

## CHAPTER II.

"Wake, dear remembrance, wake my childhood's days,  
Loves, friendships, wake ! and wake thou morn and even,  
And hills and vales first trod in dawning life,  
And holy hours of musing, wake ! wake ! wake !"

THE commencement of the revolutionary war found the family of our exiles in a very different situation from that in which we left them. Ferdinand had turned his talents into a different channel. He had began a trader, and in a few years became one of the most successful merchants in Boston. Many of their first friends were dead ; Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Courtland, and others, who had so warmly patronized Pauline, had now paid the debt of nature ; but the rich find no difficulty in collecting an agreeable circle around them. Among these, the origin of this family was but little known. People had somehow confounded the Neutral French with the French Huguenots, many of whom had sought shelter from Catholic persecution in the provinces, and an exceedingly amiable and exemplary people they were said to be. There seemed to be a determination to forget the banished Acadians, as well there might, since it reflected little honor upon those who projected or assisted in the execution of it. But it was not so with the Huguenots, who, being protestants, and coming into the country of their own free will, were here, as well as in England, exceedingly popular. And when the question was asked, as it often was, "Are they not of French extract?" the answer usually was, "Oh, yes ; they are probably descendants of some of the Huguenots." Whether it was the belief of such extract, or from whatever cause, the inhabitants of Boston, as far as their acquaintance had extended, had always treated the family of Ferdinand with marked attention.