

# 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