

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