

Capt. Marvin instantly set out with the stranger, first telling aun Martha that if the Doctor thought it feasible he would return home next morning with Theodore; and the benevolent spinster, endeavored to divert her anxiety, in busy preparations for the reception of the invalid.

On the road, the Captain made Elijah again detail his account of the morning's catastrophe, which was in substance, what he had already repeated.—The new settler began in his turn, to make some enquiries; but Capt. Marvin, never much inclined to familiarity, was now more laconic than ever, and Elijah, finding his attempts at colloquy but little regarded, was fain to relapse into silence.

At length they reached the log hut. Evelina, hearing the tramping of horses, hastened to the door, and found herself pressed in the arms of her father. Theodore lay in a peaceful slumber. The old gentleman approached the bed, and silently regarded his adopted son. The youth opened his eyes. "O my father," he cried, and held out his hand. "My son," said Capt. Marvin, seizing the hand presented to him, "are you materially injured?"

"No, my father," replied de Clermont, "I think, that none of my bones are fractured. In attempting to spring from my horse, I was struck by the extremity of a branch, which threw me senseless to the ground. I indeed feel very sore, but trust that will wear away in a few days."

"Thank God!" said the Captain. "To his Providence we are indeed for the signal mercy of your escape. Tonnewonté had else seen a very disconsolate family."

"My dear sir," cried Theodore, "would it were in my power to demonstrate my gratitude, for all your disinterested benefactions, and kind solicitude."

"You are a son sent to me by providence," said