

EMMA;

OR,

THE THREE MISFORTUNES OF A BELLE.



NEW YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.





“Is not this a pretty ring?” said Emma, holding up her hand.



# HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,  
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT  
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

*Embellished with*

NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.



---

Entered, according to an Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight  
hundred and fifty-five, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York.

---

## P R E F A C E.

---

It unfortunately happens that, in questions of dress and personal adornment, the course which a lady should take to attract and secure the love of her husband, or that of any other *gentleman* whom she wishes to please, is exactly the reverse of that best adapted to excite the admiration or awaken the envy of her female acquaintances. In forming their plans, therefore, in respect to the dress or the ornaments which they shall provide for themselves and wear, ladies are often called upon to choose one of these ends as the one that they will aim at, and sacrifice the other.

A lady, having once entered upon an engagement of any kind, whether it be an important or trivial affair, must never allow herself to be enticed away from the obligation which she has incurred, but must consider herself sacredly bound by it to the end.

A lady must not consider the gentleman whose partner she has consented to become as merely her attendant, and the minister to her caprices and pleasures. The duty of a wife is to join with

her husband in earnest and self-denying efforts to accomplish what is required to secure their mutual and common good in future years, and not to draw upon and exhaust his present powers and resources for temporary pleasure.

These are the three lessons taught by the misfortunes of Emma Waldron.

# C O N T E N T S.

---

## LESSON I.

### THE GOLD BRACELET.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EMMA AND MARY LANE.....	13
II. CONVERSATION.....	19
III. A VISITOR.....	23
IV. THE WILL.....	32
V. INQUIRIES AND REFLECTIONS.....	37
VI. THE PARTY.....	43
VII. MARY LANE.....	47

---

## LESSON II.

### THE RASPBERRY PARTY.

I. WEST POINT.....	50
II. A RAIL-ROAD INCIDENT.....	62
III. A PLAN FORMED.....	66
IV. TIMOTHY AND TOMOTHY.....	72
V. CHARLES ROVELLE.....	82
VI. VOTINGS.....	86
VII. THE NOTE OF EXPLANATION.....	97
VIII. KATE.....	100

---

## LESSON III.

### TAKEN AT HER WORD.

I. EDWARD.....	110
II. CAROLINE AND MIRANDA.....	115
III. A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.....	123
IV. THE CONSEQUENCES.....	128
V. COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.....	141
VI. CONCLUSION.....	144



# ENGRAVINGS.

---

	PAGE
THE DIAMOND RING.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
EMMA ON THE SOFA.....	17
MARY LANE'S ROOM .....	21
THE CONVERSATION IN THE BOWER .....	29
MAKING A WILL .....	33
THE NORTH RIVER .....	50
THE STEAMER .....	52
EMMA IN THE GARDEN .....	69
KATE IN THE TREE .....	89
THE SCHOOL CHILDREN .....	103
THE RASPBERRY PARTY .....	107
EMMA IN THE GLEN.....	127
EMMA IN DISTRESS .....	137





# EMMA.

---

## LESSON I.

### THE GOLD BRACELET.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### EMMA AND MARY LANE.

---

End and aim of these story books.

Some account of a belle.

---

THESE story books, it is true, are intended for boys and girls, but then they are for boys and girls who are very soon to become men and women. Accordingly, while some of them treat of the scenes and occupations of childhood, with a view to explain the obligations and enforce the duties incumbent on the readers at the present time, others look forward to the future, and endeavor to forearm the girl and the boy with principles of wisdom and of right, to govern them in the new circumstances in which they will find themselves placed when they become respectively a woman and a man. The present number is of the latter class. It relates to the history of a young lady over twenty years of age. She was a young lady of great beauty; and as she was somewhat fond of dress and of company, and was much admired by the young gentlemen who knew her, she was usually considered a belle. She was possessed, however, which is not always the case with belles, of a very amiable disposition, having naturally a kind

---

Her name was Emma.

Circumstances of the family.

---

and affectionate heart. Her fondness for dress and admiration were, in fact, her misfortune rather than her fault, for it was owing, in a great measure, to the influence of her mother, who was an ambitious woman, quite fond of display; and Emma, for that was the young lady's name, had caught this spirit in some degree from her.

There was one circumstance that increased this tendency both in the mother and daughter, and that was, that Emma's father was not very rich, and he could not very well afford to live in as good style as some other families in the town were accustomed to. He was a lawyer, but he had not much business, and thus, though his social position was high, his income was limited; and Emma's mother, thinking that their standing, and the estimation in which they were held in society, depended upon the appearance which they made, used to resort to all sorts of management to keep up appearances. Being accustomed to this from infancy, Emma came gradually to consider appearances as of much greater consequence than they really were. Thus, instead of devoting their resources to procuring the substantial comforts of life, and making themselves happy, Emma and her mother were accustomed to sacrifice a great deal to outward show and effect. They lived in a handsome house, and the parlor was very prettily furnished; but all the other rooms, particularly those which guests or visitors never entered, had a meagre and comfortless appearance. In their dress, too, such articles as came in sight were elegant, and comparatively costly, while those which were concealed from view, although it was on them that the health and personal comfort of the wearer mainly depended, were cheap and scanty.

---

Emma's ideas in respect to being married.

Common error.

---

One reason that led Emma and her mother to exert themselves so much to keep up appearances, was the influence which they both imagined good appearances would exert in respect to Emma's marriage. Emma was now about twenty years old, and she desired to be married. "This was perfectly proper and right. She desired also to have a *good* husband. She hoped that he would be a man of intelligence and education, gentlemanly and refined in his manners, and of high social position. All this, too, it was perfectly right and proper for Emma to desire. Her error was not in the end and aim that she looked forward to, it was only a mistake in the means by which she pursued it.

But though Emma really, in her heart, desired to be married, and thought of the subject a great deal, she always pretended not to think of it at all. She used often to say that she never intended to be married. She did not mean to say what was not true in speaking thus; in fact, she scarcely knew herself that what she was saying was not true. There was a sort of feeling in her mind—a very mistaken one, no doubt—that it was not proper for a young lady to wish to be married, and so, in saying that she did not wish it, she imagined that she was only saying what was proper. It did not at all occur to her that it was not true.

We all often err in this way, especially when speaking of ourselves. In framing an answer to any question asked us respecting our own thoughts or desires, we are very apt to shape it according to what we imagine it is proper for us to *say*, not according to what we find, on close examination, that we actually feel.

Emma had an intimate friend named Mary, who, however, notwithstanding her friendship for Emma, was very different from

---

Differences between Emma and Mary.Emma's ingenuity.

---

her in almost every respect. She differed from her in personal appearance. Emma was somewhat tall and slender. Mary was smaller, and of a more rounded figure. Emma was ardent, impulsive, and full of life and spirits. Mary was quiet and reflective, and, though possessed of quick and delicate sensibilities, she was very gentle and unostentatious in the expression of them. She was, however, very frank, and honest, and sincere in all that she did express.

There was another remarkable difference between Emma and Mary, and that was in the manner in which they respectively sought to gratify their love of beauty. They were both girls of excellent taste, and they loved what was beautiful, but this feeling, in its practical results, took very different directions. With Emma, it expended itself in the decoration of her person; with Mary, in the adornment of the places in which she passed her time. Emma's thoughts were occupied, and her time employed, and her money expended, in planning and contriving pretty dresses for herself to wear. In this work she manifested a great deal of skill and ingenuity. No one could contrive better than she to make a little money go a great way, in enabling her to dress genteelly. She could do a great deal with her own hands. She could cut and make, and fit and refit, and trim and arrange, and perform all other similar operations, with a dexterity and tact that were quite remarkable. She displayed very good taste, too, in all that she did. There was nothing gaudy or showy in the style that she adopted, but every thing was graceful, pretty, and genteel.

While thus she made herself personally attractive, she cared

Emma reading.

Mary's ideas about dress.

very little for the appearance of her room, or, in fact, for that of any other room in the house except the parlor, where company came. Indeed, she very seldom spent any time in her own room unless when engaged in dressing, or when reclining on a sort of couch, which stood in a corner near her bed, reading some entertaining tale.



Mary, on the other hand, devoted very little time and attention to personal decorations. She dressed always in a plain and simple style—gracefully and prettily, it is true, and in an unexceptionably neat and tidy manner, but without the least display of any

kind. She took pains to have her dress easy, and convenient, and comfortable, and planned it with a view to require but little care and trouble to make it, and to keep it in order, so as to leave her time and her thoughts as much as possible at liberty for her enjoyments. In a word, Emma planned her mode of dressing with a view of making a good appearance in the eyes of others; Mary, on the other hand, arranged hers so as to have a good time herself.

The time and expense which Mary thus saved from personal

---

Mary Lane's room.

The interest which she took in adorning it.

---

decoration she devoted to making her mother's house, and all the rooms in it, and especially her own chamber, look pleasant and attractive. She made pretty curtains for the windows, and a pretty cloth for the table; and with the money that Emma would have expended for ribbons, laces, and pins, she bought pretty engravings to hang upon the wall, and a set of book-shelves, and entertaining books, and a portable desk for her writing materials and her paper. Mary used to spend a great deal of time in her room. There was a very pleasant prospect from the windows, especially from one of them, the one where she liked best to sit. From this window you looked down upon the yard and garden, and upon a pretty sheet of water beyond.

The interest which Mary took in making her room look pleasant, and in procuring books, pictures, and furniture for it, was increased by the thought that she should probably, at some future day, have all those things in a house of her own, and that they would help to make her home a pleasant and happy one for her husband; for, strange as it may seem, although she had not the remotest conception who her future husband was to be, she felt, nevertheless, a sort of attachment for him and interest in him, nameless and imaginary as he was. "He is somewhere in the world now," said she to herself one day, "only I don't know where he is or who he is, and he does not know me. But he will find me, all in due time, and I will make his house as pleasant for him as I can."

Mary did not, however, confine her cares to her own room. She took great interest in all the house. She assisted her mother to keep every thing in order; and all the closets, and little nooks



---

The yards and gardens.

Emma invites Mary to take a walk.

---

and corners, and garrets, and landings of stairways, were so nicely arranged, and kept in such good order, that every place you came to, in walking about the house, seemed charming; so that the children who sometimes came to visit Mary would stop continually as they rambled about, and sit down in this little corner or that, saying, "Oh what a nice place this is!"

The yards and the garden, too, at Mary's house were very delightful. She planned trellises for her brother to make over gateways in the garden, and over the piazzas and the doors of the house, and she trained vines and creepers upon them. She arranged pretty little flower-borders by the walks, and pruned the shrubbery, and caused the paths to be swept clean, and the grass to be raked over as often as was necessary. Thus, although both the house and the grounds were small and circumscribed, the place became, in process of time, one of the prettiest places in the town.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### CONVERSATION.

EMMA was very fond of visiting Mary in her room, for, although she took no special interest in making her own room look pleasant, she liked Mary's room very much indeed.

One day she called to see Mary in order to ask her to go and take a walk.

Taking a walk always meant, with Emma, going a shopping.

"Yes," said Mary, "I will go."



Conversation in Mary's room.

The walk.

The shop windows.

While Mary was getting ready, Emma sat down in the chair which always stood at the pleasant window.

“What a pretty prospect from this window!” said she, “and how pleasant you make your room look. Mine looks like desolation. I wish I could arrange a room so as to make it look as pleasant as you do yours. But I never could.”

“That is because your mind is on something else,” said Mary. “If you were interested in it, you could do it as well as any body.”

“No,” replied Emma, “I never had any taste for such things. Besides, my mind is not on any thing else in particular, I am sure. What do you mean?”

“Why, I mean that your thoughts and your invention are expended on dressing yourself prettily, and you succeed in it admirably. You would succeed just as well in making a house look pretty, if your heart were on that.”

“Why, Mary,” said Emma, “how can you say so? I am sure no one thinks less of dress than I do.”

“I am sure I do not mean that you think of it too much,” replied Mary. “At any rate, you make yourself look very charming.”

Mary was soon ready, and the two young ladies went out together. As they walked along the street, Emma's attention was, as usual, attracted to the shop windows in which bonnets, laces, head-dresses, or jewelry were displayed. Mary, on the other hand, looked more at the windows containing books, engravings, or new and tasteful articles of furniture. At one time they stopped before a jeweler's. They were both interested in what they saw there, but while Emma was examining the rings, and pins,

Picture of Mary Lane's room.



Emma's highest ambition.

Mrs. Manton.

Emma's advice.

and bracelets, Mary's thoughts were occupied with the spoons, the silver ware, and the watches.

"I wish I had a gold bracelet," said Emma. "My highest ambition is to have a gold bracelet."

"I would rather have a watch," said Mary.

"I should like a watch well enough," said Emma, in a tone of indifference, "but I should like a gold bracelet better. I could get a very pretty one for twenty dollars."

"But then, by-and-by," rejoined Mary, "you would see somebody who had one which had cost fifty dollars, and then, after that, you would not care about your own."

"I wish Aunt Manton would give me her diamond ring," said Emma, after a moment's pause.

"Would you like it?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Emma; "and she might give it to me just as well as not. She never will wear it again herself."

"Poor Aunt Manton!" said Mary, in a mournful tone, "I am afraid she will not live very long."

At the close of the walk, when the young ladies returned to Mary's room, Emma alluded to the subject again.

"If I had twenty dollars," said she, "I would buy me a bracelet. If I were *you*, I would buy one worth more than that," she added. "You have got money laid up—plenty of it."

This was true. Mary received from her father an allowance of a hundred dollars a year for her dress and all her other personal expenses. She had not laid out more than three fourths of this sum for several years, even including the purchases she had

---

Discussion about a gold bracelet, and about being married.

---

made from time to time for her room. The portion of her allowance which she did not expend she was accustomed to deposit with her father on interest, and the sum now amounted to more than two hundred dollars.

“You might have a gold bracelet just as well as not,” said Emma.

“Yes,” said Mary; “but I don’t care much about it. I think I shall buy me a watch, but I don’t know. I am thinking that, perhaps, I shall want the money more by-and-by for something else.”

“When?” asked Emma.

“When I am married,” said Mary, laughing.

“Married!” repeated Emma. “Nonsense! For my part, I never intend to be married. I do not wish to be married. Do you?”

“Yes,” replied Mary. “That’s what I was made for.”

“Oh, Mary!” said Emma, “what a queer girl you are!”

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### A VISITOR.

ABOUT this time quite a sensation was produced in Clinton, for that was the name of the village where Emma and Mary resided, by the intelligence that a young gentleman from New York, named Howard, was coming to spend the summer there, or at least several weeks of it, on a visit to his friend, Charles Stanley. Mr. Howard had just come of age. He was said to be a man of very

---

Conversation about Mr. Howard.

His design in coming to Clinton.

---

agreeable person and manners, and of considerable property. He was going into business in connection with a wealthy firm in New York that was engaged in navigation. Why he was coming to spend so many weeks in a country town so remote from New York as Clinton, nobody knew. Charles Stanley said that he was coming to study.

“What is he going to study?” asked Emma of Mr. Stanley, one day.

“I do not know,” replied Charles; “something or other connected with his business.”

“I do not think he will study much,” rejoined Emma. “He will be more occupied with hunting and fishing, and such things, than with his books, you may depend. But I am glad he is coming. I hope he will plan some nice pic-nics and excursions for us.”

Emma wished very much to make some further inquiries respecting Mr. Howard, but she did not like to do it directly, and so she said no more.

The fact was that Mr. Howard had two objects in view in coming to spend a month or two at Clinton. One of these objects was to find a place of retirement and seclusion for a little time, for the purpose of studying the construction of the steam-engine, which it had become necessary for some one connected with the firm to understand, on account of their having gradually got engaged in building and purchasing steamers for their business. In order to have their steamers well and thoroughly built, and the engines properly constructed, it was very desirable that some one of the firm should understand the whole subject, both theoretically and practically. The other members of the firm were men some-

---

Reading about the steam-engine.

Mr. Howard has another motive.

---

what advanced in life—too old, as they said, to learn new things; and so they proposed to assign this duty to Mr. Howard. They knew that he had a taste for such studies, and that he would obtain the necessary information very easily.

“You will have to read theoretical works on the principles of the steam-engine, and on the various modes of constructing it, for a month or two,” said one of his partners to him, “and then you must go to England to visit some of the principal manufactories, with a view of becoming acquainted with the practical details.”

Mr. Howard was very ready to undertake this work; and, in order that he might accomplish the necessary reading in the most advantageous manner, he resolved to go to some retired place in the country.

“I will go to Clinton,” said he, “to my cousin Stanley’s. That will be exactly the place.”

Mr. Howard had another reason for visiting Clinton. He wished to find himself a wife.

But, in respect to this subject, it will be best to allow Mr. Howard to express his own views. This he did in a conversation which he had with his cousin Charles in the garden a few days after he arrived in Clinton.

Mr. Howard had been reading all the morning in Mr. Stanley’s library. Just before noon, Charles came home, and, finding that his cousin appeared somewhat weary, he proposed to him to lay aside his books, and take a stroll in the garden. So the two young men went out together. Charles’s dog came running to meet them at the door, and finding that they were going to take a walk, he went with them.



---

Charles and Mr. Howard take a walk in the garden.

---

“Well, Cousin John,” said Charles, “and how do you like Clinton?”

“It is a very pretty place,” said Mr. Howard. “I always liked the place very much indeed, but I have not seen much of the people.”

Charles then asked his cousin why he did not go and see some of the people. “There are a great many very agreeable young ladies here, that you used to know years ago.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Howard, “I know it; and that is one very special reason why I came here. I wish to see if any one of them will do for a wife for me.”

Mr. Howard spoke this very seriously, and not at all in a jocose manner.

“That’s a queer idea,” said Charles; “that you, a young man of such fortune and of such prospects, should leave New York, that is full of beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and think of looking for a wife among these country girls. They are very pleasant girls, but they are not like some of your city girls. There is Maria Livingston, for example. She would be an ornament to society in any sphere.”

“True,” said Mr. Howard; “but what I am looking for is a wife for myself, and not an ornament for society. Society must provide its own ornaments. I want a wife for usefulness, not for show.”

As the young gentlemen continued their walk up and down a shady path along one side of the garden, Mr. Howard informed his cousin that it was the almost universal custom for the young ladies in New York to devote themselves entirely to dress and to



---

Character of many city young ladies.

Their habits of expenditure.

---

visiting, and that their highest, if not their exclusive ambition, was to shine in society. Their taste and inclinations led them to spend their mornings in making calls and in going a shopping. At their calls, their conversation and thoughts were occupied almost entirely with reminiscences of the last party, or anticipations of the next one, and with the dresses which various ladies wore at these assemblies, and the appearance which they made. These subjects, if they were varied at all, were only varied by comments on the opera, and anecdotes of the singers, and such like topics.

“And the chief idea,” continued Mr. Howard, “that these young ladies have of marriage is, first, the pleasure of having a great show and parade at the wedding, and then the having somebody to furnish them with plenty of money, so that they may buy more dresses, and more laces and pins than ever before, and provide themselves with a house where they can give handsome parties of their own.”

“It is not so with all of them,” said Charles.

“Pretty nearly all,” said Mr. Howard. “That is the almost universal fashion; so that the husbands generally have no comfort or happiness at all, at home. The principal part of the house, and all the best furniture, is devoted exclusively to visitors. The family lives in some basement room half under ground, or in a chamber which is all in a litter. Then the way in which they waste and throw away the money which the husbands work so hard to earn is very provoking. If they expended it for any thing which gave the wives themselves any real pleasure, or which was intended to gratify their husbands, it would be excusable, even if they were a little extravagant; but it is not so. Nine

---

The young men go into a bower.

They continue their conversation.

---

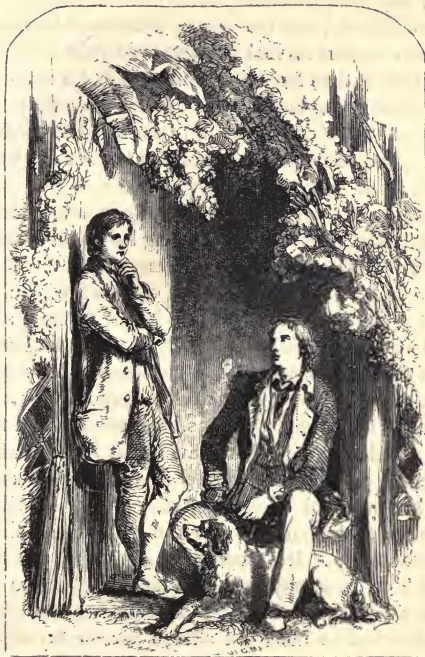
tenths of what they expend is only for the sake of vying with other ladies. Each is trying to equal or surpass the others in show, not to procure means of enjoyment for herself. It is a perpetual struggle of rivalry, and, of course, it is perpetual vexation and misery for all concerned."

Here the two young men, having reached the end of the path, and finding the rays of the sun, which glanced through the leaves of the trees as they walked, a little warm, turned into a shady corner where there was a seat. Mr. Howard sat down, and the dog lay down before him, while his cousin stood leaning against the side of the bower; and here they continued their conversation.

"Now I do not wish for such a wife as that," said Mr. Howard. "They are excellent ornaments of society, I grant; but I want such a wife as will make my home happy, and be a companion for me there. I want a wife that will be satisfied with my love, instead of setting her heart mainly on being the envy or admiration of other people."

And here I must stop to remark that young ladies are very apt to imagine that the gentlemen, in choosing their wives, do not usually exercise much judgment and discretion about it, but that they accidentally fall in love with some one whom they chance to meet, and are immediately seized with an irresistible desire to have that lady and no other for a wife, and that they persevere, without regard to any considerations of prudence or good sense, in efforts to secure her until they succeed. This is, in fact, the way in which the case is usually represented in novels and tales, and sometimes, undoubtedly, it is so in real life. Far more frequently, however, it is otherwise. Personal preference has a great

Picture of Charles Stanley and Mr. Howard in the bower.



influence, no doubt, but there are a great many prudential considerations which ought to be taken into the account on deciding such

---

Selection of a wife.

Some explanations on the subject.

---

a question, and most sensible young men do take them into account very distinctly, and are greatly influenced by them. Nothing is more common in real life, however rare it may be in romances and tales, than for a young man to feel a strong sentiment of love for some young lady that he knows, while he yet feels that, for some good reason or other, she is not fitted to make him happy as a wife, and so he finally concludes to pass her by and make another selection.

In the same manner, a young gentleman sometimes hesitates between two, or even more, of his young lady acquaintances. He likes them all. He could easily love any one of them. He actually feels, in fact, an incipient emotion of love for them, sometimes for one and sometimes for another, as he meets them successively from time to time. Whether it is best, however, for him to choose any one of them for his wife is a question to be very seriously considered. One of these young ladies may be very amiable and very charming, but perhaps she has been accustomed to live very expensively, and the young man, having but just commenced business, and being desirous, for some years, to employ nearly all his means in his financial operations, may think he will not have money enough to procure for her the enjoyments that she had been accustomed to. He thinks that she would not probably be happy with him, or, at any rate, that he should not be happy himself in seeing her deprived of her usual comforts and luxuries. So he concludes that he must not choose her for his wife, however much he may be inclined to love her. Another of the young ladies may be very agreeable as a companion, while yet she is entirely inefficient and incapable of bearing any responsibility, or

---

Gentlemen think and reason about the young ladies.

---

performing of herself any regular duty ; and the gentleman may be in such a profession, or in such a situation in life, as to require very substantial qualities of industry, perseverance, and resolution in his wife. He may conclude, therefore, that, however attractive she may be to him, it would not be prudent for him to make her his wife, and he accordingly takes care that he does not get too much interested in her. Thus gentlemen, when they come to the point of actually deciding upon the choice of a partner for life, think and reason about it much more than young ladies imagine. In fact, many of the young ladies who may read this story, especially those who are of a romantic turn of mind, or who have read many works of fiction, will be very reluctant to believe that this can be as I represent it. Some will think that it is very shocking doctrine, and will say that they never can believe it. But they may rely upon it, nevertheless, that it is true. And if any one of you will ask any sensible gentleman, married or unmarried, what his experience and observation among men have taught him on this subject, you will find that, though they will admit that there are many exceptions, still, in the main, and as a general rule, they will abundantly confirm all that I say.

Mr. Howard and Charles continued in conversation for some time in the bower, during which time they talked a good deal of Emma, as well as of several other young ladies that resided in Clinton. Charles said that Miss Emma was one of the most charming girls he ever saw, and this opinion Mr. Howard was very ready to assent to, for he had seen her many years before, when she was very young, and now, since he had been in Clinton,



Account of Mrs. Manton.

Where she lived.

Her farm.

he had met her once in the street, and he had been very much struck with the beauty of her countenance and the charming grace of her manners.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WILL.

THE Aunt Manton that Emma spoke of in her conversation with Mary on the day of the shopping was an elderly lady of very infirm health, who lived in a neighboring town. She was an aunt of Mary's as well as of Emma's, or, rather, both the young ladies called her aunt, though the relationship was distant in both cases. Mrs. Manton was very fond of both the girls, and they used very often to go and see her. Emma's great delight in these visits was to see a diamond ring which belonged to her aunt, and which her son had sent her from beyond the sea. She prized this ring very much. It had, indeed, a considerable intrinsic value, though Mrs. Manton prized it chiefly as a gift from her son.

She lived upon a small farm which belonged to her in a neighboring town. The farm was let to a farmer who cultivated the land and kept the house. Mrs. Manton had two rooms in a wing of it. About the time that the conversation took place between the two young ladies, as recorded in a preceding chapter, and a month or two before Mr. Howard came to Clinton, Mrs. Manton's health changed for the worse, and she concluded to make her will.

So the farmer rode into the village one morning, and brought the lawyer to write Mrs. Manton's will. When the lawyer ar-

Mrs. Manton is sick, and prepares to make her will.

rived, they placed a table, with pen, ink, and paper upon it, in Mrs. Manton's room, and he, taking his seat there, prepared to write as she might direct him.



After informing the lawyer of the disposition which she wished to have made of the principal part of her little property, Mrs. Manton paused to consider what she should do in respect to her nieces. She could not do much for them, but she wished to give them at least some small farewell token of her regard.

She determined to give the diamond ring to one of them, and



---

The two bequests.

Emma receives the diamond ring.

---

the worth of it, in something else, to the other, and she was now hesitating which should have the ring.

“Emma would like it best,” thought she to herself, “but then it is rather hard for her father to get along, and I think that money would, perhaps, do her more good. Mary does not like to wear such things much, but then I am sure she would value it, and keep it all her life, for my sake.”

So she said to the lawyer that she wished to have him put in her will that she gave her diamond ring, worth one hundred dollars, to her niece Mary, and one hundred dollars in money to her niece Emma.

The lawyer accordingly wrote in the will as follows :

“I give and bequeath to my niece, Mary Lane, my diamond ring, of the value of one hundred dollars.

“I give and bequeath to my niece, Emma Waldron, one hundred dollars in money.”

In due time the will was finished, signed by Mrs. Manton, and duly executed, and about a week afterward the lady died. All this, as I have already intimated, took place before Mr. Howard came to Clinton. After the death of Mrs. Manton, two or three weeks were occupied by the delays incident to proving the will, and going through the other forms prescribed by law, and then the ring and the money were sent to Clinton. It happened that they were received by Mary and Emma about a week after Mr. Howard arrived in town. The money was paid to Emma in five twenty-dollar gold pieces. Emma was, of course, greatly delight-

---

Emma's reflections in respect to the legacy.Her plan.

---

ed to receive this treasure. At first she hardly knew whether to feel disappointed or not, that the diamond ring instead of the money had not been given to her. When she looked at her finger, and imagined how pretty the ring would look upon it, she could not help wishing that the money had been sent to Mary. But then, on the other hand, when she looked at the gold pieces, shining through the interstices of a silk purse into which she put them, and felt how heavy they were, she was glad to have it as it was.

"I can buy a bracelet with this," said she, "that will be prettier than the ring."

She immediately resolved on going to Mary's to see the ring and talk with her about the legacies. She found Mary in her chamber. The ring had been put away in a rosewood box, where Mary kept her most valuable treasures. Mary took out the ring to show it to Emma, and Emma showed Mary the gold pieces in her purse.

"Now," said she, "I can buy me a bracelet with one hundred dollars, and then, if any body should, as you said the other day, buy one worth fifty, it won't come near beating mine."

Mary attempted to persuade Emma not to expend her money in that way. She told her how many useful things she might buy with it, or she might put it out at interest, Mary said, and thus have an annual income from it.

"Why, you could buy a share in a bank," said she, "with a hundred dollars, and that would produce six or eight dollars a year as long as you live."

Emma said nothing, but she was, in secret, fully resolved to buy the bracelet, and nothing else. "Mary need not think," said she

---

She sends to Boston to buy a gold bracelet.

---

to herself, "that she is going to have that ring to wear, and I have nothing."

There was to be a party at Mr. Stanley's the next week after these occurrences took place, in honor of Mr. Howard. Emma thought it very important that she should have her bracelet before that time. On mature reflection, however, she thought it might, perhaps, be a little extravagant to spend the whole of her legacy on one ornament, and, as she wished to be prudent and economical in her arrangements, she concluded to appropriate only seventy-five dollars for the bracelet, and keep the rest of the money for such other articles of dress as she might require. She accordingly wrote a letter at once to a friend of hers in Boston, requesting her to select and purchase for her there as pretty a bracelet as could be bought at Jones's for seventy-five dollars, and to send it to Clinton as soon as possible, by express. She inclosed the money necessary for the purchase in her letter, having exchanged a sufficient portion of her gold to bank bills for this purpose, and then, after sealing the letter very carefully, and putting on two stamps, she deposited it in the post-office.

In three days the bracelet came. It was packed in a very pretty box. When Emma opened the box, and lifted up the cotton which had been placed over the bracelet, her heart was filled with delight to see how resplendent and beautiful it was. It more than answered all her expectations.

---

Emma's anticipations in meeting Mr. Howard.The party.

---

## CHAPTER V.

## INQUIRIES AND REFLECTIONS.

EMMA was very much interested in what she had heard and seen of Mr. Howard, and was in heart—though she would have scarcely confessed it even to herself—quite desirous to please him. There was, however, no special reason why she should have been unwilling to admit the existence of such a feeling, for I conceive that there is nothing improper in a lady's desiring to please a gentleman whom she likes. In fact, one of the most important means which young ladies are provided with for doing good in this world, is the power to *please*, and it is very right, therefore, that they should endeavor to do as much good as possible, by making themselves as pleasing as they can.

Emma was particularly desirous of pleasing Mr. Howard. His high standing, his excellent prospects, his intelligent and manly countenance, his agreeable manners, and his many personal accomplishments, all conspired to make him an object of great interest to all who knew him. His coming from the great city of New York, too, seemed to give special importance to all that he said and did, and Emma thought it was proper that she should take special pains with her dress and appearance on the night that she was to meet him at Mr. Stanley's.

The party was to be on Wednesday. About the middle of the afternoon on Tuesday, a messenger came to Emma's house with a note. On opening it, Emma found that it was from Mary. The

Note from Mary Lane.

Preparations.

Mr. Howard.

body of the note was occupied with the usual topics. The note was written, in fact, for the sake of the postscript, which was as follows :

“P.S.—If I should conclude to go to the party to-morrow night, which is uncertain, I shall not wear my ring, and, if you would like to wear it, I will lend it to you. Send me back word by Thomas.”

“What a dear good child she is !” said Emma, as she read this postscript.

Emma sent word to Mary that she would like to wear the ring very much, charging her, at the same time, to be sure and come to the party herself.

Mary sent the ring the next morning by Thomas, who was a very trusty messenger, and Emma received it safely. Thus she was doubly provided for. Besides the bracelet and the ring, Emma had procured, by means of the twenty-five dollars which she had reserved from her legacy, several other very tasteful articles of dress, which she thought, when she had put them on, and tried the effect of them before the glass, made her look quite like a New York lady.

In the mean time, while Emma was thus greatly interested in her preparations for meeting Mr. Howard, *he* was no less interested in his anticipations of the pleasure of meeting her. He had, as I have already said, been very much pleased with her appearance and manner, and all that he heard of her, in answer to the inquiries which he made respecting her of his cousin Charles, was

---

Mr. Howard makes very particular inquiries about Emma.

---

much in her favor. In fact, Emma was quite a general favorite, and almost every body was accustomed to speak well of her.

“Is she taciturn or talkative?” asked Mr. Howard.

“She is not taciturn, certainly,” replied Charles; “but then I do not think she is too talkative. She is very sprightly and animated, and we all like to hear her talk.”

“Is she of a cheerful or of a pensive disposition?” said Mr. Howard.

“Cheerful, decidedly,” said Charles.

“Is she disposed to be extravagant or economical?”

“Economical,” said Charles. “She is particularly economical. Her father has but a small income, and it can not be possible that she can have much to expend, and yet she dresses as prettily as any girl in town.”

“Is she systematic and orderly in her affairs, or loose and negligent?” asked Mr. Howard.

“I do not know,” said Charles. “She is always very nice and particular about her dress, but I do not know how it is in her closets and drawers.”

Mr. Howard thought for an instant that he should like to take a peep into her closets and drawers; but not knowing whether it was quite proper for a young gentleman to entertain such a wish in respect to a young lady, he was silent.

“But if you wish to see a young lady that is systematic and orderly about rooms and closets,” said Charles, “you must go and see Mary Lane.”

“Who is Mary Lane?” asked Mr. Howard.

“She is a sort of cousin of Emma’s,” replied Charles. “She



---

Mary Lane.

Why Mr. Howard wished to have an economical wife.

---

makes every thing beautiful in and around her father's house. The house is a perfect gem."

"Will she be at the party here to-morrow?" asked Mr. Howard.

"I hope so," said Charles; "we have invited her, but she does not like to go to parties much."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Charles. "She does not care much about parties and dress. She likes to stay at home."

Mr. Howard would have been very much interested in this account of Mary Lane if his head had not been already so full of Emma.

The fact was, that Mr. Howard began to think that Emma was exactly the person for him to choose for his wife. He was particularly pleased with what his cousin Charles had said in respect to her economy. It may seem to some of my readers that Mr. Howard, being possessed already of a considerable fortune, and having such bright prospects before him of a great increase of it, would not have considered the question of economy at all, in choosing a wife. There was in his case, one might perhaps suppose, no need of economy. But this would be a very erroneous view of the subject. There is no case where a judicious economy is so desirable and so important as in the management of the expenses of the most wealthy men; and there are no cases in which carelessness and extravagance are more conspicuous, and more mischievous in their effects, than in those of some of the fashionable ladies in the Fifth Avenue in New York, who embarrass and harass their husbands perpetually with their reckless expenditures, and finally, in many cases, bring them to bankruptcy and ruin.

---

The nature of economy.

Great difference in young ladies in this respect.

---

It is of immense importance, therefore, to a young man who is commencing life in New York, no matter how wealthy he may be, or how prosperous his business prospects, that he should have a wife who has been trained to thrifty and prudent habits in respect to expenditure in her early life. It makes no difference at all whether she has been accustomed to much or little money; the only important point is how she has been accustomed to manage what she has had. Has she been accustomed to keep her expenditure entirely within her means, so as always to have resources in store for every emergency, and to keep clear of every species of embarrassment and distress? And does she know how to employ her means, whatever they may be in amount, for such purposes and objects as conduce most to her happiness? Or, on the other hand, has she been in the habit of spending eagerly all she can get as soon as she gets it, buying with it whatever strikes her fancy at the time, without much regard to necessity and propriety, so as to be always short of money, and often, perhaps, in debt? A young lady who has this last character, no matter how small the means which she has been accustomed to deal with while young, will almost inevitably, when she comes to be the wife of a wealthy man, contrive to act in the same manner, only now her improvidence and recklessness will be on a greater scale, and so more mischievous in their results. The folly which prompted her, when a girl, to buy a ring worth five dollars, which she could not afford, will, when she is rich, lead her to buy a shawl worth a thousand dollars, or a diamond bracelet worth five thousand. There is no such thing as satisfying the spirit of extravagance by the abundance of wealth, and in all ages of the world the richest



---

The wrong kind of economy.

Mr. Howard's anticipations.

---

people are often those most pinched for money, for it is they and their wives whose desires are most likely to outrun their means.

Mr. Howard, therefore, though growing rich, was very desirous of having a prudent and economical wife, and he was accordingly much pleased when he heard from his cousin Charles that Emma was economical. But, unfortunately, the economy which Charles referred to, as exemplified so strikingly in Emma's character, was of the wrong kind. It consisted in making close bargains—in getting as much as possible for her money—in inducing the people who worked for her to work many hours, and for little pay—and in eking out, by these and similar means, her scanty resources, so as to make them go farther than they would have done with any liberal and generous minded person. This, however, is not the right kind of economy. Many of the most ruinously extravagant women of New York possess this kind of economy in the highest possible degree. Miss Emma's economy, therefore, though very strict and very efficient, was by no means of the right kind.

Nevertheless, Mr. Howard felt an increasing interest in Miss Emma, and he looked forward to meeting her at the party with very high anticipations of pleasure.

He expected to enjoy the party itself too, independently of the pleasure of meeting Miss Emma.

“How delightful it will be,” said he to himself, as he was walking in the garden alone, about half an hour before the time for the party to assemble, “to see a company of young ladies dressed in a simple manner, without any finery and display, so that they can enjoy themselves at their ease, and have a good time !”

---

The party.

Emma comes in.

She produces a sensation.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PARTY.

WHEN Emma surveyed herself in the glass in the dressing-room at Mr. Stanley's just before entering the parlor where the company were assembling, she was well satisfied with the result of her efforts. She ought to have been satisfied—she really looked very pretty indeed.

“I suppose he thinks,” she said to herself, “that he will see none but country girls here, and dressed in country style.”

With this thought in her mind she went into the parlor.

A large part of the company had already assembled, and Emma's entrance produced quite a sensation. She was always a beautiful girl, and she looked unusually beautiful this evening. Her dress, though expensive, was in very good taste in other respects. There was an unusual interest felt in seeing her, too, at this time, on the part of several of her friends, who knew that she had sent to Boston for a bracelet, and who, of course, felt a strong desire to see the prize. Accordingly, soon after she had entered the room and had taken her seat, several of these friends gathered round her to look at her bracelet and at the diamond ring.

In a short time Mr. Howard came into the room. His entrance, too, created quite a sensation. He was dressed very neatly, though in a very quiet and unpretending manner. His countenance was frank, open, and expressive. His cousin Charles accompanied him as he came in, and introduced him to several of the ladies

---

Mr. Howard looks for Emma.

His conversation with her.

---

and gentlemen—those particularly whom they chanced to approach in advancing into the room.

Mr. Howard held brief conversations with those to whom he was thus introduced, but his eye was roving about the room all the time in search of Emma. As soon as he saw her, he moved gradually in the direction toward her, and was soon by her side.

The first feeling which Mr. Howard experienced in accosting Emma was pleasure in contemplating the exceeding beauty and sweetness of her smile as she bade him good evening. The next thought was surprise at seeing her so fashionably dressed. This surprise was considerably increased by the sight of the magnificent gold bracelet upon her arm.

In fact, to confess the honest truth, Mr. Howard was a little frightened. He, however, remained some time by Emma's side, and he enjoyed her company and conversation very much. In the course of this conversation Emma showed him the ring.

“Is not that a pretty ring?” said she, holding up her hand.\*

Mr. Howard said it was a very pretty one, though really, as a matter of fact, he saw a much more attractive kind of beauty in the smooth and rounded form of Emma's fingers and hand than he did in the ring.

“It was one which belonged to my aunt,” said Emma. “She left it as a legacy to a cousin of mine—Mary Lane.”

“Is she here this evening?” asked Mr. Howard.

“No,” said Emma; “she seldom goes to parties; she does not make much of a figure in society, but she is a very sweet girl at home.”

\* See Frontispiece.

---

They talk about Mary Lane.

Mr. Howard meets Charles Stanley.

---

Emma did not mean to say this in disparagement of Mary exactly, and yet she undoubtedly entertained the idea that such a gentleman as Mr. Howard, in choosing a wife, would naturally wish for one who would make a good appearance in New York society.

"She sent me word that she was not coming to-night," continued Emma, "and so she lent me her ring. It is really quite a valuable ring, but she does not seem to care much about it."

"She must be a singular sort of girl," said Mr. Howard. "What does she care about?"

"She is quite a singular girl," replied Emma. "She is very fond of her room, and her books, and her garden, and her yards, and every thing about the house. She is like a cat. It is the hardest thing in the world to get her away from home."

After some farther conversation with Emma, Mr. Howard went away, and devoted his attention, as it was his duty to do, to other persons of the company. In the course of the evening, he stood for a few moments near the mantel-piece with Charles.

"Does not Emma look beautifully this evening," said Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Howard, "she is very beautiful indeed."

"Did you observe what a splendid bracelet she has?"

"Yes," said Mr. Howard. "Is it hers?"

"Certainly," replied Charles. "She bought it with a legacy left her by her aunt. Her aunt left her a hundred dollars, and she bought this bracelet with seventy-five of it."

"How much do you suppose her father's income is?" rejoined Mr. Howard.

"It can not be more than eight hundred or a thousand dollars," replied Charles.

---

Mr. Howard's calculations and reflections. He is interrupted. Mr. Howard in his room.

---

Just at this instant some young ladies beckoned Charles away, and Mr. Howard was left a few minutes alone. He began to calculate what sum would probably be sufficient to gratify Emma's fondness for jewelry in New York, if she were to be the wife of a man whose income was five or ten thousand dollars a year; and also whether she would probably, in going into society in New York, wish to outshine the ladies she might meet in company there, as much as she was outshining her friends and companions in Clinton, and if so, how much money it would cost to enable her to do it.

He also mused a little upon the fact that Emma, in addition to several rings of her own, had chosen to borrow and wear her cousin Mary's. For a moment, too, there was even forced upon his mind the very ungallant and uncharitable question, What cast and character of mind was indicated by a desire to shine in borrowed finery? This question Mr. Howard immediately put down. "A young lady's borrowing her cousin's ring," he said to himself, very promptly, "is a perfectly innocent and proper thing, and ought not to be attributed to a desire of shining in borrowed finery at all."

Mr. Howard soon interrupted himself in these musings by the thought that his remaining apart from the company in this manner was not polite, and so he turned to a group of ladies and gentlemen that were standing near, and joined them in their conversation.

That night, after the party was over, and Mr. Howard went to his room, he sat for some time by the window, looking at the moon and musing. At last he seemed to awake from his revery, and said to himself, as he rose from his chair,

---

He comes to a conclusion.

Mary Lane.

Mr. Howard declines an introduction.

---

“She is a charming girl, certainly; but if her tastes and desires are such as these things seem to indicate, I do not see but that I might as well have one of the New York belles for my wife as to have her.”

---

## CHAPTER VII.

MARY LANE.

MR. HOWARD'S interest and curiosity were considerably excited by what he heard of Mary Lane. He determined to contrive some way to become acquainted with her.

The first time that he went out to walk, he took the road which led by the house where she lived. His cousin Charles went with him, and pointed out the place to him. Mr. Howard was very much pleased with the charming aspect which every thing about the house presented, and his interest in seeing Mary was greatly increased by it; for his cousin Charles assured him positively that all the beauty that he saw was the result of Mary's taste and skill.

“And if you wish to become acquainted with her,” continued Charles, “go in with me now, and I will introduce you to her.”

“No,” said Mr. Howard, “I will not go in now.”

Mr. Howard wished to contrive some less formal and conspicuous mode of becoming acquainted with Mary than by going in to be introduced as a stranger for the purpose of making a ceremonious call.

A few days after this, Mr. Howard, when walking with Charles in the street, met Mary Lane coming into the village. She was



---

Mr. Howard devises another plan.

Success of his maneuver.

Emma.

---

leading a little child by the hand. Mr. Howard was very much struck with the soft and beaming intelligence of her eyes, and with the sweet and gentle expression of her countenance. He was more determined to devise some plan of becoming acquainted with her than ever.

He finally devised a plan. It was a pretty bold one, but he carried it into effect in so polite and gentlemanly a manner that it succeeded perfectly. -

He sat down to his desk one evening when Charles Stanley was away, and wrote a note to Mary Lane, saying that he had heard through their common friend, Charles, that she had among her books a volume of views in the Alps, and, though he had not yet had the pleasure of being introduced to her, still, as they had so many friends in common, he hoped she would not consider that he took too great a liberty in asking her if she would lend it to him a few days. He promised that he would take the best possible care of it, and that, in a very short time, he would either send it home by a trusty messenger, or, if she would allow him to do so, bring it himself.

Mary Lane, far from being displeased, was much gratified at receiving this note. She immediately showed it to her mother, and asked her what she had better do. Her mother advised her to send the book, and to accompany it with a message that she was very happy to lend it to him, and that both she and her mother would be pleased to see him, if he would call when he was ready to return it.

But I am getting drawn away from Emma, and she is the proper subject of this volume. I will, therefore, here only add, that



---

Emma offers to send home the ring.

Mary Lane does not wish for it.

---

about a week after Mr. Howard finished his studies in respect to the steam-engine, and returned to New York, it was generally understood throughout the village that he was engaged to Mary Lane.

Emma, who at heart was really a generous-minded and excellent girl, notwithstanding some faults that were to be observed in her character, congratulated Mary, in a very cordial manner, on her engagement, and sincerely wished her all possible happiness.

“And I’ll send home your ring,” said she. “You’ll want it now, if you did not before.”

“No,” replied Mary Lane, “don’t send it home. I will leave it in your keeping. I do not think I shall ever wear it. I would give it to you if it were not that it was bequeathed to me by Aunt Manton. At any rate, I leave it in your custody, and you may use it as your own until I call for it.”

“Oh, Mary,” said Emma, “what a queer girl you are!”

---

Some account of the voyage up the North River.

---

## LESSON II.

### THE RASPBERRY PARTY.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### WEST POINT.

THE young gentlemen and the young ladies, whatever may be their age, who have never yet made a voyage up the Hudson from



New York to Albany, on board one of the immense river steamers which are going continually to and fro on that magnificent

---

The great North River steamers.

Views from the deck.

The shores.

---

thoroughfare, have a great pleasure yet in reserve. The steamers are enormously large, and are fitted up with so much magnificence and splendor, that when the cabins and saloons are lighted at night, the spectacle presented to view seems like a scene of enchantment. The stained glass windows, the bright and glowing lamps and chandeliers, the rich carpets, the gorgeous drapery of the berths and state-rooms, the mirrors, the paintings, and, above all, the brilliant magnificence of the long supper-tables set out in the gentlemen's cabin for tea, combine to fill the minds of children, who witness the scene for the first time, with the most exciting emotions of wonder and delight. They run about the saloons, they sit down upon the sofas, they climb up to the windows, they go out upon the decks, and they watch the movements of the ponderous machinery in a state of perpetual excitement.

In most of these steamers there is a very pleasant place to sit, on a deck in the rear of the upper saloon. This deck has a roof over it, and it is partially sheltered from the breeze by the saloon before it, so that in a summer evening, when the day has been warm, a great many of the passengers come out there to walk about, or to sit in little groups, four or five together, upon the chairs or settees placed there for their accommodation. The scenery along the banks of the river, as seen from this deck, is extremely beautiful. There are elegant villas, and comfortable-looking farm-houses, and groves of trees, and serpentine walks meandering gracefully through shady groves, or over verdant lawns, varied now and then by a wharf or pier at the margin of the water, with a sloop or a sail-boat moored to it, waiting, perhaps, for a change in the wind, or the turning of the tide. The

---

Scene on board a steam-boat.

Objects on the shore.

---



---

The little white cottages.

The Palisades.

The Highlands.

---

gentleman who is traveling with you points out these various objects to your attention as you glide swiftly along.

Among them all, there is nothing which is more curious, or which attracts more strongly the attention of children, than the little white cottages which are seen here and there lying close along the shore, on the western side of the river, underneath the enormous precipices of the Palisades.

These Palisades, which form a perpendicular wall of rock several hundred feet high, extend for many miles along the western bank of the river. They begin very near New York, and they end at Tappan Bay. Tappan Bay is a broad expansion of the river, forming a sort of lake, in fact, ten or fifteen miles long, and four or five wide. At the end of Tappan Bay the river takes a sudden turn, at a place where it passes through a narrow gorge between a promontory on one side, and a long point of land covered with groves of trees on the other. The steamer, after going through this strait, enters another sort of lake, called Haverstraw Bay. When you enter Haverstraw Bay, it is a good plan to go *forward*, and take a view of it from the window of the forward saloon, or, if the weather is very pleasant, from the little promenade deck outside. The bay, as viewed from these places, is seen bordered by most beautiful rural scenery on either side, while at its upper end it appears to lose itself among a mass of lofty and forest-covered mountains, which look as if they were crowding together there on purpose to stop the way. In fact, the children who look upon the scene wonder how it can be possible for the steamer to get through.

As the boat advances along the bay, and approaches the end of



---

Passage of the river through the Highlands.

Scene at night.

---

it, the mountains seem to grow higher, and to crowd closer in together. At length, however, a narrow passage gradually opens before you, and the steamer winds its way along the mountains, through a succession of short curves and narrow gorges, with dark forests of evergreen trees, and frowning precipices of granite, rising abruptly from the water's edge on either hand. The whole scene wears a very grand and sublime, and yet somewhat gloomy aspect. The river twists and turns around the points and promontories with such short and sudden windings, that wherever you are, and whichever way you turn, you can see but a very little distance before you. You might almost suppose that it was some small mountain lake on which you were sailing, were it not that you are continually passing sloops that are ascending or descending the river, and now and then a monstrous steamer like your own comes paddling with tremendous power around a point of land before you, and, passing you at great speed, disappears behind you as suddenly as it came.

These mountains are the famous Highlands of the North River. The scene, in passing through them, is very imposing even by day. By night it is really sublime. Then the grand mountain masses by which the river is hemmed in—their forms revealed indistinctly by the faint radiance of the moon or of the stars—assume so solemn an expression as to fill you with awe; and the hundreds of lights which glimmer in the steamer that passes you, or are reflected from it in the water below, make the mighty mass seem like some gigantic spectre stalking by, or like a moving illumination mysteriously floating over the glassy surface of the water. Once when I was passing by in such a steamer, the fire-

---

Brilliant spectacle.

The promontory of West Point.

The grounds.

---

men were pouring burning embers which they had taken up from under the engine out through a port-hole into the river. In looking through the port-hole, we could see the mouth of the furnace within, glowing with an intense brilliancy; and the streams of embers, as they issued from the great iron tubs of the workmen, and were poured into the river, seemed like streams of liquid fire.

After shooting swiftly along over the water among these mountains for several miles, and just before your steamer is ready to emerge from them and pass into the region of open country beyond, you come to the site of the great and celebrated military academy at West Point. West Point is a sort of flat-topped promontory, projecting into the river at one of the most romantic turns of the stream. It is pretty high, as the level plain which forms the surface of it is raised one or two hundred feet above the water, but then it is surrounded and hemmed in so completely by lofty mountains on the land side as to give to the place a very secluded and sheltered appearance. The banks which border this plain toward the river are very precipitous, and rugged rocks break out every where along the slopes of them; but then these rocks are overshadowed and partly concealed by the thick groves of trees and shrubbery which grow there, and meandering walks wind along among these trees, enabling the visitor to scale all the heights, and explore all the hidden recesses of this wild scenery in the most delightful manner. These walks lead sometimes underneath the precipices, and sometimes along the brink of them. They ascend and descend flights of stone steps, convenient and easy to the foot, though rude in form, and they lead the visitor to many seats, and bowers, and other resting-places, which the cadets have



---

The plain.

Parade grounds.

Marches and maneuvers of the cadets.

---

established at such salient points as command attractive views either of the surrounding mountains above or of the river below.

If you wish to stop and make a visit at West Point when passing up the river, the steamer lands you at a small pier, and then a winding road, cut in some places out of the solid rock, leads by a long circuit up from the river to the plain above. Here a very rich and attractive scene opens to the eye. The plain is quite extensive. It is fringed on the river side with trees, and it is completely environed and hemmed in, toward the land, by rounded mountain summits, all covered with dark forests of evergreen trees. On the farther side of the plain, there is a long range of professors' houses, shaded by trees, and surrounded by gardens. There are spacious edifices, too, that are used as barracks for the cadets, and broad parade-grounds for their military exercises, and batteries of cannon and of mortars for practice in gunnery, and a great hotel, surrounded by beautiful piazzas overlooking the river, and roads, and gravel-walks, and copses of shrubbery, and a neat and pretty village, occupied by musicians and privates, down in a valley; and at one place, at the distance of a mile or two across a cove, there is to be seen, on the face of a precipice which rises there from the river, perpendicular and smooth like a wall, a large target, painted on the rock, which serves for a mark to fire at with heavy artillery. The whole of this enchanting scene is often enlivened by the marches and maneuvers of the cadets on the plain, and by the groups of gayly-dressed spectators who sit upon the piazzas of the hotel, or stroll along the walks, or repose under the trees, gazing at the brilliant scenes and magnificent prospects that surround them.

---

Character and design of the Military Academy at West Point.

---

The reason why the Military Academy was established here is partly because the spot is so secluded and romantic, and yet so conveniently accessible from New York, and all the other great cities of the Union, and partly because there was an ancient fort here, called Fort Putnam, which was built, in the times of the Revolution, among these highlands, to defend the passage of the river ; so that West Point was already a military place when government determined on establishing an Academy. The ruins of the old fort still remain on the hill overhanging the grounds of the Academy, and the visitors who go to West Point almost always climb up to explore them.

The object of the Academy is to educate officers for the army of the United States, or rather officers to be ready to serve in armies whenever they may be required. In ordinary times, a large army is not necessary for the United States. The leading governments of Europe are obliged—or think they are obliged—to maintain very large military establishments, even in time of peace, for two reasons : first, to protect the government of the country against any rising of the people in insurrection or rebellion ; and, secondly, to protect the country itself against any sudden invasion to which they fancy that they are always exposed from the powerful neighbors which surround them.

Neither of these reasons for maintaining great standing armies are applicable to the case of the United States. Here the people themselves govern, and the rulers are merely agents, whom they put in and out of power at their pleasure, so that there are no risings to be feared except risings at the ballot-boxes. Then there are no neighbors to be dreaded. In fact, it may almost be said

---

Plan of the American people in respect to the national defense.

---

that the American people have politically no neighbors at all. The nearest power that is strong enough to do them any injury is three thousand miles away.

Besides, it is beginning to be generally believed among mankind that the habit of going armed, in the case both of individuals and nations, is the means much more certainly of getting into quarrels and difficulties than of keeping out of them. In former times, it was the general custom for gentlemen in social life to wear swords and daggers, either openly or concealed, about their persons, so as to be ready to defend themselves at once in case of being attacked. Now, no one thinks of such a thing—none, at least, in any refined or cultivated society. If the old custom were to return, and all people were to go constantly armed with pistols, bow-knives, and daggers, there would be ten quarrels among men where there is now one.

The American people, therefore, think it best not to keep up great armies. A few hundred men are required to take care of the forts and batteries on the sea-coast, and keep the guns from rusting; and a few thousand on the western frontier, to protect the emigrants, and to keep order among the Indians. The whole number of these troops is, however, not more than ten or twelve thousand, while the great powers of Europe maintain, at vast expense, standing armies of ten times that magnitude.

Instead, therefore, of maintaining great armies in time of peace, the American people content themselves with training and qualifying every year a sufficient number of officers to command their armies whenever armies may be required, and also manufacturing muskets in great quantities, so as to furnish an abundant supply

The cadets.

The education gratuitous.

Its high character.

of arms whenever they may be needed. The arms and the officers being thus ready, the men, it is supposed, can always be obtained at very short notice. The Academy at West Point is the institution where these officers are trained.

The *cadets*, for that is the name by which the students at the Academy are called, are educated wholly at the expense of the government.\* In fact, their admission to the Academy is considered as the receiving of an appointment in the army, and they draw pay and rations just like any other officers or soldiers attached to the corps. This is one reason why many parents wish to get their sons admitted to the Academy. At other institutions, pupils must pay, but at West Point they are educated wholly at the public expense.

This education, however, although the expenses of it are not charged to the pupils at the time, is by no means to be considered in the light of a gratuity. The young men, or at least those of them who continue in the army after they graduate at the Academy, pay for it, it seems to me, at a very high rate in the end.

The education which the cadets receive at this Academy is of the very best and highest character. It might at first be supposed that any very unusual intellectual attainments could not be necessary for soldiers, whose main business, it might seem, is simply to

\* The word *cadet* means *younger son*. In Europe, the older sons of the great families inherit the rank and the estates of their fathers, and the younger sons are sent to the army and navy. Hence arose the custom of calling the pupils in these establishments *cadets*. The reason does not apply in this country, for it is by no means exclusively the younger sons that enter the army and navy here. The use of the name, however, established by the custom of Europe, continues here.

---

Duties of military officers.

Studies pursued at the Academy.

---

fight. But it must be remembered that it is not the chief business of the *officers* of an army to fight. What they have chiefly to do is to form the plans and arrangements for the fighting of others. In the maneuvering and managing of large armies—in laying out and making military roads—in the construction of bridges, of redoubts, of batteries, and of fortified camps—in making surveys, and in drawing maps and plans of the countries they traverse—and in a great many other operations connected with the movements and the management of large armies in an active campaign—intellectual powers and attainments of a very high order are required. So far as the mere drilling of the troops and the maneuvers of the field are concerned, the young men might learn all that is necessary by remaining with the various regiments of the army at the forts or encampments, where they are stationed in service; but inasmuch as these higher and more intellectual attainments are likewise required, it has been thought best to establish an Academy, and educate the young officers there, just as in a college or any other purely literary seminary.

The studies pursued at the Academy are of a very elevated character, and many of them are extremely difficult; and as the progress of the classes in the course is very rapid, great numbers of the cadets who enter are unable to keep up with them, and consequently, after one or two years, they give up and withdraw. Only about one third of those who enter succeed in finishing the course. Those who do get through are consequently pretty sure to be men of superior mental powers, and of somewhat extraordinary energy and efficiency of character.

The cadets, while pursuing their studies in the Academy, not-



withstanding that they are so young, are regarded and treated as officers, and this has, in some respects, a favorable effect upon them in respect to the formation of their characters. The habit of command makes men gentlemanly in their manners, and imparts to them a certain dignity of character, and a feeling of self-respect, which greatly increases the influence and ascendancy which their talents and attainments enable them to acquire over the minds of their fellow-men. Their character is generally marked, moreover, with a certain promptness and energy, and with that love of order and precision on which the efficiency of action so often depends. Their ideas are exact. Their words precisely express their meaning. They do just what requires to be done, to accomplish the end they have in view, without bustle or noise, or any empty boastings or pretensions of any sort. This sort of quiet energy, always cool and deliberate, but always prompt and determined, forms the general type of the military character, and the cadets at West Point catch the spirit of it, in a greater or less degree, while they are in the institution, and continue to manifest it through life.

In a word, the graduates of the Military Academy at West Point are almost all very accomplished and agreeable young men. We have, however, to do with only one of them in this story. The name of this one was George Hampton. He was a Clinton boy — that is, he was born in Clinton, and had spent his childhood in that town. He had, however, left the place when he was very young, and since then he had not visited it until the time of which I am about to speak in this story.

---

An anecdote of George Hampton illustrating his character.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### A RAIL-ROAD INCIDENT.

GEORGE HAMPTON was very quiet, gentle, and unobtrusive in his manners, but he took effectual measures always for accomplishing whatever he undertook to do. He was very courteous too, and kind to all with whom he had any dealings. In fact, although he had been educated specially to be a soldier, he never quarreled with any one. He seemed to have the power of winning over all who knew him to his side by his disinterested kindness and courtesy.

One day, for instance, when he was taking a journey, he entered a car in a rail-road train at a certain station where the train had stopped, and walked up through the car looking for a seat; but the car was so nearly full that he could not readily find one. He came, at length, to what seemed to be a vacancy. A lady was sitting alone in a seat, but she had taken her place pretty near the middle of it, showing, by her position, that she did not wish that any one else should come there. Mr. Hampton looked around, but, seeing no other vacant place, he asked the lady if that seat was occupied.

The lady hesitated a moment, and then, without looking up, answered in a tardy tone, and with a very morose expression of countenance,

“No, sir; I don't know that it is.”

But yet she did not move.



---

The manner in which he returned good for evil.

---

Just at this moment Mr. Hampton perceived that a gentleman and lady who occupied the next seat behind were gathering up their parcels and preparing to leave the car, so he waited till they had gone, and then took the seat which they had left. Thus he found himself placed directly behind the lady who had been so uncivil. He looked at her as he took his seat, and said to himself, though mentally addressing her,

“I will find a way to take that scowl off your face before we have gone fifty miles, or I am greatly mistaken.”

Presently the lady pushed up her window in order to look out. She found, however, that the spring was broken, and the sash would not stay up. Mr. Hampton immediately made a wedge by folding a piece of his newspaper into the required shape, and ingeniously contrived to crowd it into the crevice between the sash and the frame, in such a manner as to keep the sash from falling. The lady seemed glad to have the window fastened up, and she nodded her head coldly in acknowledgment of the attention, but did not speak.

Next a boy came along the car bringing some cakes on a waiter to sell. The station was one where the train stopped five minutes to allow the passengers to take some refreshment. But the time was so short that many of the passengers, especially the ladies who were traveling alone, did not like to leave the train for fear of being left, so this boy came to sell cakes to them where they were.

The cakes, however, were not very nice. The lady that I have been speaking of looked upon them a moment with an expression of doubt and aversion upon her countenance. There was a contest in her mind between her hunger and her fastidiousness. The

---

Mr. Hampton brings the lady a glass of water just in time.

---

hunger triumphed. She took one of the cakes, and paid the boy three cents for it.

“I can get you something better than that cake,” said Mr. Hampton to the lady, “in the refreshment-room, if you will allow me to do it.”

The lady turned round to him and replied, speaking in a somewhat more gracious manner than before,

“No, I thank you, sir; I’ll make this do.”

“I can bring you a cup of coffee in a moment,” said Mr. Hampton, “if you would like it—or a glass of water.”

“I am *very* much obliged to you, sir,” said the lady, “but I am afraid there will not be time.”

“There will be time for the water,” said Mr. Hampton, “at any rate.” So he put his carpet-bag down upon his seat to keep the place for him, and went out of the car. He hurried across a tangled maze of tracks which lay between him and the platform of the refreshment-room. He glanced his eye to the head of the train as he passed, and saw that the locomotive was attached to the train, and was hissing impatiently there, waiting for the signal to set off. As soon as he entered the refreshment-room, he seized a mug, filled it with water, and hurried back to the window of the car, where the lady sat with her arm out of the window, and a grateful smile upon her face, ready to receive it.

Mr. Hampton gave her the mug. She drank the water with an appearance of great satisfaction. Mr. Hampton then hurried back with the mug, and had just time to put it on the counter in the refreshment-room, where it belonged, and to get back to the train, before the bell rang, and the train began to move away. The lady

---

The lady finds reason to regret her incivility.

---

looked anxiously from the window, watching him until she saw that he was safe. As he came into the car, she moved close to the window, so as to leave room for him to take the seat by her side. But he did not do it. He took the seat behind her, as before.

The lady turned round toward him and thanked him very cordially for his kindness.

"I was very thirsty," said she, "but I did not dare to get out, for fear that the train would go off and leave me. It is very disagreeable to travel alone. I am not used to it."

Just then a coarse-looking man, with a large valise in his hand, came walking along the car looking for a seat. There was no one vacant except the one by the side of the lady. He stopped before it, and, looking at the lady, he said gruffly,

"This seat does not seem to be occupied, madam. I will take it, if you will allow me."

And down he sat, crowding himself and his valise into the place without any ceremony.

"I am sorry that you can not have the whole seat to yourself," said Mr. Hampton. He spoke, however, in a low tone of voice, so that the man did not hear him.

"I wish that *you* had come here," said the lady.

"I should have come there," said Mr. Hampton, "but I thought you seemed to prefer that I should not."

"I wish now very much that you had come," said the lady.

It was by such methods, and such management as this, that Mr. Hampton gained the victory, and carried his point triumphantly, in all conflicts between himself and others.

---

Mr. Hampton makes a visit to Clinton.

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### A PLAN FORMED.

IT so happened that Mr. Hampton made his first visit to Clinton the summer after Mr. Howard's visit. It was very near the time of his graduating at the Academy.

One evening, in the latter part of July, during the period of his visit, there was an evening party of young gentlemen and young ladies at a very pleasant house in the village. There were gardens back of the house, and back of the gardens there was a path leading down to a stream of water, where there was a boat.

The company, just after sunset, were walking about the gardens and grounds, and along the path leading to the water. Mr. Hampton was in the boat with one or two young ladies whom he had invited to go out with him upon the water.

One of them was, in fact, very young. Her name was Kate. She was not more than fourteen years of age. She was, however, very prepossessing in her appearance and manners, though she was somewhat reserved. She had large, dark eyes, full of meaning, and, though she said but little, she listened very attentively to what others said, and was very intelligent and observing.

A gentleman often learns a great deal in respect to the intelligence, and the tastes, and the other mental characteristics of the lady whom he is conversing with, by the manner in which she listens to what he says, and by observing what points in the conversation attract her attention and awaken her curiosity. Judg-

Kate.

Reason why Mr. Hampton liked to talk with her.

ing in this way, Mr. Hampton thought that Kate was possessed of an uncommonly discriminating mind, and that her mental and moral perceptions and sensibilities were delicate and exact. He liked to talk to her, therefore, because he perceived that she understood and was interested in what he said, although she said very little herself in reply.

Perhaps Kate would have been his principal favorite if she had been a little older. As it was, she was yet, as it were, a child, or, rather, just changing from childhood to womanhood. So, although Mr. Hampton liked her very much, he did not feel as strong a sentiment of love for her as he did for a certain other young lady. This other young lady was, in a word, our old friend Emma.

Emma was still, as ever, a universal favorite. She was always full of animation and gayety, and there was so much vivacity and wit in her remarks, and so much originality and ingenuity in the plans that she formed for excursions and parties of pleasure in the summer, and for games and plays around the fireside in the winter, that she had great influence among all the young people of the village. In fact, as has already been said, she was quite a belle. And, during this summer, she was more of a belle than ever.

It must be confessed, however, that Miss Emma was fully aware of her beauty and of her superiority, and sometimes, when she was with girls alone, she was accustomed to display some little vanity and self-conceit. In the presence of gentlemen, however, this did not appear, so that in general society she was quite charming. Mr. Hampton was very much pleased with her indeed. He was seriously thinking whether he should not ask her to be



---

Mr. Hampton is beckoned to the shore.

Plan proposed.

---

his wife. It is true that he was not ready then to be married, but he expected to be ready in about three years, and he thought that perhaps it would be best to have his wife chosen in good season.

While Mr. Hampton, and the two young ladies whom he had with him, were still in the boat, paddling slowly to and fro over the water, and engaged all the time in a quiet conversation, they suddenly heard voices calling to them. On looking up, they saw several of the other young gentlemen and young ladies of the party beckoning to them and calling to them from the shore.

“What do they want?” asked Kate.

“We will go and see,” said Mr. Hampton.

So he turned the head of his boat in toward the shore, and paddled to the landing. As soon as the boat drew near the bank, the persons who were standing there began to inform Mr. Hampton that they had been arranging a raspberry party, and that they had come to ask him to take the direction of it.

“We are going on Saturday,” said Emma, who seemed to be the leader of the movement. “There are eight or ten that can go. The plan is, to take chaises or wagons, and go off somewhere, three or four miles, to some place where the berries are thick.”

“There is an excellent good place at the head of the pond,” said Mr. Edwards—one of the party.

“And we want you to be our leader,” continued Emma. “We always get along a great deal better if we have somebody to command.”

“I should like a raspberry party very much,” said Mr. Hampton; “but as to leader,” he added, in a doubting tone, “I don’t



Emma making a signal to Lieutenant Hampton in the boat.



---

Mr. Hampton appointed director of a picnic.

Emma made adjutant.

---

know. I am not much acquainted with raspberry parties. I think you had better *choose* a leader regularly."

"Very well," said Miss Emma, "we will choose you regularly. Mr. Edwards will put it to vote; won't you, Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edwards; "certainly. All that are in favor of asking Lieutenant Hampton to take the command of the raspberry party, please to say Ay."

There was a universal responding of ayes.

"Those of the contrary opinion say No."

"No," said Mr. Hampton.

Then immediately afterward he added, with a smile, "I am outvoted, and I yield. I do not know much about maneuvering raspberry parties, but I will do the best I can. Is the day determined upon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Edwards; "we thought of Saturday."

"The place?" said Mr. Hampton.

"No," said Emma. "You must decide that."

"Very well," said Mr. Hampton; "I will inquire. But I shall have to notify all the party where we are to meet, and of other arrangements, perhaps, so I must know exactly who they are. Do you know who they all are, Miss Emma?"

"Yes," said Emma. So Emma began to enumerate the various individuals who had concluded to go; but Mr. Hampton interrupted her to say that she must make him a written list of them.

"I should not remember them all," said he, "if you tell me orally, so you must make a list. In fact, I should like to appoint you for my *adjutant*."

---

Mr. Hampton and Emma conclude the arrangements.

---

“Yes,” said Emma, “I’ll be adjutant. But what is an adjutant? What has she to do?”

“Oh, I shall tell you,” replied Mr. Hampton. “The first thing is to make a list of all the party. Then you will have to notify them all of any directions I have to give.”

“Very well,” said Emma, “I will be your adjutant. I can certainly do such things as those.”

In fact, Emma was much pleased with the idea of aiding Mr. Hampton in any way in discharging the duties of his office. She felt as if she were in some measure associated with him in his command, and considered herself highly honored by the appointment.

“I will make arrangements for a conveyance, too, for *you*,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Very well,” said Emma.

So it was all understood that the party was to go on Saturday, and was to consist of such persons as should give their names to Emma that evening, but that all the other details and arrangements of the plan were to be left to the discretion of Mr. Hampton, and that he was to communicate, in due time, through his adjutant, with all the party, giving them notice of the arrangements that he should make, and of the directions which he wished them to follow.

The affair being thus settled, the whole party walked slowly back together toward the house.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TIMOTHY AND TOMOTHY.

MR. HAMPTON knew very little about the management of raspberry parties, but he knew a great deal about the art of management generally, and he was well aware that the great principles which should govern in all other cases would be equally successful, if judiciously applied, in this ; so he felt no special objection to undertaking the charge which had thus been confided to him.

The great principles which should guide a public officer in the discharge of his duty in such cases as these are the following. I put them in the form of rules, so that those of my readers who may be likely to be appointed to such trusts may the more easily remember and apply them.

1. Do nothing hastily. Wait, after you have been appointed, till you have time to consider what you will do, before you begin to act, or even to say any thing in respect to your intentions.

2. Take immediate measures to gain full and exact information of every thing pertaining to the plan. Get this information in the most quiet and unobtrusive way possible, so as not to set people talking about what you are going to do, and forming plans of their own for you, and giving you their advice.

3. Form your plan of operations yourself, in a very deliberate manner. Consider carefully what difficulties are likely to occur, and take measures to guard against them, if possible ; and provide, as fully as you can, against all contingencies.

---

Account of Mr. Hampton's plans.

He sets out on an exploring expedition.

---

4. In carrying your plan into execution, if it is a party of young ladies and young gentlemen that you have to deal with, exercise your command in the most gentle and unpretending manner, with the least possible bustle and parade. On the other hand, if it is a party of boys and girls that you are concerned with, make as much parade and bustle as you can; the more there is, the better they like it.

In accordance with these principles, the first thing which Mr. Hampton had to do was to obtain the necessary information preliminary to the forming of his plans. In order to do this, he determined to ride about to the different raspberry grounds, and examine them, so as to judge for himself which would be best for the party to go to. He wished to do this, however, in a quiet and private manner, so as not to set all the village to talking about his plans.

He accordingly took a couple of fishing-lines in his pocket, and went to a stable which was near the principal hotel of the village, where he knew that they kept horses and carriages to let, and asked them to give him a horse and a wagon to ride about the country a few hours. While the hostler was harnessing the horse, he asked him if he knew of any boy in the village who was good at going a fishing, and who could probably tell him where he could catch some trout.

“Are you going a fishing?” said the hostler.

“Not precisely that,” said Mr. Hampton; “but if I should come across a brook where there is a pretty good chance, I might stop and fish a little while.”

“Well,” said the hostler, “there are plenty of boys that will be



---

Timothy and Tomothy.

Mr. Hampton calls to see them.

---

glad enough to go with you. There's Timothy and Tomothy, who live right down here at the foot of the lane. They're as good as any you can get."

"Timothy and Tomothy?" repeated Mr. Hampton. He was struck with the singularity of the names.

"Yes," said the hostler. "They are twins."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Hampton. "Twins! And so they named them Timothy and Tomothy?"

"No," said the hostler, "I believe their real names are Timothy and Thomas; but the boys generally call them Timothy and Tomothy, they are so much alike."

By this time the hostler had finished harnessing the horse, and so Mr. Hampton got into the wagon and drove down the lane.

When he came to the house which the hostler had pointed out to him, he saw a boy in the yard propping up the branch of an apple-tree, which seemed overloaded with fruit.

"I wonder whether that is Timothy or Tomothy," said Mr. Hampton to himself.

He stopped the horse at the entrance of the yard, and looked toward the boy. The boy suspended his work and looked toward Mr. Hampton.

"Is your name Timothy?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

The boy stood, as he said this, under the branch of the apple-tree, and was holding it up by means of the prop which he had just made ready to fix in its place.

So Mr. Hampton got down from his wagon and went to the tree.



---

Tomothy is sick.

Mr. Hampton goes to see him.

---

"Let me help you prop up the branch," said he.

"Well, sir," replied Timothy, "if you would be good enough to hold the prop while I tie it to the limb."

So Mr. Hampton held the prop, and Timothy began to tie it.

"Do you know where there is any good place to catch trout?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"And can you go with me, and show me where it is?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "I think I can."

"Have you got a brother named Tomothy?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," replied Timothy.

"Could he go too?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"He is sick," said Timothy.

"Ah!" said Mr. Hampton, "I am sorry for that. Is he very sick?"

"No, sir. He's getting better," replied Timothy.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"He is in the house," replied Timothy. "He's in that little room—there." So saying, Timothy pointed to a door leading into a little back room.

"Is any body with him?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"No," said Timothy, "he is all alone."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Hampton; "let's go in and see him." So Timothy led the way, and Mr. Hampton following, both went into the house.

They found Tomothy sitting in a large arm-chair near a win-

---

Conversation with the sick boy.

Mr. Hampton promises him some trout.

---

dow. He looked precisely like Timothy, only he was somewhat pale and thin on account of his sickness. There was a pillow behind his head, and his feet were upon a footstool. A large dog was lying down on the floor by his side.

"Tomothy," said Timothy, "here's somebody come to see you."

Mr. Hampton walked up to Tomothy with so cheerful a smile upon his face as at once to put the patient quite at ease in respect to his visitor. Some persons, when they go into a sick room, assume a very serious and sorrowful expression of countenance. They seem to think it is proper that they should look as if they were sorry that their friend is sick. It is much better, however, to come in with a pleasant face, and even—if the patient is not very sick—with a smile.

"Tomothy," said Mr. Hampton, as he walked across the room to the place where the sick boy was sitting, "I came to see if I could get you and your brother to go a fishing with me. They say that you know where all the good places are. But you are sick, and I'm very sorry for it."

"Yes, sir," said Tomothy, feebly, "I can't go.

"And your brother ought not to go away and leave you," said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes," said Tomothy, "he may go. My mother is coming in to sit by me."

"Would you like to have him bring you home some trout?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes," said Tomothy, "very much indeed."

"Well," said Mr. Hampton, turning round to Timothy as he spoke, "we'll go and catch him some trout."

---

Mr. Hampton and Timothy set out.

The dog Tim.

Pleasant ride.

---

“Yes, sir,” said Timothy.

“And some raspberries,” added Mr. Hampton. “We will bring him some raspberries. Are there any good places to get raspberries?”

“Yes, sir,” said Timothy. “The best place is up by the head of the pond, about two miles from here. There is a good trout brook near there too.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Hampton. “Go and ask your mother if you may go, and then get your basket and come out to the wagon. I’ll be there all ready for you.”

So, bidding Tomothy good-by, Mr. Hampton went out to the wagon. In a few minutes Timothy came, and, mounting into the wagon, they went away together.

As they were going away from the house, Timothy looked back and called out, “Here, Tim! Tim! Tim!”

A large dog, looking very much like the one that Mr. Hampton had seen in Tomothy’s room, came bounding out from a shed, in answer to this call, and ran along after the wagon.

“Is that your dog?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“Yes,” said Timothy; “and his name is Tim; and Tomothy has got one just like him, named Tom.”

It would detain us too long from the more important portions of our story to describe very fully the adventures which Mr. Hampton and Timothy met with on their expedition. They had a very pleasant ride along the shores of the pond till they came to the head of it. There they found the trout stream. Following this stream up a little way, they came, at length, to the raspberry place. The raspberries were pretty thick, but there were

---

Trouting.

Mr. Hampton explores the raspberry grounds.

---

several parties of children, and also of girls and women, on the ground gathering them. Mr. Hampton and Timothy soon filled their basket, however, and then they went down to the brook and began to fish. They caught seven good-sized trout. Then they left the brook, and got into the wagon again, and rode off on a retired and solitary road for about a mile, to another place, near a bridge, where Timothy said he believed there were some raspberries. This bridge was called Jones's bridge, because there was a farmer near the place whose name was Jones.

The raspberry ground near Mr. Jones's was not so extensive as the one at the head of the pond, but it was in a more secluded spot, and so the raspberries that grew there were left much more undisturbed. Mr. Hampton thought that, on this account, it might be better for his party to come here rather than to go to the other place. Besides, it was in a much more picturesque and romantic situation. It was in an opening in the woods, not far from the bank of the stream. There was a cart path which led down to the stream at a spot where there were smooth plats of grassy land on the banks, with rocks and trees overshadowing them. As soon as Mr. Hampton saw this place by the brook, he decided at once that it would be much better for the raspberry party to come here than to go to the head of the pond.

"This is a quiet and retired spot," said he to himself, "and I can make excellent arrangements here for accommodating the party. I'll go and see Mr. Jones about it."

So he left Timothy fishing in the stream, while he went to find Mr. Jones.

Mr. Hampton came up to Mr. Jones's house on the back side

---

Mr. Jones's yard.

Mr. Hampton makes an arrangement for his party.

---

of it. Here he found a very neat and pleasant yard, with a little arbor in it overhung with hop-vines, and a gate leading from the yard into the garden. The paths in this garden were nicely swept, and, altogether, it was a very inviting-looking place indeed. There was a young and blooming girl sitting at a window that looked out upon this yard at the time that Mr. Hampton went there to inquire for Mr. Jones. This girl told Mr. Hampton that her father was not at home, but that her brother Jotham was in the barn.

Mr. Hampton then went out to the barn, and there he found Jotham stowing away hay. The barn was very full of hay, and was in excellent order.

Mr. Hampton told Jotham that there was a party formed in the village to go a raspberrying on Saturday, and asked him if there would be any objection to their coming up to his father's land.

"Not the least," said Jotham.

"And I suppose," continued Mr. Hampton, "that the raspberries will be thicker and better if nobody goes in to gather any there this week. Do you think that you could easily prevent any one from going in?"

"Yes, sir," said Jotham, "very easily. Very few people come here for raspberries, and, if any body should come, I can ask them to go up the road about a quarter of a mile, where there is just as good a place."

"There is another thing," said Mr. Hampton. "After the party have filled their baskets full, I think they would like to have some to eat, with cream. Do you keep cows?"

"Yes," said Jotham, "a dozen of them."

"And do you think," continued Mr. Hampton, "that your moth-

---

Provision for a supply of cream.

Every thing settled.

---

er would be willing to furnish us with two or three quarts of cream, and set a little table for us out in her yard, and let us come there and eat some raspberries and cream?"

"I think so," said Jotham.

"I thought at first," continued Mr. Hampton, "that we would have the raspberries and cream down on the banks of the brook. There is a very romantic place there, but the yard looks so inviting, that I think it will be best for us to ramble about on the banks of the brook as long as we like, and then to come up to the house, and have our refreshments in the yard and garden."

"Yes," said Jotham; "you can have more comfortable seats near the house, for we can bring out chairs, if necessary."

The plan was, accordingly, thus arranged. Jotham was to guard the raspberry ground during the week, so as to have the bushes loaded with an abundance of large and ripe fruit on Saturday. His mother was then to save pans enough of milk on Saturday morning to give three quarts of thick, rich cream, and to provide spoons and saucers enough for the whole party. She was also to set a table in a shady part of the yard about five o'clock in the afternoon—Mr. Hampton having calculated that the party would have filled their baskets by that time, and would then be ready to go home. Jotham was also to fit up seats and benches enough, in different places about the yard, to accommodate all the party. There were, besides these, some other points of minor importance provided for in the same way; and Mr. Hampton was to come up on the Monday after the party, and recompense Jotham and his mother for all the expense and trouble that these arrangements might occasion them.



---

Mr. Hampton selects a carriage for himself and Emma.

---

Among other things, Jotham was to lay a broad plank across the brook, at the pleasant place which Mr. Hampton had found, in order that the party might pass and repass at their pleasure, while rambling about there.

Things being thus arranged, Mr. Hampton went back to the stream where he had left Timothy. He found, when he arrived there, that Timothy had caught several more trout, which, together with those taken before, made more than enough for his purpose, and so they returned to the wagon and went home. Mr. Hampton left Timothy at his house, and then went with the wagon to the stable. He looked at all the carriages in the stable, and selected the best one there was there—a very nice and pretty four-wheeled chaise—and engaged it for Saturday. This carriage was for himself and Emma. He also engaged the handsomest and best horse there was in the stable to draw the carriage. He directed the hostler to say simply, if any one inquired for that horse and chaise, that it was engaged, but not to tell any one who had engaged it.

Then he walked away toward his home with an expression of great satisfaction on his countenance, and with his mind full of bright anticipations of happiness in looking forward to the delightful ride which he and Emma were to have together.

He secretly resolved that, on his way home in the evening, in returning from the raspberry party, he would ask Emma if she was willing to be his wife, when the time came for him to be married.

That day Tomothy sat up in his chair, and had a most excellent dinner of fried trout.

Charles Rovelle.

His arrival at Clinton.

His horse and gig.

## CHAPTER V.

CHARLES ROVELLE.

THERE was a young gentleman that had lived at Clinton some years before, whose name was Charles Rovelle. The family to which he belonged had moved away from the village when he was about fourteen years old, and he had been almost lost sight of since that time. It happened, however, that he came back to the village on a visit a day or two before the raspberry party was formed. Having no very near relatives in the village, he put up at the hotel. He came in a gig, with a fast-trotting horse, of a beautiful black color, before it, and a very city-like looking port-manteau strapped on behind. He wore an elegant diamond pin in his bosom, and a heavy gold chain across his vest.

The hostler who put up his horse when he arrived at the hotel said to a stage-driver who was in the yard at the time, that he thought that man must be very rich. The stage-driver said he could not be very rich, for he went away from that town, about ten years before, a poor boy.

“His name is Charles Rovelle,” said he. “I know him very well.”

“Perhaps some uncle has died and left him a legacy,” said the hostler.

“That may be,” said the stage-driver.

“A man ought to be worth several thousand dollars at least,” said the hostler, “to drive about in this style.”

---

Circulation of a rumor.

Mr. Rovellev calls upon Emma.

---

“Yes,” said the stage-driver, “I’ve no doubt of it.”

A boy who stood by while this dialogue was going on, and who heard it imperfectly, went home and told his mother that Charles Rovellev had come back, and that he was very rich. His uncle had died, and left him a legacy of seven thousand dollars, at least.

So the story went all over the village. The seven was changed into seventy very soon, and Mr. Rovellev’s coming produced, in fine, a great sensation.

Emma had seen Mr. Rovellev at church on Sunday, but she had had no opportunity of speaking to him until Tuesday, when he came to her father’s house to make her a call. He was not present at the party on Monday.

Miss Emma was very much pleased with Mr. Rovellev at the time of his call. She was quite taken with his handsome person, his elegant dress, and his very fashionable and dashing air and manner. He talked of New York, of the gayeties of society there, of the balls, the parties, the places of amusement, the immense hotels, and all the other wonders of the city. In return, Emma described to him the more simple amusements and pleasures which the young people enjoyed at their village. She told him of the raspberry party which they were to have on the next Saturday. The party, she said, was to be under the charge of Lieutenant Hampton; and she gave so glowing an account of Mr. Hampton’s talents and accomplishments, that Mr. Rovellev declared at last that he began to be quite jealous of him.

Finally, Miss Emma asked Mr. Rovellev if he would not like to join the party.

---

Emma is quite elated.

Note from Mr. Hampton.

---

“Certainly,” said he. “I should be delighted to go, if you would honor me by taking a seat with me in my carriage.”

“But I am afraid that I am engaged,” said Emma. “Lieutenant Hampton said that he would make arrangements for me.”

“He said he would make arrangements for you !” repeated Mr. Rovelle. “That’s not the way to engage a lady to be one’s partner on an excursion. He is going to send you, probably, in a wagon, with some of the village boys for a driver. No, no, you must go with me.”

“Well, we will see,” replied Miss Emma. “I presume that Mr. Hampton expects me to go with him ; but if I should find that is not the case, I shall be very happy to accept of your invitation.”

“That’s right,” replied Mr. Rovelle. “I will be at the place of rendezvous early, and I shall get you, I am sure.”

Emma was quite pleased at the idea of being an object of competition between two such young gentlemen as Mr. Rovelle and Mr. Hampton. She was not quite sure which of them she liked best.

The next morning, which was on Wednesday, a boy came to the door of Miss Emma’s house with a note. It was addressed “*To Miss Emma, Adjutant.*” On opening it, Emma read as follows :

“Wednesday morning.

“MY DEAR MISS EMMA,—Please notify all the members of our party that they will rendezvous in the road opposite to your house on Saturday, at a quarter before two. The expedition will set off precisely at two.

---

Emma performs her duties as adjutant.

---

“In order to do this, it will be quite sufficient to write the notice once, and then inclose it in an envelope, with the names of all the party written on the outside. If you will give the notice, thus prepared, to the bearer of this, he will carry it around to the persons to whom it is addressed.

“I understand that there is a gentleman in town—Mr. Rovelle—who formerly resided here, and who is acquainted with many of the party. Do you think it would be well to invite him to join us? I shall consult several other members of the party, and if you all think it would be well to invite him, I will call upon him for the purpose.

“Yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE HAMPTON.”

“Why, I have invited him already,” said Emma, as she folded up the note.

Emma then, after asking the boy to wait a few minutes, went into the house, and wrote the notice which Mr. Hampton had directed, and then enveloped and addressed it in the manner he had described.

When the missive was ready, Emma brought it out to the boy.

“There, Timothy,” said she, “take this, and carry it round to all the people whose names are on the outside of it. And tell Mr. Hampton that I saw Mr. Rovelle myself, and that I have already invited him to go with us.”

Place of rendezvous.

Great spreading tree.

Messenger.

## CHAPTER VI.

## VOTINGS.

THE reason why Mr. Hampton appointed the house where Emma lived as the place of rendezvous was, that it was situated a little out of the village; and, as the road opposite to the house was very wide and level, the place was a very convenient one for the rendezvous of the party. Besides, there was a very spacious yard by the side of the house, remarkable for an enormous elm-tree which stood in the middle of it. This tree was very large, and its spreading branches overshadowed almost the whole yard. There were seats under the tree, around the trunk of it, and there was also one seat above, among the branches. There were some winding steps around the trunk of the tree which led up to this upper seat.

Mr. Hampton concluded to engage Timothy to go with the party as a sort of attendant.

“We may have occasion for a messenger,” said he to himself, “to send away for something or other, in case of any accident. Or I may wish to send back and forth along the line, to communicate with the different carriages.”

So he engaged a horse for Timothy to ride, thinking it proper that his messenger should be on horseback. When the time arrived for proceeding to the rendezvous, however, and he was ready to set out from the stable, he left the chaise in Timothy’s care, and mounted the horse at first himself.



---

Mr. Hampton's orders.

Mr. Rovellev's propositions to Emma.

---

"I shall wish for the horse myself at first," said he to Timothy, "till I get the arrangements made and the party set off. So I will go forward on horseback. You may wait here till the chaise is ready, and then come on. As soon as the party are ready to set off, I will give you the horse and take the chaise."

Timothy was very neatly dressed for the occasion, and seemed quite proud of the responsibilities intrusted to his charge.

When Mr. Hampton rode into the yard at Emma's house on the morning of the day appointed for the expedition, he found two or three of the carriages already there. Mr. Rovellev was standing on the steps of the door, with Emma by his side. His carriage was fastened to a post very near.

"There," said Mr. Rovellev to Emma, when he saw Mr. Hampton coming in on horseback, "I told you that he was not expecting you to go with him. He has not even made an arrangement for you at all. I presume he has forgotten all about you."

Emma did not think this at all probable, but she did not know what to say, and so she was silent.

"You will go with me now, of course," said Mr. Rovellev.

"Why, yes," replied Emma, hesitatingly, "if he really has not made any arrangement for me."

"He has not, you may depend," replied Mr. Rovellev.

Mr. Hampton rode up to the steps of the door, and, after politely saluting Miss Emma and Mr. Rovellev, and saying to Emma that he would return again and see her in a few minutes, he rode away to speak to the other members of the party that had arrived or were arriving. As the various carriages drove up to the house, the young gentlemen and young ladies that were in them usually

Kate.

Conversation with her.

Mr. Rovellev and Emma.

descended from them and walked into the yard, and very soon there was quite a little group assembled around the tree. Some were sitting on the seats, others were going up and down the steps, and, on looking up, Mr. Hampton saw that Kate had established herself on the high seat in the tree.

"I am very glad that you are going, Kate," said he, looking up to her.

"Yes," said Kate, "I shall like to go very much. My brother asked me to go, but I was afraid that there would not be room enough for me."

"Is your sister going too?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"Yes," said Kate; "and that makes three of us in the wagon. But we get along very well. I sit on a little bench."

Just then Mr. Hampton saw that Emma and Mr. Rovellev were coming together from the house, in Mr. Rovellev's chaise, out toward the tree. He accordingly turned to meet them.

"Mr. Hampton," said Mr. Rovellev, "I have invited Miss Emma to ride with me, and she is ready to accept my invitation, only she thinks that possibly you may have made some other arrangement for her; but I see you have no carriage yourself. You have no objection to her going with me, I suppose?"

"Miss Emma must not be influenced by my not having a carriage with me," said Mr. Hampton. "I assure you I had not forgotten her. But then I wish her to feel entirely at liberty to accept your invitation, if she desires it. Perhaps it *would* be more pleasant for you, Miss Emma, on some accounts," he added, "to take a seat in Mr. Rovellev's gig. He has a very superior horse."

"Are you *perfectly* willing?" said Emma.

Mr. Hampton talking with Kate in the tree.



---

Mr. Hampton releases Emma from her engagement.

---

“Certainly I am—” replied Mr. Hampton, “perfectly willing.”

“Well!” said Emma, “if you are *sure* you have no objection.”

“Not the slightest,” said Mr. Hampton. “On the contrary, I am specially desirous that you should go in the way that will be most agreeable to you.”

“Well,” said Emma, “I will go with Mr. Rovelleville, then, as there seems to be no other arrangement particularly made for me.”

So Mr. Rovelleville and Emma drove away.

A military man seldom allows himself to be surprised, but for a few minutes Mr. Hampton felt a little bewildered at this new and sudden turn in his affairs. He rode slowly out toward the road, as if going to speak to some of the party who were then coming in at the gate, but his object really was to gain a moment to himself, that he might consider what it was best to do. Of course, all his interest in the party and in the excursion was at once and wholly destroyed, and his only wish now was to devise some way to get released from all responsibility in regard to it. But how to accomplish this was a very difficult question, for the time for setting off had just arrived, and the party assembled at the tree were waiting for the orders to get into their carriages.

In fact, before Mr. Hampton had had time to come to any conclusion, he observed Mr. Rovelleville coming with Emma in his carriage toward the gate, in order to set off first. He was not intending to wait for any orders.

“I mean to go ahead,” said he to Emma. “I would rather that they should ride in our dust than we in theirs.”

Mr. Hampton had not intended that any of the party should ride in the dust. He had an ingenious but very simple system,

---

Mr. Rovellev tenders his advice to Mr. Hampton.

---

derived from some of the regulations for the marchings of armies, by which he could keep the several carriages at such a distance apart as that they should not incommode each other. He had considered and determined in his own mind the order in which the carriages should go. One of the company, whom he had instructed for the purpose, was to take the lead, and he himself, with Emma with him in his carriage, were to bring up the rear.

A good general always looks out well for his rear.

"Which way are we to go?" said Mr. Rovellev to Emma, as he drove toward the gate.

"I don't know," said Emma; "Mr. Hampton is the leader."

"Then we will stop and ask him," said Mr. Rovellev.

"I know *where* we are to go," continued Emma. "We are going to Jones's Bridge."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rovellev. "The Head of the Pond is an infinitely better place."

So saying, Mr. Rovellev turned his horse round and drove up to the group which were standing around the tree, and accosted Mr. Hampton in a civil, but still in a very familiar manner.

"Mr. Hampton," said he, "were you intending to go to Jones's Bridge?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Hampton.

"The Head of the Pond is a much better place," said Mr. Rovellev.

"Is it?" said Mr. Hampton.

As he asked this question, Mr. Hampton felt his heart beating so violently that it was difficult for him to preserve an appearance of composure. He was in hopes that the party would change the



---

Conversation on the subject.

The plan of the party changed.

---

place of destination, and this would, of course, open the way entirely for him to be released from all responsibility. He was so delighted at the prospect of this that he could scarcely keep his voice from trembling.

“Is it?” said he.

“Yes, infinitely better,” replied Mr. Rovelle, emphatically. “Every body goes to the Head of the Pond.”

“That is the very reason,” thought Mr. Hampton, “why I decided *not* to go there.” But he did not speak.

“I think we had better go to the Head of the Pond, by all means,” continued Mr. Rovelle.

“It is just as the company pleases,” said Mr. Hampton.

“Are you perfectly sure you have no objection?” said Emma.

“Not the slightest,” said Mr. Hampton. “Put it to vote, Mr. Rovelle.”

So Mr. Rovelle, standing up in his gig, announced the question in a very pompous manner, and called for the vote.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “all you that are in favor of going to the Head of the Pond this afternoon, please to say *Ay*.”

A response that seemed unanimous came up from the whole group, *Ay*.

“Those that are of the contrary opinion will please to say *No*.”

“*No*.”

Every body looked round to see from whom the single solitary *No* had come. It was from Kate. She stood behind the rest, and very near the tree. She uttered her *No* in a very distinct and earnest tone; but as soon as she saw that she had drawn the gen-



---

Mr. Hampton nominates a new leader.

Kate in a small minority.

---

eral attention upon herself by her dissent, she looked confused, and ran round the tree.

Mr. Hampton felt himself impelled by a very strong desire to go to her at once, but he knew that by so doing he would probably only attract a still greater degree of the public attention to her, and so, perhaps, add to her confusion. Besides, he had something more to do where he was.

“It is decided to go to the Head of the Pond,” said Mr. Hampton, “and I agree to it very cordially. But then I am not much acquainted with that place, nor so much acquainted with raspberry parties generally as Mr. Rovellet, so I should like to resign my post; and I propose that Mr. Rovellet be requested to take the lead of the party. As many as are in favor of this proposition will please to say Ay.”

Quite a number of voices answered Ay. The voice most distinctly heard in this response was Emma's. She really wished to change the plan in order to please Mr. Rovellet. The rest said Ay without much thought. There are many persons who always say Ay, when called upon in such cases, as a matter of course.

“Those of a contrary opinion will please to say No,” added Mr. Hampton.

There was no answer to this call, except that those who were nearest the tree heard something like a faint No from the farther side of it.

“It is a vote,” said Mr. Hampton; “so, Mr. Rovellet, you will please to take the command.”

So saying, Mr. Hampton drew back from the group, while Mr.

---

Mr. Hampton invites Kate to ride with him.

---

Rovelle, touching his horse with the tip of the tassel of his whip, called out to the company,

“Very well. Come on, all of you. Follow me. I’ll show you the way.”

Just at this instant, Mr. Hampton, looking down the road, saw Timothy coming with his chaise. He immediately went round the tree to Kate.

“Kate,” said he, “would you like to ride with me?”

“What, on your horse?” asked Kate, laughing.

“No,” said Mr. Hampton, smiling in his turn; “there is a chaise coming for me.”

“Yes, sir,” said Kate; “I should like to ride with you very much.”

“But perhaps I shall not go to the Head of the Pond,” said Mr. Hampton, speaking, however, in a very low voice, so that no one else could hear him.

“It makes no difference to me where you go,” said Kate. “I should like to go with you.”

“Then go and ask your brother if he is willing,” said Mr. Hampton. So Kate ran off to ask her brother.

In the mean time, Mr. Rovelle and Emma, as they were going out of the gate in the gig, met the beautiful horse and chaise which Mr. Hampton had engaged for Emma, coming in. Timothy was driving. The establishment was far superior in every respect to Mr. Rovelle’s gig.

“What’s this?” exclaimed Emma, when she saw the carriage coming. “Can it be possible that this is the carriage that Mr. Hampton had engaged for me?”

---

Arrival of Mr. Hampton's chaise.

Attempt at reconsideration.

---

“Timothy,” said she, as soon as Timothy came opposite to her, “whom is that carriage for?”

“It is for Mr. Hampton,” said Timothy.

“Then it is the one that he engaged for me,” said Emma, much excited. “I thought he was going on horseback. I must get out, and go and see him about it.”

“Oh no,” said Mr. Rovelle. “He has got somebody else before this time. See! he has got Kate.”

Emma looked round, and she saw Mr. Hampton standing near the tree, with the bridle of his horse in one hand, and holding Kate's hand with the other, He was waiting for Timothy to come up with the chaise.

Several of the party were standing around him, and were expressing their regret at his having resigned his office. “We were very unwilling to make the change,” said they.

“There were very few that voted for Mr. Rovelle,” said Mr. Edwards; “but when you called for the Noes, they did not think it would be civil to vote against him; but we should have all much preferred you.”

“Oh no,” replied Mr. Hampton; “it is much better as it is. Get into your carriages and drive on.”

“You must go first,” said several of the company.

“No,” replied Mr. Hampton, “you must go first. I have got some arrangements to make here with Timothy before I go.”

Hearing this, the gentlemen handed their ladies into their respective carriages, and one after another they rode out of the yard.

“Now, Kate,” said Mr. Hampton, “jump in.”

---

Mr. Hampton writes a note.

Timothy dispatched with it.

---

So Mr. Hampton took the reins of the chaise-horse, and gave the bridle of the saddle-horse to Timothy. "You must wait a minute or two, Timothy," said he, "while I write a note."

So Mr. Hampton, after having seated himself by the side of Kate in the chaise, took out his pocket-book, and selected a piece of paper from it, placed it over his pocket-book upon his knee, and prepared to write. He then took out a small ink-stand and a pen. He gave the reins and the ink-stand to Kate, and then proceeded to write his note.

In a few minutes it was finished. He folded it neatly, and wrote the address on the outside,

*To Miss Emma.*

He then handed the note to Timothy. Timothy had, in the mean time, mounted the horse, and was now all ready to go.

"Here, Timothy," said Mr. Hampton; "take that note, and follow the party to the Head of the Pond. Keep in the rear all the way till you get to the raspberry ground. Then go up, and give that note to Miss Emma. It will explain to her why I do not come. I am going another way."

"Yes, sir," said Timothy. "Will there be any answer?"

"No," said Mr. Hampton, "no answer. After you have delivered the note, you may ride back to the village, and return the horse to the stable. I suppose I shall not be at home till some time in the evening."

---

Timothy's adventures in delivering his note.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NOTE OF EXPLANATION.

TIMOTHY galloped along out of the yard, and then turning into the road which the party had taken, he followed the last of the carriages, keeping, however, at a considerable distance behind, as his orders were not to deliver the note until the party had reached the raspberry ground. Accordingly, when he at length arrived at the spot, he found all the carriages there before him. The young ladies were standing in little groups by the wayside and in the margin of the wood, while the gentlemen were employed in securing their horses, tying them for this purpose to the trees, or to the posts of the fences.

Emma was standing near Mr. Rovellev's gig, looking down the road, and watching for Mr. Hampton's chaise.

"Where is Mr. Hampton?" said she. "I am going to wait till he comes, so as to give him a good scolding for not telling me that he had a carriage for me."

"There comes Timothy," said Mr. Rovellev, on seeing Mr. Hampton's horse, "but I don't see Mr. Hampton himself any where."

By this time Timothy was drawing very near. He reined up his horse near the spot where Miss Emma was standing.

"Timothy," said Emma, "where is Mr. Hampton?"

"He is not coming," said Timothy, putting his riding-stick under his arm, in order to get his hand at liberty, so as to take the note out of his pocket.

Emma's vexation.

Reception of the note.

Emma reads it.

“Not coming!” repeated Emma. “That’s just out of spite because we changed the place, and came here instead of going to Jones’s Bridge. I did not think that Mr. Hampton was so mean.”

“No,” said Timothy, “I don’t think that is the reason. He says he has explained it in this note.” So saying, Timothy took the note out of his pocket and handed it to Miss Emma.

“I suppose he has made up some plausible explanation or other,” said Emma, petulantly, “but I never will believe that he has not gone off out of spite. These military men are so—”

“So what?” asked Mr. Rovelle, when he found that Emma did not finish her sentence.

But Emma had now got her note open, and was so busy reading it that she did not take any notice of the question.

The note was as follows :

“To MISS EMMA,—Although, as I am no longer in office, your duties as my adjutant have ceased, I will ask you to act in that capacity once more, so far as to explain to Mr. Rovelle, and, through him, to the whole company, why I do not come with the party to the Head of the Pond. The truth is, that I had made some arrangements and engagements at Jones’s Bridge, which make it necessary for me to go there myself, though I did not wish that they should operate to prevent the party from going to a better place. I did not explain this at the time, thinking that, if I had done so, it might possibly have embarrassed the party in some degree in respect to the change which they seemed desirous of making in the plan. I thought, therefore, it would be best that I should silently withdraw, and send this note in explanation.



---

Reflections on the subject by Mr. Rovellev and Emma.

---

“I am very anxious that Mr. Rovellev and all my friends should not suppose that my withdrawal was occasioned by any dissatisfaction on my part with the course that was pursued.

“Far from being dissatisfied with it, I was, in reality, very much pleased, after I found that I could not have the pleasure of your company on the ride, that the party were willing to release me from my charge.

“Yours very sincerely,

“GEORGE HAMPTON.”

As Emma read this note, her countenance assumed a very serious expression, and after she had finished it, and was folding it up, she looked very thoughtful indeed.

“Well,” said Mr. Rovellev, “what is it? What does he say?”

Emma thought it a little strange that a gentleman should thus question a lady about the contents of a note which she had received in his presence, but she concluded, on the whole, that it was best to gratify his curiosity, at least in part. So she opened the note again, and read it aloud—all but the last paragraph. That she thought it best to consider as intended for herself alone.

“That’s all a pretense,” said Mr. Rovellev, as soon as Emma had finished the reading. “Depend upon it, that is all a pretense. I don’t believe that he had made any arrangements at all. What arrangements could a man possibly make in the woods for a party going a raspberrying?”

“I don’t know, I am sure,” said Emma, with a sigh.

Timothy, finding there was now nothing more for him to do, turned his horse round and rode slowly away.

---

Mr. Hampton and Kate ride along together.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

KATE.

MR. HAMPTON, after leaving the yard, turned his horse's head in a contrary direction from that which the rest of the party had taken, and soon entered upon a retired, but very pleasant road, which led through the woods, by a somewhat circuitous route, toward Jones's Bridge.

"Well, Kate," said Mr. Hampton, "it seems that you were not in favor of changing the plan. You voted No."

"Yes," said Kate, "I did."

"What objection had you to going to the Head of the Pond?"

"I had no particular objection to going there," said Kate; "but after people choose a leader, I think they ought to let him lead."

Mr. Hampton smiled at this reply, and then explained to Kate the reason why he had not been able to accompany the party to the Head of the Pond.

"Mrs. Jones will set her table in the yard," said he, "and get every thing ready for us, and it would be very wrong to leave her in all the suspense and uncertainty that she would be in, if no one were to come."

"And what shall you do with all the cream now?" said Kate.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Hampton.

"I suppose Mrs. Jones can make it into butter just as well," said Kate.

"We will see," said Mr. Hampton, "when we get there. At

Romantic road.

Kate has a very good time.

The school-house.

any rate, you and I will have as much of it as *we* want. And now, let us forget all about the other party and the change of the plan, and have a good time ourselves."

This was excellent philosophy, and Kate entered very readily into the spirit of it. So the two friends rode along very happily together.

The road was very romantic and beautiful, and Kate had a delightful ride. Mr. Hampton entertained her all the way with very interesting conversation about the Academy at West Point, telling her a great many amusing stories about the cadets, and about the adventures which he had met with in going up and down the river to New York. At one time they stopped on the margin of the pond, at a place where there was a boat, and, embarking on board the boat, they went out upon the pond to get some pond lilies. At another time they got out of the carriage, and climbed up to the top of a romantic precipice of rocks that overhung the road, where they had a very extended and beautiful view. At length they began to draw near to the bridge.

Just before they reached the bridge, they came to a small school-house that stood by the side of the road. There was a spring in the edge of the woods, on one side of this school-house, with a little rill running from it down across the road. There was a very small girl at this spring when Mr. Hampton and Kate came along, who was engaged in dipping up some water in a tin pail.

The child stopped as she saw the chaise coming, and remaining as she was, in a stooping posture, before the spring, looked at the strangers. Mr. Hampton stopped the horse.

---

Talk with a child at the spring.

The child receives a commission.

---

"What are you getting?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Some water," said the child.

"What is it for?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"For the children to drink," said the child.

"The children in the school?" inquired Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Who keeps the school?" asked Mr. Hampton.

"Miss Jones," said the child.

Here Mr. Hampton turned to Kate, and said that he saw a young lady at Mr. Jones's when he called there on Tuesday, and that he thought it very probable that she was the teacher.

"How many scholars are there in your school?" asked Mr. Hampton, speaking to the child again.

"Fourteen," said the child—"or else it is forty. I believe it is forty."

"Do you have a recess in your school?" said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"And then you come out to play, I suppose," said Mr. Hampton.

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Well, now, when the recess comes," said Mr. Hampton, "and the children come out to play, I want you to take one or two others with you, and walk up the road here a little way till you find us. We shall be there by the side of the road, raspberrying."

The child very readily promised that she would do this, and then, taking up her pail, she began to tug away at it to carry it up the path, leaning far over to one side to balance the weight of the pail as she walked along.

Mr. Hampton and Kate went on, and coming very soon to a

The two children coming into the woods.

The school.

good place, they got out of the chaise, and after Mr. Hampton had fastened the horse, they took out two baskets which had been put into the chaise-box, and began the work of gathering raspberries. The berries were very abundant, and they were very large. The baskets filled up fast. At length, in about an hour, Mr. Hampton heard the voices of two children coming along the road.



“There they come,” said he. “It is recess now. Let us go up to the school. I am going to invite the children to go and eat Mrs. Jones’s cream.”

Kate was very much amused at this idea. At first she thought that that plan would never do.

“Why, there are forty of them,” said she—“so the child said.”

“It will turn out fourteen, I presume,” said Mr. Hampton.

When they reached the school-house, they found the children playing around the step of the door. There were certainly not more than fourteen, and they were all quite young. There was one lame boy. He was sitting in a little wagon, and the other children were drawing him to and fro. Miss Jones, the teacher, was standing in the door-way looking at the children.

Mr. Hampton went up to the door, leading Kate by the hand, and touched his hat respectfully to the teacher as soon as he came near.

---

Mr. Hampton makes an arrangement with Miss Jones.

---

“This is Miss Jones, I suppose?” said he.

“Yes, sir,” said the teacher.

“I made an arrangement with your mother, a few days since, to entertain a party in your yard to-day; but the plan has been changed, and they are not coming.”

“Not coming!” repeated Miss Jones, much surprised.

“No,” said Mr. Hampton. “There was a change made in the plan at the last moment. They did not know that I had made any preparations here, or I presume they would not have changed it. But now, as it is, I have come to invite you and your scholars to go with Kate and me to the house, and have the entertainment, since your mother has got it all ready.”

Miss Jones was at first so much surprised at this invitation that she scarcely knew what to say; but, after taking a little time to reflect, she concluded to accept it. She said that the children would like it very much.

“Children,” said Mr. Hampton, turning to the group before the door, “how many of you are old enough to gather raspberries?”

One or two of the children said I am, but the rest were silent.

“All of you that are big enough to gather raspberries,” said Mr. Hampton, “may hold up your hands.”

Mr. Hampton held up one of his own hands as he said this, by way of example.

The children then all held up their hands. Some held up the right hand, some the left, and some both.

“Yes, all,” said Mr. Hampton. “That will do. I thought, Miss Jones, that perhaps you would dismiss them an hour earlier to-day, as this is a special occasion.”



---

Mr. Hampton makes paper baskets.

The soldier's cap.

---

Miss Jones said that she would do so with great pleasure.

Mr. Hampton then asked if Miss Jones had some sheets of paper in the school-room. She said she had. She brought out one as a specimen. Mr. Hampton rolled half of the sheet round his hand in a peculiar manner, so as to form a conical cup, large enough to hold nearly a pint of raspberries. He pinned the corners of the paper together, so as to preserve the cup in its proper form.

"There," said he, "I can make baskets for them in that way."

So Mr. Hampton proceeded to make the baskets. He made fourteen in all, one for each scholar.

While he was making them, the children crowded around him to witness the process. One of them, a little fellow about eight years old, named Johnny, asked Mr. Hampton if he could not make a soldier's cap in that way.

"Not very well," said Mr. Hampton; "it would look too much like a fool's cap. But if I had a newspaper, I could make you a soldier's cap in the right style."

Miss Jones said that she had a newspaper in her desk, and after going to her desk to look for it, she returned and brought it to Mr. Hampton, and he, when he had finished the raspberry baskets, made a cap, which he said was in the style of a lieutenant general's, and put it upon Johnny's head. He also made a slender roll of paper, and cut the top of it in the form of a tassel. This he put in the side of Johnny's cap for a plume.

After some farther conversation, Miss Jones said that she should be ready to dismiss the children in about half an hour, and Mr. Hampton promised to return for them at that time.

---

Mr. Hampton and Kate ride home.

Kate is just fifteen.

---

The plan thus arranged was fully carried into effect, and it gave great satisfaction to all concerned. Mr. Hampton made paper baskets for all the children, and then they went with him, and Miss Jones, and Kate into the bushes and filled them. They then all walked together to Mr. Jones's yard. They drew the lame boy to the spot in his little wagon. Here they found the tables set and the seats ready; and so they all sat down, and ate their raspberries and cream together. Mr. Hampton told them funny stories of all kinds in the mean while, which amused them very much. In fact, the whole party had an excellent good time.

Mr. Hampton and Kate enjoyed their ride home very much indeed. Mr. Hampton enjoyed it particularly, he was so much pleased with Kate. She was so thoughtful, considerate, and kind in every thing that she said and did, and evinced so intelligent an interest in all his conversation, that he thought that she was a very uncommon girl."

"How old are you, Kate?" said he, at length, just before they reached the village on their return.

"I am nearly fifteen," said she.

"Fifteen!" said Mr. Hampton. He said no more, but seemed to be musing. He was silently calculating how old she would be in three years from that time. He found that she would be then nearly eighteen.

Mr. Hampton left Kate at her father's house when he arrived at the village. Then he went to the stable with the horse and chaise. He found Timothy there, waiting for him.

"Well, Timothy," said he, "did you deliver my note to Miss Emma?"

Picture of the children in Mrs. Jones's yard.



---

Mr. Hampton comes to a conclusion respecting Emma.

---

“Yes, sir,” said Timothy.

“And what did she say?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“She said,” replied Timothy, “that she never would believe but that you went off and left the party out of spite.”

“Did she?” said Mr. Hampton. “She did not send that as a message to me, did she?”

“Oh no, sir,” replied Timothy; “she said that to Mr. Rovelle before she had read your note.”

“And what did she say after she had read the note?” asked Mr. Hampton.

“She did not say any thing,” replied Timothy.

Mr. Hampton settled his account with the stable-keeper for his horses and his chaise, and then went slowly away toward home.

I am *very* glad, thought he to himself, that all this has happened, for it shows me that Emma, beautiful and prepossessing as she is, will never do for me. She is a very charming girl, but then this affair shows that she is fickle, passionate, and unreasonable. Such a wife would never do for me.

In saying this, it seems to me that Mr. Hampton was too severe. But military men are in the habit of speaking very plainly.

The next time that Mr. Hampton met Emma, he greeted her in a very kind and cordial manner, in order to show that he did not cherish any resentment against her on account of the raspberry party affair. She will suffer too much, I am afraid, thought he to himself, from her own reflections, without my doing or saying any thing to give her any additional pain.

---

Lessons to be learned from the example of Mr. Hampton.

---

Mr. Hampton was right in this conjecture. When Miss Emma learned all the facts—and she learned them all very fully from Kate, whom she questioned very closely on the subject the next time she saw her—she was overwhelmed with confusion and shame.

Learn from the example of Mr. Hampton how to discharge the duties of any official trusts or responsibilities which may be committed to you.

Be not eager to put yourself forward to such positions, but when called upon to fill them, undertake the duties imposed upon you resolutely, and without fear.

Be quiet, gentle, and unassuming in the manner in which you exercise your power, but take the most energetic and efficient measures to accomplish the end in view.

Rise entirely above the envy and the jealousy of rivals and competitors who may seek to displace you, and be always as ready and willing to resign your power as you were to assume it.

This is good advice for all those who hold public office, whatever the nature of it may be. It is as good for men as for boys; and should there be, as it is very likely there may be, some two or three among the readers of this book who will hereafter enter upon public life, and rise finally to be presidents of the United States, I advise them to resolve now that they will act upon these principles through the whole of their political career.



## LESSON III.

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

## CHAPTER I.

EDWARD.

AT one extremity of the pond near Clinton, which is referred to so frequently in the last story, a stream empties into it, which rises in a narrow gorge situated at some few miles distance among the mountains. The stream at its mouth, and, in fact, at some distance back from the pond, is wide and deep enough to be navigated by skiffs and pleasure-boats. This navigation, however, extends but a little way, for the brook becomes more rapid as you ascend it, until at length, about a mile from the village, it forms a continued cascade, which comes down from rock to rock through a wild and picturesque glen. Two miles from the village, on the road which leads along the bank of this stream, you come to a smaller pond, which lies in the middle of the deep, sequestered valley. From this small pond the stream itself takes its rise. The mountains tower precipitously around this little valley, and it is so small as to be entirely uninhabited. The road, after traversing the valley, goes on through a narrow pass, called the Gap, to unknown regions beyond; and it is called, from this circumstance, the Gap Road.

The Gap Road has long been famous for the excursions made upon it to the cascades and to the pond, by the young people of



Emma engaged.

Her new friend, Caroline.

Her character.

the village, on summer evenings. The pond itself is very picturesque and beautiful, and it is very pleasant to return from it, on a moonlight night, along the stream. They who ride on such occasions, take the highway, of course. There is, however, a foot-path, which follows all the meanderings of the stream, crossing it here and there by rude bridges and stepping-stones, which the young gentlemen of the village have arranged from time to time for the convenience of the fair companions who occasionally join them in this tortuous and rugged way.

The summer after the events occurred which are related in the last story, Emma's situation was very different from what it had been before. She was engaged to be married. I shall speak presently of the gentleman to whom she was engaged, but I must say something of a young lady named Caroline, who was, at this time, her most intimate female friend. Mary Lane had been married, and was now living with her husband in New York, and Caroline had taken her place, in some degree, in Emma's regard.

The two young ladies were great friends; but, as is often the case with great friends, they were very different from each other in temperament and character. Emma was an only child, and, as might be inferred from what has already been said of her, she had always been much indulged. She was amiable, affectionate, and kind-hearted, as the reader already knows; but she liked very much to have her own way, and she took great pleasure in receiving such attentions as would gratify her pride, and place her in a favorable position in the eyes of others: Caroline, on the other hand, was more like Mary Lane. She was retiring and thoughtful in her disposition. She lived more within herself. Her

---

Difference between Emma and Caroline.Emma's engagement.

---

heart was full of affection and love, and she prized the proofs of the kind regards of those whom she loved as highly as Emma, but she valued most such proofs as she could enjoy in her own soul, rather than those which tended to increase her consideration in the eyes of others. Thus Emma liked to receive, as a token of regard from a friend, some pretty ornament which she could wear in public ; Caroline, on the other hand, valued a proof of love which she could deposit privately among her treasures. At an evening party, Emma enjoyed having a gentleman whom she liked come and ask her to sing and play, and conduct her to the piano-forte, and turn the leaves for her, and evince, by other such open and public attentions, the strength of his regard. But Caroline would have preferred to have him dexterously seek an opportunity to enjoy a quiet private talk with her for ten minutes, when seated on a sofa, or passing up and down the room in a promenade.

Emma, as I have already said, was engaged to be married. The engagement was formed during the preceding winter. The gentleman was a young lawyer whom we will call simply Edward, that being the name by which Emma herself always designated him. Edward was an ardent and ambitious man—full of interest in his profession, and in his plans and prospects for life, but still deeply and strongly attached to Emma. He was often very much engrossed in his business—so much so that Emma sometimes complained, half playfully and half in earnest, that he thought a great deal more of his clients than he did of her. Edward was once or twice a little pained at these expostulations, and would sometimes sit thoughtfully before his office fire, pondering on the disappointment which she seemed to feel at finding that he could not

Some account of Mr. Edward.

Emma's parties.

Skillful management.

join in as many sleigh-rides and excursions of pleasure as she wished. He liked to work hard all day at his business, and then, at nine o'clock, when tired and exhausted with his toil, to go to pay Emma a quiet visit—to sit upon the corner of the sofa, and let her read to him an article in a magazine which he had brought her, or to talk with her, without effort or care, while she sat near him at the table, going on with her work, whatever it might be. Emma enjoyed these evening interviews too. She listened impatiently for his knock. She loved to see him come in. She took great pleasure in feeling that she was contributing to his refreshment and rest ; and she was always deeply interested in the reading which he selected. There was something in it to awaken attention and to give immediate pleasure, while, at the same time, it never failed to open some new field of knowledge or of thought before her, which Edward's explanations and remarks helped her to explore.

Emma liked all these things, but they did not fully satisfy her. They satisfied Edward entirely, but she felt the want sometimes of more public and open manifestations of regard. She liked very much to plan some great pleasure party or excursion, and, having arranged it all in her own way, to have Edward employed, under her direction, as it were, in the work of carrying it into effect. On such occasions, she always managed very considerably and wisely. She made very pleasant parties ; she contrived them so as to secure the enjoyment of all concerned in them ; and she did not make, either for Edward or any one else, any unnecessary trouble. Still, she enjoyed more highly, perhaps, than any thing else, the eclat which they produced for herself ; and she

---

Edward makes some very serious reflections.

---

took a kind of pleasure—a very proper one, perhaps—in having it understood by every one that the party was *her* party, and that Edward and the other young gentlemen who exerted themselves to carry it into effect were executing *her* plans.

Sometimes these things would suggest to Edward the idea that possibly they indicated a taste and temper in Emma's mind that was different from his own, and the thought that the difference might be one which would increase, rather than diminish, in future life, made him sometimes anxious, and sometimes even unhappy. But at the end of his reflections on such occasions, he always came to the conclusion that Emma did not understand how heavy were the cares and responsibilities of a young man just entering upon life, and when her little schemes of pleasure tended to encroach upon the time which he felt that he ought to devote to more serious pursuits, he always attributed it to her not knowing what those serious pursuits were, and not considering the immense importance, both in respect to her future happiness and his own, that he should zealously and perseveringly attend to them. "I will explain it to her," thought he, "and then she will set her heart more fully on helping me to do what is so essential for our common welfare, rather than in keeping me employed so much in plans for present pleasure. I am sure that she has every disposition in the world to do what is right, and if she errs, it must be entirely from her not understanding how the case really is."

The courts.

Edward's law cases.

Emma's plans.

## CHAPTER II.

CAROLINE AND MIRANDA.

CLINTON was the shire town of the county, that is to say, it was the town where the courts were held. There were sessions of the courts two or three times a year, and at these periods, of course, both Edward and Emma were always very busy. Edward was engrossed in the preparation of his cases, in enlarging his acquaintance with the business men of the country, and in conversing upon public affairs. Although he was thus busily engaged, he always wished to see Emma every day, either in company, or at her own house, and to sit down quietly with her and talk about the progress that he was making, the plans that he was forming, and the difficulties that he had encountered; and when he was perplexed and distressed, he would have derived a very sensible relief from being able merely to tell her so, as they walked together in the garden, or up and down the room in a promenade at a party, and to feel the influence of her sympathy, expressed by her look, or by the gentle pressure of her hand upon his arm. But such a way of spending the court-week, as they called it, did not exactly accord with Emma's ideas. She liked all this well enough, but she wished for something besides. There was always a great deal of company in town on court-week, and Emma, being so well fitted to shine in company, liked very much to form schemes and parties of pleasure, and she always wished very much to secure Edward's earnest co-operation in carrying



---

Edward is engaged in a very important case.

---

her various plans into effect—not sufficiently considering how much she added, in this way, to the heavy burdens which, at those times, necessarily weighed upon his mind.

In the summer of which I am speaking, the court-week came early in the month of June, and Edward had a case coming on on Thursday—the most important case that had ever been intrusted to his care. It was about six months after his engagement with Emma that this occurred, and among other reasons which led him to feel a strong interest in this case was, he knew that, if he managed it successfully, the result would be a large accession to his business, so as perhaps to render it prudent for him to be married in the fall. He had been at work very diligently all the day on Monday, and as the evening came on, he began to be uneasy and distressed to find that he probably should not get through with his preparation in season to keep an engagement that he had made to go to Emma's in the evening. She had invited him to come to tea, to meet some of the company from out of town, and had very reluctantly excused him on his plea that he was so extremely engaged. He, however, had promised to come in the evening. He did not go home to take his own tea, but remained in his office till about eight o'clock, and he was just putting away his books to go and fulfill his engagement, when an important witness in his case, who had just arrived in town, came in to see him. He sat down again to his work, and was detained by this witness till nearly nine. He was then very reluctant to leave him, as the business was not half transacted; but, knowing how sensitive Emma was to any apparent neglect, he closed the interview at last abruptly, and hurried away to Emma's house. He was, of course, exhaust-



---

Conversation between Emma and Caroline.Emma is inconsiderate.

---

ed with want of food, fatigued with labor and care, and perplexed by the unfinished business which he was obliged so abruptly to leave.

In the mean time, while Edward had been thus at work at the office, Emma was gayly entertaining her company at home, and anxiously expecting his arrival. She was proud of him, of course, and she was specially desirous of having him appear attentive to her, and to her company, on that evening. As nine o'clock approached, she began to feel a little vexed at his delay. "Why does not he come?" said she to Caroline. Caroline apologized for him. "Remember," said she, "how busy he is." "Yes," said Emma, "he is always busy. It is business, business, business. He loves business a great deal better than he does me." "Oh, Emma," rejoined Caroline, "it is wrong for you to say so. He loves business *for* you—that is, for your sake; and you ought to love him all the better for it. I should do so, I am sure, if I were you." Emma made no reply.

This conversation had taken place while the company were going out into the garden. Among the other young ladies present was one who was, in some respects, the rival of Emma in public consideration. Her name was Miranda. She was very beautiful, very intelligent, and very accomplished, but somewhat vain and fond of admiration. She looked upon Emma as a rival, and she liked to say things, now and then, to teaze and trouble her, though always in the most polite and kindest manner imaginable, so that outwardly the two young ladies were the best friends in the world. Still, the feeling between them was such that Emma was particularly sensitive to any appearance of neglect on the part

---

The party.

Walks in the garden.

An excursion planned.

---

of Edward in Miranda's presence; while Miranda, on the other hand, took pleasure in teasing Emma a little, now and then, with remarks tending to wound this sensibility. The satisfaction which this sort of amusement gave her was a malicious satisfaction—if, indeed, a beautiful, and generally amiable, girl can be supposed to be ever actuated by feelings of a malicious character.

The party, having walked for some time about the garden, assembled at length in a sort of summer-house. As they entered the summer-house, Miranda turned and asked, in a very audible manner, "Where is Edward this evening, Emma? I thought we were to have the pleasure of his company." Emma replied indistinctly that she expected him, but that he must have been detained. "I hope he will come soon," said Miranda; "we can't get along at all without Edward. I like him very much. But then he is so busy, I suppose, with his courts, that he has but little time for the ladies."

Now Emma had formed a plan for an excursion up the Gap Road on Wednesday evening, in compliment to a young lady, the daughter of the judge, who was then paying her first visit to the town. The plan was for the party to set off a little before tea-time, taking with them cakes, and materials for lemonade, so as to have a picnic on the shores of the little pond, by the light of a fire which the gentlemen should make for them. They were then to return, by moonlight, down the cascade, leaving their picnic ground about half past nine, which would bring them home at eleven. Emma had formed this plan that afternoon, and she was anxiously awaiting Edward's arrival, to see if he would undertake to carry it into effect. As he did not come, however, and as they

---

Emma is sure that Edward will go with the party.

---

were all assembled in the summer-house, she concluded to propose it without waiting for him. The plan was adopted by acclamation. "It would be delightful." "The evenings were just getting so pleasant." "The moon would be just about full that very evening." These and other similar remarks came spontaneously from the company, until, at length, when the excitement had a little subsided, Miranda added, in a very quiet tone,

"It will be very pleasant indeed—though there is one thing I am sorry for, that is, that I suppose Edward will not be able to go, he is so much engaged this week."

Emma replied that she had no doubt that Edward would go. He would postpone some of his business if it was necessary. Of course, Miranda's remark made her more desirous than she was before of carrying her plan into effect. She wished to show Miranda that she had influence enough over Edward to induce him to join in her plan, even if it should be a little inconvenient for him to do so; and when, at last, he came in, she was in a mood of mind very little disposed to take a denial.

When Edward arrived, the party had left the summer-house, and the young ladies and gentlemen were promenading to and fro in the various walks and alleys. Caroline had hurried Emma away, and had begun to remonstrate with her against her plan. "You ought to help him, and not hinder him, at such a time as this."

"Help him!" replied Emma; "how can I help him better than by getting him away from his office for a few hours, and giving him a little amusement?"

"No, no, Emma," said Caroline; "he can not enjoy himself

---

Caroline gives Emma some excellent advice.

---

in such a way on Wednesday night. You ought to act very differently if you wish to help him. At least *I* should do so, if I were you."

"Why, what would *you* do, pray, to help a lawyer manage his case?"

"I would, at any rate, not form any plans for interrupting him," replied Caroline. "I would ask him if he had not any papers for me to copy—and how I would work to copy them! I would get him to come and see me half an hour every night, when he had completed his day's work, and I would spread a little supper for him on my work-table, and let him sit there and rest. I would not say a word to take his mind off from his business until he should get safely through it. You ought to do so. I beg of you not to ask him to go on this party."

As may well be imagined, Emma was not in a state of mind to render this expostulation agreeable. It produced very little effect upon her. The conversation was here interrupted, too, by the appearance of the subject of it, who advanced up the alley to meet them just at this time. He placed himself between them, taking an arm of each, and they began slowly walking up and down. Emma proposed her plan. Edward said it was an excellent plan, but *he* must be excused from joining the party, for he could not possibly go. Emma insisted that he must go. They could not possibly get along without him. "Put it off till next week," said Edward, "and then I will join you with all my heart."

"I *would* do that," said Caroline. "That will be a great deal better."

---

Emma will not follow the advice.

Her motives.

---

“But Miss Marshall will leave town this week,” replied Emma, “and the party is to be made on her account.”

The true reason, however, why Emma was unwilling to postpone the party was, though perhaps she was not aware of it, to avoid giving Miranda the triumph which she knew she would feel if it proved that she herself had not influence enough over Edward to induce him to go with her at such a time. She and Caroline walked to and fro for some time with Edward, conversing on the subject. Edward seemed very unwilling to refuse her, but said he did not see how he could go. Caroline said very little, but Edward could not help perceiving that she sympathized with *him*. Emma's determination to carry her plan through was only increased and strengthened by the opposition it encountered, and finally Edward, after passing around the garden, and saying a few words to each of the various persons in the company, took his leave. Emma went with him to the garden gate, and bade him good-night, saying that he *must* make his arrangements to go, and that she should take it very unkind in him if he did not. To do Emma justice, it must be admitted that she would not have said this if she had not been a little excited with the idea of being triumphed over by Miranda.

Caroline made another effort to induce Emma to give up her plan. But Emma said she could not. “I have invited them all,” said she, “and now how can I go back? You saw how much interested in the plan they all were.”

“Well, let them go on with it, then,” replied Caroline, “only excuse Edward. It must be very inconvenient for him to go, you know.”



---

The plan for the picnic is formed.

Preparations made on the ground.

---

“I don’t know any such thing,” replied Emma. “I don’t believe it will make the least difference in the world in his *case*. He has been studying it this fortnight. It is all because he don’t care for me ; and, if he does not go, I shall take it as very unkind. Besides, what can I do, now the plan is formed ? And how can I meet Miranda after what she said ?”

“Oh, don’t mind that,” said Caroline. “Go directly to her, and tell her she was right—that Edward *can not* conveniently go, as she has predicted ; and, if you go at all, go without him ; and then write him a good-natured note to-morrow morning, telling him you release him entirely.”

Emma shook her head. She was an amiable and kind-hearted girl, but even the amiable and kind-hearted find it sometimes very hard to give up when they are wrong.

The next day the plan was fully matured. Two men were sent up to prepare a place among the rocks, by the side of the pond, for the pic-nic. These men erected a booth over the spot, to protect the company in case of an early dew or a little shower. They collected logs and brushwood for a bonfire, and then examined the road which led along the cascade, to see that it was passable in every part, and that all the little bridges were in order. In fact, they made whatever preparations were necessary for securing all the possible enjoyment that such an excursion could afford.

In the mean time, Edward was very much perplexed to know what to do. At every interval in his harassing labors during the day, the question was continually recurring to his mind. The parties to the suit in which he was engaged were to be in town, some of them for the first time, on Wednesday, and he knew that he



---

Conflict in Edward's mind.He yields to Emma's wishes.

---

should suffer a good deal in the estimation of all his business friends if he went away on such an excursion at such a time. He could not really give his thoughts and his heart to it; and yet he knew that merely to go, without cordially entering into the spirit of the scene, would not satisfy Emma. Sometimes a rising feeling of resentment and indignation would begin to swell in his heart at what appeared to him the extreme unreasonableness of her insisting upon such a favor at such a time. He, however, would soon put this down, blinded by his love, or, rather, soothed by it into taking the most favorable view possible of the case. "She wishes to show kindness and attention to her friends," thought he, "and is not aware how much trouble and pain it occasions *me*."

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

WEDNESDAY night at length came. Edward had agreed to go, but he said he could not remain all the evening. He would go up with the party and join in the picnic, but he said he must excuse himself immediately afterward, and hasten back to his work. By this early return he would gain a couple of hours, which would be lost by his remaining and coming home slowly with the party. Emma consented to this, with the secret hope, however, that when he was once on the ground, he would get interested in the scene, and that it would be easy to keep him to the end. This, which was at first a hope, was changed into a determination by a remark

---

The picnic party.

Edward arrives.

Emma's triumph.

---

that Miranda made, carelessly, in the course of the evening—that she presumed that Edward would find that he could not come when the time arrived, or, if he did, that he would take a sudden leave early in the evening.

The evening was delightful. Edward left his office at the last possible moment, and joined the party at the place of rendezvous. They walked in little groups along the road until they arrived at the pond. They assembled under and around the booth, and kindled their bonfire. The bright blaze shed a very splendid illumination upon the trees and rocks around, and flashed over the smooth surface of the water. Edward and Emma were the life and soul of the whole circle. All seemed to enjoy the scene. Emma felt that she had gained a triumph. She took Edward's arm at a time when the party were scattered in little groups about the ground, strolling along the shores of the pond, or climbing up the rocks, and walked along with him down the road.

“Is not it a delightful party?” said she; “and are you not glad that you came? Be honest, and confess that you are. You will plead all the better for it to-morrow, I know.”

“I am very glad that you have enjoyed it,” replied Edward, “but it has been hard work for me. You do not know how heavy a burden is on my mind.”

“Oh, nonsense, Eddy!” she replied. “Besides, that is just the reason why I wish you to be here. It is to amuse you and get you rested, and now you must not think of going home until we all go.”

“Yes, I *must*,” said Edward; “that was the agreement. I have got a chaise coming up to take me down. And there it comes now.”

---

Emma insists that Edward must stay.

---

So saying, he pointed down the road, where, among the trees, beyond the turn, a horse and chaise were seen advancing at a rapid rate. Emma was very sorry to see it. She begged Edward not to go away. It would be cruel, she said, to leave her there to come down alone, or with any body that might chance to take her under his protection.

“Then go down with me,” said Edward, “in the chaise.”

“And leave my own party, which *I* invited! You know I can not do that, Edward. You *must* stay.”

Edward walked on in silence. His patience and forbearance were utterly gone. His heart begun to burn and beat violently with a feeling very much like indignation. He was a man of strong impulses and passions, though these feelings were generally under perfect control, but there was a point beyond which his patience could not be safely tried. He felt the blood mounting into his cheeks and into his forehead. A violent palpitation almost deprived him of the power to speak. Besides, he knew that it was dangerous for him to speak at such a time. He remained silent, and they walked along together toward the chaise which was rapidly coming up the road.

“Why don’t you speak,” asked Emma, “and tell me what you think about it?”

“I think, Emma,” said Edward, deliberately, “that you are *extremely* unreasonable.”

Emma withdrew her arm from his, and turned to walk away toward the company. She had a sort of instinctive feeling that he would follow her and bring her back. But he did not. He remained where he was. His not following her touched her pride.

---

Emma ventures upon a threat.Edward goes home.

---

The chaise approached. Edward directed the boy who was driving it to turn it, and wait in the road for him. He felt a strong impulse to get in at once, and go away, without speaking another word to Emma. There was a short but desperate struggle between love and resentment in his bosom. Love conquered.

“Emma, stop a moment,” said he, “and let me come and bid you good-night before I go.”

Love and resentment struggled in Emma’s bosom. Resentment won the day. She turned abruptly, and said, in a very deliberate and decisive tone,

“Edward, it is you that are unreasonable. If you leave me in this way, I shall understand it as an expression of your wish that our acquaintance should terminate, and I shall return all your letters to-morrow morning, and ask you to send me mine.”

Edward made no reply, but walked immediately to the chaise, entered it, seized the whip and the reins, and drove off at a rapid trot down the hill. Emma stood gazing after him until the vehicle disappeared from view, and then she listened to the sound of the wheels until it died away in the distance. She had a lingering expectation that he would return, but he did not. He drove to his office, where he found several men awaiting his arrival, and was soon involved in all the details and perplexities of his cause.

At midnight he left his office to go to his lodgings. He walked through the now silent and solitary streets in a state of feverish anxiety and agitation. He stopped before the house where Emma lived. There was a light at her window. He looked at it a moment, and then hurried on to his own dwelling, and went alone to his room.

Scene in the glen.

Mr. Edward returning.





---

Caroline remonstrates with Emma.The remonstrance unavailing.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CONSEQUENCES.

IN the méan time, Emma returned to the company with her mind in a tumult of emotion. When the time came for the return of the party down the valley, Caroline walked with Emma, and after learning from her what had taken place, she did all in her power to soothe and calm her. But Emma would not be calmed. She declared that she would send home Edward's letters the next morning, and that she would not receive them again without an ample apology.

"Why, Emma, my dear child," said Caroline, "he certainly will not make you an apology. He will take you at your word, and you will lose him forever."

"No," replied Emma, "he will make me an apology when he finds that I am in earnest. I shall certainly return him his letters to-morrow morning."

Caroline remonstrated and entreated, but all in vain. Emma was resolved. She sat up an hour after she came home, collected all her lover's notes and letters, put them up in a package, enveloped and addressed them, and wrote a note as follows :

*"To Mr. Edward.*

"SIR,—Faithful to my word, I send you back your correspondence with me. May I expect that you will return mine ?

"Yours,

EMMA."



Emma's secret expectations.

The trial.

Scene at the court-room.

She was half inclined to add that she considered the connection which had heretofore existed between them was dissolved, but she finally concluded to omit that.

It would be difficult to say exactly what was Emma's state of mind in doing this. It was not that she wished to have the connection dissolved—nor was it that she had any well-defined expectation of bringing Edward to terms—nor that she was wholly blinded by resentment and passion. It was a little of all three. She had, however, no idea that Edward would return her letters. She thought he would make no answer for a day or two, and then that they should meet, and, after mutual explanations and concessions, be reconciled again. At all events, she determined to send the package early the next morning.

Edward received it just as he was leaving the house to go to the court-room. He opened and read the note. He told the messenger it was very well—that there was no answer then. He returned to his room, and put the package in his secretary, and, half distracted with the conflicting agitations and cares which rolled through his mind like the surges of a sea, he hurried away to the scene of his labors for the day.

The cause came on. He was seated at the bar, surrounded by the other members of the profession, with his client and his associate counsel near him. The court-room was crowded. He was all absorbed in the examination of witnesses, and in watching the course of his opponents, in making notes of the proceedings, and reviewing and fortifying himself in his points, when he saw a messenger making his way to him through the crowd with a letter in his hand. It had the appearance of a business letter, being writ-

---

Caroline ventures upon a courageous step.

---

ten on ordinary paper, and addressed in a strong, masculine-looking hand. He opened it, and was surprised to find that the signature was Caroline. He read as follows :

“DEAR SIR,—I am very much afraid that I am taking a wrong or an improper step in writing this line to you. It is to intercede for my friend Emma. She tells me that she has returned your letters, and has asked you to return hers. I hope you will not take her at her word. I am sure she loves you with all her heart, and, if you wait a few days, I know her feelings on this subject will change, and she will see it in altogether a new light. I know this is requesting a great forbearance on your part, but my strong attachment to Emma—we have been friends from childhood—impels me to do it, and I hope you will not take it amiss.

“Excuse the plainness of my paper. As the case did not admit of delay, and I thought it possible my letter might be handed you in court, I have imitated—awkwardly enough, no doubt—the appearance and style of a business letter, so that it may not attract the attention of others around you.”

“Very truly yours,

CAROLINE.”

Edward folded the letter and put it in his pocket. He was very much touched with a sense of Caroline’s magnanimity and devotion to her friend in taking such a step. He called back the messenger, who had already made his way nearly to the door. He hastily wrote the following lines :

---

Reply to Caroline's note.Edward at the trial.

---

“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—You did perfectly right in writing as you have done. I will do nothing hastily.

“Yours, with very sincere regard, EDWARD.”

Perhaps the reader will be surprised to learn that though Edward had suffered a great deal of anxiety and perplexity in the course of this affair, yet, when he came at last to plead his cause, he spoke all the more powerfully and effectively in consequence of the state of mind in which it placed him. He felt that he himself had done his duty, but that he had been abandoned in the hour of his need by one whom he had done all in his power to make happy. The thought of this ingratitude produced a feeling, half resentment, half grief, which quickened the whole action of his mind, and gave fluency to his utterance, and a certain richness to the tones of his voice, which made every one in the crowded court-room listen to every word he said with the utmost attention and pleasure. There was a feeling of wounded pride, too, which seemed to impart a certain dignity to his manner. He stood erect and firm, and spoke with a sort of mild and gentle energy and power which the peculiar state of his feelings inspired. He gained his cause. The verdict was rendered about six o'clock in the evening. Edward received the congratulations of his friends with a calm and placid expression upon his countenance, which, however, had no counterpart in any calmness within. He gathered up his papers and went home. He took his tea in silence, and went to his room. There was one window in it—in a deep recess. The window opened down to the floor, and led out to a little balcony. Edward opened the window, and took a large rocking-chair which he had

---

Edward writes more fully to Caroline.

---

in his room, and carried it out to the balcony, and, seating himself in it, rocked gently to and fro in the cool evening air for two hours, to let, as he expressed it, the surges of his mind subside after the storm. He resolved to do all he could to banish the whole subject from his thoughts, that he might approach it again anew the next day in a deliberate and calm manner. He finally rose, returned to his room, took his seat at his desk in the recess, and wrote the following note to Caroline :

“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—I take the liberty to write you again, in order to say, in a more deliberate and proper manner than I could this morning, that I think you were perfectly right in communicating with me as you did. Your kind, and generous, and, I will add, courageous interposition in behalf of your friend, has confirmed the high opinion I always entertained of you. I will say, also, if you will allow me to do it, that I am very grateful for the sympathy which I could not but perceive that you felt for me in the state of perplexity in which I was placed on Monday evening.

“I shall comply with your suggestion to postpone my action in this case for a few days, and am much obliged to you for making it. I am your very sincere friend, EDWARD.”

Caroline was relieved in respect to herself by receiving this note the next morning, but she did not augur very favorably from it in respect to the final result. As for Emma, she was sure she should have a communication from Edward the next day. It came, and was as follows :

Emma receives a note.

Her satisfaction.

A party.

“MY DEAR EMMA,—I received your package safely yesterday morning. I shall communicate with you more fully in a day or two on the subject. I hope I shall see you this evening at the party. In the mean time, whatever may be the result of this affair, I hope you will always consider me your very sincere and faithful friend,

EDWARD.”

Emma was very much pleased with this note. She considered it as half giving up on the part of Edward. She showed it to Caroline. Caroline looked thoughtful after reading it, and shook her head.

“I am sure I *hope* it will turn out well, Emma,” said she, “but—I don’t know.”

Emma went to the party. Edward was there, and greeted her as cordially as ever. He, however, did not seek any opportunity to have any private conversation with her, as she had expected; but, after paying her as much attention as propriety required, spent most of his evening in conversing with the different strangers present, and with ladies in whom she knew he felt no special interest. He came up to her in the course of the evening, when she was standing apart, and, drawing her hand into his arm, walked through the rooms among the company with her, and said, in an under tone,

“I have been a little at a loss, Emma, whether you would consider it proper or not for me to propose to walk home with you this evening, so I thought I would ask you to tell me frankly.”

“Just as you please,” said Emma.

“I should like to go with you as usual,” said Edward, “if you have no objection.”



---

Emma begins to be sorry for the quarrel.

---

“Certainly not,” said Emma. “I shall be very happy to have your company.”

Emma did not say this in a cold and formal manner exactly, nor did she really say it in a cordial manner. She was glad to hear the proposition; for, now that the irritation and excitement had subsided, she began to be heartily sorry for the quarrel, and she longed for a reconciliation, but she wished Edward to do what she considered his proper share toward bringing it about. She had no doubt that he would introduce the subject on the way home.

But he did not. In fact, several other persons walked along in their company on the way home. Emma wished to separate from them, but, somehow or other, her object was not accomplished, and there was no opportunity for any private conversation between herself and Edward until they reached the gate. She invited him in, but he said it was too late. He shook hands with her cordially at parting, and bade her good-night, saying that she would hear from him, or see him, on the following evening.

Emma went to her room quite pleased at the manifestation of so friendly a disposition on the part of Edward, so obviously, as she considered it, the preliminary of a full and complete reconciliation. She was not, however, after all, really at ease. She could not avoid feeling some anxious forebodings. These were increased during the next day by her conversation with Caroline, who spent the morning in her room. She said that she was sorry, after all, that she had done what she had, and admitted that she had been foolish and wrong. Caroline begged her to write that immediately to Edward, and ask him to restore her the packet of letters which she had sent him—to acknowledge her fault, and ask him



---

Emma expects Mr Edward in the evening.

His arrival.

---

to forgive and forget it all. Emma could not, however, quite make up her mind to this.

“Do, Emma, dear,” said Caroline. “You can do it now with perfect propriety, but after to-night it may be too late—forever.”

“No,” said Emma; “he will come and see me to-night, and then I will *tell* him.”

“But he may not come,” said Caroline.

“Oh yes, he said he would come,” replied Emma.

“He said he would come and see you, or let you hear from him, you told me,” rejoined Caroline.

“Yes, but he will come himself, I know,” persisted Emma.

Caroline went away, and Emma spent the day in her usual avocations. Early in the evening she went out into the garden, and took her seat in the little summer-house, where she had often sat with Edward. She believed that he would come himself to see her, and she wished to meet him and talk with him there. She had not been there long when the garden gate opened, and Edward entered.

“There he is,” said Emma to herself. “I *knew* he would come.”

Edward advanced up the walk. The moon shone on his face as he entered the summer-house. His countenance appeared pale, and it wore an expression of anxiety and suffering. He gave Emma his hand, and took a seat by her side. Emma perceived that he trembled. He spoke a few minutes on ordinary topics, but it was in a faltering voice; and Emma perceived that he was obviously endeavoring to gain composure.

“Well, Emma!” said he, at length, after a momentary pause.

“Well, Edward!” said Emma.

---

Interview between Edward and Emma in the summer-house.

---

“I have brought you back your letters, according to your request. At first I thought I would send them to you, but I concluded afterward to bring them myself, so that I could see you, and that we could part friends.”

Emma felt her heart sinking within her at hearing these words. Her pulse ceased to beat; all her strength failed. She would have sunk into his arms, but an instinctive feeling of maidenly modesty in the altered circumstances in which she instantly felt that she was placed, carried her head the other way. It reclined, or rather half reclined, against the sill of the window.

“I have written you a letter, which you will find on the outside of the package,” continued Edward.

Emma did not reply. She could not speak. He placed the package on the seat by her side.

“Good-by, Emma,” said Edward.

As he said these words, he took her hand, and pressed it in a cordial and affectionate manner. The hand remained perfectly passive in his grasp. It did not resist and it did not yield. Edward replaced it, at length, in its position, and went away.

Emma remained half an hour in the posture in which Edward had left her, bewildered and stupefied. At length she rose, took the package, and went into the house. She bade the family good-night, and went to her room.

It was now nearly dark, though the twilight still shone into the windows of her apartment sufficiently to show her the way. The room had a very gloomy and forbidding aspect, for, as has already been said, Emma took but little interest in the arrangements of it, and it was very meagerly furnished. There was a sofa on one

---

Emma retires to her room in great sorrow.Rosie calls.

---

side ; and at another, under a very unattractive-looking portrait, there stood a neglected work-table, with a chair by the side of it. Emma laid the package and the letter down upon the work-table,



and then, leaning her elbow upon it, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

In a few minutes she heard a childish voice calling to her from the foot of the stairs. It was the voice of her little sister Rose.

“Emma,” said Rose, “you must come and put me to bed.”

---

Emma puts Rosie to bed.

She prepares to read the letter.

---

Emma did not answer, but, rising reluctantly from her seat, she went out into the entry, and called to Rose from the head of the stairs.

“Rosie,” said she, “I’m here; go and get a light, and I’ll put you to bed.”

“No,” said Rosie, “you must come and get the light yourself.”

Emma was very unwilling to go down stairs again, lest she should betray her emotion to some of the family who might see her there, and at length, after much persuasion, she succeeded in inducing Rose to go for the light. She then put Rosie to bed in a little crib in her mother’s room, where she was accustomed to sleep, and afterward returned to her own chamber.

She placed the lamp, which she had brought with her into the room, upon her little work-table, and drew the table up to one end of her sofa. Leaving the package upon the table, she took up and opened the letter which accompanied it. She read the words “My dear Emma,” and burst again into tears.

The letter was not very long, but it took Emma till midnight to finish her perusal of it. She would read a few lines, and lay it down, overwhelmed with the emotions of her bitter grief. After a while, the violence of the paroxysm would subside, and she would lie in a sort of calm, with her head upon a cushion which she had placed in the corner of the sofa, her eyes fixed, her hair disordered, and the whole expression of her countenance one of stupefaction and despair. Then she would take up her letter again, and read a few lines farther. This would soon bring on another paroxysm of grief and tears, to end, when its violence was spent, in despair as before.

---

She reads Mr. Edward's letter.

---

The following was the letter. Its effect upon her mind was obviously due to the state of her mind itself, and not to any thing specially exciting in the composition of it. It was only a calm and simple statement of the conclusion to which Edward had arrived :

“MY DEAR EMMA,—I have concluded, after much sorrowful reflection, to comply with your request, and return your letters, thus closing the connection which has so long subsisted between us.

“I know that the parting must give you pain, as it does me ; but it is best for us both. I have long feared that there was a deep-seated and permanent difference of sentiment between us in one respect, which might seriously curtail my power of making you happy in future years, considering the situation in which I am placed. I feel that, in commencing my active life, I have a great work to do in building up my professional reputation, and securing an early share in the advantages which a successful career will gain for me, and for those connected with me. I want a companion whose great ambition and whose great pleasure will be to join me and to help me in this work. I thought it might be considered a work of common interest, as, whatever advantages a husband gains, whether of property or of distinction, his wife must fully share. I am satisfied, however, that this is not the position which you can be happy in. You ought to be connected with one who has time and property at his command, and your excellent and amiable qualities richly deserve that such a one should devote himself to the promotion of your happiness. I am sure I sincerely wish that this lot could be mine, but it can not be. For

---

Conclusion of Mr. Edward's letter.

---

me to attempt it would only be to condemn you, as well as myself, to a life of uselessness and poverty.

“Though I have for some time been gradually coming to the conviction that the real state of the case is as I have described, I should never, on that account, have asked you to release me from my plighted faith. But since you ask it, I concur in your wish, deliberately and strongly convinced that this course is the best both for your happiness and mine.

“And now, my dear Emma, do not let us take a romantic or sentimental view of this subject, or make ourselves more unhappy about it than we can help. So soon as the change in the relation which has subsisted between us becomes known, you will only have to choose from the whole circle of your acquaintance whom you please. Love will return to your heart, and make you as happy as you have ever been, and will bring with it prospects of greater happiness in future years than it would have been in my power to have procured for you.

“For myself, it will be some time before I can think of any other person as I have of you. Still, I do not mean to make any effort to put off that time. Life is full enough of pain and suffering, without our voluntarily increasing it, or clinging to the memory of that which we might let pass and be gone.

“Let us always be good friends, Emma, and always meet each other cordially, and with kind and welcome greetings as heretofore. I am sure I can never cease to feel a strong and heartfelt interest in you as long as I shall live.

“Your most sincere and faithful friend,

“EDWARD.”



---

Emma recovers her good spirits.

She writes to Edward.

---

It was past midnight before Emma got through the letter, and, at about three o'clock in the morning, the poor girl fell into a sort of troubled sleep.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

AFTER a few days Emma began gradually to recover her composure. She recovered it much more rapidly on account of the absolute certainty which she felt that the question was finally and forever settled. Unsatisfied desires disturb and agitate us only while there is some idea in the mind of the possibility that the object may be attained, so that the extinguishment of hope is very often the essential condition of peace and repose.

Edward and Emma continued to be excellent friends. The people of the village were very much perplexed to solve the mystery of the rupture—a mystery all the more inexplicable on account of the intimate terms on which the parties seemed to continue in respect to each other in their ordinary interviews in social life. All that either of them would ever say on the subject was, that the engagement was dissolved by mutual consent, leaving the parties as good friends as before. Miranda declared that, if she were Emma, she never would speak to Edward again as long as she lived. She said, however, she presumed that it was only some love quarrel, and that they would be engaged again in a month.

Instead of this, however, in about a month Emma addressed Edward the following letter :

---

Emma's farewell letter to Mr. Vernon.

---

“DEAR MR. VERNON,—I feel a strong desire to write you a few lines on the subject of the unfortunate occurrences of court-week before dismissing the subject forever ; you know a woman must always have the last word.

“I have some doubts whether it is proper for me to allude to the subject at all. I should not have done so if I thought it possible that you could suppose I do it with the least idea of a reconsideration of the question. I am aware that it is forever settled.

“What I wish to say, however, is, that I think I acted very foolishly and wrong that night, in insisting on your remaining with us. I thought I should feel better to say this to you. If what I did then had been the *cause* of our separation, I should have been afraid to make this acknowledgment, for fear that you would misunderstand my object. But I am well aware that it was not the *cause*, but only the *occasion*. The cause lies deeper. I think with you it is sufficient. I felt very unhappy at the time, and it seemed to me as if I never could be happy again. I think now that I can be, and I have no wish to have the decision which we then came to revoked.

“In fact, to tell the honest truth, I think you are a little in fault as well as I. You ought not to be such a slave to your business. I think that some time ought to be allowed to recreation and enjoyment, as life passes along. It is of no use to sacrifice present happiness for the sake of remote and uncertain advantages which we may never live to realize. I vote for being happy as we go along.

“However, it is useless for me to write these things, as I have no idea of altering your views. I have no doubt that you will

---

Mr. Vernon is much pleased with Emma's letter.

---

make a great lawyer, though I think myself it is better to be happy than great. But I am sure I sincerely hope that you will succeed in your plans, and one day become President of the United States, if you wish to be. When you are, I shall come to Washington, and shall expect you to pay me great attention.

“I don't know but that there is some impropriety or other in my writing you this note, but I thought that my mind would be relieved by my acknowledging what I now see to have been my fault on that particular occasion. I am encouraged, too, to do it, from the frank and cordial kindness with which you always treat me when we meet, for which, I assure you, I am very grateful, and I shall always be your true and sincere friend,       EMMA.”

Mr. Vernon was very much pleased with the frank and good-natured tone which pervaded this letter, and he replied to it in the same spirit. In fact, I think that they both exhibited a great deal of good sense in acting as they did toward each other, after the engagement was relinquished. It is much better to adopt such a course as this in all such cases. It is so, too, in all other cases of difficulty and disagreement. Whenever, from any cause, a friendship, or a companionship, which has subsisted between you and any other person, is brought to an end, be always good-natured about it, and never allow yourself to be drawn into such a position in respect to any person as not to be on speaking terms with them. However much you may be displeased with any former friend, or offended with what he has done, do not allow your resentment to take such a form as to lead you to violate the ordinary usages and courtesies of life, in your treatment of him.

---

Mr. Vernon's demeanor after the engagement was annulled

---

To disregard this advice will often entail upon you a long-continued series of inconveniences, embarrassments, and vexations, and will make both yourself, and the person whom you are quarreling with, the means of constant annoyance to your acquaintances and friends.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### CONCLUSION.

THE breaking of Emma's engagement with Mr. Edward Vernon was the third of the misfortunes befalling her that was to be related in this volume; and as the object which I proposed to myself in this story was only to give an account of these misfortunes, the narrative might properly end here. As, however, some of the readers of this book may feel a curiosity to know what ultimately became of her, and also to hear something more respecting Caroline and Mr. Vernon, I will add this concluding chapter, to give them such additional information in respect to what happened to them, as the few remaining pages of the book will contain.

For a month or two after the engagement was ended, Edward, or Mr. Vernon, as he perhaps ought now to be called—since that was really his name—confined himself very closely to his office and to his studies. He went very little into company, and made very few visits of any kind. He did not absolutely decline all the invitations that he received, though he excused himself from many of them; and when he did go to any little party or other gathering of the young people for social enjoyment, he seemed to take

---

He begins to become much interested in Caroline.

---

but little interest in it. He used to arrive late, and he would often slip away early, before the party broke up, thus showing that his thoughts and heart were in another place. This other place was, in fact, his office.

Mr. Vernon felt a certain sentiment of gratitude to Caroline for the sympathy which he knew very well that she had felt for him at the time of his disagreement with Emma, and he was, moreover, very much struck with admiration of the tact and dexterity which she had manifested in her intercessions with him in her friend Emma's behalf. In fact, Mr. Vernon soon found himself looking always for Caroline first, when he went into any party where she was among the guests. He would talk, indeed, with the others, so as to divide his attentions, with some degree of equality, among all the company, but he would *think* more of her than of the rest; and he always found that, after he had spent as much time with her as he thought was right and proper, and was, consequently, obliged, by the rules of etiquette, to leave her for the rest of the evening, all his interest in the party was, from that time, gone, and he was only wishing for the hour to arrive when he might take his leave and go back to his office.

As for Caroline, she could not but perceive that Edward, now that he was again at liberty, was gradually turning his thoughts more and more toward her. She liked him very much, and she felt that it would be very easy for her to be induced to love him.

"But I must not think of such a thing," she said to herself.

It was one morning, late in the fall, that she said this, at a time when she was sitting with her sewing at a certain window in her room which looked out upon the garden. The morning was warm

---

Caroline's reflections on the subject.

She resolves to go to Ormsby.

---

and pleasant, and the window was open ; but the aspect without was very autumnal, for the foliage was fallen from the trees, the flowers had disappeared from the garden, and the ground was covered with a rich carpet of leaves, variegated with all the shades of yellow and brown.

“I must not think of such a thing,” said Caroline to herself again.

She looked vacantly for some minutes out of the window.

She was thinking that she had been for a long time Emma's most intimate friend ; that she had been, in fact, an active participant in the transactions connected with the breaking of her engagement ; and that now, if such a thing were possible as that Edward should choose her in Emma's place, Emma would always feel as if her friend had become her rival, and had supplanted her in the affections of her intended husband.

“Besides,” she continued, still musing, “Mr. Vernon himself will think that I wrote that note to attract his attention toward *me*. No, I must not, on any account, think of such a thing.”

In the course of an hour Caroline had formed a plan for leaving Clinton, and spending some months with a cousin of hers, who lived in a considerable town called Ormsby, about fifteen miles distant from Clinton.

“That will be the best thing that I can do,” said she, “and I will go immediately and ask my mother about it.”

Caroline frankly stated the whole case to her mother. In fact, she had always been accustomed to make her mother her confidant in every thing which deeply interested her. Her mother, after hearing her statement, and asking various questions, seemed



Her mother's opinion.

Interview with Emma.

Conversation.

lost for a little time in thought, as if she did not know what to advise.

“I am not certain that it is your duty to go away,” she said, at last, “or to take any step whatever of that kind. You have done nothing wrong, nor have you done any right things with wrong motives. I do not see why you should not remain quiet, and let things take their course; but if you think you would better satisfy your own sense of delicacy and propriety by going away for a short time, I have no objection.”

Caroline accordingly determined to go away. She wrote to her cousin, and made the arrangement, and in three days from the time that she first conceived the idea, the plan was all formed. She was to leave Clinton on the following Monday.

Emma came to see her one day during the interval, and was quite surprised and very sorry to hear of Caroline's design of going to Ormsby. She questioned her very particularly about the plan, asking her what had put such an idea so suddenly into her head. Caroline answered in very general terms, but Emma, who had a great deal of shrewdness as well as tact, perceived, from her reserved and evasive manner, that there was something concealed from her.

“I wish you would tell me all about it,” said she.

Caroline laughed, and replied, saying,

“Why, I am only going to make my cousin a little visit. There is nothing very mysterious about that, I am sure.”

“Well, I am very sorry you are going,” said Emma, “and there is somebody else that I think will be sorry too.”

Emma presently explained that it was Edward whom she re-

---

Caroline is embarrassed by Emma's inquiries and suggestions.

---

ferred to in this. She said she thought that Edward was beginning to be very much pleased with Caroline.

“And I am sure,” she added, “I don't believe there is a person in the world that would make him a better wife than you. Your ideas correspond with his in every particular. And I am sure, too, that he will make an excellent husband—that is, for any one that thinks and feels as he does. I was dreadfully disappointed and troubled at first when our engagement was broken off. It seemed to me that I could never be happy again. But I am as happy now as I ever was. And as for a husband—I think I shall be suited well enough when the time comes.”

Emma said this in a tone and manner that seemed to imply that there was more meant by it than the words expressed. Caroline did not, however, ask any explanation, as she desired to have the whole subject dropped. She was afraid that if Emma went on to talk about Mr. Vernon, she should betray an embarrassment which she was very desirous to conceal.

Emma, however, seemed unwilling to drop the subject. She continued to talk about Edward, and she pressed Caroline with questions respecting him, until at last Caroline became quite confused. At length, finding how it was, Emma desisted; and, after some general conversation on other subjects, she went away. Before she went, she said again that Edward would be extremely sorry to hear that Caroline was going away, and that she should tell him of it the first time she saw him.

Caroline charged her to do no such thing.

“I certainly shall,” said Emma, “and you will see him coming here pretty soon to persuade you not to go.”

---

Emma meets Mr. Vernon in the street.

Dialogue.

---

Emma was entirely at fault in her anticipations of the effect which the announcement of Caroline's intended journey would have upon Mr. Vernon, as she had opportunity to learn very soon. She met Mr. Vernon in the street on her way home. He stopped to speak to her, as he always did, whenever he met her.

"I have been to see Caroline this morning," said she; "and only think—we are going to lose her."

"Ah!" said Mr. Vernon; "where is she going?"

"She is going to Ormsby," said Emma.

"When?" asked Mr. Vernon.

"Next Monday," replied Emma.

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Vernon, "for I am going to Ormsby myself next Monday."

"Indeed!" said Emma.

"Yes," said Mr. Vernon, "I have some important business that will take me there that very day; so I shall have her company."

"Unless," he added, speaking in a musing manner, "I should go in a private conveyance. She will go in the stage, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Emma.

"If I were to decide to go in a chaise," said Mr. Vernon, "and invite her to take a seat with me, do you imagine she would accept the invitation?"

"I should think so, I am sure," said Emma. "It would be a great deal pleasanter for her to go in a chaise."

After some further conversation, the two friends separated, and Emma went her way.

It would be a very difficult question in casuistry to decide whether Mr. Vernon was, or was not, perfectly honest in saying what

---

A question of casuistry.

Mr. Vernon is a little artful.

---

he did to Emma. For, when he first commenced the conversation with her, he had not formed the remotest idea of going to Ormsby. It was only when he heard that Caroline was going that he decided to go himself. He had been thinking of Caroline a great deal that morning, and had secretly resolved to adopt some efficient measure for becoming more fully acquainted with her, with a view of asking her to become his wife. He had not been able, however, to devise any plan for accomplishing his purpose; but the instant that Emma told him that Caroline was going on Monday to Ormsby, his mind, having been already brought to a state of perfect readiness to act promptly and instantaneously, decided that it would be an excellent plan for him to go too. The important business which he had was to come to an understanding, if possible, with Caroline. Thus, though when Emma began to speak to him, he had no thoughts of going to Ormsby, still, before he commenced his reply to her, he had determined to go, and the business which he was going to attend to was of a very important character. Thus, in saying "I am going to Ormsby; I have some important business that will take me there," he said what was strictly true, though the impression which the words made on Emma's mind was somewhat erroneous. I will not undertake to say myself whether he did right or wrong in this. There is one thing, however, that must be admitted, and that is, that in affairs of this sort, a little maneuvering and management for the purpose of concealing what is going on from the eyes of those who have no direct interest in it, is usually considered quite excusable.

That evening, about eight o'clock, Caroline was thrown into a state of great astonishment and perplexity by receiving the follow-

---

He invites Caroline to go to Ormsby under his charge.

---

ing note, which was handed to her by a bright-looking colored boy, who came with it to the door. The colored boy she recognized as Domingo, Mr. Vernon's office messenger.

"Well, Domingo," said Caroline, surprised, "have you brought me a note?"

"Yes, Miss Caroline," said Domingo. "It is from Mr. Vernon. He said he did not know whether there would be any answer or not."

Caroline opened the note and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—I heard from Emma to-day that you were going to Ormsby on Monday. I was glad to hear it, for I am going there myself on that day, in a chaise, and I write this note to say that if you will take a seat with me, instead of going in the stage, I shall consider that you do me a great favor.

"Yours very sincerely,

"EDWARD VERNON."

Caroline was perfectly confounded at receiving this note. Her whole end and aim in making the journey to Ormsby would be entirely defeated, she thought, in going with Mr. Vernon. Still, she did not see in what way she could decline the invitation.

She took the note to her mother. After her mother had read it, Caroline asked her what she should do.

Her mother did not answer, but seemed to be considering.

"I can not accept the invitation," said Caroline, "and I do not see what pretext I can have for declining it."

"If you decline it at all," replied her mother, "I would not de-

---

 Caroline declines the invitation.

 Her note to Mr. Vernon.
 

---

cline it on any *pretext*. I would give the true reason, or I would not give any at all."

"But I can not give the true reason," replied Caroline.

"Well," said her mother, "then you can decline it without giving any."

"I do not see how I can do that very well," rejoined Caroline, "without being uncivil."

"Yes," said her mother. "You can say that certain circumstances, which you can not well explain, compel you to decline; and then, if the rest of your note is written in a friendly and cordial manner, he will not be displeased."

Caroline accordingly wrote the following note, and sent it to Mr. Vernon by the hands of Domingo.

"DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind invitation that I should take a seat with you in your chaise on Monday, but I am compelled by circumstances beyond my control to decline it. I assure you I am sorry to have to send you this answer, as it would have given me great pleasure to have made the journey in your company and under your care, if it had been in my power.                      Your very sincere friend,                      CAROLINE."

"There," said Caroline, as she folded her note, "every word in that note is honest and true."

The reader will not, perhaps, be surprised to learn that, after this, Mr. Vernon concluded, on more mature reflection, to alter his plan of taking a private conveyance, and to go in the stage. If the note which Caroline had written him, declining his invitation,



---

Mr. Vernon changes his plan.

Emma's reflections on these occurrences.

---

had been less friendly in its general character, he would not have done this ; but, as it was, he thought it would be safe for him to venture. Accordingly, on Monday morning, when the stage drove up to the door of the house where Caroline lived, Caroline was surprised to see Mr. Vernon seated in it.

“I shall learn whether punctuality is one of her virtues,” said Mr. Vernon to himself, as the stage stopped at the gate.

The driver opened the stage-door, and Mr. Vernon stepped out. The driver then opened the gate, and found Caroline's trunk all ready, just inside of it. Caroline herself, too, was just coming to the door.

“Yes,” said Mr. Vernon, “I see it *is*.”

Of course, Caroline had now no other alternative but to go with Mr. Vernon in the stage. There were several other passengers, but Mr. Vernon had reserved a seat for her next to his own. They had a very pleasant ride. It is often said that there is no way by which people can get acquainted with each other so fast as by traveling together. However this may be in most cases, it was very true in this ; for before they arrived at Ormsby, Mr. Vernon and Caroline were much better acquainted with each other than they had ever been before.

When Emma went home on the day that she called upon Caroline, and met Mr. Vernon on the way, her thoughts very naturally reverted to the conversation she had held with Caroline in her room, and to the very evident embarrassment which she had manifested when she had been pressed by Emma's inquiries and suggestions on the subject of Edward's supposed partiality for her.

---

Emma makes a very generous resolution.

---

While she was pondering on this theme, the thought suddenly occurred to her mind that Mr. Vernon might possibly have seriously thought of choosing Caroline for his wife, and that Caroline, perceiving it, had concluded to go out of town on purpose to avoid him.

“It would be exactly like her,” she said; “she is just such a noble-minded girl. She would think that she has always been such a friend of mine, that she must not have any thing to do with him, on my account. But I will write her a letter as soon as she gets to Ormsby, and set her heart at rest on that point.”

Accordingly, on the morning that Caroline set out on her journey, Emma, on bidding her good-by, said that she would write to her very soon.

“I have something very important to tell you,” she said, “but I would rather tell you in a note, so you may expect to hear from me in the course of a week.”

Caroline wondered what this important intelligence could be, but she did not inquire, thinking it more proper to let Emma choose her own time and mode of communicating it.

Mr. Vernon remained at Ormsby only one night, and then returned to Clinton. Two days after this, Caroline received a letter from him asking her to become his wife.

The letter which Mr. Vernon sent was double. There was an inner and an outer one. Caroline opened the outer one, and read as follows :

“MY DEAR MISS CAROLINE,—The inclosed note which I have written for you is of a highly confidential character. If you are

---

 Caroline receives a communication from Mr. Vernon.

Her reply.

engaged to be married, or if for any other reason you prefer not to receive a confidential communication from me, please return it to me unopened, either with or without a reply to this from yourself. Whether you receive the note, or decline to receive it, I shall be sure you act from some good and substantial reason, and my friendship for you will continue as strong as it has ever been.

“Very truly yours,                      EDWARD VERNON.”

The inner note was sealed, but Caroline, of course, knew very well what its contents must be.

She was thrown into a state of great mental agitation on reading this epistle. I can not, however, stop to describe the conflicting feelings which struggled in her mind, or even to enumerate them, for I must hasten to the conclusion of the story. She kept the letter one day, and then wrote the following answer :

“*Mr. Vernon.*”

“DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter, with the note inclosed, was received by me last evening. I am not engaged to be married, but some circumstances and considerations, which I can not fully explain, render it my duty, as it seems to me, to return the note you inclosed without opening it. I assure you I most sincerely regret any pain which my acting thus may cause you. I shall never regard you otherwise than with feelings of great gratitude for your kindness to me, and I am, with sentiments of true and heartfelt good-will, your sincere friend,

CAROLINE.”

Mr. Vernon was gratified, pained, and puzzled all at the same

---

Mr. Vernon is much puzzled.

Letter from Emma.

---

time by this note. For a long while he could not account for it. It seemed very mysterious. At length, however, he suspected the truth. "Can it be," said he to himself, "that she thinks she can not, in honor, take the place which I offer her in my affection, because her friend Emma lost it, and that, unless she or some other person intervenes as a rival, there is a possibility that Emma may be restored to it again? How can I ascertain whether this is so or not?"

Mr. Vernon reflected long and earnestly on this subject. The more he thought of it, the more he was led to believe that his surmises must be correct, but he could not divine any way of actually determining the question.

A few days after Caroline had sent her answer to Mr. Vernon, she received a letter from Emma, which was as follows :

"Clinton, Tuesday morning.

"I promised to write you, Caroline dear, in a few days, but I have been obliged to postpone it till now. The news which I had to tell you is, that I am engaged to be married to Mr. William Oakes, of Boston. I should have told you this before you went away, only it was not actually settled then. But it is entirely settled now. I tell *you*, the first one, for two reasons. One reason is, that you are my dearest friend, and have always been so faithful and true to me. The other reason is, that I imagine the time may come, if it has not come already, when it may relieve you from some embarrassment to know that I am engaged. I suspect so, from what I observed when I saw you at home, just before you went to Ormsby. I will not explain any more, for, if

---

Caroline regrets that the letter had not come sooner.

---

I am right, you will understand, and if I am wrong, it is no matter whether you understand or not.

“Your affectionate friend,

EMMA.

“P.S.—I should not think, for an instant, of your feeling any embarrassment from such a cause as I suspect, if you were not such a generous, noble-minded girl as you are.”

When Caroline had read this note, she laid it down upon the table, and covered her face with her hands, saying, with a sigh,

“If I had only received this note three days ago.”

Caroline, however, was not destined to suffer regret for the delay of the note very long. I believe it was on the next day, or the next day but one, that she received another letter from Mr. Vernon, with the former note inclosed again. This second letter was as follows :

“MY DEAR CAROLINE,—The kind and friendly manner in which you replied to my former letter, although you declined to receive the inner note, encourages me to write you again now, under the idea that circumstances may have changed, in some respects, so as to allow you to come now to a different decision. I learn from Emma that she is engaged, and that she has communicated the fact to you. I have thought it not impossible that this may so far affect the “circumstances and considerations” which you alluded to in your note, as to leave you more at liberty now. If not, please return me the note once more, and I promise you that I will not trouble you again.

“Most sincerely yours,

EDWARD VERNON.”



Emma's marriage

Some account of her husband.

It is hardly necessary to say that Caroline now opened the inner note, and found that it contained what she had anticipated. She accepted Mr. Vernon's proposals; and, among the other results of the correspondence, one was a considerable shortening of the visit to Ormsby. In fact, Mr. Vernon himself came for her in his chaise, about a fortnight after receiving her answer to his note, and brought her home.

About a year after these transactions, Emma married Mr. Oakes, and went with him to reside in Boston. Mr. Oakes was a gentleman of considerable fortune, and a very agreeable man in his person and manners. He lived, not by any profession or business, but on the interest of invested money. This was what Emma liked; for her husband, being rich, and not being employed in any business, would be able, she supposed, to devote himself wholly to her, and he would also have the means of providing her with all that she should require to enable her to make a good appearance, and to enjoy herself well in society. She found, however, that her husband, after a few months, did not devote himself entirely to her; but, though he spent all his time in visiting and pleasure, he gradually fell into the habit, as such men almost always do, of choosing his companions among his gentlemen friends, and of paying his most marked attentions to other ladies than his wife, so that Emma felt in heart forsaken and unhappy. She, however, in time, learned to content herself with the admiration and attentions of other people, in place of the love of her husband, and she got along, in this way, on the whole, as well as thousands of other ladies do in similar circumstances.



---

The three lessons taught by Emma's misfortunes.

---

Thus we see that the three lessons which, in the preface to this volume, it was stated that the story of Emma was to illustrate and enforce, are clearly taught by the three successive errors which she fell into, and the misfortunes which resulted from them. Besides these lessons there is also one more, which is quite as important, perhaps, as any of the others. It is this: that whenever we find that any acquaintance of ours evinces some marked fault or imperfection of character, we are not, on that account, to condemn her altogether, and allow ourselves to dislike her absolutely and entirely, as if she were wholly destitute of good qualities. Emma was fond of dress and show; she was a little vain; she was impulsive and hasty, and, consequently, often unreasonable. But then she had a very amiable and affectionate disposition, and in many trying cases she acted in a very generous and noble manner. It is thus that the good and the bad are almost always mingled in human hearts and in human character. The good are never altogether good, and the bad are never altogether bad. However faulty the characters of those whom we do not like may at first view seem to us, we shall always, on knowing them more intimately, and judging them impartially, find that there is a great deal in them to approve and love. In the same manner, those who, on our first acquaintance with them, seem so amiable and excellent that we feel disposed to give them our whole confidence, and attribute to them every imaginable good quality, will generally, when we come to know them well, betray very serious faults, which for a considerable time, perhaps, had lain dormant and concealed.

Thus the good are generally not so good, and the bad are not

---

*Danger of hasty judgments in respect to character.*

---

so bad as at first they seem. This should lead us to be more considerate and charitable in our judgment of those whom we are at the outset disposed to dislike, and wait till we know them better, that their good qualities may have time and opportunity to appear. It should also lead us not to be too hasty in our conclusions in favor of those whom, on our first acquaintance with them, we are most strongly inclined to love. A more intimate knowledge will almost always, in such cases, bring out latent faults which at first we did not suspect. It may, in fact, show us that we were mistaken in our judgment altogether.

THE END.

