

In this situation Mr. Excitable received a long letter from a particular and much valued friend, who had emigrated to the west a year or so before, reciting, in glowing language, the natural advantages and unexampled beauty of the country, and acquainting him with his perfect success in business, and the delights of his new home, concluding with a strong invitation to come and see for himself. This communication instantly decided his wavering mind; and, animated by the glorious prospects it conjured up in his heart, he resolved to set himself in earnest about closing up his concerns, in preparation for as early a removal as circumstances would admit of. He flew to his wife, and reading to her the glad some epistle, he acquainted her with his determination. Being a sensible woman, she some time combatted his resolution, urging, with much force, all the objections she could think of. But her husband was for this once unchangeable. He maintained his position, by many powerful arguments and convincing truths, 'till Mrs. Excitable was forced to yield a reluctant consent to the arrangements for the contemplated undertaking.

Mr. Excitable went to work instantly. He wrote to his friend in the west, when he might look for him; and actually directed him to look out a piece of land for him against he should arrive. He began to contract his business, make settlements, enforce payments of his dues, and make sales of his loose property, at whatever sacrifice, and to do everything with an eye single to this great object. In the excitement of those movements, he found relief from his ennui, and, in the bright anticipations for the future, consolation for present sacrifices.

In the mean time spring opened. Its bright sun, and budding vegetation, welcome indices of nature's renewed life, made him half repent of his determination to desert forever these pleasing returns, interwoven, as he now found them to be, into his very nature. But, as summer advanced, and showed prospects of another cold season, he renewed his strength, and hastened his preparations with more zeal than ever.

The month, the day, at length came when Mr. Excitable was to start; when, lo! he found he had just come to the reality of his great undertaking. No longer borne up by bright anticipations, he discovered it was no easy nor delightful task to leave his homestead, round which circled so many fond associations, in the hands of strangers,—to dispose of real estate in the present hard times,—to take leave

forever of his friends and associates, and set out for a strange land, to be reached only by a long, tedious journey, where he would be obliged to commence life anew, forming acquaintances and connexions that it was beyond his knowledge whether they would prove advantageous or destructive to his future peace and prosperity. He thought of his family, now happy in the enjoyment of every thing desirable to render life comfortable in this world of woe, and shuddered to think they might fall victims to the western fevers, or meet with a watery grave on the boisterous lakes, or come to some other violent end on the road. He thought how his tender wife might reproach him for being the cause of all this; whilst she herself might be languishing on a bed of sickness, brought on by over-exertion and fatigue on the road; and he drew back in alarm, as if from the brink of a horrid precipice.

Then he looked upon the parish church, and instantly a long train of events and remembrances—some sad, some joyful—rose up before his repentant mind. Within its sacred walls had he been united to the wife of his bosom, in early life, when the passions were strong and deep, by the same grey-headed old pastor, who had, in after years, prayed beside his tender babes, as their last breath was escaping to the Father who gave it, and whose little bodies were sepulchred in the adjoining burying ground. The many happy, as well as sad, but chastened hours, he had passed there, listening to the holy truths of the gospel as they fell from the preacher's lips, and witnessing religious ordinances, as well as a thousand other incidents and associations that clustered around the hallowed place, recurred forcibly to his imagination, and he wept like a child, for the first time since his boyhood.

Mr. Excitable was not a man to withstand these feelings of humanity; they were vastly more powerful than the inclination to go to the west, and as suddenly as he had formed his resolution to emigrate, did he now abandon the idea, exclaiming: "I cannot tear myself from these associations of my childhood, youth, and manhood. This country, although it is now suffering from hard seasons, is still my country—the land that gave me birth, that has reared me to manhood, that contains the ashes of my honored parents, and of my sweet babes. It is my home, my only home, and I never will leave it. Away with the splendid dreams of wealth and happiness in another land. I will die here, where I was born, though I may be a poorer, yet no doubt, a happier, a better man!"