

Rising in the World
A Tale for the Rich and Poor

By
Timothy Shay Arthur, 1848

*Illustrating integrity of purpose,
and high moral principle in life.*

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CHAPTER 1.

Two young men of nearly equal abilities, left college at the same time. Their names were Lawrence Dunbar and Lloyd Hudson.

Mr. *Dunbar*, the father of Lawrence, was a retail grocer in Philadelphia. He had, in early life, received but few educational advantages; and, in consequence thereof, saw many opportunities for rising above his condition, pass unimproved. Fully sensible of the advanced position which a liberal education gives to every man, he determined that no expense, in his power to meet, should be spared — in order to have his son thoroughly furnished in everything required to place him side by side in the race for wealth and distinction with the best in the land. To this end, he used the utmost economy in his family, in order that he might be able to send his son to college. In doing this, he was unjust to the *sisters* of Lawrence; who were neither taught music nor dancing, nor, in fact, anything for which the father had to pay a single dollar. The advantages afforded by the public schools were deemed ample for them. Upon the *son*, Mr. Dunbar lavished all that he could spare, as an investment that would pay well at some future day.

Near neighbor to Mr. Dunbar, lived an industrious, intelligent watchmaker, named *Hudson*, whose family consisted of a son and two daughters. Mr. Hudson saw quite as clearly as did Mr. Dunbar, the great advantage which every young man possesses, who is blessed with a liberal education: and it had been his intention, from the first, to give his son every opportunity in his power for acquiring information. But, in considering the *son*, he did not disregard his *daughters*.

Lloyd Hudson and Lawrence Dunbar were entered at college, for a four years' course, at the same time. They had grown up together as boys, and were pleased at the prospect of going through their higher studies together.

At college, the *characters* of the young men began to harden into more permanent forms than they had before assumed, and to show *distinctive features*. Home influences and precepts, uniting with hereditary tendencies, gave to each its peculiar modification.

During the whole time that they remained at college, the young men, though unlike in disposition, were particular friends, and often conversed together of their future prospects. One of these conversations, held only the day previous to their starting for home, after having completed their course, will give some idea of the difference which existed between them.

"There is no time to be lost now," remarked young Dunbar. Here we are, twenty years of age, and the study of a profession yet to be entered upon. You, strangely enough, talk of medicine."

"Why do you say, strangely?" asked Hudson. "There must be physicians, as well as lawyers and merchants."

"And so there must be cobblers and tinkers. You have talents and education, Lloyd, and if you properly apply them, will *rise in the world*. Every man should look to this."

"What do you mean by rising in the world?"

"Becoming *rich* and distinguished. At the bar, a man of talents and force of character, may rise to eminence in a few years. Eminence in the legal profession brings wealth as a necessary consequence. In mercantile pursuits, the same road to wealth and honor is open. But to what can a poor *physician* look forward?"

"There are many eminent physicians."

"Eminent for what? For making pills and plaisters?"

"Eminent for *usefulness*," said Hudson, calmly.

“Usefulness!” Dunbar uttered this word with manifest contempt. “My ambition does not lie in that direction. I am not a ‘saint’.”

“To be *eminently useful*, is the highest distinction attainable. What are great wealth or brilliant talents, if not applied to a good purpose?” replied *Hudson*. “I will read you a passage in the last letter I received from my father on this very subject, to show you how he thinks — and I must own that I think with him.” And the young man drew a letter from his pocket, and read —

“Having completed your collegiate course, your next step, my son, is to decide upon the calling you mean to pursue. In coming to this decision, let me admonish you to look well to the *motives* which prompt your choice. If you feel a selfish regard to your own advancement in the world — then struggle against and repress it! For, though by this you may attain wealth and a name, it will never bring you *happiness*, and that highest of all honors, the reputation of having *accomplished some good for your fellow men*. Have, therefore, in choosing a profession, regard to the *good* you may be able to do — as well as to the good to yourself which you wish to obtain.

“You have spoken of *medicine*. There are ways in life which lead more certainly to wealth; and there are avenues to distinction more easily trodden. But if your mind turns towards the medical profession, with anything like a desire to enter into it — I will not speak a word against your choice. You will find it an arduous calling, but one in which you can *do much good*; and one in which your own character may be purified and elevated. You will rise into eminence — *true* eminence — here, as well as in any other pursuit; for I know you have the required ability, and I believe you are not under the dominion of merely selfish purposes.”

“All that is very good in the abstract,” returned *Dunbar*; “but few, if any, can carry out in life the *unselfish purposes* from which your father expects you to act. It is not in us. Now, I think my father understands human nature, and the springs of human impulses better than your father does, and as you have given me the benefit of your *parental suggestions*, I will give you the benefit of mine;” and the young man drew a letter from his pocket and read:

“I have been weighing with great deliberation what you say about the choice of a profession, and, like you, am not yet able to decide which is best. At the *bar*, you will rise in the world, and gain distinction as a man of talents; while in *mercantile* pursuits, you will attain wealth and the elevation in society which its possession always gives. In either profession, if you are patient, sagacious, and persevering — your talents and education will carry you up to a *high place*. Now as to which of the two conditions is most desirable, I am hardly able to determine.

“Wealth gives great advantages and great power; while eminence in a profession like the law opens a wide field to ambition, at the same time that it ensures ample means, if not extensive wealth. When we meet, we will consider these matters together, and arrive at some certain conclusion. There is no time to be lost.”

“Now, all that, I can understand,” said young *Dunbar*. “But I must own that what your father says finds no response in my bosom. I suppose a *doctor* may be very *useful* to his fellows, but who thanks him for it, or even pays his bills, moderate as they may be, without grumbling? As for me, I don’t see any particular pleasure that I would derive from devoting myself to the good of others, and especially in so *slavish* a calling as that of the physician. And it’s my opinion that you will be sick of it before you are ten years older.”

“As to that,” replied *Hudson*, “I do not expect to find all *plain sailing* — let me adopt whatever pursuit I may. Medicine I incline to as a profession, though not because I can be more *useful* in it than I can be in any other; for every regular calling in life regards the *common good*, and in each and all of them, men may engage with unselfish motives; but because it suits my temper of mind, and I can see clearly how in the practice of it, I can attain the requisite external

things I need, at the same time that I can be of *great use* to my fellows. As for the ambition to *rise in the world* to a distinguished position, of which you speak, I must own that I do not feel as strongly as you do, its impulses. That I shall rise just as high as I deserve, there is not the least doubt, and with this conviction, I am content to enter upon the life-toil that is before me, with patient confidence that all will come out right in the future.”

“Too solemn a philosophy for me, Lloyd,” returned Dunbar. “I feel the *spurs of ambition* already piercing my sides. I am resolved to rise in the world! I know that I possess the ability, and I mean to tax it to the utmost. As for *other* men’s good, let them take care of that themselves. I shall seek my own, well convinced that if I do not, there will be no one to seek it for me.”

“To regard the good of others, *while* we seek our own — is by no means a difficult thing,” replied Hudson. “This is a truth which I have been taught by my father from the first. Indeed, he has ever sought most earnestly to impress it upon my mind.”

“He is not anxious to see you rise in the world?” said Dunbar.

“Most anxious; for, he says, the higher I rise — the more extended will be my *sphere of usefulness*. But when he speaks of rising in the world, he means something *more* than the mere attainment of wealth, or honorable distinction in the eyes of men.”

“What *more* can he mean?”

“No man truly rises in the world, he says, who does not overcome and rise above the *evil and selfish passions of his nature*. There is an *internal* as well as an *external* elevation; and the latter without the former, is, in his estimation, more of a *curse*, than a blessing. To rise internally as well as externally — we must regard the good of others as well as our own good, in all the acts of our lives. Can you not see this?”

“Dimly — that is all.”

“Even that is something.”

“But it is altogether impracticable. A kind of Utopian philosophy — beautiful to look upon, but impossible to introduce into real life.”

“Not at all, Lawrence. I believe that my father strictly regards the *good of others* in every business transaction!”

“He has that *reputation* certainly, and, I will believe, justly. I have heard my father say, that he was the most *honest* and *unselfish* man he had ever known. But, look at the result. Your father has attained neither wealth nor eminence, though a man of good mind.”

“The reason is plain. Lack of education, and early opportunity. But *we* have just what *he* lacked.”

“Well, Lloyd,” returned Dunbar, “all that I have to say on this subject is, that if you have any fancy for this looking after other people’s affairs — I have not. I think I shall find just as much as I can well do, in looking after and taking care of my own interests. My father has set his heart on seeing me rise in the world, and has sacrificed much to that end; he shall not be disappointed, unless *the Fates* are against me. I mean to rise. If I fail in my purpose, the fault shall not lie at my door.”

“And I mean to rise also,” said Hudson, in a calm, yet firm voice. “All these severe and prolonged studies which I have entered into and passed through, cannot remain unproductive in my mind. They will give me the power of self-elevation; and that power I intend calling into full requisition. What the particular result will be, I cannot tell, nor am I in any concern about it. That all will come out right, both in regard to myself and others, I do not doubt.”

CHAPTER 2.

Law was finally decided upon as the profession for *Lawrence Dunbar*, and he was placed in the office of an attorney named Harker. At the same time, *Lloyd Hudson* commenced the study of *medicine*.

To sustain these young men for two or three years longer, required sacrifices to be made at home. The father of *Dunbar* had already unjustly deprived his daughters of many advantages, in order to provide for the elevation of the family through the eminence to be acquired by the son; and now he proposed that they should learn trades, in order to support themselves, and relieve him of the burden of their maintenance.

Ellen, who was a year older than Lawrence, and Mary, who was two years younger, accordingly went to learn trades soon after Lawrence entered upon his legal studies. The one became a cloak-maker, and the other a tailoress. Six months of apprenticeship proved sufficient to qualify Ellen and Mary to take care of themselves. After that time, they went out into families to sew, and were rarely at home except on Sundays. Although not fairly dealt by — the two girls did not murmur, nor was their affection for their brother at all diminished. In fact, the common purpose of the family was one in which Ellen and Mary took their appropriate share, and felt their allotted interest.

To *Lawrence*, was committed the task of elevating and giving to the family a name, and it was their duty, as well as pleasure, to aid in all ways possible. So they felt, and so they acted. The acquiring of a trade, and the maintenance of themselves, in order that the expense of supporting Lawrence, until able to support himself, might be the more easily borne — were not matters of necessity, so much as they were matters of choice, after the suggestion as to what would be best for them to do, had been made by their father. That is, Mr. Dunbar did not say that they must learn trades and support themselves; but merely suggested it, as a relief to himself, more heavily burdened with expenses than he could well bear. He well knew that a *hint* would be sufficient. Had he not, a *command* would have done what a word accomplished.

It did not take more than a year for Lawrence to rise high enough to feel superior to all his family — father, mother, and sisters; and to allude to the former as the “old man” and the “old woman.” His fine talents and superior education made him a favorite with his legal preceptor, who took pleasure in introducing him to people moving in a much higher sphere, and into families where there was a degree of elegance and refinement far beyond what he had been used to seeing. He next began to be *ashamed* of Ellen and Mary, who were without any polite accomplishments, and degraded to the position of mere seamstresses; and this, too, when they generously supplied him with pocket-money out of their hard earnings!

At twenty-two, Lawrence Dunbar was admitted to practice. The attorney under whom his studies had been conducted, saw what was in him.

“We shall hear of that young man yet,” he said, in allusion to his student, while conversing with a member of the profession on the day Lawrence was admitted to the bar. “He has got it in him, if ever a young lawyer had. Shrewd, acute, ardent, and ambitious; there is nothing in the way of his rising in the world. Ten years from this time, and he will be on the Bench, or in the Halls of Legislation.”

“If not too scrupulous about the *means* necessary to be used.”

“I believe him to be perfectly honorable, in the general acceptance of the term. No doubt he will look to his *own interests*. He would be a fool if he did not.”

“Any man is. But, you know, there are some people who are troubled with very *tender consciences*, and who are exceedingly careful in stepping along, lest they tread upon somebody’s toes. Of course they make but slow progress; if, indeed, two steps backwards are not taken to every one forwards.”

“Dunbar, if I understand his character aright, is not troubled with any such *tenderness of conscience*. He will let people take care of their own toes.”

“So I should think, from what little I have seen of him. Would you not do well to associate him with you in your larger practice? You have had his assistance so long, that I would think you could hardly do without him.”

“Just what I have been thinking about. It would give him a chance, and really take nothing from me; for I have more practice than I can attend to properly. And, besides I feel a pride in the young man, and want to see him distinguish himself. His talents must not be hidden under a bushel.”

In a day or two, the lawyer who had been his preceptor, said to Lawrence —

“Have you found an office to suit you?”

“Not yet,” was replied. “I have seen two or three, but do not like the locations.”

“You are still determined to commence your profession in this city?”

“Oh, yes. I have no ambition to be a *mere country* lawyer. I feel that I have talents, and I wish to give them an appropriate sphere.”

“You mean to rise in your profession?”

“I do, in spite of all difficulties.”

“Your progress will be slow at first.”

“I am aware of that. But I have patience, and can ‘bide my time.’ I shall not be so foolish as to attempt to run before I can walk, and thus incur the risk of stumbling. But I will be content to creep, then walk, and afterwards run.”

“Wisely resolved. Above all things, hold fast to the spirit of patience. Impatience clouds the mind, and leads, inevitably, to mistakes. In the profession you have chosen, you will need a cool head and a firm heart. The one you will find as requisite as the other.”

“Of that I am convinced. Indispensable to success, especially in law, is a certain sternness as well as firmness of purpose. It will not do to give place to amiable weaknesses, or deferences to the feelings and interests of others. This would be to look back after having once grasped the plough. As for me, I am not made of such *yielding* stuff. My very life-purpose is to rise, and I mean to make all else bend to that purpose.”

“Keep to this, Lawrence, and your success is certain. You have expressed right sentiments. Whoever looks to *rising in the world*, must lay aside what you have justly called ‘amiable weaknesses,’ and prepare, with a sternness of purpose, for the attainment of his ends. I have been thinking about you for a day or two, quite earnestly, and have finally concluded to offer you a share in my business, which you know is large, if you care about accepting it. In fact, I hardly see how I can do well without you. Associated with me, you would have the opportunity of at once coming forward in the argument of causes of great importance, and thus gaining public attention. How does my proposition strike you?”

“How else than favorably could it strike me? No hesitation or reflection is needed on my part. Without any statement of the terms of the association, I accept your proposition.”

The terms which the lawyer proposed, and which were approved, were a fifth of the proceeds of his practice from the day a joint interest was arranged between him and his former student.

This arrangement made Lawrence at once independent of his family. The *fact* of independence, the moment it existed, brought the *feeling* of independence, and with this came a lighter estimation of the *sacrifices* that had been made for him, and the *benefits* received by him. Sometime before this he had grown cold towards his sisters, whose lack of gentility and polite accomplishments made them, in his eyes, inferior and beneath him. Instead of devoting a part of his income to their maintenance, and to the completion of their defective education (especially in the case of his youngest sister, who had not yet reached her twentieth year,) he thought only of himself, and looked upon the money he was earning as one of the levers he was to use in elevating himself. He gave place in his mind to no “amiable weaknesses.” He understood too well, what was due to himself.

When Lawrence Dunbar came home from college, he had very different feelings towards his sisters. He went with them into company, and was, to some extent, proud of them, for they were good looking, dressed with taste, and had as much intelligence as any of the young ladies with whom they associated. He had not yet seen enough of society to enable him to make the *disparaging* contrasts that arose in his mind a year later. Among the friends of his sisters was a young girl named *Mary Lee*, to whom Lawrence was introduced soon after he came home from college. She was an orphan, and lived with an aunt who had a small income. This aunt, who was much attached to Mary, had spared no expense that she could afford in the education of her niece, who was a very beautiful girl, and highly accomplished for one in her condition.

With this lovely and accomplished young creature, Lawrence Dunbar was enamored, almost at first sight. She seemed a worthy object of his regard, and one who would grace any social position to which he might attain. No very long time passed before he was so deeply in love with her, that words were scarcely necessary to assure the maiden of the fact. Her heart easily yielded. When he ventured to breathe the sentiment that was in his heart, tears of joy sprang into her eyes as a glad response. Though her lips uttered no sound, the young man read the looked-for answer in her countenance.

There were few purer or better hearts than that which beat in the bosom of Mary Lee. For so selfish and worldly-minded a man as Lawrence Dunbar promised to be, she was too good. Her love could never fix itself upon his moral qualities. It was the *appearance* of all excellencies of character which she saw in him whom she loved, and loved as deeply as if it were real, because she thought it real.

About a week after Mary Lee had heard from the lips of Dunbar the heart-thrilling confession of his love, she sat alone, near the close of a mild evening in June, with Lloyd Hudson, who of late had become more frequent in his visits. For Lloyd, she entertained a feeling of respect, amounting almost to deference. There was an air of thought, and deportment of sobriety about him, that while it did not exactly repel her — interposed between her and him a delicate reserve, which made their fellowship more polite than familiar.

On the occasion to which we refer, Lloyd was even more thoughtful and sober than usual. Something seemed to oppress him, and take away his ability to converse with even his accustomed freedom. At last, he took, suddenly, the maiden’s hand in his, and before she had time to recover from the surprise occasioned by the unexpected movement, said —

“Mary, answer me frankly one question. Is this hand free?”

“It is not, Mr. Hudson!” she replied, withdrawing it from his.

“Not free!” he ejaculated with surprise, while the blood rushed to his face. “Can I have heard you aright?”

Mary Lee did not insult the young man by haughty and half-triumphant scorn. She was too generous, too kind in her nature, and felt too deep a *respect* for him to do that. Hers was not even coldness in manner, but a gentle, yet firm avowal that another had sought and won her love.

For days and weeks, for months and it might be said for years, did Mary remember at times, and with strange feeling, the look which the young man cast upon her, as snatching her hand and imprinting a kiss upon it, he turned suddenly away and fled from her presence.

CHAPTER 3.

Alone — amid books, mortars, vials, and the more startling appendages of a doctor's office — sat the young student, whose suit had been rejected. The volumes over which he had been poring were closed; the anatomical preparations laid aside; the theory and practice of medicine alike forgotten. He sat with his head bowed down; his whole attitude one of deep dejection.

"It is folly to give way thus," he said, arousing himself. "Her heart and her hand are already pledged to another, and can, therefore never be mine. How little did I dream of this! Sweet girl! How can I give up the dear hope of one day calling her my own! But it must be done. Who can be my fortunate rival?"

As this last sentence was uttered almost aloud, the door of the office opened, and his friend *Lawrence Dunbar* came in.

"What has come over you, Lloyd?" he said, as soon as he had looked into Hudson's face. "One would think you hadn't a friend in the world."

"I am not so badly off as that comes to, I hope; though I cannot say that I feel very bright. But you look as if you were in the best possible humor with yourself and everybody else."

"And so I am; and I have cause to be, Lloyd! I have something to tell you, as a friend, which I think will gratify you exceedingly."

"Ah! What is it?"

"I have wooed and won the sweetest maiden in the city."

"You have?"

"Yes, as young as I am — too young, as nine out of ten of our greybeards would say — I have settled that most important matter, and infinitely to my satisfaction. Now, who do you think the maiden is? You know her. Guess! You will approve my choice, I'll wager a sixpence."

"I cannot guess," replied Hudson, a sudden suspicion of the truth flashing over his mind, and causing his pulses to throb more quickly.

"It is Mary Lee!"

The utmost effort of Hudson was required to keep from betraying undue disturbance at this communication.

"Now don't you approve of my choice?" asked the friend, gaily. "Have I not shown taste?"

"I think you have."

"You *think* I have! Why don't you go into heroics about it, and say what you really believe. If you had come with a similar communication, I would have wrung your hand half off. She's a charming girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, charming."

"Don't talk like a parrot! Can't you invent some expression of admiration?"

"She needs no praise from me, Lawrence," replied Hudson, speaking with gravity. "I have always looked upon her as the pride of her gender."

"Well, but gravely said. I think she will grace any circle into which she may be thrown — don't you?"

"I certainly do."

"Of course, I mean to rise in the world far above my present position. That, you know, I have settled long ago; and my wife must be one who can rise with me. It would not do to have a wife who felt more at home in the kitchen, than in the parlor; or who would not be a fit associate for

ladies of any rank. I am much mistaken in Mary if she will not grace any circle into which I may be able to introduce her.”

There was something in the way this was uttered by Dunbar, which caused an indignant emotion to rise in the bosom of Hudson. He did not make a reply, and his friend went on.

“Of course, I must look to this. No matter how much I might have loved Mary, if I had perceived in her anything that led me to doubt her being able to support the dignity and character of a *refined lady* — I would have passed her aside.”

“You are quite cool about the matter,” remarked Hudson, with a slight manifestation of disturbance in his voice. He felt impatient, and could not entirely control himself.

“A cool head and a warm heart — that is my motto.”

“Your head is cool, certainly,” he said aloud.

“And do you doubt the warmth of my heart?”

“I didn’t say so.”

“But am I not to infer that, from what you do say?”

“I would not like to say that your heart was not warm, Lawrence; but I will remark, that your very cool heads are apt to chill the blood so much, that the heart cannot restore it to a healthy temperature.”

“As to that, I prefer a cool head, rather than a heart so warm as to soften the brains,” replied Dunbar. “I go for *cool heads*, you know.”

“And I prefer *warm hearts*,” replied Hudson.

“Which makes the difference between us. A few years will show which is best. I will just say, however, in passing, as we happen to be on the subject and speaking a little freely, that I think your defect lies just where you have indicated it. Your *feelings* are too generous. Your *heart* is too warm. You think too much of others — and too little of yourself. This will not do, if you expect to rise in the world. All these *amiable weaknesses* must be laid aside as hindrances.”

“If that is the price of elevation in this world — then I do not wish to rise,” said Hudson.

“It is, you may depend upon it,” his friend replied.

“A position that I must doubt.”

“If you continue to doubt it, you will remain where you are.”

“And I shall be content, if elevation is to be purchased at the price you name.”

“You’re a foolish fellow, Lloyd!”

“Time will show that. I expect to rise upon my system, as much as you expect to rise upon yours.”

“As high?”

“Higher, perhaps.”

“Time, as you say, will show.”

“I am willing to trust in time.”

“And so am I.”

The sober mood in which Dunbar found his friend, was in no way congenial to his feelings, and he did not long oppress the young student with his presence.

“And it is upon him that Mary — sweet Mary Lee! has thrown herself away,” murmured Hudson, when he was again alone. “He does not love her as I love her — he cannot! Ah, me! So the world goes.” And he bent his head again down upon the table from which he had raised it when Dunbar came in.

It was some days before the young student could sufficiently compose his mind to resume, with anything like his former ardor, the study of his profession. That a change had passed over

him, was noticed by all his friends, but no one knew the cause. His secret was locked in his own bosom.

After he had parted from Mary Lee, the maiden retired to her chamber, and sitting down with a sigh, fell into a deep reverie. As to what she thought and felt, we cannot say; but her face was not as bright and happy as it had been for many days before.

The fact of the engagement of Dunbar with Mary Lee soon transpired, and reached the young man's family before he had thought it proper to acquaint them with what he had done. To his surprise, he found that his father was by no means pleased with this step. He had no particular objection to the young lady, so far as matters personal to herself were concerned; but to her *condition*, he had a very decided objection.

"You have committed a most flagrant mistake!" he said, manifesting strong displeasure, "and have *marred* your future prospects more than you dream. A young man of any ambition is a fool to think of marriage before he is twenty-eight or thirty. He establishes his position first; he writes his name so high that all can read it, and then makes his selection of a wife from the hundreds whose hands are ready to grasp the one he outstretches. Six or seven years from this time, wealth and high connections may easily be secured by marriage. Lawrence! I thought better of you. What is Mary Lee? How will a marriage with *her* advance your interests in the world, or help to place you higher?"

Dunbar had never thought of this. For once, the warm heart had gained the advantage over the cool head. It was his first error of this kind — and it was the *last*. He did not argue the matter with his father, nor attempt to palliate what he had done. The mistake he had committed was too palpable at the first glance. A few words had made this as clear as daylight. Mary was poor; she could not, therefore, aid him in his upward struggle by the strong elevating power of wealth. She was humble and unknown, and could not advance his interests by connecting him with an influential family, or introducing him into a higher circle than the one in which he was moving.

After the interview with his father, for whose opinions he always had great respect, Dunbar felt sober. He acknowledged that he had indeed fallen into an *error*, even while the maiden's image impressed itself warmly upon his heart. That she was worthy to rise with him, he had been fully satisfied; but he had not yet advanced far enough in the *world's selfish wisdom*, to understand that there was a higher truth to be learned on this subject. His father's words revealed this to his approving reason.

"But it is now too late," he said to himself, as he sat dreaming over the subject some hours afterwards, with his law books open, but unread, before him. "The engagement has been entered into, and cannot be broken. All I can do is to make the best of it. Mary is a lovely girl, and worthy to be loved. I might get a *rich* wife — but none so *good*, none so *pure*, none so *truthful*. I must only struggle the harder. They shall see that I can rise, even in spite of this drawback."

These were his first thoughts and purposes. But the reflection of what he had lost, kept haunting him; and the involuntary contrast between Mary, portionless and unknown, and some beautiful heiress, highly accomplished and highly connected — kept arising and dimming the maiden's image which had been stamped upon his heart.

No very long time passed before Mary Lee perceived something in her lover that inwardly disturbed her. There was a change of some kind in him. He came as often, stayed as long, and uttered as many tender words — but still there was a change. He appeared the same, and yet her heart had an instinct that he was not the same.

The manner of old Mr. Dunbar, after the discovery of his son's *folly*, as he called it, was colder and more reserved than before. He was disappointed, and had lost, to some extent,

confidence in his son. If, in the outset, he could commit such a fatal mistake, what surety was there for the future? "None at all," he said to himself. "He will start aside at every false allurements!"

About twelve months after Lawrence Dunbar had entered upon the study of law, his preceptor, who took a fancy to him from the first, paid him the compliment of inviting him to his house to spend an evening on the occasion of his having company. A little to his surprise, for he had not expected that, the young man found himself in a brilliant party, with beauty, fashion, and the evidences of wealth all around him. Mr. Harker, his patron, took pains to introduce him pretty freely, of which favor the young man judiciously availed himself. Among the ladies, there was an air of self-possession, elegance, and refinement, such as he had never before met. He regarded them with scarcely concealed admiration; and not without drawing *contrasts* between them and the unimposing, gentle, yet beautiful Mary Lee. The contrast was not favorable to his betrothed. He felt that she was inferior to the brilliant women who flashed around him; and that a marriage with her must retard, rather than accelerate, his upward movement.

From this party, Dunbar went home feeling both elated and depressed. He had taken a step upward, and this elated him; but the upward movement made him painfully conscious that there was a *rope* around his neck, and a *weight* attached to it.

"Why did I act with such haste? Why did I commit this folly?" he said, scarcely reflecting upon the import of his words. His true feelings had clothed themselves in true thoughts in a moment when he was off his guard.

Shame reddened his cheek, but did not silence the utterance within him. As yet, the thought of violating his marriage contract had found no place in his mind. That was a *baseness* still to be developed. He could regret the folly that had united him, by an honorable pledge, to one now considered below him — but the thought of violating that pledge, had not presented itself.

From this time, Mary was conscious of a change. The evidences were too palpable to be mistaken. Dunbar spoke to her of the party, and of the *brilliant ladies* whose presence graced it, with an admiration that caused, she hardly at first knew why, a feeling of soberness. To her, he was changed from that time; and with a consciousness of change, came a suspicion of the cause; for, in conversation, he sometimes betrayed enough of his *real aspirations* to reveal to her quick instincts, more than the truth.

Still, his visits were as constant as before; and his heart, when left to its own better impulses, was true to its first love. Months passed, and the young man's circle of new acquaintances grew wider and wider. Through the partial kindness of Mr. Harker, who omitted no opportunity for introducing his student to people of standing in society, he found himself gradually making friends and associates of an entirely different class to those he had been in the habit of meeting. Attractive as he had at first deemed Mary Lee, he was fated to see her attractions *waning* before more brilliant young ladies of a fashionable education, and fashionable habits and manners. Thus the sun of his love grew dimmer and dimmer, until it ceased to shine upon his heart with the radiant warmth of earlier days.

Mary appeared to change. He asked himself, sometimes, what there was about *her* that could have won his admiration. Her beauty was tame, compared to what he saw every day; and in mind, manners, and accomplishments — she was incomparably below dozens of young ladies of whose acquaintance he could boast.

At last, from being cold and reserved towards Mary, he began to *neglect* her. Weeks would sometimes be allowed to intervene between his visits. The thought of breaking his engagement with her, at first repulsed, was now seriously entertained; and as soon as entertained, reasons

fully sufficient to justify the step were discovered. There were, of course, *difficulties* in the way, and he felt troubled. But there was too much at stake to give place to long continued irresolution. Before a year after his introduction into a higher circle of acquaintance had expired, his mind was fully made up to *cast aside the loving heart* which would have been true to him through life.

CHAPTER 4.

The youngest sister of Lawrence was much attached to Mary Lee, and met her frequently. It did not escape her eyes, that there was a change in her brother, and that Mary was unhappy. But the *cause* of that change had not occurred to her. That both her father and mother disapproved the selection which Lawrence had made, she was too well aware; but she approved it with all her heart, for she knew better than they did, and could better appreciate the *virtues* of his betrothed.

One evening Mary Dunbar called upon Mary Lee, and surprised her in tears. Drawing her arm about her neck, she tenderly inquired the cause of her affliction. Mary Lee tried to evade the question, but the sister of Lawrence, connecting the unhappiness of Mary with her brother, pleaded so strongly for her confidence, that she could not resist the earnest desire she had to utter what was in her mind.

“Lawrence is not what he once was!” she said, her tears flowing afresh.

“He is changed, but not to you, I hope,” returned the sister.

“Yes, to me,” replied Mary, after she had recovered herself enough to speak in a quivering voice. “I fear that he has ceased to love me. Weeks have passed since he was here.”

“Weeks!”

“Yes, weeks. And when he does come, he is so cold and reserved — that his presence chills me!”

“Cold and reserved to you?” Mary spoke with surprise.

“And now, Mary,” the maiden said, forcing down her feelings and speaking calmly, “have you any suspicion of the cause?”

“As I live, none,” was the earnest reply.

“But I have.”

“Then tell me, freely, what you think,” said the sister.

“Either he is won by another, or — ”

“Won by another, Mary! He is not so *base* as that. You wrong my brother!”

“God grant that I do! But he is changed to me, that I know. He has ceased to love me as he did; that, too, I know. As to the *cause*, it matters not, perhaps. Enough that I am no longer loved.”

The face of the unhappy girl was pale, her eyes full of tears, and her lips quivering. Mary Dunbar did not reply for some time; for she did not know what to say. At last she looked up from the floor, and was about speaking, when a servant came to the door of the chamber in which they were sitting, and said that Mr. Dunbar was in the parlor.

“Know the *cause* this night, Mary,” said the sister, rising. “Do not let him go without the fullest explanation of his changed manner towards you. I will retire; you need not mention that I was here.”

The two friends parted, one to go home to her father’s house and there await her brother’s return, to whom she meant to speak freely as soon as she could see him — and the other to meet her estranged lover.

After parting with Mary Dunbar, Mary Lee spent nearly ten minutes in the effort to school her feelings so as to meet Dunbar without betraying the deep disturbance under which she was laboring. She then descended to the parlor.

“How do you do, Mary?” the young man said, as she entered the room, rising, and advancing to meet her. He smiled and extended his hand; but his smile was cold, and his manner

constrained. Mary was equally cold and restrained. She allowed him to take her hand, but without returning the slight pressure he gave. Dunbar made no allusion to the fact of his not having visited her for an unusually long space of time.

“Have you been well, Mary?” he asked, in such a marked tone of indifference as caused a spot on the maiden’s cheek suddenly to burn.

“Well, I thank you,” she said, formally. Their eyes met, and remained fixed for a moment, then both fell to the floor.

“You do not look very well,” remarked Dunbar, speaking with evident embarrassment.

Mary uttered no reply. There was a silence of some moments; then she said, with some firmness of tone —

“It is some time since you were here, Mr. Dunbar.”

“Yes,” he replied, “it is. About four weeks I think.”

“A few months ago you did not allow so long a time pass without seeing me.” Mary’s eyes were fully upon him, and their glance firm and penetrating.

“True,” he replied. “I had more leisure on my hands then. But — ”

The fixed look of the maiden, which seemed as if reading his very thoughts, disturbed him. He paused, stammered, and let his eyes fall to the floor.

“Lawrence Dunbar!” said Mary, in a quick, emphatic voice, “speak out plainly! There is, of course, a *reason* for your prolonged absence, and your present coldness. That reason, I have a right to know, and I claim an avowal of it now.”

Lawrence still exhibited embarrassment, and made one or two ineffectual attempts to speak.

“You have ceased to *love me!*” said Mary.

“I — I — Mary. No. I — I can never cease to lo — love you. But — ”

“But what?” The maiden’s voice was quick and sharp, while her eyes, usually so mild in their expression, flashed with an indignant light.

“A marriage contract is a serious matter, and should not be entered into, except after the maturest deliberation. I see now that in the ardency of youth, I mistook *mere passion* for — ”

“Lawrence Dunbar! Say no more. You are free, if that is what you want.”

“I — I, Mary! Do not doubt that I loved you sincerely. But a wide interaction with the world, and — ”

“Say no more! Say no more, in Heaven’s name! I have told you that you were free!”

“But I would not part in anger, Mary. If I erred it was from *weakness*. Your beauty, your grace, your loveliness of character — ”

“Silence!” And the maiden, always so gentle and loving, stamped her foot imperiously.

“Silence! I will hear no more. Enough that you wish to be free. Go!” — her voice softened — “Go! And may you never feel — ”

The maiden lost the self-control which, by a powerful effort, she had thus far been enabled to maintain. Her utterance was choked, and the tears came gushing from her eyes. Quickly turning away, she left her *false lover* alone in the room where their exciting interview had been held. Dunbar hurried from the house in no very happy frame of mind, yet feeling that a *weight* had been taken from his bosom. He was no longer betrothed in marriage to one who would have hindered his upward movement. He was *free*, and, even in his shame, rejoiced in his freedom.

When Mary Lee entered her own chamber, her face was ashy pale, her eyes almost fixed, and her frame quivering with agitation. She had just sufficient strength to reach her bed, and sink down upon it with a moan of anguish. It was after midnight before she arose from her prostrate

position, and then it was merely to lay aside her outer garments, and sink back again upon the bed in helpless abandonment of feeling.

Instead of returning to the family with whom she was engaged as sempstress, Mary Dunbar, when she left her friend, went to her father's house, and there waited until her brother came home, which he did not long after. Her mind was made up to speak to him freely on the subject of Mary Lee.

"Can I say a few words to you alone, Lawrence?" she asked. And they withdrew from the rest of the family.

"On what subject?" the young man asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Mary Lee is the subject," she said, fixing her eyes steadily upon him.

The color mounted to his face as he replied —

"What of her?"

"You have not visited Mary for some time."

"You are mistaken; I saw her tonight."

"Though for the first time in several weeks. I saw Mary this evening also, and found her greatly distressed at your neglect and coldness."

"She will complain of it no more."

"Why?" quickly asked the sister.

"Because she no longer has a right to complain."

"Lawrence! What do you mean?"

"I don't know, Mary, that I ever gave you authority to interrogate me in regard to my actions."

"Though, by virtue of the love I bear you as your sister, I claim the right to do so in the present case." Mary spoke firmly. "It is no light thing, Lawrence," she continued, "to *trifle with a young heart*. Mary did not seek you. It was you that sought her; you that —"

"Mary," said the young man, interrupting her, "though I deny your right to question me in regard to my conduct, I will explain to you, although I have little hope of making you hear reason. My love for Mary Lee was a mere *boyish imagination*. She was bright and beautiful to my inexperienced eyes; and, in a moment of weakness, I committed the folly of asking her hand in marriage. Our father was justly displeased at this; and no very long time passed, before I saw clearly enough that I had done wrong, that a marriage with her would mar all my worldly prospects."

"How?" inquired Mary.

"To plod along in the humble sphere in which I was born, is not my intention. I mean to *rise in the world* as high, if possible, as the highest. Already I can perceive the upward movement. When I marry, therefore, I must choose one who can aid in my elevation. Wealth, high connections, superior education, and accomplishments — are indispensable. These Mary Lee cannot bring me, and, therefore, she can never become my wife. This is settled."

"Have you not entered into a solemn contract? Is not your honor pledged?" said Mary, in a deep, earnest voice.

"No contract exists, no pledges remain, I am free."

"And *my brother* has done this!" said Mary. "Lawrence, the day will come when, for this baseness — I can call it by no better name — when, for this baseness, you will repent. And this is your *rising in the world!* Oh! what a price to pay for elevation! Love, truth, honor — all trampled underfoot. Faith broken — hearts crushed — hopes blighted. If this is the bud and blossom — what will be the bitter fruit?"

The young man was much disturbed. But, in his “upward movement,” he had already begun to feel contempt for his humble, unaccomplished sisters, who had suffered wrong for his sake, and his spirit could ill brook a reproof from one of them.

“From this moment, Mary,” he said, speaking with a contracted brow, and in an offended tone, “let your lips be sealed in silence on this subject. What I have done is done, and I do not repent. It was a strong trial, and I suffered in it. But the trial is past. The separation, good for both of us, has taken place. We shall not meet again, I think, for our ways are diverging; if we do meet, it will be as strangers. Good night!”

And the young man turned suddenly from his sister and left the room.

CHAPTER 5.

Even before Hudson succeeded in getting his diploma, Dunbar had come before the court in a case of great importance, and made quite an impression on the public mind. His argument was reported. On the day his report appeared in the newspapers, something brought to his mind his old friend and college companion, whom he had not met for nearly a year. He did not analyze very carefully, the feeling which induced him to look in upon Hudson; if he had, he would have discovered something like a desire to exhibit his rising greatness, and cause him to appreciate the contrast between them. He found Hudson engaged in preparing his thesis to be submitted to the professors of the Medical College at an approaching examination of students.

“Ah! How are you, my old friend?” he said, in a mirthful, off-hand manner, as he met Hudson. “I was passing through, and thought I would just look in and see if you were yet alive. What are you about? Haven’t you graduated yet?”

“Not yet; but if fortunate, I shall have my diploma in a week or two,” returned Hudson.

“And then?”

“And then I shall see what can be done in the way of making a beginning in the world.”

“Do you expect to remain in this city?”

“I have not yet determined that question. It is probable that I may go South.”

“More chance there for you, I would think. It is too healthy here. I truly believe there are as many doctors as sick people in this goodly city.”

“Though not so many lawyers as rogues and scoundrels,” returned Dunbar, with a smile; “therefore the more chance for you.”

“Just it. The fact is, Lloyd,” and Dunbar slapped the student upon the shoulder, “if it was not for the sins and iniquities of the people, I don’t know what you or I would do. We should make great allowance for them, don’t you think so?”

“We should do all in our power to *lessen* the amount of evil and suffering in the world.” replied Hudson.

“And starve for our pains. If there were no cheating and roguery in the world — what would become of all the lawyers? and if there were no sickness — what would become of the doctors?”

“They would find some better employment, I hope. I am not afraid but that I would get along quite as well, if not better, than under the present system of things.”

“I am very well satisfied as it is. By the way, did you see the report of my argument before the court, in the case of Holton vs. Nix?”

“I did.”

“Well, what do you think of it?”

“It was ingenious.”

“Nothing more?”

“Yes, ingenious in making the *worse* appear the better reason.”

“The highest compliment you could pay me. We had the worse side of the case.”

“So I perceived.”

“And, in spite of it, succeeded in gaining for our client.”

“And doing a great wrong!”

“I have nothing to do with that. My duty was to my client. I was bound to gain his cause for him, and I did so.”

“At the expense of truth, justice, and integrity!”

“If you please to say so. That comes under the head of *abstract morals*. But with such *abstractions*, lawyers have nothing to do. We are bound in conscience to take care of our client’s interests. He commits them to our hands, and honor and honesty demand that we should protect them by every means in our power.”

“Not by *unfair* means,” said Hudson.

“If your client’s course is not sound — how can you sustain it by just arguments? You must *divert* the attention of the court from the *true* point at issue, and take advantage of every defect or error of your opponent to make his good cause appear a bad one. Here lies the test of a truly good lawyer. I see no great credit that a man deserves for gaining a perfectly plain case. Anybody ought to do that. It is in the *bad cause* which the lawyer shows his real power.”

“And this is legal integrity!” said the student.

“No, Lawrence Dunbar, I will not credit it! The lawyer may be the guardian of rights, and yet remain true to himself. Believe me you have mistaken the true character of the profession.”

“There can be but two sides to a question — a *right* side and a *wrong* side. And one of these a lawyer has to argue. If he is on the wrong side, how is he to do justice to his client and not violate what you would call legal integrity?”

“True,” said the student, “there is, to every question in dispute, a right side and a wrong side; but where the right and where the wrong lies, is not so easily determined. What the lawyer has to do is to advocate or defend his client’s rights, nothing more. This is his use in the community; and when he goes beyond it, he goes beyond what his client has a right to demand — or he a right to give. Depend upon it, Lawrence — and you must pardon my plain utterance of what is in my mind — the lawyer who permits himself to use *unfair means* to gain a client’s cause, will not find it a hard task to continue his client’s cause year after year, in order, if possible, to swell the amount of his fees.”

“I don’t know that you are far out of the way,” was the young man’s unblushing avowal. “In fact, that is done every day. I know a young lawyer who has yet had but two cases of importance, and he *nurses* them well, I assure you. They afford him a very comfortable support. Now would not he be a fool to close up these cases in a week, when it is the easiest thing in the world to continue them for a year or eighteen months? Do you blame him?”

“I do, for he is not an *honest* man!”

“He’s not a saint, I will admit. But, as to honesty, there are different opinions about that. I, for one, don’t blame him. If people are the fools to go to law, they must expect to lose some of their surplus feathers.”

“Would *you* do so?”

“Certainly I would — and I am doing it. Mr. Harker, with whom I am now professionally connected, as you are no doubt aware, has a large business. He is a good lawyer, but never possessed the tact which some other men have of *making the most* of his cases. It will be my business to reform this, and I have already commenced it.”

“Does he not object?”

“He? No indeed. He is pleased at it. Why not? It will put money into his pocket as well as mine. My interest in his business is worth now at the rate of twenty thousand dollars a year, but before a twelvemonth passes, I will make it equal to three thousand dollars.”

“By *nursing* cases?”

“Yes, by that; and also by infusing more energy into all our business. I am bound to go up, you know. That is my ambition. If anybody is fool enough to bend his head for me to place my

feet upon his shoulders — you will not find me hesitating about making good use of the opportunity. Do you blame me?”

“Yes, I certainly do.”

“Why?”

“Because the means of rising that you propose to yourself, I do not believe to be just.”

“It’s the *custom* in our profession, and he who neglects to fall in with it, will be apt to remain in statu quo.”

“I must still doubt that. Had I chosen law for a profession, instead of medicine — I would have tried the *honest* course.”

“And remained a poor devil of a lawyer all your life,” said Dunbar, a little rudely. The plain words of his old friend had touched him a little, indifferently as he treated them.

“As to the *result* — I never think of that,” returned Hudson. “I ask myself, ‘*Is it right?*’ and trustfully await the outcome. I feel that I have talents, and I believe that if we possess ability and use it faithfully for the good of others, we shall have our reward — if in nothing else, an *approving conscience*.”

Dunbar tossed his head with a slight air of contempt, as he said —

“How soon do you expect your profession, conducted on your principles, to give you an income of two thousand dollars a year?”

“I don’t know that it *ever* will.”

“And can you be content with that, or less than that?”

“With *whatever* comes — I will strive to be content.”

“And even say, *thank God for nothing!* if nothing comes.”

There was something insolent in the young lawyer’s manner which was felt by Hudson, and against which his fine spirit rebelled.

“One thing is plain,” he said, speaking in a voice changed from its former tone, and looking somewhat sternly at Dunbar, “that you and I have different *principles*, and that these lead us in the present, and will lead us in the future — into different *practices*. There is no harmony between these principles — and therefore, can be no sympathy between us. It is therefore better, perhaps, that we should not meet — for we cannot meet as friends.”

“As you please,” said Dunbar, with an *offended* air, rising as he spoke. “I rather think I shall lose nothing. Good day!”

“Good day,” returned Hudson, bowing with cold politeness.

And thus the two young men parted. They met for a brief season, but to sunder their friendship forever.

CHAPTER 6.

The day on which Lloyd Hudson was to pass his examination, was one of considerable interest and anxiety at home. Old Mr. Hudson, equable in temper as he was, found it impossible to fix his mind upon business, or to give it anything beyond the most formal attention. The mother and sisters spent most of the time sitting in each other's rooms, and talking of Lloyd. The girls — Martha and Ella — were expectant about the result; but Mrs. Hudson had her fears.

The usual dinner hour did not bring the young student.

"I thought it would have been all over before this," said Mr. Hudson, as they gathered around the table. "But the work of examination is, doubtless, slow. There is a large class this year."

"What if he should be rejected?" remarked the mother.

"We won't think that possible," said Martha. "I am sure Lloyd is well prepared. No one could study harder than he has studied."

"But to think of five or six learned professors examining a young student."

"That is one side of the case," said Mr. Hudson, "and the other is, that they will examine him on the very points they have taught him. They will ask him no questions, the answers to which they have not before given him over and over again in their lectures, and which he has not seen in books. I think we may safely believe that Lloyd is fully prepared for the trial, and will pass through it with credit to himself and honor to the school."

Just then the door was thrown open, and Lloyd walked in with a face whose brightness told the story of his success.

"All right, I see!" said the father, while his heart bounded as lightly as a boy's.

"Yes, all right, father," returned Lloyd. "The professors did me the honor to say that I passed the best examination of any who preceded me."

The mother and sisters could not restrain their joy, but starting from the table, expressed the gladness they felt by warmly embracing the son and brother.

"And now, my son," said old Mr. Hudson, as they were all together that evening, "having passed successfully through your long day of preparation for future usefulness in the world, the question as to the *next step* comes up. What are your thoughts in respect to the future? Have you turned your eyes in that direction?"

"I have thought a good deal of the future," replied the young man, but without arriving at any definite conclusion. Of course I wish to consult you on the subject. Up to this time I have been entirely dependent upon you for everything. This must now cease, and I must, hereafter, depend upon my own exertions, which, at first, will meet with but poor returns. The first thing to determine will be, where to *locate* myself."

"Where but in this city?" said the mother, quickly. "You will not go away from Philadelphia."

"A young physician has but a poor chance in a large city like this, mother," replied Lloyd. "I might sit in my office for years without getting practice sufficient to support me. But in some country town at the West or South, I will doubtless find an opening of sufficient importance to enable me to sustain myself."

"All that involves serious considerations," remarked Mr. Hudson. "As Lloyd says, he ought now to sustain himself; but if, in the nature of things, this cannot be done without too great a sacrifice, he must be sustained for a time longer. A practice in this city, if it can be made, will be worth securing, even at considerable cost, for in a city like Philadelphia, a physician of eminent

abilities may rise into a much more distinguished position, and be much more *useful*, than he can in a small country town, where everything is circumscribed.”

“I am afraid you overrate my ability, father,” said the young man, with the modesty he felt. “Eminence in the medical profession in a city like this, is attained only by the few.”

“By the few, my son, who, to good natural abilities, add *untiring industry* and *patient thought*. You may rise high if you will; but all the hindrances lie with yourself, and may be overcome. If you deem your studies at an *end* when you get your diploma, then you will not rise above a mere plodding physician, who is retrograding every year, instead of advancing. But, if you remain a student, and, year after year, add to your stock of information, at the same time that you endeavor to make all practical — eminence will come as a natural result.”

“That I know, as yet, nothing, I am deeply conscious,” replied Lloyd. “No one, therefore, can feel more sensibly than I do the necessity for continuing the study of my profession with unremitting assiduity; and not only of what directly appertains to it, but of all that has an indirect bearing upon it. As to the eminence, I am content to let that come, if ever it does come, as the consequence of well directed efforts.”

“That is the true spirit, my son,” replied Mr. Hudson. “Think not of *eminence* as the end of your exertions, but rather as a *consequence* which may or may not flow from them, but which, if it ever does come, will give you the ability to be *more widely useful*. If this is your spirit, I incline to the opinion that you had better remain in Philadelphia, where the field is wider, and the opportunities greater.”

“But I cannot think of *burdening* you longer. It would not be right.”

“It will be right if done in the right spirit, my son,” replied the noble-minded watchmaker, who, though in humble circumstances, had a noble nature. “What we do should not be in sole reference to *ourselves*. Our acts ought to have some reference to the *good of others*. I believe that it will be right for me to help you for one or two or three years, until you are able to support yourself, for, thereby, you will the more surely rise into a high and useful position. The *sacrifice* on my part will be small, compared to the *good* attained.”

The unanimous voice of the family was in favor of Lloyd’s remaining in Philadelphia, and *living at home* as before. It would be better for him, in the end, to do so, he believed; but still, the thought of burdening his father weighed upon his mind, and kept him for some time undecided. When alone with him, his sisters urged strongly his giving up all thought of removing from the city. To Martha he said, about a week after he had received his diploma, and while the subject was yet in agitation, in answer to the question, “Why will you think of leaving us, brother?”

“Because I cannot make up my mind to depend upon father any longer. His business, I have heard him say, is not so good as it was; and, besides, he is growing old, and needs freedom from labor, rather than heavier burdens. I feel, sister, that it would not be just.”

To this Martha did not reply for some moments. She, too, felt that her father’s duties were too severe for him, and rather wished to see them lightened instead of increased.

“It is true what you say about father,” she remarked. “He ought not to be more heavily burdened than he is, and he need not be. Ella and I have talked the matter over, and decided that we will take a few scholars and teach them music until you — ”

“Never!” ejaculated the young man firmly. “I will not listen to such an arrangement.”

“Why not, Lloyd?”

“You and Ella become music teachers for the purpose of supporting me, who ought to support you? No — no! Don’t breathe it to me again. I will go South.”

“My brother will hear reason,” said Martha, calmly.

“There is no reason in that,” replied Lloyd, impatiently.

“And why not? All agree that it will be best for you to remain here. The difficulty in the way, is the *slowness* with which a practice is acquired in a large city like this, and the inability of a young physician to support himself for a year or two. Ella and I, in love and duty, agree to do a certain thing, right in itself — as right as to practice medicine — in order to sustain our brother, a young physician, until he can sustain himself. Can he, upon any just plea, refuse to let us be co-workers, in affection, with him in his honorable elevation. Will he do violence to our love and sisterly pride? Will he abandon his home, because the voice of *false pride* is louder than the voice of *reason* and *love*? No! Our brother will not so lightly esteem our offering. He will not trample it under his feet!”

“Martha! Martha!” exclaimed the young man, “you must not urge me thus. You paralyze, instead of giving strength to my judgment. My sisters teach music — to support me! Away with the thought!”

“*False pride, false independence*, Lloyd. It is nothing else. We have the time and the ability; and whether you accept what we propose or not, whether you go or stay — we shall do as we said. Our father demands our consideration, and he shall have it. Long enough has he been burdened for our support. But, oh! how much sweeter would be our tasks, how much lighter our duties — if you would still consent to make home glad with your presence.”

Martha spoke with great tenderness; and she saw that her words made an impression.

“Please say that you will remain with us, brother,” she continued. “Home will not seem like home to any of us when you are gone. Do not be the first to break the circle, when no real necessity for doing so exists.”

The young man was silent, yet much disturbed.

“I will think about it a little longer,” he said, in an agitated voice. “At present I will only say, that this unexpected manifestation of affection by you and Ella has touched me deeply. May it meet its just reward.”

“The reward is in your hands, brother. Do not withhold it,” returned Martha.

“Be silent, sister. You throw my thoughts all into confusion,” said Lloyd, in a tender yet rebuking voice. “How am I to decide as to the right course for me to take, when you bear down my feelings at this rate? I must think more about it. I think alone. What I conscientiously believe to be *right* — that I will do, and do it though all the world opposes.”

“In determining what is right for you to do, I will merely say,” remarked the sister, “that if you admit into your counsels any suggestions from *false pride* — your conclusions will be in great danger of having in them a tincture of error. If there is any bias of feeling, let it be given by *love* — and not *pride*.”

CHAPTER 7.

“Father, I cannot! You may call it a weakness; I will even acknowledge that it is. But to let my sisters support me by hard labor, is more than I will permit. Let me go South. I will find some place where my services are needed. It will be better than to sit down idly here to wait for a practice that may be years in coming.”

“Martha and Ella will do what they say, altogether independent of your movements, and I approve their determination. All of us should be *usefully employed*. They have the time and the ability, and are wise to give them both a right direction. But, independent of all that, here is a home for you. The burden of your presence, my son, will be far lighter than the burden of your absence. Do not go then. I shall be unhappy if you leave us so causelessly.”

The *reasoning* of his father Lloyd had withstood, but could not resist an *earnest appeal* like this, made with a lip that trembled and a voice that had lost its uniform steadiness.

“Let it be as you wish,” he said, in a low tone. “I trust that all will be right. If you feel the burden too heavily, you will say so. As quickly as I can, I will relieve you.”

There were cheerful hearts in the dwelling of the watchmaker, when it was known that Lloyd had yielded, and was to remain.

An office was immediately secured, and Doctor Hudson put up his sign. He did not expect any practice at first, and, therefore, was not disturbed because he received none. Anatomy and surgery had attracted most of his attention while a student, and to the perfecting of skill in these, he gave the principal portion of his time and attention now. He attended all the hospital operations of consequence, and assisted the surgeons in the performance of their difficult and often dangerous tasks. His *devotion* to this branch of his profession, amounting almost to *enthusiasm*, did not escape the notice of those with whom he was thereby brought into contact. He was often alluded to by surgeons of high standing, when he deemed himself scarcely noticed by them.

One day the professor of anatomy in the school from which he had received his diploma, called upon him. It was nearly a year after he had opened his office, and at a time when he was beginning to feel discouraged about a practice. The professor soon made known his business.

“Doctor,” he said, “our instructor of anatomy is not half so capable as you are, nor is he a great favorite. I would prefer you a hundred times, and so, I believe, would every student in the school. Now it so happens that he has been called away for a couple of weeks, and someone must be had in his place during his absence. I wish you to fill it. This will give you a chance to exhibit your superior skill, and so far make in your favor, that it will be an easy matter to have him displaced and you appointed in his stead, some few months hence.”

“Excuse me, doctor,” replied Hudson, “but I cannot meet your wishes under that view of the case. Dr. Somner is a good anatomist and demonstrates quite well. I would not, for the world, have him *displaced* to make room for me. If I rise — it must not be at the expense of another’s downfall.”

The professor looked astonished, for a moment or two, at this unexpected reply. He then said:

“I believe you are right, doctor. Forgive me for having made a proposition so repugnant to the *honorable principles* you hold. I see that I erred. My anxiety to have the very best talent in every department of our school, has led me to think of means not altogether as fair as they should be. Still, there must be someone to teach the class while Doctor Somner is away, and I know of none

so capable of doing it as yourself. I must, therefore, beg of you to reconsider your prompt decision of the matter, and consent to serve the class for a couple of weeks.”

“Indeed, Doctor,” returned Hudson, “I cannot change the resolution I have declared. It would not be right for me to do so. I could not feel in any degree of freedom. Why did not Doctor Somner name someone to take his place?”

“So he did.”

“Ah! Who?”

“Doctor Davidson. Just think of it! Why, I doubt if he remembers enough of his anatomy to tell the difference between a sinus and a foramen.”

“You underrate him, doctor,” said Hudson. “Davidson will give a very fair demonstration.”

“And you one a thousand times better.”

“I doubt that. But, waiving this question, doctor, it is impossible for me, under the circumstances, to meet your wishes. The fact that Doctor Somner has named Dr. Davidson, settles the matter definitively. If, in any other way, I can serve the school, it will give me pleasure to do it.”

“While I cannot but regret your decision, think as I will about it,” returned the professor, “I must do you the justice to say, that I am constrained to *honor your principles*. Few men would have resisted the temptation. It would be better for the world, perhaps, if there were more like you.”

When Hudson mentioned at home what had occurred, there was not one who did not express a warm approval of his conduct.

“It is only what I expected of you, Lloyd,” said the father. “Be ever true to *right principles*, and you will be true to yourself. You need not be concerned about the outcome.”

Two weeks from the day, Doctor Hudson received a visit from the professor of anatomy — that individual called upon him again.

“You are probably aware,” he said, “that the father of Doctor Somner, a physician of large practice in Boston, is dead. It was his illness that made the absence of Somner necessary.”

“Yes, I have heard it,” returned Hudson.

“You may not have heard, however, that Somner is to remain in Boston, and take up his father’s practice?”

“That intelligence has not before reached me.”

“It is true, nevertheless. I received a letter from Somner to that effect yesterday. This morning, at a meeting of the Faculty, I made known his decision, and brought forward your talents and anatomical skill as fitting you in a peculiar manner to take his place. You were appointed without a question, and by a unanimous vote. Let me congratulate you on the occasion, as I have already congratulated the school. An honor has been worthily conferred. You can now accept the chair, and feel yourself fairly entitled to it.”

“For your kindness — I feel truly gratified,” replied Hudson, showing more emotion than he wished to exhibit. “I accept the appointment, and will endeavor to discharge the duties appertaining to it to the best of my ability.”

“Which will leave us no cause of complaint.”

“When am I expected to take charge of the responsibility?”

“Immediately. Doctor Davidson has already been informed of your appointment, and will give place to you after today.”

“Very well. I will be at my post in due season.”

Nothing could have happened more accordant to the young man's wishes than this. Besides giving his abilities full scope, it secured him an ample income, considering his habits of strict economy, as there were nearly a hundred and fifty students in the class, and the instructor's fee was forty shillings.

The first thing he did, after communicating his good fortune at home, was to insist that Martha and Ella should give up their scholars. To this, however, they promptly objected, as they had a large number of pupils, and were receiving more than five hundred dollars each per annum. The marriage of Martha to a worthy young man, a few months afterwards, settled the matter, however, as she was concerned; but Ella continued her useful and profitable employment.

CHAPTER 8.

“Too slow — too slow. I must go up faster. *Harker* gets the lion’s share of reputation and profit. It is time there was some new arrangement.”

Dunbar was alone, and walking uneasily about. Five years had passed since his co-partnership with Mr. Harker, and still his interest in the business was only a fifth, although by his efforts he had increased the practice and income of the office. True, he had accumulated about ten thousand dollars, which he was using in such a way that netted him from fifteen to twenty per cent, annually.

In the meantime, his sisters had married honest and industrious mechanics, and for thus *degrading* him — had been virtually disowned. He never even paid them the compliment of a visit, and if he met them by chance, treated them with chilling formality. Old Mr. Dunbar still kept his grocery, but the expense of sustaining his son for so many years had sapped the foundation of his business, and he now found himself involved in *debts* which he saw no hope of paying. Still he struggled on, without assistance or sympathy from his *unnatural child*, who, by the diversion of ten or fifteen hundred dollars from his own selfish projects, might have relieved his parent from a burden under which he felt himself sinking.

For some time, he had been dissatisfied with the share of profit he obtained in the business of the office. Harker, who felt a pride in his old student, had taken pains, from the first, to push Dunbar forward in all important cases; and by this means gave him prominence which, alone, he would not have gained for twenty years. This great advantage, with a fifth of the profits of the business, Harker had considered *ample remuneration*. His own expenses were very large; for both himself and family were expensive in their habits. While Dunbar, upon one-fifth of the practice, was saving at least two thousand dollars a year — Harker usually spent all he made, and was, in fact, notwithstanding an income of over ten thousand dollars per annum, a poor man.

“I think I can stand alone,” Dunbar continued, uttering his thoughts aloud as he walked the floor of his office. “There are at least half a dozen of our clients of whom I am sure, and out of them, if I manage it right, I can get at least as much as the whole of my present income.”

While thus meditating, a stranger entered, and asked if either Mr. Harker or Mr. Dunbar was in.

“My name is Dunbar,” said the young attorney, bowing.

“Ah! Then you are the one I wish to see. I have a claim against a distant relative, involving a large amount of property, out of which I have for a long time been unjustly held, and for the recovery of which I have determined to appeal to the law. The terms I have to propose to counsel, are a fee of ten thousand dollars if *successful* — and nothing if *unsuccessful*.”

Dunbar made careful inquiries as to the nature of the claim, and took two or three days for examination into its foundation and the law bearing upon it. He was satisfied from this investigation that the claim was, to some extent, founded in justice; and there were strong points in the case, which gave hope of a successful outcome.

In the course of his conference with the individual who wished to prosecute this claim, Dunbar found that he put much more confidence in his ability than he did in that of Mr. Harker, and once or twice inquired whether Mr. Harker would object to any legal advantage that it might be found necessary to take. A few days reflection decided the mind of Dunbar, and he said to his client, whose name was Malcolm —

“I have been for some time meditating a separation from Harker, and have, at length, determined upon taking that step. If you will defer the opening of this suite for a couple of months, I will be ready to undertake it myself, and prosecute it with undivided energy.”

“Nothing could be more agreeable,” returned Malcolm. “I will defer the matter as you suggest.” And so it was deferred until Dunbar could arrange and settle all that appertained to his contemplated dissolution with his old preceptor, who received his proposition with astonishment. Nothing that Harker could say had any effect upon Dunbar. His mind was fully made up for a separation, and it took place accordingly.

From all that appears, this was an unwise act for Dunbar; but he had thoughts and intentions in regard to the new case, expressed to none. What these were, will appear in the end.

As soon as the young attorney launched from the shore in his own boat, he took up the important case that had been offered to him, and made a vigorous demonstration upon the party in possession of the property to be litigated. Of course there was a defense, which was entrusted, as he had shrewdly anticipated from his knowledge of the party concerned, to an attorney of tact and shrewdness, with *principles* just about as ethical as his own. The two legal gentlemen entered into close conference from the first, though to all appearances, they were almost as hostile as their respective clients.

Before commencing a suit, Malcolm, who had a small business, by means of which he was barely able to support his family, had made sundry efforts to compromise his claim. He had even offered to take a sum as small as thirty thousand dollars, although the amount in dispute was over one hundred thousand. But all such overtures were rejected. No sooner, however, was the suit commenced, and the terms upon which Dunbar had undertaken its prosecution known, than an offer was made to Malcolm to settle the matter by paying him the sum he had previously demanded. This fact, he immediately communicated to his lawyer, and asked if he had not better accept the proposition.

“Accept it?” returned Dunbar, with well-assumed surprise. “No! Nor even double the amount! Your case is as clear as noon-day. I have already stated it to two of our judges, and they agree with me that you have everything on your side. The very fact that an offer to compromise has been made, shows that the defendant’s counsel has been acute enough to see the weak parts of his case, and to advise the course that has been taken. He’s as timid as a rabbit, at any rate; and a mere old woman at the bar. I am astonished at his being employed in a case involving so much.”

Thus assured, Malcolm declined the offer.

That evening the plaintiff’s and defendant’s lawyers met at the office of the former.

“Have you seen Malcolm?” was the first question asked.

“Yes,” replied Dunbar. “He was here this morning.”

“And wanted to settle the matter, I suppose.”

“Oh, yes. He was warm at first, but I soon satisfied him that it would be folly to do so. I suppose you might induce your client to offer six or forty thousand dollars in order to get a clear title to his remaining property.”

“Yes, I think that might be done. It will be easy for me to show him that the chances are two to one against him, if he permits the suit to go on.”

“The easiest thing in the world. When do you see your client?”

“I shall see him early tomorrow.”

“You think, then, that we might get something like thirty thousand dollars out of him?”

“Yes. But it will not do to let the matter be settled before some heavy costs are made to accrue, which Malcolm will have to pay off before he can begin de novo, after I throw you out on a demurrer, and which, of course, he will not be able to settle.”

“That is all understood, of course. What I don’t like in this matter, is being thrown out of the case on a demurrer, a circumstance that is never creditable to a lawyer. I may gain fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, but will not my reputation as an acute lawyer suffer too severely? I sometimes think it will.”

“A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush. A chance like this does not occur every day.”

“I am well aware of that.”

“Money is power, you know. With plenty of money, you may set the world at defiance.”

“But I don’t call fifteen or twenty thousand dollars plenty of money.”

“Though a very important sum in the process of accumulation.”

“Yes, there is no doubt of that. I think,” Dunbar added, after reflecting for some moments, “that some less apparent defect might be substituted for the one I have admitted, and which would not reflect so strongly upon my lack of legal acumen.”

“And by doing so, jeopardize the result.”

“I am safe for ten thousand, you know; and I am not sure that I ought not to be satisfied with that and the reputation success in this case will give me.”

“If you were absolutely certain of success, then what you say has some force. But, of that, you are by no means sure. We have all the money on our side, and can oppose you with any required force of counsel; and even in the case of a decision adverse to our interests, meet all the costs, and go up with an appeal. You could not settle this matter in two or three years, if we give you battle in good earnest, as we certainly shall, and then the result is doubtful. None know better than you and I, how little calculation is to be made on the decision of Courts.”

Dunbar did not reply to this; but sat with his eyes fixed upon the floor. His companion after a few moments, resumed —

“My fee in this case is to be five thousand dollars if successful, and one thousand if I fail. If I throw you out on the demurrer, and thus completely kill Malcolm, I will get my five thousand, of course. I can therefore afford, if we get thirty thousand dollars out of old Harrison, to let your share be twenty thousand, and take ten myself. How will that do?”

“It looks rather better, I must confess,” said Dunbar; “and it shall stand so, if you can arrange all upon the terms proposed.”

“I will accomplish it without doubt, unless I have mistaken my man.”

This settled, the *friends in iniquity* parted.

Lawrence Dunbar was far from feeling easy in mind about this affair. Not that he was troubled by anything his *conscience* ventured to suggest, for that spoke in such low whispers that the words rarely arose to an audible murmur. But he was fearful lest he was playing too high. Two individuals, at least, would know him to be a scoundrel, and the knowledge of that fact, with indubitable proofs thereof, he did not think safe in anybody’s hands. But the temptation had proved too strong for him, and he was committed to an extent that made it doubtful whether to retreat was not more perilous than to advance.

Thus it is that evil blinds her votaries. It is easy to walk in the plain path of rectitude; but few can tread the devious ways of the wrong-doer, without bewilderment at some point, and doubt whether to go forward or seek to retrace the steps that have been taken.

CHAPTER 9.

Five years had not passed over the head of Lawrence Dunbar without advances being made by him in certain quarters for the purpose of securing an advantageous matrimonial alliance. That was something of which he never for a moment lost sight. Three times had he met with signal failures; but a renewed effort, and in a new quarter, promised a somewhat better result.

A young lady named *Henrietta Merton*, said to be worth sixty or seventy thousand dollars in her own right, made her appearance in fashionable circles a few months before the time Dunbar thought it wise to dissolve the business relation that had for some years existed between him and Mr. Harker. Miss Merton was from Baltimore, and had come to live with a relative, a widow lady, residing in Philadelphia. About her personal appearance, there was nothing attractive; neither were her manners agreeable, nor her conversation intelligent and interesting. Two or three *fortune hunters* approached, as soon as her money-value became known, but there was something about her which instinctively repulsed them.

As Miss Merton was a near relative of a certain very distinguished citizen of Maryland, and had connections of standing and wealth in Philadelphia, her introduction into fashionable circles was direct. Dunbar was not long in finding her out; nor did he allow space for much hesitation before becoming her devoted admirer. The young attorney was handsome and agreeable; and everyone spoke of him as possessing talents of a high order that would inevitably carry him up to a distinguished position. His attentions were of the most flattering kind — and Miss Merton was flattered by them. The conquest was easier than Dunbar had expected. The lady's heart was won at the first assault. After having gained the *prize*, the lawyer began to think more seriously about the value, and to feel a desire to know something more certain on that head. Common report set down the fortune of Miss Merton at seventy thousand dollars. It might be more or it might be less; but to no prudent investigation ventured upon came any satisfactory answer. It would not do to press the matter too closely, lest, by some means, his affection for the *lady's money* instead of herself, should get wind and be breathed into her ears. The understanding in regard to her wealth was so general and decided, that Dunbar felt pretty well satisfied that he had gained a *prize* in the *matrimonial lottery*.

A more intimate association with Miss Merton, after the engagement had taken place, made Dunbar acquainted with points in her character which were by no means agreeable. She possessed a strong self-will; had very contracted views of everything, and was passionate in the extreme.

Whatever her money might do for him, it was soon clear to his mind, that, personally, she would reflect no light upon him in society. Take her all in all, she was the most uninteresting and unattractive woman he had ever known. To this conclusion he was reluctantly forced, in less than three months after his betrothment.

But from her, to her sixty or seventy thousand dollars, his thoughts would turn, and then he always breathed more freely. He was anxious for the time to come when that pretty little fortune would be fully within his possession.

“Add that to what I already have,” he would sometimes say, “and I think I may not fear to shake my fist in the world's face and bid it defiance.”

The young attorney would have named an early day for the marriage, but the lady was in no hurry. The ensuing spring, she thought quite time enough. It was then midsummer. Delicacy

forbade his urging the matter, and so he submitted to lie out of her handsome fortune for six or eight months, with as good a grace as possible.

The lawyer of old Mr. Harrison called upon that gentleman on the morning following his interview with Dunbar.

“He has declined the proposition,” said Harrison, as soon as the attorney appeared.

“Has he, indeed?”

“Yes. Here is his note, declaring it his intention, under advice of counsel, to prosecute the matter to a decision.”

“He has good counsel, and will, doubtless, run us hard, though I by no means consider the case desperate. If a compromise could be effected, however, I cannot but think it would be the wisest for us to accept it.”

“But how is it to be brought about?”

“Every man has his price.”

“So I hold.”

“And this Dunbar among the rest.”

“No doubt of it.”

“He is to get ten thousand dollars if he succeeds in establishing his client’s right in the property you hold.”

“So I understand.”

“It is the fee, and nothing else, that binds him to Malcolm.”

“Then you think Dunbar has a money-price.”

“I am sure of it. Could anything but the money of Miss Merton tempt him into a marriage contract with her, which I am told has actually been formed.”

“You must be in error,” said Mr. Harrison, with a look of surprise.

“No, I believe not.”

“With Miss Merton?”

“Yes.”

The old gentleman indulged himself for a moment or two in an inward laugh or chuckle, and then said —

“Well, how are we to manage this sharp young attorney, who has arrayed his artillery in such a formidable style?”

“By paying him better for *losing* Malcolm’s suit, than Malcolm pays him for *gaining* it.”

“Aha! is that your game? And you think this can be done?”

“I have no doubt of it.”

“You think he can *sacrifice his client* if so disposed.”

“Oh, yes. By the introduction of some defect in his bill, he can put it in my power to throw him out of court on a demurrer.”

“But that will not settle the matter. Malcolm can order him or some other lawyer to begin *de novo* with an amended bill.”

“True; but before that can be done, the costs must all be paid. They may be made so heavy that Malcolm will find himself in no condition to settle them. Then, by executing what little he has, under an order of the court for the recovery of costs, we may break him up root and branch and so get rid of him in that way.”

“You’re a sharp set of boys,” said old Mr. Harrison. “And I rather think a man’s a fool to allow you to get him into your hands. If I’d paid this Malcolm the twenty-five thousand dollars

he originally asked, I would have been wise. Now I shall think myself well off, if I escape with a loss of double that sum.”

“I won’t be so bad as that, I guess. I am very sure that an offer of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars will completely silence all scruples of conscience that Dunbar may happen to have, and fully satisfy his avarice.”

“twenty-five or thirty, indeed! I agree with you that he has his price, and a pretty high one it is, by the way. He must be more reasonable than that.”

“Shall I feel his pulse?”

“Oh, yes. It will do no harm to know how it beats.”

“A precious set of rascals!” exclaimed Harrison, after the lawyer had left him.

“This Dunbar is the man I once heard Harker prophesy would rise in the world. And he is rising sure enough. At this rate of elevation, he will soon be out of sight of all honest men. But he’s keen if he gets ahead of me in this affair. If I am not mistaken, I can play off a card upon him that he little dreams is in my hand. And as for my own keen attorney — I will take good care never again to venture on the *ocean of law* with him as my pilot. The man who would propose a bribe — would take one.”

“I have felt his pulse,” said the lawyer of Harrison, sententiously, as that gentleman entered his office, and leisurely seated himself, a few days afterwards.

“Well. How does it beat?”

“Healthily as we could wish. He is not adverse; but, as I supposed he would do, fixes his price high.”

“How much.”

“He must have thirty thousand dollars.”

“The devil he must! You did not go wide of the mark when you named the price that would buy him.”

“No. It seems that I was correct. I thought I knew him pretty well.”

“Then for thirty thousand dollars guaranteed to him in case we make good our defense through a flaw in his bill — he will so frame his bill as to leave room for a demurrer?”

“Yes. That is what he assents to.”

“Very well; we understand him clearly. Now what is your opinion? Shall we pay him this large sum to give us the case, or shall we push on, and try to get it in spite of him?”

“I am clearly of opinion,” replied the lawyer, “that we ought to plough with Malcolm’s heifer, seeing that he is ready to bend his neck to the yoke. It will cost something, but it makes so much sure.”

“Very well. You can arrange the matter with Dunbar. At the proper time, I will be ready to fulfill my part of the contract.”

“He is not willing to act as proposed, unless he has the most ample security that the amount specified will be forthcoming,” said the lawyer, slightly hesitating as he spoke.

“Ah! I suppose not,” replied Harrison. “Let him name the security he wants, and I will see if I cannot satisfy him.”

“Very well. That is all he asks.”

“Tell him,” said Harrison, “to be sure that the flaw in the bill is palpable. It would be folly for him to undertake the matter and not do it well.”

“I will myself see to that,” replied the lawyer.

“How soon will the case come up?” asked Harrison.

“The *longer* we can keep it off, the better.”

“How so?”

“By that means we shall accumulate heavy costs, which will have to be settled before a new bill can be filed.”

“Ah! Yes, I see.”

“I hardly think we shall get an argument on the demurrer before six or nine months.”

“So long? I wish it could be earlier.”

“There is too much at stake to *hurry* the matter.”

“True. I must leave all to your better judgment.”

The lawyer and his client parted, each thinking that he understood the other fully; but both were a little mistaken in this.

CHAPTER 10.

Filled, by the positive assurance of his lawyer, with the hope of success, *Malcolm*, in a few months, became so much occupied with his suit that he neglected his business, which, at best, gave his family but a poor support. A large fortune was almost within his reach, and he could think of nothing but the near prospect of grasping it. What were the pennies, the tips, and the levies that came in so slowly over his counter, compared with property worth, at the lowest estimate, one hundred thousand dollars? No wonder that he felt contempt for his petty business, and neglected it.

Sometime before the lawyers were ready to have the case called up for trial, Malcolm was beginning to feel sorely, the effects of his lack of attention to business. Several small bills had to lie over, thereby hurting his credit, and preventing him from keeping up a selling stock of goods.

Conscious that he was committing an error in allowing his mind to be so diverted from his business, Malcolm strove hard with himself to correct an error, but without effect. His eyes could not rest upon his own dry stubble-field — for looking at the golden grain waiving in fields beyond.

At length creditors began to be urgent for their money; business grew worse and worse, and there was a prospect of a crisis in his affairs before any decision would be had upon his suit.

“Mr. Dunbar, I wish this matter *hurried* to an outcome,” he said to his lawyer about six months after the suit had commenced. “If it is not, I shall be forced to accept Harrison’s offer of twenty-five thousand dollars. I have more than half regretted fifty times since, that I hadn’t closed with it.”

“Are your circumstances so pressing?” inquired Dunbar.

“Indeed they are. There are three or four suits against me. I have the writs in my pocket. It is no use to defend them, for I have no defense to make. The claims are just. If I do not get relief soon, what little I have will go into the hands of the sheriff.”

“That is bad,” returned Dunbar, in a voice of sympathy. “But don’t give up so easily, I can save your effects for you.”

“How?”

“What are your goods and furniture worth?”

“Two thousand dollars, I suppose. My stock has got very low. The fact is, I have thought so much about this suit against Harrison — as to neglect my business. For these financial embarrassments, I have only myself to blame. I was a fool, but couldn’t help it.”

“You think they would bring two thousand dollars under the hammer, if fairly sold?”

“I hardly think they would bring that under the hammer.”

“Two or three hundred, then?”

“O yes; readily.”

“Very well. I will lend you three hundred dollars on your note on demand. This will make me your creditor. You can then confess judgment on the note, and I will issue an execution and sell you out by the sheriff before anyone else can get a judgment against you.”

“Sell me out by the sheriff!” exclaimed Malcolm, with a look of surprise. “What difference will that make? It is this breaking up, root and branch process, that I wish to avoid.”

“That is just what I want to do for you. I wish to save you. You don’t understand, I see, the nature of an amicable sale by the sheriff.”

“No, I certainly do not. Never having had anything to do with that gentleman, I am not familiar with all his proceedings.”

“I will explain. By the laws of this State, no assignments of property for the benefit of particular creditors are legal. But by the same laws, the creditor who can first get out his execution sweeps off everything, provided his claim is as large as the proceeds of the property sold. This enables a debtor to give precedence to whomever he pleases by a confession of judgment. Of course there must be a sale of the property, but then it can be conducted in such a way as to attract very little attention. Leave the thing in my hands, and I will see that even your next door neighbor shall not know it. Of course, I do not mean to touch your property. My object is to *secure you* in its possession.”

“But there must be public advertisements and handbills?” said Malcolm.

“I know. But the advertisement can be inserted in some country paper where no citizen will ever see it.”

“But the handbills? To make it legal, they must be posted.”

“Granted. But the law doesn’t specify the number. Two will answer.”

“It certainly requires them to be put up in public places.”

“Very well. The sheriff’s office is a public place.”

“It can be seen there.”

“Not if the face is to the wall; or if someone pulls it down in half a minute after it is put up. The law requires the bills to be *put up*, but doesn’t say how long they shall *remain up*.”

“A bell will have to be rung, and a bill put up on the premises.”

“Yes. But the bell can be rung in the alley at the rear of your house. Or a few strokes of it made on the opposite side of the street, and no one be the wiser for it. As to the bill, the poster, who understands all this, will put it up a little after daylight, when there is no one in the street. Before he is out of sight, it can be torn down by a person employed for the purpose. For fifteen or twenty dollars, all this can be managed to a charm.”

“I never heard of this before,” said Malcolm, opening his eyes with astonishment.

“It is done every day,” replied the lawyer.

“The men about the sheriff’s office understand it all perfectly.”

“Still, if anybody buys the goods, they must be delivered.”

“That doesn’t follow. You can get a friend to bid in everything in my name. He must bid very low, so that the entire amount of sales shall not exceed three hundred dollars. After that, I will settle all with the sheriff, and you can go on as before. The sale can take place in the room back of your store, and even your wife upstairs need not know it. All you have to do will be to furnish the deputy-sheriff with a correct list of what is to be sold. You can call a whole row of shelves a lot, to be struck off at a single bid, and he will go through all the forms of a sale in a low voice, and the clerk and customers in your store will be none the wiser.”

“And that’s the way it’s done!” said Malcolm. “I have often wondered how people who were broken up root and branch, managed to retain their furniture, for instance.”

“It is by the aid of friends, through an amicable sale.”

“I did not expect this *act of kindness* from you, Mr. Dunbar,” said Malcolm, now recollecting the deep obligation under which the lawyer was placing him. “When it is in my power, I hope to make you feel that I am grateful. What is done must be done, I suppose, immediately.”

“Yes. For if it is not all over before judgments are obtained and executions issued by those who are suing — some trouble may be given, although the sale could not be prevented.”

“I am ready to have the matter as speedily arranged as possible.”

“Very well. If you will draw me a note on demand for three hundred dollars, I will hand you my check for that amount. Tomorrow, when you will call, the confession of judgment can be made. Things will go on smoothly enough after that. Leave it all in my hands. I can manage these *underlings of the law* to a nicety. In due time I will notify you how to act.”

The thing proposed by the lawyer was done. Malcolm was quietly sold out by the sheriff — and Dunbar got *legal possession* of all the goods in his store and furniture in his house.

“I think I shall be able to manage him now,” he said to himself, with a cold and heartless sneer, “should he prove troublesome. Harrison will hear no more from him after this suit is lost. What *fools* some men are!”

CHAPTER 11.

After the sheriff's sale had taken place, Malcolm tried to fix his mind more intently on his business, but he found this almost impossible. The argument in his suit against Harrison was to come on at the next term, only two months off, and his anxiety about the result kept his thoughts in such a continued state of excitement, that he injured rather than benefitted his business by whatever was done to advance it.

One day he called upon Dunbar, to ask how the matter was progressing. He found the lawyer looking very serious.

"How do things look now?" he asked.

"Bad, I am sorry to say."

Malcolm turned pale.

"What is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"The defense has filed a *demurrer* to our bill."

"A what?"

"The defense has taken exception to a trifling informality, upon which we may be thrown out of court. It is the merest trifle in the world; but it is a lawyer's business to make a mountain out of a molehill, and Harrison's counsel is good at that work."

"And what then?"

"It is impossible to say *what then*."

"Can we not begin again with an amended bill?"

"Not unless all the costs that have accrued are paid; and they will be heavy."

"How much?"

"It is impossible now to tell. I shall immediately prepare an answer to this demurrer, and have it argued at the earliest possible day. I have strong hopes of satisfying the court that it is a very *unimportant informality*, in no way affecting the main question, and thus secure a hearing on the bill itself."

"And if successful in this, what is your opinion now as to the *result* on the main question?"

"Not quite so favorable as it was," replied Dunbar, with some gravity. "The defendant has some strong points to urge, and will bring forward proofs to substantiate his title, which we had no idea were in existence."

"Indeed!" Malcolm's face had a look of blank astonishment.

"I am sorry to find that it is so. They are working hard to defeat us, and will leave no stone unturned. Harrison, you know, has all the money on his side, and money is powerful."

Poor Malcolm went home feeling most wretched. Up to this point, all his expectations had been of the most expectant character. Now his hopes were dashed to the earth, and he saw not only the golden harvest he had expected to reap left, in all probability, for the sickle of another — but his own unfruitful field in danger of passing out of his possession.

"Fool that I was!" he muttered to himself, as he walked home from the lawyer's office. "I should have taken Harrison's offer, in spite of Dunbar!"

"Why not take it as it is!" said his wife to him, after he had mentioned to her the new aspect assumed by the case, and expressed again his regret at not having compromised when it was in his power.

“Sure enough! I will see Harrison this very hour. He offered fifteen thousand dollars. Two will have to go to Dunbar, I suppose; but that will leave us fifteen thousand dollars, and upon this we can make a fair start, and get on very well. Yes, I will see him at once!”

“Do. It is your best course. I have no faith in these *lawyers*. When a man once goes into their hands, they snap their fingers at his judgment.”

“True enough. Yes, I will see Harrison and take his offer.”

Old Mr. Harrison was sitting in his counting-room, looking over a newspaper, and feeling in a pleasant state of mind, when his relative, who had commenced a suit in the hope of dispossessing him of his property, entered. The brow of Harrison contracted the moment he saw him. Malcolm felt embarrassed, but entered at once upon the business of his visit.

“I have concluded,” he said, “to accept your offer to compromise this suit.”

“The devil you have!” returned Harrison with a sneer.

“You made the offer some months ago, and I declined under advice of counsel, although my own wish was to accept it. Now, I have determined to act upon the dictate of my own judgment, and without consulting him.”

“You are too late, my friend,” replied Harrison. “Your case isn’t worth that!” snapping his fingers. “As far as *right* is concerned, you have no more claim upon my property — than I have upon that of John Jacob Astor. To save trouble and vexation, I was willing to buy you off at your own price; but you refused to take your own stipulation, and now I mean to stand the outcome. I suppose you are aware of the beautiful position in which your lawyer has placed your suit before the court?”

“I am aware that your lawyer has taken exception to the terms of the bill; but I am not at all sure that the court will attach any weight to these exceptions. But, even if our bill is thrown out, it is an easy matter to amend it, and begin again.”

“Not so easy as you may imagine. I happen to know all about that. I rather think, after we settle you on the demurrer, that we shall hear no more about your claim.”

“Then you will not compromise?”

“No, not for half the sum you name!”

“Good day,” said Malcolm, turning quickly away.

“Good day,” and Harrison lifted his newspaper, and resumed its perusal.

In due time, the argument on the demurrer took place, and the court decided against the bill as informal. Malcolm was present during the contest, and could not help being struck with the weakness of his own counsel’s position and arguments, and the tact, force, and ingenuity of the defense. He saw, before the matter was submitted to the court, that he would have but little chance; and he was not deceived.

After the decision had been made, he called to see Dunbar, in no very happy frame of mind.

“You must begin again,” he said, peremptorily. “They never would have stopped at a demurrer, if they hadn’t been afraid to try the case on its own merits.”

“Are you prepared to settle the *costs*?” asked the lawyer, coolly. “Because there is no beginning *de novo* until that is done.”

“How much are they?”

“Somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars.”

“Impossible!”

“It is too true. The defense has done everything in its power to accumulate costs, and they are heavy.”

“Fifteen hundred dollars!” Malcolm’s face was pale, and his lips trembled. “Then all is, indeed, hopeless! Mr. Dunbar!” he resumed, with some energy, after a brief pause, “in simple justice you ought to pay these costs, and resume the prosecution on an amended bill.”

“Ah! And why so?” There was something *insulting* in the attorney’s manner, which aroused the feelings of his client.”

“You are to blame for losing the suit, and, in common justice, should make good what your *ignorance* or *neglect* has lost!”

“Ignorance or neglect!” exclaimed Dunbar, his face instantly suffused. “Do you know *whom* you are addressing?”

“I think I ought to know by this time,” returned Malcolm, who was fast losing control of himself. “I am talking to a lawyer who has lost me an important suit, through a flaw in his bill, of which the merest legal novice would be ashamed.”

“You will repent this,” said Dunbar, setting his teeth closely together. “I never pass by an insult from friend or foe.”

“I can never repent knowing you more bitterly than I now do.”

“You are mistaken,” coolly replied Dunbar, who had regained his self-possession. “You will repent it far more bitterly.”

There was something so full of meaning in the way this was uttered, that Malcolm was startled by it. At that moment he remembered that all he had in the world, could be swept from his possession in a moment by the lawyer, whose property, by virtue of a sheriff’s sale, it really was. Conscious, at the same time, of the folly of provoking a man who had him so fully in his power, he withheld the insulting retort that was on his lips, and turning away abruptly, left the office.

Malcolm was sitting in his store on the next day, brooding over his unhappy condition, when a sheriff’s officer came in, and informed him that *Dunbar* had ordered a sale of everything in a week, and that the store must be immediately closed, and the key delivered into the officer’s hands. Remonstrance was of no avail. The order was imperative, and the officer executed a portion of it by closing the windows and doors with his own hands. As the family could not leave the premises forthwith, a watchman was stationed in the store and dwelling to see that nothing was removed.

For a few hours, Malcolm was completely paralyzed. He saw himself hopelessly ruined, and his family reduced in a single moment to poverty. After the first shock had subsided, his mind again became active, and *indignation* at the conduct of the lawyer set him to thinking whether it were not in his power to circumvent him. Not being able to hit upon any plan, for Dunbar was holding him as if with the grip of a bear, he determined to consult a lawyer, muttering to himself as he came to this conclusion —

“Fight dog with dog! It’s the only way.”

So with a fee in hand he went to a lawyer and stated his case.

“He’s got you in his power, certainly,” the lawyer said; “but as the sale will not take place for a week, you might have some things removed. There would be no injustice in this, for his claim was only three hundred dollars, and your goods, you say, are worth at least fifteen hundred, all of which are legally his.”

“But he has a sheriff’s watchman on the premises.”

“Indeed! That is bad. Still, the thing can be managed, though it must be done adroitly. What kind of a man is the watchman?”

“A good-natured Irishman, who can never get done expressing his sympathy for me.”

“He’s short and stout, and fifty years old, at least?”

“Yes.”

“I know him very well. There will be no great difficulty in managing him. He goes home to his dinner, I suppose, about twelve o’clock.”

“Yes, every day, and is gone an hour.”

“Very well. At eleven o’clock tomorrow, ask him to go out with you and get something to drink. He will go. Manage to keep him at the tavern until after twelve o’clock, and then he will go home for his dinner instead of going back to your house. That, you see, will give you two hours. Previous to this, you must arrange with a friend to come with a furniture wagon or two, while you are treating the watchman, and remove some of your most valuable things to where Dunbar will never find them. This can be done every day, until little remains behind of any value. Of course you will take care to diminish the show of goods as little as possible, so as to give the watchman an excuse for not seeing what is going on.”

“You don’t mean to say that he will understand the game we are playing?” said Malcolm.

“Certainly I do. A sheriff’s watchman is no fool, whatever he may seem to be. Of course you will put a dollar or two into his hand before you retire with your family, and leave him in full possession, saying to him that it is but a just remuneration for the consideration he has had in making his presence so little offensive to yourself and family, when it might have been far otherwise.”

“And you really think all this can be done?” said Malcolm, scarcely crediting the lawyer’s affirmation.

“Certainly it can, if you choose to carry it through.”

“Choose!” ejaculated Malcolm. “I think I will choose. The cursed villain! I would go through fire and water to circumvent him. He knew he was about losing my case, and his fee into the bargain, and he thought he would get something out of me for his trouble.”

“You do just as I recommend, and you can save nearly all your goods and furniture.”

“I will follow your advice to the letter,” replied Malcolm, as he shook the lawyer’s hand, and hurriedly left his office.

“Another *trick of the profession*,” he said, to himself as he walked homeward. “Nothing like misfortune to make a man acquainted with the *subtleties of law*, and the *rascalities* practiced in its execution!”

When Dunbar came to sell the goods and furniture of Malcolm, he realized, after paying all fees and expenses, one hundred and sixty-five dollars! When he demanded this sum from the sheriff, that officer showed him a rule of the court in favor of Malcolm’s landlord for one hundred and dollars, amount of rent due. So the lawyer got *fifteen* dollars for his three hundred!

CHAPTER 12.

While the events detailed in the last few chapters were progressing — the time for Dunbar's marriage with the wealthy Miss Merton was drawing near. A handsome house was taken in Arch-street, at a rent of eight hundred dollars per year, and furnished at an expense of nearly ten thousand. The young attorney had a great idea of *style*, and was anxious to make an impression on the public mind. The fact that he was rising in the world, he wished all to know, and he thought that with one hundred thousand dollars, he could make quite an impression. The one hundred thousand dollars was to be made up by his future wife's fortune, his share of the thirty thousand dollars to be received from Harrison for betraying and ruining his client, and by what he had already accumulated.

The wedding occasion was to be celebrated by a large party given by the aunt of Miss Merton, at which the most fashionable people in the city were to be present.

Long before this period, Dunbar had removed from his father's house as too obscure and humble for one of his standing, and for three or four years boarded at a large hotel in Chestnut-street. He did not go home very often, and when he did, there was something in his manner that affected his parents disagreeably. Evidently he felt as much *contempt* for their low condition and *ignorance* — as he felt pride in his own elevation.

In thinking of the large wedding party to be, and of the crowd of great and fashionable people who were to be there, he could not help feeling unpleasant at the idea of having such plain, common-looking people present as his *parents*, and especially under the acknowledgment of bearing so important a relation to him. As to his *sisters*, they had *degraded* themselves in his eyes, and he had no thought of inviting them and their "vulgar husbands." He was under no obligation, he felt, to do that.

"You will, of course, be at the wedding," he said to his father and mother, about a week before the event named was to take place. His *tone* belied his *words*. If he had said, "Of course you will *not* be at the wedding" — the words and tone would have been in true correspondence.

"I suppose we ought to be there," replied old Mr. Dunbar, a little coldly, "I hardly think there are any who have a better right."

"You will invite Ellen and Mary," said the mother.

"I can't invite them, without inviting their husbands, and I certainly shall not introduce them to *my* friends as brothers-in-law."

"And why not, please?" asked the father, with some sternness of manner.

"Low, vulgar mechanics — among the first people of the city? I must beg to be excused." And the young attorney drew himself up proudly.

"They are honest and honorable men; characters not too plenty even among your *first people*, as you call them." There was an indignant expression in the old man's voice.

"I don't care what they are, father. They occupy one position — and I another. I never approved of my sisters marrying them, and never will. I never intended to have any interaction with them, and never will. That matter, I settled long and long ago. I shall not invite them to my wedding, nor insult Mary and Ellen by inviting them alone."

"You are an unnatural brother!" said Mrs. Dunbar, speaking with great warmth. She could no longer control her indignant feelings. She well knew the worth of Ellen and Mary, and the excellence of the men they had married. From both she received, at all times, the most

affectionate attentions, while her son Lawrence had, for years, treated her with neglect or ill-concealed contempt.

“You may think of me as you please, mother,” replied the young man, in a light *insulting* manner. “But I know what is due to myself and to my standing in society, and shall not be tempted to forget it. It is no fault of mine, that my sisters *degraded* themselves.”

“Silence!” exclaimed the old man, sternly, “I will not hear language so *false* and *insulting*. They have not degraded themselves. They cannot! Better children than are Mary and Ellen, no parents ever had. I wish we could say as much for our *son*, for whose sake they were deeply wronged. To elevate you, Lawrence — they were depressed; and now you *spurn* them with your foot contemptuously. Truly have you *risen* in the world — risen above all that is just, noble, and honorable! Thus is our folly, thus is our injustice to those good girls, your sisters, repaid!”

“If you can receive me at home in no better spirit, I shall remain away.” This was said coldly and deliberately.

“Cockatrice! Leave!” said the father, passionately.

Lawrence Dunbar turned suddenly on his heel and left the house.

“That was too harsh, father,” said Mrs. Dunbar to her husband, as the tears fell slowly over her time-marked face.

“I don’t know. Such language from a child stings worse than the fang of a serpent. I could not bear it.”

“He will hardly come home again.”

“Let him stay away then. His visits have never been frequent nor pleasant. He has come in mere shame at his *neglect* whenever he has come, and rarely went away without *insulting* us in word or manner. Our hope was that he might rise in the world, and we denied ourselves and wronged our daughters, that he might have the fullest opportunity; and thus he *repays* us!”

Old Mr. Dunbar did not see that the *fruit* of his son’s mature life, was but a legitimate growth from seeds *he* had at first planted in his mind. He had been taught to look at *eminence in the world* as an end, and not as the means to a higher end — usefulness to mankind. The son was to rise; but he was not taught that discrimination as to the means of rising must be used. The *end* was the main thing, and whatever means were considered favorable to its attainment, were adopted without a moment’s hesitation. But he did think of *Mary Lee*, and how different it must have been, if *she* had become the wife of his son.

The mirthful wedding took place without the presence of a single member of Dunbar’s family. The interview with his parents had disturbed the lawyer a good deal, but, upon the whole, he was not sorry it had occurred. If the old people were going to hold on to his sisters and their husbands — then a separation would have to take place at any rate, and the earlier, he felt, the better.

Among others present at the wedding was Mr. Harrison, who had been able, just three days before, to throw Malcolm’s case out of court by means of the *defect* which Dunbar had *purposely* left in his bill. The latter observed, with some surprise, that Harrison was on the most intimate and even familiar terms with his bride. On inquiry, he was found to be an old and intimate friend of his bride’s father, and her legal guardian. This surprised him more, and did not make him feel altogether comfortable. On the very day before, he had received thirty thousand dollars from Harrison, for playing *false* to his client, he had given the old man a receipt, the tenor of which he thought peculiar, but which Harrison insisted upon having before paying the money. It was as follows:

“Received of Malcolm Harrison, the sum of thirty thousand dollars in full of all demands, past, present, and to come, it being understood that the parties know each other too well ever to venture upon any new transactions. Lawrence Dunbar.”

Dunbar thought, that in case any new transactions should ever occur, he could take good care to get the pay before any service was rendered. The receipt was made less objectionable than one expressing the *true nature* of the transaction would have been.

“Of course I owe you nothing now, I never shall owe you anything,” said Harrison, as he folded the receipt and placed it carefully in his pocket. “If, at any time hereafter, you should happen to stumble upon a claim against me, don’t think of presenting it, for I pledge you my word, if you do, that I will shake this receipt in your face and bid you defiance. The day may come, young man, when you and I will know each other better — or rather when you will know *me* better than you now do. As for you, I believe I understand *your character* pretty well, and cannot refrain from telling you that I think you the most vile scoundrel I ever met.”

“I will not compliment you so much as to be angry at that fine speech,” returned Dunbar, with great composure. “As far as scoundrelism is concerned, I apprehend that we stand somewhere upon the *same level*.”

A bright spot burned instantly on the old man’s cheek, but he did not lose his self-command, and merely answered —

“Time will show that,” and waived the lawyer to retire.

The discovery that this man was the *guardian of his wife*, could not, in the very nature of things, be very agreeable to Dunbar. It caused, instantly, sundry ugly suggestions to arise in his mind, that by no means added to the joy of his wedding night.

“Thank God that *she* is off my hands,” said old Mr. Harrison to his wife, as they returned from the festive scene, “and that she has another guardian.”

“You’ve had trouble enough with her,” returned the wife.

“Yes; and but for her father’s sake, I would have been tempted long ago to place her property in her hands, and have nothing more to do with her.”

“Her husband appears like a very fine young man.”

“She’s quite as good as he is. I think them *well matched*.”

“Suppose he should, by any means, hear of her improper conduct. Would not the consequence be bad?”

“He can’t hear much worse of her, than she can hear of him. She never was guilty of direct impropriety of conduct that could touch her moral character, although there is no telling what she would have done, had there not been, always, the most careful guardianship over her. If we had not brought her to Philadelphia when we did, I’m afraid she would have been lost!”

“It’s a relief that she’s married, certainly.”

“Isn’t it; even if only *married for her money*, which I hear her husband sets down at seventy thousand dollars.”

“He’ll find himself mistaken!”

“Won’t he! As bitterly as ever a man did.”

So much for the prospect of *happiness* in the married life of Lawrence Dunbar.

We must now glance back for a few years, and bring up the history of other characters in our story.

CHAPTER 13.

As instructor of anatomy, Dr. Hudson soon stood high in the school of medicine in which he had been chosen to occupy that position. All who came in contact with him, were as much struck with his extreme modesty, as with his wide intelligence on all subjects nearly or remotely connected with his profession. As an anatomist, he was seen to be greatly in advance of his predecessor, and to his demonstrations, the class even paid a closer attention than they did to the lectures of the professor himself.

To surgery, Hudson gave a large share of his attention. Before he had been six months in the school, he performed one of the most difficult operations known in medical annals. A report of this was made by a professional man who was present to one of the newspapers, from whence it was copied into the several medical journals of England and America. The notoriety which this case gave to Dr. Hudson, brought him immediately before the public, and established his reputation as a surgeon. From that time, his practice began to assume some importance; and although very young for a surgeon, he had a number of very important cases entrusted to his care.

The temptation to use the *knife* Hudson found, as all young surgeons do, very strong. But he set it down as a rule, never to use the knife where there were hopes of a cure without it.

“The surgeon’s skill,” he would say, “does not lie so much in the use of the knife — as in his ability to cure without its use. The knife is only a *last resort*.”

The number of cures that he made of cases upon which he was called to operate, without the “last resort,” endeared him to many who had shrunk with terrible fear from the knife. They were, ever after, his fast friends, and spoke of him on proper occasions in the warmest manner.

A rapid increase of practice was the natural consequence of this. His youth and modest demeanor, prejudiced many against him as a physician; but none who once employed him, wished to give him up; for they felt, after seeing him a few times in the sick chamber, that he not only understood what he was about, but was governed by highly conscientious principles in the discharge of his professional duties. There was a sphere of *goodness*, as well as *intelligence* about him, distinctly perceived by all who came in contact with him.

From that time he began steadily to rise externally, as he had been rising internally since the period when, in freedom and reason, he took charge of himself as a man.

The heartless abandonment of *Mary Lee* by Dunbar, involving a shameless violation of the marriage contract, was a fact well known to Doctor Hudson, and was in his mind when, on his last meeting with the rising attorney, he intimated his wish that their friendship should cease. Notwithstanding he found the heart of Mary in the keeping of another when he applied for her hand, Hudson could never cease to feel towards her, as he felt to no others. All hope of her ever becoming his wife, had been abandoned; but still her image remained, and in dreams she came to him with her loving voice and gentle smile.

More than a year passed after the abandonment of Mary by her false lover, and in that time Hudson had not once met her, as she went into company very rarely. He heard her sometimes spoken of as much changed.

The rising reputation of Doctor Hudson extended his circle of friends, and gained for him introductions into a grade of society rather above what he had been used to. To say that he w