

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

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THE LLOYDS.

By Mrs. S. J. Hale.

CHAPTER II.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

"It seems strange our children should be so perverse; we have always given them good counsel," said a lady, whose darling son had just been sent to sea as the last scheme parental anxiety could devise for his reformation.

Good counsel is a very good thing, doubtless; but, to make it effectual, we must convince our children that goodness is pleasure. I once saw a lady punishing her little son for playing on the Sabbath. The boy sat sobbing and sulky, and his mother, whose heart melted at his tears, while her sense of duty forbade her to indulge him, turned to me and said—

"The Sabbath is a most trying day; I can keep it myself, though it is dull; but my children have nothing to occupy their minds, and they will be in mischief. I am always glad when the Sabbath is over."

The children looked up, very pleasantly, at this, and probably thought their mother hated the Sabbath as truly as they did; and they might reason it would be a pleasure to her if they were no Sabbaths.

The elder Mr Lloyd managed things better. He maintained that children were inclined to good or tempted to evil by the influences of their education; that the fear of losing a pleasure operated more forcibly on their hearts than the fear of incurring a punishment; and, consequently, that we must make the way in which we would have them go seem so pleasant by our own gladness while treading it, that they may be inclined to follow us for choice.

"It is a poor compliment to virtue, if her votaries must be always sad," he would say; and the peace and good-will which the Gospel was given expressly to diffuse over the earth, should not make men gloomy and children miserable.

What he commended he practised. In forming the character of Arthur, he was careful to make him distinguish between the happiness which in his own heart he enjoyed, and that which others might flatter him with possessing.

"The reason why so many are blind to their best interests," Mr Lloyd would say, "is because they will trust to their neighbors' eyes rather than their own. I intend Arthur shall see for himself. Had Bonaparte done what his own heart approved, he would have preserved freedom and the republic; but he wanted the world should flatter him, that posterity should honor him, and so he violated his integrity of purpose, and grasped a crown that proved but a shadow."

It would be very gratifying to me to describe particularly the manner of Arthur Lloyd's domestic education, the means which were employed to draw forth his powers, ascertain his peculiar talents, and exercise and direct these as they were developed. But it is now my purpose rather to display effects than trace causes. Yet one thing must be noted; his father's great aim, after religious training, was to cultivate the reason and judgment of his son. Mathematics and natural philosophy had been made to occupy a prominent place in his studies.

"The pleasures these pursuits confer," Mr Lloyd would wisely remark, "cannot be enjoyed without self-exertion. Any man who has money may obtain the reputation of taste by the mere purchasing of works of art, while his own mind is as inert as the canvas or statue on which he gazes with so much seeming admiration. But he who would gain credit for understanding mathematical sciences or natural philosophy, must deserve it by patient toil and preserving industry. Now, this thirst for knowledge, which must be won by personal exertion, is the talisman which will effectually secure the rich man from the torment of envy; and, if with this knowledge be united the disposition to make his talents and means of doing good serviceable to the world, his own happiness is secure as that derived from earthly objects can be."

So thought the father, and so he trained his son to think.

"I did not expect to find you thus deeply at work," said George Willet, a classmate, who had called on Arthur shortly after he was settled in his home. "Why, the arrangement of all these minerals and shells and insects must be an endless task. If I had as much money as you, I would purchase my cabinets ready furnished."

"So would I, if all I wanted was to exhibit them," replied Arthur, pleasantly.

"And what more important purpose do you intend these shall serve?"

"I intend they shall contribute to my own gratification and improvement," said Arthur.

"There is hardly a specimen here but has its

history, which awakens some pleasant association of heart, memory, or mind. Some were presented by men I honor, and some by friends I love. This curious shell was the gift of a lady on my last birthday; and the benignant wishes that accompanied it made me, I trust, a better man; or, at least, they inspired me with new resolutions to deserve her commendations. These petrifications and fossils are a memento of many delightful hours I have spent with some of the noble French naturalists and philosophers. That beetle, I could tell you a long story about it, the time I spent in watching its habits, the pains I took to assure myself it was a nondescript, and the pleasure I enjoyed when the great Cuvier complimented me for my patience and research—but I fear you would think this all nonsense."

"It is not what I should go to Paris to learn," returned the other. "But then I must think of my profession; a physician is the slave of the public. You can use your time as you please, and are not compelled to coin it into money in order to live."

"No; but I have had as hard a lesson perhaps. I have had to learn that money will not buy happiness, and that he who is not compelled to labor for food must labor for an appetite, which, in the end, amounts to about the same thing."

"You were always stoically inclined, Arthur; but a young man with a million at command will find it rather difficult to act the philosopher. The world has a powerful current, and fashion a sweeping breeze."

"They will not move me from my course, George; that is fixed, and, with Heaven's blessing, I will hold on my way. My father's example is my chart, and the Christian rule my compass."

"You think so now—well, we shall see.—Your father was a good man and a happy one, and that is much in your favor. Had you witnessed, as I have done, the weary, monotonous, heartless, wretched life many who call themselves good undergo, and, what is worse, inflict on others, you would not have much inclination for goodness."

"Your remarks, George, are just. I have known young men plunge into dissipation avowedly to shake off the restraints of morality which had been imposed in a manner so galling. And I have known others hold business in abhorrence only because the selfish, slavish life their fathers had led made application seem a drudgery. I trust I have more rational views—thanks to my good parents!"

No man should say he will be always wise. Who would guess that Arthur, so calm, rational, and discriminating, would have fallen in love with a coquette? But this he did, notwithstanding the penchant he intended to cultivate for the pretty Ellen Gray. My lady readers probably thought she was predestined to be his wife, and I should have been glad to describe the tender and tranquil loves of two beings who seemed so congenial. But authors cannot control fate.

Arthur Lloyd was, to be sure, deeply interested with Ellen's meek and innocent beauty, and he was touched to the heart by the unaffected sorrow which any allusion to his parents would excite in her manner even when she controlled the expression of her grief, which she could not always. And he often thought nothing could be more lovely than her fair face, rather pale perhaps; but then the predominance of the lily seemed to be the effect of purity of mind, not languor of body, when contrasted with the dead mourning habiliments which he knew were in truth the outward token of that sadness of spirit which she was cherishing for the loss of those who had also been the dearest to him. Could they choose but sympathize? If they did, it was very secretly and silently.

It might be that this necessity for communion was the very cause which prevented Arthur from feeling other than a brother's affection for the sweet girl whose interests he was deputed to defend; and, on her part, their hardly seemed a sister's confidence yielded to her young guardian. A guardian! Who ever read of a lady falling in love with her guardian? The impossibility of the circumstance seemed fully understood and acted upon by the belles of New York, who were sedulous to attract the attention of such a fine man as Arthur Lloyd. But he was not disposed to mingle much in society; and during the year which succeeded his father's death, he was almost wholly engrossed with his business and various plans for promoting public education and elevating the character of our national literature. This was the favorite object to which he resolved to devote his energies and his resources. He was persuaded that a republican people must derive their chief happiness and their highest honors from intellectual pursuits, if they intend their institutions shall be permanent. The glories of conquest and the luxuries of wealth alike tend to make the few masters and the many slaves; but, if the mind light of science and literature be the guide of a people, all will move onward together, for the impulse for knowledge has an attractive force that elevates, proportionally, every mind over which its influence can be extended.

Such were Arthur Lloyd's sentiments; and it would have been strange if he had not felt a deep respect for the character of the Puritans, and a wish to cultivate an acquaintance with New England people, who, whatever be their faults, have rarely sinned through ignorance.

So Arthur visited Boston during the summer of 18—, and received from the elites of society all that courtesy and hospitality which a rich stranger is sure to elicit. He could hardly be termed a stranger, however, for his father had many commercial friends in Boston, and they cordially transferred their favor to the son. Everything was calculated to make Arthur think highly of the people; the tone of intelligent and liberal feeling appeared the result of the liberality which had laid the foundation of popular instruction, and young Lloyd became every day more satisfied of the truth of his favorite theory, namely, educate all the children and you will reform all the world. A man is never more self-satisfied than when he is confirming a favorite theory.

Among the multitude of friends and flatterers that surrounded Arthur, none charmed him so completely as the Hon. Mr. Markley and family. The gentleman was himself very eloquent, his lady very elegant, and their daughters exceedingly fascinating. They all exerted their talents to please Arthur; it was no more than he merited, a stranger and a guest, and so handsome and intelligent and agreeable! Who thought he was worth a million? Not the Markleys; for they were never heard to speak of a selfish sentiment except to condemn it. Arthur thought he never met with a more interesting family.

Arabella Markley was a most captivating creature, and she soon contrived to make Arthur sensible of it; and he found, to his mortification, that he had not so fully and firmly the mastery of his own mind as he had flattered himself with possessing. Love exhibits much the same symptoms in the wise as the weak; and Arthur, when beside Arabella, forgot there was for him any higher object in this world than to please a woman. But sometimes in the solitude of his chamber other thoughts would arise; he could not but see that the Markleys were devoted to fashion and gayety, though Arabella had assured him she did not enjoy the bustle, but, that excitement was necessary for her father's spirits and health.

If she makes this sacrifice for her father, thought Arthur, how gladly will she conform to my quiet domestic plan! Still there was something in the expression of her face, and more in her manner, which denoted a fondness for show and variety; and whenever Arthur wrote to Ellen Gray, which he often did as he had promised to give her the history of his tour, the contrast between her beauty and that of Arabella always came over his mind. He described Arabella in one of his letters to Ellen, and concluded with observing: "If she had a little more of your tenderness and placidity in the expression of her eyes, she would be a perfect model of female loveliness; but that would make her too angelic, the arch vivacity of her glance assures her to be human, and susceptible of human sympathies."

Ellen Gray read that passage over and over; but she never answered the letter, for Arthur returned to New York before she could arrange her thoughts for a reply.

Arthur left Boston without any explanation, as they say, though he had been several times on the point of making the love speech. It seemed as if some spell were restraining him, for Arabella had given him opportunities of seeking her alone, Mr and Mrs Markley had evidently sought to draw him to their parties. Perhaps this solicitude had been one means of deferring the proposals. Lloyd found himself so agreeably entertained, he could hardly wish to be happier. Like the Frenchman who would not marry the lady he admired and visited constantly, because he should have no place to pass his evenings, Arthur Lloyd might have been fearful that certainly would have made his visits, which were hailed as favors, appear only events of course. Young gentlemen have thus reasoned.

Arabella was sadly disappointed, for she had really acted her part most admirably, and she expected to succeed. She knew the power of her charms, and, fond of flattery as she was, had resolved such unsubstantial coin should never gain her hand. A coquette by nature and habit, she had managed to draw many distinguished beaux in her train, but none, till Arthur had appeared, had been rich enough to satisfy her ambition. However he had agreed to correspond, and she knew well how to draw an inference or flatter a remark which would render it necessary for him to explain.

So they parted, both persuaded in their own hearts that they should soon meet, though he did not feel that the choice was one his parents would entirely have approved. But her letters might prove her excellence; he knew the fashionable scenes in which he had chafed beheld her were not calculated to display the amiable traits of character in a woman. There were several circumstances

which occurred to Arthur, as he journeyed homeward, that determined him to be guarded in his letters, at least for a season. And he determined also to consult Ellen Gray on the subject; he considered her as having a sister's right to his confidence. But Ellen was very ill, he found, and any allusion to the fair lady he had seen in Boston seemed difficult to introduce to one who looked so sad and serious. Nevertheless, he ventured to name the subject once, and Ellen listened calmly to all his praises of Arabella; and to his reiterated request that his sister, as he called Ellen, should give him her opinion.

She advised him to marry the lady if he loved her, and felt assured she loved him. The last remark was spoken in a low tone, and Mrs. C., the preceptress, entering at that moment, thought Ellen was too much fatigued for further conversation. And so it proved, for she was seriously ill for several days after, and it was weeks before she was able to see Arthur again.

In the mean time, the correspondence between Mr. Lloyd and Miss Markley commenced with spirit; on his part, rather intended to fathom her principles and taste than her affections; and on hers, under an appearance of careless vivacity, to ascertain his real intentions respecting her. There is nothing like a little jealousy for expediting love matters, may ladies believe; and Arabella held the creed fully, as her third letter proved.—It was filled with the description and praises of an emigrant Frenchman, Count de Verger, who had recently arrived in Boston. His merits could be equalled only by his misfortunes, which had been manifold as those of Ulysses. His courage and constancy had hitherto borne him up; but, when he arrived penniless on the shore of the New World, his mental sufferings were, as Arabella described them, extreme. In Europe, a man was respected for his birth and breeding, and, though he had lost his property, his rank entitled him to consideration. But, in our republic, where men were judged by their own merits, not by their father's title, the unlucky Count de Verger feared that his misfortunes might be imputed as crimes. He could endure poverty but not contempt. He had once resolved to conceal his rank, and even his name; but his abhorrence of falsehood and hypocrisy enabled him to overcome this false pride, and so he was known for a nobleman, though he modestly disclaimed all intention of endeavoring to support his rank. If he could earn sufficient by his talents and accomplishments to maintain himself, he felt that he should be truly happy. Among his accomplishments was that of playing the harp with a surprising degree of skill, when it was considered that he had only practised for his own amusement. But he now thought it possible he might make this knowledge of music available, if any of the fair ladies of Boston should feel disposed to take lessons on the harp.—His wonderful condescension was no sooner known than there appeared a competition among fashionable ladies who should first secure the services of this amiable and gifted nobleman. His tuition charges were exorbitant; but he was a foreigner, and a count; and, besides, he had been unfortunate, and republicans may pay liberally for the graces which can only be taught by those who have witnessed the refinements of royal taste and the magnificence of courts.

These were the items of intelligence Arabella dilated upon with touching pathos in her letter to Arthur Lloyd; she was in raptures with the Count de Verger. Such an accomplished scholar! so perfect and gentlemanly! His mind was a constellation of all brilliant qualities; his manners the embodied essence of sniv and elegance! There were but two objections the most fastidious critic could make to his appearance. He squinted a little; but Arabella did not dislike a slight cast of the eye, it rather gave a fascinating effect to a handsome countenance. The other fault was, in her opinion, was in her perfection. The count wore moustaches (this was before beads were the rage), and our smooth, Puritan-faced men of business disliked moustaches; but Arabella was glad the ladies had more taste for the picturesque. For her part, she should for the future make it a *sine qua non* with all gentlemen who aspired to her friendship to cultivate moustaches. It was needless to say she was learning to play the harp; it might more properly be called adoring it. She was never before so engrossed with any pursuit; and she only wished, to complete her felicity, that Mr Lloyd could become acquainted with her tutor, and witness the proficiency she was making.

"Fudge!" said Arthur, giving audible expression to his thoughts, as he kicked a fallen brand with the petulance of a poet, forgetting there was poker, tongs, or servants in the world. "Fudge!" wears moustaches and squints! I'll see the fellow!"

Arthur was sensible he felt disappointed, not so much that Arabella proved a coquette as that his estimate of the effect of education on the female mind should be found false.—He had drawn his conclusions logically: thus, Virtuous and intelligent women are sincere and reasonable; New England ladies are