

TONNEWONTE,

OR

THE ADOPTED SON OF AMERICA.

A TALE,

CONTAINING SCENES FROM

REAL LIFE,

BY AN AMERICAN.

“Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.”

GOLDSMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

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Introduction.

THE sun had just completed his daily course, but his last rays, dimly flitting on the expanded sheet of water that formed the western boundary of our horizon, displayed a relief of light and shade, unrivaled in the best designations of art. The day had been warm, uncomfortably so; but a rising breeze restored the elasticity of the air, and revived the vigour of animated creation. The milk-maid sang blithely, as she poised her milk-pails. The plough-boy whistled as he drove the cattle to the watering-place. My host bustled in his farm yard; the good lady of the house was occupied with her children, and I seated myself in the piazza, enjoying the luxury of solitude, amidst the enlivened scenes of rural peace and plenty.

I was aroused from a deep abstractive fit of meditation, by the hoarse voice of our honest neighbour Noxbury, who, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting not three paces distance from me.

‘ Bless me !’ he cried, taking his pipe in his hand, ‘ what can thus so entirely occupy your mind? Here have I been this half hour endeavoring to attract your attention, but I could not obtain even so much as a nod of recognition.’

‘ Oh, your servant, Mr. Noxbury; I, beg pardon, but my mind was indeed much occupied. My publisher has sent to me for a preface,’

‘ A preface! Why, then, you really intend publishing your manuscript?’

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‘You surprise me, sir; and what should prevent my publishing it?’

‘Fate, my friend, fate, that destined your birth on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Are you not an American? Can you, then, hope to vie with a native of Europe?’

‘You provoke my patience, Mr. Noxbury. Am I not a descendant of those same Europeans, whom you extol so highly?’

‘And so are all Americans, Canadians, Nova-Scotians, New-Brunswickers, Yankees, &c. They all doubtless derive their descent from the natives of Europe; yet whoever heard of a *Shakespeare*, a *Racine*, a *Tasso*, a *Milton*, a *Corneille*, a *Hume*, a *Robertson*, an *Addison*, not to mention the immortal geniuses of the present day; who ever heard of one of those being born in America? And the best judges allow that the human race degenerates in America.’

‘Great God! Can this be borne with patience? Can I who feel that vital spark, that emanation from the Deity, first breathed into man at his creation, raising me above all materiality, and bidding me, by the divine pursuit of knowledge, to imitate and follow in the paths of superior intelligences? Can it be told, that this divine emanation is confined to one particular spot of the earth? Mr. Noxbury, compare the rivers, the mountains, the lakes, and the plains of your native country; compare them with the stupendous works of Nature ever present in America, and then say, can ‘mau be the only growth that dwindles here?’

‘Oh, pray descend from the clouds, my young friend,’ cried our portly neighbour, laughing. ‘It would be too fatiguing an excursion for me to follow you there. And now answer me in the language of common sense, can the litera-

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ture of America be compared with that of Europe?' and he exultingly laid an emphasis on the last sentence.

'No sir. I acknowledge in that respect, our present inferiority. The school-boy conning over his lesson, cannot in acquirements be compared with his preceptor; but may he not in the course of years, vie even with his teacher?— America is young, but is fast verging towards maturity; and the country that in its infancy produced a WASHINGTON, and a FRANKLIN, may in its riper years, become a luminary, whose effulgence shall extend to all parts of the globe.'

'And my young friend here, is to be the instrument to bring about this 'consummation devoutly to be wished?'

'Mistake me not, Mr. Noxbury. I am far from having the vanity to imagine my talents equal to those of many of my countrymen in all parts of North America. But still may I not endeavour to follow in the path of knowledge, and imitate, though at a humble distance, those great geniuses who have gone before us, whose mortal remains now lie mouldering in the dust, but who have left us transcripts of their minds, that will defy the power of the destroyer time, as long as any parts of our globe shall retain traces of civilization.'

'And so my young enthusiast, instead of devoting your time to some more lucrative employment, wherein, with proper industry, you might acquire a sufficiency of that desideratum of life, that magnet of attraction, cash, you mean to sacrifice all your powers of exertion to study, and authorship, for the chimerical prospect of at length obtaining a niche in the temple of renown?'

If such were my design, sir, my choice might not be deemed singular. Even in America, are there not many living persons who are proofs, that the literary character of Ame-

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rica is fast rising into eminence? How many men distinguished for their acquirements in literature? How many eminent for their skill in the arts and sciences, now residing in all our principal cities? Each of our learned professions also contains numbers celebrated for their knowledge and acquirements. Have we not eloquent orators in our senate, and some distinguished politicians in all departments of our government? Observe the general extent of information diffused among the mass of our population, and then blame a young American for an engrossing attachment to the pursuit of learning. I may at least endeavor to cultivate to the utmost, the capabilities bestowed on me by the hand of nature. I may be indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and I trust that a discriminating and liberal public will receive my productions with indulgence; and then perhaps on a future day, I may produce a work more worthy of their encouragement, and more calculated to do honor to our native country.'

'But the critics, my friend?'

'Not even that formidable name shall deter me from submitting my intended publication to the inspection of my countrymen. Our reviews, Mr. Noxbury, are mostly conducted by men of candour and liberality, who will not expect perfection from a young and unknown author. I trust that my pages will not be found detrimental to the great cause of religion and morality. In my tale of 'Tonnewonte,' I have endeavored to describe some of the causes of the spirit of emigration so predominant among the citizens of America, and also the general habits prevalent in many of our new settlements. I wished to demonstrate the effect of education, and accidental circumstances, in forming the

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general and individual character; and, for the sake of contrast, have extended my plot to the old world. I wished, also, to shew the vital importance of correcting the violent temper, displayed by many children, before habit shall have formed these excrescences of the mind into inseparable parts of the personal character. I trust, Mr. Noxbury, that a liberal public will overlook many defects in the execution of my work, from a consideration of my motives, and by the encouragement bestowed on my attempt to please them, induce some Americans of superior talents, to devote their abilities to the general service and amusement of their countrymen.'

'Well, my young friend,' said our honest neighbour, rising and heartily shaking me by the hand, 'I will no longer exercise your patience by contradiction. Pursue the bent of your inclination, since such is your determination, and I sincerely wish you success in the path you have chosen. — I fear I have detained you from writing your Preface; but, perhaps, if you were to commit our conversation to writing, it might serve you for an introduction.'

Upon further consideration of Mr. Noxbury's hint, I even concluded on following it; and so, Mr. Publisher, I send you this, instead of a Preface.

TONNEWONTE, & C.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Un mal qui repand la terreur,
Mal que le ciel en sa fureur
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre,
LA FONTAINE.

IT was in the Autumn of 1793. The yellow fever, that terrible scourge, was spreading its ravages in New-York. The city was nearly deserted by those who had the means of removal: but the adjacent country resounded with unusual noise, bustle, and activity. The day had been uncommonly sultry. All nature seemed exhausted, under the scorching influence of the burning sun. At length, the fiery luminary sunk beneath the western horizon. The waters of the majestic Hudson, gliding by in soft placidity, reflected the burnished canopy of the serene sky, studded with myriads of stars. A gentle breeze, from the expanded ocean, seemed to refresh wearied nature, and to infuse new life into animated creation.

Mr. Marvin, after partaking the refreshing beverage, imported through such perils from the east, that herb so famous in the annals of American independence, laid aside his morning gown, resumed his coat, hat, and cane, and sallied forth from the farm house, in which he had sought refuge from the pestilence.

The Hudson separated him from the city, and

the evening, in a walk along the New-Jersey bank, musing on the fatal scourge, that was desolating the city, he paused near a landing place. A boat had just arrived, filled with passengers, who separated in different directions.

An old man stepped from the boat. He held a child in his arms, and hurrying forward with unequal steps, and agitated air, he presently came in contact with Mr. Marvin. "Ah Monsieur, je vous demande pardon," said he, mechanically putting his hand to his hat. The gentleman turned towards him. The moon shone full in his face. The Frenchman started, "Ah mon dieu! tis our good neighbor, dieu soit beni! Ah Monsieur, take de care de pauvre leetle Theodore. He be saved from de couteaux de-regicides, only to die with de pestilence, if you no pity him. Madame, his Mama, she die. Ah mon dieu! she be dead, me here, et personne to give her help? Adieu Monsieur, adieu, Que dieu vous benisse!"—Then laying the sleeping child at the feet of our acquaintance, he sprang into a boat, that was pushing off for the city.

Mr. Marvin was entranced. He gazed after the Frenchman. The boat was nearly out of sight. He looked at the child. It began to move. "Ah mama, ma pauvre mama," said the poor little fellow, awakening; and he rubbed his eyes, and rose on his little feet. "Joseph, Joseph," he cried; but no Joseph appearing, he turned to gaze at the stranger, who stood beside him. Mr. Marvin was affected.

"Who are you, my little man?"

"Sam Theodore," answered the child, in broken English; "but where be Joseph?"

"Who is Joseph?"

"Joseph, good Joseph, who come wid mama, et le petit Theodore de France. Oh ma pauvre Mama.

cannot abandon this child," said Mr. Marvin to himself, "although he is left under my protection, in a very singular manner. Martha will think it very strange; but probably his relations will reclaim him, when the fever has subsided."

"How old are you, my little fellow?"

"Theodore soon be four years old, Mama say toder day; but where be mama, pauvre sick mama? Ah mon cher Monsieur, bring me to mama. Oh Joseph, Joseph, ou es tu?"

"My dear little boy," said the gentleman, "will you go home with me?"

"To Mama," said the child, extending his hand, "Ah you bring Théodore to Mama?"

The gentleman took the proffered little hand, and led the innocent prattler to the farm house. He was met on the Piazza, by a middle-aged female, in a very plain dress.

"Brother, is that you?"

"Yes, Martha," said the gentleman, presenting his young charge; "and I have brought you a little companion."

"A child! where did you meet with him?"

Mr. Marvin related his rencontre with the Frenchman.

"Strange! astonishing! But what shall we do with him?"

"Martha, can we abandon this child, so singularly committed to our care?"

"No, God forbid!" said the sister, "It is Providence, who has committed him to our care. We have neither of us children, brother; let us then consider him as the gift of God."

"He will probably be reclaimed by his relations, after the fever shall have subsided," observed Mr. Marvin. The female took the child by the hand

"My dear little boy, will you come in with me, and get some supper?"

"To find mama? Ah Madame, bring me to mama."

"I cannot to night, my dear. Your mama is on the other side of the river."

"Ah my mama sick, she cry, no to see her petit Theodore."

"Who is your mama, my dear? And where is she to be found?"

But the child could not answer these questions, and no further particulars could be obtained from him, but that his mama was sick, and Joseph came with them from France. He, however, eat a hearty supper of bread and milk; when our new acquaintance soothed him to sleep, and laid him in her bed.

The following morning, as the brother and sister sat at breakfast, with their new charge, the landlady hurried in.

"Ah Mr. Marvin, Miss Marvin, have you heard the news?"

"What news, Mrs. Regna?"

"Indeed, I guess, instead of you Yorkers taking refuge in our housen, we must go off further, and seek refuge for ourselves."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Happened indeed; the country is strewed with dead. As Anthony went to the field this morning, he stumbled over two dead corpses; and Peter found one in the loft, among the hay: And as neighbour Hillier went to open his door, he stumbled over something, and what should it be, but a dead man, all black with the fever. Ah cannot those Yorkers stay and die, since die they must, in their own city? And not be bringing the pestilence to honest country people's families; and blocking up, with their dead bodies, the doors of our housen, and our barns, and our

stables? Even the very animals will sicken, and we shall loose them."

Miss Marvin shuddered. "How you talk, Mrs. Regna; are you not afraid of the judgment of God, and that you may yourself catch the contagion?"

"Indeed I am too much afraid, but we will catch the fever! I will shut up the housen, and pay a visit to my sister, who lives far to the westward. Black Cæsar and Betty, may stay and take care of the cattle. Ah them Yorkers, if they would but stay at home! But the sooner we are off, the better." So saying, she hurried away, to prepare for removal.

The brother and the sister then deliberated on what had best be done. He was at the head of a considerable commercial establishment; but had, on the preceding week, shut up his shop, which lay in the most affected part of the city, his clerks having previously abandoned him, and sought for comparative safety, among their relations in the country.

Mr. Marvin with his sister, had, as we have seen, retired to the Jersey shore; but here infection seemed to follow them; and their deliberations of the morning, concluded in a resolution to pay a visit to an acquaintance, who resided in New-York State, about forty miles north of the city.

They accordingly commenced the journey the same afternoon, taking with them their new protégé.

They proceeded in a sloop, about thirty miles up the Hudson river, and then hired a wagon to convey them to their friends.

Mrs. Vanderhausen met them at the door, and cordially welcomed them to her best room, the window shutters of which were opened for their reception: but, before introducing new acquaintance, I should perform the ceremony of introduction to our old ones.

Mr. Marvin was, at this period, about five and thirty. His sister thought him very handsome. He had, in reality, fine black eyes, black hair, and a very dark complexion. He was rather stiff in his manner, which remains of rusticity had not worn off, although he had taken lessons in dancing and fencing; for he was on the wrong side of twenty, when acquiring those accomplishments: but he made up in ceremony and genuine-kindness, what he wanted in ease and polish. Add to this, he was always well dressed, and decently in the fashion; and aided by an imposing gravity, from which he rarely unbended, he commanded much deference and respect, from the generality of his acquaintance. Yet, whoever could penetrate further than outward appearance, would perceive, in the countenance of Ephraim Marvin, the reflection of a strong mind, with great energy and perseverance.

Miss Martha Marvin was a maiden of forty. Her countenance was, at first view, rather forbidding. Her complexion was the same as her brothers, but not moulded into any expression of symmetry or beauty. She wore no head dress, but her long black hair, which, though arranged in rather an antique manner, was always extremely smooth, and shining. Her person was tall and thin, but very muscular, and her manner rather stiff and reserved. Her dress was plain, and what little attempts at fashionability she assumed, were lost in her want of ease and native grace. Yet, beneath this plain exterior, lay the kindest heart, that ever beat in mortal bosom. Her memory was, likewise, well stored with the works of our best Authors; and she knew the Scriptures by rote; yet, either owing to the habit of submitting her own judgment to the control of another, for she relied with the most implicit deference on the opinion of her brother, and quoted his remarks as axioms; or, her judg-

ment not being equal to her memory, she possessed by no means, the real information, one would at first have been led to expect; but rather resembled a library, where all the information you desire, is contained, but you must be at the trouble of collecting, and digesting it yourself.

This couple, with little Theodore, were most hospitably received by the portly Mrs. Vanderhausen, and her cherry cheeked daughter, Cornelia.

The farm house was built after the Dutch manner, with a large Piazza in front, and benches ranged against the house. Every thing bespoke rustic plenty. The orchard abounded in fruit. The garden was filled with vegetables, the farm yard with poultry, the fields with cattle, and every necessary, even luxury of life, seemed contained within the farm.

A number of Negro children were playing about the yard, while the services of the elder girls, and of their mother Betty, were called into requisition, to prepare tea for the company; for it was near four in the afternoon, and while the good Mrs. Vanderhausen bustled about, "on hospitable thoughts intent," the ruddy Cornelia remained on the Piazza, to entertain their guests.

Soon the table, laid in the best room, groans beneath the weight of various kinds of cakes, every variety of fruit, preserved in every variety of manner; dried ham, dried beef, cheese, hot rolls and butter, tea, &c.

Summoned by the sound of a horn, Mr. Vanderhausen, with his son Anthony, and his negro Cæsar, made their appearance from the field. The father and son, shaking hands with their guests, received them in a very hearty manner; while Cæsar, grinning and shewing his white teeth, hoped that massa Marvin had enjoyed good health; since he was last at Vanderhausen farm.

Having brought our party into safe harbourage we will look back a little, and become further acquainted with our personages, before we proceed with our history.

Ephraim Marvin was the third son of a farmer in the neighborhood of New-Haven, Connecticut, and until his fifteenth year, assisted his father and brothers, in the cultivation of the farm; attending occasionally the village school, during the winter season; but, receiving a cut in his knee, as he was chopping wood for the fire, this accident occasioned a total change in his future views and prospects:

The cure was very lingering, and it was feared, that Ephraim would be lame through life. This would prove a great inconvenience to a farmer. Study was then the only resource, and the lad must push his way up in life by learning. So thought his parents; and, fortunately, Ephraim was much addicted to study, and having resigned his pretension to the homestead, to an elder brother, he limped to school, and commenced a wider range of studies. The progress he made at school in Arithmetic, and Mathematics was considerable; and, from some old books in possession of the family, and others that he borrowed from his neighbours, he acquired a considerable knowledge of Geography, and History. But books of controversy were what mostly abounded in his neighbourhood; and Ephraim was very fond of arguing on divinity, with his mother and sister Martha. From this the transition to metaphysics was very easy; and our young American was soon lost in its mazes; but here he had his arguments to himself. The old people checked the prophane suggestions, sometimes engendered in the fertile imagination of their son; while sister Martha followed, with cautious steps, her daring conductor; but, far from controverting, submitted with implicit defer-

once to that prodigy of learning, her handsome brother, whom she already began to idolize in her heart, as the paragon of perfection.

Ephraim was now nineteen, and it was high time to choose a profession. He had acquired all the village schoolmaster could teach. The funds of his father could afford no higher means of instruction; for on a farm of fifty acres he supported a family of nine children. But Ephraim Marvin was a lad of spirit. He was in his own estimation very learned, had entirely recovered of his lameness, and wished for a wider range to his genius, than Connecticut could afford. With a large silk handkerchief full of necessaries, and five dollars in his pocket, he went on board a sloop, and was landed in New-York. But he soon found that a capital of five dollars would not set a man up in business at New-York; nor did his learning command the respect it did in his native village. Some had even the effrontery to laugh at what they termed his rusticity and self-importance; but he resisted their ill manners with becoming gravity, and stood self-collected within himself. His little stock was nearly exhausted, and still he had not succeeded in any attempt to obtain employment. "New-York city is not at present the place for me," said Ephraim to himself, "I must seek farther, and go where learning is duly appreciated."

The first rays of the next morning's luminary found Ephraim Marvin three miles from the city, travelling on foot, with his handkerchief of necessaries in his hand. He was, towards evening, joined by a farmer on horse back, who reined in his horse, that he might converse with the foot passenger.

A little desultory chit chat brought on a certain degree of intimacy; and the stranger, on stopping at a substantial looking farm house, invited our Marc-

rant to enter; who gladly complied, and partook with his host of a hearty supper.

Our young Yankee endeavoured to make himself agreeable, and soon inspired his host and hostess with a wonderful opinion of the learning and acquirements of their guest.

In the course of the evening, he learnt that the village school was vacant; the former incumbent having abandoned his school house, for the profession of the law. The idea of supplying his place, immediately occurred to our New-Englander. He proffered his services, and through the influence of Mr. Vanderhausen, was installed in the office of schoolmaster to the village. He was, in return, particularly assiduous to instil learning into the minds of the bold Anthony, and little dimpled Cornelia: and the intimacy, thus commenced, continued long after the worldly prospects of Marvin had undergone a material change.

In five years, our friend Ephraim saved two hundred dollars. He had now a capital, and might return to New-York. Here he established a grocery shop, on a small scale at first; but extending his business, as his means increased.

Meanwhile, sister Martha began to be considered an old maid. She had entered her thirtieth year, when an uncle died, who left her five hundred dollars; and, while considering on the best manner of disposing of her fortune, she received a letter from her favourite brother, containing an account of his new establishment, his hopes, and prospects. "My five hundred dollars," thought Martha, "may be a great object to my brother, at his first commencement in business." Her father was dead: her sisters were all married. Her eldest brother had proceeded to the new countries; and her widowed mother resided with the second son, who possessed the homestead.

Martha wrote to Ephraim, offering to keep house for him, and resign her newly acquired fortune to his disposal, as an addition to his stock in trade. The brother gladly accepted her proposal, knowing how valuable her economical qualities would be to him, independent of her ready money, no mean acquisition to one, whose whole capital did not exceed three hundred dollars.

The perils of the voyage, and unattended, were nothing to Martha's sisterly affection. Behold them, then, settled on the first floor of a small, but neat house, in the Bowery. She managed the household affairs, with the utmost neatness and economy, still, however, contriving to preserve an appearance of gentility, far above their neighbours in the same situation.

It was not long, before the attentive Martha discovered that the boy in the shop cheated them. He was therefore dismissed, and she likewise undertook the charge of that department, in conjunction with Ephraim, who was necessarily often absent, in attendance on the markets.

By their joint and close attention to business, the capital increased, and the concern was removed to the lower end of Water-street, where it continued to flourish; and Miss Marvin, released from her attendance on the shop, took possession of a neat house, that her brother had lately purchased in the Bowery, where she presided with an increase of consequence. While Mr. Marvin, besides attending to business, took lessons in dancing and fencing, to qualify him for appearing in a genteel manner in the higher circles, to which he was now admitted.

CHAPTER II.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
 And nestled closely by her side;
 The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
 And she, the most delighted bride.
 When, oh! with grief the muse relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale.

JACO.

A very sociable evening was passed by our friends. Mr. Marvin had many enquiries to make, concerning his former pupils and old friends; and the Vanderhausen family were anxious to hear all the news from the city. The desolation occasioned by the fever, was a never failing topic with the good farmer and his wife; while their daughter endeavoured to obtain information from Miss Marvin, concerning the latest most fashionable bonnets, declaring that the last one, sent her from the city, was so dutchified, that, absolutely, she would not long be seen wearing it.

Miss Marvin, with great pomposity, endeavoured to answer her enquiries, and harangued, in a very dignified manner, concerning the fashions: but soon the depopulating epidemic again absorbed their undivided attention, until the family and their guests retired for the night.

Little Theodore slept with his new protectress, aunt Martha, as she taught him to call her, to whom he had already begun to attach himself. His arrival with the Marvins, had occasioned little sensation at Vanderhausen farm; as they, unwilling to excite curiosity concerning him, had merely said, that he was the son of a friend, who had confided him to their care.

Our citizens remained quietly with the Vander-

arrested; and the health officer gave public notice, that all might return in perfect safety to the city.

Again Miss Marvin took possession of their neat little house, in the Bowery. Again the business flourished in Water-street, and Mr. Marvin was looked up to by his neighbours, as one who would be in time, if he were not already, a rich man. The winter passed over, and no enquiries were made after little Theodore. They, at length, concluded that his parents must have perished by the fever. That they were strangers, and from France, was evident, from the answers of the child; most probably, refugees from the revolution. But the kind-hearted Martha had now become so much attached to her little charge, that she would not willingly have parted with him, to any claimant; and the imposing gravity of the brother was not proof against the infantile endearments of his adopted son.

In the spring, Theodore was sent to school; and Mr. Marvin had him taught to read French, that he might not forget the use of his native language.

Another year passed quietly away. Theodore was quite domesticated. The remembrance of his former friends had passed away, as a waking dream, the idea of which scarce remained. His new protectors grew every day still more attached to him; and, had it not been for the steady discipline of Mr. Marvin, aunt Martha would have made of him a spoiled child.

The good maiden was herself perfectly happy, as far as is consistent with our imperfect state of being. Her love for her brother was such, as is seldom found between brothers and sisters. It engrossed her affections, and left no void in her heart. Her household affairs, her bible, and Theodore filled up the tediousness of time; and, to sit in the evening, and hear Ephraim discourse on men and things, describe living

manners and local customs, was, to her, a source of the highest satisfaction, the only relaxation, that she sought after, or desired.

Ephraim had hitherto been happy. His business occupied the most of his time. He was ambitious, and fond of study. The former stimulated his industry, which was to crown him with wealth, the latter to importance; the latter enlivened his leisure hours; and, at the same time, gave him consequence in the eyes of the world. But he now considered himself a rising man, and he had laboured to acquire accomplishments, a commodity not to be kept closely shut up, or only displayed to dazzle an old maiden sister. She, to be sure, was very worthy; but still, the evenings began to grow dull, when there was no auditor but sister Martha. Our friend Ephraim then commenced beau, and the evenings, which had been exclusively devoted to sister Martha, were now more frequently spent in the society of a circle of quite fashionable ladies, to whom he was introduced by some young lawyers and merchants, with whom he had contracted acquaintance.

Miss Marvin bore this very patiently. It argued an increase of consequence in her brother; and their fates were so closely blended, that his importance was necessarily reflected upon her. She applied herself more closely to reading her bible; still knitted his stockings, with unwearied perseverance; and listened, with increased delight, to his rehearsal of the scenes in which he was then a participator; when disengaged from other pursuits, he occasionally spent an hour with her.

But Ephraim Marvin began to discover, "that man was not made to be alone," and to think of an helpmate. Sister Martha was no obstruction. There was surely room in the house for three. His heart fluttered for some time, between several fashionable

belles; but was at length fixed, by a pleasing exterior, lively deportment, fashionable accomplishments, and twenty thousand dollars, ready cash. What man in the Union, could wish for more?

Emily Chace was ward to Mr. Van Rensselaer, formerly Consul to a foreign Power, and was by Mrs. Van Rensselaer introduced into the first circles. Her father, a native of England, had arrived in New-York, in very moderate circumstances, where he established a livery stable, and in a few years, realized between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. His wife did not long survive their union. The pride and vanity of Mr. Chace was now entirely concentrated in his daughter. At five years old, little Emily was committed to the most fashionable boarding school. At ten, she lost her father, who, wishing to secure her a respectable entrance into life; left her to the guardianship of Mr. Van Rensselaer. The influence of wealth is all powerful. Mr. Van Rensselaer accepted the guardianship, and it was intended that Miss Chace should be very accomplished, but in this, it was necessary to contend with nature; and she acquired but a very superficial acquaintance with any thing attempted to be taught her. By means of the best instruction, and much forced application, for study of every kind was her aversion. Emily acquired, however, some polite accomplishments; could sing several fashionable songs, and accompanied them with tolerable execution on the Piano; but in needlework, she was a great proficient.

Her education finished, Miss Chace went to reside at her guardian's, and was introduced into genteel society; but year after year passed away, and Emily Chace remained unmarried. She had early, at her father's, been taught to consider herself of great importance; a lesson she did not afterwards easily forget. She had formed a resolution to accept of no

man not possessed of a large fortune, and insinuating manners. Such an one did not readily offer, and, at the age of twenty-eight, Emily retained the name of Chace. Of late years she had declined in her pretensions; but the perfections of her successive suitors had declined in the same ratio.

Old maids were Emily's aversion, and she was resolved not to continue a member of the sisterhood. She began to look about in good earnest, when Mr. Marvin was introduced to her society. She made enquiries concerning him, and was informed, that his fortune was at least equivalent to her own, and that he was a rising man. "This will do," said she, "I will set my cap for him." Her figure was small and slender, and her complexion fair, which made her appear several years younger than she really was. She dressed with particular care, played her best tunes, sang her best songs, and, in short, so captivated our friend Marvin, that his constant theme to sister Martha, was the accomplished Emily, the beautiful Miss Chace. She, good soul, was impatient to see this paragon of perfection. She was rather pleased, than dismayed at the thoughts of her brother's marrying; for she, too, thought the house large enough for three; and set about arranging it in the best possible manner for the reception of the bride.

The marriage was celebrated in the country, at an acquaintance of Emily's. Sister Martha was not present; but, in a few days, the bride and bridegroom arrived in a hackney coach, at their house in the Bowery. Miss Marvin flew to receive them. The new sisters regarded each other, with very scrutinizing attention. The embrace was very cordial, on the side of Martha, but very ceremonious on that of the new Mrs. Marvin.

A few weeks glided on, and sister Martha still continued to manage the house. Mrs. Marvin regarded the proceedings rather scornfully, but declined

interfering. She forbore visiting any, but two or three of her most familiar acquaintance; never deigned to invite Martha to accompany her, and refused to receive any other visitors.

Miss Marvin bore all patiently, still conducted the affairs of the house with great prudence, and still derived all her pleasure from her brother's society: new cause of umbrage to the lady, who began to grow jealous of the sister's influence.

Mr. Marvin finding his wife one day in a very meditative mood, told her, affectionately, that he feared she was losing her health and spirits, by too close confinement; and desired to know, why she did not admit the visits of her former acquaintance? So great a seclusion, he added, was too sudden a change for one of her former lively habits.

"You do well to make the enquiry," she replied, "you, who have so greatly deceived me. I was given to understand, that you lived in a genteel manner, and yet I find nothing in the house fit to receive any one. I am ashamed to see my friends here; but must have the whole furniture changed. I brought you a fortune, and surely I have a right to have my own house arranged as I please." The husband, accustomed to implicit deference in his sister, walked silently away, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

The house was indeed soon entirely new modelled; and our friend began to fear, that his increase of money might not prove a real increase of fortune.

The bride now conceived a rooted aversion to the quiet demeanor of sister Martha. She engaged a woman, who took all the management out of Miss Marvin's provident hands. This was rather hard to be borne, she who had considered herself at home, for so many years, was now merely a boarder in the house, subject to the caprice of its mistress: and

was rarely invited to join the company. This sister had patiently submitted, for her brother's sake; but she felt her grief, that she might not increase his unhappiness; for she perceived that Ephraim began to be very uncomfortable.

The husband now found, that good temper in a wife, was as necessary, as exterior or accomplishments; but the reflection was made too late: and when the lady gave way to her ungovernable fits of passion, he could discover no other resource, than to walk quietly away, and endeavour to sooth the rising irritation of his mind.

Theodore was at first a favorite; but Mr. Marvin soon discovered, that his lady's capricious fits, alternately of indulgence, and then of passionate severity, would spoil the temper of the child, which he had watched over, with such sedulous care. He, therefore, sent him to board with a clergyman in Connecticut, who took a limited number of pupils.

Their house, formerly the abode of quiet, placid happiness, was now changed to a scene of gloomy discontent, and continual vexation.

"Ah!" thought the disappointed Martha, as she sat in her neat little bed-chamber, her hands employed in knitting, but her mind ruminating on unpleasant reality, "can this be the handsome, the all-accomplished Emily, on whom my brother lavished his praise, until it kindled into enthusiasm? I can see no resemblance in the portrait he so often drew."

But new fears, new anxieties, were again awakened in the bosom of Mr. Marvin. To his other ties, was added the prospect of one still tenderer, still more endearing; and the pleasing emotion, awakened in his mind, by the expectation of being a father, expanded his heart and made him overlook or extenuate the foibles of his wife. But these soon grew intolerable, and comfort was entirely estranged

from the house. Sister Martha knew not what to do. The pleasing hope of the expected heir, would have made her cheerfully bear the capriciousness of her new sister, for whom she would still have endeavored to feel affection, had the latter permitted her. But her aversion daily grew more inveterate, and Mrs. Marvia at length peremptorily declared to her husband, "that she would no longer reside in the same house with Miss Marvin." He expostulated, but she abruptly left the room, saying, "that he must decide between his wife and his sister; for one of the two should leave the house that day."

Never was man more perplexed. Sister Martha, to whom he owed so much! could he, as it were, turn her out of doors? What would she think? What would their relations think? It was impossible! but, then, his wife——! in her critical situation, with her violent passions.—There was no knowing to what extremity these might lead her. The most probable result would be the destruction of his hopes! He was accustomed, in every exigency, to have recourse to the calm deliberation of his sister; and now walked up to her little chamber. But, how could he consult her on the present occasion, when she was, herself, a party concerned? She perceived his anxiety, and affectionately enquired the cause. Hesitatingly he informed her of this new instance of Emily's perversity. This was the first time, that words had passed between them, in reprehension of their new connexion. The agitation of Martha was extreme; but she summoned all her resolution to her aid, and concealed the expression of her feelings. Then looking up, with tearless eye, "My brother," said she, "your happiness has always been the principal object of my solicitude; and I am not only willing, but desirous of promoting it, in whatever manner may be most conducive to that effect."

"Martha," said he, with strong feeling, "you have always been to me, a friend indeed."

"And I will continue to prove myself such. I must leave the house."

"Is it come to this, my sister? No; you must remain."

"The life of your expected child, must not be sacrificed to the spirit of altercation, and in the critical situation of your wife, the violent passion, into which contradiction would throw her, might prove fatal."

"My sister," said Marvin, "to what a different character must I sacrifice you!" and he abruptly left the room.

The forced resolution of sister Martha gave way at his departure. Whither was she to wander? How leave a home, she had so long considered her own, and which was endeared to her by so much content and happiness? And what compensation, what substitute would she find for the society of her brother? He, who was all in all to her.

"His happiness," cried she, "I will promote the happiness of my brother." She wiped her eyes, took her shawl and bonnet, and sallied out.

Miss Marvin had held little society with her neighbours. She had no familiar friend or acquaintance in the city. Her brother had been her sole confidant. Her rich neighbours knew little of her; but to the poor, she had been uniformly kind, and they all revered and respected her: for, though extremely affable, she was ever of opinion with the old adage, "that too much familiarity breeds contempt." She now directed her steps to the house of a carman, whose wife was a very decent woman, for one in their station of life. To these people Miss Marvin had once been of material service; and she had since procured employment for the husband. She was received with great courtesy; but the good

woman could not contain her astonishment, when Miss Marvin enquired, if she could furnish her board?

"Surely, Miss, you won't leave your brother's house, which was all the same as yours?"

"My brother, Mrs. Bleeker, is now married, and has a wife to superintend his house. I am fond of retirement, and will prefer your quiet lodgings, to the bustle and gaiety of Mrs. Marvin's."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Bleeker, "I guess how some persons can forget, for fine folks, and fine feathers, them who have, years and years, served them, and even their own flesh and blood."

"No reflections, Mrs. Bleeker. I only desire to know if you can furnish me with board and a bed-chamber? I care not how small it be, so that I can have it to myself."

"There is our spare bed-room, Miss; but the furniture is so poorly, or else I should have liked it much to board Miss Marvin, in our house."

"I have my own bed-room furniture, Mr. Bleeker; and, if you can prepare the room, I shall return to night." To this arrangement, her new landlady assented.

Miss Marvin returned to her brother's, for the last time. Tea was ready: but Mrs. Marvin, without deigning to speak, left the brother and sister, to partake of it together, and joined Peggy in the kitchen, where she silently drank her tea. Mr. and Miss Marvin scarcely tasted the refreshment. Their meal was likewise a silent one. Martha went to her chamber, and packed up her things. She then resumed her bonnet, and at the door met Mr. Marvin.

"Adieu, brother," said she, "I have taken board at Mrs. Bleeker's." He looked up with a glance of anguish, turned from her, and hastened to his room.

The silent hour of twilight found Miss Marvin seated in her forlorn little apartment, which looked into

a small back yard. Now was the moment of anguish. She had not lived in elegance; but she had always enjoyed comfort. Here every thing bore the impression of necessity. A feeling of forlornness pervaded her mind; she felt that, in parting with her brother, she had parted with her better part. He was the only person, that for many years had sympathized with her, the only person, who understood her feelings. They, who had lived so long in sweet communion; who had enjoyed so many happy hours together, who had, for so many years, been all in all to each other; who could alone appreciate each others mutual worth. They were now severed by an acquaintance of yesterday, by one, whose pursuits, enjoyments and ideas, were so totally different from either brother's or sister's; by one, whose frantic excess of temper, and capricious folly would not only render her unhappy, but embitter the future life of her darling brother. "And Theodore, that engaging child, he too, is banished, through your folly, cruel Emily. Dear boy, were you here, your endearing little caresses might restore a ray of cheerfulness to your unhappy aunt Martha! But, no; she must likewise be denied your company. Yes, I must remain completely forlorn, completely wretched." In a similar train of reflections, did Miss Marvin pass the first night of her banishment. She was an early riser; and, at her usual hour, she mechanically rose, and dressed herself. A shabby little girl came to call her to breakfast. She followed the child, to an uncomfortable cellar kitchen. A pine table was set out, covered with a coarse cloth, some cracked cups and saucers, of common crockery, with pewter spoons. Into these the prudent dame poured, from an old teapot, what appeared to be warm water; but, which she dignified with the name of tea. Brown bread, salt butter, and cold salted pork, were the more sub-

stantial parts of the repast. Martha could not forbear contrasting this with the excellent coffee, good breakfast, and comfortable parlour at her brother's. She suppressed a sigh, bade her host and hostess "good morning," and endeavoured to do honour to the frugal cheer.

The honest carman pressed her to eat, and lamented her want of appetite.

"Miss," said the woman, "finds our fare rather coarse. But a good relish and high flavoured coffee, can't be got for twelve shillings a week, which is all I asks her. She knows house-keeping, and must think how as a dollar and a half don't go a great ways."

Martha retired to her room. "I do not like the vulgarity of that woman," thought she, "but as she truly observes, I am charged at a low rate, and I cannot afford more expensive lodgings; for I must endeavour to make my deposit with my brother go as far as possible. He has now a family of his own. His wife brought him a fortune, and must be supported in style; and I do not wish to be any further charge to him."

She was interrupted in these reflections, by her landlady's calling her. A cart had stopped at the door, in which Mrs. Marvin had sent all that belonged to her sister-in-law.

Poor Martha sighed, as she saw her things carelessly stowed in the vehicle; but assisted to convey them to her little chamber; and, for the remainder of the day, her mind was rather dissipated, in arranging things to her satisfaction. In the afternoon her brother called, but the observant curiosity of the landlady prevented much communication. He soon departed, and she again felt herself in absolute solitude.

The next day, she called at his shop, in Waterstreet. Here the clerks were present, which occa-

sioned a restraint on her feelings. She was at a loss for words. At length, "brother," said she, "I must draw upon you, to pay my board, which you will charge to my account."

"Martha," he replied, "draw upon me, whenever you please, and to any amount. While I live, you shall never want; and I have a thousand dollars of your money in my hands; for your original deposit has accumulated to that sum."

Sister Martha returned to her lodgings, and seldom was she now seen in the street. Her bible was her only companion. Probably in that, she found a comforter? No, for her religion had assumed the complexion of her mind. It was dark and gloomy. She studied the prophecies, and endeavoured to elucidate their obscurity, until her mind was tinctured with their intricacy. She had once been attached to general reading; but this she now entirely abandoned, and the more obscure parts of the sacred writings, alone occupied her attention. Her imagination became visionary and unsettled, and in endeavouring to apply the denunciations contained in the Revelations, and ancient Prophets, to present events and living characters, she grew listless and indifferent to the ordinary concerns of life.

Mr. Marvin sometimes called to see his sister, but he was loth to discover his feelings before strangers; and long intervals continued to elapse between his visits.

CHAPTER III.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing;
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

GRAY.

THE autumn passed over. The winter advanced, and all remained in much the same situation. At length, in April, happiness again dawned on Ephraim Marvin; for his wife then presented him with a daughter. His heart opened to nature, as he took the helpless innocent in his arms, and blessed it, with the first dawning of parental feeling. His heart expanded with love, and he embraced the mother with deeper affection, than when he first took her to his arms as his bride. Amity seemed restored between them, and some appearance of domestic affection. Was sister Martha included in this armistice? No; the gloomy hatred of her sister-in-law glowed more deeply than ever; nor could she hear, with calmness, the name of Miss Marvin.

The little Evelina increased in size, and infantile beauty. The father, one day, accompanied the girl, who was taking out the child, and bade her follow him. He presented the infant to aunt Martha. She pressed it to her bosom. A tear fell on the infantile face. She kissed it off. "Lovely babe," said she, "your birth makes amends for all. Emily, I freely forgive all you have made me suffer."

Three years elapsed. The brother continued to rise in the world; but sister Martha continued her solitary pursuits; and, to gaze at her brother, as he

walked by, was the only emotion of joy she experienced. Still she sometimes saw the child, and new comfort dawned on her; for the little Evelina began to distinguish an aunt, who almost idolized her; and often, with the persevering decisiveness she already displayed, insisted on being taken to see aunt Martha. Soon, the little creature found the way there alone; and, day after day, would she spend hours with her aunt; while her mother was content to purchase quietness, by permitting Evelina to take her own way.

The heart of aunt Martha expanded beneath the mild influence of this amiable child; and her gloomy fits of despondency fled away, as shadows before the sun. By degrees she forsook her study of the prophets, for the more enlivening occupation of conversing with her prattling niece, knitting her stockings, and mittens; while she again became quite a rational being.

Ephraim Marvin doted on this beloved daughter. His life seemed bound up in hers; but he had too frequently witnessed the effects of capricious indulgence, not to fear its influence on the disposition of this darling of his affections. He, therefore, endeavoured, and in reality governed her, with extraordinary equanimity. He curbed the imperious temper that already began to discover itself, and fostered the generous, open qualities, that glowed in her young bosom; and the little girl soon demonstrated the effects of education. She grew a docile, amiable child; and her turbulence gave way beneath her father's influence. Evelina loved him with ardent, engrossing affection, but feared to incur his displeasure, and a glance from her father's eye was sufficient, at any time, to check the latent appearance of waywardness.

Theodore still continued at the Connecticut board-

ing school, increasing in stature and learning. Mr. Marvin, in the peculiar situation of his family, delayed sending for him, from vacation to vacation. Time passed away, and the lad had attained his thirteenth year: the amiable youth thought often with the liveliest gratitude on his protectors; and still welcomed the approach of each vacation, that he might visit them; but that hope, was, unaccountably to him, delayed from time to time; and the poor boy knew not what to imagine, for he dreaded to think himself forgotten.

It was a very hot day in July, a ship was to be launched. Mrs. Marvin desired her husband to engage a carriage, and accompany her to view the launch. He pleaded unavoidable business. "You will not go with me? Then I shall go alone, and on foot," said the lady.

"You had better not, my dear; for the weather is excessively hot."

"I am determined on going," said Mrs. Marvin, "and unless you engage a carriage, and accompany me, I shall certainly go on foot."

Accustomed to his wife's unyielding temper, Marvin thought no more of the matter, and went out to fulfil his engagements. The lady dressed herself; and, disregarding the extreme sultriness of the weather, called on an acquaintance, who lived near the launch.

She returned in the afternoon, overpowered with heat, fatigue and thirst; and, after taking the precaution of mixing molasses and vinegar with water, drank freely; but the water was extremely cold. It had just been drawn from the pump, and Mrs. Marvin soon felt its chilling effects. Cold shivering fits shook her frame; and with the assistance of the maid, she lay down on her bed.

On Mr. Marvin's return, he found his wife in a vi-

olent fever. Medical advice was immediately called in; but in vain. She had, the preceding Sunday attended divine service, in perfect health; but, before the return of the following Sabbath, she silently reposed in the church-yard.

A melancholy stupor came over the husband. He had not lived very happily with the deceased; still, the eternal parting was awful——! Death was not divested of its terrors. The partner of his fate; the being so nearly connected with him, was gone, eternally gone. Suddenly called away; No time allowed for preparation.——She had gone to meet her Judge, in her unprepared state.——But God is merciful. His decrees are inscrutable. Let not man judge, that he be not judged.

At the first appearance of her mother's alarming illness, the little Evelina had been sent to a much esteemed boarding school, about a mile from the city, and there her father suffered her to remain, for the present.

But new cares and anxieties soon engrossed all his attention. He had been lately engaged in some uncertain speculations. These failed; and, notwithstanding all his vigilance, his name was shortly after on the list of bankrupts. This new shock nearly overpowered his resolution. He was walking on a wharf, that he often frequented, in the course of his business, sadly ruminating on his change of prospects; when he understood from the conversation of the master of a vessel, with a passenger, that a sloop for New-Haven would sail the next day. This attracted Ephraim's attention. "I have long wished to revisit my native country," thought he, "but have hitherto wanted leisure and opportunity. At present nothing detains me in New-York, I will then revisit my early home, and will afterwards determine on what remains for me to do." Preparations were

soon made, and on the following day, Mr. Marvin embarked for Connecticut.

The vessel glided leisurely down the Sound, Marvin seated himself on the deck. He gazed with a vacant eye, on the magnificent city, as it receded from his view. The innumerable ships, passing and repassing, from every quarter, could not attract his attention. The beautiful and capacious harbour, had no longer a charm for him. Brooklin heights had disappeared, and still he remained in the same place. They passed through Hurl-Gate; but the bustle of the mariners, and roar of the contending eddies had not power to direct his attraction. "What enchanting scenery!" exclaimed a stranger, who stood beside him; "What charming country seats! Elysium has surely been renovated in America, and located on each side of this estuary. What can boast-ed Europe produce, superior to the banks of Long-Island Sound!"

"Their wonted beauty has fled from me," said Marvin, rising, and descending to the cabin, "I no longer see a charm in any thing."

The following day, he was landed at New-Haven. He made no stay in the town; but took the well remembered road to his native village. As he proceeded, it seemed as if he were transported back to the time, when he had left his youthful home. The same houses remained, on the well known road. His identity was transported back, several years. His thoughts sought the channel of other times; and he proceeded forward, musing and pensive.

The hum of merry voices attracted his attention. The door of a small, rude, isolated dwelling burst open; and forth issued a noisy, merry throng. Ephraim Marvin paused. It was the scene of his quondam pleasure. He had entered his native village. This was the very school house, in which he

had so often conned over his spelling lesson, impatient to be let out. The very place, in which, when a few more years had glided over his head, he had drunk so eagerly of learning's lore, while his heart rose buoyant with hope; and, after conquering some difficult problem, he had proudly raised his head, and thought of future distinction and success, that undoubtedly awaited him, in years yet to come. He now smiled sadly at the retrospect. "My pretty lad," said he to a boy, who came hopping towards him, "what is your name?" "Hezekiah Lord, sir." Ephraim started. "Hezekiah Lord was my classmate. And you, my fair haired boy, what are you called?" "Nehemiah Newcobe, and here is my brother Asa, and cousin Amasa Boardman."

"Am I again a little boy myself?" said Ephraim, "for here are all my school fellows assembled, as when I formerly played ball on this well remembered spot."

The boys had, by this, surrounded him. "Where may you be coming from?" said a little black eyed fellow.

"True old fashioned inquisitiveness is still, I see, a plant of the soil," said Ephraim. "But, my boy, are you not David Holmes?"

"No, David is my father's name. I am called Samuel."

"You are? But what has become of young Samuel Holmes? We were formerly great friends."

"What, my uncle Sam? I guess how he is not so young neither. He has, I calculate, got some grey hairs. Here are his sons, Joshua, Moses, and Washington."

Marvin unconsciously put his hand to his head. He was strikingly reminded of the flight of time; but the buzz of the boys quickly recalled him from his abstraction. "And what is your school master's name, my lads?"

“Old Master Obadiah Mason. Don’t you know old Master Mason?”

“What, my old Master? Does he still keep possession of his school house, and his rod?”

“He holds the rod fast enough,” said one of the urchins, “as I guess some of us know very well. There he sits, writing the boy’s copies. Will you go in and see him?”

“I think I will step in, and see Master Mason; but who are you, my lad? Your voice is familiar to me.”

“Oh, I am Ephraim Marvin. All the village knows me; and, see yonder, how far sister Patty has got. I guess, if I an’t home soon too, to drive up the cows, I shall get a lecture from dad, and a darn good one too.”

“Your name is Ephraim Marvin,” said our traveller, with emotion, “give me your hand, my lad.”

“Oh, shake hands and welcome,” said the boy, “and I should like very much to know who you are; but here comes Master Mason.”

The venerable figure of old Obadiah was now seen, slowly approaching the circle, attracted by the unusual circumstance of his scholars keeping so long in a group, near the school house, after their dismissal from school. The boys gave way; and he saw a stranger, who by his dress appeared a man of some importance.

“Your servant sir,” said Master Mason, “I guess that you are coming from New-Haven?”

“You apprehend right, sir. I am last from that place.”

“You are, I guess, from your speech, an American; though I calculate you don’t belong to New-Haven; you come some distance, from some large city, not from Boston, I guess, but may be from New-York?”

“I belong to the city of New-York.”

“And, where may you be travelling to? You will

not go much farther to night, I guess; for the sun is far to the west. It will soon be going down."

"I am going no further than your village, Master Mason."

"You know my name, then. You have there the advantage of me."

"Do you not remember Ephraim Marvin?"

"Ephraim Marvin! What, my old scholar, that I have heard say was now so great a man in New-York? You are then he? Let me look at you; for my old eyes are rather feeble. Yes, you are the same, tho' I guess I should not have known you, had you not told me your name. You are welcome, Ephraim. Thrice welcome to Connecticut," continued the old man, shaking our traveller heartily by the hand. "I always foretold you would be a great genius, if they would but resign you to my tuition, and, sure enough, my calculation was just. They say, you are an Alderman of the city of New-York; and you were indeed once a scholar to old Obadiah Mason, not quite so old a man then; and as great a personage as you may be, I have held the rod over you," said the old man, chuckling, "but walk in the school house, and let us talk over old times."

"Another time, Master Mason. I must now pay my duty to my mother. I hope she enjoys good health."

"Oh, very good. The old lady is very well. I will but finish my copies, and will then step over to Asa Marvin's. You remember the way; but should you have forgot, here are plenty of boys, who will conduct you, and Asa Marvin's son was among them just now. Ephraim Marvin, where are you? You must conduct your uncle."

"Here I am," said the boy; "You are then my uncle from New-York. How very glad will granny be to see you, and daddy, and mammy too, I guess.

"Come, sir, let us make haste; but I will not be lectured for staying, now you are with me, and I guess little Asa will bring up the cows."

Led by his nephew, Mr. Marvin proceeded towards his native farm, which, always busily engrossed by other pursuits, he had not visited, since he had first left its peaceful harbourage, to launch into the busy bustle of the great world. He had, since that period, passed through many different scenes; but still, true as the needle to the pole, did the better affections of his heart, during many a solitary hour, point to his first quiet, unambitious home; and often had he almost wished he had not quitted the homestead. And now, deprived of his hardly earned wealth, his heart yearned to his native spot.

They came in sight of the farm house. Near the farm, some women were milking.

"Oh, Asa has brought up the Cows," said his young companion, "there is Mammy, Molly, and Patty, milking them; but, come in, Granny is in the kitchen."

An old respectable looking woman, with a nice starched cap and kerchief, sat by the door knitting. "Granny, Granny, here be uncle Ephraim, from New-York. Come in, uncle; I'll go call daddy. I guess he is in the barn yard."

"What did that harum scarum boy say?" cried the old lady. A stranger stood before her. Her bosom beat high; emotion shook her aged frame. "In the name of God, who are you?"

"Mother, have you forgot your long absent son?"

"My son! my Ephraim!" and she folded him in her weak embrace. "My God, I thank thee. Once more, have I seen the face of my son. Sit down, Ephraim. How is thy family? How is thy sister Martha? Why did she not accompany thee? Does she no longer care for her mother?"

“Martha is well, mother; but she is not very fond of travelling; and my journey here was sudden and unexpected.”

“You are welcome home, Ephraim, thrice welcome,” said a hearty voice; and Ephraim felt his hand seized, and heartily shaken by his brother.

Mrs. Asa Marvin and her daughters, now came in with their milk pails. The matron joined in the congratulations. Their son Elisha, a sturdy lad, heartily shook the hand of his city uncle, while the daughters blushed, smiled, and welcomed him.

Now Ephraim laid aside his ceremonious consequence, and discovered that he could again freely chat, and be happy. A plentiful supper, of the best the farm afforded, was soon prepared, of which he partook, with the keen relish excited by his pedestrian mode of travelling.

Master Mason soon joined them, and many of his old companions and acquaintance also made their appearance; and, when Ephraim, after joining family worship, retired to the clean and comfortable spare bed, he found that he had passed the happiest evening, that he had enjoyed for many years.

Our citizen arose early the following morning. He found his brother in the farm yard; and they walked together over the parental farm.

“How happy is the life of a farmer,” said Mr. Marvin, “I will venture to allege, Asa, that you here find complete happiness, and scarcely know the feeling of anxiety.”

“As for happiness, brother Ephraim, I guess how that I am as happy as my neighbours. My wife is as good a housekeeper, as man need be blessed with. The boys are stout lads, though may be, they want some looking after, as you and I did of yore, brother Ephraim. The gals are well brought up. There is Patty, can spin a yarn with any one in the country;

and Molly, there is a gal for you. But, between ourselves, brother, she will not be long on hand. There is Reuben Spunker, the Squire's son, I'll wager you a horse, they will be one, before next Christmas. He was sparking here again last night, did you not notice him, sitting in the corner, when all the rest went away? A fine match that. Reuben will get the homestead, the finest farm in the country, rising one hundred acres of the best land in Connecticut."

"You are a happy man, Asa. I almost wish I had continued a farmer."

"Why, you would then have had the homestead, Ephraim, and I would have been in the new countries. Perhaps a richer man; for they say, that folks grow rich to the westward. But this farm maintains me, and mine. Riches could do no more."

They now returned to breakfast, when Ephraim related his wife's death; for on the preceding evening, he had so greatly enjoyed their rustic welcome, and congratulations, that he had forborne to arrest the display of joy, his arrival had occasioned, by the melancholy recital. He still continued silent on the desperate state of his affairs; as he felt inclined to retain the consequence, he found he enjoyed, among his country people, and desired not to excite their pity, or commiseration on that delicate point.

Although Ephraim had never visited his father's house, since he had first left it literally to seek his fortune, still, he had kept up a correspondence with his mother, and brother, and had sent them, and the other members of the family, many little presents. The disagreement between his wife and sister Martha, had been entirely concealed from them. They knew, indeed, that she had left his house; but thought that she boarded at a friend's through choice; and, as they always thought sister Martha rather odd, this circumstance had not excited their curiosity.

The mother had often sent pressing invitations to her daughter, to revisit her; but sister Martha could never be prevailed on to return to her native home.

The good old lady shed tears, at hearing of her daughter-in-law's fate, although she had never seen her. All the family expressed their regret, and commiserated the little Evelina, who had so early lost her mother. "But then aunt Martha will take good care of her," said Patty, and this suggestion consoled them.

It was Saturday. The female part of the family, were very busily employed in preparing pumpkin pies, and other luxuries, for the Sabbath dinner, which was, as usual, to be a cold one; for no work, but of absolute necessity, would be performed on that holy day. Ephraim had been sauntering about the farm, and come in, twisting a twig; he found all the family assembled in the best room, and his brother sitting by a table, with the family bible before him.

"My son," said the old lady, "the sun is now sinking in the west. The Sabbath is commencing. I hope, Ephraim, the fine city fashions have not made you forget the God, who made you, and his holy day: for, remember, my son, the Lord will forget those, who forget him."

"I see, mother," said Ephraim, "you still keep up the old New-England custom, of beginning the Sabbath on Saturday night."

"We endeavour to keep up the commandments of God, my son, and to follow the directions he has given us in his holy bible. That bible informs us, 'That the evening and the morning, (and not the morning and the evening,) were the first day.'

Ephraim bowed acquiescence; and his brother Asa opened the venerable book. Our citizen remembered how often he had seen it opened by his father. A feeling of awe came over his soul. He leaned his

head pensively on his hands, and his thoughts recurred back, to the days of other times.

Asa Marvin then read, impressively, several chapters from the holy book. A psalm followed, in which the family joined, with great propriety; for they had all learned to sing at the village singing school.

Asa Marvin then prayed extempore, and this concluded the evening; for the family retired early to bed.

The next morning commenced with great seriousness. After breakfast, they walked to the meeting house. Ephraim gave his arm to his mother, and proceeded pensively along. Again his mind recurred to former times. The meeting house seemed just the same, as when he had last left it. He seated himself in the old family pew. He missed his father there; but Asa occupied his place. "He is but another link in the same chain," thought Ephraim. One generation passeth away, and another cometh. 'This is the way with perishable man. A few more years, and we shall have disappeared; but then our places will be filled by others. We shall scarcely be missed.

The sermon began. A stranger occupied the pulpit. None but Ephraim missed the venerable figure of the former incumbent. "His place, too," thought Marvin, "is occupied by another."

The good old lady was pleased to see her city son so serious. "I see, my son," said she, as she walked home, leaning on his arm, "that you still remember your education, and have not forgotten your God, amidst the vanities of this world."

A plentiful cold dinner was soon spread on the table, of which they heartily partook; and they then attended afternoon service. The setting sun found them seated in the best room; the farmer instructing his boys in their catechism, and the old lady

holding forth to the elder part of the family, concerning the heinous falling away of the present sinful times.

The sun had now sunk below the western horizon. The children had finished their catechism, and, bounding with the joy of recovered freedom, passed out at the door.

The old lady resumed her knitting, but continued her discourse, the elder part of the family silently listening to her.

“Do you knit on the Sabbath evening, mother?” enquired Ephraim.

“The Sabbath is over, my son, the sun has sunk in the west.”

“But my sister and nieces do not resume their work.”

“We,” said Mrs. Asa Marvin, “keep Saturday evening with the old people, and also Sunday evening, as the ministers of the present day teach us.”

“Innovations are fast gaining ground,” said the old lady, shaking her head, “the Lord grant, they may be for the best.”

CHAPTER IV.

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
 And disappointment seems entail'd,
 O Solitude ! now give me rest,
 And hush the tempest in my breast.

GRAINGER;

And past those settler's haunts the eye might roam,
 Where earth's unliving silence all would seem ;
 Save where on rocks the beaver built his domé,
 Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

CAMPBELL.

Ephraim Marvin remained a week at his early home ; then became impatient to return to his little Evelina, and to settle his business ; for he had formed a plan of conduct, which he meant steadily to pursue. After taking leave of his mother, and the rest of the family, he again sailed from New-Haven. He now meant to visit Theodore, who was at a clergyman's, near the boundary line, between Connecticut and New-York. The grateful boy instantly recognized his benefactor, and flew into his embrace. Mr. Marvin found him much grown, and heard from the principal of the academy, a very favorable account of his adopted son's improvement. Theodore made many enquiries concerning aunt Martha ; was very inquisitive about the little girl introduced into the family, since he had left it, and wept on hearing of Mrs. Marvin's death ; but his heart bounded with joy, when he understood, he was to return with his benefactor to New-York.

The next day they were both landed at the battery. Theodore could not contain his admiration of that elegant promenade. Mr. Marvin left the little Frenchman at aunt Martha's, and hastened to visit his daughter, whom he found very glad to see him, and very impatient to return to the city. The following day, Mr. Marvin devoted to settling his busi-

ness, and soon brought all his creditors to a compromise, as they were perfectly convinced of his honourable dealing, and that his failure proceeded from unavoidable misfortunes; and when all was settled, they presented him with five hundred dollars, out of the proceeds of the property he had delivered up to them; and one who had purchased the house, in which Mr. Marvin resided, desired him to retain it, until he should have adjusted his future plans.

These courtesies were balm to the wounded mind of our citizen, as they convinced him that his reputation was still unsullied in public estimation. He then called on sister Martha, and gave her a pretty diffuse account of his visit to Connecticut. The good maiden was so delighted at finding her brother again so communicative, that she scarcely thought of condoling with him on his failure.

“But Martha, I have to begin the world once more.”

“Sure enough, brother, and what mean you to do?”

“Sister Martha, I am tired of the city. I am now sensible of the little happiness, that honours and riches can yield. And, independently of that conviction, I cannot now reconcile my mind to commence business in the humble manner we once did, and live our former scenes over again. My heart has suffered much in this city. I must leave it. I have been delighted with the happiness my brother enjoys on his farm. How healthy he is! I have been a valetudinarian these many years, but will see if health and happiness are not again attainable. I will cultivate the earth.”

“But, brother, you have not a farm, nor the means of purchasing one.”

“Not a cultivated one; but brother Moses has succeeded on new land; and why should not I make the same experiment? I was brought up to farming, and understand it. Five years since, I was entrusted

with the sale of ten thousand acres of wild land, which was disposed of, at a very low rate. It then came into my mind to purchase five hundred acres for Theodore. I had the deed made out in his name. The land, thought I, will rise in value, and may prove a little estate for the boy by the time he comes of age. A few days after this transaction, Evelina was born. I then made another purchase of five hundred acres adjoining the first, and had the deed made out in her name. This suggested to me the idea of providing something for the orphan boy, should any misfortune befall me. I therefore lodged five hundred dollars in a bank in his name, and what I did for him, I wished likewise to do for my little girl. I have no longer the means of keeping Theodore at a seminary; but he has sufficient education for a farmer; and, should he be fond of learning, he will still have adequate leisure for study. I intend to settle on Evelina's land, and shall make use of her five hundred dollars, and the five hundred my creditors have left me. Theodore's must not be touched; but he will reside with us, and when he shall have attained sufficient age, his five hundred dollars will assist him to clear and cultivate his own land. In the mean time I will improve the value of Evelina's. We will enjoy it together during my life, and at my death it shall be her's. If you, sister Martha, can consent to go into the woods with us, and will once more take upon you the management of my house, you need not dread being ever again supplanted by another mistress."

"Consent to go into the woods! Yes indeed, brother; I will go with you any where. I am delighted with your plan, and trust you will not lose by my management; for I was likewise reared on a farm; but I have no more money to offer you; for mine must have been expended long since."

"You have still a thousand dollars, Martha; for when you left my house, I lodged your property in a bank, where the interest has continued to accumulate; but I do not now require your money. Let it remain where it is, to be at your command, in case of any unforeseen emergency."

"No, indeed, brother, add it to yours. We shall require ready money on new land."

"Well Martha, you can make use of the interest, to purchase what may be necessary to fit you out for the woods; but, take my advice, and leave the principal in the bank. It will be a corps de reserve, against any unexpected casualty."

Miss Marvin immediately commenced preparations for their removal to the west. She was delighted with the bustle this occasioned; for it amused and dissipated her mind, and recalled her former energies into action.

Mr. Marvin now brought Evelina home, and introduced her and Theodore together, recommending to them to love each other, and ever to consider themselves as brother and sister.

"You need not bid me love this sweet little girl," said the gallant boy, taking her hand, "for I did so the first moment I beheld her; and the dear little Evelina shall ever find a most devoted and affectionate brother, in the grateful Theodore."

"Do you then love me, Theodore?" said the little girl, "well then I will love you too," and she put her arm around his neck, and kissed him. "I never saw you before, Theodore, but still I know you very well; for aunt Martha has often talked to me about you."

"What a happy boy am I," he replied, "I have a dear little sister, and such kind protectors. Heaven who bereaved me of my natural guardians, has amply repaid me for their loss."

Mr. Marvin was delighted with this pleasing agreement between them. "Always love each other, my children," said he, taking a hand of each, "and you will materially contribute to the happiness of your father."

Previously to removing from the city, Mr. Marvin paid a visit to Mr. Vanderhausen. The good farmer received his old friend not the less cordially, that the news of his failure had already reached him; and he and Mr. Vanderhausen strove by every attention to console the bankrupt. Marvin then requested of the farmer an assortment of choice seeds; that the good man prided himself much in possessing; and also directions for using them. Vanderhausen instantly set about making the selection, and being alone with his protegee, "I don't want to discourage you, Mr. Marvin," said he, "but am thinking you will find it rather difficult to work hard, and clear new land: you that have so long lived the life of a gentleman."

"Resolution and perseverance will conquer many difficulties, Mr. Vanderhausen. I was reared a farmer, and nature endowed me with a strong constitution, which has indeed been weakened by the inactivity of a city life. Still I am confident, that an and exercise will render me robust; and restore my former health and strength."

"That may be, Mr. Marvin; yet, clearing a new farm is very hard work, and in them there new countries, they say there is no such thing as hiring a hand; all being engaged in clearing for themselves; and then, when a hand is to be had, the wages are so very high; and you will have no women folks with you but Miss Marvin, and that delicate little Evelina. Though, if you could get a black or two, with their assistance you might do pretty well."

"I have not the means of purchasing blacks, Mr.

Vanderhausen, and to hire them to come with me, would be too expensive."

"Well," said the benevolent farmer, "I have more of them than I know what to do with. My blacks have multiplied so fast, that they are now in my way; for I will not dispose of them to hard masters, whom they or I know nothing about; and should I give them their freedom, that would not be doing themselves good, nor any one else; for I never found a negro brought up in slavery, make a good freeman. You shall then take a couple off my hands, which will greatly oblige me. There is Lany, whose mother is dead; she has no relations in the family, and Minny's daughters are continually teasing her. She thinks all the world of Miss Marvin, and took a great fancy to your little girl, when she was here with her mother last summer. Let her go. She is a smart wench of eighteen, and will be of great service to Miss Marvin. And there is your old friend Cato; a sturdy fellow that. He is just turned of twenty. His mother has brought us six boys. So she will not miss this one; and we have enough of five on the farm; that I am sure of."

"But, Mr. Vanderhausen, I have not, consistently with my other arrangements, the means of reimbursing you."

"Oh, tush man! 'Tis I will be the gainer," replied the farmer, "in getting rid of some of my grown family; but if you must need think of reimbursement, wait till you have cleared your farm, and become once more a forehanded man. Then, if you choose, you may make my wife and daughter some little present."

"Well, Mr. Vanderhausen," said Marvin, "I accept your kind and generous offer; and I trust the time will come, when I shall have the means of repaying you, as you deserve."

The following morning, the wagon was prepared, which the good farmer freighted with a selection of his choicest seeds. In the back were seated, grinning as they went along, Cato and Lany; while Anthony Vanderhausen and Mr. Marvin, occupied the front seat.

Ephraim Marvin now purchased farming utensils, and other necessaries proper for a new farm; among which was a box of window glass, and a proper supply of strong clothing, sufficient to last until they should be enabled to make their own. All these, with the family and the two blacks, were embarked on board a sloop for Albany. On reaching that city, our traveller purchased a strong span of horses and a large covered wagon, which entirely excluded the rain and sun. Into this the family & baggage were arranged, and away they drove. Cato was now of admirable use; for he had been accustomed to driving teams at Vanderhausen farm. It was the latter end of August, and the weather extremely warm. Marvin found the heat intolerable, and gladly reposed himself under the shelter of the wagon, while the negro, enjoying the burning rays of the sun, drove along with high glee, and Theodore who had contracted a great familiarity with Cato, mostly kept his seat beside him.

But the vehicle, covered as it was, was not without an opening, through which Marvin and his sister could see and admire the charming vale; that lay on each side of the Mohawk. At length they arrived at Utica. This was in 1807; and Utica, an inconsiderable village, displayed but little prospect of the importance to which it has since arisen. There our travellers remained several days, which Mr. Marvin employed in collecting information concerning his land, the settlers in the vicinity, &c. He learned, that it was indeed a new place, in every as-

adaptation of the term. Still his courage did not falter; for his determination was fixed, to proceed with his undertaking.

At Utica, they renewed their stores; for they carried their provisions along with them; and then again set forward on their travels. They had no guide; but drove along the high road, as they were directed. The first night they found accommodations at a rude public house, and the next at a small hut, clumsily built with logs.

On the third day, the road began to grow wild indeed! It was cut through the wilderness; while, on each side of them, arose in sombre majesty, the immense trees of the forest, some of which had probably been growing since the first subsiding of the deluge. The underbrush, closely interwoven with the trunks, filled up each intermediate space; while the sameness of the scene was only relieved by one occasional small clearing, at uncertain intervals, in which a log cabin reared its humble head. From these a number of ragged children gathered round the door; while others filled with their heads the otherwise vacant window frame. Young Theodore pitied them greatly. "My son," said Mr. Marvin, "weigh not happiness by outward glare, but by its intrinsic value. Tell those children, that you pity them, and they will wonder what you mean. They possess necessary food and wild beauty, and are unacquainted with any higher source of enjoyment. These children of the forest would languish in the seminary, where you have been educated. These very persons are in the high road to wealth. Pass this road, a few years hence, and the change then displayed to your view will appear the effect of magic. The manners of the inhabitants will then ameliorate. Education and refinement, arts and sciences will gradually follow."

Theodore, who had a great respect for the opinions of his protector, no longer pitied the little foresters; but would gladly have sought some acquaintance with them, had they remained stationary a sufficient time for him to make the attempt.

The sun was fast sinking below the majestic trees of the illimitable forest. The horses, fatigued with their long journey, proceeded but slowly, notwithstanding the chirping and whooping of Cato. At length the sun's parting rays were scarcely perceptible amidst the thick underbrush of the wilderness.

"How dark it is getting," said the little Evelina, "shall we not soon come to a house, Papa? Oh! my limbs are so cramped, that I am afraid I shall never run again."

"Never fear, but you will run fast enough, my dear, when you are set upon the ground. But, Cato, cannot you mend the snail pace of these horses?"

"No, indeed, massa; the horses go no more for Cato. I whip, I chirrup. All for nothing. Get up, you lazy tings, get up," said he, beating them; but the animals proceeded no faster.

Marvin gazed around, but no clearing met his view. All was dark and impenetrable. The sun was no longer discernible. His parting rays had disappeared. The road now grew very intricate. It seemed to branch into several directions, and Cato, at a loss how to proceed, stood irresolute.

"Ah, massa, there be so many roads, all the same as no road; what must I do?"

Mr. Marvin looked eagerly around. His perplexity increased. He descended from the wagon, and walked round the openings; but the true direction of the road could not be ascertained.

Cato saw his perplexity, and giving the reins to Theodore, "Hold fast, young massa; no be afraid, misse; no fear, little misse. The horses be tired; they can't run; they can't move."

He flew to join his master. "What can we do, massa?"

"I cannot devise any expedient," said Mr. Marvin. Cato ran up several of the openings; but they were all so very similar, that he returned as uncertain as ever. The gloom of evening now enveloped them, and they could scarcely discern each other.

"Hark! Is not that the howling of wolves?" cried Lany.

"Silence your childish fears," said Mr. Marvin, "but we must decide on something."

"Hush, hush, massa," cried Cato, "I tink I hear steps."

They listened in silence. The footsteps became more distinct. They gazed in the direction of the sound. A heavy tread approached; but the gloom was too deep to distinguish any thing. An incongruous mass of motion came near. The white eyeballs of Cato seemed starting from their sockets.

"Well met, dears," said a voice; "and where may you be travelling to?"

It was a pedler with a pack, whose brogue declared him a native of Hibernia.

"O, you are welcome indeed," said Mr. Marvin, "you may most probably extricate us from our perplexity. We are travelling to the westward, to Tonnewonte. Can you direct us in the right road? for it here appears to branch out in several directions."

"The road does indeed divide here, for several different places," said the pedlar, "but, arrah dears, it is me can guide you; for I am going a bit of the way to Buffalo myself."

"How far is it to where we can procure lodgings?" enquired our traveller.

"As for lodgings, if it be a tavern you mane, where you can find beds, it is many a long mile; but if you

mane a private house, there is Habakkah Jones, lives a bit of five miles off. It is true, his house is small, and there is but one bed in the room below, and he has ten children, but then there is the loft and the little snug barn he has built."

"Is that the nearest house?"

"Arrah yes, dears, and the only near house for seven miles."

"Papa, papa," cried Evelina, "it is quite dark. When are we to come to a house?"

"Och, and indeed, you have a family here," said Pat? "Och, you had better make haste, if you want to reach Habakkah Jones's to night. 'Come Mr. Blackee, drive forward your horses, I will walk before."

Cato took his seat, lashed and chirped, but all his endeavors would not make the animals mend their snail pace.

"I am thinking, honeys," said the Pedlar, "that at this rate, midnight will not bring us to Habakkah Jones's. Now, I have a bit of a mind, you had better encamp."

"But the wild beasts," said Mr. Marvin, "they must be numerous in this wilderness."

"Make but a good fire," replied the Hibernian, "and I will warrant you, they will not trouble us."

"Many is the time, and oft, I've slept out doors myself. The ladies and children, och the pretty souls, they can sleep in the wagon, for no doubt you carry beds with you."

Mr. Marvin consulted with his sister; and it was at length agreed to encamp there that night.

"I will encamp with you," said the pedlar; "and may-be, dears, but I may get something fresh for supper."

Cato, all agility, soon kindled a fire. The pedlar set down his pack, and assisted to gather fuel. Mar-

vin handed his sister and Evelina out of the wagon, and adjusted themselves near the fire, while Theodore bustled about, from one to the other, and, after seeing Evelina comfortably situated, ran after Cato; and the pedlar, who had often passed through these woods, directed them to a spring.

The tea-kettle was filled, and placed by the fire; while Lany, acting under the direction of Miss Marvin, sought their provisions in the wagon.

The moon now rose resplendent, and displayed the wildness of the scene. Marvin gazed at the brilliant canopy extended over their heads. "It is very light," said Pat, "and it shall go hard, but I will get some trout, for my share of the supper.— There is a brook near by, and I'll just get out my line, and step back with the trout."

Just as Pat disappeared, the report of a gun was heard. Aunt Martha started up, very much alarmed. The report was repeated. Mr. Marvin arose and listened intently. Steps approached. It was Cato, followed by Theodore, with a gun on his shoulder, and a brace of partridges in his hand.

"See, massa, what I have shot for supper. Well, if we be left in the wilderness, there be no danger of starving, for it is as full of game, as the farm yard at Vanderhausen farm of fowl."

"Keep to truth, Cato, said Lany; for when the fowls be at roost, if you fire two guns, would you but kill two?"

"Now, hold your prate, Lany," replied the negro, "and dress the partridges for Massa and Misses's supper, while I chop wood for the night." Then, throwing them at her, but still retaining his gun, he seized an axe, and, going to a little distance, began chopping with a sturdy arm.

Lany quickly dressed the game, and, broaching them on pointed sticks, broiled them for supper.

The pedlar soon returned with a couple of fine trout.

“Your angling has been very successful,” said Mr. Marvin.

“Ah, now, dear,” said the pedlar, “leave Pat Murphy alone for fishing; but the trout in yonder brook are as thick as potatoes in the fields of dear little Ireland; and good reason they should be plenty, for there is no clearing for many a mile, and neither man, woman, nor child trouble them; except it be even myself, now and then, or some Indians or straggler passing by. But now, dears, you will see Pat roast them for supper; and a brave appetite has he got.”

Lany then spread a table cloth on the ground, on which she displayed plenty of cold provisions. Aunt Martha made the tea, and invited the pedlar to eat with them; and he, praising his own cookery, added his trout to the fare.

Our travellers sat down to supper, with an excellent appetite, while Cato and Lany, seated at a little distance, eat heartily, at the same time, rising occasionally, to supply the wants of the white people. The repast finished, and the remains laid by, they began to make preparations for their night's lodgings. Mr. Marvin assisted Cato and the Pedlar in preparing a sufficient pile of fuel, to last through the night; for it was necessary to keep up a fire, as well to dissipate the dampness of the night-air, as to frighten away the beasts, who might otherwise have proved formidable visitors, and the smoke also served to dissipate the troublesome flights of insects that environed them. Miss Marvin and Lany then spread the beds in the wagon. Evelina slept by her Aunt, while Lany reposed at their feet.

Mr. Marvin and Theodore were each accommodated with a quilt, a pillow, and a blanket; and

slept on the ground, with their feet to the fire, under no canopy but that of Heaven. And the pedlar and Cato, each wrapped in a blanket, threw themselves very contentedly on the ground.

The wagon had been brought near the fire, and the horses fastened to it with a rope. Each of the men had a gun lying by him, and in this manner they slept soundly through the night, undisturbed by the howling of wolves, or the croaking of frogs; while the pedlar and Cato, at the end of each nap, replenished the fire, from the pile of fuel they had provided.

CHAPTER V.

" Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the spring,
 When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
 When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale,
 Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay."

THOMPSON.

SOON as the day dawned, our travellers were in motion. The tea-kettle was boiled, and they partook of a hearty breakfast, before re-commencing their journey.

Mr. Marvin and Theodore walked forward with the pedlar; and the horses, guided by Cato, and refreshed with their night's rest, trotted briskly along.

In this manner they proceeded for several days, still accompanied by the pedlar, who proved very valuable as a guide, and by his facetious drollery served to divert any fit of the spleen, that might occasionally seize either brother or sister, when wearied by the monotony and deep gloom of the wide extended forest, or ruminating rather despondingly on the difficulties that lay before them.

The pedlar often left them, when approaching a clearing, to display his merchandize to the inmates of the log-houses, but soon rejoined the travellers, as his agility was more than equal to that of the tired horses.

At length, after many days hard travelling, and many nights passed in the open air, Mr. Marvin and his family reached the village of Tomnewonté, . . .

ate on the creek of the same name, at a few miles distance from Lake Erie.

The next morning Mr. Marvin, followed by Cato, and guided by a man who was well acquainted with the surrounding country, rode out on horse back, to view his land. The survey pleased him greatly. It lay on a branch of the Tonnewonté creek, and proved to be of an excellent quality. On a further examination, they discovered, on Evelina's land, the remains of a beavers' dam, and a clearing of twenty acres, made by those industrious little animals.

"See, massa," cried Cato, "the beaver save us much trouble. How soon, massa, we can here clear a large field, and have it ready to sow with winter wheat."

"You are right, Cato. Here is a good beginning, and we may, in time, have a fine farm. May we not hope that it will yet equal Vanderhausen farm?"

"Ah massa, Cato be grey, before this be farm like massa Vanderhausen's."

"Industry and perseverance, Cato, perform many wonders."

The land had been surveyed, and nothing remained, but to settle it. A camp was immediately constructed, and improvements commenced. Miss Marvin and her little niece lodged at the village while a house was building, but Lany was required at the farm, to cook for the men.

Mr. Marvin was soon known and respected by his neighbors, and the Bee he gave, to draw out logs, with which to construct his intended habitation, was numerously attended, while the guests were plenteously regaled with whiskey and spirits; and Lany cooked them an excellent dinner.

A sufficiency of logs was drawn, in one day, to

construct the building; and, shortly after, another Bee was given, to hew and put them together; when Cato shewed that he could handle an axe with any white man in the west; and Ephraim Marvin demonstrated, that he had not entirely forgotten his early dexterity, at his father's farm, in Connecticut.

Mr. Marvin soon had a convenient habitation to receive his family in. It was built of square logs, intersecting each other at right angles, the interstices being filled with mortar, and the roof covered with shingles. It consisted of a large kitchen at one end, with a fire place nearly the breadth of the room. The other end of the house contained a sitting room, from which were partitioned two small bed rooms; these occupied all the ground floor, and the loft served them for a store room and granary.

Into this house the furniture, brought in their wagon from New-York, was arranged, to the greatest possible advantage. The building was situated on an eminence, at the foot of which murmured the brook, as it rolled by its tributary waters, and, turning a mimic point, discharged itself into the Tonnewont creek. Opposite the house was the remains of the beaver dam, but the industrious little animals, while clearing the land, had spared two large chesnut trees, which crowned the summit of the hill, and now overhung the new habitation of our late citizens.

Miss Marvin was delighted with the situation, and took possession of her new habitation, buoyant with the hope of future happiness. Evelina was pleased with the novelty, and Theodore gratified with every thing.

Miss Marvin had a high opinion of externals and propriety of appearance. She, therefore, employed Cato to procure lime, and, with the assistance of Lany, whitewashed the whole outside, as well as inside, of their dwelling.

Their neighborhood was composed entirely of new settlers, adventurers from various countries, who came there with very little capital, and had simply built, each a log cabin, containing one, or at most two rooms.

Among these, Marvin's mansion rose pre-eminently; and their neighbors, judging by the magnificence of the dwelling, conjectured that the new settlers must be fore-handed people. With our coats out at elbow, and our garments much decayed, we may harangue on freedom and equality. With empty pockets, we may descant on the nothingness of riches. We may, if very eloquent, be perhaps attended to; but, let a moneyed man enter, and interrupt us with some trifling remark, our eloquence will then be unheeded by all present. They will be attending to the votary of Pluto.

This maxim was displayed in the case of our new settlers. All their neighbors were willing and ready to oblige them. Self interest certainly mixed with their feelings; for, if Mr. Marvin gave a bee, all invited were sure to be well entertained. If he purchased any thing, or hired assistance, he was sure to pay in ready money. This was very satisfactory in a newly settled country, where money was very scarce. So Mr. Marvin instantly rose into a man of consequence. This flattered his vanity, and rendered him highly pleased with his situation.

Our new settler and his negro immediately set about preparing the partially cleared land for sowing a crop of winter wheat; and, with a little assistance, they actually prepared fifteen acres that season.

This was a good beginning. Mr. Marvin had high hopes of success. He felt his health and animal spirits improve with constant exercise, and his

life was now unimbittered by domestic uneasiness. On his return home from his labor, his little Evelina flew to receive her father. A blazing fire, clean hearth, and comfortable supper awaited him. Aunt Martha always received her brother with a cheerful smile. Ah, thought Marvin, how could I thus flit away the best years of my existence! Hitherto I have only dreamed of happiness. Now I begin to realize it.

But he had constant employment, even after his fall crop was sown. Every morning, with the rising sun, Mr. Marvin, Theodore and Cato, set out to work. They were busily employed in preparing a pasture ground, and in clearing land, on which they meant to raise, the following year, a crop of indian corn, pumpkins, and potatoes, not only for family use, but also to feed the stock that was to be purchased, and of which, during the first year, they very much felt the want.

Lany was very diligent in her department, while aunt Martha, besides superintending the household concerns, prepared stockings and mittens, for the whole family. Evelina was busily occupied in learning to knit and sew, and frequently ran about with Theodore. Thus the languor of ennui found no place in this dwelling, although inhabited by those who had so recently enjoyed the conveniences and refinements of the polished city of New-York, and were now suddenly transported into the depths of the wilderness.

In this manner passed the winter. In January and February, great quantities of snow had fallen. The month of March had arrived. The sun was very powerful through the day, but was succeeded by sharp frosts during the night, a good season this for making sugar.

Cato and Theodore had paid a visit to a neigh-

horing sugar-bush, and were very eager for one of their own; but, as they were novices in the art, Mr. Marvin engaged the services of Jerry Bushman, a stout young fellow of the neighborhood, who undertook to be manager of the concern. An excellent maple bush was within a quarter of a mile's distance from the house. Miss Marvin and Evelina walked out, one fine day, to see the proceedings; but, not knowing the way, they were soon involved in the snow, without any means of extricating themselves; for the heat of the sun had thawed the crust, and rendered the snow so soft, that it could no longer bear them.

Evelina, quite discouraged, began to cry, when her aunt advised her to be quiet, and listen, if they could not discern some noise, that might guide them to the path. But all was silent. They listened in vain. Evelina again made up her face for crying, when the stentorian lungs of Jerry were heard, exclaiming, "you lazy nigger you, will you not work? do you then calculate for me to do every thing? I guess then you reckon without your host. Bring along some wood and mend the fire, you nigger. Theodore, you lazy boy, make haste, and bring along some sap. There now, you black rascal, do you mean to make such a fire as to burn the sugar all up? Throw in some sap; be spry you fellow. What do you mutter? I guess, you black nigger, I have enough to do, to stir the kettle."

These were joyful sounds for aunt Martha and her niece. They now knew in what direction to proceed; but they sunk in the snow at every step, and could make no progress. Evelina screamed with all her might. Presently Theodore was seen, bounding forward. He caught her in his arms, and set her down in the beaten path, which had been concealed from them by the trees. But he could not

so easily assist aunt Martha, though he endeavored to direct her in the best way to proceed, when Cato appeared with a wooden spade on his shoulder, with which he soon cleared away the snow, for Miss Marvin to reach the main path. Theodore then offered them a drink of sap, from a vessel formed of birch bark, pinned together with a wooden skewer, which he took from under a tree, where it was placed for the purpose of collecting sap.

After drinking of this pleasant beverage, they proceeded to the sugar camp. Jerry was stirring the great kettle with much diligence. He raised his eyes as they approached him. "Good day, madam, a fine time this for sugar making. Will you taste some molasses, my little gal? Stop, I will put some to cool on the snow, and then it will be candy, you see."

He threw out two or three ladles full, but continued stirring the kettle, while Theodore gathered it up, and presented it to aunt Martha, and Evelina, who found it indeed excellent candy.

Spring advanced, and brought a new accession of joy to our happy family. The chesnuts, enveloped in green foliage, beautifully contrasted with the white washing of the cottage. The slope down the hill was variegated with differing shades of verdure, enlivened with flowers of various hues. Wild strawberries, and many other berries, put forth their blossoms. A beautiful green began to cover their wheat field. The vast surrounding forest put on a more cheerful appearance. Great flocks of pigeons kept passing over, and proved marks for the rifles of Theodore and Cato, and subjects for the display of aunt Martha and Lany's culinary skill. But this was only sport. Our farmers had to be very diligent in sowing their spring crop.

Mr. Marvin now bought a yoke of oxen, some

rows, sheep, and poultry. All prospered with him. Their harvest was excellent. Their poultry encreased. The cattle thrived. From the fleeces of the sheep was taken a store of materials for aunt Martha's occupation, to furnish articles of winter comfort for the household. Several swarms of bees, which they procured, multiplied very fast, and furnished an abundant supply of honey for home consumption.

The settlers encreased fast around them. The land rose in value, and appearances seemed to prognosticate, that Ephraim Marvin would in a few years, be a much richer man, than he had ever been before.

In the course of the ensuing summer, Mr. Marvin was appointed a captain of militia; and in the following year, received a commission of the peace. Captain Marvin now found himself a man of greater consequence at Tomewontc, than alderman Marvin had ever been at New-York.

CHAPTER VI.

O say, what language can reveal
 Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
 When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
 Disdains to court inglorious rest.
 And to the world's admiring gaze,
 (Each precept into action brought)
 In full reality displays
 The liberal maxims you have taught!

ROSCOE.

SQUIRE Marvin had been four years settled at Townewonte. He was now a man of substance, and had he been as near to market, would scarcely have yielded to farmer Vanderhausen himself. He had upwards of an hundred acres cleared. His farm was well stocked, and he had every thing in plenty around him. His outward expenditure was very little; for his provisions, except a few trifling luxuries, were all raised on the farm. Every year some new trees of his young orchard bore fruit; for he had planted it, on his first settlement, and had, for that purpose, bought the most thriving plants, that could be procured from the old settlements on the lakes. He had this year made a little cider, and soon expected to make it in greater abundance. Our new settlers also raised flax, and their sheep supplied wool, out of which the family clothing, bedding, &c. was manufactured at home.

Cato and Lany were married; and two little black recruits promised in a few years, to assist in managing the farm. It was now high time to erect a more capacious, and elegant mansion. Upon Theodore's land there was a good site for a mill, on the same stream that ran before the house. Here capt. Marvin had caused a saw mill to be erected, and had laid by the choicest timber, for building a new dwelling; and he now built a capacious two story frame house,

on the eminence, in front of the old log building, which then served to lodge the negroes in. This mansion was painted white, and aunt Martha had palisades planted down to the brook's edge. They enclosed the flower garden, in which Evelina and her aunt cultivated all the variety of Flora's kingdom, that they could procure. Cherry, plum, and peach trees were also scattered through the garden, and currant bushes planted against the palisades. The gigantic chesnuts still remained, overshadowing the house, and the whole, from the opposite side of the brook, had a very pleasing effect.

Theodore was now a fine, tall youth of eighteen, full of courage and activity, and Evelina had attained her thirteenth year. Capt. Marvin bestowed all his intervals of leisure on the education of this darling of his affections, and for this he was very competent, for to a strong mind, and good abilities which he had sedulously cultivated, capt. Marvin now joined knowledge and experience of the world. He soon discovered uncommon abilities, and quickness of perception in his little Evelina, and sufficient solidity, to engraft solid knowledge on her ductile mind.

During the long winter evenings, Theodore pursued, under the direction of his benefactor, those studies, he had commenced at the academy. In mathematics and history capt. Marvin was a proficient; and Theodore had made great progress under his instruction. The study of his native tongue had formed part of the youth's school education. He still spoke it fluently, and taught it to Evelina. The amiable girl was likewise making considerable progress in her education. Her father strove to render her superior to the fears and littleness, too often prevalent in many of her sex; and he thought that a mind well stored with useful knowledge would teach her to condemn the idle tittle tattle and inclination

for scandal, that so many employ, as a subterfuge for killing time. It has already been observed, that she possessed great strength and decision of mind. This, her father apprehended, might without proper culture, degenerate into materials for forming a shrew. He had therefore, from her earliest infancy, endeavoured to render her gentle and docile; and he had gradually effected his purpose. As she grew older, he taught her to regulate and check all excess of temper; and, to illustrate precept by example, he displayed to her many instances of the fatal effects of ungovernable temper; and taught her to regard what is generally denominated getting in "possession," as the mark of a weak and little mind, incapable of restraining its ebullitions. Evelina had sufficient powers of intellect to profit by these instructions, and would have been as much ashamed at being caught in a passion, as though she had been guilty of some act of meanness or illiberality.

Capt. Marvin had brought with him a choice selection of books. To these, Theodore had unlimited access; and Evelina read those that were recommended by her father. With these advantages, and disadvantages, our two youths, reared in the western wilds, possessed perhaps more real information, than the most forward scholar, in any modern academy.

These studies, as has been before related, were mostly prosecuted during the winter evenings; but capt. Marvin took every opportunity of exciting their thirst for information; and aunt Martha, who imbibed all her brother's opinions, and had resuscitated to her better self, since she had so happily presided at Tonnewonté, co-operated in all his plans for their education and improvement, until they had grown so interwoven with her own ideas, that they seemed also to have emanated from her.

Theodore one evening consulted the captain, on the propriety of studying a treatise on tactics, that had fallen into his hands.

"You do well, my son," said his benefactor, "to prosecute any means of information, that may fall in your way. Though, to a superficial observer, it might appear folly for a backwoodsman to be employed in studying tactics; yet a more reflecting mind would observe, that this same youth, may in some unforeseen exigency, by the information thus acquired, prove of great benefit to himself and others. We, my children, live in a country, where the meanest citizen may aspire to the highest honours, without having his birth commented on to his prejudice. In America, we have no real distinction, excepting education: for it is one of the principles of our constitution, 'That all men are born free and equal.' Yet, it is an equality of rights, and not of circumstances or success in life. Reflect, my children, and you will observe a great difference between man and man. This mostly results from education, though there have been exceptions. Some great minds have suddenly emerged from the greatest ignorance and obscurity, into the most dazzling paths of glory; but such splendid meteors are rare. We, my children, if we wish to be prepared to act with honour in every contingency, must steadily pursue all the means of information, that lie in our power."

It was not only the mind of his daughter, that engrossed the attention of capt. Marvin. He wished her to possess health, bodily activity, and courage. He, therefore, incited her to learn to ride, and controul the wildest horses, to run with swiftness, to accompany himself and her brother (for so he was called) in excursions round the woods, and to see with calmness the sudden appearance of any wild animal. Under the guidance of her father, and of Theodore,

Evelina also become quite dexterous in the use of fire arms. Nor were her household acquirements neglected. She could spin, knit, and sew with much dexterity, and manage the household affairs nearly as well as aunt Martha; while Theodore was as active and industrious, and as good a farmer, as any youth in the western settlements.

The offices of magistrate and captain of militia, held by Mr. Marvin, necessarily obliged him to have considerable communications with his neighbours, who all respected him. But aunt Martha had never been fond of occasional society. The only company in which she enjoyed herself, was that of her own family; yet she received the visits of their neighbours with great civility and complaisance: and occasionally returned a formal visit, upon a formal invitation. This greatly enhanced the respect paid her; and, in the minds of the females of the vicinity, the idea of a highly finished lady, and that of Miss Marvin in her black satin gown, were so closely blended, it would have been difficult to have separately analysed them.

The young people were more sociable. Theodore and Evelina often assisted at quilting parties, paring frolics, &c. when they pared the peaches, or apples, with equal dispatch, and, after the allotted quantity was finished, played at pawns with as much animation, as any Miss, or youth in the vicinity; and Evelina could quilt with any full grown young woman, while Theodore, with some other smart beau, would thread the needles; and, when the quilt was rolled up, they both danced with the highest glee, and greater gentility than any other of the company; for Evelina was all native grace, and Theodore, who had learned to dance at his academy, had instructed his little sister in the first steps of the art.

One fine winter evening, the year after the build-

ing of their new house. aunt Martha was prevailed on by her niece, to accompany her and Theodore to a husking, at a wealthy farmer's. Theodore bro't his new one horse cutter to the door, and assisted aunt Martha to get in, while Evelina sprang in lightly, by their side.

The road lay through the midst of the forest; but the moon shone brightly, and its lustre was reflected by the dazzling whiteness of the snow. The horse and sleigh bounded lightly over the level road. The good Mrs. Baxter received them with great pleasure; and, after assisting to dismantle them, in her large sitting room, conducted her guests into the roomy kitchen, which was stowed full of indian corn, which a merry party was disencumbering of its husks.

Aunt Martha was received with great respect. The most commodious recess in the corn, was assigned to her, as a seat; and they all again cheerfully prosecuted their employment, while the merry joke went round, and cider and apples were distributed as refreshments.

They very early finished husking the heaps of corn, and then adjourned to the sitting room, where a large tea-table was set out, loaded with apple pie, and peach pie, pumpkin pie, and custard pie, stewed apples, and dried peaches stewed; warm bread and butter, and cold bread and butter; dough nuts, and sweet cake, and cakes of every description. Of these luxuries the guests all partook heartily. The table was then cleared away, when a fiddler made his appearance, and the younger part of the company merrily danced to the music.

At length aunt Martha signified to Theodore, that the moon would soon be down, and they had best take advantage of its remaining light to return home. The cutter was soon bro'ght to the door. Aunt

Martha and Evelina embarked, and with them Phœbe Ann Anderson, a young girl who lived next to the Marvins, and whom they were to set down at her father's.

Theodore, all animation, drove rapidly along, conversing gaily with the ladies, when the cutter, shooting down a hill, was suddenly checked with the shock, and both its shafts snapped off short——. How to proceed, was now the difficulty. They were still five miles from home; but the log house of a new settler, was only at half a mile's distance. Theodore first taking the precaution of tying the horse to a tree, ran off, promising to return in a few moments with an axe and nails, to repair the fractured shafts.

The night was cold; the moon fast declining, and the ladies closely wrapt their cloaks around them, with a wish that Theodore might soon appear. Suddenly Phœbe Ann gave a loud shriek, and covered her head. The others gazed eagerly around, but their attention was presently arrested by a large bear, that was advancing towards them, followed by a cub. The rugged animal glared at them with fiery eyes. The shriek had attracted her attention, and she was approaching with rapidity.

"She will devour us," said aunt Martha, with seeming composure, "there is no help, but in the Lord."

Evelina hastily arose. Her foot stumbled over the rifle, that Theodore seldom stirred without, on foot, or in his sleigh. She caught up the gun, and pointed it towards the animal. She drew the trigger. It flashed in the pan. The bear glared furiously at sight of the flash; and growling, approached towards them. Evelina caught up the powder horn, primed the piece anew, and took aim again. The muzzle almost touched the bear. She fired. The ball pier-

ted the animal's head, and it fell howling on the ground. Our young American hastily re-loaded the piece; for she knew in what part of the sleigh Theodore kept his ammunition.

The cub began licking its dam, and Evelina, with the gun in her hand, kept her eyes fixed on the terrific pair.

Theodore, alarmed by the report, appeared bounding forward. "The rifle has then gone off," cried he, "how careless was I to load it, when so many ladies were in the sleigh! But none of you can be hurt; for the muzzle was so placed, that it could not possibly injure any one in the cutter."

Evelina turned towards him. "O, you have the gun, Evelina. It was then a frolic of yours." She pointed to the bears. "Gracious Heaven," exclaimed the youth.

"You may thank God," said aunt Martha, "who inspired Evelina with courage, to shoot the wild beast, as it was springing to seize her."

Theodore cast on his young companion, a look of admiration. "My brave little sister."

"Any person would have done the same in self defence," said the young girl. "Danger would make a coward brave."

"It would rather deprive him of his faculties," replied the youth, "but give me the gun. The cub may become troublesome, while I am mending the shafts."

He then shot the young animal through the head, when it fell dead by the side of its dam. Phœbe Ann gave another shriek. They turned to her. She was in violent hysterics, and had been so, during the whole agitating scene.

The horse, accustomed to the sound of fire arms, had not broken his fastening, although he had been very restless, since the first appearance of the shag-

gy animal. Theodore endeavoured to quiet him, and hastily patched his shafts, while aunt Martha and Evelina, by much soothing, partially recovered Phœbe Ann. They then drove on, and leaving their companion at her father's soon arrived home; when Theodore, taking Cato with him, hastened back, in a light sled, for the slain bears.

At breakfast, the following morning, capt. Marvin was informed of the adventure of the preceding night. "I am pleased with your presence of mind, my dear Evelina," said he, "I should not, indeed, like to see my daughter an Amazon; but I wish her to possess fortitude, and true courage, to be able to distinguish between aggression, and self defence; and to have always sufficient presence of mind, to repel any sudden danger, that may not surpass her strength."

Sometime after this, a neighbour came to inform them, that "Friend Hannah Reeves, from Philadelphia, who was making a visit of love, round the western country, would, God willing, exhort that evening, at Farmer Jones'." At this information, Cato was directed to harness the two horse sleigh, and capt. Marvin, aunt Martha, Theodore, and Evelina embarked, and drove to the meeting.

An elderly Quakeress was seated between two elders, in the largest room in the house, which was nearly filled with people of various appearance, collected from all the neighbourhood, which term included a circuit of several miles.

The deepest silence reigned in the apartment, when the female preacher arose, and delivered a sensible discourse, strictly scriptural. By degrees, warmed with the importance of the subject, she kindled into enthusiasm. The hearts of her audience were affected, their consciences awakened, and many retired with a resolution to amend their

future lives, and endeavour to make their peace with Heaven.

Our party entered the sleigh in a more thoughtful mood, than they had left home. Capt. Marvin had been frequently and powerfully awakened to religion, in very early life; but his mind, naturally reserved, was particularly averse to discover its inward workings to others; so that as he advanced in life, and had his attention withdrawn to other pursuits, the change was scarcely perceived by his most intimate associates, as he uniformly preserved the most rigid morals, and the greatest propriety of demeanor. When he left Connecticut, ambition began to dislodge religion from his heart. With improved opportunity, he explored a more liberal field of study; and experience of mankind gradually displayed to him, many hitherto hidden recesses of the human heart.

This weakened his belief in many things, that he had formerly considered as sacred; but, with the mists of superstition, and trammels of sect, he dropped much of the vitality of religion; and during his career of prosperity, was little more than in name a christian, though he constantly attended public worship. But, often his retreat to the woods, during the many hours of solitude that he was obliged to spend amid the deep loneliness of the wilderness, the early recollections and associations of his childhood returned, with redoubled force, and he was powerfully recalled from nature's works, to nature's God. In these hours of solitude, he found a vacuum in his heart, that religion alone could fill; and he endeavoured to find her. But still his opinions on the subject were, like his personal character, not perfectly similar to that of any other individual.

No place of worship had yet been built, in the settlement: but this caused little anxiety to capt.

Marvin. He was content, like the Israelites in the time of the Judges, "to worship God under the shade of his own fig-tree." He often derived much satisfaction from the discourses of itinerant preachers, of different denominations, who frequently passed thro' the new settlements. Capt. Marvin's house was always open for their reception, and his best room was occasionally appropriated, as a place of meeting; yet the owner chose not to join any of the associations they established.

Capt. Marvin wished to infuse religion into the hearts of his pupils; but he wished to establish her there, free from superstition and party rancour. His instructions were consequently rather indefinite, but calculated to excite the attention of the young, ardent and enquiring minds, that he was endeavouring to inform. They connected what their father, for whose opinions they had a great respect, taught them, with what they heard from the different preachers, who came to the settlement, and each formed a little code of their own.

Aunt Martha's opinions were also singular, and rather tinged with her former close study of the prophecies, but her religion was sincere, and had now assumed a much more cheerful cast, and her sentiments, originally elevated, had become more natural and consistent, during her present dwelling with her brother, when they mutually studied to attain the most efficient mode of education for their amiable pupils.

CHAPTER VII.

Blow, ye winds!
 Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
 Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
 Then let the trial come! and witness then,
 If terror be upon me; if I shrink
 To meet the storm, or falter in my strength,
 When hardest it besets me. Do not think
 That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
 As late thy eyes beheld. ARENSIDE.

AMIDST these avocations and amusements, the summer arrived; and one fine morning, a young neighbour brought Theodore the pleasing intelligence, that the great house at Fair-Valley was again inhabited, and William Parker arrived with his family.

Fair-Valley lay about five miles from Marvin farm. A pleasant stream ran through the midst, which, after a few more windings, emptied itself into Lake Erie.

Mr. Parker, a merchant from Philadelphia, had purchased a large tract of land upon speculation. On examining his purchase, he was struck with the beauties of this delightful vale, and built there a handsome country seat. He spared no expense in improvements on the land, which he retained in his own hands; while he leased out the rest, on terms very advantageous to the tenants, to induce them to settle there. It was Mr. Parker's delight, during the months of July and August, to retire from business, and amuse himself in this retreat with rural employments. During the last two summers of his life, he had brought his nephew William with him. Mrs. Parker's excessive fondness for her son would not perhaps have permitted this, but she knew his uncle was wealthy, and had no children; and, altho'

William was already possessed of a large estate in Maryland, well stocked with negroes, yet the prudent mother, thought an accession of fortune not a mere matter of indifference. Young Parker was then permitted to accompany his uncle to Fair-Valley, where his health was at least as much improved as his fortune; for the blind fondness of his mother had reared him in the greatest delicacy.

Mrs. Parker was the widow of an opulent planter, whose well cultivated plantation lay on Chesapeake bay. He had died when William was but ten years old. The widow could not trust her only child at a boarding school. A tutor was therefore procured, and the lad profited by his studies as much as boys so situated generally do. He studied when he pleased, and when he did not feel disposed for application, his mother desired that he might be excused.

If William, at eighteen, was not learned, he was at least superficially acquainted with every thing, and when he chose to display his acquirements, would astonish his mother and her companion Mrs. Maxwell, with his surprising erudition.

But, what was most prejudicial to William, was the abject servility of his numerous slaves, over whom he exercised the most unbounded despotism. Accustomed to command in every thing, he conceived his will to be an indisputable law; and, though gentle, when unresisted, he was extremely irritable, and violent, when his inclinations were opposed. Yet, born with a good natural disposition, William Parker still retained many amiable qualities. He had contracted acquaintance with Theodore, during his occasional residence at Fair-Valley. William was extremely fond of rambling through the woods with his new companion, and as fond of calling at Marvin house. The family

there, so different from what he had been accustomed to, highly interested his curiosity, as well as his better feelings. His emulation was also excited, to equal his back country friend, and this spirit of excitement had produced on him much good effect.

The elder Mr. Parker had now bade adieu to the hopes and fears of this world. He had left Fair-Valley, with all its appurtenances, to William Parker, and his mercantile concerns to another nephew, who had been bred to business in his house.

William had with much entreaty, prevailed on his mother to accompany him to take possession of his new estate. He extolled the beauty of the place, and its vicinity to the Niagara Falls, the grand resort of fashionable curiosity. He praised the good effects this jaunt would probably have, in bracing her nerves, and fortifying the general debility of frame, of which she was constantly complaining. Mrs. Parker would have preferred an excursion to some fashionable eastern medical spring; but William would not be disappointed in his favorite scheme, and Mrs. Parker could not pursue her plan unaccompanied by her son, and at length, worn out by his importunity, she acquiesced, and the family, consisting of Mrs. Parker, her companion Mrs. Maxwell, who was a widow, and a distant relation of the former, master William, and several household negroes, had now arrived at Fair-Valley.

Theodore hastened over to visit his friend William, the latter returned with him, and was kindly received by aunt Martha. The southern youth was much struck with the improvement the last year had effected on the person of Evelina, and complimented her so highly, that she blushed with surprise; for, totally unaccustomed to fashionable hyperbo-
lism, she was at a loss to conceive his meaning.

A mutual exchange of compliments, through the medium of the young men, passed between the ladies of both families; but aunt Martha could not be prevailed upon to call on Mrs. Parker.

Early one fine morning, Theodore with his gun in hand, called at the Valley, and, after breakfast, he and William set out on a rambling expedition, their pockets well stored with provisions. They met with game, and were so eager in the pursuit, that the meridian sun still found them in the forest.

The brilliant luminary was slowly sinking beneath the western lakes. The afternoon had been extremely sultry. Scarcely a breath of air could be inhaled. All nature seemed in a torpor. The wild animals fled to the highest eminences. There they extended their parched tongues and distended nostrils, to inhale the vital principle of corporeal existence. A few birds fluttered their wings high aloft in the air, then sunk involuntarily on the extended branches of the motionless trees, apparently through want of capability in the air to support them. Nature alone was discerned, nature wild, grand, terrific, undebased by the petty efforts of art to improve the splendid designs of the great Architect of the universe.

The surrounding stillness continued. It chilled the vital powers of animation, with a shivering sensation of undescrivable sublimity. Suddenly Theodore discharged his fowling piece. All nature seemed to start into a chaos of confusion. The noise reverberated from rock to rock, in apparently endless succession. Echo caught the sound, returned and prolonged it, in every direction. Myriads of the feathered choir started, from the heavy foliage of the forest, and fluttered over the deep hollow, from whence the disturbance proceeded. The startled deer bounded through the glades. The bear

rushed from his den. Wild discordant cries encreased the agitation, and tumult succeeded the apathy, that a moment before seemed to pervade the surrounding scene. On the first explosion, a partridge fell from a tree. Theodore sprang forward, and caught it up. "Are you mad, Theodore," said William, "to stop to shoot now!"

"We have then been mad all day," said Theodore, as he paused to attach the partridge to the bunch of game that was slung over his shoulder.

"But, have we not game enough?" cried William, "Hark! is not that the howling of a wolf? He will discover us."

"We have arms to defend ourselves," said Theodore, loading his fowling piece.

"Let us return home," said the southern youth, "for a storm is approaching, and we may perish in this wilderness;" and he hastened up the steep acclivity, that lay before him. Theodore followed with a firm step and intrepid air. His black eyes shone with the lustre of excitement, while his hand brushed aside the dark locks from his sun burnt face, as, on reaching an eminence, he turned to view the scene that lay behind him. His companion cried out, with impatience, "make haste, Theodore, the storm is approaching." The latter sprang forward and joined William, whose tall, slender frame, and delicate complexion, seemed, as he leaned against an oak, unable to cope with the approaching terrors.

Theodore again paused. he gazed eagerly around. "What a vast, sublime scene," he exclaimed.

"What a terrific one," said his light haired companion.

"How awfully grand! How-sublimely terrific!" cried Theodore. "See that streak of light. Observe those two portentous clouds. They meet

and encounter, like the threatening approach of two hostile armies, ready to decide the fate of empires. They meet! They explode! How awful is the roar of Heaven's artillery! The scene is too great for mortal powers. It transports me beyond this terrestrial ball!"——He turned to his companion, but soon forgot his enthusiastic rapture, when he beheld the livid paleness of undisguised terror, that overspread the face, and trembled through the limbs of William Parker. "Are you not well, my friend?" cried he.

"Let us hasten home, Theodore," said Parker; and he ran over precipices, hills and crags, scarcely seeming to meet with any obstacle. Theodore, impelled by compassion, kept pace with him.

At length, panting for breath, they stopt in a liollo, at the foot of a steep hill. Theodore gazed around, with the ardent admiration of youthful intrepidity. The scene was indeed awfully sublime. The sun had disappeared. The uncertain dimness of twilight, was momentarily illuminated, by the vivid flashes of lightning, that played among the branches, until the foliage appeared embodied with the electric fluid, and formed a splendid blazing forest. From the opposite hill, rushed a foaming cataract, which formed, at their feet, a perpendicular cascade, that, illumined by the lightning, seemed a splendid sheet of fire. The dashing of the waters forming a cadence to the tremendous peals of thunder, that shook the hills, while echo prolonged the intermingled sounds, in wild repetition. Suddenly a most violent clap of thunder burst over their heads, and the rain descended in torrents.

"We cannot reach home tonight," said William. Theodore turned towards him, and was moved by the paleness of his companion's countenance, which another flash of lightning exposed to view. His eyes

cagerly sought relief, and another flash discovered to him a cavity in the rock; when, taking the arm of William, they entered the recess. Twilight had now passed away; and night, cased in the deepest gloom, succeeded. The lightning became less frequent, and the thunder roared more distant terror. The youths scated themselves on the rocky floor of their retreat.

"We cannot reach home tonight," again repeated William.

"But we can, with the earliest dawn," replied Theodore, "and we may here pass the night, safe and dry. Fortunately we have refreshments with us, and William, what can we wish for more?"

"You are a brave young man, Theodore Marvin, you fear nothing."

"You are there mistaken, my friend. *"Je crains Dieu, cher Abner."* Yet I hope that I may confidently add, *"et n'ai pas d'autre crainte."*

"You may, indeed," said his companion, "you see nothing but delight, where others see but death and terror."

"Surely," said Theodore, "the countrymen of the immortal Washington, ought to be familiar with danger."——A pause succeeded.

"Theodore," said the blue eyed youth, "I would not be a coward for an empire. I hope I have not so basely degenerated from our brave fathers, who purchased liberty with their lives.—Yes, I could face death, unappalled, in defence of my country; but these tremendous storms unman me. I cannot raise my head against the artillery of Heaven. I feel as if supernatural powers were then leagued against man. My nature recoils from thunder and lightning with an inward unconquerable sensation of dread."

"It is an unfortunate malady," said Theodore.

"Perhaps I owe it to my mother," said William, thoughtfully, "you know how delicate she is. Her terrors at thunder and lightning are invincible. She never restrained them, nor concealed them from me. Brought up with her, I imbibed her fears."

"I have no mother," ejaculated Theodore.

"And your aunt Martha is not a person to communicate terror," replied the Marylander, "I believe she never felt it. What courage have not your uncle and aunt infused into that little cousin of yours——! You are an extraordinary family."

"My uncle and aunt are both respectable," said Theodore. "But, my friend, let us not forget our supper. Perhaps you may make shift, for once, to eat not only unattended by your slaves, but also in the dark."

Our young backwoodsman then emptied his pockets. His companion followed his example. The thunder had ceased; but the rain continued. They eat with appetite; and, after drinking the remains of a small flask of wine, that William had provided, they extended themselves on the rock, and fatigued with their previous exertions, soon fell a sleep.

The sun was just emerging from the eastern extremity of the lakes. Its first rays, striking the rain drops, seemed to transform them into as many gems, when our two youths appeared on a large wind-fall, that formed a rustic bridge across a swollen brook. They darted forward along a narrow path, that wound through the forest. Theodore seemed all elasticity. William proceeded gaily along; but the redness of his eyes shewed that he had slept the preceding night on a harder couch than he was accustomed to. They paused near a clearing.

"Will you come and breakfast with me?" said William.

"You had better come with me, and partake of

some refreshment at our house," replied his companion, "a few minutes will bring us there. We have already travelled several miles this morning; for our yesterday's sport led us a long circuit. A cup of coffee will, I think, be very refreshing, and enable you to return at your ease, to Fair-Valley."

"But, my mother, I am now very anxious, lest my last night's absence should have alarmed her. Perhaps she has not been sensible of it; but should I not appear at breakfast, her alarm will know no bounds."

"True, William, hasten home, and I must also relieve my friends from whatever anxiety they may have experienced on my account."

The youths were moving forward, when a negro appeared on horse back.

"Oh, massa William, massa William! dat be you, indeed; tank God! tank God!"

"Why! What is the matter Dominic?"

"You be then alive, massa William? All the family fear very much to find you dead."

"And my mother?"

"Oh, misse no know you be gone, all night. The storm frighten misse to, dat she go to bed; but misse Maxwell afraid that misse ask for you. She send me most every where. They be gone all night. Misse Maxwell up early. She say to me, I can't rest. Dominic. Misse will soon awake; take horse. Dominic; hurry to massa Marvin, and see if massa William be there. So here you be, tank God. Come massa William, hurry home."

"Good morning, Theodore," said the young Marylander, as he mounted the horse. "Dominic, you may follow at your leisure."

Theodore hastened through the woods. In a field near the house, Cato was at work. "God bless you, massa Theodore," said the negro, as his young mas-

ter approached. The youth paused. "It does me good to see you, this morning, massa; for I don't know how, but my mind somehow misgave me, when I hear it storm so terribly, and you not at home; but we all tink you be gone to stay wid massa William, at Fair-Valley."

"Then the family are not uneasy on my account?"

"Not great deal uneasy; but misse Evelina up very early this morning. She seem uneasy."

"The affectionate girl," said Theodore, hurrying forward towards the house. In a moment, he was over the rustic bridge, had crossed the front garden, and was at the door. Evelina stood there. Her features were not regular. A statuary would not have termed her handsome; but sensibility and vivacity beamed through her dark blue eyes, and gave an inexpressible grace to her person. Her auburn hair escaped from the comb that was intended to confine it, and flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders. Her complexion had lost some of its original delicacy, by frequent exposure in the open air, and her cheek was pale, but the softened hue of the rose was often lighted there, and as quickly evaporated. She was simply habited, but there was more grace than rusticity in her appearance. Her countenance, as Theodore sprang and embraced her, turned still more pale; then was as suddenly overcast with the hue of pleasure. "Ah, Theodore, you are then safe, my brother?"

"Surely Evelina has not been uneasy on my account. What had I to apprehend! No danger was near."

"Do you think I could rest, when my only brother was exposed to all the fury of a tremendous storm?"

"And since when has Evelina grown such a coward?"

"It is true, Theodore, that my nerves are more firmly strung, than those of females generally are, and nature has not inspired my soul with a great susceptibility of fear. My father and aunt Martha, have strengthened this happy combination, by their example and instruction. They have taught us to fear God. This is sufficient; for we know that nothing can happen to us, but through the permission of the divine Arbiter of the Universe, who is infinitely merciful, and will, in the end, produce good from evil; but, Theodore, I can feel all this myself; but can I calmly reason thus on the fate of another, when that other is in imminent danger; at least, what appears danger to my imagination, and that other, with my father, and aunt, the only interesting objects of my affections?"

"My little philosopher speaks well," said the youth tenderly.

"I am young," replied Evelina, "and can only respect the precepts I have been taught; yet I think that I can feel them too."

Aunt Martha now made her appearance. "Good-morning, Theodore. You have then returned. You spent the night at Fair-Valley?"

"No, aunt Martha, it was passed in a cave."

"Indeed! and were you alone?"

"William Parker was with me."

"It is good, Theodore, to experience, sometimes, such difficulties; for in youth, we cannot conjecture what our more advanced age may be exposed to; yet, had I known you were out in the forest, during the violent storm of last night, I should have felt much anxiety on your account."

"We were well sheltered, aunt Martha; for we found a very convenient cave, in which we slept dry and comfortably; and I never felt better in my life, than I do at present."

"It gives me pleasure, Theodore," replied aunt Martha, "to hear that you can bear such deprivations without detriment to your health; but I should have thought that the delicate manner in which Mr. Parker has been reared, would have rendered the poor accommodations of your cave very inconvenient to him."

"He had not time to think of that, dear aunt, for he was the first to fall asleep, and I was not many minutes awake."

"Fatigue is indeed the best couch-maker," said aunt Martha, "but come in. My brother is waiting breakfast, which will, I think, not prove unacceptable to Theodore."

Mrs. Parker was seated on the piazza the following morning, enjoying the cooling breeze, when William hastily approached, carrying his fowling piece.

"When, mother, are you to pay your first visit to Mr. Marvin's?" enquired the son.

"Why, William, am I not a stranger here? And is it not their duty first to call on me?"

"You forget, mother, that Miss Marvin is too old to walk five miles, for a morning call, and that she no longer rides on horseback. They keep no carriages, and her niece is too young to pay a visit, unaccompanied by a chaperone. And, mother, did not Miss Marvin send her compliments by her nephew, and that she would be very happy to see you at their house, and entertain you in the best manner she could."

"An old maid and a child are then the only company in our reach, at this blessed seat of yours, William?"

"As for company, madam, there are several very genteel families within a dozen miles of us, and you have excellent horses; but, believe me, you will find no society so agreeable as that of the Marvin's."

They are none of your common place folks. Miss Marvin is intelligent and respectable. Capt. Marvin is a man of consequence in these parts. You have seen Theodore; but, ah mother, you have never seen Evelina."

"I must then see Evelina," said Mrs. Parker, "we will go to-morrow."

"I shall then present your compliments, mother, as I call for Theodore, and say that you will to-morrow do yourself the pleasure of calling on Miss Marvin," said William hastening down the steps.

"William, William," cried his mother, "you will return to dinner;" but William was out of sight.

The following day, a pleasure wagon, containing Mrs. Parker, her son and Mrs. Maxwell, and driven by a negro, stopt at Marvin house. They were expected. Capt. Marvin and Theodore handed the ladies out, while aunt Martha and Evelina received them at the door. The first compliments over, Mrs. Parker felt embarrassed with the brother and sister, and turned round with a sensation of relief to the pre-existing appearance of the young Evelina.

After due praise had been bestowed on the house, farm, &c. mostly by the obsequious Mrs. Maxwell; "You live very retired," said Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, Madam," replied aunt Martha. "I have little communication with the settlers, excepting the mutual offices of neighborly kindness, that pass between us. But my brother has more intercourse with our neighbors, and the young people are more social."

"There are, I fear, but few genteel families in the neighborhood," observed Mrs. Parker, "you were probably ignorant of that circumstance, Capt. Marvin, when you formed an establishment here."
"We made no enquiry on the subject," replied the

Captain. "But, Miss Marvin, are you not fond of company?" "A woman of fifty, versed in the deception of the world, may well have lost all relish for promiscuous society, especially when enjoying as much happiness as I do, in the bosom of our own family," replied the maiden. "You possess a treasure," said her visitor, "in your amiable niece, who will soon be of sufficient age to share your confidence."

"Our children," replied Miss Marvin, "have indeed been a great source of satisfaction to my brother, and myself. Evelina is verging fast towards womanhood. She will soon have completed her fourteenth year."

"Would I had a daughter," said Mrs. Parker. "Her company would be a great relief to the irksomeness of solitude, in which I have to spend so much of my time."

"You generally live in the country?" observed aunt Martha.

"Yes, Madam, I was brought up on a plantation, and only removed from my father's house, to that of my husband. I but seldom visit cities, and then return home with much satisfaction; for it is there I most feel my consequence. At home every one looks up to me, and I then feel in my element."

"It is true," said Capt. Marvin, "that a long familiarity with one mode of life, renders a continuance of it almost indispensable. This demonstrates the propriety of accustoming children betimes to what is most consonant with reason, which, through the force of habit, will in the sequel, prove to them the most agreeable."

Mrs. Parker seemed always at a loss for an answer to both brother and sister. The wide range of their ideas were so dissimilar to her own, it required so much effort in her to answer them, that

she shrunk from the attempt. She now looked at her watch, and arose to depart, expressing a polite desire for a continuance of the acquaintance, and offering to send the carriage, whenever the ladies could make it convenient to visit Fair-Valley. Aunt Martha confined herself to one or two formal visits, but Evelina was more social. Her vivacity highly amused the southern lady, who found her rare remarks and innocent hilarity, a very efficacious remedy against ennui, a complaint to which the good lady was very subject. Theodore and Evelina were likewise permitted, by Capt. Marvin, to accompany their southern friends to view the Niagara Falls, and also to make with them several other excursions. This gave our young people, as their father had foreseen, a little more knowledge of the world, and of genteel society.

In the beginning of August, the Parkers returned to Maryland. Our young people felt a vacuum in their mind, at the departure of their southern friends. Those frequent visits had greatly withdrawn them from their usual avocations; they found it extremely irksome to resume their customary routine, and they now felt oppressed with an unusual weight of listlessness.

Capt. Marvin had not interrupted the preceding dissipation. He had been pleased at observing a new source of innocent amusement, opened for his darling daughter and adopted son. He did not dread their acquiring habits of idleness; for the stay of their opulent friends was to be very transient, and he foresaw that they would return, from this interval of dissipation, with increased eagerness, to their usual pursuits and employments, when the attraction, that withdrew them, had ceased.

He now took no notice of their listless demeanor and apparent ennui; but wished, by letting them

perceive the weight of idleness, to attach them the more firmly to steady pursuits and constant employment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Long is it since I saw him,
 ' But time has nothing blun'd those lines of favour,
 Which then he wore ; the snatches in his voice,
 And burst of speaking were as his."

Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
 " Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd ; but be sure,
 No less belov'd."

SHAKESPEARE.

BUT the business of the farm soon engrossed the attention of Theodore. Evelina once more occupied herself contentedly in household affairs. Winter returned, and they again partook of the rustic amusements of the new settlers, in which labour and diversion were blended together ; and now, by the advice of Mr. Marvin, Theodore began to clear a spot on his land, which was to be sown the next season, and the crop disposed of for his own private emolument. He was likewise to plant an orchard, and to continue gradually clearing his land, that it might be prepared when he should wish to form an establishment for himself. He had, with the assistance of Cato, who was always ready and willing to help his young master, cleared twenty acres during the winter ; and the negro was to have a new suit of Sunday clothes, a gown for his wife Lany, and a smart suit for little Pompy, who had likewise lent his assistance, cut of the produce of massa Theodore's first harvest.

Encouraged by these brilliant expectations, they laboured diligently to sow both farms. It had been a fine day, in the month of May. Theodore and Cato were very assiduously employed, in finishing to harrow a field of grain. The sun was gradually

obscured. The clouds collected, and became dark and portentous. Little Pompy, who rode the horse, cried out, "Ah massa, see it rain!" "True," said Theodore, "but, before we go home, we must finish this row." But, before they had finished, the rain descended in torrents. They left the field; but there was no shelter, nearer than Capt. Martin's house. They hastened towards home, while the darkness increased, so that they could scarcely discern each other. Pompy sat on the horse, Theodore walked by his side. Presently they heard the sound of approaching steps. A voice, in broken English, cried out, "good night zirs! can you shew us the way to some Hotel? No great Hotel in these forests, to be zure, but some place where we may eat, and sleep, for de storm be very hard."

"You are probably a stranger," said Theodore.

"Yes, sir," said another voice, in good English, though with a foreign accent. "We are strangers, passing through your country, to visit the Niagara falls. Our horses, guide and servants are at Tonbewonte village. Count Leuchenburg and myself were inclined to try your pigeon shooting; and so strolled out this afternoon, only attended by Pierre, to carry our fowling pieces. We have been overtaken by the storm, and have lost our way. Will you oblige us, by pointing out, where we can procure lodging for the night."

"There is no public house in the neighbourhood;" said Theodore; "but I am certain that my uncle will be happy to accommodate you, if you will accompany us home."

"We accept your offer, with thanks," said the last spoken stranger. ————— They all walked forward together, Pompy bringing up the rear, on the plough horse. The rain fell too fast for voluntary conversation. Silently they pursued on and

a few moments brought them to the door of the farm house. The blaze of a cheerful fire glimmered through the kitchen windows. Theodore opened the door. Capt. Marvin was seated by the fire-side. Evelina was preparing supper, while aunt Martha and Lany were busily employed in household affairs. Theodore entered. The travellers followed. Capt. Marvin arose at the sight of strangers, Theodore turned round to view his companions. A very prepossessing and genteel young man, with animated dark eyes, stood foremost. His companion was a fair complexioned youth, of noble mien, with a rich cap on his head, bound with a golden band. Their servant Pierre, with a very honest countenance, though observant eye, stood modestly by the door. The whole appearance of the trio was decidedly foreign, but from what country, our back settlers could not immediately determine.

Theodore spoke; "These gentlemen have lost their way in the woods, and I have brought them here, uncle, to claim your hospitality."

"You did right, Theodore," said Capt. Marvin. "Gentlemen, you are welcome. Will you approach the fire?"

"We accept your courtesy with thanks, said the taller stranger. The heat of the fire is grateful; for the rain has quite soaked our garments." Saying this, he took the chair offered him by Capt. Marvin. The other stranger had turned his eyes very fixedly on Theodore; but he now approached the fire, and accepted a seat.

"You must change your clothes, Theodore," said aunt Martha. "or you will certainly take cold."

"Shall we accommodate you, gentlemen, with a change of clothes?" said Capt. Marvin.

The younger stranger accepted the offer, with

many polite apologies for the trouble; when their host took a candle, and conducted his guests into another room, where they were furnished with dry garments; and Theodore hastened to his own room, to change himself. The third stranger then drew near the kitchen fire, and aunt Martha offered him a dry coat. "No tank you ma'am, but Pierre Schofbury not mind trifle. Dis be good fire, and I soon be very dry."

A cheering fire was now kindled in the best parlour, and a plentiful supper prepared, of which the strangers partook with the family. After the table was removed, Cato renewed the fuel, and retired to the kitchen, where he endeavoured to draw Pierre into conversation, who was nothing loth to chat with him.

The storm continued without. The rain battered against the window. The company in the parlour contracted their circle, around the social hearth.

"I understand, gentlemen," said Capt. Marvin, wishing to introduce a conversation, "that you intend visiting the Niagara falls."

"Our principle intention in coming to America," said the fair complexioned stranger, "was to visit that far-famed cataract, and ascertain the truth of the magnificent and sublime description given of it by tourists."

"The prospect will well reward the pains you have taken to see it," said Theodore.

"Will it indeed," said the stranger, his eyes brightening with pleasure. "If it but approach the description given of it by travellers, I shall not regret my visit to America."

"Count Leuchenburg," said the dark eyed stranger, "is enthusiastically fond of the picturesque, I tell him en badinage, that he is afflicted with the cataract mania."

"It is thus," exclaimed the count, "that Monsieur Le Vicomte de Luneville treats my taste for the sublime."

The young Vicomte smiled archly. His eyes met those of Theodore. He started.

"Certainly gentlemen, you are not natives of this wilderness! Your manners betray too much knowledge of the world, for that supposition."

"Six years will soon have elapsed, since I first settled here," said Capt. Marvin, "but I formerly resided in New-York."

"Indeed!" said de Luneville, "and this engaging young lady, and this gentleman are your children?"

"They are," replied Capt. Marvin.

"I must compliment you," said the stranger, "by observing that this young lady, lovely as she is, greatly resembles her father; but I see no family resemblance in the brother. He probably is like his mother?"

"I do not remember the looks of my mother," said Theodore. "You must, then, have lost her very young," observed the stranger? "She was probably of French extraction, for your family appear American, and your features are decidedly French."

"You must then be also French," said Evelina; "for your features, your smile, and even the sound of your voice, remind me of my brother."

"Do they indeed?" exclaimed de Luneville. "Excuse my seeming rudeness, sir; but is this young gentleman in reality your son? I think, on our entrance, he called you uncle."

"Theodore is my adopted son," replied Capt. Marvin. "Pardon my impertinence, said the stranger; but I beg to be permitted to enquire, if he be related to you?"

"I know not, sir, what motives may actuate your enquiries," replied Capt. Marvin. "The circum-

stances that introduced Theodore into my family, are not known out of it."

The young Vicomte seemed greatly agitated. "We are strangers," said he; "we have not been three weeks in America, and but this morning arrived at Tonnewonte. I can therefore be actuated by no improper motive, in respect to you; but I beseech you, sir, to relate the circumstances to which you allude."

Capt. Marvin cast a penetrating glance at the strangers. "The account," said he, "is not disgraceful to the youth, nor to myself. Why, then, need I hesitate to mention it." He then recounted the manner in which Theodore was confided to his protection. The strangers listened with profound attention. He paused. De Luneville sprang from his seat, and seized his hand, "generous stranger, cried he, we cannot express the gratitude we feel for your disinterested kindness. Theodore embrace your brother!"

The youth was astonished; but nature asserted her sway, and the brothers were clasped in each others arms. "Count de Leuchenburg," cried the Vicomte, "congratulate me. I have found my brother, and he appears worthy of our family. This is Theodore de Clermont."

The Count arose, and embraced Theodore. "Young gentleman," said he, "I am your cousin, and I am proud of the relation, for your appearance will not disgrace the noble race de Clermont, and the Marquis de Beaucaire will be proud of his recovered son."

"I have, then, a father?" exclaimed Theodore. "You have a noble father, and a worthy one, replied Count Leuchenburg."

Capt. Marvin cast a sorrowful glance at his adopted son. The youth observed it, and, hastily taking

his hand, "O my father! you have not lost a son, am still yours. Never shall the child of your charity forget the generous hand that reared him, tho' always conducted itself towards him with such unform liberality, such unparalleled magnanimity."

Capt. Marvin, though little accustomed to outward demonstrations of affection, now embrace the child he had reared as his own. "My son, said he, with strong emotion—

Aunt Martha had listened patiently to all that had passed. The whole mortal affections of her soul were concentrated in these three objects of her attachment; and now appearances seemed to indicate that she was about to lose one of those ties that bound her to the world. Every other sensation was absorbed in this. "Theodore," cried she, "surely, my son, you will not leave us?"

"Impossible," exclaimed the youth.

"But my brother, we have a father, an aged father," said de Luneville, "who pines to recover his long lost son!"

"I must see my father," cried Theodore.

Evelina had hitherto been absorbed with surprise and interest, but the scene was now brought home to her feelings, and she burst into tears. "Are we then to lose you, my brother?" cried she. "What cruel fate directed these strangers here? We were so happy."

Theodore embraced her. "Weep not, Evelina, said he, "your brother will not forsake you."

Her eyes instantly brightened with vivacity, tho' a tear still trembled in the eyelash.

Capt. Marvin had now recovered his self possession, he wished to terminate this afflicting scene and divert the attention of the company into another channel. He therefore enquired of the Vicomte how his brother came to be abandoned in New Jersey,

"I will endeavor to satisfy you," said de Luneville; "but must first give some short account of my family." He then took a seat. Theodore placed himself between Evelina and aunt Martha. All were silent, and de Luneville thus began.

"Before the commencement of the fatal revolution, there was not in France a happier family, than that of de Clermont. My father could trace his pedigree from the time of Clovis. The family had been very powerful, and the wealth of several branches had recently centered in my father. Our mother was daughter to the Duke d'Auxerre. She was amiable and intelligent, and our parents were strongly entwined in the bonds of mutual affection. I was their eldest child, and had attained my seventh year, when my brother was born. We resided principally at the chateau of our ancestors in the neighborhood of Marseilles. My father had, during his youth, served in the army with credit, but, on his marriage, had resigned his commission. Possessed of domestic felicity, and the society of some chosen friends, he had no desire for the gaieties of Paris; and my mother's taste accorded with that of her husband. But the revolution exploded. Their felicity fled, and was succeeded by dread and terror.

"My grandfather had married an Austrian lady. Her brother often visited his nephew, accompanied by his son, Victor, my cousin here present. In 1792, my uncle, notwithstanding the difficulties of the undertaking, again paid us a visit; but it was to prevail on my father to bring his family to Austria, and there await the result of the chaos, that was then overwhelming France. "No," said my father, "I will not forsake my country. In her present critical situation, she requires the presence of all her faithful sons. It is too true, I may be im-

molated, still will I abide the storm; but the Marchioness and my sons may accompany you to Austria." "No, said my mother; I will not abandon my husband. I will remain with you my dear Marquis." "Be it so," said my father, "though appearances are gloomy, they may not be so desperate as we imagine, but I wish to guard against the extinction of my family. Uncle, I will commit my son Louis to your care. I have often thought of sending him for a year, or two, to Germany, that he might acquire the language. We will now carry this intention into effect, and De Luneville's education may proceed with that of your son Victor."

"I accordingly accompanied my uncle into Austria. The estate of my father continued tranquil, during the reign of terror that succeeded. At length blood thirsty men sought his life, and the Marquis was denounced as an aristocrat, and an enemy to the people; and, but for the timely information of a man who had formerly been his valet, but then held an office of importance, he would have perished by the guillotine. The murderers surrounded our house, when my father fled through a subterranean passage, gained a fishing boat, and effected his escape. My mother was to follow as soon as possible, and join the Marquis in Austria, but the blood thirsty ruffians did not allow her time, for before she could effect this design, they again surrounded the chateau. Their poison had been disseminated among the tenants, and those ungrateful churls joined in robbing the chateau. They had an order from a revolutionary tribunal, to seize my mother and conduct her to prison. Imagine her situation, with little Theodore in her arms, the chateau filled with ruffians, and no defence but the feeble lock of her closet. She sunk on her knees, and sought the protection of Heaven. The door

was burst open, our unfortunate mother shrieked, and clasped her child to her bosom. But it was a deliverer who entered, Joseph was a favored servant of the family, had been born and reared on the estate." "Madame," he cried, "hasten to disguise yourself. I have brought you the dress of a paysanne." My mother looked on him as an angel from Heaven, and was quickly metamorphosed into a young paysanne. Joseph had, in the mean time, taken off the rich dress worn by Theodore, and clothed him in a coarse little gown and cap. "Now, Madame," said Joseph, "we will escape by the same subterranean passage that facilitated the departure of Monsieur Le Marquis, and once at a distance from the chateau, no one will recognize my lady."

My mother's maid, Marion, here made her appearance, but as she had nothing to apprehend from the assailants, she was directed to keep watch at the entrance of the passage, and entice away any person who might discover it.

My father had in the mean time retired to Austria. He there awaited my mother, but, receiving no tidings from her, his anxiety grew excessive, and he ventured to return to France, and visit his chateau in disguise. He found nothing but the bare walls remaining. In wandering round the place, he met Marion. From her the Marquis learnt the particulars I have related, concerning the fate of her mistress; but Marion knew no more. My father's anguish was excessive. He made all possible enquiry, but could obtain no clue, concerning the destiny of his lady. Our friends concluded, that the Marchioness must have perished, through the agency of the bloody government. My father narrowly escaped being seized, and again fled, almost distracted, to Austria, where he possessed a small estate,

which he inherited in right of his mother. Those of our friends who remained in France, continued their enquiries concerning the Marchioness; but no tidings of my mother transpired."

"My father joined the Austrians and continued with their army, until the conclusion of the war between his Imperial Majesty and the French republic. He then retired to his little Austrian estate, and devoted the most of his time to my education."

"The great estate of my uncle lay contiguous to the little one possessed by my father. My cousin Victor and myself were inseparable. At the age of fifteen, he had the misfortune to lose his father. Mine was appointed his guardian; and he then resided with us. Years rolled on, and the hope of meeting my mother, or brother, had ceased to exist. My father could not forget this loss, and lived very retired; but, as we grew up, my cousin Leuchtenburg and myself, often resided at his Hotel in Vienna. We also travelled together. The Count was very fond of the wild and magnificent scenes of nature, and we passed the whole of the last summer in Switzerland, visiting every part of that picturesque country.

"We were, one evening, benighted, near one of the glaciers, and were very much at a loss for a supper, and a place to lodge in; for the village where we had left our servants and baggage, was at too great a distance, to think of returning that night. While in this perplexity, we heard the tinkling of a bell, and presently perceived a little boy collecting his sheep. We made our necessities known to him, and he conducted us to his father's cot, situated on the declivity of the mountain.

"The mountaineer received us with great hospitality, while his wife hastily prepared us a supper, of their best shepherd's fare.

"Count Leuchenburg happened to address me by name. Our host started, "pardon me, gentlemen," said he, "but did not I hear the name of de Leuneville?"

"It is my appellation, I replied."

"Are you not from Provence, sir?"

"I was born there, replied I."

"You are, then, the eldest son of the late Marquis de Beaucaire?" pursued the mountaineer.

"I am his only son, and the Marquis is still living."

"Can this be possible?" cried our host. "I understood that Mons. Le Marquis had fallen in battle, fighting against the republic, and that the Count de Leuchenburg was also dead."

"You were rightly informed concerning my uncle's decease, replied I, but, thank God, my father is still alive."

"And your brother, Theodore, have you heard from him?"

"He, and our mother perished in the revolution."

"No, thank Heaven," cried the shepherd, "they did not perish by those blood-hounds, although America has proved as fatal to my dear lady, as France could have been."

"Who are you? enquired I, who appear so well acquainted with the fate of my family?"

"I am Joseph Le Beau, the servant of your mother."

"Gracious Providence? and how happens it I find you here, transformed into a Swiss mountaineer?"

"If Monsieur will listen," said the man, "he shall hear from me, the fate of his mother."

"The day we left France, Madame had sent me on an errand to Marseilles. I there heard what was intended against my lady, and hastily procuring disguise, I hastened home. I just arrived in time for

the blood-thirsty villains had burst open the chateau; but I soon discovered Madame. I took master Theodore in my arms, and my lady followed me, disguised as a country girl. The subterraneous passage conducted us to a retired place, at some distance from the chateau. We then took the road to Marseilles, sadly afraid of being discovered. We found a ship weighing anchor, and hastily embarked on board; nor thought of emigrating where she was bound. It was sufficient that she bore us from the imminent danger which surrounded us.

"Madame was quite exhausted by the fatigue, fear, and anxiety she had experienced. I assisted her to her birth, in the cabin; and the following day, she was in a violent delirium. I attended her with diligent care, and, in about ten days, Madame recovered her reason."

"Joseph," said la Marquise, "where are we? for my memory is very much confused."

"In a ship, my dear."

"But how come I here?" she enquired.

"I related what had passed at the chateau."

"O true," she replied, "I did not clearly remember; but where is my little Theodore?"

"Here, mama," cried the amiable child, who sat silent by the birth, that he might not disturb his dear mama.

"My dear boy," said Madame la Marquise, "blessed be Heaven who has preserved you for your mother. Raise him, Joseph, that I may embrace him." She kissed her little darling, who was in raptures, to find that his dear mama again recognized him; but the exertion overcame her, and she fell back on her pillow.

"The following day, Madame again noticed her little boy, and enquired whither we were sailing?"

"To America, Madame."

“My God! cried she, “and how shall we get to the court of Austria?”

“I never thought of that, my lady, replied I, “and, if I had, you know we had no choice. But, is America very far from Austria? For I had never left France before, and did not then know much of geography.”

“Far enough, my good Joseph; but send the captain to me,” said la Marquise.

“The Captain informed her, that he was bound to New-York. We were already far out to sea. There was no remedy, but patience; and Madame comforted herself with the hope of returning, by some other ship, to Europe. We arrived safe in New-York. Madame began to be convalescent; and we took lodgings at a French boarding house in Pearl-street. Madame concluded to remain there, a few weeks, for the recovery of her health, and then take passage for England, from whence she might write to Mons. Le Marquis.

“But we were soon involved in new difficulties. Madame had very little money about her when we fled from the chateau, and I had never had much money about me in my life. Madame had, however, valuable rings, and other trinkets. The sale of these paid our passage, and something remained, on which we thought we might with proper economy subsist, and even reach England.

“At this juncture, the yellow fever broke out in New-York, and Madame was seized with the disorder. I was in despair. My God! thought I, has Madame then left her own native France, to perish by the pestilence in America? It would have been better to have fallen by the hand of the regicides, which would have saved all this suffering. But no, it is better to fall into the hands of God, than into those of men. I attended my dear lady, with all the

care I could; and need had she of my attention; for the barbarous people of the boarding house abandoned her, and removed to the country, and I was left alone with Madame, and little Theodore. All our money was soon expended. We had sold every thing of value. The dear child began to look pale, and wan, and I was utterly at a loss what course to pursue; for Madame was too ill to direct me. She was indeed totally unconscious, which saved her much mental anxiety.

“She had expended the last crown. The little boy, who was always hovering around his mama, desired his supper. I gave him the last piece of bread that remained, when he lay down on his little bed, and fell asleep. I sat down for a few moments, in great agony of mind. It was then dark. I lighted a rush light, and brought it near Madame. She was in a stupor. Poor lady, thought I, little thinks your noble husband, in what a state you live, with no nurse nor attendant but poor Joseph; you, whom I once knew at the pinnacle of grandeur. But noble birth and great riches do not, it seems, exempt their possessor from suffering and want.—And your son! Famine and disease must now be his portion. I am afraid that contagion already lurks in his veins; and when the dear boy asks for his breakfast in the morning, I have nothing to give him. He must perish with hunger before my face. The son of the noble Marquis de Beaucaire must perish with hunger. No, he shall not, if Joseph can save him. In a mood of frenzy, I caught up the child, and sallied out. A boat was putting off for the opposite coast of Jersey. I sprang into it. On reaching the land, I again hurried away. I knew not whither, and in rushing forward nearly threw down a gentleman; I stopped a moment, and recognized a merchant of our neighbourhood, who bore an excellent character for gen-

erosity, probity and other amiable qualities. Immediately the idea of committing Theodore to his care suggested itself to my imagination. I felt assured that he would not abandon the child; and I thought if Madame recovered her health, or the Marquis reclaimed his son, we should know where to find him. I accordingly laid Theodore at the feet of Mr. Marvin, beseeching him to take charge of the innocent. Then hurried back to Madame, who still continued insensible. I watched by her bed-side. Towards morning, she recovered her recollection. "How kind you are, Joseph," said the unfortunate lady. "You continue faithful, when all the world have forsaken me. Where is my dear little Theodore?" I hesitated. "O he is asleep. Don't disturb him. May the Almighty bless and protect my child. May the blessing of Heaven rest on my dear husband, and on my son Louis. I hope, Joseph, they will reward you, for your kindness to me." The dear lady spoke this with difficulty. She then raised her eyes to Heaven, "Jesus, my Saviour," she faltered, "have mercy on me." Her head fell on the pillow. I hastened to support her. A lifeless corps lay in my arms. The spirit had fled to its God; for the pure soul of la Marquise must have been immediately united with its Creator.

"It was a solemn, an awful moment. Shivering with agony, I sat down beside the bed of death. Some tears I shed, but they were soon dried up, for my lady had escaped from the numerous evils that surrounded her, to enjoy unutterable felicity. The next day I accompanied the remains of the Marchioness de Beaucaire, daughter of the noble Duke d'Auxerre, to the potter's field of New-York. Sad reverse of fortune! Mournful proof of the versatility of fate!——I then crossed over to New-Jersey, hoping to take a last sad look of little The-

oloro. I entered into conversation with a negro woman, whom I found near the place where I had left the child, and learnt from her, that she had that morning seen such a child as I described, embark on board a vessel, with a gentleman and lady, whom she also described. Disappointed at not seeing my little master, but satisfied by the negro's account, that he was under the protection of the gentleman with whom I had left him, I crossed over to Long Island; and, having made my way on foot to its eastern extremity, I passed to the continent and then walked to Boston. There I entered into the service of an English gentleman, with whom I sailed to England. My master recommended me to a gentleman, who desired a French servant to attend him on his travels. At Vienna we made enquiries concerning my old master, the Marquis de Beaucaire, we were there informed that the Count de Leuchtenburg was dead, and that his nephew, Monsieur Marquis de Beaucaire, had fallen in battle. During a long stay that my master made in Switzerland, I became acquainted with Marguerite, whom I thought so pretty and engaging, that I requested my discharge, and resolved to settle in Switzerland. Marguerite was an only child. Her father left her this little property. I had saved wages, and we have here lived comfortably, these ten years."

"Joseph here ceased. His recital had too powerfully agitated me, to permit my expressing myself in words, but Count Leuchtenburg, taking his hand, exclaimed "brave and worthy Joseph; faithful and generous man, your conduct would do honor to the noblest blood." "Faithfulness and humanity are not confined to nobility," said Joseph.

"It is you, who possess the true nobility of the soul," cried I grasping his hand. "Thou benefactor of my mother; and has then that dear mother

survived to experience such bitter misery? And is my brother a destitute orphan in America?"

"The next morning we set out for my father's retreat. His sorrow was great at our recital. It amounted to agony at the relation of my mother's sufferings." "And your brother," he exclaimed, "we must recover him, Louis. I will instantly set out for Switzerland, and learn every particular from Joseph."

"The faithful creature was rejoiced to see my father. The Marquis was not rich, but his cousin Count Leuchenburg is wealthy. Between them, they purchased a fine little property, that was to be sold in his neighborhood, and presented it to Joseph, which rendered him the richest shepherd in his valley. My father was continually with Joseph, discoursing of my mother, and devising means for the recovery of my brother. The Marquis and his old servant were to set out for America together, but Count Luchenburg prevented this; "cousin," said he to my father, "I have long had a passionate desire to visit the cataract of Niagara. Louis and I will go together. In our rout we may discover your son; and if we fail, Joseph and you may then go."

"My father was prevailed on to agree to this arrangement, and we accordingly set out. At New-York, we sought Mr. Marvin, who was not to be found, but after much persevering enquiry, we learnt that he had failed in the city, and with his family was settled in the environs of Tonnawonté. Last night we arrived at the village, and this morning the Count proposed that we should leave our attendants at the inn, and only accompanied by Pierre, ramble through the country, as he wished to see nature in her wild and native domain." "Perhaps," said he, "we may likewise meet your bro-

ther." "I thought this very improbable, but willingly accompanied my cousin.

"We lost our-elves in the forest. Night and the storm overtook us, when, conducted no doubt by overruling Providence, we met my brother."

"When, on entering this house, my eye first glanced on his countenance, I was struck with the family resemblance discernable in his features, and began to hope that I had met with the brother I was in search of; and, praised be God, I shall now, Theodore, restore you to your father."

"Here the young Vicomte again embraced his newly recovered brother. The breast of the young backwoodsman was torn with conflicting emotions. Did this eventful relation refer to him? Did he then belong to the haughty aristocracy of Europe? Those contemners of the rights of man! And his heart rose indignantly in his breast. "I have at least learned the intrinsic value of man," thought he, "I have found it is not arbitrary distinctions that ennoble the faculties, and raise the soul, that emanation from the self-existent first cause, which equally pervades all intelligent beings! To debase and enslave man, is then to debase and enslave the Deity that animates him! These haughty nobles shall find, that the consciousness of true dignity and worth in a citizen, whose soul is filled with enlarged views of mankind, is equal to the arrogant pretensions and prejudices of birth, and the pride of remote ancestry, which is nothing but the time which has elapsed since they appropriated the collected rights of such a large number of individuals to their own family. **S**o, whatever a vassal lost of the dignity of human nature, was claimed by the hand that deprived him of his native right, and trampled on the being created in the image of God.—But man-kind, tired of this usurpation, have endeavored to

recover their natural inheritance, and in their turn inflict vengeance on those robbers of their dearest possessions, who had so long deprived them of the choicest gifts of nature!"

"And am I, then, the son of that suffering lady, the object of her tender solicitude, and did that amiable female suffer for the oppression of her ancestors? Must the innocent be punished for the guilty? Alas, the sins of the fathers, must indeed be visited on the children, and the vengeance designed for the usurpers, must fall on their posterity, who enjoy the fruit of their usurpations."

"And have I, then, a father, an affectionate father, who mourns my loss, who seeks to regain his long lost son? The voice of nature is awakened in my bosom. I must see this parent. I must visit the grave of my mother."

These were the reflections that successively suggested themselves to the mind of Theodore de Clermont, as his brother pursued his narrative. He warmly returned de Luneville's embrace. "My brother," was all he could articulate.

Capt. Marvin had listened attentively. Aunt Martha felt so much for the sufferings of the Marchioness, that she thought of nothing else. Evelina had listened to the narrative with great interest. She had shed tears at the fate of the unfortunate lady, the mother of Theodore, but her thoughts again recurred to the son, who was to be restored to the father, they now for the first time heard of? "Theodore," cried she, with native simplicity, "you will not abandon us?" The youth approached her. "Monsieur de Clermont has a father who requires his presence," said Count Leuchtenburg. "My brother must be impatient to see his only remaining parent," said the Vicomte, "and the anxiety of that parent will not be terminated, until he embraces his long lost son."

“I do feel here a divided duty,” said Theodore. “I wish to render my duty to my father, but how can I abandon my benefactor?”

“Theodore,” replied Capt. Marvin, “I feel for your perplexity, but follow the dictates of nature. Pay your duty to your father. Let him see his son behave worthy of an adopted citizen of America. If you find every thing to your satisfaction, remain in Europe; but, after trying the paths of grandeur, if you cannot discover happiness, remember that the arms of your American friends will be open to receive you. Though you may, at Vienna, move in a more elevated sphere than at Tonnevonte, yet here, you will find competency and independence; nor will you have to crouch the native dignity of your soul beneath the arrogance of a superior.”

Theodore clasped his hand, “O my more than father! my benefactor,” cried he, “I will follow your advice. I will obey the mandate of nature and cross the ocean, to pay my duty to the author of my existence; but my heart, through every change, shall still point to the back settlements of New-York.” Then, hastily bidding all good night, he retired to his bed, not to sleep—but to think. Aunt Martha very pensively, and Evelina, her eyes swimming in tears, followed his example. The guests were shewn their rooms, and nothing was heard through the house but the pelting of the storm.

CHAPTER IX.

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE.

THE following morning Capt. Marvin, his family, and guests, again met together at the breakfast table. The haggard looks of Theodore, indicated his having passed a sleepless night. There seemed at first but little unanimity in the company. The ladies considered the strangers as the robbers of their happiness, for they came to take Theodore away. Capt. Marvin experienced also a degree of despondence, at the near prospect of losing his adopted son, whom he had long considered as the stay of his old age. He felt, however, that the loss was unavoidable, and he was resolved to meet the bereavement with a good grace.

After breakfast, he proposed to send to the village for the suite and baggage of his guests, and he invited them to pass some time at his house.

“We are much indebted to your kindness,” said Count Leuchenburg, “and I am much inclined to make your house our head-quarters, for some weeks. My cousin Theodore will now accompany us in our excursions, and be our guide to whatever is remarkable in this original seat of nature.”

The brothers acceded to this arrangement, and Count Leuchenburch was often delighted with the wild luxuriance of the wilderness. The falls of Niagara far exceeded what his imagination had portrayed. Lake Erie's immense sheet of water excited his admiration, and he confessed that the truly sublime scenery he had beheld, amply compensated for the trouble of crossing the Atlantic.

But Count Leuchtenburg had now satisfied his curiosity. He became impatient to return to Europe. The Vicomte was still more eager; and Theodore must now take leave of his old protectors, of his kind friends. The night previous to his departure, neither the ladies nor de Clermont closed their eyes. The breakfast was a silent one.

The horses and servants were ready at the door. The young Vicomte de Luneville took the hand of his host, "Farewell, Capt. Marvin, kind and generous man, adieu!"

"Capt. Marvin," said Count Leuchtenburg, "we will not offend your noble nature, by desiring you to accept pecuniary compensation for the education of Theodore; yet, should you ever desire any thing in our power to bestow, remember that you have laid the whole connection of the house of de Clermont under an endless weight of gratitude to the benefactor of its son!"

"Thank you, Count," said the independent farmer, "but America has so many internal resources for persons, that it is not probable they will ever need foreign assistance."

The gentlemen then paid their parting compliments to aunt Martha and Evelina. Theodore took the hand of his benefactor. "My more than father," said the youth, "farewell. I must now leave you; but my affections remain at Tonne-won-te; and, however distant my person may be, my heart will still be present with this dear circle."

"Adieu, my son," replied Capt. Marvin. "May the Almighty Father of the Universe be your protector; and, Theodore, remember the virtuous principles, in which you have been reared; and may your conduct always reflect honour on your native Europe, and on the adopted country, that has reared you."

"God give me strength, to observe your instructions," replied Theodore. He then saluted aunt Martha. "Farewell, my kind aunt!"

"Ah Theodore," faltered the good maiden, "return soon to us; for if we loose you, one of the few links that binds me to life, will be broken."

The youth was now embracing Evelina, whose painful feelings disburdened themselves by a copious flood of tears. Her heart beat violently. Her bosom heaved with convulsive emotion. Count Leuchtenburg and de Luneville were on horseback. They called to Theodore. He tore himself from his adopted sister; and, waving his hand, sprang on his horse, and the cavalcade was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

But the buoyant spirit of youth put these painful emotions to flight. Theodore soon became the most cheeful of the company, and airy visions of what awaited him in the old world, began to float in his imagination.

It is needless to recapitulate the particulars of the journey, since they met with no extraordinary adventure. They arrived safe at New-York, and took lodgings in Broadway. Leuchtenburg and de Luneville had brought letters of introduction from Europe. Our young backwoodsman exchanged his rustic equipment, for a suit of fashionable cut, and called with his friends to deliver them. The cordiality of the inhabitants of New-York towards strangers is proverbial. It may then be imagined, that our three young gentlemen, with all their advantages, were not neglected. Numerous engagements occupied their time, and they were universally flattered and caressed in the fashionable circles of that city.

The two Europeans were highly pleased to find elegance and refinement, equal to that of their own circles. among those, whom they had hitherto deem-

ed the demi savage citizens of America. The charms of novelty, had a still more lively effect on young de Clermont; and while listning to the accomplished Miss Van Orden's exhibition on the piano, in an elegant drawing room, filled with the most fashionable company of the city, who were profuse in their attentions to the handsome young Frenchmen, he wondered at his own stupidity, in regretting the rustic retreat of Tonnewonte, and his former reluctance to launch into the world of fascination, that now surrounded him.

‡ "But the charm existed in the kind souls who inhabit there," responded his better self, "and the affectionate Evelina, were she but as accomplished as these ladies, would not be equalled by any being on earth."

The following morning, de Luneville asked his brother, if he would accompany him to his mother's grave. Theodore's heart smote him. "The suggestion should have come from myself," thought he, "but my attention has been so taken up in this world of novelties, that my mind could dwell on nothing else."

The two brothers proceeded silently up Greenwich-street. They passed through Greenwich village, and entered Potter's field.

'In this field of charity, this receptacle of beggary," exclaimed de Luneville, "repose the remains of the descendant of the Dukes d'Auxerre, of the wife of the Marquis de Beaucaire. For this she fled from the rage of equality in France!"

"My poor mother," said Theodore, "her sufferings in this world, were great!"

"I visited this place previously to my journey to Tonnewonte," said de Luneville. "By the indication of Joseph, we were enabled to discover the spot, where repose the remains of our parent. Here

it is;" and he pointed to a monument of the richest marble, executed with great taste.

Theodore seemed surprised. "You think this has been erected with great dispatch," said de Luneville. "It was formed in Europe, under the direction of our father. We brought it with us, and it has been put up, while we were on our excursion in the west."

De Clermont knelt by the grave. De Luneville leaned pensively against the monument.

Our young backwoodsman arose. He took the arm of his brother. Hope beamed through his eyes. He had been imploring the protection of that Being, with whom he felt assured his mother now was, in bliss. "Our parent suffered greatly in this world, Louis, but she is now happy in Heaven."

The other smiled sadly. "Does not your heart beat indignantly, Theodore, when you think of the *canaille*, who were the primary cause of our noble mother's sufferings?"

"Those who deprived them of the rights of man, must not be surprised, if the generous feeling of humanity were no longer inmates in the bosom of slaves."

"What mean you, de Clermont," cried the Vicomte.

"I am considering the case impartially," replied the naturalized American.

"And you, the son of the noble victim?" said his brother, indignantly.

"I am a man, and feel for mankind."

"Theodore de Clermont," exclaimed de Luneville. "But I forget; you have been brought up estranged from your noble family. You repeat the maxims of those who reared you."

"I think for myself," said Theodore, proudly.

"We will, at present, bid adieu to the subject."

said de Luneville, "experience, my brother, will clear away the mist from your eyes. We have been educated very differently; but we are brothers. Our sentiments, at some future period, may be more similar. Until then, we will avoid all subjects that may lead to altercation."

An American ship was ready to sail for Leghorn. Theodore and his companions embarked in her. Their voyage was prosperous, and they landed safe in Italy, from whence they continued their journey to Austria. They found all the country, through which they travelled, in motion. Buonaparte was preparing for his disastrous campaign in Russia; and they possessed several divisions of his army, who were marching to the point of rendezvous; but the principles of our travellers would not permit them to take part in this war; and they hastened towards the retreat of the Marquis de Beaucaire.

If it be true, that we are not to reckon time by the number of days that have elapsed, but by the succession, or accession of ideas, Theodore must have lived a great while, since his landing in Italy. Every thing interested him; but they travelled rapidly. He was in a few miles of his father's house; and his impatience became great, to see that father.

An avant courier had been sent forward, to announce their approach. The cavalcade at length stopped, before a venerable pile. Count Leuchenburg and de Luneville sprang from their horses. Theodore followed their example. It was a delightful evening. The moon and stars, shone brightly in the firmament. The heart of our young traveller beat quick with emotion. He followed his brother, who hastened into the house.

"Have they arrived?" cried a voice from the further end of the hall.

"We are here, my father," exclaimed Louis,

precipitating himself into the arms of an aged gentleman, who was hurrying forward, and who held out his arms to receive him.

“And where is your brother?” enquired the Marquis of Beaucaire, for it was he.

“Theodore,” said de Luneville, “come forward and embrace your father.”

The youth approached with diffidence. The old Marquis gazed fixedly at him. “You are then my father?” said de Clermont.

“The voice of my Emilie! O my son, my son, come to your father’s heart,” cried the old gentleman, embracing his recovered child.

The voice of nature spoke in the breast of the youth. “My father,” he exclaimed, “I have then a parent. I am not a stranger or alien in the world, with no natural tie, nor claim on mankind.” “Too long have you been such, my son,” said Mons. de Beaucaire, “but you shall now be the pride, the solace of an affectionate father! O Emilie, why are you not here to witness this re-union! My happiness were then complete. But, if from your abode of blessedness, you can behold us, look down and see your son restored to his happy father; and ah, bestow your blessing and protection on him!”

Count Leuchenburg now approached, and paid his compliments to Mons. de Beaucaire, who led the way to the dining room, where supper was served up.

The Marquis seated himself at the head of the table, and viewed the young men with great complacency, who were regaling themselves with the keen appetite created by a day’s hard travelling. “Hope again re-animates my bosom,” said the old gentleman, “never since my exile, have I felt as happy as I do at this moment. I do not even despair of seeing the descendants of Henri quatre seated on the throne of France!”

“There is little probability of it, at present,” said Count Leuchtenburg, “when the gigantic usurper is at the head of such mighty armies.”

“But, with my father, I hope against probability,” cried de Luneville. “My spirits rose as I passed those gallant regiments, and I apostrophised that during usurper who binds me to such ignoble sloth, while my ancestors had all signalised themselves by glorious achievements, long before they had attained the age of the present faintant possessor of their title.” “Hope, my son,” said the old gentleman. “I may yet see you at the head of a regiment, boldly leading forward the standard of the lillies to victory.”

“May fortune grant the accomplishment of your wish,” cried the young Vicount. “May the hardy Russians overthrow that Colossus, and then for the Bourbons!”

“Will France be happier under their sway?” enquired Theodore.

“Alas, my dear child,” said the old Marquis. “Are you, then, entirely ignorant of the history of your native country? Know you not, that an usurper possesses the throne of the legitimate kings of France? That low Parvenus occupy the places, and enjoy the estates of our ancient noblesse, who are now exiles in every quarter of the globe.”

Theodore hesitated to reply. He saw the prejudices of the Marquis, but he respected what he deemed the erroneous views of his father. “They have been fostered by education,” thought Theodore de Clermont. The old gentleman seemed absorbed in reflection, when suddenly turning to his son. “I thought the fame of our fatal revolution must have extended to every part of the civilized globe.”

“You are right my father. Even the children in America are familiar with the history of that terrible convulsion.”

"So I presumed, my son, but we will not commence to night concerning the deficiencies of your education, though certainly no time is to be lost. You appear genteel and well bred, and have retained your native language, though you have the accent of a foreigner."

"Theodore de Clermont is not uninformed, but misinformed," said de Luneville. "He has been reared by violent republicans."

"But the citizens of America must be different from the regicides of France," said the Marquis de Beaucaire. "The United States was the ally of our martyred Louis sixteenth."

"There are worthy people in America," said Theodore, with warmth. "You could not, my father, how different soever your political opinions may be, avoid loving the generous man, who received, adopted and educated me."

"You must to-morrow relate to me all the particulars of your life," said Mons. de Beaucaire, "and we must endeavor to reimburse the kind American for the expenses of your education."

"He is above it," said Theodore. "He would receive such a proposal as an affront. It was with the utmost difficulty that we prevailed on him to retain, as a marriage portion for his daughter, five hundred dollars, with its accumulated interest for fourteen years, that he had invested in the bank in my name, when he thought me a destitute orphan. And, as for five hundred acres of land, that he gave me, he would on no account consent to have it restored, but insisted that it should still remain mine, a refuge in case of any unforeseen exigency of fortune."

"Is he rich?" enquired the old gentleman.

"He is rich in independence," replied the youth, "though like Cincinnatus, he holds the plough and cultivates the earth."

"Agriculture was anciently accounted an honorable employment," said Mons. de Beaucaire.

"It is still considered such in America," replied his son. "Men, who have held the plough, lead their armies and govern the state."

"You would be amused, my father," said de Lu-neville, at observing the pride of those would be modern Cincinnatus; and so classical are they, that their most insignificant villages bear the names of the most celebrated places of ancient lore; and their towns are called by the high sounding appellations of antiquity." "But no country in the world can equal the wild magnificence of American scenery," said Count Leuchenburgh. "In Europe we have art, but in America undisguised nature."

In similar conversation, the evening passed away. After Theodore retired to rest; it was long before sleep visited his eye lids. He had abundant food for reflection, and, when he at length slumbered, he dreamt of nothing but counts, monarchs and nobles.

¶ Theodore greatly resembled his deceased mother. This was the clue to his father's heart. The old gentleman soon became very fond of this newly recovered son, and all his anxiety was how to introduce him properly in the world.

¶ The little Austrian estate was but a mere competency to a nobleman, accustomed to habits of luxury; and this, trifling as it was, descended entirely to the eldest son. Young de Clermont had, in America, been taught to help himself; but of what service was the art of hewing wood, making fences, &c. to a young nobleman. In the then state of Europe, his father could not place him in the army. All this perplexed the old gentleman. "But Theodore is still young," thought he, "we must now study to make up the deficiencies of his education.

and perhaps it may then be feasible to place him in the Austrian service."

The Marquis, however, soon discovered himself agreeably deceived in his opinion of his son's acquirements, who knew something of whatever they wished to teach him. But it was his knowledge in the theory of tactics, that most delighted the old gentleman.

"My son," cried he, in raptures, when he first made this discovery, "I shall yet see you a general." Theodore applied himself very diligently to the studies pointed out by his father. He also visited Vienna, with Count Leuchtenburg and de Lunville, when he became more initiated in the ways of the great world.

CHAPTER X.

“What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?”

HUGHES.

THE quiet tenor of Theodore's studies was now interrupted by rumours from Russia. Buonaparte had failed in his intended conquests. The mighty armies he had led into those frozen regions, were nearly annihilated. They had fallen victims to the insatiable ambition of their leader.

The friends of the Bourbon's now began to look forward with hope. Every day some new account of the Corsican's disasters reached the retreat of the Marquis de Beaucaire. “My son,” said he, one day, to Theodore, “the period of our supine inactivity is nearly at an end. I foresee that the Emperor of Austria will join Russia. They will declare for the Bourbons, and we shall see Louis the eighteenth restored to the throne of his ancestors. Your acquirements and abilities, Theodore de Clermont, will then have room to display themselves. *En attendant*, my son, be diligent in prosecuting the studies you are engaged in.”

Ambition and the desire of distinguishing himself, which had hitherto lain dormant in the bosom of Theodore, began now to display themselves. His eyes brightened, and his bosom glowed, at the words of the Marquis. “My father,” cried he, with enthusiasm, “your son, though reared in the wilds of America, will not disgrace the Marquis de Beaucaire.”

Is this then the adopted son of America, who is so ready to fight the battles of despots, so eager to

vaise his arm to restore a monarch to a throne, from whence he was expelled by his people, weary of their yoke of servitude? Where is now his late love of liberty? What has become of his sentiments of justice, of liberality, of the rights of man? Alas! they have evaporated, before the contagion of example. Daily accustomed to hear the father he revered, the friends he respected, complain of the wrongs their monarchs, themselves, and their emigrant brethren had suffered, he was led to take an interest in their misfortunes. Generosity enlisted on their side and induced him to wish to redress their wrongs. He still believed his principles unchanged. His feelings were still awakened, at the name of liberty; but, strange inconsistency of human nature, he was ready and willing to enforce a system of government on an independent people. Become a member of the aristocratical body, he imperceptibly imbibed their sentiments, and love of power.

Some time after this conversation, the Austrian minister called on the Marquis de Beaucaire, who was an old acquaintance, and offered him the command of a regiment, and commissions in it for his two sons. The marquis joyfully accepted the proposal; for he already in imagination saw Louis the eighteenth seated on the throne of France, and himself restored to his native country, and hereditary estate. De Luneville was delighted. He possessed all the gallantry and bravery of his countrymen. Theodore certainly felt a degree of vanity, when he first viewed himself in regimentals. Mons. de Beaucaire and his sons joined their regiment, which was then in garrison on the borders of Bohemia.

The great confederacy was now forming. Austria soon declared itself, and the allies prepared to march into France.

The result of the campaign is well known. The

allies took possession of Paris. The good fortune of the extraordinary Corsican now forsook him. He was deposed and exiled to Elba, while Louis the eighteenth was seated on the throne of Charlemagne, and surrounded by his emigrant nobility, who flocked from all parts at this joyful revolution.

The regiment commanded by the Marquis de Beaucaire had greatly distinguished itself. The division of the army, to which it belonged, re-echoed with the bravery and good conduct of Mons. de Beaucaire, while the gallantry of his sons, was highly extolled.

The Marquis's good fortune was likewise conspicuous. The possessor of his patrimony, a General in Buonaparte's army, had, with his son and nephew, perished in the Russian campaign, and Mons. de Beaucaire's whole estate was now unconditionally restored to him. His sons, who wished to quit the Austrian service for that of their native country, also received commissions in different regiments.

The Marquis, with a joyful heart, made his conge at court, and set forward for Provence. Theodore accompanied him, while de Luneville remained at Paris. They travelled on horse back, with a small retinue.

The sun had passed its meridian. They were riding silently through a grove of olives. Mons. de Beaucaire paused at the summit of an eminence. "Look around, my son," exclaimed he. "Behold thy native country. See it rich in oil and in wine. See it fruitful in all the necessaries and luxuries of life. Behold a far the Mediterranean. Observe yonder hill, surrounded with trees. At its foot lies our paternal domain, which was wrested from us by those unprincipled regicides; but, praised be God, our own is restored. Presently, Theodore

de Clermont shall you see the noble chateau, in which you first breathed the vital air."

The old gentleman gave reins to his horse. The whole cavalcade galloped after him. The road led to the top of the eminence he had pointed out. Elated with hope, the Marquis rode forward. He passed the cluster of olives, and his whole native valley lay extended before him. He suddenly checked his charger, and remained silent and motionless. Theodore came up with him, and paused by his side. "My father," the old gentleman started. "Theodore, I just now promised to shew you your native chateau! Behold where it stood," and he pointed to a mis-shapen mass of stones.

"The foundation of that chateau was laid in the reign of Charlemagne, by our ancestor Louis Reginald de Clermont, Marquis de Beaucaire, and it was enlarged, beautified, and kept in constant repair by his descendants. Your grand-father added a wing in the modern style. Now view its remains, my son."

"Thus transitory is human greatness," said Theodore. "Vain man endeavors to render his name and performances immortal, but soon or late, fate overtakes both him and them." "Ah Emilie!" cried the old gentleman, not heeding the words of his son. "Thy remains rest in a foreign soil. Thou hast been spared this grievous sight. Oh mournful prospect, to return in old age, to behold the habitation of our early youth levelled with the ground, our former connexions annihilated, and scarcely a remnant of former scenery remaining." Old Gerard, who had left France with the Marquis, sympathised with his master; the others, who were strangers, stood respectfully silent.

The horses now cast their shadows forward. The day was far advanced. "My father," said Theo-

dore, "shall we proceed to the village?" "Alas," replied the old gentleman, "on my paternal estate, I have no longer an habitation. But, we must pass the night at Beaucaire. We may find a lodging with some of my old tenants, but probably the worthy are fled, and none but murderous rebels remain. Yet no, some of the dependants of the house of Beaucaire must be innocent." He gave the reins to his horse, but paused opposite the ruins. "It is too late, my father, to view them to night," said Theodore, endeavoring to dissipate the old gentleman's melancholy. Young de Clermont moved on. The Marquis slowly followed. They entered the village and stopped at the inn. The host came to the door, bowing obsequiously, "Gentlemen, will you be pleased to do me the honor to alight?"

"What is your name?" enquired the Marquis.

"Pierre de Lavol, Monsieur, at your service."

"Pierre de Lavol was a worthy man." The Marquis looked up, "but you are a young man, his hairs were gray."

"Monsieur then knew my father?"

"Where is he?"

"Ah Monsieur, he has been dead many years."

The Marquis shook his head, and sighed. "I shall not find an old acquaintance," murmured he.

"Will Messieurs be pleased to alight?" said the host, again bowing.

The Marquis dismounted. Theodore and his attendants followed his example. He pensively entered the Hotelerie, an aged, but apparently active woman, came forward, and shewed them into a neat sanded room. "What will Messieurs be pleased to have for supper?" enquired she. The Marquis raised his eyes. The woman varied her question.

"I have seen you before, my good woman, but my memory is confused. Pray, what is your name?"

"Jeannette Montfort, Monsieur, at your service."

"Are you indeed Jeannette, and not remember me?" cried the Marquis, hastily rising.

"I have not that honor," said she, dropping a courtesy.

"I am the Marquis de Beaucaire," said the old gentleman, raising himself with dignity.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire," cried Jeannette, "*Que dieu soit beni! et la bonne vierge!* You are then come to claim your own, Monsieur? *Dieu soit beni! beni soit la sainte Marie?* I heard those upstart Pardos had perished in that frozen Russia. May God grant, said I, when I heard it, that our own family may come back, and claim its own. But where is my dear lady?" The Marquis sighed. "Oh she is then in Heaven," cried Jeannette, "putting her handkerchief to her eyes." Then, after a pause, she resumed, "but where is little master, my dear nurseling?"

"Here he is, Jeannette. Theodore, this is your nurse."

"That I am indeed, young gentleman. At this breast you were nourished; but, what a fine young gentleman you are grown! How greatly you resemble my lady."

Theodore shook the good woman by the hand. "You are then my nurse, said he, I can scarcely remember my mother, but am happy to find one, to whom I can render thanks for her care of my infancy."

"And good care I took of you, my dear child," said Jeannette. "But, gentlemen, you will want supper. You will not go to your own house?"

"My chateau is in ruins," exclaimed the Marquis.

"You mean the old chateau, that was destroyed in the revolution; but the Pardos, who by some means got possession of the estate, have with its revenues

built quite a handsome mansion, and a house keeper and steward reside in the house. Look through this window. That is the Hotel, on the rise of yonder hill." She pointed to a very elegant modern mansion.

"The tasteless creatures," cried the Marquis, "not even to have chosen the site of the old chateau."

"But, my father," said Theodore, "that situation is far more picturesque. It appears to command an extensive prospect, only terminated by the Mediterranean. A pleasant rivulet winds round the base of the hill; and what lofty trees crown the summit. I think it a charming retreat."

"You do not remember the old chateau," said his father. "You cannot recollect its gothic grandeur."

"Monsieur le Marquis, and Monsieur Theodore will take supper here?" enquired Jeannette.

"Yes, good nurse," replied the old gentleman, "and can you provide us with beds? for my spirits are not equal to viewing this new mansion tonight."

"Ah Monsieur, you do us honor," cried Jeannette, "but Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire shall command the best accommodations in this house."

Jeannette hastened out to provide supper. Theodore, observing the gathering melancholy on his father's countenance, endeavoured to engage him in conversation.

"Is this then the good woman, who performed the office of a mother to me?"

"She nursed you, Theodore."

"Probably, then, my mother was afflicted with ill health?"

"No, my Emilie enjoyed an excellent constitution."

"Indeed; then this woman was only an assistant to my mother?"

"You often forget your birth, my son. You do

not consider, that what is very natural for the wife of a farmer or merchant, would ill become a Marchioness."

"Ah, my father, I thought the ties of nature were equally binding among all ranks."

The entrance of Jeannette prevented an answer. She was followed by a smart looking young woman.

"Monsieur le Marquis, this is my daughter, Marion, the only child I have now left me; for your foster brother Claude, Monsieur Theodore, was taken from me by the proscription; he rose to be a Captain, that is true; but what was that to me? He perished in the wars, and I lost my only son."

Marion dropped a courtesy. Theodore who had not forgotten his American breeding, bowed in return. The Marquis said, "I am glad Jeannette, that amidst the devastations that have afflicted France, you have reserved one child, who appears very dutiful."

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, Marion is wife to Pierre de Lavol, and mistress of this house. I have resided with her, since her marriage."

The Marquis and his son seated themselves at the supper table, which was covered with the best fare the house afforded.

"But, Jeannette," said the old gentleman, "did you not say there were servants at this new mansion?"

"Yes, Monsieur, the son of old Francis Marchemain is steward there; and does not Monsieur le Marquis remember the lively little Madelen, whom my lady took to attend on Master Louis? Well she is wife to Marchemain, and housekeeper at the Hotel."

"Really," said the Marquis, "then I shall meet with old acquaintance."

"The plague take them," said Jeannette, "I

never could forgive them, for consenting to serve those new masters, the Pardos; and then, they carry their heads so high. They have contrived to get into their hands some land of their own, which renders their pride intolerable, and they now carry all things with a high hand."

"Every thing is changed," said the old gentleman. "But who now occupies the estate of the Marquis des Abbayes?"

"Ah Monsieur le Marquis, there are strange changes in that quarter. In the reign of terror, Monsieur le Marquis and Madame la Marquise des Abbayes, with their two sons, and three daughters, were dragged to prison, and all, except Mademoiselle Sophia, were guillotined as aristocrats. The nephew of the then magistrate, who had been a tailor, saw Mademoiselle Sophia, on the day of trial, and fell in love with her. He begged her life of his uncle, who agreed to save her, if she would marry his nephew. Mademoiselle Sophia was accordingly respited, when all her family perished. Du Monier afterwards presented himself to her in prison, and informed her, that he could procure her release, if she would marry him. De Monier was quite a passable young man, and spoke much of his love; but then, could Mademoiselle des Abbayes accept the hand of a grocer? She, however, soon found that there was no other means of saving her life: they were accordingly married. Du Monier became an army contractor, accumulated an immense fortune, and has purchased all the estates that belonged to the family des Abbayes, with several others in the neighbourhood. He was himself created Marquis des Abbayes, by Buonaparte."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mons. de Beaucaire.

Jeannette continued, "Madame has been dead these two years. They say she lived very happily;

ter du Monier that was, Mons. le Marquis des Abbayes that is, was always very kind to her. She has left an only daughter, who is cried up as a paragon of perfection. She was educated in Paris, and is in truth very pretty, and very clever, though not the lady her mother was. How should she be? For she must take a little after her papa: but in truth, Mademoiselle Sophia des Abbayes is very good to poor people, remembering no doubt, that her father was no better once himself; but then, indeed, she has good blood on her mother's side."

"Some of the best blood in France," cried Mons. de Beaucaire. "Pity that its clearness should be contaminated with such base puddle, tailors and grocers indeed! Oh my poor old friend des Abbayes, and his amiable Marchioness, and their fine children, oh, wretched France."

"But my father," said Theodore, "can you think that there is any real difference in the quality of blood? I think the family fortunate, that amidst the ruin which overwhelmed its members, one of them should be saved from the general wreck, and still enjoy the property of her ancestors."

"Theodore, my son," exclaimed the old gentleman, "but you are excusable. These sentiments are the effect of your education."

"I was educated by a worthy man," said de Clermont.

"He was indeed kind to you," observed the Marquis, "but not a fit preceptor for a descendant of the house de Clermont."

Theodore not wishing to irritate the melancholy mood of his father, discontinued the subject.

"But, Jeannette," resumed the old gentleman, "who now possesses the estate of Mons. de Beaumont? I saw the old chateau still standing, as I passed it this afternoon, though it appeared in a very shattered condition."

"The old Count himself," replied the nurse. "Mons. de Beaumont took advantage of the proclamation inviting the return of emigrants, and obtained a restitution of part of his estate; but so many free farms have been granted from it, that the remaining portion is very small. Every thing was gone to ruin, and the Count is unable to repair the chateau, but has fitted up one wing, where he now resides."

"I have then one old friend living," said the Marquis. "Praised be God! But where is Monsieur de Beaumont's family?"

"He has but one son remaining," replied Jeannette, "who is serving in the army."

"I hope he may have the good fortune to retrieve the former splendour of his house," said the Marquis de Beaucaire.

"They say he is seeking a rich marriage," said the nurse, "and it is reported that he is endeavouring to pay his addresses to Mad.lle des Abbayes, but that she will not listen to young Mons. de Beaumont."

"The grocer's daughter," cried Mons. de Beaucaire, "and will de Beaumont consent to that?"

"It would be the retrieving of their family," Jeannette, and then Mademoiselle Sophia, is the heiress and descendant of the des Abbayes family."

"Poh!" cried the Marquis, retreating from the table, "but good Jeannette, have you a bed for me; for I am much wearied?"

A bed was prepared, and the old gentleman soon retired. The moon rose resplendent in the heavens. Innumerable stars glittered in the firmament. The air was serene and mild. Theodore walked out. His steps turned towards the ruins of the old chateau, the monumental remains of the feudal grandeur of his ancestors. There was a sublimity in the scene. Theodore experienced its pensive effects.

“My ancestors,” thought he, “reigned here, with the splendour and power of princes.” His thoughts recurred to the days of other times. His imagination transported him back to the reign of feudal power, of chivalric gallantry, when some bold cavalier had issued from the lofty portal, to merit his lady’s love, by feats of arms. Something touched his foot. He started. A toad was crawling over it. “Vile reptile,” apostrophised de Clermont, “thou art then proprietor here, and thinkest the descendant of the ancient possessors of the chateau, an intruder? *Sic transit gloria mundi*. This princely mansion is laid in ruins. Its lords have been exiles, and wanderers on the face of the earth. True, they now return; but is the view of this mass of desolation calculated to inspire them with happiness? My father appears over-widened with regret. My brother the heir of the family is wholly occupied with his pleasures, and seems in no haste to revisit the scenes of his birth. He is satisfied, if the rent of the estate will defray the expenses of his Parisian establishment. Do I feel happier in this seat of my ancestors, than I did in the wilds of America? I think not. Should I strike a balance, the account would not preponderate in favour of Europe. I was happy amidst the primitive simplicity of Tomawonté. I was happy in the bosom of my adopted family; and I contributed to their happiness. Do they still think of their absent Theodore? Yes, my heart assures me, that they have not forgotten their beloved friend; and I too will never forget the naive Evelina, the truly motherly aunt Marina, the worthy Captain Marvin. But I am now a Frenchman. I must think and act like Theodore de Clermont, and I must comfort and cherish my father.” With this winding up of his reverie, he returned to the inn, and soon enjoyed the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Report soon spread through the village the arrival of Marquis de Beaucaire. The Marquis had, in his youth, been much beloved for his courtesy and affability. A new generation had now arisen, who knew him not; but a few ancients remained. To them the return of the old Marquis was an epoch of joy. They should now have their landlord residing with them, and they promised themselves a revival of the good old times. These communicated their hopes and expectations, to the younger inhabitants. Enthusiasm began to enkindle among the villagers, and the Marquis was awakened, the following morning, with cries of "*Vive la maison de Beaucaire. Vive Monsieur le Marquis!*" He arose, and walked towards the window. The crowd hailed him, with great demonstrations of enthusiastic joy.

"This reminds me of former days," said the old gentleman to his son. "The Marquises de Beaucaire, were always thus hailed. Go, my son, bid Pierre de Lavol not spare his wine. Let them drink the restoration of the ancient house de Beaucaire." Theodore obeyed his father. He wished not to damp the pleasant feelings of the old gentleman. "But, how vain is it," thought he, "to pay attention to the frantic exclamations of the multitude! In the same manner were these mobs enkindled, when they furiously rased chateaus, and exterminated whole families. A breath blows them here, or there. Let their passions but be excited, and they are for one thing to-day, for another to-morrow."

The Marquis now prepared to take possession of his new mansion. He mounted his horse. His son and servants accompanied him. As they came in view of the house, Mons. de Beaucaire paused, to examine it. It was a very neat structure, built in a modern style, at the summit of an eminence, that commanded an extensive prospect of the Mediter-

anean, and the surrounding country. "This, then," murmured the Marquis, "is the citizen-like establishment, that I am to receive, in lieu of the venerable chateau of my ancestors."

"The situation is finely chosen," observed Theodore.

"Ah, my son," said his father, "could you have seen our venerable and magnificent chateau, you might then have spoken of situation and effect. But it has passed away; I too must soon pass away, and be forgotten."

"My father," exclaimed Theodore. The Marquis moved forward. They were received at the gate by Marchemain, who gravely welcomed Mons. de Beaucaire.

"I am happy to see you, Marchemain, in so eligible a situation," said the Marquis, "but it seems you have lost a master."

"I have recovered my first master," said the steward, "and I heartily congratulate you, Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire, on your restoration to your hereditary rights; and am ready to settle accounts with whomsoever Monsieur may think proper to employ."

"You did well, Marchemain," replied the Marquis, "to serve a master, who was able to reward you. Now no doubt, you will serve your ancient Lord, with equal zeal. Come, shew us the house; and have a good breakfast ready; for we are still fasting."

"Madelon has forseen that, Monsieur le Marquis, and you will find breakfast in readiness."

He conducted them into an elegant saloon, fronting a terrace, that looked towards the Mediterranean. Theodore was delighted with the extensive prospect. The Marquis looked a moment on the terrace; then seated himself at the breakfast table.

Madelon, or as she was now called, Madame Marchemain, appeared, to pay her respects to the Marquis. She was a woman of about thirty-nine, with quite a genteel exterior, and was dressed very tastily.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said she, advancing with great ease, "you are welcome to Beaucaire; and we are rejoiced to see you once more amongst us. Is this young gentleman your son, Monsieur Louis, whom I had once the honour to have in charge?"

"This is my youngest son, Theodore; but I am happy to see you, Madelon, in such improved circumstances. I find that all the dependants of our house, did not fall with the principals."

"Why, indeed, Monsieur le Marquis, we have, thank God, been pretty fortunate, and Marchemain is, thank fortune, rather clear of the world, that is, for people in our condition."

"I am glad to hear it, Madelon; you have, I see, provided us with a very good breakfast. That was very considerate in you, as we sent you no warning of our approach."

"I hope Monsieur le Marquis will relish it. I will go and send up the coffee," said Madelon.

"How every thing is changed," said the old gentleman, as she went out. "That well dressed woman, with her airs of consequence, was once the lively paysanne Madelon. You are a good accomptant, Theodore. I must employ you to look over this steward's papers. If he prove honest, we will employ him; if not, he must seek elsewhere."

By degrees the Marquis became more reconciled to the changes which surrounded him. All the ancient dependants of his family were eager to pay their court to their former lord, who was equally desirous to seek them out. But Jeannette was the Marquis's principal favorite, and soon became equally acceptable to her foster son. Her daughter had

a large family, and they were not in very easy circumstances. Monsieur de Beaucaire was never wearied with hearing her stories of old times; and Theodore found her a faithful chronicle of modern, as well as ancient events, that had occurred in the neighbourhood. The Marquis became anxious to establish her at his mansion; but he was at a loss in what capacity to place her. Madelon was house-keeper, and her husband was discovered to be a valuable steward, whom the Marquis did not care to disoblige. Jeannette was, however, invited to reside at the Hotel de Beaucaire, which invitation she gladly accepted. Her occupations were not defined; but she bustled about amazingly, and soon engrossed all directions. This did not please Madelon, who had long held her head above Jeannette, and had been accustomed to the deference of her former companions. She now complained to her husband, accusing Jeannette of impertinence, in presuming to dictate and interfere with her.

“Does Monsieur le Marquis,” cried she, “think that I will put up with the insolence of this Jeannette?”

“Ma chere Madelon,” replied Marchemain, “let us retire to the house I have built on our little propriete. If it please Monsieur de Beaucaire to retain me land-steward, it is well; if not, we have, thank God, sufficient to live upon.”

Madelon readily consented to be mistress of a house of her own. The Marquis made no objection; but retained Marchemain land-steward; and Jeannette was formally inducted in the office of house-keeper at the Hotel de Beaucaire.

Most of the neighbouring gentlemen called to congratulate the Marquis de Beaucaire on his restoration to his patrimony; and he recognised, amongst these, some few of his old acquaintance; but they

were mostly new men, whom he did not feel anxious to associate with. "My son," said the Marquis to Theodore, "you may, if you please, return these visits. The political changes of our unfortunate country have raised these persons to the rank of gentleman. They are now, it seems, visited by our oldest families. It is good to live in union with our neighbours; but on you, Theodore, I devolve that charge. I am an old man; and am not desirous of new acquaintance, or society. I only wish to pass the few days that remain to me, in peace, and my native country, and to cherish old scenes, and old recollections. My losses are great. The chateau of my ancestors is destroyed. Your mother is no more; but I must acquire resignation, and study to make my peace with God."

A few days after this conversation, an elegant carriage drove up the avenue, attended by servants in magnificent liveries. Two gentlemen alighted, the one very splendidly dressed, the other a venerable old gentleman, with silver hair, in a plain suit of black. Theodore happened to be by the window, and was inwardly commenting on the contrast their appearance presented, when a servant announced Monsieur le Marquis des Abbayes, and Monsieur le Comte de Beaumont. "Have they come together," cried Mons. de Beaucaire. Theodore hastened to the door, to receive them. He bowed low to the venerable figure of Mons. de Beaumont, and politely to the Marquis des Abbayes. Messieurs de Beaumont, and de Beaucaire embraced. "Welcome, thrice welcome home to your estate, mon cher Marquis," cried the former.

"How happy am I to meet again my old friend de Beaumont," said Monsieur de Beaucaire.

"Yes, de Beaucaire, I returned a little before you. We have seen adverse fortune, but permit

me to introduce Mons. le Marquis des Abbayes." The latter bowed; de Beaucaire returned his salutation with formal dignity. "Be seated, gentlemen," said the Marquis. They looked at Theodore. "This gentleman is my younger son, Theodore de Clermont."

"Welcome to your native country, young gentleman," said Mons. de Beaumont. "I see, my friend, you have saved your children from the wreck. I too have preserved one son from our family desolation. My youngest child Charles. He is now absent, with his regiment; but you must be acquainted with him, Mons. de Clermont." Theodore bowed.

"I also hope to be honoured with your acquaintance, Monsieur de Clermont," said Mons. des Abbayes. Theodore again bowed.

"I hope, Mons. de Beaucaire," continued the Marquis, "that you find your new habitation to your mind. Monsieur Pardo omitted nothing that could contribute to its comfort or elegance, although he but occasionally resided here, for he was a general in the service, and was often absent, with the army."

"So we have understood," said Theodore.

"You were very fortunate," continued des Abbayes, "that general Pardo and his heirs perished in the Russian expedition; for many gentlemen have returned with the King, and found their estates occupied by those who are entirely unwilling to give up possession."

"Shameful usurpation," cried the Marquis de Beaucaire.

"But many persons," replied Mons. des Abbayes, "have bought those estates, and paid for them; and their right is confirmed by the present administration."

"It is but too true," said Mons. de Beaucaire.

"My friend," said the Count de Beaumont, "our

country and its children have suffered much injustice. I have experienced my share in the general calamity. You have, perhaps, heard, gentlemen, that the best moiety of my estate, has been alienated from me; but Charles must make the most of what remains. I am an old man, and require but little for myself."

The conversation continued for some time, on the then state of France, the events of the revolution, and other similar topics.

When the gentlemen arose to depart, pressing invitations were exchanged between the Count de Beaumont, and the Marquis de Beaucaire, which were also extended, though rather reluctantly, to the Marquis des Abbayes; but Mons. de Beaucaire could not slight him, introduced as he was, by his old friend de Beaumont.

The Marquis de Beaucaire and his son attended their guests to the door. The splendid equipage, which belonged to des Abbayes, drove off. Mons. de Beaucaire turned to his son. "What changes in France," he exclaimed. "How can de Beaumont condescend to associate thus familiarly with that upstart!"

"Monsieur des Abbayes has the appearance of a gentleman," observed Theodore.

"Of the new school," said the Marquis.

TONNEWONTE,

OR

THE ADOPTED SON OF AMERICA.

A TALE,

CONTAINING SCENES FROM

REAL LIFE.



BY AN AMERICAN.



“Such is the patriot’s boast, where’er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even ”

GOLDSMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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TONNEWONTE, &C,

A TALE.

CHAPTER XI.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.
At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk and speak of love,
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following day, Theodore took his fowling piece, and, attended by his pointers, sallied out. Game, though protected by laws, he found not so plentiful as in western America, where it is as free for all as the rain from Heaven. This brought the contrast of his native country and in which he was reared, forcibly to his mind. "What a beautiful country is that, which surrounds me," tho't de Clermont; "but how are its blessings destroyed by prejudice, dissensions and despotism! There is my father, rendered miserable, by seeing those, whom his prejudice accounts unworthy, raised to his own sphere, and enjoying the estates formerly possessed by others, although his own is restored unimpaired. My father is a generous and liberal minded man; but the effects of education are too powerful for his better judgment. He would have thought very differently, had he been reared in America!" His

ideas then reverted to Tonnewonte, and the beloved family who had adopted him, to his happy, though humble home in America. "There was then no void in my heart," he ejaculated. "I was happy.— But I may also find happiness in France;" and he advanced, in search of game. He presently found himself on the border of a deep and rapid stream, that emptied itself into the Rhone. A bird was perched on a tree. He took aim, and fired. A sudden splash in the water caught his attention, and cries of help assailed his ears. He hastily moved up the stream, from whence the sound proceeded. On entering an angle, he perceived a horse in the middle of the brook, which was there broad and deep, struggling with the current. A lady, with her hands clenching hold of the stirrup, was dragged after the animal. Two men in liveries, on the opposite bank, held their horses by the bridle, and were calling out for help.

Theodore let fall his fowling piece, threw off his coat, and rushed into the stream. He was an excellent swimmer; and, soon reaching the lady, he quickly disentangled her from the steed, and supporting her with one arm, swam to the shore with the other. Her head had been above the surface of the water, so that the lady was but little injured. Theodore still supported her in his arms, endeavoring to recover her. Presently she opened her large dark eyes, and fixed them on her deliverer, with a look expressing surprize, but again closed them. De Clermont, struck with their brilliancy, considered more attentively the lovely being he sustained. Her small slender form was modelled with such exact proportion, and turned with so admirable a contour, that a statuary need not have sought further for a model for one of the graces. Her complexion was a clear brunette. The roses had fled from her

face; but that countenance was formed with the most perfect Grecian symmetry, while her dark ringlets, escaped from the fastenings that had held them, flowed, in beautiful disorder, around her shoulders. Theodore was enchanted. He wished for another glance from the lovely nymph. He was impatient to see this form, so fascinating in its lifelessness, again possessed of animation. He undid the fastenings of her riding habit, that the breeze might operate as a restorative. She presently again opened her eyes. Theodore gazed with admiration. The lady perceived her situation, and gently disengaged herself from his arms; but, tottering with weakness, she seated herself on the root of a venerable chestnut. Theodore knelt by her side. He still held her hand; but this sentimental *tete-a-tete* was soon interrupted by the trampling of horses; and the two servants who had crossed the bridge, and taken their lady's horse, as it made for the bank, now appeared before her. De Clermont hastily arose.

"I hope Mademoiselle is not injured," said one of the men.

"No thanks to you, Jaquis, if I am still alive," exclaimed the lady.

"No, Mademoiselle, but I cannot swim," he replied, "yet you are saved; and, under God, and the holy Saints, you owe your life to this young gentleman."

The lady rose, and bowing gracefully to de Clermont, "Thanks, Monsieur," said she, "can but poorly repay the immense debt of gratitude I have contracted."

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," cried Theodore. "The pleasure of serving such a charming lady is of itself more than an adequate recompense for my exertions."

"Your gallantry, Monsieur, may lead you to speak

thus; but my father will testify the gratitude he owes you, for saving his only child."

"How," enquired Theodore. "did this accident happen?"

"My horse was frightened by the report of a gun," said she, "and plunged into the stream. I was thrown from him, but remember seizing the stirrup in my grasp. My attendants, it seems, did not care to expose themselves for my relief; and you, brave stranger, must have encountered much risk, in rescuing me from a watery grave."

"It must have been the report of my fowling-piece that frightened your steed," said Theodore; "and I cannot forgive myself for having, though inadvertently, been the cause of such imminent danger, to so lovely a lady." "But how could you, as men," said he, addressing the servants, "see this lady perish, without rendering her any assistance?"

"Neither Jean nor myself can swim," replied Jaquis, "and before we could resolve on what to do, you came to Mademoiselle's assistance."

The men had rubbed down the horse, and now held the animal, while Theodore assisted the lady to mount.

"May I enquire," said she, "to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"It is Theodore de Clermont, Mademoiselle, who has been so fortunate as to serve you."

"Be assured, Monsieur, that Sophia des Abbayes will always retain a grateful sense of your kindness," and waving her hand she rode away, gracefully managing her spirited steed, and followed by her attendants.

Theodore gazed after her; and when she had disappeared, his eyes were still fixed in the same direction. At length, recovering self possession, he moved towards home.

“Sophia des Abbayes,” said he to himself, “that must, then, have been her father who called yesterday, with Mons. de Beaumont. He has the appearance of a gentleman, notwithstanding my father’s prejudice against him, as a new man. His daughter is very lovely. What grace, what ease of manners; what symmetry of form, and such eyes. How happy must Mons. des Abbayes be in such a companion! She must greatly enliven the establishment. Our house is so dull, so gloomy without female society. Jeannette alone renders it tolerable. I have hitherto lived here in a very retired manner; but my father has so little relish for society, unless it be a few of his old intimate associates. Our neighbors will think we neglect them. I must return their visits, though indeed it ought rather to be de Luneville, who should gain their good will; but he is absent.”

With similar thoughts passing through his mind, he regained home. He found the Marquis in a very pensive mood, and dinner passed over very silently.

“My father,” said Theodore, “I am thinking of returning the visits of our several neighbors. You will perhaps accompany me!”

“I care not for society, my son. I am old and infirm. You can go without me.”

“But your old friend Mons. de Beaumont.”

“Yes, Theodore, I must return his visit. You may leave me there to-morrow; and call on your return.”

The following day, Mons. de Beaucaire, accompanied by his son, and followed by several attendants, set out on horseback. They turned up what had formerly been the avenue to the chateau de Beaumont; but it was now in a sadly dilapidated state. The trees on each side had disappeared; but their stumps remained.

"What devastation is here?" said the Marquis de Beaucaire. "My poor friend de Beaumont."

This ruinous avenue conducted them to what had been the great hall; but all was in ruins, and the whole place seemed abandoned. They were at a loss how to proceed, when the Count himself appeared.

"Ah my friend," he cried, "you have come to see me, and you find our chateau and the estate in the same debilitated condition, as their owner; but follow me, gentlemen, and we may yet find an inhabited spot."

The Marquis and Theodore dismounted, when Monsieur de Beaumont led them round a winding path, to a detached wing of the building. This also bore marks of violence; but was repaired very comfortably. A sturdy girl met them at the door.

"Nannette," said the Count de Beaumont, "where is Gilbert?"

"My grandfather is in the garden."

"Well, call him to attend to those gentlemen's horses and servants. You must know, gentlemen, (continued the Count, as he conducted them to a small parlour, plainly furnished,) that Nannette and her grand father, are the only attendants I now retain about me. On my return to France, about half my estate was restored to me, but in such a ruinous condition, that it will require much care and expence to restore it to its former condition. We wish to retrieve the family. So, while Charles practices what economy he can, at his regiment, I nurse the estate for him. We are not yet able to rebuild our chateau; but I have repaired this wing very comfortably, which is sufficiently spacious for a solitary old man. And two attendants are surely sufficient for one, who, for many years, attended on himself."

"Ah my friend," said Mons. de Beaucaire, pressing his hand,

“Do not pity me, my friend,” said the Count de Beaumont, “but rather congratulate me, that I am restored to the patrimony of my ancestors. My descendants may retrieve the family splendour, and I am certainly more fortunate, than many others of our formerly wealthy nobles, who have lost every foot of land, and now roam in indigence.”

“But, my friend,” said the Marquis de Beaucaire, “can you, with patience, see your undoubted property quietly possessed by ~~usurpers~~?”

“Mons. de Beaucaire, think how welcome moderate rents and commodious lodgings must be to a man who not many years since, rented a room, sixteen feet square, and earned his subsistence, with the labour of his hands. Yes, to you, my old friend, I will candidly avow, although it be not known in France; nor indeed any where else, for I passed under an assumed name. Yes, my friend, the representative of the family de Beaumont, shaved the faces of the public to obtain a livelihood.”

The Marquis de Beaucaire raised his hands and eyes in mute amazement. Theodore listened attentively.

“You are surprised, my friend; but, escaped as if by miracle from death, thrown destitute on a foreign soil, with an infant son, the sole remnant of my beloved family, I could not also see him perish with want. No other means of subsistence presented itself; but chance at length brought my faithful Gilbert into my shop. He had long been in search of me. Judge of our mutual joy, at the recognition. He had obtained possession of some of the family jewels, which he delivered to me. I sold them; and the proceeds enabled me to commence a small perfumer’s shop. Gilbert assisted me. Our business prospered. We lived comfortably; and, what

was of more importance, I was enabled to educate my son Charles."

Monsieur de Beaucaire pressed the hand of his friend, but spoke not.

"You will dine with me, Monsieur de Beaucaire, and you Monsieur de Clermont. It will be variety, for you gentlemen, to take a plate of soup, in a plain frugal style. Gilbert is an excellent cook, and will make us some little dish, that even you will relish Monsieur de Beaucaire."

"With pleasure, my friend, I accept your invitation," said the Marquis, "and Theodore, you may return to us, after you have made your calls."

"I shall not say adieu," cried the youth; and his thoughts, during the continuance of his ride, was on the fickleness of fortune, and the vicissitudes of life. A Count shaving the face of a tailor." This idea was a great counterbalance to the aristocratic ideas he was imperceptibly imbibing.

He had now reached the magnificent Hotel des Abbayes. Every thing bespoke grandeur and opulence. Fine groves of olives met his eyes in every direction. Orange shrubberies surrounded the house. The vines bore the marks of the most careful cultivation. Several grooms, in rich liveries, took his horse. He was then shewn into a splendid apartment, where he waited not many minutes, when the Marquis des Abbayes made his appearance.

"You are highly welcome, Mons. de Clermont," said he, with great cordiality. "I had purposed calling on you this day myself, to express my sentiments of gratitude. To you, Mons. de Clermont, I owe the life of my only child."

"I hope Mademoiselle des Abbayes has received no injury from the accident."

"She is in excellent health, and will soon appear, to thank her deliverer."

The door opened, and Sophia, in a rich and becoming dress, entered and paid her compliments, with a grace and ease of manner, that Theodore had not hitherto had any idea of. He returned them in his best manner. She continued the conversation with great wit and gaiety, and her father displayed much good sense and sound understanding.

Theodore was unusually silent; but his eyes and ears were fascinated. He was invited to stay to dinner; and this reminded him of his engagement with Mons. de Beaumont, when declining their invitation he took his leave.

He found dinner waiting at the chateau de Beaumont; and, on his arrival, the Count with his guests seated themselves at table, which was spread in a neat plain style. Gilbert, who had laid the cloth, now took his place at the buffet. Theodore regarded him with attention. He appeared about fifty, seemed very hale and active, and had a peculiar expression of honesty and benevolence in his countenance. Mons. de Beaumont observed the direction of Theodore's eyes. "You seem desirous Mons. de Clermont, of a further acquaintance with Gilbert, and I can assure you, he merits it."

Gilbert coloured, put his hand to his heart, and bowed. "Oh Monsieur le Comte!"

"You are fortunate, Mons. de Beaumont," said Theodore, "in such a faithful attendant."

"You know not, gentlemen, in what a variety of ways, Gilbert can make himself useful. With his own hands, he has cultivated most of the vegetables that compose our dinner. His care has raised the poultry. He has cooked the dinner, and now performs the office of butler." "O Monsieur le Comte," again ejaculated Gilbert.

"You are fortunate, my friend, in an attachment that thus multiplies its services," said the Marquis

de Beaucaire, "and you were doubly so in your exile."

"Yes, my friend; I owe gratitude to Gilbert; for he alone made that exile tolerable, and, by his faithfulness, relieved me from drudgery."

Gilbert looked inquisitively at his master, then at the other gentlemen. "Surely, Monsieur le Comte, you have not betrayed us?"

"Fear not, Gilbert," said his master, "you need not suspect the honour of these gentlemen. You must know, gentlemen, that Gilbert is very nice respecting the honour of the de Beaumont family, and considers any stain upon it, as the greatest possible misfortune."

"The Count de Beaumont is truly a practical philosopher," said Monsieur de Beaucaire, as he and his son sat on the terrace, fronting their Hotel, enjoying the cooling breeze.

"My dear father," said Theodore, "the Count de Beaumont fully demonstrates the proposition, that happiness resides not in situation or condition. He appears happy, even amidst the ruins of his house, and satisfactorily enjoys what remains in his possession; and I think that he was not miserable in his exile, nor even in the servile condition, to which he alluded."

"O France! France!" cried the old gentleman, "to what have your sons been reduced!"

"I think we should be particularly thankful," said Theodore, "for we have been so singularly fortunate, amidst the devastations, that have overwhelmed so many families."

"Yes, my son," replied the Marquis. "Providence has, indeed, been kind. Forgive me, my God, that I have hitherto been such an ingrate, in the midst of so many benefits. It is true, my Emilie has perished; but her sufferings were soon over, and

she doubtless enjoys their reward in Heaven. My chateau is destroyed; but another is provided me, while poor de Beaumont——! Good night, my son;” and the Marquis, in a more than comonly resigned state of mind, retired to his chamber.

Theodore was now left alone. He walked backwards and forwards, on the terrace. His thoughts quickly escaped from the old chateau de Beaumont.

The magnificent Hotel des Abbayes, the elegant Sophia, flitted through his imagination, as some bright object of fairy land. “She is superlatively lovely,” he ejaculated. “Who is so lovely, Mons. Theodore?” said a voice. Theodore started. “Jeannette, is that you?”

“Who but me, my dear young master? But, what lady is that, who engrosses your fancy!”

“Sit down, Jeannette, and tell me all you know of Mademoiselle des Abbayes.”

“Ah, indeed, Monsieur Theodore. I might then talk all night. It is she then, who has won your heart? Well it will do, my child. You are but a younger son, and she a great heiress.”

“Ah too true, Jeannette, I must stifle my predilection in its infancy; for the Marquis des Abbayes will never give his daughter to a portionless man.”

“Do but hear him,” cried Jeannette. “Let me see the lady in Provence, who is too good for Theodore de Clermont; and she too, the daughter of du Monier.”

“There again, Jeannette. My father’s prejudices are so violent against what he terms new men.”

“Bless me, master Theodore. One would think you were a child, and knew nothing of the world. Mons. le Marquis object to your marrying the heiress of all the des Abbayes property, and the possessor of half a dozen estates besides; and you a younger son, and, as you say, portionless! That were a

likely story. If you were the eldest son and successor, perhaps the old gentleman might object a little; and, even then, he would soon see the advantages of such a marriage. It would make the Marquis de Beaucaire the wealthiest noble in Provence."

"Ah, Jeannette, I was educated in the new world, and know little of your intricate European politics; but you encourage me; dear nurse, and I will love on; for where shall I again find such an assemblage of perfection?"

"Mademoiselle Sophia des Abbayes is very lovely, and very amiable," said Jeannette, "but tell me, my child, where did you meet with her? Where did you first see her?"

Theodore related his yesterday's adventure, and his morning's visit.

"A good beginning, Monsieur Theodore," cried the nurse. "You have then saved her life. Her father is grateful, and you are in a fair way of obtaining your desire; for no one ever taxed du Monier Marquis des Abbayes with ingratitude. I shall then see you as great a man as your brother Louis; nay, more powerful, and far more wealthy. You may likewise succeed to the title; for a de Clermont will surely make a better Marquis than a du Monier."

"Ah, Jeannette, but it is not ambition fills my heart. It is love. I only wish to obtain the alluring Sophia."

"It is well, my son. You are young. Enjoy the prospect of a happy love; but old people look further. They think on the solid comforts of wealth. When your dream of youthful all engrossing love has evaporated, or subsided into the sober reality of domestic affection, then will you find, in your possession, what will contain more solid charms."

"You alarm me, Jeannette. Does Sophia then possess such trivial qualities, that she cannot retain affection?"

"No, Theodore, I have always heard the daughter of Sophia des Abbayes extolled, and well spoken of. Love her. This will add a thousand charms to her eyes. Woo her, obtain her, my son. Good night. I have some business in the house, that I must do immediately."

"Stop, Jeannette, I have a few more enquiries to make."

"Not tonight, Master Theodore. I have now no time to listen to you."

Again Theodore relapsed into a reverie. His hopes were now more sanguine; but still mixed with doubt. Sophia might not view him with a favourable eye. Her affections might be previously engaged. Her father had probably some wealthy suitor in view; and his own father, notwithstanding Jeannette's assertion, might be averse to uniting his blood with that of du Monier. "But, could I secure Sophia's affections," thought Theodore. "I might perhaps obtain her;" and he retired to bed, with the pleasing hope, that this might be possible.

De Clermont rode out the following day on horseback. He took the road towards des Abbayes. He passed it reluctantly; but could frame no satisfactory excuse for again calling there so soon. But fortune befriended him; for he perceived, on passing a turn in the road, a lady with attendants, on horseback; when clapping spurs to his horse, he soon overtook Sophia, for she it was.

"What a happy rencontre for me, Mademoiselle! I see that the past accident has not prevented you from again venturing out on your steed."

"Ah, Monsieur de Clermont," cried Sophia, "I was, it is true, rather timid about mounting my palfrey to-day; but I need not surely fear danger, with so brave a knight by my side."

"Do you then dub me your knight, Mademoiselle?"

Enviably pre-eminence! Here then I swear myself your servant, and esteem myself the most fortunate youth in France."

"See, then," said she gaily, "that you never forsake the colours of your lawful mistress;" and she presented him a ribband, that encircled her waist.

With similar badinage they enlivened their ride. To Sophia, this strain of gallantry was familiar. To Theodore, it was new, but very attractive, and he soon entered into it with such spirit, that Mademoiselle des Abbayes began to think Monsieur de Clermont had as much wit as bravery. That he was well made, and had an agreeable countenance, she had already perceived. He escorted her home, and could not refuse the invitation he received to enter. The Marquis seemed much pleased to see him, and gave him a pressing invitation to spend as much time at the Hotel des Abbayes, as he could spare from his father.

Thus encouraged, Theodore returned home, with pleasing hopes, and high expectations. He chose not, however, to confide them to his father; not only from the timidity attendant on a first passion, but also from a dread of having his hopes opposed. For Theodore was now in love. He lived but in the presence of Sophia. He passed most of his time with her; and Mons. de Beaucaire, who was often with his old friend, the Count de Beaumont, made no particular enquiries respecting the pursuits of his son. Theodore had not told Sophia he loved her; but his every action demonstrated his growing affection. She was perfectly sensible of his love, and satisfied with this, wished not to precipitate him into a formal avowal.

The Marquis des Abbayes was highly pleased with his new acquaintance, and delighted with that absence of haughtiness in Theodore, so conspicu-

ours in the descendants of the ancient noblesse. "Sophia," said he, one day, as he and his daughter sat seated together, "I have a better opinion of young de Clermont, than of any of the young men of the present day. He is so devoid of artifice, so candid, and withal so courteous."

"He is a brave young man," she replied.

"Yes, Sophia, he is a brave youth. He saved your life, I wish he were the eldest son, and heir to the Marquis de Beaucaire. I should then know whom to choose for a son-in-law."

"What, without consulting me, papa?"

"I should not fear much opposition from you, Sophia," said the father, smiling. "Our estates united, would be the greatest in Provence; and now that nobility is again in vogue, their ancient house would add new lustre to your mother's."

"But Theodore de Clermont is not the heir," said Sophia, pensively.

"He is not," said the Marquis, "but we may perhaps soon see the young Vicount de Luneville, and compare the brothers together."

A few days after this conversation, Sophia wandered out alone. The sun was low sinking in the west. A pleasant breeze fanned the air, and its refreshing effects invited to the fields. She strayed carelessly along; but, by degrees, her steps lost their elasticity. An unusual pensiveness pervaded her mind. She moved slowly forward. The sun had now disappeared; but Cynthia had taken his place, and shone in placid majesty in the Heavens, which glittered with innumerable stars. The silence of evening succeeded the buz of day. Here and there a solitary bird chanted its pensive note. Sophia thought of her mother. "That kind, that amiable parent is gone," said she, "and I am left without a female companion. I am at seventeen, with-

out a directress. My father grows feeble. Should I loose him; ah Sophia, who more forsaken than thou? Thy great estates would only prove a ~~loss~~ ^{burden} for the unprincipled fortune-seeker, who, after ~~receiv~~ ^{receiving} my unwary youth, would perhaps regard me as an incumbrance on the property." She paused under a large cherry tree, and pensively leaned against the trunk. Theodore, who had called at the house and found Sophia absent, walked out in search of her, and at this moment made his appearance.

"Mademoiselle des Abbayes," he cried, "what pensive mood thus leads you to wander out alone?"

"You know Mons. de Clermont, that I have neither brother nor sister. I have lost my mother; and the age and infirmities of my father precludes his accompanying me."

"Ah Sophia, with what joy, what pleasure—— could I always accompany you."

"You would then," she replied, attempting to shake off her pensive feeling, "confine me a prisoner, excepting when you were at leisure to attend the captive bird."

"Ah Mademoiselle, it is your affections alone that I wish to retain captive."

"You will accompany me to the house, Mons. de Clermont. It grows late, and my father will enquire after me."

She took his arm, and they proceeded along the winding path, that led to the chateau. They passed through a thick grove of orange trees. "This was the favourite retreat of my mother," said Sophia. "O Mons. de Clermont, how solitary it now appears. How often have I, seated by her side in that recess, listened with intense interest to her tales of revolutionary horrors; when her father, her mother, all her family perished; when her own life hung upon a thread. How my young heart beat,

when I imagined that kind mother passing the first night of mourning for her whole family, alone in a gloomy dismal cell. That dear mother would then kiss away my tears. "Weep not, my child," she would say. "Your love counterbalances all my sufferings. May the fate of Sophia be far more happy, than that of her mother."

Theodore pressed the hand; that rested on his arm. "Dear Sophia, would that my attentions could replace those of your mother. Would that I were permitted to devote my attentions, my love, my life to you. You answer not, Sophia;" and the youth trembling in every fibre awaiting the decision of his fate, bent one knee on the ground, and still retained the hand he held. The moon suddenly issuing from a cloud, shone full upon his face, and displayed his pale anxious countenance, fixed upon hers with imploring energy. Sophia regarded him for some moments in silence. The tremor communicated itself to her. "Rise, Theodore," said she, "rise Monsieur de Clermont."

"Not till you seal my fate, Sophia."

"I am not a free agent, Monsieur de Clermont. I depend entirely on the will of my father. Strive not then to entangle me in a clandestine engagement.— Believe me, Theodore, they generally prove unfortunate."

"Sophia, you know not what it is to love, or you could not reason thus."

"True, Monsieur de Clermont, with my parents my affections have hitherto been concentrated."

"But, dearest Sophia, you have lost your mother. You may soon lose your father. Your affections will then be left without an object, while the unfortunate Theodore, who would devote his life for you, whose constant aim would have been to render you the happiest of women, may be at a great distance,

miserable and forlorn; for what is the world to him without you, Sophia? You may, indeed, bestow yourself on some more favorite man; but he can never love you like Theodore."

"Rise, Monsieur de Clermont, and we can further discuss this subject, as we walk homeward."

"No, Sophia, I cannot rise, without an answer. Suspense is misery, and an unfavourable certainty will be despair."

"Well then, Theodore, I will sit beside thee, here on this bank.——Now, my friend, let us reason calmly. You say you love me. Well, then, should I be so inconsiderate as to give you my heart, in return for your protestations, we are both very young, entirely dependant on the will of our fathers. Should they have other views for us, we should then only render each other miserable."

"You then deny my suit, Mademoiselle des Abbayes," and he clasped his hands with a violent expression of agony.

"Theodore, dear Theodore, you alarm me!"

"O fear not, Mademoiselle des Abbayes. I will conduct you home in safety. De Clermont will soon join his regiment, nor ever again trouble or alarm you."

"Theodore, my deliverer, what would you have me do?"

"O think no more of the portionless de Clermont, who has neither title nor estates to offer you."

"Ah, little do you know how to appreciate the heart of Sophia des Abbayes, if you think that ambition or avarice reigns predominant in her bosom."

"You cannot love me then, Sophia. It is myself, and not my fortune, that you refuse."

"Why will you thus persevere, de Clermont? Rather seek to ingratiate yourself with my father. You are already high in his favour, and he thinks

much of the family of de Clermont. I repeat it again, my friend; we are so dependant on our fathers, that we cannot subsist without their good will."

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore, "this is the state of vassalage and dependance, in which Europe retains her sons. Were I in America, I would exert the faculties of a man, and maintain you independently. ——— But it is too true, things are differently situated in France; and you, Sophia, educated in luxury and splendour, could not conform to my situation. But, is there here no path open to success? Yes, I may rise in my profession. I have remained too long in slothful inaction. I must join my regiment. But, Sophia, will you not accord me some small token, that, when I appear before you crowned with success, in a situation to demand you of your father, I may then rest assured of your approbation?"

"You are then going to abandon me, de Clermont?"

"That I may obtain you, Sophia."

"May you prosper, de Clermont," said she, in a faltering voice.

"It is then with some reluctance that you part with me?" said Theodore. "Ah Sophia, dearest object of my affections, tell me, has Theodore de Clermont any place in your heart? May he ever hope to obtain the love of Sophia?"

"Ah! Theodore, why am I not at my own disposal?"

"You love me then, Sophia," and he clasped her to his breast. Her heart beat violently, and a moment of agonizing bliss obliterated all but present reality. Sophia gently disengaged herself. A pause succeeded. Sophia interrupted it. "Despair not, de Clermont, seek the friendship of my father. He is attached to you. He may make us happy. ——— Let us now hasten home. My absence may have alarmed the family."

CHAPTER XII.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue :
 But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye.
 Her winning voice the youth attentive caught :
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
 Still gaz'd and listened : then her name besought.
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light
 Thon, in her native form, he now beheld ;
 Unveil'd she stood, confess'd before his sight.

SPENCER.

VARIOUS were the reflections that occupied the mind of Theodore, as he, that night, laid his head on his sleepless pillow. "Such," thought he, "are some of miseries, which these artificial distinctions of society create. I, as a younger son, must sacrifice my feelings, hopes and happiness, to the grandeur of my family. My brother inherits opulence. It is his birthright; and happiness he may seek, where he pleases; but I must cut my way through life with my sword. And what am I profited by this blood and family distinction, which I hear so much extolled? It confines me to a barren profession and prevents my launching out into any of the common avenues to wealth or competency. My American education, that cherished in me generous feelings of honest independence, was a poor preparation for my present situation, and scenes in which I shall probably be engaged. But I must accommodate myself to existing circumstances, I must boldly pursue the path fortune has chalked out for me. I must distinguish myself; and that purse proud man may think himself honoured in bestowing the hand of his daughter on Theodore de Clermont."

Theodore had formed the resolution of joining his regiment, that he might be in the way of action and promotion; but several days elapsed, and he

had taken no step to that effect; for he passed most of his time with Sophia, and every night promised himself to act decisively the next day.

One morning, during breakfast, some letters were brought in. Theodore opened the one addressed to him. It contained an order from his commanding officer to join his regiment, which was stationed on the confines of Germany. There was also a letter from de Luneville to his father, announcing his intention of visiting Beaucaire. "It is well," said the Marquis, for though I part with you, I shall have de Luneville with me. Pray Heaven, that he may take a resolution to settle down quietly. I shall feel your absence, Theodore; but you must follow your profession, my son, and carve yourself out a road to distinction."

Theodore felt that now he must go; and he endeavored to exert his resolution to depart with becoming fortitude. His feelings amounted to agony, when taking leave of Sophia. He had made no direct application to her father; for he deemed it too rash an attempt to risk his happiness upon, in his then dependant condition; and, in parting with her, he felt all the uncertainty of his situation.

He left the Marquis de Beaucaire with regret; for much affection had grown up between the father and son, since their re-union. The old gentleman shed tears, as he gave him his parting blessing, and long gazed after him. But de Luneville arrived. He was the hope of the family, and withal a kind and dutiful son, though more volatile and fond of pleasure than his brother.

Louis was much pleased with Beaucaire, and set about schemes of improvement, with the alacrity of one who knew that all he saw would soon come into his possession. He cultivated the society of his neighbors, practised the greatest courtesy and affa-

bility amongst his dependants, and soon made himself the delight of the poor, and obtained the esteem and good will of the rich.

In the mean time, Theodore pensively pursued the road to his regiment. He felt solitary and forlorn, in the midst of France. Sophia engrossed much of his thoughts; but his heart still recurred to his home in America; for such he loved to call Tonnewonté. "If it is distinction I am seeking in France," said Theodore, "I enjoyed more of it in the Genesee country. There I was loved and cherished. Now I am wandering alone."

At length he reached his regiment, in which he held a captain's commission. It was quartered in a small frontier town. All were strangers, and de Clermont found none that interested him particularly. He would have been devoured with ennui, had he not exerted himself to shake off his dejection, and applied to study with great perseverance. He now found the good effect of Capt. Marvin's instructions, who had taught him to make the most of time.

Young de Clermont soon gained the esteem of his brother officers, and was much noticed by his Colonel. His dejection by degrees subsided, and his hopes revived. "I shall make myself worthy of Sophia," thought he, "and in the end I shall obtain her." This was the prize held out in his imagination, as the reward for all his exertions; the hope which displayed a smiling vision in prospect; for Sophia would prove faithful. That he could not doubt.

One evening, Theodore was busily occupied in his chamber, drawing the line of a fortification; when he was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who handed him a note. The direction was in an unknown hand, and it contained these mysterious words;

"Handsome stranger, if you are as brave, as your appearance is prepossessing, fly to the relief of an unfortunate, who must perish without your assistance. Lose no time; but follow the bearer, who will conduct you where your presence is greatly desired."

"Who brought this letter?" enquired Theodore.

"A sort of a page," replied the servant.

"Shew him in."

A young lad, wrapt in a dark mantle, made his appearance. The servant retired.

"From whom bring you this note!" said de Clermont.

"I am not permitted to declare," replied the lad.

"Of what service is it, if I know not who wrote it?"

"Follow me, and you shall see," said the page.

Theodore hesitated; but the spirit of youthful enterprise prompted him to undertake what had so much the appearance of an adventure.

"The writer of this is unfortunate?" said de Clermont.

"Very probably," replied the lad.

Theodore fastened on his sword, wrapped himself in a large mantle; and they sallied forth.

The youth let him through many turnings and windings. Theodore endeavored to obtain some clue from him but his answers were so laconic, that he could discover nothing from them. A coach stood waiting in a retired street. "We must embark in this," said the boy. De Clermont hesitated. "What do you fear?" cried the lad. Theodore sprang into the carriage, and the horses set out full speed. The evening was dark; the blinds up, so that it was impossible for him to discover where they were conducting him. After half an hour's ride, the carriage stopt. The steps were let down. The young page sprang out. Theodore followed.

and found himself in the court yard of what appeared a splendid chateau. Several of the windows were brilliantly illuminated; and as he was inspecting the whole, with attentive curiosity, a door was opened, through which his guide entered, beckoning to Theodore to follow. Again he was led thro' many windings; but the guide at length paused in an elegant boudoir, furnished in the most luxurious style. "Rest here," said the page, "and the person you seek will presently appear." He then departed; and Theodore, after surveying the apartment with astonishment and curiosity, threw himself on a couch, and awaited, with some degree of impatience, the conclusion of the adventure.

A door suddenly opened, and a lady in an elegant dishabille, entered the apartment. Her features were concealed by a veil thrown carelessly over her head; but the studied negligence of her dress displayed the utmost symmetry and elegance of form. Theodore hastily arose. He bowed in much confusion, and stood hesitating what to say.

The lady curtsied, motioned him to sit down, then seated herself beside him, on an ottoman.

A few moments silence ensued, while each took a survey of the other. At length Theodore assumed confidence to say, "I was brought here by a claim on my humanity. Tell me fair lady, who is it desires the assistance of Theodore de Clermont, and what is required of him? for he trusts he will never be deaf to the calls of the unfortunate."

"Generous stranger," replied the lady, "it is as I expected. The heart of Capt. de Clermont belies not his appearance."

"You know me then?" said Theodore, "though I have not the honor of recognizing you, Madam."

"I am no stranger to your reputation, Capt. de Clermont, and I have likewise been in company with you."

“Remove then, Madam, that envious veil, that I may see, and have the honor of knowing who it is that now addresses me.”

“Most probably you would not then recognize me, Monsieur de Clermont. You were last evening at the Prince of M——’s masqued ball?”

“I was, Madam,” replied Theodore.

“I there saw and conversed with you,” said the lady.

“Indeed, Madam, who then have I the honour of addressing?”

“That is foreign to the question,” replied the lady, smiling.

“Pardon me, fair lady,” said Theodore, “it is but a poor return for the trust reposed in me, thus to forget what I came here for. Pray, Madam, inform me who it is requires my assistance, and what is expected of me?”

“I believe, Capt. de Clermont, that you are worthy of confidence, which has occasioned our selection of you.”

“Speak Madam, in what can I oblige so fair a lady? I am impatient to demonstrate to you, that your confidence has not been misplaced.”

“Judge then de Clermont, how much I rely on your honor,” and she approached near to him, laid her hand on his, and affected to speak in a low voice. “I have a near relation, de Clermont, who possesses my friendship, and esteem. He has become obnoxious to the ruling powers. They have passed sentence of death on him; but he is now concealed in this house. It is hard for a man to lose his life for his political opinions. At any rate, I must save my cousin. He wishes to embark for America, that land of freedom; but this he cannot do without assistance. We are closely watched; for it is suspected that we harbor him. Now, Monsieur

de Clermont, any communications, that you might have with American vessels, would not be remarked, as it is known you were educated in that country; and your information will likewise be very useful to my cousin, in directing him how to conduct himself on his arrival in America. You now perceive the necessity of the secrecy observed in conducting you here; for should your communication with us be observed, such is the vigilance of the police, that we could derive no benefit from any exertions your active generosity may be inclined to make in our favour."

"Ah, Madam," said Theodore, unconsciously taking the hand that reposed on his. "Such a fair pleader could never ask in vain, did not other motives powerfully impel me to exert myself to assist your friend. You may depend, fair lady, on any assistance in my power. Am I now to be introduced to the gentleman?"

"No, not tonight," said the lady. "We can together arrange the scheme, and when all is prepared for its execution, I will introduce you to my cousin."

After a couple of hours conversation, in which Theodore and the lady had become quite well acquainted, "It is time to part tonight, Monsieur de Clermont," said she. "In two days more I shall again send for you, that we may determine on something; but before you depart, you must partake of some refreshments."

She then gave him her hand, and conducted him into an adjoining apartment, where a small collation, consisting of the most exquisite luxuries, and the choicest wines, was spread on a superb sideboard, glittering with plate. The lady pressed him to help himself; but no one else appeared. He was not surprised at this, as the account given by her fully accounted for the secrecy that was observed.

Their collation finished, the lady bade him good-night. His guide, in the dark mantle, appeared, and Theodore was conducted home, in the same manner that he had been brought away. It was then dawn of day. He thought it too late to retire to bed; but, throwing himself on a large fauteuil, he mused on this commencement of an adventure. His youthful imagination was incited by the appearance of mystery. He was flattered by the attentions of the amiable lady; and he resolved to assist her friend to the uttermost.

Several similar visits ensued. Theodore and the lady still concerting schemes for the escape of her cousin; but something was always wanting, so that none of them had yet been carried into execution.

The lady still retained her veil, which, though apparently thrown negligently over her head, was yet so artfully contrived, that the folds concealed her features. One evening, a more than usual vein of pleasantry had insinuated itself into their conversation. The fate of the cousin was forgot, in a conversation full of wit and gaiety. Theodore discovered the lady to be so prepossessing, that an irresistible curiosity seized him, to discern the features of this captivating woman. "Why, Madam," exclaimed he, "do you suffer that veil to conceal the charms that no-doubt lurk beneath?"

"Such is the manner in which your sex flatter us," she replied. "A gentleman in company with a lady, thinks he fails in good breeding, unless he commend her perfections, though in his mind he will not allow her the possession of a single charm."

"Ah, Madam, how you wrong yourself!" cried Theodore, "every thing convinces me that the charms of my lovely incognita are not excelled by the fabulous perfections of Venus."

Generous wine and their precious lively conver-

sation, had impelled him to an unusual degree of vivacity. "Envious veil," cried he, "no longer shall you conceal them from my sight;" and he snatched it from her head.

A transcendently lovely countenance was exposed to his view. The lady appeared about five and twenty. Her brilliant black eyes shone on him, with a mixture of animation and voluptuousness.—The negligence of her dishabille also displayed more powerful charms. His senses were entranced; his eyes sparkled; they expressed love, desire and admiration.

"Bold man," cried she, affecting displeasure.—Their eyes met. A mutual flame seemed enkindled. She held out her hand; "I must forgive you, de Clermont." He seized it, imprinted on it a passionate kiss, and sunk on his knees. His lips were about to utter protestations of love. The ardent gaze of the lady was eagerly bent on him. He raised his eyes to hers; and the image of Sophia presented itself to his imagination. "How different her modest glance?" thought he. A pang of self-accusation ensued. "Sophia, am I then unfaithful to virtue, and to thee?" He bent his eyes on the ground. Confusion and self abasement followed. He wished to sink into the earth. He dared not lift his eyes again so meet the glance so ardently directed at him. At this moment the well known step of the guide, warning him it was time to depart, relieved him from a very unenviable state of mind. He sprang from his recumbent posture. "Stop a moment, de Clermont," cried the lady; but de Clermont was gone.

In a moody frame of mind, Theodore reached his lodgings. He threw himself in a fauteuil; and his heart felt the conflicts of remorse. "Who can this woman be?" cried he to himself. In all our inter-

course, she has given me no clue, by which I can discover who she is. Every thing around her displays wealth and magnificence. She evidently encouraged my advances. Is she disengaged? and does she desire an honorable connexion with me? Why, then, so much mystery? Ah, Sophia, did you know all this, would you ever deign to think again of Theodore? How has this Circe played on my vanity? How could I for a moment forget the modest, the amiable Sophia? My heart was indeed not unfaithful to her, but why did I suffer my senses to be touched? Why did I permit myself to be led by vanity? And should this cousin prove an ignis fatuus,— O Theodore, what a dupe wilt thou have been?"

It was, however, necessary to attend parade; and Theodore sallied out with all the composure, he could assume. A young officer, named de Lavol, with whom he had been on greater terms of intimacy, than with any other, accompanied him home. Theodore's plans lay on the table. "Let us see how you progress," said de Lavol, examining them. "Ah, indeed, they have advanced but little, since I was here last; but if report speaks truth, you are far more pleasantly engaged."

"What says report!" cried Theodore, endeavoring to conceal his alarm; for conscience was now his inward accuser.

"It declares you a distinguished man; Captain de Clermont, at least in the lists of love."

"And who is the object of my affections?" enquired Theodore.

"Oh that is only whispered; but the fame of a lady of high rank is sadly implicated with yours; and indeed de Clermont, if it come to her husband's ears, I may be called on to act as a second."

Theodore shuddered; for he was new to vice. "De Lavol," said he, earnestly, "I entreat you to tell me honestly what you have heard?"

De Lavol laid down the papers he held in his hands. He looked at Theodore. "May I be candid, de Clermont?"

"I entreat that you would be so," cried Theodore.

"Well then, it is reported that you are engaged in an intrigue; that your nights are spent at the chateau de N——, and that your secret visits there, are authorised and contrived by the Dutchess."

"I never heard her name before," said Theodore.

"Report greatly belies you, then," said de Lavol.

"Listen, my friend," cried de Clermont, "I believe you a man of worth, and think I may safely confide in your honor. A stranger to the manners and society of Europe, without a counsellor, I know not what to decide; for though report wrong me greatly, it is true that I am involved in an adventure of some intricacy."

"You are right, de Clermont," replied de Lavol.

"You may indeed safely confide in my honor; for though young and rather heedless myself, still my best advice and assistance are at your service."

Theodore then related every thing that had passed between himself and his incognita. De Lavol listened attentively. "You have fallen into dangerous hands," said he. "This lady can be no other than the Dutchess of N——, who is as much celebrated for artifice, as for beauty and gallantry. She is likewise described as extremely revengeful, on the least appearance of a slight, from any of her admirers. Her husband is old and disagreeable, but very powerful; and should you abruptly break off all intercourse with the Dutchess, there is no knowing how far her resentment, and the Duke's influence might be carried; for she has the finesse to make him act just as she pleases."

"You then think that this account of her cousin was all a feint," said Theodore.

"My life on it," replied de Lavol.

"I was lately thinking as much," said Theodore.

"I must break off all communication with the lady."

"Not abruptly, de Clermont. I would not brave the deep artifices of her resentment."

"I cannot temporize," replied Theodore.

"You must then leave this place," said de Lavol.

"Am I not bound to my regiment?" cried de Clermont.

"In about two months, our regiment changes its destination. Could you obtain leave of absence, for that time, you might avoid further communication with your incognita, and join the regiment at its next quarters."

"But, shall I act in so cowardly a manner?" said Theodore.

"Bravery is of no avail here," said his friend. "It is not your life she would aim at, but your reputation and honor. She might even accomplish your dismissal from the regiment."

"Into what perplexity has one imprudent step thrown me," cried Theodore. "Had I not foolishly obeyed the first mysterious summons, I should not now be involved in this perplexing intrigue."

"You must learn wisdom from experience," said de Lavol. "At present, follow my advice, and obtain leave of absence." He then took leave, and de Clermont passed the day very pensively, and the night in deliberation.

The following morning, de Lavol entered in great haste. "News, de Clermont! News! But, dost that white cockade!"

"What mean you, de Lavol?"

"Follow my example, and cry, *Vive l'Empereur*," said he, taking some tri-coloured cockades from his pocket, and affixing one to his hat.

"Are you mad?" cried Theodore.

"Mad with joy, de Clermont. In short the Emperor is in Paris. That log king, Louis 18th, with all his Bourbon tribe, have fled France; and the army has declared for Napoleon. The news reached us this morning. Our regiment has hailed its Emperor's return with shouts of joy. You must have been in a trance, not to have heard them. Come, hand me your hat, de Clermont, I have a cockade for you."

"This is, indeed, important news, Capt. de Lavol; but, no, it is mere badinage."

"No, faith, it is no jest, but joyful reality."

"Is it an officer in the service of, the King of France, who holds this discourse?"

"Hear reason, Capt. de Clermont. Ten years since, I entered, as a volunteer, the service of Napoleon Buonaparte. From grade to grade, I obtained at twenty-four, the command of a company, in which rank under the Bourbons, I am likely to remain stationary; but the hero Napoleon is the commander for brave men. We will rise, my friend. We shall soon see active service; and who knows, but two embryo generals are now conversing."

"If such are your sentiments, how could you serve Louis?" enquired Theodore.

"Could I stand alone against the nation? But I loved Buonaparte in my heart; and, now that he has France for him again, I follow her example, with joyful alacrity. *Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!*—Come, hand me your hat, here is the cockade," continued de Lavol.

"No," replied Theodore, "I entered the service of Louis the eighteenth; I swore fealty to him; and, during his life, I can serve no other."

"You will then lose your commission. The regiment has declared for Napoleon," said de Lavol.

"Be it so," cried Theodore. "It is near the time of parade. Shall we go together?"

"I am still your friend, Capt. de Clermont, tho' we may differ in political opinions. You are ignorant of the general ferment, which now agitates the public mind. Should you appear in public, with that white cockade, you may lose your life."

"I will go," said Theodore, "without any party distinction."

De Clermont and de Lavol proceeded together through the street. The air rang with the shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!*' Several regiments were assembled on the parade. The shouts passed from rank to rank. "Have I deceived you?" said de Lavol.

"No, my friend," replied Theodore, "I am all astonishment. How versatile is public opinion!"

"Not so much as you think, Capt. de Clermont. Napoleon Buonaparte possesses the heart of the soldiery, under whatever colours they may serve."

"He is, indeed, an extraordinary man," said Theodore.

"He is the commander for brave men, Capt. de Clermont. Come, join your regiment, and, in serving the Emperor, lay the foundation of your own fortune."

"I might, perhaps, be tempted to follow your advice," said Theodore, "were I totally unconnected; but my family is strictly loyal, and my father—— No, it is impossible. I must quit the regiment."

Theodore returned pensively to his quarters, amidst the shouts of enthusiasm, that re-echoed thro' the air. Perfectly at a loss what course to pursue, he sat ruminating in his apartment. He must quit his regiment; but where must he proceed? His father and brother had probably left France. Had they fled to Germany? Or had they followed the royal family? Most likely they had proceeded to their estate, near Vienna. It was then best for him

to join them there. But his heart pointed towards Provence. Could he leave France, without taking leave of Sophia? That would be relinquishing her for ever. Evening surprised him in this state of uncertainty. He was pacing the floor of his chamber, when his old acquaintance, the page, was announced: "You will please to follow me, Capt. de Clermont."

"What, tonight?" cried Theodore, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Yes, as speedily as possible. My lady has something of importance to communicate," said the page.

"Impossible, my friend; I cannot go tonight," replied de Clermont.

"My lady will be very much disappointed. She bid me not return without you."

"I cannot possibly accompany you to night; for business of the utmost importance detains me."

"Is this the answer I must bring my lady?"

"Yes, and present her my compliments."

The page departed; and de Lavol entered.

"Faith, de Clermont, a very gallant answer to send a lady; you will hear more from her, I can assure you."

"I shall soon be beyond her influence," replied Theodore.

"You leave us then?" enquired his friend.

"There is no alternative," cried Theodore. "I cannot serve Buonaparte; honor forbids."

"Is it a point of honor? Well, then, I must assist you. You will find it very difficult to leave your regiment, without a pass; but I will step to the Colonel's, and procure you one."

"Do, my friend," said Theodore, "and you will for ever oblige me."

In about an hour, de Lavol returned. "It is well for you, de Clermont," cried he, "that we have to do

with a man who understands the point of honor.— The Colonel, as well as myself, entered the service under Napoleon, and we hold ourselves obliged to serve him, as long as the nation recognizes him for Emperor. But the case is different with you. The Colonel esteems you greatly, and here is your pass. Soon as you leave the regiment, you will do best to leave France; but where are you bound?"

"I should like to visit my father in Provence," said Theodore.

"If your father is the loyalist you say, he has before this left France."

"He has an estate in Germany," said de Clermont.

"You will, then, most probably find him there," said de Lavol.

"But I must visit Provence," replied Theodore.

"O, some little *affaire du cœur*. You must then go in disguise."

"Is it come to this?" cried de Clermont. "Cannot an honest man shew himself in France?"

"Not an avowed adherent of Louis, a deserter from his regiment; for in that light you will be considered. You will be taken up for a spy."

"I must then go in disguise?" said Theodore.

"Assume the dress of a peasant."

"Thank you for the hint, de Lavol. I have been a farmer, and will make no bad peasant."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Triumph and sorrow border near
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas! what links of love that morn-
 Has war's rude hand asunder torn?
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here, pil'd in common slaughter, sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE next morning's sun found Theodore de Clermont in a rustic garb, at some miles distance from his former quarters. He walked steadily forward; and, at the next post town, took a public conveyance. Fearful of exciting suspicion, Theodore was several weeks in reaching Beaucaire, and the last stage of his journey he performed on foot.

The sun was tinging, with his last rays, the western horizon, when de Clermont entered his native village. Afraid of attracting attention; he endeavoured to gain, unobserved, his father's house.

Twilight had now thrown her shadowy veil on every surrounding object. Theodore proceeded hastily forward. His heart faltered, as he noticed the pensive stillness, that had succeeded the former bustling activity, through the environs of the Hotel. No lights illuminated the windows. All was enveloped in sombre gloom. He approached the back door. It was shut. He rapped gently. Presently a light glimmered through the casement; and, "Mon dieu, who is there?" was ejaculated, in the well known voice of Jeannette. "Open the door, Jeannette," cried de Clermont. "I should know that voice among a thousand," said she, unfastening the door; but started back, at sight of Theodore—. "Eh

mon dieu! I thought it was my foster son. Who art thou, young man? Does any person accompany thee?"

"Will you give me a night's lodging, Jeannette?"

"*Eh mon dieu*, Master Theodore," cried she, throwing her arms around his neck. "You here? and in this disguise? Oh unfortunate France! But come in, my son. There is a fire lighted on the kitchen hearth. You will find it pleasant, this damp night. Come, walk in, my son."

"But, my father, my brother, where are they?"

"You shall know all soon enough, Master Theodore."

"Surely nothing has happened to them?" enquired de Clermont.

"First be seated, my child. Now, warm yourself, while I prepare something for your supper. Then you shall hear every thing."

"But, Jeannette, consider my anxiety."

"O, I shall not be long in getting your supper.— There, I have put some nice sausages in the stew pan. I think you are not fond of black puddings, although these I make, are excellent; but every one to his taste. The tea-kettle will soon boil, and I will then make you a cup of coffee."

"But, my father; where is he, Jeannette?"

"You ask me a question, Mons. Theodore, that I cannot solve."

"Jeannette, pity my anxiety, and tell me what has happened."

"Well, then, while your supper is cooking, I will sit down, and relate every thing.—O, these sausages will burn."

"Never mind the sausages; but inform me what has happened to my father, and brother."

"Are you not hungry, Master Theodore?"

"Hungry enough; but more impatient to hear what has befallen my friends."

"It is a long story, Mons. Theodore."

"Do, pray, Jeannette, make it a short one."

"Do not interrupt me, Mons. de Clermont, or I shall never get through it."

"Well, I am silent; but, dear Jeannette, pity my anxiety."

"To the point then. When you left us, my son, we were all very happy. Your brother Louis, our young Count de Luneville, arrived here soon after. He is a fine young man, and a real gentleman. He gained the love of every one; but much good it does him now; when he is obliged to forsake his country, and this fine estate. Well, God's will be done. I hope yet to see him return, and enjoy his own again. And there was that old Marquis des Abbayes. He cried up your brother to the skies. They were always together; and there were parties there, and parties here, all so happy; when Buonaparte must come to disturb us. I wish he had remained in his own little Isle of Elba; and not come to disturb honest folks, who never thought to trouble him.— Yet, come he did; and then there was noise and clamour, some declaring for the Emperor, and some upholding the King. Monsieur de Beaucaire and our young Mons. de Luneville, went with the soldiers, to send back Buonaparte. O how brave they looked, on their noble horses, marching forward with the regiment! But it would not do. The soldiers, the cowardly loons, left them, and joined Buonaparte, instead of fighting him. So Monsieur le Marquis, and our young Mons. de Luneville came riding home at night, in great haste."

"Ah, Jeannette," said your brother, "we must leave you again."

"I hope not, my dear Mons. de Luneville," cried I.

"Yes, indeed Jeannette; those base villians have forsaken us. We must away to Germany, and get braver soldiers."

"Well now," said I, "a murrain take them, for such baseness." "They then sent for the steward, and gave all in charge to him, to try to keep it for them; the estate I mean, for the house they left in my care, and they did not even ask Marchemain, nor his wife neither, to live here, while they are away. No, for they knew well enough, they could confide all to Jeannette. The steward with his Madelon, live in their own little house; and, to give every one his due, Marchemain behaves very honorably, and sends money to Mons. le Marquis."

"My father has then left France?" said Theodore.

"Ah, yes. He has gone to his estate in Germany: but I must now get you your supper."

"But the Marquis des Abbayes, what has become of him, Jeannette?"

"He has gone to Paris," said the nurse.

"To Paris!" cried de Clermont, "and where is his daughter?"

"Gone to Paris with him. You could not think he would leave her behind; but the truth is, that he only went to Paris, to take care of her."

"Was Sophia then exposed to danger in this place?" enquired Theodore.

"No one here would injure Sophia des Abbayes. But her father was a friend of the Emperor, and has a sister married to one of his Generals. The good lady sent for her niece, to come and pass some time with her at Paris; and the Marquis accompanied his daughter."

"Alas!" exclaimed Theodore, "they are then all gone."

"No, your father's old friend, Mons. de Beaumont, still remains undisturbed in his old ruinous chateau; but, now, Master Theodore, eat your supper."

"I will endeavor to honor your good cheer," said Theodore, "but your tidings, Jeannette, have not

encreased my appetite." He, however, did credit to the repast; for his pedestrian mode of travelling had prepared him an excellent relish.

The communicative Jeannette had many anecdotes to relate. Theodore, having finished his supper, sat silent and absorbed by the fireside. At length, the good woman, observing with what little interest he attended to her details—"You are weary, my child," said she, "you had better retire to bed, and in the morning, Paul will be ready to execute any orders you may have for him."

"Who is this Paul?" enquired Theodore.

"My grandson. Do you not remember young Paul? He lives with me now, but had stopt to the village, when you arrived."

Theodore followed the advice of his nurse; and though he lay some time, ruminating on the tidings he had heard, a sweet sleep at length involved his senses in repose.

On leaving his chamber the following morning, Theodore found Marchemain awaiting his levee.— "I am both happy and grieved to see you here, Monsieur de Clermont," said the steward.

"How can that be, Monsieur Marchemain!"

"I am pleased to find you have escaped the many perils that must have surrounded you; and sorry to think you have more to encounter. You have probably heard of the new order, issued by the Emperor, requiring all emigrants, who have returned since 1814, to leave the Empire in fifteen days, or be bro't before a court of justice for trial. That term is now expired."

"I have heard nothing of it," said Theodore, "for I travelled in the most obscure manner, and was cautious of making any enquiries; but what must now be done, Mons. Marchemain?"

"I think, Monsieur," said the steward, "you must

endeavor to leave France in the most private manner possible. I will supply you with all the money I have been able to collect. It will be best for you to join your father in Germany, until it be safe for you to return to France, which I hope may soon be feasible."

"But, my father's friends," said Theodore, "can you give me any account of them?"

"Mons. de Beaumont did not come under the letter of the last edict; for he returned to France before 1814. His son has prudently transferred his services to the reigning sovereign. Mons. de Abbayes and his daughter, are now visiting Paris."

The steward continued mentioning several other persons, but Theodore, absorbed in reflection, tho't only of the absence of Sophia. Marchemain at length, observing his abstraction, took leave, saying he would go and endeavor to arrange matters for his safe departure.

Jeannette now brought him in his breakfast, and he endeavored to force his mind to attend to her affectionate endeavors to dissipate his melancholy.

The day passed mournfully; for he was forbidden to stir beyond the precincts of the hotel. In the evening Marchemain again appeared, and informed Theodore, that he had engaged him a passage to a port in Italy, at the same time presenting him with a considerable sum of money. Theodore then bade adieu to Jeannette, and followed Marchemain to the ship, in which he embarked for Italy, from whence he hastened to his father's house in Austria. The Marquis was delighted to see his son; but de Luneville had been appointed to a German regiment, which was stationed at Prague.

The Marquis de Beaucaire was far from contented in his present retreat. He became, every day, more anxious to return to his native country. Some-

time after Theodore's arrival, he received a letter from an old friend, who commanded a regiment, composed of French loyalists, then attached to the Batavian army.

"We will join them, my son," cried he.

"Whom, my father?"

"The valiant Colonel de Corbie. We will join his regiment, as volunteers. I desire no better, than to fall with France, if she be fated to remain the prey of this alien usurper. You, my son, may acquire glory, and perhaps a permanent establishment in this noble regiment."

The Marquis de Beaucaire with his son, were soon in Ghent. It was in July; and the allied armies were forming to a point, to contest with Napoleon the fate of France.

On the never to be forgotten morning of the 18th of August, the Marquis de Beaucaire and his son, found themselves with their regiment, on the famous field of Waterloo. They both distinguished themselves in that bloody scene. Towards the latter part of the day, a detachment of the regiment, in which Theodore was included, was ordered to join an English regiment in taking possession of a redoubt. They advanced with the greatest intrepidity. The redoubt was carried, and Theodore, glowing with success, marched with alacrity to another part of the field, where his regiment was ordered. But the day at length concluded, amidst this scene of carnage. The remains of both the contending armies prepared to pass the night.

Theodore now thought of his father. Where was he to be found? for they had been separated, since the early part of the engagement.

"My father may be wounded," thought Theodore. "He may perhaps lie extended on this field of desolation;" and a cold shudder shook his frame.

He leaned for a moment on his sword, and then started to seek his father.

The gloom of twilight had succeeded the blaze of day. The violent clamour of arms and thunder of cannon had ceased; but silence still fled the scene of the terrible conflict. DeClermont could scarcely move a step, without stumbling over the victims of the spirit of sanguinary war. They were still warm, though held fast in the embraces of death.— There lay together the horse, and his rider; here two strangers, who met for the first time, ignorant of each others name or nation—had yet deprived each other of the vital principle of existence; and now they lay entwined, as in mockery of the causes and effects of human ire. The hardy inhabitant of the north, and luxurious dweller of the south, lay side by side. They had yielded up their breath, in obedience to the commands of despotic masters. They had fought and bled in a cause, the success of which was to rivet their own chains. Still were these comparatively happy; for their sufferings in this world at least, were at an end——but in thousands, the spirit of life still lingered. Some had disentangled themselves from the bodies of men and horses, that had covered them, and had raised their heads; but, deprived of limbs, they were unable to move. In this bloody field, they awaited the approach of death. They thought with anguish on their far distant homes—the mother who had reared their infancy—the wife of their bosom—the darling infants, soon to be left orphans. Many hearts, almost ceasing to beat, dwelt on the favorite maid, the selected object of their affections, till the violent throbbing of their agitated bosoms hastened the deadly throes.—How many now left to die in the open air, neglected and forsaken, were they near their endeared, though perhaps humble homes,

would be attended with anxious solicitude, and their most trifling wants anticipated; but their souls now quit this mortal world unnoticed. They leave their flesh to fatten birds of prey, and their bones to bleach, and whiten on a foreign soil. Strange perversity of human nature, that thus attaches glory to the destruction of their species!

Theodore passed mournfully through the prostrate crowd. The sound of dying groans every moment impeded his progress. He would have wished to succour them all; but that was impossible. He often paused, and gazed wistfully at the sufferers. At length, endeavouring to abstract himself from the fearful reality, he hastened forward in search of his father. In his progress, he stumbled over a prostrate body. A hollow groan ensued—"My God!" cried Theodore, horror struck; for he was not yet seasoned to scenes of war. His heart was not yet callous; for this was but his second essay in arms.

"Who are you, my friend?" cried he. "Have I injured you?"

A deep groan was the sole response. "He is dying," cried de Clermont, "and I have aggravated the sufferings of an expiring fellow mortal!"—The gloom of evening rendered objects scarcely discernable; but Theodore perceived the person endeavouring to raise himself.

"Who is it, that bends over me!" said the sufferer, in a faltering voice.

"A friend," cried Theodore, "who would serve you, if possible."—"Great God! What voice is that? Oh Theodore, Theodore, my son!"

"My father," cried the youth, throwing his arms around the aged Marquis; for he it was.—

"Oh, my father; is it thus I find you?" The old man entwined his feeble arms around his son. He

pressed him to his heart. "Theodore, I go to join your blessed mother." "Oh my father, you must yet live!"——"My race is run, Theodore de Clermont. I must follow my ancestors, who have gone before me. But, tell me, are we victorious? Shall France regain her king? Will the old order of things be restored?"

"We are indeed victorious, my father. The enemy fly before us. In a few days Louis the Eighteenth, and his allies, will enter Paris in triumph."

"God be praised," said the old gentleman. "I now die content. You will see, Theodore de Clermont, that the remains of your father are laid with those of his ancestors:——but alas! even in death I shall not mingle with my poor Emilie. She lies far distant, in a foreign soil."

Theodore held the hand of his parent. He pressed it to his heart——"My father," he cried, "I hope death is far distant from you. Let me bear you in my arms. I will find a retreat, and your wounds will be dressed."

"Me, my dear son, my career will be presently terminated. My moments are numbered. Listen, Theodore; it is the last time you will ever hear the voice of a father. I leave you in a world of perplexity; but a brave man will resist the storms of ill fortune. It grieves me, my son, that I cannot better provide for you. I must leave you in a great measure dependent on your brother. I have been so long deprived of my estate, that I have been unable to save much. Three thousand guineas, lodged in the bank of England, is all I have to leave you. The securities are lodged with Marchemain, who has orders to deliver them to you, should any thing happen to me. You might perhaps, Theodore, expect our little German estate; but that, as

well as the estate in France, are entailed on the eldest son."

"Oh, my father," said Theodore; "do not trouble yourself with these matters; but let me endeavor to obtain you some relief."

"Do not interrupt me, Theodore de Clermont. These are the last instructions you will receive from a parent. I need not recommend to you, my son, to be strict in your morals; for I have observed with joy, that your conduct has always been exemplary, and I trust it will always continue so; for remember, Theodore de Clermont, that you have also the honor of your family to support. Live in amity with your brother. I trust he will always prove himself a friend to you. You must endeavor to rise in your profession; and should you be inclined to marry, you must make choice of some lady whose fortune may supply the deficiencies in that of a younger son."

The old gentleman here paused. Theodore again entreated permission of his father, to bear him in his arms, to some place of retreat.

"I cannot bear transportation," said Mons. de Beaucaire. "My blessing rest on you, my son. Bear also my blessing to de Luneville.——"

"My father," said Theodore, falteringly, "I trust you die happy."

"I have nothing to regret on earth, my son."

"But, my Father, are you prepared to meet your Saviour?"

"I was bred a Christian, Theodore, and I would die one. Can you procure me a priest? But, no; do not leave me. I feel my existence fast drawing to a close, and before you could return, it would be too late;——but I have nothing to reproach myself with, and I trust I shall find acceptance with my Creator."

“ Ah, my father, we are all born sinners. The scripture saith, “ There is none can be deemed righteous, no not one.” We are all black with the transgressions of Adam, covered over with the defilements of original sin and our own actual offences; of ourselves incapable of any good. Vain are our greatest efforts, without the assistance of divine grace. Our blessed Redeemer says, “ After thou hast done all, still call thyself an unprofitable servant.” Do not then, dear father, depend on your own merits. You will find them as chaff, scattered before the wind. “ They will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting.”

“ Ah, my son, what must I then do to be saved.”

“ I will answer you in the words of St. Paul:— “ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Oh, my father, throw yourself on the merits of our Saviour. You may then feel assured to find acceptance with God.”

“ Pray with me,” said the Marquis, in a faint voice.

The youth knelt by his dying father. He had, in the Marvin family, been accustomed to extemporary prayer. He now, in the midst of carnage, blood and desolation, prayed for pardon and acceptance for the soul of a parent. They were environed by darkness. Theodore could not see the rapture enkindled in the closing eyes; but the old gentleman pressed the hand he held. “ Adieu, my son; you have been the means of opening to me a scene of glory, through the paths of death. Yes, my Saviour! I throw myself on thy mercy; receive me, as thou didst the dying Thief on the cross!— My God! I trust to find acceptance with thee, through the merits of thy son. Theodore, once more adieu! May the Almighty support thee, and bestow on thee what far surpasses the riches of this world! Receive a father’s dying blessing, and bear my blessing to thy brother.——My God, into thy

hands I commend my spirit."—Theodore clasped the hand he held; but the pressure was not returned. The heart that a moment before responded to his, had ceased to beat. The spirit, that animated the now lifeless body, had fled forever.

A complete sense of bereavement now occupied the heart of Theodore. "Oh, my father, your son is indeed a forlorn and solitary being; but perhaps your spirit has not fled;"—and he gazed eagerly around. At length he espied a light that seemed to proceed from a dwelling, partially concealed by trees. He seized the body of his parent, and hastened towards the light, which seemed to fly before him; but Theodore at length attained the place.—The light proceeded from a small farm-house. A man and his wife still occupied their home, free from intrusion. The cottage, small and secluded, had hitherto escaped the visits of the soldiers of either army. Theodore, bearing his burden, rapped at the door. It was opened by the man.—"For the love of God," cried the youth, "give me shelter for my dying father." The light held by the man glanced full on our young soldier's face, who regarded him for a moment with scrutinizing attention. "I had hoped," said the clown, "to escape the visits of any of you gentry. Nevertheless, young man, you are welcome." "Thank you, friend," said Theodore, "and you shall also be rewarded."

He had now entered the cottage. A bed stood in one corner, on which he laid his father.

The man and woman gazed on them alternately.—"It must be a dear friend, young gentleman," said the woman, "whom you are so anxious to recover."

"It is my father," cried Theodore. "Oh, that I had proper assistance; for perhaps he has only swooned."

"Assistance would come too late," said the man. "Life has indeed left this body."

Theodore looked wistfully at the countenance, when conviction of the truth dashed on his mind.— He spake not; but, covering his face with his hands, yielded for some time to a full sense of his loss. The rustics respected the feelings of nature, and retired in silence to the other side of the room. Theodore then threw himself on a bench, his eyes fixed on the lifeless body of his parent. He recalled to his imagination the particulars of the last awful scene. This brought to his mind his father's directions respecting his sepulture.

"He desired to be buried with his ancestors," mentally ejaculated Theodore. "It is impossible to effect this at present. To-morrow I shall be obliged to attend my regiment." He then consulted the peasant.

"Many a corpse on that field will want burial," said the man, "If you take my advice, Master, you will, for the present, bury your father here; and, at a convenient season, return and carry the body to the distant country you speak of."

—"I approve of your suggestions," said Theodore, "and request your assistance in its execution. You shall be amply rewarded."

"I am willing to serve you," said the man; who then took up a spade, and went out to dig the grave.

Meanwhile Theodore sat by the body.—This was a moment of serious reflection. "To-morrow," thought he, "I may follow my father." "Almighty God," he cried, "whatever be my destiny, prepare my soul for the fiat of fate." He now took a retrospect of his past life. How many moments had he spent in folly, and how greatly did he regret such expenditure of the invaluable gift of time.—He thought of Sophia, of his brother, of his friends

at Tonnewonté. "Alas!" said he, "not one of them can conjecture the present mournful situation of Theodore."

The man now entered, and informed him the grave was ready. A coffin was out of the question; but Theodore procured a large chest from the peasant. The body of his father, wrapped in his military cloak, was then placed in it. Theodore assisted to bear the body of his parent to the grave, which was dug in the little field adjoining the house.——His heart throbbled with anguish, when the earth was thrown over the grave. He put some money in the hands of the woman, and darted away.

Again did Theodore distinguish himself, in the next day's engagement. In the excitement of the field of battle, he forgot his recent loss. The company, to which he was attached, lost its leader by a bullet. The party was falling back; when Theodore placed himself at their head, rallied them, and interpidly led them forward, until a cut with a sabre, on his sword hand, caused the weapon to fall from his grasp. "Follow on, my brave comrades," cried he, seizing his sword with his left hand, when a bullet lodged in his breast, and he fell. His followers rescued his body, and bore it from the field.——The ball was with difficulty extracted; and his other wounds dressed, when Theodore was, with many others, lodged in a hospital. A fever and delirium ensued; and for many weeks, the life of Theodroe de Clermont hung upon a thread. The principal surgeon was skilful, but de Clermont only shared his attentions in common with some hundreds of fellow sufferers.

There, too, we must leave him, to recover as he may, and take a trip across the Atlantic, to our friends at Tonnewonté, from whom we have been too long estranged.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
 Was near?—Yet there with lust of murd'rous deeds
 Glean'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
 The ambush'd foeman's eye—

CAMPBELL.

SCARCELY had our friends at Tonnewonté lost their beloved Theodore, than they were alarmed with the declaration of war. Capt. Marvin was not pleased. He was a friend of peace, and deemed war, at that conjuncture, highly unnecessary; but his residence was near the frontiers. He held a commission, and must be prepared to defend his country, and his property. He was accordingly very diligent in training his company; but, for that season, he was not called into actual service.

Aunt Martha greatly missed Theodore; and Evelina was at first perfectly at a loss for amusement in the absence of her companion. Both of them impatiently expected his return; for they felt convinced that their affectionate Theodore would never be able to exist at a distance from his home and those friends so tenderly attached to him. Capt. Marvin smiled incredulously at their frequent expressions of these sentiments. "You must learn to do without Theodore," he would reply. "Moas. de Clermont is now a nobleman, and would smile at the idea of returning to cultivate the wilds of America." "He could here find happiness," retorted Evelina. "He might, indeed, have found it," said Capt. Marvin, "previously to his being ushered into the great world; but he would not at present even find contentment.

The summer passed away, amidst the usual avocations. The winter insensibly glided on, although the family thought it very monotonous. They had,

in autumn, received a letter from Theodore. Spring brought another; but it contained nothing of his return. He did not even hint at the possibility of such a voyage.

Evelina was now very much grown. Her appearance was that of a young woman, and she began to consider herself as such.

One fine morning in July, William Parker called at the farm. He had come, as usual, to spend some time at his estate, though he had the last summer omitted the visit, having accompanied his mother, on some other excursion. He now shook hands with aunt Martha, enquired for Theodore, and seemed very much struck with the great improvement in the person of Evelina; but his astonishment was extreme, when aunt Martha, in return to his enquiry after Theodore, replied, "that he was still in France."

"In France? Your nephew in France!"

"Theodore was not my nephew, Mr. Parker."

"Indeed! but you astonish me so, Mrs. Marvin, that I know not what inquiry to make first."

Aunt Martha satisfied Mr. Parker's curiosity, who was all amazement, and expressed much regret at the deprivation he would experience in the loss of his friend's society; but said he must still take the liberty of calling to inquire after the ladies' health. —Aunt Martha replied that they would always be happy to see Mr. Parker at the farm.

He did not permit this invitation to lie dormant; but every day brought William Parker to the house. Evelina walked with him. He accompanied her in her rides; and daily brought them news of passing events and the transactions of the war, and seemed with the ladies, almost to have supplied the place of Theodore. Two months passed in this manner, during which Capt. Marvin and his company had

been frequently called out, on some alarm or other.

Parker had by degrees become deeply enamoured of Evelina. When he first made the discovery to himself, he hesitated. "I might aspire to a great fortune," thought he, "but, then, I shall lose Evelina Marvin, and see her in possession of another.—No; I could not bear that; and, thank fortune, I have property enough, and may please myself. But will my mother be satisfied? O she is pleased with any thing I do; and, besides, am I not my own master, independant of any one?"

He accordingly took the first opportunity of making a declaration of love to Evelina. She was all astonishment; for never had the idea entered her mind. Parker not discouraged, but rather excited by her timidity, made application, in form, to her father. The old gentleman hesitated; for neither had he thought of the matter.

"My daughter is very young, Mr. Parker, too young to think of marrying. It will be time enough some years hence."

"But, my dear sir, if you would confirm my hopes, I could wait. My affections are devoted to your daughter. My fortune is large. It shall be employed to make her happy—to anticipate her slightest wish."

"Since you desire to unite your fate with my daughter, Mr. Parker, I cannot doubt your affection," replied Capt. Marvin. "I likewise understand, that your circumstances are affluent; but that I do not consider at all essential to happiness. A competency is certainly necessary to constitute comfort; but Providence has blessed my industry, and I can bestow a sufficiency on an only child, to prevent her seeking fortune elsewhere, in the choice of a husband."

"But, my dear Capt. Marvin, you do not therefore reject me?"

"No, Mr. Parker. I am not quite so quixotic.— If other qualities essential to happiness are joined with wealth, it must certainly appear a further inducement, in the eyes of a parent."

"Have you observed any thing to my prejudice, Capt. Marvin?"

"I have not, indeed," replied Capt. Marvin, "but in a case like this, when the happiness of a beloved child is concerned, it is necessary to proceed with due deliberation."

"Let me entreat you, my dear sir, to decide in my favor; for I shall never know happiness without Evelina; and I trust I shall make her happy."

"Previously to making a decision, Mr. Parker, I must consult my daughter and sister."

To this, Parker was obliged to acquiesce; but awaited the result, with much impatience.

Aunt Martha was a great friend to weddings; and, besides, thought much of William Parker, who had lately paid her great deference. She, however, sighed, when her brother mentioned the affair.

"Poor Theodore!" she exclaimed. "I had once hoped to see him and Evelina united; but he is lost to us for ever: and, after our own boy, I think young Parker the most worthy youth of our acquaintance."

"And what say you, Evelina?" enquired the father.

She blushed, and cast her eyes on the ground.

"You then think as your aunt?"

"O no, papa, I am too young to marry."

"That we allow, but shall I hold out any hopes to Mr. Parker, that in time you may be induced to unite your fate with his?"

"O no, papa. Do not tell him any such thing."

"Your reasons, Evelina?"

"I do not love him: nor can I ever love him," she replied.

"I thought," said aunt Martha, "you were highly pleased with his company?"

"I like him well enough for a visitor," said Evelina, assuming courage; "but I can never think of him for a husband. He is so arbitrary, so impatient, so imperious. No, never can he supply to me the place of my dear aunt Martha and of my affectionate father."

"Then you shall never more be troubled with the subject, my dear child," said Capt. Marvin, "and I am also much pleased with your penetration; for I have observed the same traits you mention, in the disposition of young Parker; and am convinced, that a habitual controul of temper, on both sides, can alone secure happiness in the married state."

Mr. Parker did not discover any very great degree of patient acquiescence, when he received the dismissal of his hopes from Capt. Marvin. He, however, thought it a childish whim of Evelina's, and still hoped perseverance might, in the end, crown his wishes.——He continued a daily visitor at the farm; and was still the constant attendant of Evelina; but she was now more backward to admit his attentions; and, when he alluded to his love, though in the most distant manner, she instantly fled from him.

The frontier was now kept in constant alarm.—The enemy were daily making incursions into the American territory. Buffaloe was burnt, and many other devastations committed. Capt. Marvin was likewise more frequently abroad with his company of militia, and was then kept in constant anxiety, lest, in his absence, something fatal should happen to his family at the farm.

One fine afternoon, Evelina went to pay a visit to an acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Her father was from home, and aunt Martha bid her not stay

late. She was mounted on a favourite horse, swift and sure of foot, who soon left the white frame-house out of sight. Evelina, buoyant with the cheerful spirit of youth, cantered gaily along, when suddenly two Indians of terrific appearance darted from behind some trees, and seized the bridle of her horse. Evelina was terribly alarmed; but did not shriek.

“What do you want, brothers?” said she, endeavouring to speak with calmness.

“Hold fast your horse, or you die,” replied one of them, and holding the bridle, they impelled forward the animal, running swiftly by his side. Evelina, seeing resistance vain, submitted with the best grace she could assume, in order to avert their suspicion; and in the mean time, gazed eagerly in every direction, in search of a deliverer: but the Indians chose by-ways and unfrequented paths. No person met her eye, and darkness overtook her, in this sad situation. Travelling now became very difficult; for an impenetrable gloom overspread the forest. Evelina, nearly overcome with anxiety, with difficulty kept her seat; but she endeavoured to assume fortitude to meet this alarming contingency, and mentally recommended herself to the care of the Omnipresent Deity. The Indians paused a moment, and addressed a few words to each other, in the discordant tones of their savage language; when darting out of the path, they again suddenly stopped, and lifting Evelina from the horse, placed her on the ground. The poor girl, nearly overcome with fatigue, felt the greatest relief in this permission to repose. Again she endeavoured to exert herself, and retain her usual presence of mind; and, willing to soften her captors, she attempted to enter into conversation with them.

“You mean to kindle a fire, brothers?” said she to the savage, who stood next her.

"No, indeed," he replied, "we will not open an eye to our enemy, that he may discover us."

"Who are your enemies, brother?"

"We are brothers and allies to the great King,—the King of England. We have with him, raised the hatchet against the Yankees, and their Chief."

"But I am not your enemy, my brother. You will not injure me?"

"Your people are our enemies, and we have taken you captive."

"If you will but restore me to my father, he will reward you handsomely."

As they did not instantly reply, Evelina began to entertain the hope, that she had prevailed.

"Let us return instantly, my brothers," she exclaimed. "You shall be well treated at our farm, and have any thing you may desire; for my father will bestow rewards on you, in return for his child."

"We cannot return with you, my sister," said one of the Indians, "for your brothers would slay us. We must likewise meet tonight our war party, who expect us. You are our captive, and must come with us to our village; but, sister, you shall be well taken care of. You shall reside in my wigwam with my squaw, and be unto her a daughter."

Evelina relapsed into despair, at this answer; but, not willing to exasperate her savage captors, she continued silent.

Suddenly the moon, emerging from beneath the dark and lofty trees of the forest, rose resplendent in the heavens, and discovered to Evelina the surrounding scene. She was seated on the root of a wide spreading oak. The trees of the forest rose thick and gloomy around. No clearing was discernible. The underbrush, that wound thickly amongst the lofty trees, shewed that this was not the habitation of man. By her side stood one of the In-

dians, erect as the pine tree, with his tomahawk and knife in his girdle, and his rifle in his hand. At a little distance, leaning against the trunk of an aged birch, stood the other savage, scowling at his defenceless captive, as the moon beams rested on his vindictive countenance. At his feet, fastened to a young fir, was the horse, who was endeavouring to catch at a few scanty mouthfuls of twigs. Evelina gazed anxiously around, and again recommended herself to the charge of Heaven.

The Indians lighted their pipes by the means of a dry spongy wood, and flint, contained in the pouch, that hung suspended from their girdles. In about fifteen minutes, they again lifted their prisoner on her horse, and, placing themselves on each side, and holding her bridle, they once more started briskly forward. Poor Evelina now gave herself up for lost. She scarce hoped ever again to be seated on the domestic hearth with her kind father, and indulgent aunt, each striving to impart pleasure and instruction to their darling child. She, however, retained her fortitude; and her eyes were constantly bent in eager search of help; yet none met her view. Despairingly she closed her eyes; but again raising them, she ~~thought~~ that she discerned two figures emerging from behind some trees. The quick ears of the Indians had also discovered some cause of alarm; for they hastily turned their faces the same way.

"Now," thought Evelina, "is the time for alarm;" and she called out, "help! help!" One of the Indians turned hastily towards her.

"As you value your life," cried he, "keep silence." The other glanced defiance from his scowling eye. They hastened their pace, and were moving rapidly forward, when two guns were fired. The scowling Indian fell dead on the ground; and the other darted away through the forest, leaving Evelina to her

own discretion. She instantly reined in her horse, and awaited the appearance of her unknown deliverer. A black face was first seen, peeping behind a tree; and, a moment after, William Parker stood before her.

"Is it then you, I have saved, Evelina?" he cried. "Gracious Heaven! What has brought you into this forest at night, so far from home, and in the power of Indians?"

"Oh Mr. Parker," replied Evelina, "conduct me home. Aunt Martha will be distracted at my disappearance; and my father——"

"How has this happened, Miss Marvin?" again inquired Parker.

Evelina related her adventures of the night.

"You must be greatly fatigued," said Parker.

"I can scarcely sit on my horse," she replied; "but let us hasten home. I will exert my strength a little longer."

"We are many miles from Marvin's farm," replied Parker. "The path is very intricate. The moon will soon set; and it will then be impossible to proceed."

"What can be done?" cried Evelina; "is there a house near, where we can procure shelter for the night?"

"We have but just left the hut of a new settler. Brutus and I have been out sporting all day. We wandered much further than I intended, and took shelter in a log-house, during the first part of the evening; but when the moon rose, we again sallied out, and; thank God, that we did so, since I have had the inexpressible pleasure of delivering my beloved Evelina. Permit me now to lead your horse to the house, where we may safely pass the night."

"But how did you know of my danger?" inquired Evelina, as they proceeded forward.

"I knew it not, Evelina ; but, alarmed by your cry for help, I looked round and saw the Indians bearing away a female ; when Brutus and myself concealed ourselves behind some trees, from whence we took aim at the Indians, who were evidently British allies. One of them is dead, I believe. Well, let him die. His friends may return for him, if they please. The subtle rascals, to venture so far into our territory, and carry away our ladies prisoners, to confine them in their wigwams, to be sure."

"Well, Mr. Parker," said Evelina, "I am delivered from their clutches ; and under the escort of such brave men, I must certainly be safe : but still a cheering fireside would be more comfortable this cold night, than riding through these woods, seeking adventures. So, if you please, we will hasten our pace a little to find the house you mentioned."

Brutus went first, exploring the way, and Parker followed, leading Evelina's horse. At length they came to a small field of cleared ground, containing about three acres. A little log cabin stood in the midst. Brutus rapped at the door : a voice within made some demur to open it ; but Brutus again thundering at the door, it was at length opened by an uncouth figure of a man. Parker desired shelter for a lady, and they were invited to walk in.

The dwelling contained but one room, of about twenty feet square. Two or three benches, a miserable bed, and a few trays, was all the visible furniture. A large open chimney, built of sticks and clay, occupied nearly one side of the house. This was filled with an immense wood fire, that blazed a cheering welcome ; and our party seated themselves sociably by its side. The forester, likewise seating himself, expressed his surprise at a lady's travelling through the woods, at that time of night ; but, when

Parker answered, that she had been runaway with by British Indians, their host opened his eyes in amazement ; and his good woman, huddling on her gown, sprung from her bed, followed by two or three half naked children. Our travellers were now inundated with questions; and their hearers, with their mouths wide open, greedily devoured the answers. At length, their thirsting curiosity a little allayed, Parker inquired of the woodsman, if he could furnish them with refreshments, for which they should be liberally repaid.

"You shall have every thing that is nice," cried the woman, "for that gal must, I guess, be shocking hungry."

"Wounds," cried the man, "them deuced Indians is the plague. 'Tis a confounded plague for the British to hire the sneaking rascals, to kill and run away with men and women folks, and children too, I swan; but I calculate they will not carry on that game long; for we will yet take the Canadas, as our brave Commodore has taken their ships on lake Erie. Yes, that we shall, we will be up with these red scoundrels."

"Oh, the darnation creatures," cried the wife, as she was turning her pancakes. "Was'nt you in a frightful taking, gal, when you was riding helter-skelter, through the baush, with the yelling Indians holding your horse's bridle? I wonder their yells didn't frighten the poor beast away. Then you might have got off, but you might, may be, have broke your neck, scampering over some of the windfalls; for there is plenty of them in the woods: I calculate I never see so many before; though this be the fifth time that Solomon and I did begin the world."

"Indeed," said Parker; "why did you not keep to one farm; it might be worth something now."

"I sold the improvements," replied Solomon; for I like to be turning a little cash, now and then, and then, I guess, I do'nt much like your crowded settlements. I love room and liberty, and plenty of game."

"I swan," said his help-mate; "the last improvement we sold, I had not seen a bit of deer for three months."

"It is almost as bad now," cried the man; "and darnation take it, I do'nt know where to shove to next, there be such a confounded sight of followers coming after us, wherever we sit down."

"It must be very provoking," said Parker.

"Oh, confounded provoking, I guess," exclaimed the woman; "but, come young man, come gal, a nice supper is ready. Blackey, there, can wait awhile."

Evelina looked round for the proffered refreshments. On a broken pine table, propped up against the wall, or rather logs of the house, were placed some gaudy delf cups, an old tea pot, and a tin cup of milk. Some buckwheat pancakes and butter smoked invitingly in the midst, and some hearty slices of dried deer ham were placed along side.—The host seated himself on a bench by the table. "Come, gal," said he to Evelina; "here is room by me. You must be plaguey hungry, and I guess you will find these slap-jacks very nice. Here now, I pour you out a cup of tea."

Parker led Miss Marvin to the table, and seated himself by her side. The good woman was already helping herself. "Come, gal," cried she, "come, young man, eat away, while the supper is hot. Now, Solomon Shover, do'nt be so hearty. You will leave nothing for the young folks, and I guess there is no more batter raised to make cakes of. He is so fond of buckwheat slap-jacks, that, when

he has them, I calculate, with his good will, he leaves none for nobody else.”)

But Evelina's appetite was not so craving. She drank a cup of tea, and ate a couple of the cakes. Parker did the same. When they left the table, Solomon was still feasting luxuriously; but his good woman's hospitality secured some of the cakes, which, with a cup of tea, she presented to Brutus, in the chimney corner. The noisy children then hastened round the table, for their share of the regale.

“Had you not best endeavor to take some repose?” said Parker to Evelina.

“I see no accommodations for sleep in this place,” said she in reply; “but I shall make it up to-morrow night, when I am again in our own house.”

Parker understood French, as well as Evelina. He now addressed her in that language in a low voice. “Ah, Evelina, you can enjoy the comforts of home; but never can William Parker relish the exhilarating sociability of the domestic hearth.”

“Is not your heart, then, alive to home impressions, Mr. Parker?”

“Yes, Miss Marvin, the heart of William Parker is indeed susceptible of the strongest affection; but you slight its ardent passion. Yes, Evelina, you despise the love of one, who would lay down his existence for you, with as much pleasure as he experienced, when he delivered you from the ruffian grasp of the savages.”

“It is true, Mr. Parker, you rescued me from my Indian captors, and I am much obliged to you.”

“It is not worth a thank, dearest Evelina. Every thing I can do for you, is my duty, my pleasure, my delight.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“But, Evelina, you cannot have the heart to

renounce me for ever. You cannot calmly resolve to render me miserable for life; for never can I know happiness independently of you."

"You but jest, Mr. Parker. You possess every thing that can contribute to felicity."

"All that I possess, Evelina, shall be yours, if you will but be mine. I will take you to Washington, to New-York, or wherever else you wish to go. You shall be surrounded with splendor. Your furniture, dress and equipage shall be superior to any lady's in America."

"Do you think, sir, that I set so high a value on such things, that I can accept them as an equivalent for happiness?"

"And, do you then view me with such abhorrence, Miss Marvin, that you deem happiness and me incompatible?"

"Sir," said Evelina, "this is not a fit place for such a discussion; and you may easily conjecture that after what I have undergone, my spirits are not equal to this conversation. I am young, very young, too young to marry, or even to think of it. You have made your proposals to my father, and received his answer, in which I assuredly acquiesce. Think, then, no more on the obscure Evelina Marvin; but make choice of some lady, whose fortune and acquirements may be more equal to your own, who may set a proper value on the splendid advantages you can bestow."

"Ah, Evelina, you know that I cannot live without you, that no person can ever to me supply your place, and that fortune with another I despise, as my own is sufficient for every comfort and luxury of life. Yes, Evelina," he continued, "I cannot and will not resign you. You must and shall be mine."

"If you please, Mr. Parker, we will at present and forever wave the subject."

She then leaned against the wall, and shut her eyes, as if endeavoring to dispose herself to sleep. Parker cast at her a glance of invitation; then turned himself away, and sunk into a fit of musing."

Evelina really enjoyed a refreshing slumber; and, when she awoke, it was broad day light. Parker was in the house. "Good morning, Miss Marvin." — "Good morning, Mr. Parker. Shall we now set forward on our return?"

"I have dispatched Brutus for my horse. We left them yesterday at a few mile's distance; and, if you please, Evelina, we will in the mean time take breakfast."

She could make no objections. They again breakfasted with the woodsman and his wife, and before noon Brutus returned on horseback, leading the horse of his master. Evelina's steed was then brought to the door, when Miss Marvin, accompanied by William Parker, and followed by his negro Brutus, set forward on her return home.

They proceeded very rapidly; for Evelina's desire to regain home enabled her to keep up with the rapid pace of William Parker, who was extremely well mounted. They had thus proceeded some hours, when Evelina, much fatigued, forbore to impel her horse, and Parker reining in his, kept pace with her.

"I hope we are near home," said Evelina.

"We have indeed proceeded very rapidly," he replied.

"But in what part of the country are we, Mr. Parker, I think I have never been this way before?"

"I cannot exactly say, Miss Marvin, I have been at a loss for some time, but trust by following this path, we shall soon meet with the great road, which will conduct us to Tonnawonte."

Evelina began now to feel anxiety. Brutus was

consulted; but he was likewise ignorant of the road; but hoped they were in the path leading to the highway.

They then proceeded more rapidly; but the intricacies of the wood seemed to increase. The gloom of twilight succeeded the light of day; and still they were pressing forward. Poor Evelina, almost overcome with fatigue, could scarcely retain her seat. She made frequent anxious enquiries of her companions; but they now appeared very confident of being in the right track.

An impenetrable gloom replaced the obscurity of twilight. Evelina recommended herself to God.—“I can go no further, Mr. Parker,” said she.—“Courage, Evelina,” he replied. “We will soon find harborage.”

He then dismounted, gave his horse to Brutus, and took the reins of her's. They had not proceeded long in this manner, when they perceived a light at some distance.

“We are in a clearing,” cried Brutus.

“Thank God,” exclaimed Evelina.

Parker again mounted his horse, and they soon reached the house, from whence the light proceeded. It was the small log cabin of a new settler.—The month of October made a fire very cheering, and an immense pile of fuel was burning in the great open chimney. Our travellers warmed their benumbed limbs. The man of the house added some logs to the fire, and the woman hastened to prepare them a frugal, but plentiful supper. There was but one bed in the house, and that did not appear very inviting to repose. Evelina's extreme fatigue required rest; but a substitute for a bed was soon discovered. Some bear-skins were produced. They were spread near the fire, and on them Evelina endeavored to obtain some repose. At length

she sunk into a perturbed slumber, and when she awoke the sun had far advanced to the south.— Breakfast was ready, of which she hastily partook, and then requested to set out instantly.

Again they set forward, though unattended; for Parker said that Brutus had preceded them on some errand. After travelling a couple of hours, Parker expressed a wish of meeting with a public house, he having, he said, a great inclination to dine.

“Shall we not then, arrive home in time for dinner?” said Evelina.

“I am afraid not, Miss Marvin; for we last evening missed our road, and came much out of our way.”

“I hope,” said Evelina, “we shall reach Tönne-wonte before sunset; as I do not feel inclined to ride any more through these woods in the dark.”

In all their ride they had not met with a single settlement, and the road scarce admitted two horses abreast; but now a stronger light was discernable through the trees; a certain indication of a clearing.—They soon came near the house that had rather a better appearance than the ordinary habitations of the new settlers. Some fields, of different grains, surrounded the dwelling; in which, the harvest being over, some cattle were feeding. A barn stood at a distance from the house; and a considerable sized garden sloped down the hill.

“We may perhaps obtain dinner here,” said Parker. “Let us at least make the attempt.”

The door was opened by a woman, who readily agreed to provide them some refreshments.

Parker assisted Evelina to dismount; and a man appeared from the house, who took their horses to the barn.

A very comfortable dinner soon smoked on the table, to which Evelina and Parker sat down; for

their present host and hostess seemed less intrusive and inquisitive than their former ones, and only approached to serve them. Evelina made a very comfortable repast, and then expressed a wish to depart immediately.

"I think," said Parker, "we had best remain here to-night. We are in very snug quarters. It is near sunset, and we shall be very liable to lose our way in the dark."

"And, shall we then not reach home to-night?" said Evelina. "May the Almighty protect me, for I almost despair of ever seeing home again."

Parker went out, and Evelina hoped he had gone for the horses, but he was long absent. She went to the door. Her heart quite overcharged with grief, with a restless feeling of impatience, she walked backwards and forwards, in front of the house. At length she found relief in a flood of tears. Again she entered the dwelling. The hostess, a woman of large stature and forbidding aspect, was busy preparing supper. The man had disappeared, and she saw no other inhabitant. Evelina endeavored to make some enquiry of the woman, respecting where they were, and the distance from thence to Tonnewonté; but she seemed either stupid or sullen, and Evelina could learn nothing from her.

At length Parker and the man returned. Evelina again sat down with the former to supper; and they then resigned their places to the man and his wife. Parker seated himself by Evelina.

"I hope we shall soon reach home, Mr. Parker," said she.

"I sincerely hope you will, Evelina," he replied; "but you wish to abandon me a victim to despair."

"I certainly am very impatient to return home, sir, but I know not what connection that can have with despair and you."

“Then Evelina, you are determined to reject my suit for ever?”

“Why this continual persecution, Mr. Parker? You know my mind. I am fully sensible of the honor you do me; but I cannot, nor ever will accept of your hand; and must entreat you never again to mention the subject.”

“You may repent this pride and cruelty, Miss Marvin,” said Parker, abruptly turning from her.

The woman now informed Evelina, that she had a bed prepared, whenever she wished to retire to rest. Evelina desired to be immediately conducted to it; and the woman led her into another room, which was very decently furnished, and contained a comfortable bed. In this Evelina found undisturbed repose; but awaked early the next morning, and soon made her appearance in the outside room. Neither Parker nor the man was there; and, when Evelina enquired for him of the woman, she answered, that he had breakfasted and gone out, but would presently return. Miss Marvin was then desired to partake of the breakfast prepared for her. She complied with the invitation; and then very impatiently awaited Parker’s return.

Several hours elapsed, and he did not appear. She then became very anxious. At noon the backwoodsman came for his dinner; and, when Evelina desired to know where was Mr. Parker, he presented her a letter. Impatiently she broke the seal, and read as follows:

“MY DEAR EVELINA,

“I cannot live without you, and you must absolutely be mine. Consider whom you refuse: a man of a large independent fortune, who loves you to distraction; whose chief pursuit will be to render you happy, and whose circumstances will enable

him to satisfy your every wish. Give me but a favorable answer; promise that you will be mine, and I fly on the wings of love, and immediately conduct you to your father; but if you are still determined to be cruel, I will leave you, and you must be contented to remain where you are until you feel inclined to relent.

“I am your most

“devoted admirer,

“WILLIAM PARKER.”

Evelina's feelings, on the perusal of this note, may be more easily imagined than described. She regarded the woodsman. His countenance was gloomy and determined. “I am caught, as a bird in a snare,” thought she to herself; “but William Parker knows very little of Evelina Marvin. if he thinks she can be frightened into any thing contrary to her inclinations. I shall find some way to escape, and in the mean time, why I must, it seems, remain a prisoner.”

“And where am I to find materials to answer this note?” enquired she.

“You will find them in your room,” said the man.

Evelina indeed found a writing apparatus in the bed chamber she had lodged in the preceding night; and she hastily wrote the following reply:

“Mr. Parker has already received Evelina Marvin's answer to his proposal. She can never be his, and his present conduct is calculated to make her rejoice in her previous rejection of his addresses. As for your threats, know that they never can intimidate the daughter of Capt. Marvin; but conduct her to her father, and she is willing to forget all that has passed.

E. MARVIN.”

She gave this billet to the woodsman. He took it in silence, and she heard no more from Parker that day.

CHAPTER XV.

"Thou who such weary lengths hast pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, young Nymph, at last?"

COLLINS.

ON the following morning, Evelina could scarce contain her indignation and impatience, at her unwarranted detention. She endeavored to engage the woman in conversation; and promised, if she would assist her in escaping, that Capt. Marvin should reward her with the greatest liberality: but the hostess still continued sullenly uncommunicative, though she was very assiduous in attending to her prisoner's every want.

On the husband's return, Evelina attempted to gain him over, but soon found the undertaking impracticable. She passed a sleepless night, ruminating on the means of escape, and in the morning, when the man, according to custom, went out to work, Evelina sallied out on a reconnoitring expedition. She explored the road opposite to that thro' which she had entered the clearing, and was proceeding forward when the man arrested her steps. "I am sorry to be rude, Miss," said he, "but you must return to the house."

"By what authority do you control my actions?" cried Evelina.

"That is not the question, Miss," replied the man. "It is sufficient that I possess the power. You will please to return to the house."

Evelina thought it best to acquiesce; but, not so easily discouraged, she was still determined, by some means or other, to effect her escape. As she in the woodsman again brought her a note. It contained these words:

"EVELINA—Your destiny is fixed. You shall and

must be mine. Resistance is vain. You cannot escape me. Submit then with a good grace, and send me a line of assent. I will then fly to you with a minister; and, when our fates are united, will immediately conduct you to your father; and to contribute to your happiness—will then be the constant endeavor of

WILLIAM PARKER."

"Tell your employer," said Evelina to the man, "that I will never be his, and that I defy persecution."

As the woman was the next day employed out of doors, Evelina perceived a fowling piece in a closet that was left open. She hastily examined, and found it perfect. Two horns containing powder and shot, lay on a shelf. A new plan of escape presented itself to the imagination of our young American, which she determined to attempt carrying into execution. Accordingly the next morning, when the man had gone out to work, and the woman was busy in household affairs, Evelina put on her hat and pelisse, opened the closet, took out the fowling piece, not forgetting the powder and shot, and then hastened to the barn, where she had noticed her horse was kept. She indeed found him there, and also her saddle and bridle. These Evelina soon put on; for in the days of her childhood, she had often assisted Theodore to saddle the horse they were accustomed to ride, and her resolution to escape was not to be frustrated by such trifles.—She had brought her horse to the barn door, and mounted him; when the woman who had missed her prisoner, made her appearance.

"Whither go you, Miss?" cried she.

"That is not your concern," said Evelina.

The woman attempted to seize the bridle. Eve-

Tina presented the fowling piece. "This gun is loaded, woman, and if you persevere in molesting me, I will discharge it at you."

The woman, surprised and alarmed, started back, and Evelina galloped away, but her progress was suddenly arrested by the man, who starting forward at the entrance of the road, seized her bridle.

"Attempt to detain me, at your peril," cried Evelina; but he attempting to turn her horse, she discharged the piece at the hand which held her bridle. It instantly loosened its hold, and the horse darted forward. Evelina impelled him on, without stopping to look back, and soon the clearing was out of sight.

The sun had attained its meridian, and still Evelina was pursuing her rapid course. She had hitherto met no person, of whom she could enquire her way. At length her ear caught the sound of an axe. She paused. The noise continued. She called out. The sound ceased, and a woodsman, with an axe in his hand, presently appeared.

"Friend," said Evelina, "can you point out the road to Tonnewonte?"

"Keep the path you are in," replied the forester, "for a few miles further; it will lead to a great road; then proceed north, and you will arrive at Tonnewonte."

"How far distant may that village be?" enquired Evelina.

"Thirty miles," said the man.

"Thank you," cried Evelina; and, before the forester could make any further advances to conversation, she was out of sight.

Evelina continued her rapid progress, and soon attained the great road, the man had indicated.— She then turned to the north.

Houses now became frequent, but Evelina was

determined not to stop again until her arrival at her own home. She had, at breakfast, provided herself with some cakes, which she now ate on horseback. A lad whom she met, going to mill, confirmed the information, that she was in the right road.

Darkness had overspread the face of nature, and Evelina was still pursuing her journey. The weather had been very pleasant throughout the day, but the wind began to howl furiously. A violent shower of rain succeeded. Poor Evelina, benumbed with cold, and almost dead with fatigue, could scarcely sit on her horse, which was likewise almost worn out; but the poor animal seemed to know he was getting nearer home, and still proceeded briskly forward.

At length the hail ceased to fall. The wind subsided, the clouds cleared away, and the moon shone forth resplendent in the Heavens, when Evelina joyfully discovered that she was within three miles of her father's farm. Invigorated with hope, she cantered gaily along, and soon, with inexpressible pleasure, entered the back yard. The lights were extinguished in the parlour, but a feeble glimmering was discernable in the kitchen. Evelina called out. The door was opened, and a black face peeped forth. "Good Cato, take me from my horse," cried Evelina, "for I am too much benumbed to move."

"My stars! but here be young Misse come back," cried the negro. "Lany, where be you, Lany?"

"Welcome, Misse, welcome," cried Lany, as her young mistress was carried into the house by Cato.

Aunt Martha hearing the bustle, ran down half dressed, "Oh my child," cried the affectionate maiden, clasping her niece to her heart. "You are then returned; but where is your father?"

"My father?" said Evelina. "Is he not at home?"

"He is gone in search of you my child. He re-

turned the morning after you left home, and almost distracted at your disappearance, hastened away in search of you; but where have you been, Evelina? Something must have happened, or you could not have left your old aunt, and your father a prey to anxiety and fear. But my child cannot speak."

Evelina, quite overcome, had indeed lost the power of articulation. No more questions were put to her; but she was compelled to swallow a quantity of warm drink, and was well rubbed with hot flannels. Her bed was then well warmed, and she carried into it by Lany and aunt Martha; for Evelina had lost the capability of motion. Hot bricks were then applied to her feet, and she was forced to swallow some herb tea. A profuse perspiration ensued, and she sunk into a gentle sleep, while the kind aunt Martha watched by her bed side all night; for she was much alarmed for the health of her niece. The good maiden endeavored to enliven the tedious hours of night, by striving to elucidate and connect Evelina's portentous disappearance and sudden return.

Cato in the mean time, had attended the horse with the most compassionate care. "I am thinking," said he to Lany, on his return from the stable, "Misse must have been in some strange wild adventure. She be come home almost dead, and poor snip, never did I see beast in such a sad pickle.-- He be almost ridden to death."

The shrill cock now echoed his morning summons, to arouse the industrious farmer to the labors of day, and the busy housewife to prepare the morning's repast. Aunt Martha, at this sound, which she was accustomed to obey, started from her drowsy chair, and dissolved a long web of fancy, which she had been a full hour weaving, respecting Evelina's adventures. Glancing at her niece, she per-

ceived her still in a sweet sleep. She walked towards the window. A faint tint was perceivable in the east, which by degrees assumed all the variegated colours of the rainbow. The orb of the sun was now seen just emerging above the horizon. At length it fully burst forth to view, and soared majestically aloft in the heavens. A bright scene was then displayed, that by its resplendency dazzled the view. The sleet of the preceding evening, had attached itself to the trees and shrubs, it had come in contact with; and now the first rays of the sun, lying horizontally on the surrounding forest, transported the beholder into fairy land. She seemed to view a forest of enchantment, sparkling with every variety of gem, and from boughs of chrysal, appeared suspended clusters of diamonds, topazes and rubies; while the cheerful negro, traversing the fields, seemed to press myriads of diamonds beneath his feet.

And now the ruddy milk maid, with her pail on her arm, hastened to the farm yard, to relieve the yielding udder of the lowing cow. Aunt Martha was enjoying this pleasant scene. Her mind elevated with the agreeable sensations the sublime view of nature never fails to excite; when her ears were assailed by a confused murmur, proceeding from the front yard, which was situated on the opposite side of the house. She flew to her own chamber, that overlooked the approach by the bridge. A cavalcade was crossing the brook. It approached, and she could distinguish her brother's company of militia, accompanying a litter. The heart of the sister was agitated with fear and anxiety. She hastened down, and stood on the threshold. The party had entered the garden. "My friends," cried Miss Marvin, "what has happened?" The men divided, and stood on each side of the litter. Aunt Martha

gazed with anxious interest. A man slowly raised his head. It was Capt. Marvin. "My brother," cried the maiden, precipitating herself forward.— "Sister Martha," said the sick man, extending his hand, she seized it. "Ah my brother!"

"Do not be uneasy about me, Martha; but my child?—No news yet of our lost Evelina?"

"Oh my brother, would that you were as well.— Evelina is returned, and safe in her bed."

"Is it possible? God be praised," cried the father.

"But, my brother, what is the meaning of this?"

"I am wounded, Martha," replied Capt. Marvin.

"Oh gracious Heaven! but I hope not dangerously. Cæsar, Lany, where are you? My friends, pray assist us in conveying Capt. Marvin to his bed.— Mount the horse, Pompey, and ride fast for the Doctor."

"That is needless, Madam," said a man, stepping forward. "I have the honor to be a surgeon and physician, graduated at New-York, and am now retained in attendance on the patient, Capt. Marvin,"

"Tell me Doctor," cried aunt Martha, "are my brother's wounds dangerous?"

"That I cannot exactly say, Madam. Should a gangrene not take place, the flesh may coalesce; for I trust no vital part is touched. I have seen many such wounds speedily cured. For example, in a hospital at New-York, a man was brought in _____"

"If you please, Doctor," said Miss Marvin, "we will first convey my brother to his chamber, and we shall then be happy to hear this statement."

"By all means, by all means, Madam," said the Doctor, and Capt. Marvin was transported to his bed. Nearly exhausted, he had scarcely strength to enquire for his child. Aunt Martha left him in charge of the Doctor, and hastened to the chamber of her niece.

"Good morning, aunt," said Evelina, opening her eyes. "I am then once more in my own bed, in my own room. It is not then a dream. Oh aunt Martha, I have had my trials, since I left home the other day."

"You may have more to endure, my child," said the aunt.

"Why, aunt Martha, what a long face; I hope you are not uneasy on my account? I never felt smarter in my life," continued Evelina, gaily jumping from the bed. "But where is my father?"

"Ah, Evelina," cried aunt Martha.

"Is my father then ill?" exclaimed the young girl, catching the alarm, depicted in her aunt's countenance.

"My brother has just been brought home wounded; but I hope not dangerously."

"Gracious Heaven! but where is he?" cried the daughter.

"We have put him comfortably in his bed," replied the aunt.

"Oh my father! my father!" cried Evelina, throwing on a morning gown, and flying down stairs. In a moment she was embracing her father. Aunt Martha followed as fast as she could, and endeavored to withdraw her niece, fearing the effects this violent emotion might produce on both her patients.

"Fear not, sister," said Capt. Marvin, the presence of my child is balm to my heart. Ah, my Evelina, I thought thee lost—lost forever!"

"My father," cried the daughter, sobbing, "it was not my will to remain from you. I was detained by villains."

"Young lady," said the Doctor. "You will be pleased to retire. My patient is fatigued, and requires repose. I will attend you, ladies. Captain Marvin you must endeavor to sleep."

"Go, then, my child," said the wounded man. "I can now court the refreshment of sleep, since I see you restored to me in health and safety. This afternoon, my child, you shall inform me respecting what has happened to you."

Evelina kissed her father. The ladies then left the room, attended by the Doctor. Aunt Martha and Evelina had now to assist in preparing breakfast for the many strangers who had arrived. The aunt had no time to make any enquiries of the niece, and at breakfast, the Doctor, a man of great pomposity, and self-importance, attached to the American army, led, or rather engrossed all the conversation. Leaving him in the midst of a long harangue, Evelina stole from the table, where several other strangers were also met, and glided into her father's room.— The old gentleman had just fallen into a quiet slumber. Evelina seated herself by the bedside, and scarcely breathed, through fear of awakening him. With filial anxiety she watched his pale and harassed countenance. "Oh war, fatal scourge of mankind," thought Evelina. "How long wilt thou hold thy scorpion wand over our devoted country, which was formerly so happy?"

Her father stirred. She hung over him, in anxious solicitude. He opened his eyes. "You are here, my Evelina. My slumbers must needs be happy, watched by my darling child."

"How are you, my father?"

"Much better, Evelina, greatly refreshed by my nap."

"But, your wounds, papa?"

"They are but fresh wounds, my child. My debility is only occasioned by loss of blood, which, I trust, I shall soon repair. I even now feel something of an appetite."

"Dear father," said Evelina, and she hastened

out, and brought in some refreshments, of which the patient partook with considerable relish for a sick man. Aunt Martha, who just then entered, was overjoyed at these symptoms of convalescence.—“Now Evelina, my dear,” said she, “tell us your adventures.”

“True, aunt,” cried the young girl, “You must have been in amazement, at the war-like appearance of your armed niece. Did I not become the Amazon? But what did you do with my gun?”

“Ah, Evelina,” said the aunt gravely, “you are too old now, for such frolics. It might do when you were a romping girl, running about with Theodore; but now Miss Marvin, a young woman grown up, must think of decorum.”

“Do not blame me, aunt; but first hear my story.”

Aunt Martha, indeed, soon changed her opinion. She trembled, when she heard of her niece being in the power of British Indians. She rejoiced when she heard of the rescue by Parker. “I thought the young man brave in the main,” cried she.

The father listened attentively, but said nothing; and Evelina resumed her narrative.

“Had he no delicacy,” cried aunt Martha, “to talk of love in your situation?” But no pen can describe the good maiden’s indignation, when Evelina read the first note received from Parker. “He is a villain,” said the father. Evelina continued, and the indignation of both brother and sister attained its acme. “He is a villain,” repeated the father, “and must be exposed.”

“Thank God, my Evelina,” cried the aunt, embracing her, “that we have you safe again.”

“But, my father,” enquired Evelina, “how came you wounded?”

“He received his wounds in search of you, Evelina,” said aunt Martha.

"My God! and am I then the murderer of my father?"

"Do not accuse yourself, my child, said Captain Marvin. It is the will of God, and we must submit. But, do not consider yourself as any way accessory to my misfortune. I returned on Thursday last, a few hours after you had left home. Your aunt began to be uneasy at your delay, and Cato was dispatched to see what detained you. He returned in the greatest alarm, you had not been seen at the house where you were expected; but, on his return, he had met a boy, who, in answer to his enquiries, said that, concealed behind some trees, he saw two armed Indians forcibly carry away Miss Marvin. This intelligence caused us the greatest alarm, not doubting they were British allies, who had made an irruption, and were posted in greater numbers in some quarter. I called out my company, and hastened on towards the lake. One of our scouts brought intelligence, that he had discovered the body of a hostile Indian, which must have been the one shot by Parker. We then deliberated how to proceed, and concluded to march towards lake Ontario. The next morning, intelligence was brought us, that a party of British and Indians were lodged twenty miles to the north. Thinking that the Indians who carried you away, must have been attached to this party, we only halted long enough to refresh our men, and then marched in pursuit of the enemy. They were encamped in considerable numbers, on the borders of a creek. We halted on the opposite side, and, it being already dark, bivouacked for the night, amidst the deep forest, that concealed us from the enemy. At dawn of day the following morning, a couple of our scouts brought in a prisoner, who, on being interrogated, described the British as trebling our numbers, but insisted

that no lady had been brought in a prisoner. Distracted with doubt and anxiety, I knew not what course to pursue. Should we attack the enemy at such disadvantage, the event was dubious; and perhaps Evelina in the power of others, might be imploring the assistance of her father, while any rashness might disenable him from assisting her. In this conjuncture, a New-England pedlar appeared among us. The idea struck me, that by assuming his character, I could perhaps obtain unsuspected access amongst the enemy, and discover what had become of my child. I instantly bargained for the hire of the pack, and received instructions concerning the proper performance of my character."

"My father," cried Evelina, "did you thus risk your life for me? Had you been taken up for a spy——"

"I thought not of danger. I only thought of you, Evelina," replied the fond parent.

"Oh my father," and she affectionately took his hand.

"With the pack slung over my shoulders, continued Capt. Marvin, I hastened to the creek, crossed the bridge, and threw myself in the way of the enemy. I was soon seized, and brought before the commanding officer, a major in the British service, who headed a few regulars, some militia, and a party of Indians. I was very sharply interrogated concerning the American force in that quarter, the best place for obtaining booty, &c. but no one suspected my not being the character I assumed. Having answered their enquiries as suited my purpose, I next obtained permission to dispose of my merchandise among the troops. I acted my part to admiration, but could obtain no intelligence of any captive lady, and I began to conclude that the disappearance of Evelina had no connection with the

arrival of this party on our frontier. I then prepared to return, but, it seems, my enquiries had excited suspicion, for I perceived that I was followed by a serjeant's file. I endeavored to join my company by a circuitous rout, but some of our men who were watching, hailed me from the opposite side of the bridge. The serjeant and his file instantly advancing, endeavored to seize me. I resisted. Five or six of our men hastened to my rescue. They were fired at by the enemy, and I received two wounds in the discharge. My friends were backward in firing, fearing to kill me, but rushed on the British with fixed bayonets, and seizing a sword, I headed the scuffle, in which I was again wounded, but the enemy were forced to retreat, and I was borne off the field by my friends. Our party then retreated towards home, but stopped at Dr. Berton's, where my wounds were dressed, and the doctor kindly accompanied us home."

"It is then indeed on my account, my father, that you received your wounds," said Evelina.

"They are trifling my child, mere flesh wounds, that will soon heal. But thanks be to God, that you are restored to us in health, my dear Evelina," replied Capt. Marvin.

"Praised be the Almighty, who has restored you both to our own home," said aunt Martha.

The Doctor now entered, and again dressed the wounds of his patient, which healed so rapidly that in a few days Doctor Berton took his leave, well repaid for his trouble, and leaving aunt Martha a box of ointment, with very minute directions for completing the cure he had so happily commenced.

And now the furious blast of war ceased to resound through the land, and security again revisited the western world. The river Niagara no longer separated contending enemies, eager to take ad-

antage of each other. The eye no longer beheld villages in flames, houses consumed, and the industrious farmer, in one fatal night, deprived of the produce of many years' of toil, by the crafty aborigines of the wilderness. Peace was signed between Great Britain and America, and the industrious inhabitants of Canada and the United States slept in safety.

Capt. Marvin was soon perfectly cured of his wounds. Evelina was again happy in the enjoyment of health and domestic felicity. Her vivacity unfettered by restraint, inspired life and cheerfulness into the whole family. Aunt Martha, happy in the society of her brother and niece, could imagine no higher scene of earthly enjoyment than she daily experienced. Not a wish remained unsatisfied in either of the family, save that their lost Theodore might return among them.

It was not in the nature of Capt. Marvin or aunt Martha to retain resentment against any person, but the former considered it a duty he owed society to expose Parker, and thereby prevent any of his future machinations from taking effect. But aunt Martha had forgiven him, and entreated her brother to take no further notice of the affair. "Surely, said the considerate maiden, an offence proceeding from love, cannot be so very heinous. Mr. Parker wished very much to marry our Evelina. Vain of himself, he imagined no woman in her sober senses could refuse him. Of course, he thought Evelina's rejections but the effect of childish caprice. Once his wife, he concluded she must then be sensible of the prize she had obtained. Fortune threw my niece in his way, and William resolved to make use of a little compulsion to make her his own." Be assured, brother, such was the source and extent of his design."

"You plead eloquently, sister, said Capt. Marvin, and I am inclined to believe in the probability of your statement. There may have been more weakness than villany in his project. Still he should not be allowed to make such attempts with impunity. But, week after week glided away, and the captain had taken no steps towards apprehending Parker, who had not reappeared in the precincts of Tonneuwonte."

Returning one day from the village, Capt. Marvin perceived a negro endeavoring to glide unnoticed by him. This attracted his attention, and regarding the black attentively, he recognized Brutus. To spring from his horse and seize the negro by the collar, was but the work of an instant. Villian, cried the Captain, you were the coadjutor of that rascal Parker, in his villanous scheme upon my daughter.

"Oh massa, massa, cried the trembling wretch, Brutus no blame."

"How, you impertinent fellow?" exclaimed Capt. Marvin.

"Brutus a slave massa, he must do what his massa bid."

"The more villain he," said the Captain, rather softened by this appeal. "But surely, Brutus, you need not have been so faithful an accessory in so base an attempt."

The crafty fellow perceived the impression he had made. "Ah massa, Brutus be sorry. He be very sorry all the time. He wish to tell Misse Lina how massa cheat her, but massa no give me chance; and after all, if misse did marry massa, and go to Maryland, she be dere de very great lady. Very big house, plenty slaves, oh she be de very great lady."

"But, Brutus, if she cared not for such advancement, was it right to force her acceptance?"

"No Massa, and I wish to stay by misse and see no harm done, but massa send me away."

"Brutus," said Capt. Marvin, "I know that you were but an instrument in the hands of your master." "Tell me all that you know of this affair, and no harm shall accrue to you."

"Massa William," said Brutus, in reply, "love Misse Evelina to distraction. When she refuse him, he walk the room all night, and me hear him say, "I must, and will have her." His mind so uneasy, he take me with him, to go shooting every day. One night, we see Indians. Massa fear'd, so we tie our horses, and hide; but I peep. Oh Massa, I say, Indians carry off lady, look like Misse Lina; let us shoot. So we crept to where we take good shot, and I kill Indian. We den take Misse to de log-house, were we sleep all night. Massa den love Misse more dan ever. He say, "Brutus, dis lady must be my wife; must be your misse; go get our horses." Wen we stopt next night, he send me before to a tenant, dat owe him much money, and live in Massa's house. Me tell dis man and de woman to prepare, massa come and bring de great lady. I stay in de barn, and wen I see massa, I say, "Massa, dont be bad to Misse Lina, but let her go home." Massa say, "Get away, you black rascal, go home, but if you use your tongue I will pull it from your mouth." So den I go home. Massa stay two or three miles off, to be near misse, but when misse run away, he come home furious. He beat us all. He walk his room all night. In de morning he say, "I tink de proud gal no more. De rich, de great lady jump to get me." Massa go back to Maryland. Our Misse wish Massa William to marry very rich lady, who got de great plantation. Massa William say, yes. De lady say yes. So dey be married. Young Misse be very pretty,

but very cross. She get in de passion, and den how she scold! How she storm. She hear some how of Misse Lina; and Misse ask Massa were be de lady, he shut up in de house. Massa William turn red. She scold. She fling de teapot at him. She talk and stamp. He beat de slaves. She beat de slaves. Oh, what a house, Massa Marvin."

"I believe you," said Capt. Marvin. "Parker is below my resentment, and I shall concern myself no longer about him."

"Ah, Massa Marvin, Massa Parker no dare to come here. He be feard you. Young Misse wish to come, but Massa say, 'No I wont.' Den Misse fly in a passion; and den de house all noise—all scold."

"Good or bad actions never fail to bring their own reward," said Capt. Marvin.

"Ah, yes, Massa. You and Misse be happy, but not Massa William. He send me to Tonnewonté, to see to tings; but me feard to come."

"You need no longer be afraid, Brutus. I shall not injure you."

"Tank you, Massa," said the Negro.

Capt. Marvin then mounted his horse, and without further enquiry pursued his way.

This account brought Parker into great contempt among the inmates of Marvin farm, as the same details were corroborated through a more respectable channel. William Parker no longer engrossed word or thought from either of the family. Even the negroes ceased to repeat his name in their confab.

Time now glided with them imperceptibly away, and so unmarked by incident, that we shall take a flight back to France, and see what has become of Theodore.

CHAPTER XVI.

La molle oisivete, la triste solitude,
 Poisons dont il nourrit sa noire inquietude,
 Le livrent tout entier au vain ressouvenir
 Qui le vient malgré lui sans cesse entretenir.
 Je vous aime, et ma crainte a d'assez justes causes :
 Il sied bien en amour de craindre toutes choses
 Que deviendrois je, hélas ! si le sort rigoureux
 Me privoit pour jamais de l'objet de mes vœux !

LA FONTAINE.

DAY after day passed away with Theodore, and he still remained insensible, in the wards of the hospital. In this situation he was found by Le Page, an aged servant of his father, who had missed the Marquis and his son on the night of the 19th. He had since sought them among the dead and the wounded, and was at length directed to the hospital, where Theodore lay, confounded with many other sufferers. The old man gazed on the son of his ancient master, with the greatest emotion. He sought the surgeon. "What think you of this unfortunate youth?" he enquired.

"He may recover," replied Doctor Pascal.

"But not in a crowded hospital," said the old man.

"Why not, friend?" cried the Doctor. "There are in this place, hundreds of brave fellows, who will, I hope, recover, to be again gloriously wounded in the service of their country."

"But sir," said La Page, "do you not think that purer air, and retirement might prove beneficial to my young master?"

"Why, yes, my good man. If you could obtain and provide lodgings, I think the young gentleman would have a better chance of recovery."

Le Page hastened out, and his indefatigable researches soon procured comfortable lodgings for

Theodore, in an airy situation. To these young de Clermont was conveyed. Le Page was his nurse, and the surgeon attended him assiduously. At length the fever abated, and Theodore gradually recovered his senses, but so enfeebled, that he scarcely noticed any surrounding object. At length he recognized Le Page, and, observing his attentions, pressed his hand. The old man wept. Theodore laid his hand on his burning forehead. "I have no tears left," he faltered. This was his first attempt at articulation; but in a few days he recovered sufficiently to communicate to Le Page the particulars of his father's death. The old man wept over the fate of his ancient lord. "You must endeavor to recover rapidly, Mons. de Clermont," said he, "that we may return to Provence, and bear with us the remains of Mons. Le Marquis."

But Theodore was very weak, and he still lingered many weeks in the confinement of a sick chamber; but the first use he made of returning strength, was to write to his brother, and to the Marvin family.

He was one day surprised by the entrance of Louis. The new Marquis embraced his brother. "Ah Theodore," he cried, "what a change has a few months made in your appearance? But take courage, my brother, I must now convey you to Provence, and place you under the care of Jeannette. A few months of her nursing, added to the salubrity of your native climate, will soon restore your health."

"Do not despise my nursing, Mons. Le Marquis," said Le Page.

"You owe the life of your brother under Heaven to this faithful man," said Theodore.

"Ah, Le Page," cried Louis, shaking him by the hand, "you were my father's trusty servant, and you shall find faithful friends in his sons. We must secure you some snug little haven in Provence."

"Ah, thank you, Mons. Le Marquis," replied the old man. "I shall indeed like to pass the remainder of my days near the scenes of my early youth, and the remains of my honored lord."

"My poor father," exclaimed Louis.

"But, where have you been, brother, since our separation?" enquired Theodore.

"I entered Paris with the Austrian army," replied the young Marquis, "and began to be very anxious to hear from my father and you, when the rumour of his death was circulated through the city.— I called on Colonel de Corbie, who confirmed the account of our father's disappearance, and greatly commended your bravery. I understood that you were left behind, wounded, but could not ascertain where, when I received your letter. I immediately obtained leave of absence, and here I am, Theodore. You have lost a father, but you have a brother."

Theodore made no reply, but threw himself into the arms of his brother. — When he had regained his composure, he informed Louis of their father's last injunction.

"Had he not requested it?" said the Marquis, "I should have conveyed the remains of my father, to repose with those of his ancestors."

The two brothers, with Le Page and the attendants of Louis, then proceeded to Waterloo; and from thence the remains of the late Marquis de Beaucaire were conveyed to Provence.

All hailed the approach of the new Marquis de Beaucaire, who had made himself very popular among the inhabitants of his hereditary property.— He remained at his mansion a few weeks, and then returned to Paris, while Theodore was committed to the care of Jeannette.

But Theodore was now only the shadow of his

former self. He still lingered under the effect of his wounds, and was mostly confined to his chamber; yet he sometimes ventured out, attended by Le Page, but these walks were necessarily confined to the environs of the Hotel. On the first arrival of the brothers, all the neighbouring gentry had called to welcome them, and while the young marquis remained there, the house was all gaiety and pleasure: but the nerves of Theodore were too much weakened to enjoy this bustle. Confined to his chamber, he seldom saw the guests of his brother, and when the young Marquis de Beaucaire departed, it was scarcely known that his younger brother remained. Theodore was indeed despondent. The hope that had supported him through his illness, that had given him strength to return to Provence, had fled from him, like the flitting shadow of an idle dream. He had hoped to see Sophia—to find her still affectionate, and faithful; but his heart sickened, when he was informed that Mademoiselle des Abbayes had not yet returned to Provence. She was still in Paris, and report added, the gayest of the gay, and she seemed to have no intention of soon returning, as the steward had informed Jeannette that the family were not expected at the Hotel des Abbayes.

“She cares not for me,” said Theodore to himself. “Her heart is no longer sensible of true affection, or she would not prefer the dissipation of Paris, to the quiet scenes of her native home.”

Hope was obliterated from his bosom. Despondency, with her attendant train of weak nerves, and low spirits, seemed to have overpowered our unfortunate youth, and defeated all the beneficial effects of the salubrious climate of Provence, added to the careful attentions of his old nurse. “My dear child,” said Jeannette to him one night, as, enveloped in a great coat, he sat by a blazing fire, its cheerfulness

strikingly contrasted, by the sombre expressions of grief and anxiety depicted in his countenance. "How can you thus, in the bloom of youth, abandon yourself to despondency? Cheer up, my son. Exert your faculties. Recover your health, and who then, among the noblest and bravest of the land, will surpass Théodore de Clermont? I wish to see you again, my son, in your gallant uniform, bearing the sword which, Le Page says, you wielded so gloriously on the great day, that restored to France its lawful King."

"But, Jeannette, can a glittering exterior satisfy the mind? Will vanity counterbalance the disappointments of the heart?"

"But Théodore de Clermont can force his way to distinction," said the nurse. "What lady will then refuse him? Shew yourself in Paris, my son. Sophia once loved you; but she now most probably thinks that you have abandoned her. Shew her that you have not. Claim her in Paris, among the brave lords there assembled. Courage alone can conquer difficulties. Be brave, my son, never give way to fortune, but conquer fate."

"You are right, Jeannette," replied Theodore. "Illness has weakened my mind. Too long have I yielded to supineness. Sophia has indeed reason to think that I have forsaken her; for I dared not assume the liberty of writing, and fate has not permitted us to meet. But as you say, Jeannette, a brave man is not easily overcome. I must exert myself."

The next morning Theodore arose early, and, after drinking his coffee, called for his horse. Le Page was astonished. "I think," said de Clermont, "that I have been too long immured. Riding will contribute to my health."

"Undoubtedly it will," cried the old man.—
"Thank Heaven that my gallant young master again begins to exert himself."

Theodore returned to dinner, much invigorated with an excellent appetite. He now frequently took the air, and his health was improving fast.

One afternoon he rode out alone. He took the road to the Chateau des Abbayes. All seemed there solitary and forsaken. He tied his horse to a tree and wandered to the grave of Olives, where he had so often walked with Sophia. The sun gradually sunk in the west, and he found himself on the affecting spot, where the well remembered tender interview had taken place. Overpowered with emotion, he threw himself on the ground, and every incident in his conversation with Sophia presented itself to his imagination. He forgot time, he forgot space, and Sophia alone seemed present with him, but soon the delusion vanished, and reality, painful reality, obtruded itself on his mind. O Sophia, he exclaimed, shall we then never meet again? Shall I indeed never behold you, but in the futile dreams of an airy imagination?"

Hastily he left the place, and regaining his horse. Jeannette again remarked the pensive sadness of his countenance, and endeavored to draw his attention to the future prospects that might await him in life. "My dear Theodore," said she, "I am very happily situated in the household of the young Marquis, your brother; but when you are a general, I will reside with you, and what pleasure will I have in dandling some young rogue of a little Theodore de Clermont in my arms!"

"Ah, good nurse," said Theodore smiling. "You are a flattering prophetess, but I have many steps to take before I shall be a general, and, as a preliminary one, I will to-morrow write to my brother to represent my case to the King, and have me attached to some regiment.

Le Page entered the apartment. "Here are let-

ters from Paris, Monsieur. One is I think from our young Marquis, for here are his arms. The other bears the arms of des Abbayes." Theodore took the letters. "Sophia's hand writing, he cried, and broke the seal." We will take the liberty of looking over his shoulder as he reads.

"Paris, April 3, 1816.

"You see, De Clermont, that your old friend Sophia has not forgotten you, although so many months have elapsed since we last met. Forget you, indeed! No, my friend, I do not, for I still remember with the liveliest pleasure the agreeable walks and rides, we formerly enjoyed together in Provence. And, Theodore, never will Sophia des Abbaye forget, that you once saved her life. It is that consideration which induces her to write to you at this moment.

I know not if I understand rightly some little marks of gallantry, you once shewed me; but most probably you no longer remember them.

My father has not forgotten his friendship for you, nor his attachment to your family. He has resolved to unite our families, and has ordered me to bestow my hand on your brother. The Marquis de Beaucaire is ardently attached to your old friend Sophia. I had once hoped——, but it is needless to recapitulate. My father orders me to bestow my hand on the Marquis, and insists on implicit obedience. Your brother is amiable, and I esteem him greatly. Theodore, we must forget the transient fancy of the first effervescence of youthful imagination; and if report speaks truth, De Clermont, a new object, with sufficient attractions, will not be unacceptable to you. Keep your heart in readiness, my friend, for I bring with me to Provence, a very engaging cousin, handsome, witty;

well informed, and immensely rich; without father, or even guardian, to control her inclinations, for she has just come of age. Amelia has sensibility, and your taste will exactly coincide. But you will see and judge for yourself, and I shall say no more until we all meet together in Provence.

Your faithful friend,

SOPHIA DES ABBAYES."

"Faithless, inconstant, ambitious Sophia!" cried Theodore, throwing down the letter, and pacing the room in the utmost agitation. He clasped his hands. He leaned against the wall, then hurried to and fro. At length, exhausted with the violence of his emotions, he sunk on a seat. The sympathetic Jeannette approached him. She wished to attract his attention, but Theodore observed her not. His looks were fixed on vacuum. His tearless eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His throbbing forehead rested on his hand. Jeannette hesitated to disturb him, but in silent anxiety, awaited the issue.

At length, Theodore, starting from his chair, seemed to end a long train of reflection, by the ejaculation, "and by a brother! But let me see what he has to say;" and catching up the other letter, he broke the seal and read as follows.

"Paris, April 2, 1816.

"Congratulate me, Theodore, for the object of my tenderest affection is soon to be mine. You were, I think, acquainted with Mademoiselle des Abbayes, but it could be but slightly, since I have so seldom heard you mention her name. But you shall know Sophia better, and thank me for the agreeable sister I shall bring you, to enliven the Chateau de Beaucaire.

This marriage will likewise relieve the estate from any embarrassments attending our emigration, and I shall be enabled, my brother, to provide properly for you. I am already negotiating a commission, and hope soon to see you make some splendid establishment to which surely you have a right to pretend, with your birth and accomplishments. Rest assured, Theodore, that you have a sincere friend in your brother.

I flatter myself that your health is fast improving. You must, however, be expiring with ennui; but we will dissipate that when our bridal party brings life and gaiety to the present sombre hotel. Expect us in a fortnight.

Your affectionate brother,
LOUIS, MARQUIS DE BEUCAIRE."

Theodore threw the letter from him, and again paced the room in the greatest agitation. "My son," said Jeannette, venturing at last to speak, "what is it that thus agitates you?"

"You can read, my good nurse," said Theodore, "take these epistles and peruse them."

"I can indeed read," replied Jeannette, "thanks be to God, and to the good nuns who taught me.— Then putting on her spectacles, and assuming a look of the utmost importance, the good nurse proceeded with great deliberation to spell over the contents of the letters. Theodore seated himself, and covering his face with his hands, appeared entirely absorbed in his own reflections.

"My dear son," said the nurse, "after studying out the import of the writings. "Why are you thus afflicted!"

"Can you ask me that?" cried Theodore, starting with surprise. "Surely you have not perused those letters.

"I have indeed, my child," replied the old woman.

"And have I not lost Sophia for ever?"

"But your brother has obtained her. We must not be selfish, Theodore. Take the advice of Mademoiselle, she writes I think very sensibly.— Believe an old woman, my son. This first love is only a youthful fancy that we forget before we get old. You may yet love a dozen times. Mademoiselle Sophia is dependant on her father, you on your brother; supposing for a moment, that she disobeyed her father, and forsook your brother for you, would you consent to reduce the lady you love to poverty?"

"Are these, then, the calculations you make in France?" cried de Clermont.

"They are the reasonable reflections that are made in any civilized country," retorted the old woman.

"But, nurse, did you not formerly encourage my love for Sophia?"

"Yes, my son, when I thought there was a possibility of your obtaining her, but she is now the betrothed bride of your brother. This marriage will add weight to the family consideration. The united influence of both families will be employed to aid your promotion. Think then only of Sophia, as of a sister. Come, cheer up, Mons. Theodore, have you no curiosity to see this amiable Amelia?"

"Nurse," cried de Clermont, "I duly appreciate your motives, you wish to make me forget my disappointment. Were I influenced by motives of interest, I might, as you say, easily change my views, but I love Sophia des Abbayes. This heart is faithful, and can never forget her. No, Jeannette, I cannot meet her as my sister. Can I forget that

the inconstant has proved faithless? 'That she—
 ————has forsaken me———?
 And my brother———”

“He knew not of your love, Theodore.”

“I believe you, nurse, but I can now only behold in him a successful rival. I have lost my father. Sophia and my brother were the only friends remaining to me in France. She has disappointed me, and I cannot, in my present frame of mind, meet either of them.”

He again took up Sophia's letter, and perused it more deliberately. “What means she, by this?” he cried. “Can she, indeed, have heard of my unfortunate adventure at Lully? Good night, nurse;” and Theodore retired to his chamber in greater agitation of mind, than he had hitherto experienced in the whole course of his life.

The next morning his haggared looks and sunken eyes discovered to the attentive Jeannette, that her foster son had passed a sleepless night, and she strove by every affectionate endeavor to reconcile him to his disappointment. He was fully sensible of the kindness of her motives, but she strove in vain to light up a smile on his countenance, nor did the entrance of Marchemain, who came to consult with Jeannette as house-keeper, respecting the necessary preparations for the reception of the Marquis de Beaucaire and his bride, contribute to dissipate his sombre melancholy. He left them together and retired to his chamber, where he was deeply immersed in gloomy reflections, when Le Page brought him the following epistle. Theodore unconsciously opened it, but it soon engrossed all his attention.

“*Tonnevoute, Feb. 1, 1816.*

“MY DEAR SON—Your favor of Dec. last, came safe to hand, and excited the deepest sympathy in

our secluded corner of the globe. You were then ill, and comparatively forsaken, without any tender relative to smooth the pillow of sickness, or allay, by kind commiseration, the sufferings of nature.

Your letter was long in reaching us, and most probably, by the time we received it, you were enjoying restored health, and renovated cheerfulness. It was with difficulty, that I convinced aunt Martha and your old acquaintance Evelina, of the probability of this circumstance; for they were so much affected by the contents of your letter, that they even began to meditate a journey to France, to attend you on your sick bed, as aunt Martha says, that a male nurse is good for nothing. But, my dear Theodore, your health will for some time prevent you from joining the army. Why cannot you employ this interval of leisure, in paying us a visit? Crossing the Atlantic, will likewise contribute to the restoration of your health. Aunt Martha promises to nurse you, and Evelina to amuse you. Come then, my son, and spend a few months with those, who, however homely their manners, possess the valuable quality of sincerity, and love you better than aught else on earth. You have lost a father, Theodore, I am grieved at your bereavement; but, remember that you still possess an affectionate parent in America, who will endeavor to heal the wounds inflicted on you by the hand of fate. Next year, with restored health, and renovated spirits, you may, if such be your inclination, leave our humble abode of rustic happiness, and return to your splendid connections in France. Business, Theodore, likewise requires your presence here. Your land is rapidly increasing in value. Cato has continued to clear it, during his intervals of leisure, and a stupendous work is projected here, that will render our retired village, the high road of the western world. Your secluded

farm will be covered with boats, loaded with the most valuable freight. It may perhaps become a mart where millions will be shipped and landed from all parts of the globe, or merchandize be stored, thence to be distributed to all the northern, and western regions of America. Permit an old man, my son, to look forward a little further into the glimmerings of futurity. The work now in agitation, is but the beginning of the great triumphs of art, that will yet be seen in America. You may yet see the day, Theodore de Clermont, when the village of Tonnewonté will be a port of entry on the high road of the western world, where people of all nations will continually resort, as the shortest route to the Pacific ocean. You are astonished, my son, you begin to tremble for the senses of your adopted father. But fear not, I speak the language of reason and reflection. In short, the route of a canal is already laid out, that is to connect the waters of the western lakes with the Atlantic ocean. Is not this a gigantic enterprize, Theodore, for our infant country? What may we not expect from America, when she shall have attained maturity? Canals will be formed in succession that will connect our navigable waters, and form an uninterrupted navigation, through our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. You will perhaps enquire who was the projector of this arduous undertaking? What mind in our republic has thus called the energies of his fellow-citizens into action? What capacious mind has been enabled, not only to foresee the innumerable advantages emanating from this undertaking, but likewise perseverance sufficient to smooth the way to the removal of every obstacle that might impede its progress? This accomplished statesman, is DE WITT CLINTON; a name that will shine bright in the annals of America, that will be handed down to

posterity, with a lustre always attendant on the real benefactors of their country. The workmen will soon commence their labours on the great western canal. It passes by my house, and runs directly through your land. Consider how greatly this will enhance its value. You may let it out in small lots; but you must come and see to this yourself, and when you return to France, the rents of your American property will assist you in your endeavors to attain eminence in your native country.

Aunt Martha and Evelina will take no denial.—Cato and Lany are already projecting undertakings, to be realized, when “Young massa comes home.” Come then, my son, and rejoice their hearts, as well as that of
Your affectionate father,

E. MARVIN.”

“Generous disinterested man,” cried Theodore. “Unsophisticated children of nature! Yes, your adopted son hastily obeys your summons. I will immediately depart for America. I have there always experienced uniform kindness. Abandoned, a helpless, friendless orphan, I was received by those truly kind Americans, and educated as their own child. I there enjoyed happiness. I there experienced content. France, my native country, what have you given me in exchange? But I will return; and, like the prodigal son, I will throw myself at my father’s feet. The fatted calf will indeed be killed for my reception. Interested, ambitious Sophia, I will never see you more. I will endeavor never to think of you. I will discard your image from my bosom. France and Sophia, farewell forever. But my brother? Ah, he will not feel my absence. Possessed of title and fortune, a beautiful and accomplish-

an wife, successful in his schemes of ambition, he has enough to fill his heart, and will not miss his younger brother. But I will not give him pain.— He shall hear nothing from me, concerning the party of his Sophia.”

CHAP. XVII.

Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
 Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
 Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd,
 In age beloved, in poverty revered
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear
 Some little friendship, form'd and cherish'd here!
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teams
 With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
 And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
 Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.

ROGERS.

In the afternoon Theodore mounted his horse and proceeded to Marseilles, where he found a ship that was to sail the next day for America. His resolution was soon formed: He engaged a passage, and returned home. De Clermont then retired to his chamber, and wrote the following letters:

“TO MADemoiselle SOPHIA DES ABBAYES.

“You are then, Sophia, to be my sister. Well, I will not reproach you; but I can never view you as such. You despised the humbler fortunes of a younger brother; yet he possessed as true a heart, as beats in the bosom of the Marquis de Beaucaire. But, brought up a worshipper of fortune, you are not to blame, Sophia, for being faithful to your creed.—May you and Louis be happy! I will not mar your felicity, nor shall your husband ever learn from me, that I once aspired to his wife. Adieu, Sophia, I embark for America, nor in the midst of your happiness, need you feel anxiety for your brother. For, in the land of my adoption, I shall find content, and I trust, I shall also meet happiness.

THEODORE DE CLERMONT

“TO LOUIS DE BEUCAIRE.

“DEAR LOUIS—Some sudden intelligence

America, obliges me to cross the Atlantic immediately; and, a ship being ready to sail for New-York, I shall take advantage of the opportunity. I felicitate you, my brother, on your splendid establishment, and am grieved that I cannot await your arrival, and pay my personal respects to you and your beautiful bride; but the news I have received renders that impossible. That you, my brother, and your intended lady, may enjoy permanent felicity, is the most earnest wish of

Your grateful and
obliged brother,
T. DE CLERMONT."

Having completed his arrangements, Theodore passed the remainder of the evening with Jeannette. The old woman little thought that her fosterson intended so soon to leave her, and she endeavored to entertain him with the magnificent preparations that were making for the reception of the Marquis, and future Marchioness de Beaucaire. Jeannette's mind was indeed so completely absorbed in this subject, that she had attention for nothing else.

"Ah," thought Theodore, as he bade her good-night, and retired to his room. "Amidst all this splendour and magnificence, even my nurse will not feel my absence. Ah Theodore de Clermont, it is indeed time for you to leave France, and seek a country where you may find more sympathy and disinterested affection."

But, when, after breakfast the following morning, he informed Jeannette, that he intended to sail the same day for America, she stood motionless with amazement.

"Impossible, Mons. Theodore. You will first stop, and see this wedding. You must pay your congratulations to the bride and bridegroom."

“Jeannette,” said Theodore, “do you think I can so easily forget the bitter disappointment, my heart has sustained? Can I cease to remember, that she, I fondly loved, who once permitted me to hope, is now the destined bride of my brother?”

“Ah, Theodore, my son, you will then forsake us all, to go and break your heart in America?” and the good woman began to weep vehemently.

“Be not uneasy, my good nurse,” said Theodore, taking her hand, “I have just received a letter from my adopted father, containing a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, for the restoration of my health. Fear not for me, Jeannette. In America I shall recover my peace of mind. I have dear friends there who received me when I was a castaway orphan. With them, I shall find happiness.”

“I hope you may, my son,” cried the old woman, sobbing, “but, Theodore, can you forget your old nurse?”

“Jeannette,” said Theodore, “I would not leave you destitute; but you are comfortably situated in my brother’s establishment. You are happy here, and the Marquis and his lady will provide for you. America would not suit you, Jeannette. You are too fond of show, to be satisfied with the plain and simple habits of the new world.”

“America, indeed, Mons. Theodore,” cried Jeannette. “No, indeed! You will never catch me there. But, my dear son,” continued she, in a persuasive tone, “why need you go to that far away country? You may yet be a general, if you only remain in France, and may obtain some great and rich lady. Do stop to see that Mademoiselle Amelia. She may be handsomer than Mademoiselle Sophia. Ah, Theodore, do not leave us, for that wild savage America; but remain with your old nurse, and your other friends in France.”

"I cannot, Jeannette; but we may one day meet again."

"Oh then, Mons. Theodore, you only take a trip to dissipate your grief, and forget your disappointment? Well, that may do; and you can visit your old friends at the same time; and, since you take this affair so to heart, a little travelling may perhaps do you good; but do not remain too long, and I hope that this handsome Amelia will not be married before your return." And, smiling through her tears, Jeannette bustled about to assist Theodore in preparing for his departure.

De Clermont permitted her to indulge her delusive ideas respecting his return; and, meeting Le Page, another similar scene ensued: but the old servant also preferred remaining in the establishment of the Marquis de Beaucaire, to following the younger brother to a far distant, and unknown country. Yet he was sincerely attached to both sons of his late lord, and greatly regretted Theodore's departure. Nothing else occurred to detain young de Clermont. His baggage was conveyed on board, and he bade a last adieu to his native soil. The load on his heart seemed fast melting away, when he found himself safely through the pillars of Hurcules, and launched on the great ocean, that separated the old from the new world. As the former gradually receded away, his cares seemed also left behind, and hope and expectations danced in delightful perspective, as the setting sun seemed to shine on that land of refuge, where he had enjoyed the unconcerned hilarity of early youth.

As he approached the shores of America, his heart beat with impatience, to meet and embrace the friends and protectors of his childish years, and his mind dwelt with pleasing delight on the exhilarating remembrance of his youthful playmate, Evelina Marvin.

At length the ship came along side of Whitehall. Theodore sprang on shore. "All hail to thee, America," he cried, "land of my childhood! Thy adopted son returns to thee with the joyful impatience of the homesick child, just reaching, after a long absence, the indulgent home of his infancy. Receive the prodigal son of thy adoption into thy cherishing bosom, and may the old world retain its splendor to itself."

De Clermont hastened up Broadway, and stopped at his old boarding house, near Washington Hall. His former land-lady received him with a hearty welcome, and had many enquiries to make of him concerning France, and the two gentlemen who had formerly lodged with him at her house.

Every thing in New-York now possessed interest for Theodore, but he was so impatient to arrive at Tonnawonté, that he first bespoke a passage on board the steam-boat Richmond for Albany, previous to calling on any of his former acquaintance.

Early the next morning he paid a melancholy visit to his mother's grave. Potter's-field seemed to have experienced no alteration since he had last visited it with his brother. Since then, how various had been the incidents of his life! He leaned sometime mournfully against the monument absorbed in silent retrospection, then walked pensive away.

The same day he embarked for Albany. The steam-boat displayed a scene of the most bustling activity. In the motley concourse that crowded the deck, were assembled representatives, not only from every part of the American continent, but also from most places of the habitable globe. Theodore was amused and mingled sociably with the crowd; but three persons, an Austrian from Vienna, a Russian from Archangel, and a Bavarian, an

ex-colonel in Bonaparte's army, attached themselves to our young traveller, as they were ignorant of the English language, and consequently found Theodore a very convenient companion.— The strangers were on their way to visit the falls of Niagara, and all four agreed to travel in one party.

Our Europeans were men of taste, and were highly gratified with the admirable beauties of scenery to be found on each side of the Hudson, and their admiration was greatly increased at the magnificent pass of the highlands.

At Albany our travellers took the stage-coach, and on Sunday arrived at the beautiful and thriving town of Utica. On Tuesday the western stage-coach set them down at the village of Tonnewont.

Theodore took leave of his companions, and pursued his way on foot along the well remembered road that led to the farm of his adopted father.

The sun was low declining in the west. A golden harvest had crowned the hopes of the industrious farmers, who had nearly finished lodging in their barns the plentiful reward of their toil. Theodore with a light heart walked briskly forward.— He seemed to have forgotten his disappointments. Change of scene had apparently obliterated all his former troubles from his memory, while the present season awakened the joyous associations of his early youth.

As he approached Mr. Marvin's, he beheld with pleasure the great improvements that had been made during his absence. At length he saw before him the house of his adopted father, which had so long been the home of his early years. He had to pass the barn yard. The lowing cows were there assembled, and were yielding the rich produce of their udders to the pails of their sable attendants. Aunt Martha had walked out, and was standing be-

side a favorite cow which was milked by a little black girl. The sight of a stranger caught her attention. "Aunt Martha!" exclaimed the youth, the sound of his voice operated as a charm. The good maiden sprang forward. She threw her arms around his neck. She pressed him to her bosom. "Ah Theodore, my son! my son!" she cried.— "Theodore, I am happy, for I have seen thee again." The youth pressed her hands in silence, and they walked towards the house, while the little negroes followed them with their eyes, and hastened their employment that they might have a look at the handsome stranger so kindly received by their mistress. Capt. Marvin, returning home from some occupation on his farm, saw them at a distance, and recognized Theodore. He hurried forward to meet them. "Oh Theodore, Theodore, my son!" cried the good man, extending his hand. He then pressed the youth to his bosom. "Welcome once more to America! Thrice welcome, my son, to the habitation of your father."

"My father!" said Theodore, pressing his hand, "but where is my little sister Evelina?"

A tall and graceful young female in the simple dress of the country met them at the door. She blushed and bowed at sight of a stranger. Theodore took off his hat. "My daughter," said Capt. Marvin, "your brother has returned," and he took a hand of each.

"Is this Miss Marvin," cried the youth, "can this graceful young lady be my little sister Evelina?" and with some diffidence he embraced her. The face of the young American was suffused with blushes. She led the way to the neat front parlor.— "Welcome to Tonnawonte, Theodore!" said she. He gazed at her with surprise, pleasure and admiration. "Welcome indeed," cried aunt Martha.—

"O Theodore, how we have wished to see you! How impatiently have we expected your arrival!"

"Thank you, dear aunt," said the youth. Then again turned his eyes towards Evelina. She blushed and shrunk from his ardent gaze. "Excuse my rudeness, Miss Marvin," said Theodore, "but I can scarce believe my eyes. I can scarce realize the conviction, that I behold before me, my former little romping playmate, transformed into so lovely a lady."

"You have learned to compliment in France," said Evelina.

"Where, where is our young Massa?" was now heard. "Where is Massa Theodore?" and Cato and Lany rushing in, without ceremony, seized his hands. "Welcome home, Massa Theodore! Welcome home!" De Clermont shook them by the hand. "Thank you, my honest friends," he replied. All their little sable offsprings were then presented to him with due ceremony.

Aunt Martha, in the mean time, hastened to add to their plentiful supper, the choicest dainties the house afforded; and a happier domestic party was never assembled around the social board.

Their repast finished, they seated themselves on the Piazza, in front of the house. The light of day had departed; but myriads of stars sparkled in the firmament, while their collective beams illuminated the scene with the brightness of day. The winding brook murmured around the bottom of the lawn, which was by this time, well stored with fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers. The whipperwill sung plaintively from the trees. The bull frog, from a neighboring pond, responded his hoarse base; while the shrill note of the tree frog, gave variety to the concert. The immense forest that formerly surrounded the house, had now disappeared, from the imme-

date vicinity of the dwelling, but was still beheld in perspective, forming an impenetrable cloud, that terminated the brightness of the adjacent cultivated fields.

The heart of Theodore dilated within his bosom. He seemed just awakened from a troubled dream, with the joyful sensation, that the gloom had fled, and the brightness of day had dissipated the terrors of night. He gazed on the manly countenance of the protector of his childhood, with a feeling of security. With filial love, he returned the benevolent smile of the kind hearted aunt Martha. He stole a glance at the lovely girl seated beside him, whose eyes were bent on him, with an expression of exulting sisterly affection.

"Oh, my friends," cried Theodore. "Never more will I leave you. I will settle among you. I will become, in fact, as I am now in heart, an American."

"Thank God!" cried aunt Martha. Evelina glanced at him a smile of approbation. "My son," said Capt. Marvin, "I am rejoiced at hearing you express this resolution. Reared among us, you know what you have to expect in America and need not fear disappointment. I indeed think, my son, that we have in reality sufficient to satisfy the most aspiring mind. Our country is fast rising to eminence. The projected canal that I mentioned to you in my last letter, will prove an incalculable benefit, not only to the tract of country through which it passes, but also to most parts of our northern continent. Let the stupendous undertaking be once effected, and no longer shall we complain of the stagnation of trade. All will be bustle and activity. Our little western towns, swelled into importance, will become emporiums of commerce. Although my dear Theodore, nothing could afford me higher

gratification, than the prospect of your establishing yourself near us, yet would I not obtain this satisfaction at your expence. Let us, then, calmly compare what you may expect in France, and what you may possess on our side of the Atlantic."

"I shall here experience happiness," replied the young Frenchman, "but in France, perpetual uneasiness and frequent disappointment have been my lot."

"I am gratified to hear," said Capt. Marvin, "that after experiencing what the splendid magnificence of high rank can bestow on the sons of Europe, your heart should still feel a preference for our native wilds. Happiness, my son, may indeed be found in the most humble condition, and I am convinced that even your interest will not be a loser by your settling in America. Twenty acres of your land are under cultivation, which is something of a beginning. You have an excellent stream on which I have erected a saw-mill, that I shall immediately deliver into your possession. Near it is a very good site for a grist-mill. The canal passes through the midst of your property, which greatly enhances its value, and it is besides, admirably situated for an *entrepot* that may rise into importance. With all these advantages, it is more than probable, that your estate may become as valuable as the Lordships of France. I have been fortunate, and during your absence, I have purchased several additional hundred acres of land, which I shall equally divide between you and Evelina. I have likewise some ready money by me, which will enable you to commence business with advantage. You are also in possession of talents, Theodore. You have been brought up in America, and may rise to the highest stations in our country. Perhaps you will consider these as very humble beginnings, to ex-

change for the splendid prospects you will have to abandon in France. Tell me, my son, will they satisfy you? If not, I would not purchase the pleasure of having you permanently settled with us, at the price of a single repining from my adopted son."

"Oh my more than father," cried Theodore: "but you shall not thus rob yourself for me."—

"Who speaks of robbing?" said the old gentleman.

"Have I not a right to divide what I possess between my children?"

"But, my father, you shall not take from your daughter to bestow on me."

"Am I not your sister?" said Evelina.

"You are both my children," cried Capt. Marvin, "and shall share equally what belongs to me."

"My dear friends," said Theodore, "I cannot express the feelings of my heart towards you, but I am not so destitute as you may imagine; though I have indeed but little left me as the son of a nobleman. Three thousand guineas would be a very trifling consideration in Europe, yet it is a good beginning at Tonnewonté. It was all my deceased father had it in his power to leave me, except his blessing and dying injunctions." He here paused. The thoughts of his father, and the field of Waterloo were present to his mind.

An interval of silence succeeded, for his American friends respected the feelings of nature. Theodore at length exclaimed, "O my friends, I shall be happier in America than I have been in Europe. I am tired of the army, which was the only prospect held out to me in France. "But the ladies in Europe," said aunt Martha. "Are they not very amiable? As a handsome young soldier, my Theodore must have been a great favorite with them."

The youth sighed. "In Europe, aunt Martha, the

ladies may perhaps be pleased with the attentions of a young soldier, to while away the tedium of time, which lies so heavy on their hands ; but should he aspire to make an impression on their hearts, he will, provided he be a younger brother, find them composed of adamant. The titled and wealthy heir of the family may obtain the fairest of the fair, but his brothers must remain destitute of the solace of an affectionate wife, for the funds of a younger son are seldom adequate to the maintenance of a family. His youth must be spent in attempts to obtain eminence and wealth. These he perhaps obtains when old age has frozen all his better feelings. Some amiable portionless girl is then sacrificed to him by her interested relations. A well-born youth must not degrade his family, although he derive nothing from his ancestors but a splendid name. So, if he be determined to marry, he may if young, handsome and accomplished, perhaps meet with some lady of fortune who might be induced to share her property with him, but then he need expect no further perfections than the wealth that will contribute to his establishment."

"You shall not return to France," cried aunt Martha with indignation.

"You will, indeed, be happier in America," said Evelina.

"Theodore," said Capt. Marvin, "you express yourself with bitterness. Your disappointments in France have infused some gall into your nobler feelings, but it will evaporate by participation.—Confide then to us the misfortunes of your youth. It will relieve your heart. Your past sorrows will be forgotten, and life commence anew with you in these home scenes of your early childhood."

Theodore cast his eyes on the ground. "I should like" said aunt Martha, "to hear your adventures in France."

"You were not, Theodore, very communicative in your letters," said Evelina.

"My dear friends," replied de Clermont, "it will indeed relieve my heart. You shall hear all that has happened to me." And he commenced his tale. His auditors listened with undisguised interest, and Theodore concealed nothing from them. "I am again with the friends of my early youth," said Theodore, terminating his recital, "and I will obliterate from my mind all that has troubled me in France."

"You will do well, my son, to keep that resolution," said Capt. Marvin.

"The false hearted Sophia!" cried aunt Martha. "You did well, Theodore, to escape her, for she would never have made you a good wife."

"Was she so very handsome?" enquired Evelina.

De Clermont looked up at the bright eyes which enforced this question. "When in France I thought her very beautiful," said the youth, "but the daughters of America may equal, may even surpass Sophia des Abbayes in loveliness. Let her enjoy happiness with the Marquis de Beaucaire, and I trust I shall forget her, at least only think of her as the wife of my brother."

Evelina raised her eyes. They encountered those of her old playmate. She hastily arose. "It is very late," cried she. "Do you not think of retiring, aunt Martha? It is a shame thus to deprive a traveller of repose. He will think we mean to deny him the hospitality of a bed after he has crossed the Atlantic to pay us a visit."

"I think not of repose," cried Theodore.

"With *thee* conversing, I forget all time,

"All seasons and their change, all please alike."

"Very gallant, truly, Mons. de Clermont; but good night," and the lively Evelina tripped to her

chamber, not to sleep, but to think on the happy return of the beloved companion of her early youth, and to ruminate on the adventures she had heard from his lips.

They all met at dinner the following day, with hearts attuned to happiness. Theodore had returned from a survey of his benefactor's farm, and an inspection of his own land. Capt. Marvin had pointed out to the young Frenchman all the improvements he had planned and executed, and they had consulted together respecting the best method of proceeding with Theodore's property. They had resolved on a project, in which young de Clermont's ready money could be turned most advantageously. He now felt too full of bustling activity to dwell on former regrets, and even Sophia had scarcely recurred to his memory throughout the morning.

The next evening found them again assembled on the piazza. A physiognomist searching for content and happiness, would have exclaimed, "here are they to be found," for no trace of regret could be discovered in the happy countenances of our friends who found the hours too short to express all they had to say.

"But, dear aunt Martha," said Theodore, interrupting a momentary pause in the conversation, "what has become of our old friend Wm. Parker?"

"He! the villain!" cried the spinster with indignation.

"You surprise me," said Theodore. "Young Parker had his faults; but villany——!"

"He is indeed a base fellow," said Capt. Marvin, "below our resentment."

"I am astonished," cried Theodore. "What has he done? It must certainly be something very sinister, thus to excite universal reprobation."

He looked at Evelina. A faint blush tinged her cheek. "He is not, indeed, worthy to be your friend," cried she. "But we will not keep you in suspense, Mr. de Clermont. I have a little business that requires my presence in the house. Pray aunt Martha, satisfy in the mean time our young friend's curiosity."

Theodore listened with interest, then with indignation, "the base cowardly villain!" he exclaimed. "Had I been here Parker's temerity would have cost him dear."

"It was best to leave him in the hand of God," observed Capt. Marvin. "I have since been informed that he has had cause to repent his rash attempt, and that he already experiences the ill consequences arising from his baseness."

Evelina now returned, followed by a little black girl, bearing some pumpkin pies and other refreshments, that she had in the morning prepared with her own hands.

Theodore regarded the elegant form that seated itself by his side. He raised his eyes to the expressive and intelligent countenance which smiled so bewitchingly on him, and accused himself of having hitherto been blind to the unassuming loveliness of the engaging young American. "That Parker was a mean coward," cried he, "with vehemence, "or never could he have meditated any fraudulent design, when fortune threw in his way the noble interesting countenance of our beautiful Evelina?"

Capt. Marvin turned to look at the expressive features of Theodore de Clermont. Aunt Martha nodded assent to his indignation, and Evelina cast down her blushing eyes beneath his earnest gaze.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."

SHAKESPEARE.

SEVERAL weeks glided away without any diminution to the happiness of the inmates of Marvin farm. Theodore bustled with great activity, under the direction of Capt. Marvin. He was busily employed in building a grist-mill, and making several other improvements on his property. Our young Frenchman also began to talk of building a dwelling house, as a very necessary appendage to a farm; when the property of William Parker was advertised for sale. This adjoined his own, and would be to Theodore a very valuable acquisition. He accordingly made immediate application to the lawyer entrusted with the business, and for five thousand dollars, obtained the whole property; for it seems that Parker and his lady launched out into every extravagance, and were very urgent for some ready cash, and he had also resolved never again to shew his face at Tonnewonte, and was very impatient to get rid of the whole concern. Still he experienced a degree of vexation, when informed by his attorney, that Theodore de Clermont was the purchaser of Fair-Valley.

Monsieur de Clermont had now a very elegant dwelling of his own. Still he resided at his early friend's; nor did he seem in the least inclined to exchange the enlivened sociability of Marvin farm, for the solitude of a bachelor establishment at his own more splendid mansion.

Had Sophia remained single, Theodore had now a home to offer her; but, singular as it may appear, his heart did not even form the wish: for, from his

arrival in America, her image had been gradually fading from his mind, and now but seldom even presented itself to his imagination.

The social winter evenings arrived, and were passed so agreeably, that no time remained for painful retrospections, had Theodore even felt inclined to indulge in them. After the business of the day was over, (for de Clermont had full employment in the many avocations in which he was diligently engaged,) it was so pleasant to sit between aunt Martha, and Evelina; and, while the former was knitting, and the latter employed in needle work, to read to them from some interesting book, or to recount some adventure of his travels; while the ladies listened with such flattering interest, and were so anxious for the denouement of any story in which Theodore was the actor; that his heart overflowing with self satisfaction, he wondered to himself, how he could ever have experienced any degree of content, when separated from the amiable family, that now formed the gratification of his life.

In this manner was the winter passed. Theodore had heard from his brother, whose accession of fortune enabled him to live in great magnificence, while his bride was the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the belles of Paris. The Marquis desired de Clermont to return to France, and promised to use his interest to advance him in the army. "Our German cousin, Count Leuchtenburg," continued Mons. de Beaucaire, "has likewise bro't his beautiful bride to Paris, and the pretty Countess promises to become an ornament to the Parisian circles. The Count often enquires after you, and says he hopes you will not remain long enough in America, to become as rusticated, as when we first discovered you, in the depths of your eternal forests, following home the plough, after the conclusion of your day's toil."

The Marchioness added in a postscript, that she was impatient for the arrival of her brother; that she wanted an escort very much, and who so proper as the brother of her lord? And that she had several wealthy establishments in her eye, of which de Clermont should have his choice; but said, he had missed it very much in hurrying off so suddenly to America, for that she had found it impossible to reserve for him the hand of her cousin Amelia, who had lately bestowed it, together with her large independent fortune, on the Chevalier Charles de Beaumont.

Theodore in his reply, thanked them for their kindness, and the interest they expressed on his behalf; but said, "that reared in America, accustomed to its manners and modes of life, he consequently preferred the new world to France, and intended to make Tonnewont the place of his permanent residence."

One fine morning in April, Theodore had his horse saddled, to ride through his lately acquired property, intending to call at one or two of the tenants who had been settled on the land, when it belonged to William Parker.

The weather being extremely pleasant, Evelina proposed to accompany him, which design was highly relished by de Clermont. Accordingly the favorite little mare of Evelina's was soon brought to the door, and the youthful pair sallied forth, buoyant with the cheerfulness and vivacity of early youth. Aunt Martha looked after them until they were out of sight. She seemed absorbed in reflection, when turning suddenly round, she exclaimed, "Where are their equals to be found? They are certainly made for each other. God grant that adverse fate may never separate them?"

The objects of this solicitude proceeded gaily

along, chatting blithely as they left the cleared land behind them, and plunged into the depths of the forest. The sun was attaining great power, but his horizontal rays could not penetrate the heavy foliage of the ancient trees, and the intervening underbrush winding round the huge trunks of the ancient occupants of the wilderness, prevented the heat from incommoding the weary traveller. The road, or rather pathway, wound through the wood, and was often obstructed by windfalls, brooks and quagmires, but to these the horses were accustomed, and the riders scarcely noticed them, for they were conversing with great animation. Evelina related many particulars of her memorable expedition, of which Parker had endeavored to take such undue advantage; and Theodore contrasted the present scene with the European forests, through which he had formerly passed.

By degrees the sun elevated himself in the heavens, and his perpendicular rays shone on the young equestrians, who glowing with exercise, found this accession of heat rather uncomfortable, for they had just emerged into the high road which wanted the shade of the winding pathway they had hitherto pursued.

"I think this side path more umbrageous," said Theodore, "and it most probably terminates in the highway, as it seems to run in the same direction. Had we not better, Miss Marvin, seek its kindly shelter?" Evelina assented, and they again sought the shade of the overhanging forest.

The path was very narrow, and admitted but one horse abreast. Evelina reined in her mare, and de Clermont took the lead. Evelina, long accustomed to all the contingencies of the forest suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "Beware, Theodore!—Beware!" Arrested by her voice, he turned his

head. "Dismount," she cried. He looked enquiringly around. "Dismount Theodore, your life is in danger." De Clermont endeavored to turn his horse towards Evelina. The narrowness of the road was an obstacle, and before he could effect his purpose, a sudden creaking noise was heard. Theodore turned towards the sound, when an immense maple that had been nearly unrooted in a late storm, fell with a terrible crash, and laid the youth and his steed prostrate on the ground.

Miss Marvin uttered a scream of terror, and impelled her frightened steed to the fatal spot. She sprang from her horse. De Clermont lay senseless on the ground, partly covered by the branches of the windfall. His horse lay dead beside him.— "Ah Theodore, my brother! Theodore! dear Theodore!" cried Evelina. She knelt beside him, she touched his pale forehead, she clasped her hands in agony, then endeavored to raise him. "Ah he is dead!" she exclaimed, and with the keenest perception of bereavement, she held her burning forehead in her clasped hands. Again she glanced on the pale countenance of her youthful companion. She put her hand to his heart, and hope returned. "He is alive," she cried, and he may yet recover. She hastened to unloose his cravat, and unbuttoned his vest. The air played on his bosom, and he heaved a convulsive sigh. Evelina caught up his hat. She listened a moment. The murmuring of water caught her ear in the direction of the windfall. She clambered over the obstruction with the agility of the deer, and in an instant returned with the hat full of water, with which she bathed the face, neck, and hands of de Clermont. By degrees he recovered animation. He breathed short and at length opened his eyes. The fair American was bending anxiously over him. Her green bonnet

Had fallen from her head, her comb was lost, and her luxuriant tresses escaped from restraint, flowed on her shoulders in natural ringlets. Hurried exercise had heightened the pale rose of her natural color, to that of vermillion, and in her dark eye was concentrated the most intense emotion. Their eyes met. The youth gazed entranced, but weakness again overpowered him and his eyes closed. His life has fled!" cried Evelina. "Oh my God restore him to us!" and she knelt down, and with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, mentally continued her prayer. Theodore in the mean time, recovered his recollection and silently regarded the interesting American. She turned towards him, and her countenance beamed with rapture on finding life restored to an object so dear. He endeavored to speak. Some water remained in the hat, and Evelina hastened to present it to him. A little revived, he feebly touched the hand that held the cooling draught. "Dearest Evelina," he faltered, "thy presence of mind has then restored animation to this frame, and but for your care and activity, that heart so fondly attached to you, would now have ceased to beat for ever." Evelina bent silently over him. Her frame trembled with emotion. Theodore paused. He endeavored to rise, but found himself incapable of movement. Miss Marvin took the saddle from her horse, and laying it on some stones, assisted the youth to raise his head against it. She then seated herself beside him. "Do you not feel better, my brother!" she enquired with anxious earnestness.

"My dearest Evelina," said de Clermont, gazing on her with fond admiration. "Is that then the tie which unites you to de Clermont? Will not your affection assume a more tender cast than that of kindred? Dearest companion of my childhood, the

heart of de Clermont glows with a more ardent flame. Ah Evelina, I can feel, but cannot describe to you, the strength of my attachment."

"Theodore," said the maiden, blushing, "you must be in pain. The present is no time for the discussion of such a subject. Let us rather consult how you may be transported home."

"I feel no bodily pain, while conversing with you, Evelina; but leave me not a prey to mental anxiety, but tell me, object of my fondest solicitude, can you, and will you bestow your heart on one, who loves you with an affection so absorbent, that it annihilates every object not connected with this idol of his affections."

"Mr. De Clermont," replied Miss Marvin, the mantling blush rising even to her forehead, and lending an inexpressible charm to her eye. "We have been reared together, and my affection for you grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I knew that you loved me, that I was the sister of your affections. But I heard, and from yourself, that another possessed your heart; nor has a revolving year elapsed since you made the declaration. Can I then place confidence in an affection that has so lately changed its object? Can I rely on the constancy of a heart that is so easily transferred from one to another."

The youth covered his face with his hands. Evelina was affected, and love displayed itself in her countenance if not in her words. "Miss Marvin," exclaimed Theodore, "it is you, who were my first love. Yes, Evelina, I loved you before I knew what love meant. It was affection, founded on esteem, and congeniality of character and education. This was a broad basis, and as we advanced in years, this love would have displayed its true character. I had not yet discerned the nature of my

sentiments for you ; and the fascinating Sophia seized my imagination, but my heart soon returned to its true direction, when I again beheld the object of my early affection, increased in stature and loveliness, and far surpassing all women in beauty and attraction."

" Ah Theodore," replied the fair American.— " You have become a great flatterer. But how are we to leave the woods? You appear indeed much recovered, yet I greatly doubt your capability to walk, and we have but one horse left."

" But Evelina, relieve my anxiety. Can you be mine ?"

" You have chosen a strange moment to declare this love," replied she, laughing.

" It is long since I wished to declare to you the sincere sentiments of my heart," said Theodore ; " but I always faltered in the attempt. I had told you that I loved another. I was concerned of my mistake, but feared that you would not easily credit my assertions. Yet longer silence was impossible, when I witnessed your tender anxiety and active solicitude in my behalf. And now, tell me, dearest Evelina, is a sister's love all you can bestow on Theodore de Clermont ?"

" I have seldom dissected the different natures of affection," said the young American, in reply, " but I feel, my friend, that you, with our father and aunt, engross all the heart of Evelina Marvin," and she held out her hand, while her eyes and blushing countenance expressed infinitely more than her words.

Theodore carried her hand to his lips, and his face grew paler, through excess of emotion. Evelina was alarmed. " Ah, my friend," she cried, " you are very ill. How shall we contrive to reach home ? I fear to leave you alone in this weak con-

dition to go in search of help. You are unable to move, and I have not strength sufficient to assist you to mount, were you even able to sit on horse back. What is then to be done !”

“You have rendered me so happy, Evelina, that I regard not trifling inconveniences,” said the lover, “but it grows late, and you cannot pass the night without shelter.”

“I have my health,” said Miss Marvin. “You are ill. Your accommodations must consequently be first attended to. I must leave you alone, de Clermont, while I seek some assistance. Hark! what sound is that? It is a woodsman’s axe. Have patience, my friend, I will return in an instant,” and the active young maiden was soon out of sight. She was not long absent, but soon returned, accompanied by a sturdy looking fellow, who was clothed in hemlock coloured homespun, and had on his head a rustic straw hat. This inhabitant of the wilderness carried a woolen blanket in his hand. He looked at de Clermont a moment. “Courage, young man,” he cried, “you are not very badly hurt.” He then fastened one end of the blanket to Evelina’s horse, and tied the other end to a projecting branch of the fallen tree. He then lifted Theodore in his muscular arms, and placed him on the extended blanket, then striking off the branch with his axe, and holding one end of this singular litter. “Follow, gal,” said he to Evelina, “but first pick up a stick, and drive the horse after me.” She obeyed his directions, and the cavalcade moved forward.

The man conducted them through the intricacies of the wood. In about fifteen minutes, they came in sight of a small log hut. “Courage, my lad,” said the forester, “there is my house.”

They soon reached the lowly door, which was opened by a tall square built woman, who gazed at

them with amazement. "And now, I can't guess, Elijah," cried she, "what you have got there?"

"It is a young fellow, Malinda Ann," replied the husband, "who was knocked down by a windfall, and here is a young gal too."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the woman, and she hastened to lend her assistance.

Theodore was borne between Elijah and Malinda Ann, to the bed, in one corner of the house. The pain of removal had greatly weakened him, and he lay motionless, with his eyes shut. Evelina regarded him with earnest solicitude. "My friend," said she to Elijah, "have you a Doctor residing near?"

"None that knows much," replied the man, "there is indeed, Doctor Quackly, who lives five miles off; but I guess as how, does'nt know very much."

"O that my father were here," cried the young girl. "Cannot you, my friend, convey a letter to Capt. Marvin? He will amply reward you; and this gentleman, Mr. de Clermont, has it much in his power to befriend you, should he recover."

"Umph," said the woodsman, "I care not for a long walk. I have much to do, without any help; for my boy is yet too young to be of any use. Who is that young fellow there? I cannot say, as how I ever heard that name of Clermont?"

"He has but lately returned from France," replied Evelina. "Have you not heard of the gentleman who purchased the Parker property?"

"Why yes," replied the forester. "I expect then, that he be the man."

"He is, indeed, the same" said Miss Marvin.

"Why then," cried Elijah, "I guess how I must make friends with Mr. Clemont. I bought this lot from Parker, but had no ready cash, so never could get the deed. I heard how some monied man had bought the whole; but then, I guess, the improve-

ments are mine. Here, Melinda Ann, hand me my coat and best shoes."

"You can ride my horse," said Evelina.

"That is right," cried Elijah, and away he cantered, while Miss Marvin sat down beside Theodore, and the hostess busied herself in preparing what she considered the most efficacious remedies.

The young people had promised aunt Martha to return by tea time in the afternoon; and the good spinster, having placed her cakes and preserves on the tea-table, seated herself by the window, her knitting in her hand, and patiently waited their arrival. But long she waited. The water in the tea-kettle, which was placed near the kitchen fire to keep warm, had nearly all evaporated; and yet no Theodore nor Evelina were discerned. The good lady began to grow impatient. She laid down her knitting, and fidgetted from the parlour to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlour, then to the door, then to the parlour again. At length she became uneasy, and then seriously apprehensive. Capt. Marvin entered. "I fear, sister, that I have detained the tea; for I have been very busily engaged this afternoon; but where are de Clermont and Evelina?"

"Ah, brother, they have not yet returned."

"Not returned? What can have detained them? They were to have been here by four. It is now six."

"God alone can tell what has happened," cried aunt Martha. "May his Providence protect them! But Evelina is not alone; nor are we at war with either British or Indians: yet, should the marauders be so treacherous as to attack them, Theodore is brave."

Capt. Marvin look out at the window. He took two or three turns through the apartment; then looked out again—"It is strange," cried he. "but

perhaps they have stopt to take tea with some of the settlers on the Parker land."

"It is very probable," said aunt Martha, and they waited another half hour.

Aunt Martha again became restless. Her brother rose from his seat. "I must send in search of them," said he, and he called Cato. The negro made his appearance. "Saddle a horse," said his master, "and go in search of Mr. de Clermont and Evelina. Something must have happened to them."

"May the great God, take care of the good Massa and Misse," cried Cato, and he hurried out to execute his orders.

Aunt Martha was standing by the window, gazing anxiously at the setting sun, which was just taking leave of our hemisphere. "Look here, brother," she suddenly exclaimed, "is not this Evelina's horse? And a stranger is mounted on the animal. May God preserve my niece."

"What can this mean?" said Capt. Marvin, and he hastened to the door, to receive the ominous forester.

The whole household assembled around them, impatient to hear the portentous tidings. Aunt Martha clasped her hands, and the air resounded with the cries of the blacks.

"Don't make such a ringing in my ears," cried the backwoodsman. "The young man is not dead. He may do very well yet," and he related all he knew of the adventure.

"Go for Doctor Gurther," said Capt. Marvin,— "but stop a moment, Cato. Dou you know the way to this man's residence?"

"O yes, Massa, I know it very well."

"Go then, Cato, be expeditious, and conduct the Doctor to the assistance of Mons. de Clermont."

A boy was dispatched for another horse, and

Capt. Marvin instantly set out with the stranger, first telling aunt Martha, that if the Doctor thought it feasible, he would return home next morning with Theodore; and the benevolent spinster, endeavored to divert her anxiety, in busy preparations for the reception of the invalid.

On the road, the Captain made Elijah again detail his account of the morning's catastrophe, which was in substance, what he had already repeated.— The new settler began in his turn, to make some enquiries; but Capt. Marvin, never much inclined to familiarity, was now more laconic than ever, and Elijah, finding his attempts at colloquy but little regarded, was fain to relapse into silence:

At length they reached the log hut. Evelina, hearing the tramping of horses, hastened to the door, and found herself pressed in the arms of her father. Theodore lay in a peaceful slumber. The old gentleman approached the bed, and silently regarded his adopted son. The youth opened his eyes. "O my father," he cried, and held out his hand. "My son," said Capt. Marvin, seizing the hand presented to him, "are you materially injured?"

"No, my father," replied de Clermont, "I think that none of my bones are fractured. In attempting to spring from my horse, I was struck by the extremity of a branch, which threw me senseless to the ground. I indeed feel very sore, but trust that will wear away in a few days."

"Thank God!" said the Captain. "To his Providence we are indeed for the signal mercy of your escape. Tonnewonte had else seen a very discomolate family."

"My dear sir," cried Theodore, "would it were in my power to demonstrate my gratitude, for all your disinterested benefactions, and kind solicitude."

"You are a son sent to me by providence," said

the old gentleman, "and I had just recovered what I trust will be the staff and consolation of my old age. —Had I then been so suddenly deprived of you, how severely would I have felt the blow."

Evelina stood beside her father. The youth gazed at them alternately. "O my God!" cried he, "What does not the orphan de Clermont owe thee, for the gift of such affectionate hearts!" The hand of Evelina rested on his pillow. He took it in his. "Could I but be assured of possessing this, with the approbation and blessing of our indulgent father, earth, I would not envy thee, all thou hadst else to bestow. Fate could have no higher blessing in store for me."

"What mean you, my son,?" said Capt. Marvin. "Am I, Theodore, to interpret literally the import of your words, or are they but the temporary effect of your indisposition?"

"Capt. Marvin," replied the youth, "I love your daughter. I have always esteemed—always loved her. What I formerly considered as love, could but be the effects of imagination, or the delusion of the senses; for, since my return to America, my former passion has been nearly obliterated from my memory, and I have only thought of, only lived in the presence of Evelina."

Capt. Marvin took the hand of the invalid, he joined it with that of his daughter. "My children," said he, "may God bless you both." To see you united in the bonds of mutual affection, has been, for many years, the object of my most ardent desire, the summit of my earthly wishes. May you be happy together. May you prosper in this world, and be eternally united in the kingdom of righteousness." A tear glistened in the father's eye, and he turned towards the window, to indulge in the mingled sensations that occupied his mind.

Theodore still held the hand, so solemnly bestowed on him. "Evelina," said he, in a low voice, "you are indeed mine, and nought on earth shall part us."

At this moment, Cato entered with Doctor Gurther, who honestly declared, that Mr. de Clermont had received no material injury. Aunt Martha had therefore the satisfaction to receive them the next morning; and the pleasure of the benevolent spinster was greatly heightened, when informed by her brother of the relation in which Theodore now stood with Evelina.

In a very short time Mr. de Clermont was perfectly recovered, when very active preparations were commenced for the wedding. Fair-Valley-house underwent many repairs, and every thing was arranged with great taste, for the reception of the young couple, who took possession of it, immediately on their marriage.

Aunt Martha accompanied the bride to her new mansion, and with dignified composure assisted her niece to receive the congratulatory visits of their friends and neighbors. But, in a short time, the good lady returned home, again to take the superintendance of her brother's house, while they mutually contributed to each other's comfort and happiness.

Ephraim and Martha Marvin, had indeed found a resting place in this world, and possessing every salutary comfort, their hope and expectations were no longer for this world; although they enjoyed its good things, with moderation and thankfulness. But their most earnest desire was to secure an entrance in that country, "where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

The execution of the proposed canal has greatly enhanced the value of their property, and Mr. de

Clermont, is not only one of the happiest men in the state of New-York, but bids fair also to be one of the wealthiest landholders in the union. Not long since, he was heard to observe, that his property would in a few years equal in value that of the paternal inheritance of his brother, the Marquis de Beaucaire.

Colonel de Clermont is likewise thought of as a candidate for Congress. Some of his friends even intimated to him that he might in time aspire to the most dignified station in the republic. "No," replied the Colonel, "I am an adopted, and not a native born citizen of America; but, my son, Marvin de Clermont, (who was sleeping in the cradle,) may in time aspire to the first office in America, which is well worthy the ambition of any descendant of the house de Beaucaire."

"My son," said Capt. Marvin, who was present, "let your ambition aspire higher." Mr. and Mrs. de Clermont looked at their father. "Let it induce you to seek an entrance into the kingdom of righteousness."

"I trust, my father," said Mrs. de Clermont, "that we shall never forget your precepts, and examples."

"We were else very ungrateful," said her husband.

"We are all united in love, on earth," observed aunt Martha, "and I trust the Almighty will so dispose our hearts, through his infinite grace, that in his own good time, we may all enjoy a happy re-union in the world of spirits."

FINIS.