

Ferdinand had arisen, by rapid strides, from a state of poverty to be a man of wealth, and he had been treated with much respect by the people he was among, even during his state of poverty; hence his feelings towards the Bostonians were of the most pleasureable and grateful kind, and in the hour of their country's adversity he did not forget it. That he was a man of great merit, and worthy of his prosperity, was obvious, for he never forgot the low estate he was in upon his first coming there; and his manners towards those whom heaven had made his inferiors in point of property, were of the most gentle and conciliating kind, and especially towards his distressed countrymen, whom he frequently looked up, to relieve their necessities. Fifteen years before the present era of our story, we left him in a small house in Charlestown, in the capacity of a schoolmaster, a teacher of the French language. Very soon after, he became weary of his employment, and removed to the other side to engage in trade. As we observed before, he was eminently successful in his new occupation, and soon realized a fortune for those days.

At the era of the Revolution, Ferdinand resided in a beautiful mansion in one of the most fashionable streets in Boston. It was situated on one of those abrupt eminences so peculiar to that place, and which contributes more, perhaps, than any thing else, to give it that peculiarly romantic and picturesque appearance that all strangers admire. Modern innovation has levelled many of those eminences at this day, but some few remain, particularly in the neighborhood of the State House. The lofty flight of steps that led to the spacious entrance was guarded by a balustrade of wrought iron, and over the door was exhibited what in these days would excite the risible faculties of every passer by in our republican country, but was then considered