

**EAST AND WEST: A  
NOVEL; IN TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649567188

East and West: A Novel; In Two Volumes, Vol. I by Frederick William Thomas

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**FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS**

**EAST AND WEST: A  
NOVEL; IN TWO  
VOLUMES, VOL. I**



EAST AND WEST.

A NOVEL.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Sumner W. Foster*

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

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1836.

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**Entered**, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1836,  
by CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD, in the Clerk's office of the District  
Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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## PREFACE.

THE kind reception given to a former attempt, which was written under disadvantages to which it is hoped this has not been subjected, induced the author to resume his pen. He hopes it will be found that in this second attempt he has profited by the criticisms on the first. He desired to do so, and he cannot but express his gratitude for the friendly manner in which those criticisms were conveyed, and for the favour with which the work, notwithstanding its many imperfections, was received.

In the following pages the author has endeavoured to portray such scenes, characters, and incidents as may fall under the observation of the generality of readers. If he has failed, it is because he has not the ability to record what he has seen and heard, rather than what he has imagined.

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## EAST AND WEST.

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### CHAPTER I.

"JERRY! Jeremiah, I say!" exclaimed an old man, standing at the head of his cellar door, and stooping down so as to command the view of as much of his subterranean premises as his situation would permit, and his spectacles would allow him to take by peering over them, for they qualified him to read better, but not to see farther. "Jeremiah!" he continued at the top of his voice, and then in a lower tone he added to himself, impatiently, "The black dot is as deaf as—" when he was interrupted by Jerry, who stuttered whenever he attempted to speak quickly.

"C-c-c-coming, sir—This l-'lasses won't run well in the cellar these cool days!"

"It stutters, does it?"

"No, sir, it don't s-stutter, it runs t-thick."

"What's that but stuttering?"

"If it is s-stuttering, Master Beckford, the 'lasses can't h-h-help it more 'an I."

"It was put in the cellar too soon; those cool days were deceiving; but we shall, we must, in fact, soon have warm weather now."

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, and he handed a large jug of molasses to a little boy who stood in the store door waiting for it.

"Jerry, where can Ralph be; by dad, he's away, I suppose, at Lorman's; I have not seen him these two days."

"Y-y-yes, sir, s-s-'spose he is; or m-maybe he is up to t-t-talk with Mr. Henry, who w-w-wants him to go to c-c-college with him."

"To college with him! by dad, the expense, the expense, Jeremiah, is awful; it's enough to beggar a man. Here's Ralph now: where have you been so long, Ralph? I want you to go and inquire who has the pews for sale in the new Unitarian church."

"Father, do you mean to join them?—I thought you were a good—"

"It's no matter what I am—these Unitarians are no better than heathens in my notion, and it's fair and proper, and against nothing in the decalogue that I know of, to speculate—no, not speculate; I hate the word; old Lorman's always using it when he talks about his fool's bargains—to make money out of them. Listen to me, Ralph; I want to learn you to make money—yes, to make money. What are we without money?—no better than the butcher's offals that everybody avoids—that nobody cares for, that's worth nothing. Those Unitarians, who are no better than heathens, Ralph, have built themselves a large church, and obtained a glib-tongued fellow to talk to them, who will make their faith fashion-

able—draw full houses like one of your ranting actors, your stars, as you and your cousin Henry call them. He will make the pews sell—do you understand? They are cheap now, selling, I am informed, for a hundred dollars; and before long, no doubt, Ralph, no doubt they'll be worth twice the money."

"Where shall I inquire?"

"At Walker's book-store—he's a convert—and I am told that your uncle, yes, a man of his years, strength of mind, and—but what's your strength of mind, your mere worldly strength of mind, though capacitated to fill the high places, like your uncle's, and be talked of among men—go, Ralph, go take six pews nearest the pulpit—unless they will strike off something—make a deduction for cash—get the longest possible time."

With a reluctant step Ralph Beckford departed to do his father's bidding.

Solomon Beckford, the father of Ralph, was the youngest of three sons. Their father, by the retention of a small patrimony in one of our large commercial cities, whose rapid growth would have been a wonder in any country but ours, had been enabled, without adding to it, at all, with the help of a salary which he received as a public officer, to give his sons a liberal education, and to leave them at his death a handsome fortune a-piece, by the increased value of what, at their births, would little more than have paid the medical attendant of their mother. The eldest of the brothers was the favourite of both