelling, are willing enough
to level up, but I never found one yet willing to level
down. With what scorn did you treat those good
neighbors my mother asked to see you—and why? Be-
cause they happened not to be so rich as you: as for
condition, they were equal; and if you ridiculed them,
do you not expect others, whom fortune and rank has
placed above you, will ridicule you? And have you no
more pride, no more sensibility, no more self-respect,
than to expose yourself to scorn, and contempt, and
ridicule? And what advantage do you gain to compensate for these most cruel of sufferings? Are you happy? No; you are miserable. Nor can any human being be happy, without the love, respect, or sympathy of his fellow creatures. And this love and sympathy can exist only where there is equality of condition, or reciprocity of good offices. Oh, my sister, do not interrupt me; for this once hear me with patience. I know indeed but little of the world, or of human nature, except what I learn from books, from my own heart, and from the laws of the universe—and from all these I learn, there must be differences, grades, ranks—not only in society, but in talents, in virtues—in the animal, in the vegetable world. In all, we see some things made for honor, some for dishonor—some to serve, others to be served—some to devour, and others to be devoured—some to suffer, and some to enjoy. Such are the radical differences in nature. The violet is not tall, majestic and enduring as the oak; yet who despises the violet? The little wren that chirps so gaily, is not like the eagle that soars to the sun; yet, perhaps the wren has most enjoyment. The sheltered and obscure valley, is not seen afar, like the towering mountain; yet the valley is secure from the storms that devastate the mountain. And so my sister is it with the various conditions of men—each has its advantages. If men would but be contented with the condition in which the God of nature has placed them, each would be happy in the respective advantages attached to each condition. Were the wren to aspire to the eagle’s flight, or the flower that grows in the valley, to be transplanted to the mountain’s top, you clearly discern the consequence. Believe what the poet says—
Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

And our Bible, sister, which our good parents taught us in our childhood, bids us give honor where honor is due—plainly pointing out difference of ranks. You say we have no privileged ranks, viz: our laws recognise none. But so natural, so necessary is a difference of rank, that we make it ourselves; our feelings make it—circumstances make it—nature makes it. Submit therefore to what is inevitable. Let your pride take a different direction—let it prevent you from pushing yourself into a society that disdains you. If those you despise, were to push themselves into your society, what would you do? Answer the question sincerely, and do not complain if others do to you what you do to others."

"Will you never stop?" exclaimed Catharine, impatiently, who had several times endeavored to interrupt her brother.

"Will you never stop? I did not come here to hear you preach a sermon—I thought to find in you a little fellow-feeling."

"And so you do: it is because I have a fellow-feeling that I talk so earnestly.—I wish to see you happy; and who has greater means of happiness? Select your companions and friends from persons in the same condition of life as yourself, and they will love and respect you, and you may be happy."

"But they are so ignorant and vulgar."

"There you are mistaken: I have renewed several of my childish acquaintances, and find in what is called the middling class, a degree of information that has surprised me. It was only the other evening, that I met at our neighbor's a number of persons of both sexes, who were neither deficient in good manners or information."
"Is your lecture at an end?" said Catharine, rising, "if not, pray defer its termination to another time, for I am completely wearied of such a preachment."

Charles shook his head and sighed, as his sister closed the door.
CHAPTER XIII.

In the evening, Maria Lenox came as usual. "Here," said she, pulling out a handful of cards from her reticule and throwing them on the tea-table, "here is some of your property, Catharine."

Catharine eagerly flew to examine them. "Well, this is some consolation," she exclaimed. "I really believed none of these ladies meant to return my visit; but how came they to leave these cards with you?"

"Not being at home when we called," answered Maria, "they took it for granted, that like myself, you were a young lady staying with Mrs. Benson, and therefore left these cards with those they left for us."

"I wish Mrs. M—d—n and Madame de N——, had made the same mistake," said Catharine, the cloud again gathering over her brow. "I should then have been saved the most mortifying scene, the most provoking accident that could have happened."

When she described, with a tone of voice in which she would have described some great calamity, the condition of the dining room—the disordered table—the beer streaming on the carpet, but above all, her mother's disaster—the broken pipe and scattered ashes. The tout ensemble, struck Maria, as so ludicrous, that she burst into a loud and uncontrolled laugh, declaring it would make an excellent comic scene for the stage.
A glance at Catharine's reddening cheek and darkening brow, checked her mirth since it would have been very inconvenient to her, to quarrel with her dear friend. Charles, with undisguised disgust, arose and left the room, and even the good-natured Timothy, felt some resentment at hearing his mother laughed at, and his sister's distress turned into a joke.

"Hang it then," said he, "I see nothing Miss, for my part, so laughable in my poor mother's falling down and almost breaking her bones as well as her pipe!"

Maria, to conceal her inclination again to laugh, jumped up, and arranging the cards in the card rack, "Look Catharine," said she, "how charmingly I have managed to display every name in due order!"

This, as she expected, gave a new turn to her dear friend's thoughts, and dispersed the gathering storm.

"Charmingly indeed," she replied—"but they do not make half as grand an appearance, as if the ministers' cards were among them. The plain Madames and Mrs.'s are nothing compared to the titles on the gentlemen's cards. Indeed, indeed, Timothy, you must call on all the ministers; Colonel Lenox or Mr. Benson, will be so kind as to introduce you, and then if they aren't told any thing about you, or where you live, they will think you some stranger, perhaps a stranger of distinction, and leave not only cards at this gentleman's lodgings, but invitations too—oh, how delightful that will be; do Timothy, that's a good soul—do call on them all.

"Hang it," said Timothy, "what kind of a figure would I make before Barons and Counts and Excellencies, and I don't know what all; the very thought puts me all in a shudder; hang it, I will make no such fool of myself."
“Well, that is very ill-natured of you Tim, so it is. Only imagine now, how our mantle-piece would look, if in the card-rack, were displayed the large elegant cards of the ministers, all flourished over with "His Excellency the Ambassador from ______; Mr. ______, minister of his Britannic majesty; Count ______, ambassador and minister plenipotentiary from ______; Count Nicholas ______; Baron de ______; Chevalier de ______, and then all the secretaries of legation, and private secretaries in the bargain—oh, it makes my very heart beat to think of it. Do, Maria, use your influence with my brother. One thing more, Maria, I have to ask of you, to let me have the card Mrs M——n left for you, to put up here—I know you won’t care, because you know, as there are several ladies at your house, there must be several of Mrs M——n’s cards, and no one will know which is yours.”

“Oh, if you wish, you may have all the cards that are left for me, and the notes of invitation too, to put in your card racks. I heard the other day of a lady that filled her card-racks in that manner. And my dear Mr. McCarty. I think I can propose a way, that will accommodate you too, and enable you to gratify your sister at an easy rate. You can go at an hour when it is nearly certain they are all out, for I am told all the foreign ministers constantly attend the debates in Congress: now if to your name you add likewise on your cards "at Davis’ Hotel," they will certainly think you are a stranger in Washington, and if your cards are left with Mr. Benson’s, they will think too, you are a stranger of distinction, and the very next day their cards will be left at Davis’ for you. All you will have to do, is to give the servant who attends the bell, a dollar or two, and bid him when you are inquired for, say you are not..."
at home. Papa says he has known several young men do it, even mechanics, and by this means they get to the drawing-room and parties of the secretaries and foreign ministers."

This plan was so easy and simple, that Timothy made no objection, though he felt some dread of his introduction to Mr. Benson. Maria, however, quickly removed his apprehensions by describing that gentleman as one of the finest, best natured, and most pleasant men she had ever seen.

As Mrs. M——n had returned Catharine's visit, she could without impropriety go to the drawing-room, and through the influence of the good natured Mr. Benson, with whom Maria was already good friends, Mrs. Benson, though not without reluctance, was induced once more to patronize that young lady. Mrs. Benson, as we have before said, was a lady of very aristocratical feelings, and with her birth, inherited likewise some of the prejudices of her European ancestors. She did not approve of what she called "the mixture of all ranks," but thought that each party would be benefitted by having obvious lines of demarkation drawn between the different ranks of society. She was one of those who advocated what was called a court circle—to consist exclusively of men in high public stations, and the diplomatic corps. Her husband laughed at her notions, pinched her cheek and called her his little aristocrat, and declared as there was no king, there could be no court; or, that the people of America, being the sovereigns of America, the court circle must be co-extensive with the circle of sovereign power. These disputes were always amicably carried on, and if he pinched her cheek and called her aristocrat, she, most sagaciously and prophetically too, would shake her head and call him a de-
mocrat, and bid him in the language of the Quarterly Review, (and she studied the Quarterly Review with most sympathetic feelings,) "beware, how in pulling down one tyrant, he did not raise many in its stead. Our nation are making an experiment," she would add, "and as the Quarterly Review says, "trying with how little government, society can be held together; with how few institutions and at how cheap a rate," and they exclaim, "is this a safe experiment?—Can it possibly be a successful one?—Can it tend to reform and to exalt the manners and morals of the people on whom it is made?"

"And why not?" exclaimed an old Senator, who sat by, smiling at a lady's political warmth, "and why not? Truly according with these infallible gentlemen of the Quarterly Review, because we have pulled down the three great pillars of European despotism—King, Church, and Nobility, instead of which we have given to our people—power, religion, and equality—three most dreadful scourges to be sure!!" said he shaking his head.

"Pshaw," said her husband, "Our petticoat politicians, and the Quarterly Review politicians, argue just alike. You agree admirably, my dear. Give you kings and nobility—court circles and court dresses—privileges and power, and according to your notions, the nation will be great and wise and virtuous—the people happy, at least the men in place, and the ladies at court:—Pho, pho, my love," added he in a kinder voice, as he saw his reflection on petticoat politicians, had wounded her pride—(for Mrs Benson, as we have said, had pride)—'t leave such old notions for the old world—our new notions better suit our new world; and trust me before you are a great grand-mother, the Quarterly Review, will not exist, or which I think most likely, it will alter its tone—Our experiment will be suc-
cessful and either convert or annihilate all such politicians.

In our government the majority will rule, so the court-circle plan failed, and as Mr. Benson observed, the drawing room circle was, as it ought to be, co extensive with the sovereign power. The President was the people's servant, and the President's house, the people's house.

In later years, these rights have been somewhat encroached on, and it remains yet to be seen how far the people will be able to maintain their claims. Mr. Benson at least often said he had his fears, "for who can resist the ladies," said he "and every lady is at heart an aristocrat, and that is not speaking as ill of the sex, my dear, as a favorite poet of yours, and so I hope you will forgive me, that although I acknowledge, I deprecate your power."

"And well you may deprecate it," said the old Senator, "for if the ladies once get the upper hand, we shall have need to conquer Mexico, and I know not whether even its mines will supply their thirst for luxury and finery. Every one has not the philosophic firmness of a Franklin—when his daughter, sent to him while he was in London for a bunch of Ostrich feathers for her bonnet—he wrote her word, that she could find just as handsome in her poultry yard, and bade her pluck a plume from the old rooster's tail."

"Ha, ha, ha, my dear wife, how would you like that? Come now tell the truth, are you not glad that your husband is not a great philosopher, but a most good-natured rattle-cap—though he is a democrat—yet one who puts his purse-strings into your hands."

"Ah," whispered Mrs. Benson, tenderly, so that he only heard her, as he stooped again to pinch her pretty
rosy cheek—"Ah! your heart-strings rather, and I will ask nothing more."

"Not even pearls or diamonds?" said he, looking affectionately at her—

"Pearls and diamonds," replied she, pressing the hand that had fallen into hers,—"pearls and diamonds are trash in the comparison!"

Mr. Benson turned to a window, and for a few moments was serious—"What a fool I am!" thought he—"where else can I find so much loveliness?—and not in the whole world so much goodness. Fool—pho, it is worse than folly—madness; it is worse than madness."

Then suddenly turning; "My dear," said he, "if you are going to be at home this evening, I will give up that engagement I was telling you of and stay with you."

"Will you," exclaimed his wife, her eyes sparkling; and her face glowing with delight, "then I shall certainly stay at home to-night." She caught his hand.

"Pho," said he, meeting the eyes of the old Senator fixed on them, "don't be silly, don't expose yourself; we are not going to play Darby and Joan, if we stay at home, I will ask a few members to join us at cards, and those two pretty girls too; you can invite them."

The brightness vanished from the eye and the glow faded from the cheek of Mrs. Benson. She made no reply, though a sigh would escape as she bowed her head in acquiescence.
CHAPTER XIV.

The Drawing Room night at last arrived. Maria's and Catharine's dresses were exactly alike; as Catharine paid for both, Maria could not refuse that they should be so. The materials were the most elegant they could find, and made up in the very extreme of fashion.

Maria promised to dress at Mrs. McCarty's, in order to assist at Catharine's toilette, as not a creature in the house was able to do so.

The family were at tea when Catharine entered the parlour in order to exhibit herself. Every eye was turned on her, and until they had taken a full survey, no one spoke. At last, her father exclaimed, "why, girl, you are not half dressed! you should finish off before we can pass judgment."

"Why, pray?" said Catharine; "What is wanting? I am sure I am as completely dressed as money or hands can make me."

"Completely dressed?" replied her father, in astonishment; "why, child, you are half naked—you certainly never intend to be seen in that plight; why, I wonder you aren't ashamed to let these boys see you so. Run, run, child, and put something on your neck and arms."
"Indeed I shall do no such thing!" cried Catharine, with a toss of her head—"I am dressed as I ought to be."

"But, indeed, you shall," said her father, resolutely; "or not one inch shall you stir this night. Why do you suppose I would let you disgrace yourself, and me too, by going out in such a plight? Folks might well think I skimpt you in clothes, if I did; though gracious knows, you had money enough to buy not only a body and sleeves to your gown, but a train too, as long as queen Esther's, in the picture."

Catharine was going angrily to reply, when her mother interrupted her by saying, "Indeed, Kitty, tho' I allow your dress may be real genteel, not being able to say to the contrary, yet I must say, I am of your father's side for this once—not that I think it disgraceful; for how can any thing be disgraceful that is real genteel? but, child, I am sure and sartin you would ketch your death a cold; and that's to what I cannot be consenting, even for the sake of real gentility."

The discussion was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Lenox, who had remained up stairs to put the finishing hand to her dress, after despatching that of her dear friend.

They all turned their eyes on her, and to Mr. McCarty's surprise, she, too, was not, in his estimation, more than half dressed.

"And so, Miss," said he, "you're going with only half a dress on, too!"

"A half dress, Sir? why I assure you it is a full dress—the very fullest dress that is worn."

"Really?" said the old gentleman, "if I had a yard stick here, I think I should prove, the dress you have taken off is twice as full."
"Dear Sir! why when you saw me a few hours ago, I was absolutely undressed!

"Well!" said Mr. McCarty, raising his hands and eyes, "why Miss you would persuade me not to believe my own eyes. Sure that chintz gown you had on, was close round your throat, and the sleeves came clear to the tips of your fingers; so that nobody could see any part of your skin but your face, and now you have nothing at all, at all, on, but a petticoat, and that with scarce a bit of a body to it; and as for sleeves, I am sure I see no sleeves."

"Dear Sir, how you talk! Are not these sleeves?"

"Sleeves, indeed! That bit of a lace ruffle, a sleeve!"

"It is only because you do not know what is the fashion, Sir—if you did you would know this is the fullest dress."

"You're enough to put a body in a passion," said Mr. McCarty, fumbling about his feet, as if he could scarcely sit still. "You would persuade me I don't know my own mother tongue—that I don't know English—a full dress indeed! But I tell you what I do know, Miss, that if it is the fashion, it's the foolishest fashion that foolish people ever invented, not to talk of its indecency; it's a a fashion that may suit ghosts and spirits, but not one that has flesh and blood; that has feeling in it, and that may freeze to death such bitter cold weather as this."

"Oh, Sir, we do not think about feeling."

"Well then, if you have not thought for yourselves, the more need your old father's should think for you, and so Miss Kitty, please to go and put some clothes on, or, in the gibberish of this young lady, go and undress yourself—for not one step shall you go in that fullest of dresses."

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Catharine was about to remonstrate, but Maria whispered something in her ear, and she dutifully submitted, and soon returned with a plain morning dress on.

To this Mrs. McCarty objected—but Catharine gave her mother a wink, which silenced her; and away went the young ladies. Her father, anxious lest she should take cold, lifted her in his arms over the snow-covered pavement; but as he stowed her in the carriage she took good care he should not see the band-box that was in it. Timothy did the same kind office for Maria, and jumping in, said he would see them safe to Mr. Benson's. They laughed heartily at the way they had cheated the old gentleman.

In Maria's room, Catharine soon reassumed her evening dress, and in a little while Mrs. Benson joined them, and they set off.

Much to the relief of the young ladies they were shown into a parlour where they could warm themselves, after a ride of more than two miles, and take a last peep in a glass, to see that all was right, before they were ushered into the Drawing Room. The old Senator and Mrs. Benson led the way, Mr. Benson had Maria's hand, of which he made her sensible more than once, as he led her up stairs; and a member of Congress, who boarded in the same house, took charge of Catharine.

The rooms were crowded when they entered, the awkward timidity of Catharine was not observed, and they both felt relieved from half their fears, by being thus hidden in the throng. After making their courtesies to the President and his lady, who stood near each other, they followed Mrs. Benson to seats, but were unavoidably separated from her, and sitting, as they did, among a crowd to whom even their faces were unknown,
all of whom, except themselves, were gaily laughing and talking perfectly at their ease, our young ladies felt as forlorn and uncomfortable as possible, and thought every eye turned on them. The entrance of all the members of the diplomatic corps in succession, soon engaged not only their attention, but that of the rest of the company. It was some great day among these foreign courtiers, their respect for which was marked by an unusual display of jewels and gold embroidery, by ribbons, to which hung diamond stars, crosses, and I know not what, which made them quite a rare show to our plain republicans. When Madame Sevigné describes a day of great happiness, she calls it "a day embroidered with silk and gold." What a happy evening would this have been for our citizens, could they have formed the same estimate of happiness, for seldom had such a display of courtly grandeur taken place. At this period the diplomatic corps was unusually numerous; four of the ministers had their wives and families with them, and constituted in themselves a brilliant circle.

Could these embroidered gentlemen have heard the remarks, and seen the accompanying smile, of most of the company, as they made their turn round the room, how destitute of all taste would they have pronounced them to be; and it is very likely that they did sometimes perceive the smile and hear the remarks which their ribbons and embroidery excited, and on that very account it is probable that they deemed us such savages—Yet on second thoughts, this cannot be so either—for it is the savage who admires and loves finery, and those who are farthest removed from the savage state, whose reason is most cultivated, and whose taste is most refined, regard it the least.

Well, really, now this is very strange, and produces
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a result I never dreamed of. Since, if the fact is true, we, the plain simple citizens of a republic, must have mounted higher in the grade of intellect, than the most polished nations of Europe. Now, with all the pride of an American, I do not pretend that this is possible. The premises, therefore, must be wrong: notwithstanding the excessive love of paint, feathers, gold and silver ornaments, common to savages, wherever they are found; notwithstanding the pomp, riches, dazzling brilliancy and unrivalled splendor of the Asiatic courts, such examples cannot, do not, prove that a fondness for such distinctions is proportioned to the ignorance of those who use them. No, no; it must be as many foreigners have declared, that we are "absolute savages," because our Chief Magistrate wears a plain coat, and is without ornament, without attendance, and without guards; because we have neither splendid palaces, nor splendid costumes, nor splendid fêtes! Because we have no high rank, but that given by high talents; no distinctions but those conferred by virtue; and that our great men have neither great fortunes, nor great connexions; their whole greatness consisting in having great souls! Now, what can be more savage, than these primeval distinctions? It must, then, be true, and as some of these courtly foreigners, after passing several years among us, have assured their countrymen on their return, "that we are yet in a state of barbarism, and mere savages."

But had any of them noticed the fixed and admiring gaze of our young ladies, and overheard their exclamations, they might have allowed them some taste. "Oh, how beautiful—how rich!—did you ever see any thing like that hanging on Monsieur's breast? Why I declare it glitters more than a real star!"
"To be sure," replied Maria, "to be sure, did you think stars shone as bright as diamonds?"

"Well, at last," said Catharine, "I can know by my own eyes what diamonds are—I declare, Maria, there is nothing I wanted to go to London so much for, as to see lords and ladies, and pearls and diamonds—I never read a novel, but I was almost dying with curiosity."

"And, now, without crossing the Atlantic, you see all these surprising things," said Maria.

"Yes, but to tell you the honest truth, Maria, I am sadly disappointed. The diamonds do not shine half so bright as I expected—and as for the pearls, they make no show at all!"

"But the lords and ladies?" inquired Maria.

"Why, in them, too," said Catharine, "I am equally disappointed. I declare if it were not for their coats, I couldn't tell the counts and barons from other men. I imagined they would have quite a different look—something about them that would make one feel and know that they were noblemen; but so far from it, I declare, that, and that, and that gentleman, (pointing out some genteel and fine looking men,) come much nearer my idea of nobility, than any of these others; and to tell you another thing that strikes me, a full suit of black is not only more becoming, but to me has something more imposing, than an embroidered coat—though I must own it is very fine—but the deuce is, it makes one look more at the coat than the man."

"Upon my word, Catharine, that is a good hit—I declare it is just what I felt myself—I have been so taken up in examining the embroidery, sword, ribands, stars, &c. &c. that I never thought about the man that
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Wore them any more than I do about the pedlar whose fine things I am examining?"

But this amusement could not always last; even our novices were soon tired of looking at this foreign splendour, and again felt lonely and awkward. The seats around them were now deserted. Mrs. M—d—a had gone into the music room, and except a few politicians, who stood in scattered knots, this large room was now solitary, which a minute before had been crowded almost to suffocation.

"We must positively muster up courage to follow," said Maria; "it is dreadful to be left so forlorn!" And she was just rising, when Mr. Benson entered from the opposite room, throwing his eyes all around in search of them. He eagerly approached, with fifty apologies from his wife, who had sent him, he said, to look for and bring them to her, as she had unintentionally been hurried into another apartment. He gave one arm to each of the young ladies. But they found it impossible to advance far—the crowd was impassable.

"Why, what is to be seen in this room?" asked Catharine.

"Nothing more than was to be seen in the other," replied Mr. Benson.

"What are they doing then?" reiterated Catharine.

"Nothing more than they did in the other room," returned Mr. Benson, smiling.

"If there is nothing extraordinary to be seen or done here," said Catharine, "I cannot imagine why they all left the drawing room in such haste, and hurried into this smaller room so eagerly. You are laughing at me," said she, "seeing Mr. Benson smile, and imposing on our ignorance I suspect."

"Positively no," returned he.
"Well," said Maria, "there must be something to hear then; have not I guessed right?"

Mr. Benson shook his head, saying, "judge for yourself; do you hear in this room any thing more than you heard in the other room?"

"Nothing, nothing!" exclaimed both the young ladies—"we hear nothing but a loud and confused murmur of voices."

"And yet," said Mr. Benson, "this crowd pressed eagerly into this apartment, and stand here packed so close that they can scarcely move a finger, to hear the celebrated Mrs. —— perform on the harp—and the celebrated Miss —— sing."

"Really," said Maria, "they show no great anxiety to hear; they talk faster and louder than they did in the drawing room! If I were the performer, I should be quite vexed."

"At any rate," said Catharine, "I think those who want to talk might stay in the other room, and leave those who are fond of listening, to the music."

"Those would be very few, I assure you," said Mr. Benson; "the fact is, young ladies, the music is not the attraction, but Mrs. M—d—n. Wherever she moves, the crowd follows. Take care, take care," said he, drawing them from the door into a corner; "take care, the tide of fashion turns again, and pours so rapidly along, you will be borne away, if you do not retreat."

The crowd was again in motion: such a pressing, such a squeezing, to get back into the drawing room.

They soon succeeded, and in the music room remained only a few young ladies and gentlemen, who lingered round the instrument.
"At this rate," said Maria, "we shall never be able to rejoin Mrs. Benson."

"Why I fear so," replied Mr. Benson, "unless I can get an aid-de-camp; here," said he, to a gentleman of his acquaintance who was passing near him, "Jones, give your arm to this young lady—Miss McCarty, Mr. Jones,—while I give mine to Miss Lenox, and let us try with this reinforcement to make our way to the upper end of the room, where we shall find Mrs. Benson."

This arrangement made, they plunged into the crowd, and were soon separated; Mr. Jones successfully explored his way and put Miss McCarty under the care of Mrs. Benson.

Miss Lenox and her guide were not so fortunate, though I do not know that they could be called unfortunate, if judged by the pleased and animated expression of their countenances, as they sat on a little sofa that stood in a recess behind the company, when being wearied with the exertion of trying to make their way through the crowd, Mr. Benson proposed they should rest themselves. And it so happened that they forgot themselves; and it was not until the room was so thinned of company, that they could see and be seen from the opposite side, that Miss Lenox, lifting her eyes, discovered Mrs. Benson and Miss McCarty, and immediately proposed joining them. Mrs. Benson politely regretted the separation that had taken place, and introduced them to several agreeable men who were standing near her. The circle soon enlarged, and the young ladies were made acquainted with some persons of distinction, whom they had been anxious to know.

"Do you see," said a gentleman to Mrs. Benson, "how gracious our lady Presidentess is, and how assiduous that little man is?"
"They seem more than usually interested," answered Mrs. Benson; "is there any particular reason why they should be so?"

"None in the world," said he shrugging his shoulders, "except that one is reviewing, and the other is being reviewed."

"You are enigmatical," said Mrs. Benson.

"Not at all," replied the gentleman; "that is the celebrated Scotch Reviewer J——. You cannot be surprised that any one and every one stands in awe of, and would willingly propitiate this despot of public opinion; he, whose breath can blast laurels in their freshest bloom, or revive and renovate those that are crushed and withered; or, without a metaphor, he who can bestow or destroy fame — the keenness of whose penetration no fault or error can escape, though hidden beneath brilliant images and mighty words — whose judgment is weighty and irresistible as the club of Hercules; whose wit is piercing and unerring as the darts of Apollo; who, in knowledge, is as rich as Croesus; and in his decisions as just as Minos and as inexorable as Pluto. Such being his attributes, is it wonderful that he governs public opinion with a despotic sway?"

"And his only sceptre a pen?" inquired Mrs. Benson.

"Oh! madam, surely you need not be told, it is the most powerful sceptre in the universe. What nations does it not govern? What prejudices has it not conquered? What chains has it not broken? What evils has it not redressed? What blessings has it not bestowed? It commands the past, the present, and the future. It confers immortality more enduring than brass or marble, and possesses a power more omnipotent than kings and
armies: a power, which even Time, before whom nations and empires have fallen, cannot resist. Wielding such a sceptre then, is he not terrible? But without any joking on the subject, I assure you, Madam, I think J—— one of the most extraordinary men of the age. One who has a greater variety of knowledge than is usually found connected with an equal degree of depth and correctness, and who has, by the power of his own mind, gained a more omnipotent influence over public opinion, than any other modern writer. He is a most extraordinary man, you may depend on it, Madam."

"He is rather too much of an innovator for me," said Mrs. Benson. "I prefer the good old fashioned opinions of my friends of the Quarterly, they adhere with unshaken fidelity to old institutions, old customs, old principles, and even old prejudices; which, believe me, requires courage and firmness, in these overturning, new modelling, and revolutionizing days, and"

She was interrupted in her eulogium by the approach of the President. She had long and intimately known Mr. M—d—n, as since her marriage her husband had always been in public life.

He accosted her in that manner so peculiarly his own, and which when he conversed with ladies was as unlike his manner when conversing with gentlemen, as that of a different person. In fact, Mr. M—d—n had apparently two characters, to each of which belonged a different set of manners, a different set of looks, and those who only knew him in his public station as a politician and statesman, though they might feel respect and admiration, would certainly have no warmer feelings excited. When merely a listener or spectator, his countenance exhibited the contemplative cast of a philosopher,
whose placidity had never been disturbed by strong or conflicting passions. At such times, the mild serenity of his aspect was like the repose of nature in the stillness of moonlight. But when the powers of his mind were called into action, another set of muscles were put in motion; his brow was knit—deep and strong lines gathered on his forehead, and the stern expression of his countenance presented a contrast to its previous stillness and serenity, as striking as that of the lake whose smooth and glassy surface is suddenly roughened into furrows by the rising of the wind. Then, to the deep lines of thought thus developed, was added that air of unyielding determination, which left his opponent nothing to hope for from the powers of persuasion or eloquence, who felt at once, that if in the intellectual combat he had any chance of victory, it must be from opposing strong arguments, weighty reasons, and undeniable facts; since lighter weapons would prove as ineffectual as the arrows hurled against the impenetrable shield of Ajax. His manners, cold, cautious, and reserved, repelled familiarity, checked confidence, and chilled sympathy, and were sufficient to verify the assertion of Sallust, when he says, "a politician has no heart."

But no sooner did he address a lady, than the contemplative placidity of the philosopher—the cold reserve of the politician, equally vanished: the deep lines of thought were lost in smiles, and his countenance became radiant with complacency and good humor. Those mild blue eyes, which the moment before seemed made only to contemplate intellectual truths, now sparkled with pleasure, and in their corners lurked frolic mischief, and sportive satire.

His mouth too!—what a playful archness—what a good humoured raillery were obvious on lips which,
while they flattered, seemed to contradict the words they uttered by the equivocal expression which hung about them. In truth, his whole manner, as well as countenance, changed. His mind no longer in collision with mind, the weapons of attack or defence were thrown aside, while he yielded to relaxation and amusement. On such occasions he never thought of serious conversation, but trifled in the most agreeable manner, and displayed a wit as harmless as it was brilliant; but the keen flash, that sometimes stole from his eye, betrayed, that if harmless, it was benevolence and not want of power that made it so.

But it was in domestic life, and only in domestic life, when surrounded by the objects of his affection and his most familiar friends, that Mr. M—d—n could be truly appreciated. Those who have seen him beneath his own roof, in the midst of an admiring circle whom he enlivened by his gaiety, and enlightened by his wisdom, have seen philosophy in its most amiable form; but those only who have seen him the tender and respectful son of an aged and venerated mother—the kind, polite, and attentive husband—the candid, communicative and confiding friend—the hospitable and cordial host—the benefactor and guardian of his slaves—they, only can know Mr. M—d—n as a man, though all the world may know him as a statesman.

"I come to reprove you," said he, with one of those arch smiles which contradicted his words, since he certainly meant, "I come to admire you."

"And in what have I sinned?" asked Mrs. Benson, in the same playful tone.

"Why, are we not commanded," asked he, "not to hide our light, and you surely must have hidden yours, or I should have found you out sooner."
"The moon is not seen while the sun shines," replied Mrs. Benson, modestly, looking round on the almost deserted room.

"And I am such an admirer of the moon," said Mr. M—d—n, "that I shall never murmur at the absence of the sun; to me there is something enchanting in its mild and modest light."

Mrs. Benson's eye fell, and her color rose, at the implied compliment, which was directed by one of his pointed glances.

She turned the conversation, if sportive sallies of wit, and playful compliments could be called conversation, from herself, to other subjects, which might have continued longer, had not the secretary of —— approached, and by his manner, rather than anything he said, drawn the President away. Some gentlemen of the Senate joined him as he reached the middle of the room.

Any one who now saw him standing erect, his hands clasped behind him—his eye fixed—every muscle at rest, as he listened in profound attention, would have wondered at the metamorphosis, and would scarcely believe that the cold and statue-like being they looked on was the animated and gracious personage that had been so gaily talking with Mrs. Benson.

But—as we said the room was almost deserted, and Mrs. Benson, though more agreeably entertained than she had been during the more crowded part of the evening, now rose, and followed by the young ladies, made her parting courtesy.
CHAPTER XV.

It would be difficult to determine, who was most mortified and disappointed by the result of this drawing room, Catharine or Mrs. McCarty. The daughter and mother had equally calculated on some great effect being produced.

The dress, on which so much time, so much money, so many midnight meditations and deep calculations had been expended, and which it was supposed would attract general attention and admiration, splended as it seemed, exhibited alone in Mrs. McCarty's parlour, dwindled and faded into nothing when compared with the dresses Catharine saw in the drawing room, and was completely lost in the crowd—"and not only my dress, but myself too," added she, almost sobbing with vexation. "Not a creature took any more notice of me, than of a kitten, or a lap dog making their way among them. It was the most suffocating, tiresome place that could be, and I am sure if it was not to say that I go to the drawing room, nobody would ever catch me there again; for I was tired to death."

Still Catharine continued to seek and to obtain invitations to the parties and assemblies of the great people, as she called them, and still she returned mortified, vexed, and wearied, with nothing but the same story to repeat to her mother—"That she was lost in the
crowd, where she knew nobody and nobody knew her, and where not a creature spoke to her." Yet that she might say she had been there, and say it to people who only disliked and ridiculed her for her frivolous vanity, she exposed herself to these continual humiliations, and to great trouble and expense besides.

Maria did not find much more satisfaction at these gay resorts, for she was as little noticed and as little known. Neither of these young ladies had beauty sufficient to attract attention in a brilliant throng, though they did very well at home: And when by chance some one inquired "who are those two poor girls sitting there alone?" some one would reply; "one is the daughter of a poor officer, and the other the daughter of a rich shop-keeper; but more or less—or how or where—or what and who, no one undertaketh." "Poor things, if it did not make one look so confoundedly insignificant, and feel so sheepish to be dancing with neglected damsels, I could find it in my heart to take compassion on them."

"Egad, if you did, you would show a more chivalric courage than I pretend to possess—Egad, a man must be somebody himself, before he dares venture to dance with these nobodies."

And as these sombodies, viz: persons of real fashion, were more agreeably engaged, these poor girls were left to absolute solitude in a brilliant crowd.

Maria, indeed, was not quite as neglected as Catharine. Sometimes her father going up to a young gentleman, or a member of Congress, or a fellow-officer, would insist on introducing them to his daughter; but knowing he was poor, they were all shy of his introductions, suspecting he wanted to catch a husband for his daughter. Mr. Benson too, after going the rounds of
fashion and beauty, if he could find nothing more to his fancy, would steal to Maria, and drawing her into some obscure corner, would flirt with her by the hour. Maria, little thinking it was simply for his amusement, was highly flattered by this marked preference, and more than returned his attentions. He was a married man! and the probability of loving or being beloved by a married man, never once entered her head. She looked upon all these flirtations as harmless as if with a brother, and yielded to them, unconscious of the increasing interest they were exciting in her heart, until she felt the increasing pain his absence or his neglect occasioned. As for Mr. Benson, while thus by the most tender and flattering attention he was winning the affections of a simple and innocent girl, and felt such pleasure in playing with her feelings, he forgot, that what was sport to him, was death to others, and excused himself in his own eyes by saying, “the girl knows I am married, and cannot have any serious designs—as for the rest, let her take care of herself; if she chooses to be silly, it is with her eyes open.” But is this right! is it consistent with honor—with humanity, thus to trifle with the affections—with the peace—nay, sometimes with the life of a young creature, whose error is the error of innocence!—Yes it is her innocence which makes her believe it impossible to love or be beloved by a married man, and secure in her ignorance of vice, she rushes blindly into error and unhappiness.

If I thought an appeal to the honor and humanity of gay fashionable men like Mr. Benson, could answer any purpose, I would summon to my aid the strongest words of our language, the most affecting examples of pining, hopeless, and broken hearts, to persuade them to choose a more harmless amusement. But I could
tell them nothing, which they do not already know, and it is therefore, to inexperienced youth that I would address myself, and caution them on a point in which their best interests are involved.

Listen then—Yet is would be but throwing away words; for when does gay and giddy youth listen to the advice that would check them in the pursuit of pleasure? Example, perhaps, may be more effectual. Even that is doubtful if the old adage is true, which says "experience must be bought."—Well, it is a pity that youth will pay so exorbitantly, for what age is so willing to give gratuitously.

Stimulated by the most frivolous vanity, Catharine still pursued the phantoms of fashion and pleasure, though they constantly eluded her grasp, and left her after every effort, more humiliated and discontented. She frequented fashionable crowds, where she gained a few trifling and unimportant acquaintances, but not a single friend, much less a lover, which was the height of her ambition.

In the increasing intimacy of Maria with Mr. Benson, her tender feelings soon absorbed her vanity, and whether at home or abroad, his attentions were her highest gratifications; and while enjoying them, she forgot her projected conquests. One young gentleman, who was in the same Department as her father, had discovered more than common admiration for her, and had she improved the favorable impression, she might perhaps have changed admiration into love. But Maria had no eyes, no ears for any one but Mr. Benson, and wholly unconscious of the nature of her feelings, felt perfectly happy in what she termed, and what she believed, the friendship of her new friend.

It was not until the session drew near a close, and
the time approached when Mr. and Mrs. Benson were to leave Washington, that the poor girl awoke from her trance; but she awoke to a sense of pain she had never dreamed of. Regret, however, would be unavailing; she had too much of her father's worldly wisdom to throw away a substantial good, for a vain regret, or the indulgence of a useless fancy; she, therefore, resolved before it was too late, to recover her influence over young McCarty, which her late neglect had impaired. She did not love him, it is true; but that was of little consequence. She wanted an establishment—a house of her own—this he could give her; and if the husband was not exactly to her fancy, she determined the house should be. Her father reproached her with not having better improved the advantage she had enjoyed, and said, "with such a fine figure as hers, and such an introduction into society, she ought to have got a husband worth having, instead of throwing away her time as she had done on a married man." Maria believed so too—but it was now too late, and she had no choice but to take the illiterate brother of her dear friend, or remain an incumbrance on her father.

About this time, her brother, a fashionable young man who was in the army, returned from a distant fort in which he had been stationed, and on being informed of the state of affairs, seconded the advice of his father, and undertook to gentlemanize his intended brother-in-law. His pay was small and his habits expensive, and calculated on its being as convenient and agreeable for him to have a rich brother-in-law, as for his sister to have a rich husband. Catharine, on her part, was equally desirous of the match. Notwithstanding all her efforts, she had not succeeded in forming as genteel a circle as she wished, and was continually mortified by the
vulgar manner of her mother. Maria, during her winter's residence with Mrs. Benson, had made many fashionable acquaintances, and, when mistress of a handsome house, would without doubt establish herself in the first circle, and according to a private agreement between the friends, Catharine, in case of such an event, was to live with her brother.

As for Mrs. McCarty, she had positively set her heart on the match; notwithstanding Mr. McCarty's opinion to the contrary, she maintained that Miss Lenox, the sister's dear friend, was the most suitable match her son could make. As for the young man himself, he was, while indulged with the kind words and still kinder looks of Maria, in a kind of intoxication, which he mistook for love. When that kindness was diverted to another object he was restless and unhappy, and had time sometimes to think of Leibner's humble parlour and of the happy hours he had passed there—At such moments, the sincere and tender affection he felt for Martha would revive, and he meditated a renewal of his visits to his music master. But Maria returned—Maria was as kind as ever, and Martha was again forgotten. Affections faded before the ardours of passion, as the stars do before the rising sun. Maria more than half met the advances of McCarty, and her encouraging manner conquered the natural timidity of her lover.

Congress adjourned—Maria found it dull to be alone in lodgings in which she had been accustomed to so much gay company, and was easily prevailed on to pass the most part of her time with her dear friend. While Catharine played on her piano, Maria, and her lover sometimes danced to her music, and oftener still sat together on the sofa, where young McCarty soon found courage to offer a hand, which was unhesitatingly ac-
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cepted. Maria's brother had been introduced to the family, and when he could, as he said, escape from his other engagements, would join the family circle at Mr. McCarty's. He found Catharine bearable, and she found him charming. Charles was seldom of the party: he had formed for himself a set of acquaintances more to his taste. When, as sometimes was the case, he found his little apartment lonely, he would seek the society of his newly acquired friends. Among these, was a young man about his own age, to whom he was soon attached by a congeniality of disposition and similarity of taste.

Paul Tilton was the son of a carpenter, who had been induced to settle in Washington at the time the public buildings were first commenced, by the high wages given to mechanics. He was a native of Boston, and like thousands of his fellow-citizens was indebted, not only for a good, but classical education, to the free-schools which are not only an honor to the wisdom and policy of the New England States, but the surest safeguard of public virtue and the purest source of social happiness. Schools, in which a good English education is given, are accessible to every one, even in the most remote districts and thinnest settled neighbourhoods; those of a higher order are confined to their larger towns; but in Boston, where private munificence goes far beyond the requisitions of the law, the system of free educations is wider in its extent and higher in its objects than elsewhere. There, the poorest boy without money and without price, may acquire as complete an education as the son of the wealthiest citizen. At the age of eight or nine, he commences his course in the primary schools, and rises gradually, year after year, till he attains the last and highest, in which he is intro-
duced to an intimate knowledge of the Latin and Greek authors. Equal attention is paid to the education of females, though of course their domestic duties and habits do not allow of their attaining to the higher branches. How different a state of society exists in the New England and the Southern States! In the latter, when we speak of the poorer class we connect with it the idea of ignorance, vulgarity, and too generally, and too justly, of vice—for the last is the common consequence of the first. An unlettered and ignorant mechanic or labourer, when his day's work is over, having no other resource, seeks for his amusement, his relaxation from labor, in the excitement of drinking or gaming, and too often seeks it in dram-shops and taverns. There, he expends his hard-earned wages, stupifies his faculties, or inflames his passions. Poverty follows in the train of vice, and by its miseries stimulates to new excesses and new crimes.

Such are the inevitable effects of ignorance. If any one doubts this, and there are many who do doubt it, let them contrast with what is called the poorer classes in the Southern States, men in the same condition of life with the same means of subsistence, in the Eastern States. As for the poorer class, if such a designation is ever used among them, it conveys different ideas from those connected with it elsewhere; ideas in which ignorance, vulgarity, and vice have no share. The laboring class, is the designation in these states for this part of the human family, or with more propriety the industrious class; an epithet which naturally connects with it ideas of order, plenty and intelligence—ideas, which are justified by facts. When the educated mechanic or laborer closes his day's work, he, like all other human beings, needs relaxation, and desires amusement.
Where does he seek it?—in the artificial exhilaration of ardent spirits?—or the salutary excitement of intellectual pleasure? By his clean hearth and bright fire, while his wife and daughters pursue various branches of domestic industry, he beguiles the long winter evenings with books—sometimes even scientific and philosophic works, for his wife and daughters having been likewise educated, can understand and relish the amusement he provides. Vice can find no resting place, in such a circle, and poverty when it does intrude into this industrious class, is introduced by sickness and misfortune.

Would that these observations, which may be considered as misplaced in this simple tale, would that they could at least induce our pious and benevolent citizens, who are now so assiduously endeavoring to improve the condition of the poorer class, to turn their attention to these facts, and be persuaded that no permanent improvement can be effected, until the primary step is taken—the education of the poor. The money annually collected and expended on the temporary relief of their physical sufferings, in the long run, instead of lessening, increases the mass of human suffering.—Naturally, indolent, men will not labor unless forced by necessity to do so.

Now this necessity is removed by the supplies afforded to them by the many charitable collections and institutions formed by sincere but mistaken benevolence. The same annual contributions now expended on food and clothing, if applied to the education of the poor, would in time produce habits of industry and innocent amusement which would do more in improving the condition, and go farther in relieving the sufferings of the poorer class, than the present system of relief ever can effect. The houses of industry, in which work
is prepared and given to poor women, is certainly a better plan than to maintain them in idleness, but still this is a mere temporary relief—it does not produce habits of industry; to do this a radical change is necessary. The foundation must be laid before the superstructure is raised. *Education* is and must be the foundation of the virtue and well-being of society.

Mr. Tilton's father had a numerous family, who according to the custom of their country, depended on their own industry, and not on that of their father's savings for their support. As they grew up, they left the paternal roof, and went to different places, and sought by different ways to make their fortunes. His eldest brother rose from a school-master, to be an eminent preacher; several had gone to sea, and one in the *new countries*, where he cleared himself a habitation in the wilderness, and lived happily in the midst of his children, his herds and flocks. Mr. Tilton had discovered so decided a turn for mechanics, "such a mathematical head," as his teacher said, that after his education was finished, he preferred being a mechanic, to the more intellectual and sedentary occupation of teacher—to the more laborious one of the farmer—or to the wandering life of a seaman; and like his brothers, he left his home to seek his fortune.
CHAPTER XVI.

The high wages given to those employed in the public buildings, as has been said, determined him to come to Washington. Here he easily found employment. His habits were simple and unexpensive—his books were his sole companions, for among his fellow laborers he found none whose company could afford pleasure to a mind improved like his. He was thus saved from those temptations to expenditure, in which the earnings of so many of the mechanics were wasted. His were saved and rapidly accumulated: he felt the want of other society than books; his heart yearned for companionship. During a visit he made his father, he found what his heart yearned for, and on his return brought with him a good and industrious wife. He had now less temptation than ever to look abroad for the means of relaxation or amusement. His wife, brought up in the same manner as himself, thought and felt as he did. Books filled up the vacancies of labor—they afforded a pleasure as inexhaustable as it was cheap, and Mr. Tilton as he grew older, grew happier, and wiser, and richer. Would that his success, would prompt others to follow his example!

He had two children, Paul and Lydia. As there were at that time no good schools in our infant metropolis, he and his wife taught their children at home, and
perhaps in few schools could they have found such able, and in no schools, such faithful, instructors. During their early childhood this task was exclusively the mothers; but as they grew older and sat up later, the father devoted his winter evenings to teaching them the higher branches of education. His lessons were, in truth, designed only for his son, but his little girl, as she sat by the same table with her sewing or knitting, profitted almost as much by them as her brother. As soon as he was able to handle tools, they were put into his hands; for his father designed him for his own business; and Lydia, who was the constant companion of her brother, found no toys that amused her half so much as what she found in her father’s work-shop.

The books on architecture, which soon became a chief branch of Paul’s study, were full of pictures, which she not only delighted to look at, but often attempted to copy. As often as her brother missed his rule, his compass, or his pencil, Lydia was sure to know where they were, and when she would draw them from their hiding place, often with them whole sheets of writing paper, covered with her sketches and rude designs. Many a scolding did the poor little girl get for neglecting her allotted task of needle work in order to be drawing pictures. But neither scolding or punishment could break her of these idle habits, as her mother called them; and few evenings passed in which the pencil and compass, or rule, of her brother were not to be looked for; and the big picture books too, were irresistible temptations to Lydia. She was pronounced to be the most mischievous child alive, and had it not been for her brother’s good nature and excessive fondness for her, it is probable that severe reprimands and frequent punishments inflicted by her parents, might at last have con-
quered the little girl's love of mischief, or, in other words, the natural taste and restless activity of her mind. But Paul doated on Lydia, and it soon became his greatest delight to teach her all he knew himself. He not only lent her his pencil, but his books, and declared that when she read with him, he understood the subject much better than when he studied alone.

The year that the canal was opened, the billious fever, common to the climate, assumed a most fatal type, and carried off a number of respectable citizens, among whom were Mr. Tilton and his wife. Left to himself with his dear sister to support, Paul applied himself with unremitting industry to his business.

He was employed at the Capitol, and was distinguished from the other workmen, not only by his fidelity and diligence, but his superior skill. There was a neatness and finish in whatever work he executed, that soon attracted the attention of Mr. L—b—e, the architect, who, himself, a man of great genius, soon discovered its emanations in another.

He sometimes spoke to young Tilton—The blush that suffused his ingenuous countenance, indicated his modesty and sensibility.—He sometimes praised him, and the fire that then sparkled in the young man's eye, betrayed to the architect's penetrating glance, and sympathetic feelings, the latent genius of the youth. In addition to these circumstances, Mr. L—b—e discovered, in conversing with him, a degree of intelligence and information beyond any thing he had before met with among the mechanics he employed. Paul, in truth, had said but little, but that little was conveyed in a language and manner, that showed cultivation of mind.—Mr. L—b—e soon assigned to him such pieces of work as required most skill and ingenuity—that often required
his instruction, or a reference to books and drawings, for which purpose he would often carry the young mechanic home with him, and finding in him a decided taste for the arts, he took him as a pupil, and never seemed happier than when developing his taste and genius. He lent him not only such books as were connected with his profession, but such as treated of the sister arts of sculpture and painting. Mr. L—b—e had sent to Italy for some sculptors: several artists had arrived, and were now employed on some statues and other embellishments for the Capitol. Paul was introduced to them, and in order to benefit by, and enjoy their society, he set about learning the Italian language. One of the young artists was his teacher, and in return received lessons in English from Paul.

What a rich store of new enjoyments this opened to the young mechanic. He loved Lydia too well not to share them with her, and though she was one of the best little house-wives in the world, she was so eager to learn all her brother could teach, that she never wanted leisure of an evening to attend to his instructions and participate in his pleasures.

Such was the friend, whom Charles McCarty had found by chance, and loved from sympathy. This attraction of sympathy, though it can be defined by none, must be allowed by all; for who is there, that has not met with some individual whose first glance revealed to him a friend?

If there be such a one, I pity him, for he has never known, nor can know, that identity of soul which constitutes the joy of friendship and the charm of love. So perfect is the union, so fond the attachment, so instantaneous the fellowship, that is produced by this attraction of sympathy, that the only way it can satisfactorily
be explained, is by supposing it to be the recognition of souls, whose acquaintance commenced in another state of being. The nature of mind is beyond the comprehension of man. Its modes of existing, or its modes of acting, are equally inscrutable. The prisoner immured in a dungeon, from the grated window of which he perceives a few dim rays of the sun, might as well pretend to describe the brightness, the heat, the revolutions, and substance of that luminary, as the soul imprisoned in the body, attempt to define the limits, the powers, or the nature of mind. Besides that of attraction, there are other powers inherent in the principle of sympathy, which would lead the enthusiast, if not the philosopher, to believe that mind can act upon mind, though separated by time and space. Yes, that mind can commune with mind, though divided by seas and mountains!

However fanciful and inexplicable in theory, there are few who have not felt this mysterious influence, and it is certain that our young friends, could in no other manner explain the affection they instantly and mutually felt on their first meeting with each other.

Charles had been exploring the labyrinthine recesses of the Capitol, when he opened by chance the door of a remote room. By the dim light that fell from a high window he saw what he took for the disjointed parts of the human body. Here, lay a carcase without limbs—there, scattered limbs, without a carcase—and here a pallid head. He shrunk back a moment, wondering how a dissecting room should be located in the Capitol. Curiosity led him to a closer inspection, and he then discovered he was in the work-shop of a sculptor, and that they were but the models in plaster, of parts of the human body. While he stood considering them, an opposite door was opened by a young man in a laborer's dress,
who, on inquiring, informed him, the adjoining room was the one in which the sculptor was at work, and that if he chose he might go in. Charles entered. The artist was at work on a large statue, and so absorbed in his occupation that he did not perceive him. A young man of most prepossessing appearance was leaning against the wall, with his eyes intently fixed on the hand of the sculptor—so motionless, that he might himself have been taken for a statue. Charles stood an unobserved and rather an embarrassed spectator, feeling somewhat of an intruder and too timid to speak. How long this mute scene might have lasted is uncertain, if the artist had not dropped his chisel, and the young man hastily stooped to pick it up; as he rose, he saw Charles, who in a few words explained the nature of his visit. The Italian nodded to him to be seated, and went on with his work; the modest Charles hesitated for a moment, and in the next, the young man had brought him a stool, placed it near the artist, and begged him to sit down. As he accepted the seat, he gave an acknowledging look; his eyes met the eyes of the youth. If they had met those of an old friend, he could scarce have felt a more pleasing emotion. There was such a sweetness in the expression of the face, such a cordiality in the tone of the voice, that the expression and the tone went strait to his heart. It was Paul Tilton.—Charles passed more than an hour in the sculptor's work-sho, examining various objects, and exhibiting such a lively interest, and so much information, that he made the most favorable impression on both the artist and his young companion.

Thus commenced an acquaintance, which soon grew into enthusiastic friendship. It was at the house of his friend Paul, that Charles now passed his happiest
hours. Poetry is near a kin to sculpture. Painting, and even architecture, likewise derive their origin from the same sources—imagination and taste; and our young poet, in the company of the artist felt much more at home, than among the fashionables his sister sometimes drew to their house.

One evening after tea, Charles became warmly engaged in a discussion with Paul Tilton, who was sitting in a corner by the fire. Charles's elbow was on the table, and his head leaning on his hand—Lydia sat on the opposite side of the table, and had her work-basket by her. Charles, in the earnestness of conversation, paid her no attention, but had his eyes fixed on the face of his friend. More than once Charles observed an arch smile steal over Paul's countenance. He wondered at it, as there was nothing in what he said calculated to excite a smile—he paused and Paul resumed his serious and attentive look. But again, while Charles labored to establish the disputed point, and became more and more in earnest, his friend not only smiled, but seemed scarcely able to restrain a laugh. He again suddenly paused, and following the glance of his friend's eye, turned and saw Lydia with a sheet of paper before her and a pencil in her hand. She hastily tried to conceal them. Unwilling to be thought impertinently curious, he turned away his eyes, and again addressed his friend, who for some minutes most garvely attended to him; but soon his smile returned—his attention was diverted, and Charles, angry, again turned to the object that attracted the attention of his antagonist. Lydia's paper was again spread before her, and her pencil at work. Before she could remove it, her brother started up and endeavored to snatch it from her—she evaded his grasp, and ran from him—he pursued—she leapt from chair to
chair with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and the grace of a sylph—Paul called on Charles to assist him, and Lydia, shaking her finger at him, forbade his interference.

The paper now held behind her, now high above her head, now passed over his face, and the instant after, out of his reach. Almost exhausted, her brother had caught her dress, and in another moment would have possessed himself of the contested paper, if with indescribable agility, she had not disengaged herself and sprung on a table—and from that to a shelf on which were a few scattered books. Her brother alarmed lest it should give way, stood near with outstretched arms, and unconsciously Charles put himself in the same attitude.

"Surrender," said Paul—

"Never," replied Lydia, while she waved the paper in triumph high above his head.

Paul for a moment forgot his purpose, lost in admiration of her light and beautiful form. Her comb in the struggle had fallen from her head, and her flaxen ringlets hung in rich profusion over her shoulders—Her colour was heightened by exercise, and her eyes sparkling with animation.—One arm was stretched out, waving the disputed paper—the other rested for support on a pile of books beside her.

"Do not move—do not change that attitude," exclaimed her brother—"Look Charles, would she not make a fine figure for Fame, wafting abroad the historic page, which you may suppose she has just torn from one of those volumes?"

"I should rather have said, like Iris, with a message from the skies," replied he.

"Make room then," cried the playful girl, "while I
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descend with it to the earth;” and before they could pre-
vent her, she sprang to the floor.

Ere she could recover herself, her brother caught
her in his arms, and almost made himself master of the
paper, when extricating the hand, in which it was held,
she reached it to Charles—

“Say, yes, to what I ask, and you shall have it, Mr.
McCarty,” said Lydia—

“Yes,” eagerly answered he—

“Will you burn, without looking at it?”

Though his fallen looks betrayed his disappoint-
ment, he pronounced the promised yes, and Lydia deli-
vered the paper to him, saying, “I would trust your
simple word, sooner than I would trust the oath, sworn
on bended knees, by any other mortal.”

“And such confidence can never be betrayed,” said
Charles, throwing the paper into the flames.

“What a fool you are,” said Paul; “do you suppose
a poet or painter wishes to be taken at their word—pre-
tended modesty, believe me, you little know what you
have destroyed.”

“Does Miss Lydia write poetry?”

“No, but Miss Lydia draws pictures, and who
knows but that was one that might have immortalized
her?”

“Brother, brother,” said Lydia, shaking her fin-
ger at him, in a threatening manner, while with her eyes
she implored his forbearance.

“Oh, it would be cruel, unjust, to conceal your ta-

tent.”

She staid to hear no more, but ran out of the room,
and in so doing knocked down a port-folio that lay on
a chair—Charles stooped to pick up the scattered pa-
pers. On the first, on the second, on the third, that he
picked up, he saw his own face and figure drawn in various attitudes.

Charles turned away his face covered with blushes, while Paul adjusted the papers—saying, "After all, the secret's out!" At first he laughed heartily at the accident, but suddenly checking his mirth, he turned, and seizing his friend's hand,—"Charles," said he, "I depend on you as I do on myself. Forget what you have seen, and never let Lydia suspect the discovery you have made."

"Never!" replied Charles, with deep and strong emotion.
CHAPTER XVII.

What a new and absorbing interest was awakened in the heart of Charles by this discovery! Of the state of his own heart, he had of late been very suspicious; he could not conceal from himself, that much as he loved Paul, the pleasure of his conversation was not the only attraction which drew him to his house. If Lydia happened to be absent, as was sometimes the case, he found the evening tedious, and caught himself listening to every sound, instead of his friend's discourse, and as often turning his eyes to the door. Paul observed the same symptoms of a wandering mind, and was at no loss to account for it.

On the previous evening, when he detected his sister sketching the likeness of his friend, he was confirmed in what he had before suspected, that Lydia was equally sensible to the merit of Charles,—and in endeavoring to get the paper from her, he was in no way unwilling to bring about some discovery or explanation; but when it actually took place, his delicacy was alarmed and his anxiety excited.

Yet so true was the sympathy, so perfect the confidence, that united these young men, that concealment being equally painful to both, an explanation soon took place.
The very next morning, Charles went to the Capitol, and appointed Paul to meet him when he had done work, in his own room, where he might converse freely.

The sun had just set, and Charles with his elbow on his writing table, and his arm supporting his head, was sitting with an open volume in his hand, but with his eyes fixed on the fire, lost in no unpleasing musing, when he was roused by a gentle tap at his door—It was opened, and Paul entered. It was the first time he had visited his friend. Unwilling to leave his sister alone, and deeply engaged in his studies, he seldom or ever went from home, and as Charles by going to his friend's house, could always enjoy likewise the company of Lydia, it had been found mutually agreeable to see each other at the house of Paul. This young man on entering, threw his eyes eagerly round the apartment, and before sitting down examined the books in the book cases, and expressed an ardent desire of becoming acquainted with the ancient and classical works that made a chief part of his friend's library. His reading had been very much confined to works on the arts, and his time almost exclusively occupied by his mechanical labors.

In his conversations with Mr. L—b—e, he had learned the close connection of the sister arts, and knew they were derived from Greece. The want of leisure and of books had hitherto prevented his tracing them to their source, and studying their early history. He was lost in this subject, and stood eagerly turning over volume after volume, forgetful of the purpose of his visit. At any other time Charles would have entered warmly into his friend's feelings, but now he was almost out of patience, and at last exclaimed, "Do leave those old Grecians, as my sister calls them, and come and sit down."
"In a moment," said Paul; "let me only look over these fine engravings in your Homer—how delighted Lydia would be to copy them."

"Then carry the volume home with you," said Charles,—"Your sister, you say, is very fond of drawings?"

The blush, that suffused Charle's face, brought back to Paul's recollection the purpose of his visit.

"Ah, Charles," said he, sitting down close by his friend, and leaning on the same table—"Ah, Charles, how miserable would my poor Lydia be if she knew what happened last night."

"And why, dear Paul, should that make her miserable, which has made me so happy!"—He seized his friend's hand, as it lay on the table, and looking earnestly in his face, repeated, "happier than I have words to describe!"

The passage to his heart thus opened, he poured forth all its feelings into the bosom of his friend. "But alas," said he, "of what avail is this sweet and mutual inclination, or even your kind approval; I have nothing—positively Paul—nothing. He then explained his situation, and said his education constituted his whole fortune; but that he knew not what to do, or in what way to turn it to advantage. After discussing the difficulties which attached to each profession, he owned that if obliged to choose, it would be the law. But to that there were almost insuperable difficulties, and none more formidable than the condition of his family, which from what he had gathered from his little knowledge of the world, appeared to him very serious. Paul confessed his inability to give advice, but after much thought, proposed as the best expedient that he should introduce Charles to Mr. L—b—e.
"He is one of the most benevolent of men," added he, "and seems to take a peculiar pleasure in advancing the interest of young men. Meanwhile, my dear Charles, be indeed my brother, let my house be your house, my purse your purse, and let us be as united in interest as we are in hearts. Surely," he continued in answer to some objections raised by Charles, "surely, these are cruel and ungenerous scruples my friend, since you must know that in promoting yours, I secure my sister's happiness, and in securing hers, I constitute my own. Can you then from a mistaken delicacy—make us all unhappy?—Oh no," cried he, embracing him—"you cannot—you shall not!"

Charles spoke of the time, when by his own industry, he might be enabled to realize his wishes.

"Life is too uncertain—it is too short," returned his friend, "to postpone for eight or ten years, a happiness within your reach, and not under ten or more years can you gain an independence by the law. And meanwhile—but I will allow of nothing in the meanwhile that shall impede the happiness of a sister I love more than myself."

To such an argument, Charles had nothing to reply; but they agreed to take no steps for the present, and to leave it to time and circumstance to mature their plans.

Charles now proposed introducing his friend to his family, and it was not without a beating heart that Paul consented.

He had seen Catharine in the streets and at Church, had been much pleased with her appearance, and looked upon it, as an impossible thing that he should not love the sister of his friend.

Paul had no pretensions to beauty, but had a coun-
tenance most uncommonly intelligent and prepossessing. His complexion was very dark, his hair very black; but his teeth were of a dazzling whiteness, and his large eyes full of a tender and animated expression. His manners were perfectly easy, as if all his life accustomed to the best society, and his language was that of a perfectly well educated man.

At the house of Mr. L—b—e, he had often met persons of the first fashion. Taste was the predominant characteristic of his mind—it was the gift of nature, and highly improved by his study of, and passionate fondness for, the arts. We seldom or ever find a pure taste, without a keen sensibility. In Paul they were united, and imparted to his manners a natural and unstudied politeness.

Both Maria and Catharine were highly pleased with the young stranger and treated him with the most flattering kindness. Catharine did her best to make a favorable impression. She played and sung in her finest style, and accidently discovering, as he turned over her music, that he understood Italian, she set him down in her mind as a person of high fashion, and showed off her most captivating graces. She made him sit by her, under pretence of translating some Italian songs for her; while Maria on her part would sing in no other language. Charles, wishing to display his friend to advantage, turned the conversation on subjects with which he knew he was best acquainted, and when Catharine heard him converse so fluently about statues, paintings, and the temples of Greece and Rome, she set it down as a certainty that he was a great traveller, and was still more anxious to shine. She talked in raptures of the fine paintings she had seen at the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia. Paul, asked, her if she had not like-
wise admired the statues, as he understood they had casts of some of the most celebrated.

"Oh, fie, Mr. Tilton," said she, "do you suppose I would go among these undraped figures."

"I beg your pardon," said he, "for forgetting that circumstance."

"You believed, perhaps," said Charles, "that our citizens were governed in their choice of statues by the same sentiment that determined the people of Cos in their choice of a Venus."

"I was not quite so ignorant," replied Paul, smiling—"but although our amateurs do not—I cannot but be pleased that our young ladies, like those islanders, prefer modesty to beauty."

"Beauty!" exclaimed Maria—"I never could see any beauty in those plaster figures, some with one arm, some with none, and as for that horrid old man with those shocking serpents twisted round him, that they talk so much about—surely you do not pretend he has any beauty!"

"You did then peep behind the curtain," said Charles, with a kind of malicious pleasure.

What an approving look, did Paul cast on Catharine, as much as to say, "but you did not."—Catharine understood the look, and cast a glance of triumph on her dear friend.

The next evening, when Charles went to the house of his friend, Paul could talk of nothing else but Catharine and her charming delicacy. It was a trait of character, he said, that to him was peculiarly attractive. Scarcely could Charles forbear telling him it was mere affectation; for he well knew his sister did not deserve these warm encomiums. He left him however, to his observations, and would have sincerely rejoiced if she had
be worthy of the happiness of having such a lover. Lydia on hearing her brother and Charles talk of the Academies of the Arts, established in Philadelphia and New York, expressed her wish that something of the same kind could be established in Washington; "at least," added she, "a gallery of paintings."

"If we had," said her brother, archly, "instead of committing your labors to the flames, I hope you would exhibit them."

Lydia's face was covered with blushes, and to turn the attention to another subject, she exclaimed, "Paul, you forget the promise you made of taking me to Mr. K—-'s painting room."

"Well thought of," replied he,—"Charles has never been there, and we will go to-morrow."

The next morning, Charles was punctual to appointment. The day was delightful, and knowing Mr. K—-'s was two miles distant, Charles and Lydia were astonished when Paul pointed out the house, as neither of them had an idea they had come half the way. Lydia had a favorite dog, that always followed her, and just as they entered the door, his barking drew her back, and she saw him jumping up at the window, barking and snarling, and snapping, as she had often seen him do at an old cat that sometimes usurped his place at her side. She ran out on the pavement, and at the first glance made the same mistake Tippe had, and believed that the cat in the window was a living animal. The second glance, however, undeceived her, and she found it to be only the picture of a cat. She ran in the house, laughing most heartily, calling out, "Tippe, Tippe, come in." The painter, who was standing at his easel started, and turned round somewhat surprised at the loud laugh of the young lady, and at the introduction of
the dog. Paul and Charles, who had not perceived her momentary absence, looked as much surprised; and Paul remonstrated with his sister, and begged her not to admit the dog, lest he should do some mischief.

"Mischief, indeed!" cried Lydia, still laughing, "no, no, indeed, he is quite a connoisseur, though I cannot pretend to say an amateur—he has a thousand times more discrimination than either of you—Pray," said she, taking him by the paw and gravely leading him up to Mr. K——, "pray, allow me, sir, to introduce to you, one of your greatest admirers."

The painter stared, and seemed rather offended, and her brother, almost angry, exclaimed, "at your usual tricks, Lydia!" and attempted to release the dog, who was vainly trying to release himself.

"Make a bow," continued Lydia, retaining her hold! "and tell this gentleman of the flattering mistake you made—you won't, won't you, then I must do it for you—would you believe it, sir, Monsieur Tippo has paid as great a compliment to your cat, as Alexander's horse did to the horse of Apelles."

The painter's frown was succeeded by a smile, and he begged an explanation, which Lydia, much to the amusement of all, and to the evident satisfaction of the artist, gave in the most humorous manner.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tippo," said he, "you and I must be better acquainted—come, shake a paw, my little connoisseur."

"He is no flatterer," said Lydia, putting his paw in the painter's hand, "so make much of him."

"That's what I will," said the painter, "for as Apelles said to Alexander, I can say to these gentlemen, I imagine the dog is a better judge of painting than you. At least I am well disposed to trust to his deci-
sion, and consider it one of the greatest compliments I have ever received. My dear Mr. Tippo, how shall I return it?"

"Oh! that is easily done," cried Lydia, setting the dog up in an arm chair, "immortalize him by your pencil, and give his portrait a place by that of the inimitable cat."

"With all my heart," said the painter, seizing his pallet, "but on one condition, that you allow him to lie in your lap."

"Pshaw!" said Lydia, "you want me as a foil to my pretty Tippo; but much as I love him, I cannot descend to that, so come, master Tippo," continued she, snatching him in her arms, "come, and point out to me, what is most admirable in this collection, as you are the best judge among us."

Tippo certainly understood her, for as she passed a picture of a market-basket filled with provisions, he jumped out of her arms, and ran to it, but on smelling at the beef, he turned away.

"As great a compliment as the birds paid to the grapes of Zeuxis," exclaimed the painter, catching the dog in his arms, "why you delightful little creature, if your mistress will not give you to me, I must positively have your likeness."

Lydia, running across the room, said to Paul, "I am more curious than Charles' sister, for peep behind this curtain I will," and she reached out her hand, but started back on finding it was part of the picture. The gentlemen burst out a laughing, and Paul said, "why really Lydia, you are as good a judge as Tippo."

"Say rather as Zeuxis himself," exclaimed the painter, with evident pleasure, "for it was precisely the mistake he made."
"Then surely," said Charles, "you must be another Parrhasius."

"That does not follow," said the painter. "Take care, and do not quite turn my head—never have I had any compliments half so flattering as those of this young lady and the amiable Mr. Trippo," said he, caressing the dog.

"Really," said Paul, "they have made curious mistakes."

"And it is still more curious," added Charles, "that there should be such a coincidence between them and those of the painters alluded to."

"Why not so much as you imagine," said the artist, "for it was the anecdote of the picture of Parrhasius, that induced me to paint that curtain over my picture; and to tell you the truth, that basket of fruit was suggested by the same story, and perhaps you will think my vanity justly punished, if I tell you, that when I exposed it in my garden, no birds deigned to pick at my grapes."

"Ah, the birds had not half the sagacity and taste of my Tippo!" said Lydia, patting the dog; "but pray, sir, tell me the story, for I have never read it."

"If it will amuse you, and you will give me leave, I will bring you the book in which this and many other anecdotes of painters are related."

"Oh, pray do," said Lydia, "there is nothing in the world I love so much as painters and paintings."

"Why Lydia!" exclaimed Paul, perceiving the colour that mounted in Charles' face, "I believe your head is turned—do you know what you said!"

"To be sure, I do," said Lydia, "that I love painters and paintings; and where is the harm?"

She saw the smile that stole across the painter's
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face, and cried—" Why surely, you do not think I am making love to this gentleman, brother? Pshaw, I said painters, that is, I love Apelles, and Zeuxis, and Raphael, and Titian, and Reubens—and let me see who else, why our charming countryman, West, and dear old Mr. Peale into the bargain."

"Your heart must be very capacious," said the painter.

"Oh, monstrously so; if you will draw an inimitable portrait of my charming Tippo, I will find a corner in it for you."

"Agreed," said the painter—"Agreed," said Lydia; but I cannot leave him, he would sigh, that is, bark his heart out, to be a day from me—so you must do as you do by the President, and wait on him."

"De tout mon coeur," replied the painter.

"Come now, Tippo, we must go," said Lydia, after examining and admiring the portraits of most of the distinguished public characters.

She had taught the dog to walk on his hind legs, and now taking him by a paw—"Come, Tippo," said she, "make your bow to all the great folks," and with the utmost gravity she and master Tippo went the round, bowing and courtesying, much to the amusement of the painter, for whom any trait of originality, either in face or character, had a peculiar charm. The just and discriminating remarks Lydia had made on the paintings, clearly evinced that the drollery and simplicity of her manner, were not the mere effect of childishness, but of a frolic spirit, and artless gaiety.

As they walked home, Lydia could talk of nothing but the amiable, artist; "the simplicity, ingenuousness, and modesty of his manners, united to so much intelligence, so much kindness, made him," she said, "one of
the most interesting persons she had ever met with."
The involuntary sigh of Charles and his varying color showed he was not much pleased with these praises; yet he had the generosity to acknowledge their truth and to join Paul in admiring the striking likenesses he had taken of some of our distinguished characters, though they concurred in the general opinion, that the best works of this artist were his fruit pieces, and portraits, and that in subjects of fancy, history, and landscape he did not promise equal excellence.
Lydia never having had any companion of her own age but her brother; brought up in the seclusion of domestic life; never having read any works of imagination or such as describe existing manners, knew nothing of the world and its ways—uninstructed by the experience, uncontrolled by the authority of a mother, she was governed by her own feelings, which, if they could not teach her the artificial decencies and proprieties of society, taught her sincerity and goodness, and were as pure as they were ardent.

Any one, who saw her face, saw her heart; and had Charles been half as well acquainted with the language of the countenance as he was with that of books, and had Lydia been an adept in the science, there would have been no need of words to explain their feelings to each other. As it was, the timidity and reserve of Charles, the consciousness and modesty of Lydia, prevented their reading in each others faces, this unwritten language of the heart. Paul, who had not timidity or consciousness to prevent his fixing his eyes on the face of either, was so well satisfied of the mutual affection of his friend and his sister, that, anxious for the happiness of both, he promoted that intimate intercourse equally dear to friendship and love. Charles often shewed him
tion; she threw him her port folio, while she seized his pocket-book; each was eagerly opened, and while Lydia unfolded piece after piece, in which her name was conspicuous, Charles turned over the contents of the port folio till he found the sketches for which he looked.

For some moments they were equally absorbed in their examinations Charles gazed with delight on the perfect likeness of himself, drawn by Lydia. "Perfect!" exclaimed he—"Beautiful!" exclaimed Lydia; neither of them conscious that they had spoken what they thought. Charles' eyes now wandered from the pictures, and were fixed on the glowing face of Lydia, as it was bent over the verses she was reading.

The last piece was finished; slowly and with trembling fingers the agitated girl folded them up and replaced them in the pocket-book; now it was clasped; still she had it in her hand without daring to lift up her eyes. Charles saw a tear fall upon it—he darted forward, and catching both her hands in his—"You will not recall your gift, Lydia!" exclaimed he. "Never!" said Lydia. "And never will I!" cried Charles; while he sealed his promise on the purest and tenderest lips on which a promise of love was ever sealed.

In all his course the sun shines not on anything in nature, more lovely or more happy, than on lovers so pure, so fond, so faithful, as Charles and Lydia!

What were all the fine and splendid preparations making at home for his brother's wedding?—What were all the great things and great people, of whom his sister talked from morning to night?—What were they to Charles?—Worse than useless—more frivolous than vanity, since in his estimation, they were but proofs of
the sordidness and cold heartedness of Maria Lenox, and of the future misery of a brother, whom he loved.

"Poor Timothy!" he would exclaim, as he saw him sitting neglected, while Maria was eagerly engaged in these vanities—"Poor Timothy, in the midst of elegance and fashion, thou wilt be miserable!—In simplicity and obscurity, I shall be happy!—Would that he could be so too. Why did he not follow my advice and the dictates of his own heart?"

"What has become of your friend?" asked Catharine, one day, when she met her brother Charles—"Maria and I admire him exceedingly. I wish you would bring him to see us."

"This evening, if you are disengaged," replied Charles.

"Do so," said his sister; "I shall be at home, and expect some friends to tea."

When Paul accompanied his friend home in the evening, they found the drawing room filled with gay and fashionable young people, among whom was Captain Lenox, Maria's brother. This young man, though he had no design of surrendering his own heart, had taken a fancy to conquer that of Catharine. He flirted with her in mere sport, and promised himself much amusement from seeing her desperately in love with his charming self. He had often declared to some of the young men whom he had brought with him this evening, that he never yet had found a female heart that could resist his bright epaulets, (meaning by the by, his bright eyes) Catharine, meanwhile, who never had had a serious thought of having a man with nothing but his sword, had flirted with him from mere vanity; and in the true spirit of coquetry, now bestowed all her attention on her brother's friend. She had praised him ex-
cessively before he entered, and excited a curiosity, which otherwise no one would have felt. She now devoted herself so exclusively to him, that Captain Lenox's friends more than once insinuated their doubts as to his success with Miss McCarty. Nettled by such a suspicion, he determined to find out who this Mr. Tilton was, and if possible put him hors de combat.

Charles, without any hesitation, answered the inquiries of Captain Lenox, and told him his friend was a carpenter. "A carpenter!" exclaimed he, "and is it possible, Mr. McCarty, you have introduced a mechanic to your sister?"

"And why not?" inquired Charles. "He is a young man of education and of talents, and will no doubt be a rich man too," laying an emphasis on the word rich.

Captain Lenox turned from him with a triumphant smile, and rubbing his hands with exultation, went round the circle to whisper the information he had received.

His sister Maria was quite shocked, and begged him in a whisper to keep the secret. "Good heavens!" said she, "when I have been for months and months trying to give this family a little consequence, and to induce my friends to visit them, this booby of a fellow has brought his mechanics home, and chosen this evening above every other, when just to oblige me, Miss S——, and Miss T——, and Miss R——, have accepted Catharine's often rejected invitations. "Let me entreat you, brother, not to betray us; for my sake, brother," reiterated she, holding by his coat, while she saw by his looks he heeded her not.

He burst out a laughing, saying, "Why, he will be the most convenient acquaintance imaginable, child—Whenever your house wants repairs or additions, I
make no doubt he will make them without charging you a cent, out of pure friendship."

Maria still held him by the arm, and followed him as he crossed the room to Miss S——, and Miss R——, and Miss T——, who, with the young men whom he had introduced, were standing in a group together.

"Which of you," said he, addressing them, "which of you wish to build a house? If either of you do, I ask it as a special favor that you will employ that young friend of mine," pointing to young Tilton, who was sitting somewhat apart in earnest conversation with Catharine.

"Miss McCarty, has told us he was a traveller, and a connoisseur in the arts," said one of the young men, "so I suppose you think he could give us a good plan."

"A good plan!" re-echoed the Captain— "Why he is a carpenter, and will build you a good house, let me tell you."

Maria bit her lips with vexation, and turned away, as they exclaimed by turns, "a carpenter!"— "and who the deuce introduced him!"— "and how long is it, Captain, since you chose your friends from mechanics?"

"A potent rival," said another; "why, Captain, if you are inclined to send him a challenge for thus monopolizing your dulcena, you must fight with saws and chisels."

"'Pon honor," said an other, "it will be something new—worth a paragraph in the paper— "On such a morning, we are sorry to say, Captain Lenox was sawed in half, or chiselled into pieces, by carpenter Tilton."

"Hew! 'pon my honor— ha, ha, ha,—and ha, ha, ha," re-echoed all the others.

"Do let us quiz him," said one of the young ladies.

"With all my heart," answered one of the young
men—"It is no more than de deserves," said another, "the impudent puppy, to be pushing himself among people of fashion."

Thus resolved, they all moved to the side of the room where Tilton was sitting, hearing and seeing nothing but Catharine, and Catharine hearing and seeing no one but him.

"Miss McCarty,"—began Captain Lenox, "you seem deeply engaged in business—have you settled the dimensions of your new house yet?"

"Of what?" said Catharine, with surprise.

"Of a new house," repeated the undaunted Captain—"Your friend there, I presume, will be the favored architect, and, as I am told he is so expert at his business, will I am sure do you justice, and not be exorbitant in his charges, being your brother's particular friend."

"I really cannot comprehend your meaning, Captain Lenox," exclaimed Catharine.

"I do, perfectly," said Paul, rising with a look of dignity, mingled with defiance. "Miss McCarty, sir, has not favored me with any commands; therefore, if you or these gentlemen have any for me, I am at your service, having not only leisure, but inclination, and I trust some skill."

Captain Lenox instantly saw, that what he had said was not only understood but resented, and drew back a little. But one of the young men, who had not equal penetration, really supposed that Tilton was making a simple offer of his mechanical services, and pushing forward, cried out—"Well, sir, you are very obliging, and I will thank you to give me the dimensions of a spruce little country box, and tell me how much it will cost."
Paul immediately, and with a significant smile, pulled from his pocket a neat little case of instruments, and, taking out a rule, he deliberately applied it to the last speaker.

"It would take more time than I have at present to answer your inquiry, Sir; but if you will give me leave, I will give you the dimensions of a spruce little coxcomb, and calculate in a moment what he cost. The task is beyond my power," continued he, returning his rule to its place—"I cannot calculate his dimensions, Sir; he's too little for my contempt—below my pity—and will not cost another thought." So saying, he bowed round to the company, and left the room.

"Bravo, bravo!" called out Colonel Lenox—"I wonder, Hal, who is quizzed now?"

The Colonel's laugh could scarcely be constrained to a smile by the young ladies, as they looked on the disconcerted little beau, who turned red and pale, by turns, declared, "'Pon honor, that the young carpenter was the rudest fellow he had ever met with, and that not being used to the company of mechanics, it was not surprising he could not deal with them."

"You never suspected," said Colonel Lenox, "that their wit had as sharp an edge as their tools."

"Their tools, Sir?" said the little beau, drawing himself up; "tools! I should presume no gentleman knew any thing about tools!"

"Oh, brother! how could you serve me so?" said Catharine, almost crying, "how could you introduce a mechanic into such a company?"

"Really, sister," replied Charles, "when it was only this morning that I was reading of a mechanic who was introduced to kings and queens, and whose company was eagerly courted by princes, lords, and ladies;"
who was not only an idol among courtiers, but among some of the greatest statesmen and philosophers in the world, I never dreamed it could be improper to introduce him to the daughter of a shop keeper; nay," said he, looking round, "not even to ladies and gentlemen."

"Oh!" said Catharine, turning angrily from him, "some of your old Grecian's I suppose?—Really, brother you have not common sense."

"No, indeed!" continued Charles, smiling, and seeing the approving glance of Colonel Lenox, and the inquiring glances of most of the company, "no, indeed, sister! it was no old Grecian; it was a man now more known and venerated, than any old Grecian.—It was Franklin, the son of a soap boiler, and himself a printer."

"True, true," said Colonel Lenox, giving Charles a slap on his shoulder that made him start—"true, young gentleman, he is worth all the old Grecians that ever lived; and no man need be ashamed of being a mechanic, or having mechanics for friends."

Colonel Lenox, who, notwithstanding the result of all his calculations, felt a little sore on the point of the connexion he was about forming, was quite elated by the triumph that his "friend Charles," as he called him, had gained—while Charles, who had deeply felt the insult offered to his friend, had been inspired with a courage he knew not he possessed; and in proportion to his success he looked with contempt on Captain Lenox, who, since his defeat, had retreated to the fire, and carelessly leaning against the mantle piece, was playing with one of the ornaments—pretending not to listen, though his countenance, as it was reflected in the chimney glass, plainly showed his vexation.

"If these are fashionable people—if this is a specimen of the first circle," said Paul to his friend, when
he came the ensuing evening, "forbid it, good taste, and good manners, that I should ever be one of them!"

"I cannot positively decide," answered Charles—"though there is no other subject I hear so much discussed at home; but I will say from all I have heard, or have seen, I conclude that what the poet says must be true, and that there are vulgar great, as well as vulgar little."

"But this little and great," said Paul—"Why such distinctions in our country."

"That I must likewise answer in the poet's words since I can choose none so good—

"Order is heaven's first law—and this confest,
Some are, and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence
That such are happier—shocks all common sense."

"Since, then, my dear friend, this is Heaven's law, and since this law distributes happiness equally, let us enjoy our share in the condition assigned us."

"But to be subject to insult," said Paul, "and insult from a coxcomb!" continued he, walking up and down the room—"and your sister, too—she could not have blushed more at being detected in the company of a vaillain, than in that of a mechanic—how mortifying."

"It is easy to avoid such mortifications," said Charles—"If every one moved in their prescribed orbit, there would be no collisions. My sister suffers enough, poor thing, in her attempt to climb into a higher sphere than the one allotted her by providence. Let us my dear friend, be more wise, and we shall be more happy. For my part, like Caesar, I would rather be the first in a village, than the last in the empire—the highest in the middling class, than the lowest in the first circles of society."
CHAPTER XIX.

The preparations for the wedding being now completed, the event so anxiously wished for, at last took place, and according to Mrs. McCarty's calculations, her eldest son was now in possession of every thing necessary for complete felicity. He was married, in her estimation, to one of the most beautiful, the most fashionable and highly connected women in the city. His father had taken him as partner in his business, of which he was to have half the profit; a sleeping partner in the full extent of the term, his name did not appear in the firm, neither had he any of the care or trouble of business; this part of the arrangement was made to satisfy the pride of the lady, and her father, who consented to the match only on this condition. An elegant house was taken, and furnished in the highest style of fashion and of taste. The purse-strings, and indeed, the whole management of the establishment, were tacitly surrendered to the lovely bride, who thought the obsequious bride-groom more than repaid for the affluence he bestowed by the honor he received. Having been always accustomed to a very limited expenditure, rather to the most parsimonious economy, this thoughtless young woman believed her present resources inexhaustible, and without scruple indulged herself in every idle or extravagant whim. To lead the
fashion, to be not only the most elegantly, but the most expensively dressed, was the height of her ambition. Her brother, who lived with her, encouraged her in these notions, while he increased the domestic expenses, by adding his dinner to her evening parties. They both looked upon Mr. McCarty as wholly unfit to judge of these matters, and in truth he so completely realized his inability, nonentity, rather, that he was entirely passive, and in his own house more like a guest than a master—No, not like a guest—for as such he would have been an object of attention and civility; but as it was he was a mere spectator of the bustling scene. He sat, indeed, at the foot of his table; but awkward and silent, he left it to his brother-in-law to entertain the company and do the honors of the house.

When the ladies had withdrawn, and the wine circulated freely, he drank more than sufficient to overcome the mauvais honte which oppressed him, and talked but on subjects so remote from those to which his guests were accustomed, and so often betrayed his profound ignorance, and used language so ungrammatical, not to say vulgar, that he would often excite the stare of surprise, the smile of contempt, or the muttered expression of "what a booby—what could tempt such a charming girl to marry such an ignoramus;" of which if he did not hear the whole, he heard enough to guess at the rest. The bitterness with which he felt this scorn, would have been unbearable, if he had not drowned the poignant sensations of wounded pride in still more copious libations. When they returned to the drawing-room, he found relief in the interest of the card-table. Here he was on an equality with his guests; he was a skilful player, and had not his head been generally a little confused by the wine he had drank, he would
have commanded consideration, if not respect, by his success. As it was, he as often lost as won, but he paid with such good humored frankness, that what he lost at play he gained in good will. His musical talents, too, when he could so far conquer his bashfulness, gained him the applause of the ladies, and if Mrs. McCarty, whose jealousy was kindled by the admiration his fine person and fine performance elicited, had not taken pains to prevent this exhibition of his talents, he would certainly have been a decided favorite, and by this means might have been converted into a man of fashion. His singing at the dinner table was attended with more success. His full and powerful voice, sweet as it was strong, joined to his scientific skill, gave him a superiority over every competitor, and it was universally allowed, that if he was the worst talker, he was by far the best singer in the fashionable circle to which he belonged.

He soon acquired all the popular and admired songs—attended the theatre and public concerts, where he heard the best vocal performers, he improved, while he imitated the manner of each, and soon reached a degree of distinction and celebrity, which, in an enlightened community, one would imagine due only to solid merit. He was pronounced to be the very soul of convivial parties, and his presence was deemed an indispensable attraction. Invitations multiplied on his hands. He was now seldom at home, for cards invariably succeeded the pleasures of the table, and the night as well as day was consumed in these destructive amusements.

When his mother heard of his continual engagements, and the admiration he excited, she could scarcely contain her exultation, and exclaimed, "Ay, Mr.
McCarty, didn't I say that his musicks was the real genteel thing—you thought it was all waste of time, but you see now to what height it has raised him."

"That remains to be seen, my dear," he would reply, while a seriousness came over his countenance, as he thought of the dangers to which this talent exposed him, for in every class of society it generally proves a fatal talent to the possessor.

When his mother gave him joy of his success, and extolled his good luck and great happiness, had he confessed to her the truth, far different would have been the tale he could have unfolded—"Happy! and did she think him happy?—If she knew the many mortifications I am subject to—to see my guests smile in contempt—were she to know the least of the daily ills to which I am exposed—Oh! did she know the lonely and solitary hours I spend in my splendid drawing-room, when no engagement draws me from home; and above all, did she know the image that haunts me, go where I will—the image of my poor dear deserted Martha, did my mother know all this, she would know that these noisy dinner parties, where I am clapped and applauded for a song, could not make me happy!—Martha, dear Martha, one approving glance of your eye was worth all their clamorous praise—Oh, those were happy, happy days—Music was then sweet—sweet, indeed, when my Martha's voice mingled with mine, or when with those mild blue eyes fixed on mine, she would listen to the tunes I played her; her countenance varying from gay to sad, from sad to tender, as I varied the sounds of my flute—I often felt as if I was playing on her heart, so true were its feelings to the keys I touched, as taught by her, and my fingers guided by
hers, I pressed her father's organ—Oh, they were happy days! What has all this painting and gilding, these draperies and lustres," thought he, as he threw his eye round the elegant apartment in which he was sitting, and saw his own sad and solitary figure reflected in a large mirror—"What have all these things to do with happiness!—nothing—there was a thousand times more happiness in the little low ceilinged parlour of the good Leibner. When the bright blaze of the evening fire threw its light on the white-washed walls, how cheerful did it seem; and how often as at twilight, while the good old man dozed in his great arm chair, and I sat by Martha, with her hand clasped in mine, have we amused ourselves with watching the shadows dancing on the walls, and finding out their resemblance with different objects—There was music then even in the singing of the tea-kettle, as it hung over the fire. Poor Martha, how often have I teased her when I could not coax her to lay down her knitting, by pulling out all the needles, and then when I helped her to put them in again, as we stooped to see the fine stitches, our faces have met, and as she started back, would undo all our work again—Poor Martha!—and poor me too—for my heart, is it not broken as well as yours?" In such reviews passed many of those eveningsthat he spent at home alone, rather than accompany his wife to those crowded assemblies, where he felt himself worse than a cipher—much worse, an awkward being, who was pitied and smiled on with contempt. Even the admiration, which at first had dazzled and charmed him, in losing its novelty, lost its zest. His vanity was as completely satiated as his appetite would have been after a luxurious repast; and no longer craving, he no longer relished praise. It is a sad thing, that habit thus
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deadens our sensibility to pleasure, while it leaves to
our perceptions of pain all their keenness. The force
of habit can never make us insensible to mortification
or unkindness. Mr. McCarty had so often heard the
words of delightful—exquisite—charming—follow ev-
ery song, that they now fell upon his ear, without finding
the way to his heart, which once had throbbed and flut-
tered to the sound. Still as these parties were his sole
resource against ennui and melancholy, he preferred
them to the solitude of home, and long after they had
lost their power to please, habit rendered them neces-
sary.

He could not for a length of time mingle in fash-
onable and well educated society, without an enlarge-
ment of mind, without an acquisition of new ideas; but
this knowledge only discovered to him his own exces-
sive ignorance, and was an additional mortification to
his self-love. Whether the subject was literature, poli-
tics or science, he felt himself equally deficient, and
scarcely a day passed in which some humiliating inci-
cent did not occur. One day some gentlemen were
dining with him, and the conversation turned on archi-
tecture; and the buildings of different countries being
compared, one gentleman, who had been in Greece,
described the Parthenon at Athens; another lately re-
turned from Italy, spoke of the lofty dome, and majes-
tic columns of St. Peter's at Rome. Mr. McCarty lis-
tened with attention, and all at once exclaimed, "why
gentlemen, you are dreaming, or else building castles in
the air, which you think to pass on us for realities;
for my part, I am not such an ignoramus; though no
great traveller, I have been both at Rome and Athens,
both of them are poor paltry little towns, which if you
were to put all the houses they contain, one a top of
t'other, would not make such buildings as you describe. The gentlemen stared first at him, and then at each other, and could not comprehend his meaning, till one, asking an explanation, they found he meant small towns in the United States, so called, one in Georgia and the other in New York. Poor McCarty was covered with confusion, and his wife and brother-in-law knew not which way to look. It was the more mortifying, as he had said it in a way to attract unusual attention, believing, as he did, that for once he had the advantage.

Another time, his wife was pointing out to the admiration of the company, an alabaster groupe of figures which stood on the plateau, of exquisite finish. Every eye was turned on it, every tongue eloquent in its praise.

The groupe represented a small altar, before Porsenna, near which stood Mutius Scævola, holding his hand in a blaze, which burnt from a small vase on the altar, which from its shape might be taken for a lamp. Some one had spoken of Porsenna as the king, McCarty caught the word, and exclaimed, "what a vulgar fellow, that Mutius must be, to snuff the lamp with his fingers in the presence of a king." Some one explained, that he was holding his hand in the blaze to shew his fortitude; "More fool he then," he replied, "I would play no such tricks to please a king, or General Washington, if he was alive."

He soon saw by his wife's blushes, and the contemptuous looks of the company, that as usual he had made some blunder, or betrayed an unpardonable degree of ignorance. He looked back with regret on his boyish days, when he resisted all his brother's persuasions to remain at school until he had learned a little Greek and Latin, geography and history. He had then
stoutly maintained that Greek and Latin, and all the rest that was taught at school, would do him no good—that to read, write, and cypher, was learning enough for any man—and as for reading books for amusement, as Charles did, he had often declared it was worse drudgery, than ploughing or digging. He now saw his mistake, and lamented—vainly and woefully lamented his own folly and the weak indulgence of his parents. He now felt that a good education would have conferred on him not only more respect, but more enjoyment than all his riches—riches! of what use were they to him? They only served to make his ignorance more conspicuous, more inexcusable, more ridiculous—to make him in fine, more wretched—"Were I poor, I should live with those who do not know any more than myself; instead of being an object of scorn, I might be respected for what good qualities I do possess; instead of being the object of a wife's contempt, I might be that of her pride and fondness—Yes, Martha, dear Martha, had I been poor, I should have been happy as the day is long!"

He now literally trembled at the idea of seeing his table surrounded with company. Possessed of fortune, a respectable rank in society, a lovely and admired wife, a handsome person, prepossessing countenance, a warm heart, a naturally cheerful disposition, exquisite skill in music, and manners improved by society, he might, had a cultivated mind been added to this long list of advantages, have adorned the station he filled, and been a useful and respectable member of society. But in wanting education, he wanted that, without which wealth is vulgar, and the leisure, which wealth bestows, a wearisome and heavy burden.
CHAPTER XX.

"My dear Paul," said Charles, one day, as he was walking with his friend, "the more I think of the plan of which we once talked, the more repugnant do I feel to it—I shall never make a lawyer, nor do I know what else I am fit for—I have no desire for wealth, no ambition for distinction, and therefore want that stimulus to exertion and perseverance, which a professional life requires. I am not made, Paul, for bustle and business, and to see my poor brother, gives me a disgust for what are called the pleasures of fashionable life.—The pleasures of the mind and of the heart, the society of those I love and of books, are all I can relish—Think for me—You know more of the world than I do—Is there no occupation suited to my quiet and unambitious temper, that will leave me some leisure for literary pursuits?—think for me."

"It would be a pity to bury such talents and such learning as yours, Charles; otherwise a clerkship in one of the public offices would be such a place as you have described."

"If my talents, such as they are, can make Lydia happy," said Charles, "they will not be buried."

"Well," answered Paul, "I will no longer delay consulting Mr. L—b—e."
Not long afterwards, he informed his friend, that if indeed he had no ambition, and if a very moderate competence would satisfy his wishes, he thought a clerkship might be procured. That Mr. L—b—e, who was on terms of intimacy with all the heads of departments, would endeavor to procure him a place. "But remember, Charles," said he, "it dooms you to obscurity, it chains you down for life to your desk, and will afford you no opportunity for the display of your talents, or the acquisition of wealth or notoriety."

"Get me the place as soon as possible," said Charles, "add to it dear Lydia, and every desire will be gratified."

The place was obtained. It now remained to inform his mother of his attachment to Lydia, and to ask her's and his father's consent to his marriage. Not many months before, this would have been difficult to obtain, for his mother had for him even more ambitious views than she had for her eldest son.

But the good old woman had discovered, that in raising Timothy to a higher sphere of life than her own, she had separated him from herself. Maria and Catharine, engaged in a perpetual round of pleasure, found neither inclination or leisure to visit her, and gave her no encouragement to visit them. She had seldom gone to her son's house, without being hurt or mortified by the contemptuous manner, or the utter neglect with which she was treated. "My children are ashamed of their father and mother," said she, "and real genteel, as they are, little comfort is all their grandeur and gentility to their poor old parents; so Charles, I am thinking real comfort, is better after all than real gentility, and so be you have taken a fancy to this young carpenter's sister, I will not be for saying nay, but you must..."
not reckon, Charles, on her ever being invited to your sister Maria's grand parties, or indeed on being asked to break bread in her house."

"Nor would she wish it," answered Charles—"I told you long ago, mother, I would never push myself into any society that looked on me with contempt; my pride is of a different kind."

"Why child, I don't see that you have any pride."

"Yes, mother, I have—I am too proud to be looked down upon by the richest or greatest man in the country—I am so proud, that I will keep company with those only that shall look up to me. This is the only way, mother, to be contented and happy."

"Indeed, Charles, I begin to think you are right, for sure my happiest days were when my good neighbors looked up to me and loved me in the bargain, and since I have given the kind, good souls up, I haven't had near the comfort I used to have. Lord bless us how merry and sociable we were! And how dull and lonely I have been, ever since we have kept company with real genteel folks."

Mr. McCarty, who had uniformly disapproved his daughter Catharine's struggle to get into fashionable society, and had opposed his son's connection, gave his hearty consent and approval to the choice Charles had made. His father and mother were the only guests Charles, on his part, invited to the wedding. An excellent woman, the wife of a mason, who had been the most intimate friend of her mother, together with her husband and son, the Italian sculptor, a favorite companion of Paul's, his gay and intelligent wife, and pretty daughter, were those invited by Lydia.

Nina was the sculptor's only child, and he was
educating her with the greatest care. In music, dancing, and drawing she excelled and delighted, and had it not been for Lydia's example, and Paul's advice, she might have learned nothing else; for being an only child she did just as she pleased, and at her age it is not wonderful that she should care for little but amusement. But Lydia had fixed on Nina, in her own mind, for the future wife of her dear Paul, and instigated by a wish of promoting his happiness she endeavored to turn the attention of the sprightly and amiable Italian to more useful occupations.

Seldom are wedding parties so gay and happy and sociable, as that of Charles and Lydia was, and at night when Mrs McCarty returned home, she could not help contrasting it with the dull, formal party that had been collected on the occasion of Timothy's marriage. — "Nothing would serve the old Colonel," said Mrs. McCarty, "but he must have the General and his wife, and them other great folks of the party, and he and Maria and Catharine, were so taken up, in attending on them, that they could not look or speak to us—and we were put down at the very bottom of the table. Even poor Timothy wasn't much better treated; his bride seemed ashamed of him and talked to nobody but the great folks. But, dear me, to night, Lydia would make me sit on one side, and her bridegroom on the other side of her, and how happy she looked—and how fond she was of us, saying, "mother and father, so often—" pray, mother, have this, and pray, father, have this," and, dear heart, how fond she seemed of Charles—how her pretty eyes sparkled when she looked at him; and, bless her soul, she could hardly look at any one else—and then, how respectful all the company treated us."
"You will soon think as I do, deary," said Mr. M'Carty, "that genteel is that genteel does."

"And, indeed, what you say, Tim, dear, has more truth in it than I used to be willing to allow."

As a return for such affectionate attention, Mrs. M'Carty was anxious to furnish the house of Charles, with an elegance equal to that of Timothy's—Not only Charles, but even Lydia, remonstrated against this; the same correct taste, which, in the pictures she painted, made her avoid glaring and gaudy colors, governed her in the choice of dress and furniture.

"I like" said she, "in all things, what we painters call, keeping; that is, an uniformity of one part with another. Our way of living must not only be proportioned to our income, but to our condition in life. Incongruity in living, shocks my taste as much as the picture of which I was telling you of one of our first painters—where the poor woman that is dragged by the people into the presence of Christ, is dressed as gaily and richly as a princess."

"Painting is thought a useless accomplishment;" said Charles, "but if it thus corrects and governs the taste, it is a pity all our ladies were not acquainted with its rules—my poor sister, for instance, I cannot convince her, that the ridicule and scorn to which she subjects herself, is not owing to her condition in life, but to her dressing up that condition in airs and finery that do not belong to it—In ourselves we cannot see, even the things which seem most ludicrous or contemptible to us in others—For instance, my sister went with me one day on an errand to a very poor family—the mean little room, called the parlour, contained a mahogany sideboard, two plated candlesticks ornamented with cut paper, and gay-colored curtains, of coarse stuff.
and awkwardly made up—She diverted herself excessively, as we went home, at the poor people’s attempts at splendor, and the ridiculous contrast between the mahogany, and wooden chairs and pine table; observing, that the price of that sideboard would have given them many comforts, for wanting which they now suffer. I listened until she had exhausted herself, and then pointed out to her the same absurd incongruities in our mode of living—“Of what use is the china and cut glass and plated ware,” said I, “to persons who give no dinners? Of this splendid drawing room,” &c. &c.—It was, however, in vain I preached—I might as well tell a man of the contortions of his face, or awkwardness of his manners, which, if he would not look at himself in a mirror, he never could form an idea of.”

Lydia laughed at this comparison, and bade Charles never fail to hold a mirror to her, and promised “never to turn aside whatever defects it might reveal.”

“It can only discover beauty and loveliness,” said Charles, embracing his amiable bride—“You flatter,” said she—“but my mirror will speak truth, so I hope I shall not be as vain as you would make me.”

Forming their domestic establishment on these correct rules, both of good morals and good taste, the young couple took a small convenient house in a thicker settled part of the city, than Paul had hitherto lived in. It was neatly and tastefully furnished. If it had not elegance, it had comfort. It did not present the contrast, so often met with, of bare and comfortless chambers, and splendidly furnished drawing rooms—of a luxurious table for company, and a scanty table for themselves, and almost starvation for their servants. Instead of wasting their substance in show and enter-
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tainment for people who cared not for, and often laughed at them for their pains, they surrounded themselves with every day comforts, which every member of the family enjoyed; and, instead of a grand party once in the winter, to which they asked persons with whose names alone they were acquainted, and who thought they did them great honor by appearing for half an hour—at which they expended, not only what they saved by denying themselves common necessaries, but too often involved themselves in debt to procure—which, when procured and displayed, subjected them to as much ridicule as the Daw in Peacock's feathers—instead of these, and many equally serious sacrifices of comfort, and vain attempts at equality with those of higher stations and larger incomes, they surrounded themselves with the conveniences of life, which derived an elegance from their neatness and order. They chose their society from their equals, thus avoiding the envy of inferiors, or the contempt of superiors. When thrown by accident either into the circle above, or the circle below them, the unpretending simplicity and benevolence of their manners, to the one, ensured them kindness and good will; while that dignity, which a cultivated mind always imparts to character, obtained for them esteem and respect from the other. In the most fashionable circles, it would be difficult to find so much genius, taste, and literature, as Charles soon collected round his fireside. Politicians and men in public life have little leisure for literary or scientific pursuits; and many, perhaps more truly it might be said, that most part of our distinguished public characters, have risen to eminence by the force of talent and an industry so exclusive, as to allow them no opportunity to supply the deficiencies of early education.
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In society, few enjoy the leisure which the clerks in public offices enjoy, they have motive and leisure for scientific and literary pursuits, and among them is often found more highly cultivated minds than among the gayer and higher circles of society.

Charles, at least used to tell his his sister when she was descanting on the fashionable parties, balls, &c. &c. which she frequented; of her mornings spent in idle visiting, and her evenings in crowds where the wisest philosopher and the silliest coxcomb were reduced to an equality by that refinement of politeness which deems it rude and pedantic to introduce science or literature into fashionable chit chat, (conversation it could not be called,) he used to tell her, that, notwithstanding the brilliancy and fashion of such assemblies, in fact, he enjoyed the best society, and more real gaiety, than she ever found in her gay life. Often would he try to persuade her to relinquish her heartless and insipid pleasure, the crowds in which she found no friends, for the animated, intellectual, and varied pleasures of his social circle, and would propose to her several amiable and intelligent young men whose hearts might be gained. She would haughtily and impatiently turn from him, and declare she would never marry if she did not marry in the first circle; and as for pleasures, she despised any pleasure, but such as were to be found only in the first circle. Thus she threw away real happiness for its shadow—the dog in the fable was not more silly.

Charles never let a day pass without stopping to shake hands with his parents and inquire after their health. When the weather was pleasant he would often persuade his mother to go home with him; his father would join them when he closed the shop, and Lydia would receive them with the tenderness and respect
that she had felt for her own parents. She studied, in the most minute particulars, to make their visits agreeable. In one corner she placed the rocking chair, in which her own mother had so often rocked her when an infant, and sitting down on a low stool by good Mrs. McCarty, she would take her hand, and looking affectionately in her face, would say "now, indeed, you seem to me a mother!" And when of an evening Mr. McCarty would enter, she would draw his chair close by the fire; take his hat, place a stand by him, on which was a pipe, tobacco box, and newspapers. In return, he would stroke her cheek, or lay his hand on her head, and say, "May God bless you, my child—yes, God will bless you, for all your kind heartedness." Then putting up his feet on the fender, spreading out his hands to the blazing fire, he would look round with a smile of delight on the neat cheerful apartment, on the happy Charles, and his amiable wife, and exclaim, "well, deary, what do you say now—who has made the best choice, Timothy or Charles? Where is most happiness? Among all those gilt chairs, and big looking glasses, and gay curtains, and that great cold drawing room, at Timothy's, or in this nice comfortable parlour of Charles's? Say, deary, which is best, real gentility, or real happiness."

Mrs. McCarty would draw a long breath, or sigh if you please, and shaking her head, would say— "Now don't you, Tim, dear, don't you be reminding me of my foolish notions—the wisest folks may make mistakes; though I allow you were right and I was wrong, don't be twitting me about it, Tim dear, seeing that I have paid dear enough for my folly. Poor Timothy!—Oh, Charles, he don't look himself—no more he does.—So light hearted and kind hearted too as he used to be—but now, poor Tim, he looks as worn down
as if he had to work from morning to night, and yet he has nothing at all, at all, but his pleasures to look after."

Every Sunday Charles, Lydia, and Paul dined with the good-old folks, and how proud and how pleased would Mrs. McCarty look, when, as they came from church, she turned round and saw her son and his wife following close behind her, as she leaned on her old man's arm. The family of their eldest son had been requested to do so likewise, but not even on the sabbath-day, could they find time. In truth, it was Colonel Lenox's and his daughter's endeavor to break off as far as possible the connection with Timothy's family. Sometimes he would steal away, unknown to his wife, and join this happy family circle—and even Catharine, now and then performed what to her was an irksome duty.

Mr. L—b—e advised Charles to make himself master of as many of the living languages as he could, as this kind of knowledge might be peculiarly useful to him, in the line of life he had chosen.

With French he was already acquainted. From his intimacy with the family of the sculptor, and several other Italians, who formed a part of his social circle, and with the assistance of Paul and Lydia, he soon made himself acquainted with their language. He then turned his attention to the Spanish, which was easily attained, after knowing French and Italian, especially as in Mr. T——t, his teacher, he found an amiable and agreeable companion, who was soon added to his fire-side circle. About this time some difficulties took place between our government and that of Spain, and a constant and highly confidential correspondence was carried on.
between their Minister and the Secretary of State. The
gentleman, to whom the translation of the diplomatic
notes was usually confided, was ill, and the Secretary
was expressing his regret and his ignorance of any one
who could supply his place, to Mr. L—b—e, who was
with him at a moment when a communication from the
Spanish Minister was brought to him. Mr. L—b—e
had become well acquainted with Charles. As the be-
loved friend of his favorite pupil he felt interested for
him, and to this good will was soon added, admiration
for his character. He had determined as far as was in
his power to advance the interests of his protegee, and
did not lose so good an opportunity. Such were his
commendations of this young man, that the Secretary,
without further hesitation, confided to him a communi-
cation of the highest interest.

The manner in which Charles performed the task
justified the recommendation of his friend, Mr. L—b—e;
he exceeded the expectations of the Secretary. There
was a perspicuity in the style, that shewed the writer
to be acquainted with the subject under discussion, and
an elegance, which discovered correct and cultivated
taste. On expressing this opinion to Mr. L—b—e, this
benevolent man failed not to deepen the favorable im-
pression made on the Secretary's mind, and begged he
might introduce his young friend.

The unpretending, yet dignified, manners of Charles
McCarty, were highly prepossessing. The conversa-
tion was purposely turned by his attentive friend, on
such subjects as would develop the powers of his mind
and the extent of his information, which, without this
benevolent attention, might have been concealed by his
modesty. Mr. L—b—e lingered a few moments after
Charles had taken his leave, and the Secretary, shaking his hand, thanked him, for what, he said, "was the discovery of a real treasure to him, a young man who to native genius added extensive information, undoubted probity, and unassuming manners." The gentleman, whose illness, had occasioned the employment of Charles, died, and he was chosen to fill his place.

With how little cost and in how many ways can real benevolence make itself useful. It is wonderful that men, who have the power, do not more frequently use it to raise merit from obscurity, and to draw into notice talents concealed by modesty or poverty.

Charles was now in a situation, which introduced him to the acquaintance of many distinguished persons, and the known confidence he enjoyed, had he been of an ambitious or intriguing disposition, would have given him great political influence.

He was now asked to the house of the Secretary, and, had he been like his sister, would have seized with avidity the opportunity this afforded of an introduction to the fashionable world. But he was not like his sister, either in habit or disposition. He knew his income would not allow of his living with persons in high office on an equality, and he was too proud to receive attentions he could not reciprocate. He knew, too, that Lydia's education and manners were not such as would enable her to appear to advantage in the circles of fashion, and when he saw her loved and admired and respected, in the circle in which she now lived, he could not think of exposing her to the loss of these advantages—of exposing her to certain mortification, which would not be compensated by the gratified vanity of associating.
with persons of high rank. But above all, he would not exchange the tranquil, the intellectual, and heart-felt pleasures he enjoyed in his present mode of life, for the insipid and tiresome amusements of the gay world.
More than a year had now passed, since the marriage and settlement of the two brothers; Charles with increasing reputation, usefulness, and happiness; but poor Timothy with rapidly decreasing happiness and fortune. During the whole summer, his wife and sister had been going from one watering place to another, seeking for that pleasure, which expires as soon as found, leaving in the heart a continual craving; in the mind a perpetual vacuum. Inactivity, was intolerable to a restless disposition like Timothy's, and the continued society of strangers, the most cruel torment to his warm heart. His untutored manners and ignorance of the world, in every change of place and new society, exposed him to new mistakes and consequently ridicule. Cards and wine became his only resource against these increasing mortifications and vexations. For sometime his father excused him from all concern in business and liberally supplied his demands. These now became so exorbitant that he remonstrated with his son, and his son remonstrated with his wife—but without effect. The winter had set in; Congress were now in session, and the gaiety of the city recommenced; engagement succeeded to engagement; the mornings were lounged away in the crowded galleries of the Representative Chamber, Senate, or Court Room; exposed to cold in
the long damp passages of the Capitol; to the pressure of crowds, and a suffocating atmosphere, listening to political discussions which they did not understand, or eloquence, whose only charm was the sound, and whose force they could neither comprehend or feel—But it was the fashion!—Or in going a fatiguing round of four, five, or six miles over miserable roads, to drop cards at the doors of friends whom they rejoiced to find from home.—But it was the fashion! Worn out, and wearied, they would return, late in the afternoon to dress for a dinner party, to which they went at sun-set; or to yawn out the interval, till the evening was half spent, and it was time to go to an evening party. To go three or four miles over the same bad roads, storms or darkness, were no hindrance to these delicate young women, who would have shrunk from the idea of exposing themselves to the slightest inconvenience or suffering, had duty only been in question. But to go to a party, health, often life was risked with impunity; to a party, though so precisely like twenty other parties to which they had been, “that they were,” as they declared themselves, “wearyied to death by the perpetual sameness.” But it was the fashion!

The situation of Maria was now such, as rendered this unceasing dissipation and exposure extremely dangerous to her. Some of her more prudent and rational acquaintance, friends as she called them, remonstrated with her on the subject, and even old Mrs. McCarty ventured to go and talk with her. But advice was useless. “To stay at home was impossible,” Maria said. At home indeed, Maria had no pleasure or comfort. She so often quarrelled with Catharine, and Catharine with her, that they were miserable together. Her husband she had banished from home by her caprices, scorn and ill
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humour. She had never endeavored to form a social circle, and in herself she had no resource, for to herself she was the greatest stranger; and if she could have believed it, the greatest enemy. Endowed by nature with a good mind, a cheerful disposition, and pleasing exterior—by education, with many accomplishments and some knowledge, Maria might have made friends and found happiness. An inordinate vanity had spoiled alike the gifts of nature and of education. A vanity, frivolous as it was insatiable.

A negligent mistress makes negligent servants; there was therefore as little comfort as there was pleasure at home.

So, as Maria said, "it was impossible to stay at home."

But the time arrived, when necessity conquered this impossibility.

Returning from a party, the night was so dark, the coachman could not see his way. During three hours, he had been sitting in the wintry storm, and his hands were so numb he could scarcely feel the reins. The rain and sleet were driving in his face, and not even a star shone through the heavy clouds to direct his course. Instead of keeping in the avenue, he mistook his way, and drove over the commons, and it was not until the carriage was turned over in a gully, that he discovered his mistake. No house was near, and being at such a distance from the road, no assistance could be hoped from passers by. He assisted the ladies from the carriage; they were not hurt, and were obliged to walk through mud and snow more than half a mile before they could get to any house; and there they had to wait a long while, before any carriage was procured.

Cold, wet, and shivering, Maria returned home—no
cheerful fire, comfortable apartment, or kind servants, awaited her. They were all gone out, except a boy whom they had left home to light the fires and take care of the house. Catharine found him sleeping in the chimney-corner. After he had kindled a fire in Maria’s chamber, he was despatched, late as it was, for good Mrs. McCarty. Catharine assisted her sister to bed, and then left her to take care of herself.

When Mrs. McCarty came, she found her daughter-in-law very ill; to shivering succeeded a burning fever. How welcome now were the attentions—how indispensable the constant company of the hitherto despised Mrs. McCarty. Now did Maria gladly recognize the rights and titles of mother, of husband, and of sister. It was not long, however, that Catharine could submit to the confinement of a sick room. She soon left Maria to the care of her mother, and returned to scenes of gaiety. The darkness and silence of his wife’s chamber were equally irksome to Timothy. Maria had never possessed his affections—the intoxication of the senses soon subsided, and the kind feelings he once felt for his wife, were completely destroyed by the cruel contempt with which she had treated him. Common decency restrained him from going to his usual resorts, and the darkened chamber and deserted parlour at home equally depressed his spirits. Sometimes he would wander over the scenes he had once loved, and often went to his brother’s, where alone he found anything like cheerfulness and comfort.

Charles had for some weeks been the father of a fine healthy boy, and he was one of the fondest and the happiest of fathers, and Lydia was one of the fondest and the happiest of mothers.

She was again down stairs, and of an evening when
Timothy joined the happy family, he would sit for hours gazing on Lydia, fondling her child, and on the delighted Charles, whose book would often be by him unread, or his pen unemployed, while he hung over his wife and child. Timothy was incapable of envying a brother he so sincerely loved, but he could never witness such scenes without reflecting that he might have been equally happy, had he not been misled by vanity.

One afternoon he entered the cheerful little parlor of his brother, more than usually depressed, after one of his long and lonely rambles. The infant was sleeping in Lydia's arms—her work bag on the little table near which Charles sat with his book, from which he was reading aloud. The setting sun shone cheerfully through the room, and the fire burned brightly: before the hearth Tippo was stretched, enjoying the warmth and comfort as much as any one. Charles would have closed his book, but his brother begged him to read on, and promised to listen—but it was a promise he did not fulfill, as was evident from his absent air, and frequent sighs. Sometimes he would look at Lydia, as he saw her bending over her child, with such a proud and delighted look, often stooping down to steal a soft kiss, then casting a soft glance at her husband, as much as to say, "only look at him!"

Sometimes he would look round on the cheerful comfort of the room, and sometimes fix his eyes on his brother. At last he leaned back on his chair, closed his eyes, and seemed lost in his own thoughts.

Charles had finished his book, and turned round to speak to his brother, who was so motionless that he at first supposed him to be asleep, but on a second look he saw the tears trickling from his closed eyes.

"My dear brother!" said he, taking his hand—Ti-
mothy did not move—did not reply.—Lydia arose, and laying the baby in the cradle, left the room—Charles again repeated, "My dear brother tell me what distresses you?"

Timothy's head fell on his brother's bosom, as he stood near him, and for some time he wept aloud—

His heart being thus relieved, he rose, and, after taking a turn or two across the room, attempted to speak; then leaned against the chimney piece, supported his head on it, and seemed irresolute. Charles waited patiently for him to speak. At last he said—"Charles, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Ask," replied his brother, "and rely on my doing any thing you wish."

After some further hesitation, he at last said, taking out his pocket book, and handing it to his brother—"Poor old Leibner is ill—very ill—he has been confined for a long time to his bed. He is in want of common comforts, and in debt at several stores. Pay all these debts—procure every necessary comfort—and since I cannot, do you, my dear brother, go to see, to comfort him. Tell him you will protect Martha—that she shall never want. Carry with you a physician. Will you do all this?"

"Willingly," answered his brother, "and you know not, Timothy, how much I admire your prudence and delicacy in not going yourself."

"I desire no praise," said Timothy; "the fear of being an unwelcome visitor, would be sufficient to keep me away—but, Charles, there is no time to lose—he is very ill."

"I will go then immediately," answered his brother, "and carry the doctor with me."—Timothy wrung
his hand, saying, "You have taken a burden off my heart."

Timothy had not described things worse than they really were. Leibner's little parlour, which Charles had so often heard his brother speak of, as the very abode of comfort, now appeared cheerless and comfortless. The organ, which had been its greatest ornament, was removed to make place for a bed—the large arm chair, another relic of better days, was pushed into a dark corner, and lumbered with useless articles of clothing. Instead of the bright fire, the clean hearth, singing tea-kettle, when Charles entered the room, Martha, who was on her knees by the hearth, was raking together the few coals that were to be found amongst a heap of cinders, and blowing with her breath, while she held over them an earthen porringer, in which she was warming something for her father. She rose on the entrance of a stranger, and her pallid face was flushed with a momentary color. She looked sick and sorrowful, and when Charles inquired for her father, without speaking, she drew aside a blanket which she had hung at the foot of his bed, to keep off the cold air, and he there saw the poor old man, so pale, so emaciated, so motionless, that at first he imagined him to be dead, and cast an inquiring glance at Martha. She understood it, and mournfully shaking her head, replied, "not yet." Charles stooped down, and took his hand, which lay on the coverlet—Leibner feebly opened his eyes; their sight was too dim to discern who was by him; and as he pressed the hand that held his, he articulated "my child."—Much affected by this mournful scene, he moved softly from the bed side, and motioned Martha to follow him. He went into the passage. The entry was dark. Martha returned for a candle, and as she held it, the light
for the first time falling on his face, discovered the features of the speaker, and awakened recollections, which again brought the color to her pale cheeks.

In a few words Charles told his errand, and said a physician was in waiting, without the door. Martha's countenance kindled at the intelligence; she set down the candle, and hastily ran to open the door to so welcome a visiter.

"Come in, Sir, come in," said she, "and if it is not too late, try and help my father."

Further inquiries convinced Charles and the physician, that the low condition to which the poor old man was reduced, arose more from the want of nutritive food and tonics, than from disease. He had had a violent attack of the billious fever in the autumn, by which he was confined six weeks to his bed; this was followed by chills and fevers which were not yet subdued. Martha had likewise been ill, and for months both she and her father were dependant on the good offices and kindness of their poor neighbors. Among those who depend for their support on their daily labor, want and debt are certain followers of disease. Want and debt were now banished from Leibner's family, and health soon returned. Charles became a frequent visiter to the good old man, and if excuse had been necessary, he would have pleaded in his brother's behalf, the wishes of his mother, the influence of youth, beauty and fashion. But Leibner needed no excuse for the conduct of Timothy.

"It was all natural—it was to be expected," repeated he; "and though I was loath to part with my dear scholar, I never blamed him. We loved him, Mr. McCarty—we loved him, and it is grievous to hear that he is not happy."

Lydia was now able to leave the house, and the first
use she made of this liberty was to visit the wife of Timothy; but her cares—all human cares were of no avail, the cold she had taken produced an inflammation of the lungs, and the physician gave no hopes of her recovery.

One evening, when Charles went as usual to inquire, his wife came down, and told him all was over. Maria had lived long enough to give birth to a daughter, and expired immediately afterwards.

Its grand mother took charge of the motherless babe.

The affectionate old woman often said she loved it more than she had ever loved any of her own. Timothy broke up housekeeping; his splendid furniture was sold; his idle servants discharged, and he, gladly returned to his father’s roof, where he once more found that affection, that domestic comfort, for which he had so long pined. His father’s affairs had been greatly embarrassed and even threatened with ruin, by the thoughtless extravagance of his daughter-in-law, and the excesses into which Timothy had been drawn by his domestic troubles.

To repair the losses his father had sustained, and to compensate by future industry for his past negligence, was now the constant endeavor of Timothy. He took his place behind his father’s counter, and by unwearied diligence and application, added to a strict economy, hoped soon to retrieve their affairs. All these changes, it may easily be believed, were revolting to Catharine’s feelings. Her remonstrances, however, were unheeded, and she was doomed to greater mortifications than any she had as yet endured.

A young man of fashion, who had been very attentive to her, and to whom she was as much attached as
such a disposition as hers could be, no sooner heard of
the change in her situation, than his visits ceased. Poor
Catharine! this was something that sunk deeper than
mortified vanity. His example was soon followed by
the most of her gay acquaintances. She had no longer
to complain of an endless list of engagements, or of the
fatigue of morning visits. These were evils which she
would now have gladly exchanged for the endless
length of unoccupied hours, or, the fatigue of staying
eternally at home. The indulgence which her parents
had extended to her, on her first return from school,
she had since forfeited by her ungrateful and unkind
conduct towards them.

They no longer felt inclined to humour her caprices,
or indulge her vanity. Good old Mrs. McCarty had
been convinced, against her will as it were, of the folly
of sacrificing real comfort, for real gentility. Almost
ruined by the experiment, she resolved to be more pru
dent for the future. In every way had she been disap-
pointed—Instead of promoting the happiness of her son,
she had seen him miserable; and what was far worse to
the good woman, she had seen him ruining his health
and character, and wasting his substance in guilty
pleasures.

"No, no, Kitty," would she say to her daughter,
when Catharine would tease her to refurnish the draws-
ing-room and resume their former mode of living—"no,
no, Kitty—I have had enough of your fashion and qual-
ity—no good came of it, but harm in abundance—a burnt
child dreads the fire, and I shan't do no such thing.
We have got back, thank God, to our old comfortable
way of living, and it an't you, nor the like of you will
put such foolish notions in my head again. It has pleas-
ed God, to relieve Timothy from his quality wife, and
it's my advice to you, to take a hint from his bad luck, and to look out for a good honest husband among your own sort."

"My own sort, indeed!" said Catharine, drawing up her head, "If I cannot marry a real gentleman, I will marry no one."

"Then I am thinking you will never change the name of McCarty," said her mother.

Catharine feared as much herself—though she whispered not such cruel fears even to the walls of her lonely chamber, or to the curtains that waved around her pillow. No—with those walls she passed the live long day, in thinking on things and possibilities concealed within the future. On that pillow would she dream of the dreams which had amused the past, till she grew weary of every thing, but of nothing more than of her miserable self. Yes; here would she sit the live-long day. Her chamber window looked into Pennsylvania Avenue, and at this window would she sit from morning to night watching the passers-by. If the wheels of a carriage were heard, her head would be stretched out to watch its approach. If only a hackney coach, one look would suffice, but if a private carriage, and a carriage with servants in handsome livery, she would not only watch its approach, but stretching far out of the window would gaze after it, until out of sight, and then throwing herself back on her chair, would sigh—Oh, how deeply would she sigh—ay, from the very bottom of her heart—thinking—"Shall I ever have a coach?"

Catharine at last wearied of this monotonous kind of life, and finding no solicitation could induce her mother to change her plans, and anxious in some way to excite some interest and to be of some importance, worked first herself up into the belief that she was go-
ing into a consumption, and then tried to persuade her family of it. She could eat of nothing on the table. Her appetite was gone—her stomach so delicate, it required something nicer than was prepared for the family; finding herself indulged in this whim, and that her brother Timothy provided for her whatever rarities and delicacies the market afforded, she assumed new airs—complained of new ailments. A sofa was purchased, and placed on one side of the fire; on that she would lie all day, doing nothing in the world; when tired of lying on the sofa, she would loll in a chair; when tired of the chair, would get a low stool and sitting on that, would lay her head on the chair, complaining of its aching violently, though, as she often fell asleep, it is to be hoped the pain was bearable; but change her position as she would, no change took place in her mind. Peevish and discontented, she attributed to sickness those caprices which were the result of mortified and disappointed vanity.

"Well now, Kitty, it is my real belief after all," said her mother, one day when her patience was a little exhausted by Catharine's perpetual repinings, "it is my real belief you no more have the consumption than I have myself. To my mind, the only disorder you have is laziness, down-right laziness, and if you would but stir about, and do a little work, you would be as well as other folks."

A violent fit of anger, sobbing, and tears, followed this declaration, which so worried and distressed the good natured Mrs. McCarty, that, rather than encounter such fits of the hysterics, she let Catharine take her own way; the consequence of which was that she grew every day more peevish and capricious, until she disgusted every individual of the family, and by a tacit con-
sent, servants, and all, resolved to leave her to her own ways, without taking any notice of her.

Catharine fretted and pined, till she pined herself pale and thin—till she pined away what beauty she had. The forehead, which time might long have spared, was wrinkled by constant frowning, and the face that, if dressed in smiles, might still have pleased, was so continually clouded by ill humor, that it disgusted even those who might have pitied her.

That she had a consumption was now very evident, but it was a consumption of hope, and not of the lungs, and of course it was a disease which doctors could not cure. A coach, an elegant house, and a fashionable husband, were the only remedies for the decaying hopes of the mortified and disappointed belle, and those, every unprejudiced person must allow, were beyond the powers of the most skillful physician. The day, I trust, will yet arrive, when the science of medicine will embrace the mental as well as physical diseases of poor mortals. When it will be able to prescribe for disappointed ambition, blighted hope, mortified vanity, and peevish discontent, it may claim with more justice its power to lessen the sufferings of humanity; but until then we must leave poor Catharine in her consumption, unless she will listen to the prescriptions of the moralist, and try the efficacy of employment, that panacea for all moral disease.

While his sister was thus consuming her time, her spirits and her health in discontent and idleness, her brother Timothy was recovering wealth and cheerfulness in the diligent discharge of duty, and Charles was rapidly advancing in the confidence and favor of the Secretary, and in the love and esteem of his fellow-citizens.
CHAPTER XXII.

A consulship in a port of the Mediterranean became vacant. It was a place of great commercial importance, and of course of considerable dignity and emolument. No sooner was the circumstance generally known than hundreds of applicants sued for it—Charles was urged by some of his friends to put in his claim, with assurances that none had so good a chance of success. To such advice Charles uniformly replied, that the Secretary was well acquainted with his talents, such as they were, and if he merited the place, would, he was certain, give it to him without solicitation. His mother hearing of the affair, added her entreaties to the advice of his friends—"My dear mother," said he, "many years ago when you wished to push me into higher society, I told you I never would be pushed into it; neither will I into higher employment; what I said then I now repeat, if I rise, it must be by my own merit, and not by favor or solicitation." He adhered to his resolution, and was rewarded for it. The known intelligence, the tried probity of Charles, served him more effectually than hundreds of recommendatory letters.

He now discovered the correctness of Mr. L—b—e's advice, in regard to learning the European languages. It was his knowledge of the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, which determined the choice of the Secretary.
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ry. Among the applicants many were persons of equal merit with Charles, but he alone had an acquaintance with all these languages, a circumstance peculiarly desirable in a place of such extensive commerce, whose inhabitants were a mixture of all nations, and with whom not only a daily intercourse with our people subsisted, but occasional difficulties arose, which could be more efficaciously adjusted by a consul who understood their various languages, than by one who had to depend on an interpreter. The place was given to Charles. The natural taste, which Lydia had for painting, had made her take an interest in its sister arts, and the society of artists had kindled this taste to enthusiasm; it was, therefore, with delight she heard of her husband's appointment to a place, that would afford her an opportunity to see many of the subjects of which she had only heard, and of enlarging her knowledge on this subject of her enthusiastic admiration.

To Charles, too, the greatest gratification he felt flowed from a kindred source. His mind was early imbued with a love for ancient literature, and the idea of treading on the soil, on which heroes had trod, of living in the land where poets had lived, elated him beyond what any hopes of honor or wealth could have done.

But it was the honor, her son derived from such an appointment, that reconciled good Mrs. McCarty to the idea of parting from him and her dear Lydia, and perhaps even this powerful incentive would not have been sufficient to still the regrets of her affectionate heart, had she not been so engrossed by her little grand daughter, and enjoyed, besides, the comfort of Timothy's company.

Catharine urged her brother, to carry her with him; but this he was convinced he could not do, without ea-
dangering the happiness of his wife. Lydia was too conscious of her own worth, and had too much spirit, not keenly to have felt the scorn with which Catharine treated her at the time of her marriage—afterwards of her neglect and indifference. As her husband's sister she treated her with civility and even kindness, but as for friendship, she felt that was impossible between persons so every way opposite.

Besides, Catharine's fretful, peevish temper, was too visibly destructive of domestic harmony, for Charles to think, for a single moment, of introducing such a source of discord into the bosom of his happy family. Thus did Catharine lose, by her folly and her indulged ill humor, the pleasure and advantage she might have found in being the companion of her brother. Vice, it is often and truly said, brings its own punishment; so does folly; so does selfishness.

The bustle of preparation was soon over; the day of departure arrived. The previous evening the family all met round the paternal fire-side. Good Mrs. McCarty, in her rocking-chair in one corner, had drawn Charles down on a chair beside her, and, while she held his hand in hers, from time to time would look mournfully in his face; then take off her spectacles and wipe them; then put them on, and again look at him, and, sighing deeply, said—"who knows, Charley, but it may be the last time these old eyes look upon that kind face." She could say no more.

Mr. McCarty, who sat in his arm-chair on the other side of the fire, responded her sigh, and added—"why, deary, we are growing old—and such things are in the course of nature."—

Timothy had taken his little nephew on one knee, and his daughter on the other, and was so engaged in
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Catharine was in a fit of the sullen, and sat pouting with so long a face that one might have supposed she, too, was in affliction.

Paul, rising hastily, walked backwards and forfords across the room, to conceal the emotions struggling in his bosom and the tears that filled his eyes.

"Pho, pho," cried Lydia, whose elastic gaiety nothing could depress, "why do you talk of parting? talk rather of the happy meeting we shall have. I wonder if we shall all know each other. I am sure I shall be so improved, that I shall have to introduce myself—and you, Catharine, by what name shall we greet you?—And Paul will be as grave a papa as Charles himself; and the little Nina will be the matronly Mrs. Tilton—Hey, Paul?"

"I tell you, for the hundredth time, sister, you may choose for me, house, hound, or horse, but not a wife; so pray, never say another word to me about that child."

"And your pet, mother," continued Lydia—"let me charge you not to spoil her."

"Then you do think she spoiled some one else," said Catharine, spitefully.

"Dear me, dear me," said Lydia, "I have made bad worse. Come here, Tippo, come here, Charley," continued she, taking her child by the hand, and whistling to her dog to follow—"come, let us look if we cannot find something to drive dull care away."

She was not long out; every one was silent and melancholy, when the door opened, and this laughter-loving dame entered, and, making a low courtesy, begged to introduce two strangers, and made way for their
entrance—One was little Charles, now dressed in the complete uniform of an officer—with a fierce cocked hat, and wooden sword by his side—and Tippo, metamorphosed into a soldier.

"Make your bows to this good company, gentlemen," said she—"this, Sir, to Mr. McCarty—is Uncle Toby—this, his man Trim." And in this way she conducted them round, making them bow most ridiculously. Every one, Catharine excepted, were diverted, and laughed aloud; as for her, she turned away in disdain, exclaiming, "Pshaw, what nonsense."

The officer then drawing himself up in the most stately manner, began to drill the soldier. Lydia had forgot a musket for Tippo, and seizing the hearth brush, she very uncerimoniously broke off the handle, and put it in his paws. Fond of fun and frolic, this young mother had often amused herself in this manner, and had spared no pains to perfect both Charles and Tippo in their exercise, which they now performed to the diversion of the company. When Tippo shewed signs of weariness, she ran up to her father-in-law, and begged the loan of his pipe, which she put in Tippo's mouth. This, too, he had learned, and amidst bursts of laughter, he gave several whiffs, till Lydia designedly giving him a push, the pipe fell and broke in twenty pieces. By these and such like tricks, of the ever sportive Lydia, all gloom was banished, and they sat down to the supper table in a cheerful, if not a merry mood. But though Lyiliathus succeeded in driving away the thoughts of parting, the parting moment came though unthought of. If sorrow will come—it likewise will go—even those who wish to keep it, can seldom do so, for its impression on the human heart is, as the poet says, as soon effaced as a furrow in the ocean. As for Lydia, she never in
her life tried to keep a sorrow. Saddness flew her presence, and gladness followed her steps. The next morning was bright as Lydia's hopes, the wind fresh as her spirits. "Come," said she, drawing her husband from the fond arms of his mother, "I never allow any one to cry, except for joy; so dear mother save your tears till we return."

No one felt the absence of Charles and Lydia so sensibly as Paul. He had always lived with them; their interests were identified; their pleasures the same; and perfectly happy at home, he had formed but few acquaintances abroad. He gave up the house in which he had lived with Charles, where he felt lost and lonely, and took lodgings in the house of a widow, who kept a boarding house. He applied himself more closely than ever to business, feeling that occupation, better than any thing else, supplied the void created by the absence of his sister. He was now a master builder, and employed a great number of workmen; and such was his reputation for superior skill, and superior honesty, that on all occasions he had the preference. His frank and social manners, made friends of all classes, while the excellent education he had received from his father, and the liberal studies he had afterwards pursued, under the direction of Mr. L-b-e, and the society of artists and literary men, fitted him to appear with advantage in the best company. When Catharine was aware of his high standing among his fellow citizens, and the fortune he was accumulating; when she perceived his improved looks and manners, she was anxious to renew an acquaintance which she had formerly disdained. But Paul, was now acquainted with her real disposition—he could easily have overlooked her contempt of himself, but when shown to his sister, it was more than he could forgive.
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The neglect, too, with which she treated her parents, showed a bad heart, in his eyes, far worse than the most silly vanity.

All the pains she now took to please the young architect, as she called him, were thrown away, and she left to vain regret for her past folly, and unavailing wishes for the future. While she mixed in gay society the only motive which guided her in the choice of acquaintances, was to raise herself, and feeling her own insignificance in every respect, she knew this could be done only by fastening herself on those above her. Though sensible that her consequence was entirely derived from her associations, she displayed it with as much haughtiness, as if inherent in herself, thereby making herself as much an object of ridicule to those above her as of dislike to her equals.

Without any cheering recollections of the past, the present was a void, and the future could present nothing to her view, but an old age without friends and without respect. Had she been contented with the situation in which providence had placed her, her education and fortune would have given her consequence in the eyes of her equals, and she might have been respected, beloved, and happy, and the wife of a man, who, rising by his own worth in the scale of society, would in the end have raised her to the summit of her ambition. In the arithmetic of society, woman is a quantity—man is the denominator, which gives to that quantity its value.

In the house where Paul lodged, were several members of Congress, and among them a Representative from one of the Western States, who had brought with him his only daughter, that she might take a peep of the great world, and receive a little polish from the acquaintance of great people. As the daughter of a mem-

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ber of Congress, she was visited by the first people, and invited as usual to the whole round of parties given by people in office. She dined successively at the President's, the Secretaries, the Foreign Ministers, and with the wealthier citizens who entertained strangers. But the poor girl, every where a stranger, and surrounded by strangers, felt alike awkward, lonely and uncomfortable. Brought up to domestic industry, neither had her habits or taste calculated her to enjoy the pleasures of the gay world. The fine dresses her father gave her, and the fine folks to whom he introduced her, could not compensate for the comforts and affections of her native place.

It was in this mood of mind she became acquainted with her fellow lodger, and the more she knew of Paul, the less inclination she felt to go to parties.

Before Congress adjourned the affair was settled, as might be expected between two young persons mutually agreeable to each other who lived in the same house.

The only condition the old member annexed to his consent, was, that Paul should live with him. "I am now an old man," said he; "this is my only child, and it would be hard to part with her; but return with us, and you shall not only have my daughter, but my houses, and my farms, and my funds."

There was nothing in Paul's situation to counterbalance so many advantages. His sister and dearest friend were far away, and even his benefactor, Mr. L——b——e, had removed to such a distance, as forbade the hope of ever seeing him again.

The treaty was signed, and our young mechanic went into one of our Western States, where, even without such a powerful connection he would by his own ta-
lents and virtues have soon risen to respectability and influence. His manners were remarkably popular, and his information superior to most with whom he associated. His own savings, added to his wife's property, made him one of the richest men in the State, and added weight to his talents and social virtues. It was not long before he was chosen a member of the State Legislature, where he made himself acquainted with political principles and the routine of public business. In this new career he employed the same care and diligence, that he had applied to his first occupation, and by extensive reading and deep study he made himself master of the political economy, the natural resources, the past history and future prospects of this immense and growing country. He devoted himself ardently to the promotion of its best interest, and being convinced that education was the corner stone of the temple of liberty, and that unless built on this foundation, it could never resist the attacks of ambition, the encroachments of power, or the conflict of rival interests. To this point he turned all the influence which his fortune and character gave him, and when he afterwards was sent to Congress, he was governed by the same honest and enlightened zeal.

A year had elapsed after Charles had left home, when he received a letter from Timothy, which after giving him a history of the renewal and progress of his attachment to Martha, concluded thus—

"And so my dear brother, with the approbation of my old music-master and the full and hearty consent of my father and mother, I took Martha to wife. My good mother insisted on our living with her, saying, that as she was growing an old woman, and unable to look after the family, and as my sister Catharine was
too much of a fine lady to assist her, it would be a great comfort to have such a nice good manager as Martha. As this proposition seemed agreeable to all round, (my sister excepted) we fixed ourselves immediately after our marriage at my father's. My good old father-in-law seems to have renewed his days; and the organ, which was so long shut, is now his favorite amusement; as he grows older, he seems to grow fonder of this instrument, and to be indifferent to any other company; his fingers cannot, indeed, strike its keys with the force they used to, nor draw out such powerful and lofty tones; but his feeble and trembling touch makes a soft and solemn music, and, as Martha said the other night, sounds like a requiem to the dead. Perhaps this thought was brought to her mind by his looks, for were you to see him, as we see him, sitting for hours by his organ, with his pale face and his mild eyes raised and fixed in as earnest gaze, as if he saw some object invisible to us, while his fingers press the keys so softly that scarcely can the sweet sounds be heard by any ear but his; often at such times do tears come into Martha's eyes, as she looks at him and whispers me, "does he not look as if his soul was in heaven?" Never did I meet with any one so fond of music—it seems to be his very life—his daughter has learned from him to love it too, though she has not now so much time to spare for it, as formerly. How much did I use to hear, in fashionable circles, of fondness for music—of exquisite delight, and exstacies and raptures—But, oh, Charles, they knew nothing of that pleasure, of that divine rapture which my good old father feels, nor of such as my Martha feels! Words, mere words—else why did they not listen—why did they introduce the
most solemn and tender music amidst noise and frivolity?—Love music, indeed! Any one who heard the clamour of tongues, the merriment and laughter, would have supposed they hated it, and took this mode to drown its sounds—Love music, indeed! They knew as little of real happiness as of music. Never Charles, did any man thank heaven for riches, as much as I do for poverty; that is comparative poverty—I found neither joy or comfort in any thing riches ever procured me—but now I am as happy as the day is long—with the exception of poor Kitty's, I see none but smiling faces round. My mother doats on her little grand daughter, who is called after her—who is a sweet pretty creature, but she often says as she dandles it on her knee—"I shan't spoil you, my little missey; no, no, I'll not be for making a fine lady of you, seeing as how, it has turned out such poor luck for your aunt Kitty—no, no, darling, I don't care a pin for your being raal genteel, so, that you be but raal like your own kind mama Martha." Our business is looking up again—I little thought how near to ruin I had brought my poor father—we never shall again have the fortune I have wasted—but we shall be the better and the happier without it—"Riches," as my mother often says, "riches is a great temptation, and puts high notions in one's head—but since riches could not make you and Kitty raal genteel, I do not care no more about them, seeing we can be jist as comfortable, and for the matter of that more so too, in such a snug room as this, than ever any of you were in your elegant drawing-room." Kitty, indeed, does not think so; but is fretting and pining the very skin off her bones; but why or wherefore I can't tell, for she and poor Maria in all their finery were never satisfied.—Though you seem so happy and so contented with your
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learning, brother, I an't sure that it would have suited me any better than riches— at least I'm sure I am well contented without it in my present condition, much as I felt the want of it when I was playing the gentleman; for without learning I see plain enough no one can be a gentleman in reality.— But thanks be to God, if learning is necessary to make the gentleman, it is not necessary to make an honest man; and as I have heard you say out of some of your books, "an honest man's the noblest work of God," I see no reason to repine that every one cannot be genteel— since every one can be honest; and if people would but think so, and be contented in the condition God has placed them in, I can tell them from the trial I have myself made of the matter— they would be far, far happier.— So wishing you and sister Lydia as much content as Martha and I have, I am your well wisher and brother."

Some political events and commercial difficulties took place, while Charles was at ——, which tried all the strength of his talents and his virtues— difficulties which might have involved our nation in war, had it not been for his consummate prudence, his knowledge of the law of nations, and especially his mildness, patience, and firmness. Had he been of a hasty and irritable temper, or haughty and unyielding, neither his talents or his knowledge would have availed, in allaying the ferment and settling the differences which arose. His knowledge of the language of the country gave him a great advantage.

In the midst of the tumult and violence of an affray that took place, an interpreter could have been of little service, still less so, in some of the confidential communications that necessarily occurred between him and the official characters of the place. He had
that moral courage, so superior to mere physical courage, which enabled him not only to brave personal danger with undisturbed serenity, but to take on himself a responsibility that involved not only his own, but his country's honor, and exposed him to the loss of fortune and favor.

This affair really laid his government under an obligation to him, which it afterwards honorably discharged; at the same time it raised him in the estimation of the citizens among whom he lived, and introduced him to a familiar acquaintance with persons of high station and influence in the government.

From this time, Charles was looked up to with increased respect by his countrymen, as well as the native inhabitants; his company was eagerly sought, and even had he wished to live in retirement, he could not have done so. Lydia shared the respect and attention shown her husband, and was drawn into the highest circles of society. Any awkwardnesses, which her early habits of seclusion had produced, passed for Americanisms; her timidity was called modesty; and her want of fashionable ease and assurance was termed amiable simplicity. Thus, even Lydia's deficiencies passed as graces, in a circle so predisposed to love and admire her, for the sake of her husband.

As her timidity wore away, and she gained that ease and confidence which the consciousness of pleasing so soon imparts, her natural gaiety burst forth, and absolutely captivated those who had before simply approved.

In the gay and fashionable circles, she soon went by the name of the "charming American," and was a universal favorite. What would Catharine now have thought, had she seen her despised sister-in-law court-
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ed and admired in the highest circles of fashion?—Lydia's excellent education, her cultivated taste, and fondness for the arts, here turned to great advantage, and gave her a consequence which her husband's station alone could not have done. Her society was courted by men of letters, and sought for by eminent artists; men who, in European society, often take precedence of wealth and rank. In America, this is not yet the case. In a republic, politicians will always, perhaps, rank above the literati, since political science is more essential to the public good than literature. But in monarchies, where the mass of the people have no concern in the government, political knowledge is of little use, and genius applies its powers to other objects. No one, who justly appreciates the value of our form of government, can repine at the superiority which political station bestows on our citizens; but no one of correct taste can see mere wealth and fashion claim precedence of letters, without a murmur of disapprobation. The time, however, is rapidly advancing, when genius will assert its superiority over such frivolous distinctions, and when literary society will be termed the best society—when men of letters, like Rousseau, D'Alembert, Thomas, and a crowd of others, though they live in garrets and in poverty, will be the most honored and admired guests in the circles of wealth and fashion.

Several years passed in this honorable and agreeable manner, when a change in the administration at home, produced a general change among our agents abroad.—Charles was recalled. On his return, he found he had not been forgotten by his excellent friend, the Secretary of ---; who, knowing so thoroughly the value of his services, and the excellence of his charac-
ter, recommended him so warmly to the new President, that soon after his return he received an appointment to an honorable and lucrative office under government.

Once more settled in his native city, Charles had no greater pride than to advance its interests; no greater pleasure than in discovering, and drawing into notice, persons whose obscure birth, or narrow circumstances, concealed their merit. He was a member of all the associations formed by the citizens for purposes of local improvement; he disdained none in which he could make himself useful, and as willingly accepted, and as zealously performed, the duties of Trustee of the Poor, as of the Mayoralty of the city. Police regulations for the suppression of vice and immorality, libraries and schools, were among the objects to which he devoted most thought and time, believing that on them depended the virtue and happiness of society, and that whatever institutions promoted morals and industry, would afford the surest means of preventing the miseries of disease and poverty. Believing no man can be a freeman in action or opinion, unless he is free from debt, he scrupulously limited his expenditures to his income, though by so doing he was forced to relinquish, for himself and for his wife, those pleasures of society for which they had both acquired a decided taste whilst they lived abroad.—"It is impossible, on so moderate an income as ours," said he to Lydia, "to entertain company, without sacrificing the comfort of our family, the pleasures of benevolence, and incurring obligations which we have no power to return." Lydia agreed with her husband, and cheerfully gave up the gay and fashionable circle, with whom she could not live on terms of equality and reciprocity. But although they relinquished its entertainments and amuse-
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ments, they enjoyed the more domestic and sober pleasures of its best society.

Catharine, who had anticipated, on the return of her brother, a brilliant entree into the circles of fashion, was vexed and disappointed at what she termed her brother's parsimony and obstinacy, in not giving large and splendid parties; and when she found that he would not even go to them, her vexation changed into anger, which she expressed in no very polite language, as often as new invitations offered new provocations. But Charles and Lydia were proof against her solicitations or her reproaches. Their conduct was the result of calculations which convinced them that their respectability and usefulness in society, and their happiness at home, would be best promoted by the plan they had adopted. Throughout their domestic economy, reigned simplicity, abundance, and comfort. Their cheerfulness was never disturbed by the complaints of impatient and anxious creditors—their enjoyments never lessened by the consciousness that they were purchased at the expense of another's suffering. Lydia never started at the sound of an humble knock at the door, lest it should be a tradesman with his often presented, but still unpaid, bill; or of a beggar, whose wants she was unable to relieve. No; at such a sound, her door did not more readily open than her heart and her hand; for were it a tradesman or a beggar, she was equally prepared to do justice or to relieve suffering.

During the morning while her husband was at his office, she devoted her time to the education of her children, an employment which occupied equally her heart and her mind, and filled it with that self complacency, that contentedness, that cheerfulness, which the pleasures of society so often destroy, and which the per-
formance of duty alone can bestow. In their afternoon walks, she and her husband, accompanied by their children, seldom failed to call on their parents, where they would often be detained through the evening by the music of the venerable Leibner, or his daughter, and his former scholar; for music was still an object of amusement, and of the unabated enthusiasm of the good old man. It was now his delight to teach the children of the family; and the young Charles and Maria under his care were making a rapid progress. All that was wanting to complete the happiness of Charles and Lydia, was a reunion with Paul, their beloved friend and brother. They often received letters from him, descriptive of his domestic happiness and public success; but happy as such communications made them, they were often sad at the idea of the distance that separated them, and Lydia would frequently wish that her brother should be chosen as a Representative or Senator by the State in which he lived, and Charles cheered her with the probability of such an event, as from every account, Paul was daily gaining respect and popularity. "Then," added he, "we shall again during many months of the year, live under the same roof, and again enjoy the greatest of all human pleasures, the society of all those whom we truly love."
CHAPTER XXIII.

Conclusion.

It was a cold and blustering evening; the snow which had been falling all day, had now turned into sleet and hail, and beat against the windows, while the loud blasts shook the shutters.

"It is a bitter night," said old Mr. McCarty, as he came in, and standing by his high-heaped and blazing hearth, spread out his hands to the fire.

"A bitter night, indeed," said the venerable Leibner as he drew his arm chair nearer to the fire, and pulled his little velvet cap closer about his ears, "at least as far as I can judge by the rattling of the windows, though as for feeling, it might be summer for aught one could tell, sitting by this rousing fire."

"Why," said old Mrs. McCarty, as she sat in her old rocking-chair dandling a beautiful infant on her knee, "why, I do not reckon, a breath of wind can get in, howl as it may. That's right Martha, draw the curtains close," continued she to her daughter-in-law, who was carefully adjusting the crimson-worsted curtains.

"If the winter comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb it's to be hoped," said Mr. McCarty—"But I'm thinking, deary, Charles and his wife will be afraid to venture out this rumbustious night."
"Not at all, not at all, Mr. McCarty," resplied she; "Sure their carriage is so close and warm, they will not mind if it rained pitchforks—I don't believe there is another such a warm carriage in the whole city—it is quite a different affair, Tim, dear, from trudging through mud and mire, and sleet and snow, as we used to have to do—No, no, though Charles was obliged to dine at the President's today, he will spend a merry Christmas evening with his old father and mother. Pray, Mr. Leibner, are all the musick put to rights?"

"I leave those things to the young folks now, Mrs. McCarty, but I dare say Martha and Timothy have all in tune; but where's my little scholar, she must rehearse her lesson before her aunt and uncle come."

"Well now," exclaimed Mrs. McCarty, as Martha entered, leading in one hand Maria, and in the other, little Peggy, neatly and handsomely dressed—"if that is not a sight to cure sore eyes—What pretty creatures they are!—Maria is the very picture of her poor silly mother"—"And Peggy," interrupted Martha, "the very picture of her good grand-mother."

"And who is my little Timothy like?" said the fond old woman, holding up the infant that was in her arms.

"Like his own dear father," said Martha, eagerly kissing him.

"And here comes his own dear father," said Mrs. McCarty, as the door opened, and her son entered with his arms full of music books. Martha ran to him, and assisted him to arrange them—"but where is my book of Scotch music?" said she—"Maria must play and sing that favorite song, which I learned from you, dear, so long ago."

"I hear uncle's carriage!" exclaimed Maria, jump-
ing down from the piano, where her grand father had placed her.

"Now remember your promise," cried her grand mother, "remember your promise; little one—Not one word about you know what?—I want to surprise your uncle."

"Don't be afraid," replied the child, "I won't tell uncle Charles, that the member of Congress who is to drink tea with us, is——"

"Hush, hush!" said her grand-mother, as Timothy opened the parlour door and Charles and Lydia and their children entered.

"A merry Christmas, and a merry Christmas," resounded through the room, mingled with the sounds of kisses, as the uncles and aunts and grand-mother, and grand-fathers, kissed all the children round.— This ceremony over, Martha uncovered a large basket that stood on the tea-table, and calling the happy children round her, distributed to them their Christmas gifts. Exclamations of delight and admiration followed. The eyes of the good old people, who looked on, sparkled with as much pleasure as those of the children. Maria suddenly turning round, significantly held up her finger to her uncle, and shaking her little head, said, "you and aunt Lydia are to have a Christmas-box too—now guess what it is like?"

"A big plumb-cake," said Lydia, willing to humor the child.

"No, indeed, something a great deal bigger than the biggest plumb cake you ever saw; something you love a great deal better."

"Bigger than a plumb-cake!" said Lydia—"What can it be?"
"Oh, it is something that is alive, and can walk, and jump and run!"—

"It must be some relation of my poor Tippo's," said Lydia—

"No, indeed," said the little girl—"But it is a relation—." Martha clapped her hand before Maria's mouth, and stopped the secret that would else have escaped.

At that moment, a loud ringing was heard at the door—A carriage stopped—"Now you will see, now you will see," cried Maria, capering about—Lydia was about guessing again, when the door opened and Paul entered followed by his wife.

"My brother, my dear brother!" exclaimed Lydia, flying into his open arms.

"My friend, my dearest friend!" exclaimed Charles, seizing his hand.

When released from the embraces of his sister, he introduced his wife, who was cordially received; and when they were seated, he explained the cause of his thus surprising them.

He had arrived that morning, and called on Mrs. McCarty to inquire in what part of the city Charles lived. The old lady, told him that her son Charles and his wife were engaged to dine at the President's, and were to be with them in the evening, and persuaded him to defer the meeting, and to let her have the pleasure of witnessing the joyful surprise. He had been elected* to the Senate, so short a time before he came on, that he did not think it worth while to apprise them of it, and

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* Senators are elected by the State Legislature, and it often happens chosen but a few days before they are obliged to take their seats in the National Senate.
WHAT IS GENTILITY?

preferred announcing to them himself, what he knew would give them so much pleasure.

Several messages had been sent up for Catharine; at last her elaborate toilette being finished, she made her appearance with all the form that she would have entered a drawing room. Though every vestige of bloom had fled her cheeks, yet roses were wreathed in her hair, and though her neck was sallow and skinny, yet as true to fashion as she had been in her younger days, she was in as full, or as her father insisted, in as skimpy a dress, as the first night she appeared in the drawing room. She courtesied with great ceremony to the company, and taking her seat by Mrs. Charles McCarty, endeavored to make herself agreeable. For since Mrs. Charles McCarty had been in the first circle, and had been one of the most admired women in it. she had discovered that Mrs. Charles McCarty was a very fine woman, and a very fashionable woman; that the Italian dresses she had brought over with her, were more beautiful than any she had ever seen; a thing which could not be doubted as they had been borrowed and imitated by the most fashionable women. Mrs. Charles McCarty was too good natured to remember the slights shewn to sister Lydia the carpenter's daughter, and not only lent as patterns, but gave many of her beautiful Italian dresses to Miss Catharine.

After tea, Martha, who, to please her children, had learned to play dances, sat down to the piano, and Timothy took up his violin, and played, while Maria and Charles danced, and the other children gambolled to the music.

Old Mr. McCarty, that he might see the better, took his stand before the fire, with his hands, as usual, clasped behind him, and felt some years younger, and
some inches taller, as he looked round on the happy circle.

"Really, now," said he, stroking back his snowy locks, "really, now, if, as they say, sorrow turns black hair gray, I shouldn't wonder if joy should turn gray hair black. I know, at least it puts a young heart into an old body; at least mine beats as briskly as when I came a courting you, deary."—And, in the joy of his heart, he stroked his wife's cheek, as he was wont to do in those early days.

"Well, now, I declare, Tim, dear, not meaning you any slight," said his wife, "if I must tell the truth, I am happier, by far, than I was the day we were married. Dear me!—dear me!—who would have thought, Tim, dear, that we should have lived to see the time, when our son should be an officer of government, and ride in his own coach, and that, Charley, without any body's pushing you up, but your own Greek and Latin and book learning.—Well, to be sure, though Kitty thought we were doing him great injustice, when we gave all the money and bank stock to Timothy, and gave Charley nothing but a college education, it has turned out, after all, by far the greatest fortune."

"Yes," said Mr. McCarty, "that was his stock in trade, and but a small capital, as I thought myself, at the time.—But he has turned it to good account, and it has not only made him a happy man, but what you used to think far more of, deary, raal genteel.

"That's true, that's true," replied his wife; "I see, now, it is not fine dressing and fine furniture, nor even a fine fortune, nor getting pushed up into the first cir- ocle, that makes people raal genteel."

"Such being your opinion, deary, I hope you will think Timothy is laying out his money to better ad-
vantge in educating his children, than in getting himself a larger and finer house."

"I hope so, indeed, mother," said Timothy, "since I have found by experience that wealth without education cannot make one either happy or genteel—while Charles is an example that education, even without wealth, can make a man genteel, respectable, and happy."

"That's true, that's true," answered his mother, nodding her head in her usual affirmative way, to make assurance doubly sure: "That's true, Timothy; there's no denying what one sees with one's own eyes; and it's a great comfort to me to see that you are real happy, though you are not real genteel—a thing I was not willing to allow ten years ago—Yet after all," continued the good old woman, her face shining with delight and exultation, "I cannot help being proud of Charley, and blessing the day we sent him to college, since his learning has not only made him real happy, but real genteel too, which after all it must be owned is what every father and mother's heart must wish their children to be—particularly when their learning and gentility does not make them proud and unnatural, as happens to some folks"—and she cast a side glance at Catharine—"but dutiful, and kind, and affectionate, like our Charley, then indeed a father and mother may rejoice that their children are real genteel."