

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

No. 11.

RICHARD REDPATH*

A TALE.

BY MRS. NOODIE.

CHAPTER V.

Some account of brother Robert.

"WHAT shall I do with this money, to turn it to the best advantage for myself, and that dear madcap who has obtained it for me, in a manner so extraordinary?" said Robert Redpath, as he sauntered from the slave market, and bent his steps he knew not whither, and gazed around him with an anxious, restless glance.

The old adage—"light come—light go," flashed across his mind; and not being of a very sanguine temperament, he came to the sudden conclusion, that the gold so miraculously obtained, could never be lucky. Now, Richard would have considered it an interposition of Divine Providence in his behalf, and merrily and cheerfully would have set to work, to make the most of his unexpected treasure. But Robert and Richard, although brothers, and fondly attached brothers too, for they were twins, and only children, who had never been separated more than a few days from their birth, were very different characters. Robert was shy and timid—proud and extremely sensitive; and ill fitted by this peculiar temperament to cope with the ills of life. He hated trouble—was not over industrious—had a tolerable conceit of himself, and, if the truth must be spoken, was very fond of money, of fine clothes, and of exciting the sympathy and admiration of others. Vanity is not always confined to the gay and dashing, who seem to demand the attention and respect of the crowd. It often dwells under the most quiet, and apparently the most unostentatious exterior; and operates the most forcibly upon minds which take the most pains to conceal it from the observation of others. Robert, with all his reserve, possessed far more of this univer-

sal failing, so common to our fallen nature, than his gay, happy brother; and the sudden and violent manner in which he resented any affront offered to his dignity, would have proved to every one versed in the study of mankind that he was a very vain man. His present abject appearance touched him more sensibly than even the loss of property. He fancied that every eye was upon him, while in reality few regarded the poor, shabby emigrant at all. He was pushed about rudely by the crowd, and more than one person had told him to stand out of the way. His pride was taught a useful lesson—one that he had never learned from experience before—that he owed the personal respect with which he had hitherto been treated, more to his outward appearance than he was at first willing to admit.

"Alas!" thought he, "is a man only valued by the cut and quality of his coat? Were I dressed genteelly, I should command the respect of these strangers. Well, then, as so much depends upon a coat, the first thing I buy must be a fashionable suit of clothes; and then, although I shall not be one half-penny the richer or better; yet my dress, giving the lie to the poverty of my means, will make me pass current among these heartless worldlings for more than I am really worth. Oh, the short-sightedness and folly of mankind! If my brother could but view the world with my eyes, it would soon tame down the gaiety of his volatile spirit."

With his mind full of these thoughts, and in no very enviable or amiable mood, he entered a store, and enquired of a thin, satirical-looking man, waiting behind the counter, "where he could procure a suit of ready made clothes?"

The man regarded him with a contemptuous grin; and, thinking that he was some drunken, dissipated fellow, who had lost his garments in a

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