

CONSABINA SEVILLE;

—OR,—

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the early part of the present century, Don Zeres Seville, and Sabina his wife of three summers, with their child, a chubby dark haired boy of six months, whom they had named, by mutual consent, "Consabina" in honor of his mother, left Spain, their native and dearly beloved land, and emigrated to the Northern States. Having met several reverses in business as a merchant, he was forced to become bankrupt. The friends that had supported him in his prosperity turned their backs upon him in his adversity, and seeing no prospects of ever being able to redeem what he had lost, by his own efforts, and having no hope of assistance from any other source, he was in a manner almost compelled to leave his native land and seek a home beyond the wide Atlantic. After a rather boisterous and tedious voyage, they reached New York in safety. Hence they took a southerly route, and finally succeeded in making the purchase of a farm in the State of New Jersey, with ten years' time to meet its payments. This farm was situated on a beautiful eminence overlooking the ocean, and but two miles distant from it.

The ten years slipped away, during which many privations and hardships had to be endured, but as a recompense they had their

farm paid for. They now looked forward to a time of comfort, but crops failed for three successive years, and again they were cast down, and as a last resort had to mortgage their place.

When Consabina had attained his seventeenth year, "Seville Place," for such was the name their farm received, was one of the most beautiful and best situated in that section of country. To the north was a magnificent ridge of woods, which in summer seemed overloaded with foliage. To the south lay the blue waters of the ocean. To the east and west lay an undulating tract of land, with every here and there a cluster of farm buildings and thriving orchard. In fact the surrounding country presented such a lovely aspect that Don Zeres, one lovely summer's evening, said to his wife, "Surely Paradise could not be much ahead of this." Their house was not very ostentatious, but plain and comfortable. At the east end of it was the avenue leading to the main road. Magnificent shade trees lined each side, the branches meeting overhead and forming an archway.

This was Consabina's place of resort. Hardly a summer's evening went by but he spent an hour or two parading up and down this avenue, admiring nature's beauty, and talking on the past and the present and laying out schemes for the future, for he was seldom alone in his evening rambles; he had a