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TONNEWONTE,

OR

THE ADOPTED SON OF AMERICA.

A TALE,

CONTAINING SCENES FROM

REAL LIFE,

BY AN AMERICAN.

"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even."

GOLDSMITH.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. I.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES Q. ADAMS.

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1825.

Introduction.

THE sun had just completed his daily course, but his last rays, dimly flitting on the expanded sheet of water that formed the western boundary of our horizon, displayed a relief of light and shade, unrivaled in the best designations of art. The day had been warm, uncomfortably so; but a rising breeze restored the elasticity of the air, and revived the vigour of animated creation. The milk-maid sang blithely, as she poised her milk-pails. The plough-boy whistled as he drove the cattle to the watering-place. My host bustled in his farm-yard; the good lady of the house was occupied with her children, and I seated myself in the piazza, enjoying the luxury of solitude, amidst the enlivened scenes of rural peace and plenty.

I was aroused from a deep abstractive fit of meditation, by the hoarse voice of our honest neighbour Noxbury, who, with a pipe in his mouth, was sitting not three paces distance from me.

'Bless me!' he cried, taking his pipe in his hand, 'what can thus so entirely occupy your mind? Here have I been this half hour endeavoring to attract your attention, but I could not obtain even so much as a nod of recognition.'

'Oh, your servant, Mr. Noxbury; I beg pardon, but my mind was indeed much occupied. My publisher has sent to me for a preface,'

'A preface! Why, then, you really intend publishing your manuscript?'

'You surprise me, sir; and what should prevent my publishing it?'

'Fate, my friend, fate, that destined your birth on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Are you not an American? Can you, then, hope to vie with a native of Europe?'

'You provoke my patience, Mr. Noxbury. Am I not a descendant of those same Europeans, whom you extol so highly?'

'And so are all Americans, Canadians, Nova-Scotians, New-Brunswickers, Yankees, &c. They all doubtless derive their descent from the natives of Europe; yet whoever heard of a *Shakespeare*, a *Racine*, a *Tasso*, a *Milton*, a *Corneille*, a *Hume*, a *Robertson*, an *Addison*, not to mention the immortal geniuses of the present day; who ever heard of one of those being born in America? And the best judges allow that the human race degenerates in America.'

'Great God! Can this be borne with patience? Can I who feel that vital spark, that emanation from the Deity, first breathed into man at his creation, raising me above all materiality, and bidding me, by the divine pursuit of knowledge, to imitate and follow in the paths of superior intelligences? Can it be told, that this divine emanation is confined to one particular spot of the earth? Mr. Noxbury, compare the rivers, the mountains, the lakes, and the plains of your native country; compare them with the stupendous works of Nature ever present in America, and then say, can 'man be the only growth that dwindles here?'

'Oh, pray descend from the clouds, my young friend,' cried our portly neighbour, laughing. 'It would be too fatiguing an excursion for me to follow you there. And now answer me in the language of common sense, can the litera-

ture of America be compared with that of Europe?' and he exultingly laid an emphasis on the last sentence.

'No sir. I acknowledge in that respect, our present inferiority. The school-boy conning over his lesson, cannot in acquirements be compared with his preceptor; but may he not in the course of years, vie even with his teacher?—America is young, but is fast verging towards maturity; and the country that in its infancy produced a WASHINGTON, and a FRANKLIN, may in its riper years, become a hemisphery, whose effulgence shall extend to all parts of the globe.'

'And my young friend here, is to be the instrument to bring about this 'consummation devoutly to be wished.'

'Mistake me not, Mr. Noxbury. I am far from entertaining the vanity to imagine my talents equal to those of many of my countrymen in all parts of North America. But still may I not endeavour to follow in the path of knowledge, and imitate, though at a humble distance, those great geniuses who have gone before us, whose mortal remains now lie mouldering in the dust, but who have left us transcripts of their minds, that will defy the power of the destroyer time, as long as any parts of our globe shall retain traces of civilization.'

'And so my young enthusiast, instead of devoting your time to some more lucrative employment, wherein, with proper industry, you might acquire a sufficiency of that desideratum of life, that magnet of attraction, cash, you mean to sacrifice all your powers of exertion to study, and authorship, for the chimerical prospect of at length obtaining a niche in the temple of renown?'

If such were my design, sir, my choice might not be deemed singular. Even in America, are there not many living persons who are proofs, that the literary character of Ame-

rica is fast rising into eminence? How many men distinguished for their acquirements in literature? How many eminent for their skill in the arts and sciences, now residing in all our principal cities? Each of our learned professions also contains numbers celebrated for their knowledge and acquirements. Have we not eloquent orators in our senate, and some distinguished politicians in all departments of our government? Observe the general extent of information diffused among the mass of our population, and then blame a young American for an engrossing attachment to the pursuit of learning. I may at least endeavor to cultivate to the utmost, the capabilities bestowed on me by the hand of nature. I may be indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge, and I trust that a discriminating and liberal public will receive my productions with indulgence; and then perhaps on a future day, I may produce a work more worthy of their encouragement, and more calculated to do honor to our native country.'

'But the critics, my friend?'

'Not even that formidable name shall deter me from submitting my intended publication to the inspection of my countrymen. Our reviews, Mr. Noxbury, are mostly conducted by men of candour and liberality, who will not expect perfection from a young and unknown author. I trust that my pages will not be found detrimental to the great cause of religion and morality. In my tale of 'Tonnewonte,' I have endeavored to describe some of the causes of the spirit of emigration so predominant among the citizens of America, and also the general habits prevalent in many of our new settlements. I wished to demonstrate the effect of education, and accidental circumstances, in forming the

general and individual character; and, for the sake of contrast, have extended my plot to the old world. I wished, also, to shew the vital importance of correcting the violent temper, displayed by many children, before habit shall have formed these excrescences of the mind into inseparable parts of the personal character. I trust, Mr. Noxbury, that a liberal public will overlook many defects in the execution of my work, from a consideration of my motives, and by the encouragement bestowed on my attempt to please them, induce some Americans of superior talents, to devote their abilities to the general service and amusement of their countrymen.'

'Well, my young friend,' said our honest neighbour rising and heartily shaking me by the hand, 'I will no longer exercise your patience by contradiction. Pursue the bent of your inclination, since such is your determination, and I sincerely wish you success in the path you have chosen.—— I fear I have detained you from writing your Preface; but, perhaps, if you were to commit our conversation to writing, it might serve you for an introduction.'

Upon further consideration of Mr. Noxbury's hint, I even concluded on following it; and so, Mr. Publisher, I send you this, instead of a Preface.

TONNEWONTE, &c.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Un mal qui repand la terreur,
Mal que le ciel en sa fureur
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre.

LA FONTAINE.

IT was in the Autumn of 1796. The yellow fever, that terrible scourge, was spreading its ravages in New-York. The city was nearly deserted by those who had the means of removal: but the adjacent country resounded with unusual noise, bustle, and activity. The day had been uncommonly sultry. All nature seemed exhausted, under the scorching influence of the burning sun. At length, the fiery luminary sunk beneath the western horizon. The waters of the majestic Hudson, gliding by in soft placidity, reflected the burnished canopy of the serene sky, studded with myriads of stars. A gentle breeze, from the expanded ocean, seemed to refresh wearied nature, and to infuse new life into animated creation.

Mr. Marvin, after partaking the refreshing beverage, imported through such perils from the east, that herb so famous in the annals of American independence, laid aside his morning gown, resumed his coat, hat, and cane, and sallied forth from the farm house, in which he had sought refuge from the pestilence.

The Hudson separated him from the city, and state of New-York; and, as he enjoyed the calm of

the evening, in a walk along the New-Jersey bank, musing on the fatal scourge, that was desolating the city, he paused near a landing place. A boat had just arrived, filled with passengers, who separated in different directions.

An old man stepped from the boat. He held a child in his arms, and hurrying forward with unequal steps, and agitated air, he presently came in contact with Mr. Marvin. "Ah Monsieur, je vous demande pardon," said he, mechanically putting his hand to his hat. The gentleman turned towards him. The moon shone full in his face. The Frenchman started, "Ah mon dieu! tis our good neighbor, dieu soit beni! Ah Monsieur, take de care de pauvre leetle Theodore, He be saved from de couteaux des regicides, only to die with de pestilence, if you no pity him. Madame, his Mama, she die. Ah mon dieu! she be dead, me here, et personne to give her h[illegible]? Adieu Monsieur, adieu, Que dieu vous b[illegible]sse!"——Then laying the sleeping child at the feet of our aquaintance, he sprang into a boat, that was pushing off for the city.

Mr. Marvin was entranced. He gazed after the Frenchman. The boat was nearly out of sight. He looked at the child. It began to move. "Ah mama, ma pauvre mama," said the poor little fellow, awakening; and he rubbed his eyes, and rose on his little feet. "Joseph, Joseph," he cried; but no Joseph appearing, he turned to gaze at the stranger, who stood beside him. Mr. Marvin was affected.

"Who are you, my little man?"

"Sam Theodore," answered the child, in broken English; "but where be Joseph?"

"Who is Joseph?"

"Joseph, good Joseph, who come wid mama, et le petit Theodore de France. Oh ma pauvre Mama, where be mama? where be Joseph?"

"I cannot abandon this child," said Mr. Marvin to himself, "although he is left under my protection, in a very singular manner. Martha will think it very strange; but probably his relations will reclaim him, when the fever has subsided."

"How old are you, my little fellow?"

"Theodore soon be four years old, Mama say toder day; but where be mama, pauvre sick mama? Ah mon cher Monsieur, bring me to mama. Oh Joseph, Joseph, ou es tu?"

"My dear little boy," said the gentleman, "will you go home with me?"

"To Mama," said the child, extending his hand, "Ah you bring Theodore to Mama?"

The gentleman took the proffered little hand, and led the innocent prattler to the farm house. He was met on the Piazza, by a middle aged female, in a very plain dress.

"Brother, is that you?"

"Yes, Martha," said the gentleman, presenting his young charge; "and I have brought you a little companion."

"A child! where did you meet with him?"

Mr. Marvin related his rencontre with the Frenchman.

"Strange! astonishing! But what shall we do with him?"

"Martha, can we abandon this child, so singularly committed to our care?"

"No, God forbid!" said the sister, "It is Providence, who has committed him to our care. We have neither of us children, brother; let us then consider him as the gift of God."

"He will probably be reclaimed by his relations, after the fever shall have subsided," observed Mr. Marvin. The female took the child by the hand;

"My dear little boy, will you come in with me, and get some supper?"

"To find mama? Ah Madame, bring me to mama."

"I cannot to night, my dear. Your mama is on the other side of the river."

"Ah my mama sick, she cry, no to see her petit Theodore."

"Who is your mama, my dear? And where is she to be found?"

But the child could not answer these questions, and no further particulars could be obtained from him, but that his mama was sick, and Joseph came with them from France. He, however, eat a hearty supper of bread and milk; when our new acquaintance soothed him to sleep, and laid him in her bed.

The following morning, as the brother and sister sat at breakfast, with their new charge, the landlady hurried in.

"Ah Mr. Marvin, Miss Marvin, have you heard the news?"

"What news, Mrs. Regna?"

"Indeed, I guess, instead of you Yorkers taking refuge in our housen, we must go off further, and seek refuge for ourselves."

"Why, what has happened?"

"Happened indeed; the country is strewed with dead. As Anthony went to the field this morning, he stumbled over two dead corpses; and Peter found one in the loft, among the hay: And as neighbour Hilber went to open his door, he stumbled over something, and what should it be, but a dead man, all black with the fever. Ah cannot those Yorkers stay and die, since die they must, in their own city? And not be bringing the pestilence to honest country people's families; and blocking up, with their dead bodies, the doors of our housen, and our barns, and our

stables? Even the very animals will sicken, and we shall loose them."

Miss Marvin shuddered. "How you talk, Mrs. Regna; are you not afraid of the judgment of God, and that you may yourself catch the contagion?"

"Indeed I am too much afeard, but we will catch the fever! I will shut up the housen, and pay a visit to my sister, who lives far to the westward. Black Cæsar and Betty, may stay and take care of the cattle. Ah them Yorkers, if they would but stay at home! But the sooner we are off, the better." So saying, she hurried away, to prepare for removal.

The brother and the sister then deliberated on what had best be done. He was at the head of a considerable commercial establishment; but had, on the preceding week, shut up his shop, which lay in the most affected part of the city, his clerks having previously abandoned him, and sought for comparative safety, among their relations in the country.

Mr. Marvin with his sister, had, as we have seen, retired to the Jersey shore; but here infection seemed to follow them; and their deliberations of the morning, concluded in a resolution to pay a visit to an acquaintance, who resided in New-York State, about forty miles north of the city.

They accordingly commenced the journey the same afternoon, taking with them their new protegee.

They proceeded in a sloop, about thirty miles up the Hudson river, and then hired a wagon to convey them to their friends.

Mrs. Vanderhausen met them at the door, and cordially welcomed them to her best room, the window shutters of which were opened for their reception: but, before introducing new acquaintance, I should perform the ceremony of introduction to our old ones.

Mr. Marvin was, at this period, about five and thirty. His sister thought him very handsome. He had, in reality, fine black eyes, black hair, and a very dark complexion. He was rather stiff in his manner, which remains of rusticity had not worn off, although he had taken lessons in dancing and fencing; for he was on the wrong side of twenty, when acquiring those accomplishments: but he made up in ceremony and genuine kindness, what he wanted in ease and polish. Add to this, he was always well dressed, and decently in the fashion; and aided by an imposing gravity, from which he rarely unbended, he commanded much deference and respect, from the generality of his acquaintance. Yet, whoever could penetrate further than outward appearance, would perceive, in the countenance of Ephraim Marvin, the reflection of a strong mind, with great energy and perseverance.

Miss Martha Marvin was a maiden of forty. Her countenance was, at first view, rather forbidding. Her complexion was the same as her brothers, but not moulded into any expression of symmetry or beauty. She wore no head dress, but her long black hair, which, though arranged in rather an antique manner, was always extremely smooth, and shining. Her person was tall and thin, but very muscular, and her manner rather stiff and reserved. Her dress was plain, and what little attempts at fashionability she assumed, were lost in her want of ease and native grace. Yet, beneath this plain exterior, lay the kindest heart, that ever beat in mortal bosom. Her memory was, likewise, well stored with the works of our best Authors; and she knew the Scriptures by rote; yet, either owing to the habit of submitting her own judgment to the control of another, for she relied with the most implicit deference on the opinion of her brother, and quoted his remarks as axioms; or, her judg-

ment not being equal to her memory, she possessed by no means, the real information, one would at first have been led to expect; but rather resembled a library, where all the information you desire, is contained, but you must be at the trouble of collecting, and digesting it yourself.

This couple, with little Theodore, were most hospitably received by the portly Mrs. Vanderhausen, and her cherry cheeked daughter, Cornelia.

The farm house was built after the Dutch manner, with a large Piazza in front, and benches ranged against the house. Every thing bespoke rustic plenty. The orchard abounded in fruit. The garden was filled with vegetables, the farm yard with poultry, the fields with cattle, and every necessary, even luxury of life, seemed contained within the farm.

A number of Negro children were playing about the yard, while the services of the elder girls, and of their mother Betty, were called into requisition, to prepare tea for the company; for it was near four in the afternoon, and while the good Mrs. Vanderhausen bustled about, "on hospitable thoughts intent," the ruddy Cornelia remained on the Piazza, to entertain their guests.

Soon the table, laid in the best room, groans beneath the weight of various kinds of cakes, every variety of fruit, preserved in every variety of manner; dried ham, dried beef, cheese, hot rolls and butter, tea, &c.

Summoned by the sound of a horn, Mr. Vanderhausen, with his son Anthony, and his negro Cæsar, made their appearance from the field. The father and son, shaking hands with their guests, received them in a very hearty manner; while Cæsar, grinning and shewing his white teeth, hoped that massa Marvin had enjoyed good health, since he was last at Vanderhausen farm.

Having brought our party into safe harbourage we will look back a little, and become further acquainted with our personages, before we proceed with our history.

Ephraim Marvin was the third son of a farmer in the neighborhood of New-Haven, Connecticut, and until his fifteenth year, assisted his father and brothers, in the cultivation of the farm; attending occasionally the village school, during the winter season; but, receiving a cut in his knee, as he was chopping wood for the fire, this accident occasioned a total change in his future views and prospects.

The cure was very lingering, and it was feared, that Ephraim would be lame through life. This would prove a great inconvenience to a farmer. Study was then the only resource, and the lad must push his way up in life by learning. So thought his parents; and, fortunately, Ephraim was much addicted to study, and having resigned his pretension to the homestead, to an elder brother, he limped to school, and commenced a wider range of studies. The progress he made at school in Arithmetic, and Mathematics was considerable; and, from some old books in possession of the family, and others that he borrowed from his neighbours, he acquired a considerable knowledge of Geography, and History. But books of controversy were what mostly abounded in his neighbourhood; and Ephraim was very fond of arguing on divinity, with his mother and sister Martha. From this the transition to metaphysics was very easy; and our young American was soon lost in its mazes; but here he had his arguments to himself. The old people checked the prophane suggestions, sometimes engendered in the fertile imagination of their son; while sister Martha followed, with cautious steps, her daring conductor; but, far from controverting, submitted with implicit defer-

ence to that prodegy of learning, her handsome brother, whom she already began to idolize in her heart, as the paragon of perfection.

Ephraim was now nineteen, and it was high time to choose a profession. He had acquired all the village schoolmaster could teach. The funds of his father could afford no higher means of instruction; for on a farm of fifty acres he supported a family of nine children. But Ephraim Marvin was a lad of spirit. He was in his own estimation very learned, had entirely recovered of his lameness, and wished for a wider range to his genius, than Connecticut could afford. With a large silk handkerchief full of necessaries, and five dollars in his pocket, he went on board a sloop, and was landed in New-York. But he soon found that a capital of five dollars would not set a man up in business at New-York; nor did his learning command the respect it did in his native village. Some had even the effrontery to laugh at what they termed his rusticity and self-importance; but he resisted their ill manners with becoming gravity, and stood self-collected within himself. His little stock was nearly exhausted, and still he had not succeeded in any attempt to obtain employment. "New-York city is not at present the place for me," said Ephraim to himself, "I must seek farther, and go where learning is duly appreciated."

The first rays of the next morning's luminary found Ephraim Marvin three miles from the city, travelling on foot, with his handkerchief of necessaries in his hand. He was, towards evening, joined by a farmer on horse back, who reined in his horse, that he might converse with the foot passenger.

A little desultory chit chat brought on a certain degree of intimacy; and the stranger, on stopping at a substantial looking farm house, invited our itine-

rant to enter; who gladly complied, and partook with his host of a hearty supper.

Our young Yankee endeavoured to make himself agreeable, and soon inspired his host and hostess, with a wonderful opinion of the learning and acquirements of their guest.

In the course of the evening, he learnt that the village school was vacant; the former incumbent having abandoned his school house, for the profession of the law. The idea of supplying his place, immediately occured to our New-Englander. He proffered his services, and through the influence of Mr. Vanderhausen, was installed in the office of schoolmaster to the village. He was, in return, particularly assiduous to instil learning into the minds of the bold Anthony, and little dimpled Cornelia: and the intimacy, thus commenced, continued long after the worldly prospects of Marvin had undergone a material change.

In five years, our friend Ephraim saved two hundred dollars. He had now a capital, and might return to New-York. Here he established a grocery shop, on a small scale at first; but extending his business, as his means encreased.

Meanwhile, sister Martha began to be considered an old maid. She had entered her thirtieth year, when an uncle died, who left her five hundred dollars; and, while considering on the best manner of disposing of her fortune, she received a letter from her favourite brother, containing an account of his new establishment, his hopes, and prospects. "My five hundred dollars," thought Martha, "may be a great object to my brother, at his first commencement in business." Her father was dead: her sisters were all married. Her eldest brother had proceeded to the new countries; and her widowed mother resided with the second son, who possessed the homestead.

Martha wrote to Ephraim, offering to keep house for him, and resign her newly acquired fortune to his disposal, as an addition to his stock in trade. The brother gladly accepted her proposal, knowing how valuable her economical qualities would be to him, independent of her ready money, no mean acquisition to one, whose whole capital did not exceed three hundred dollars.

The perils of the voyage, and unattended, were nothing to Martha's sisterly affection. Behold them, then, settled on the first floor of a small, but neat house, in the Bowery. She managed the household affairs, with the utmost neatness and economy, still, however, contriving to preserve an appearance of gentility, far above their neighbours in the same situation.

It was not long before the attentive Martha discovered that the boy in the shop cheated them. He was therefore dismissed, and she likewise undertook the charge of that department, in conjunction with Ephraim, who was necessarily often absent, in attendance on the markets.

By their joint and close attention to business, the capital encreased, and the concern was removed to the lower end of Water-street, where it continued to flourish; and Miss Marvin, released from her attendance on the shop, took possession of a neat house, that her brother had lately purchased in the Bowery, where she presided with an increase of consequence. While Mr. Marvin, besides attending to business, took lessons in dancing and fencing, to qualify him for appearing in a genteel manner in the higher circles, to which he was now admitted.

CHAPTER II.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely by her side;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she, the most delighted bride.
When, oh! with grief the muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale.

Jago.

A very sociable evening was passed by our friends. Mr. Marvin had many enquiries to make, concerning his former pupils and old friends; and the Vanderhausen family were anxious to hear all the news from the city. The desolation occasioned by the fever, was a never failing topic with the good farmer and his wife; while their daughter endeavoured to obtain information from Miss Marvin, concerning the latest most fashionable bonnets, declaring that the last one, sent her from the city, was so dutchified, that, absolutely, she would not long be seen wearing it.

Miss Marvin, with great pomposity, endeavoured to answer her enquiries, and harangued, in a very dignified manner, concerning the fashions: but soon the depopulating epidemic again absorbed their undivided attention, until the family and their guests retired for the night.

Little Theodore slept with his new protectress, aunt Martha, as she taught him to call her, to whom he had already begun to attach himself. His arrival with the Marvins, had occasioned little sensation at Vanderhausen farm; as they, unwilling to excite curiosity concerning him, had merely said, that he was the son of a friend, who had confided him to their care.

Our citizens remained quietly with the Vanderhausen family, until the progress of the infection was

arrested; and the health officer gave public notice, that all might return in perfect safety to the city.

Again Miss Marvin took possession of their neat little house, in the Bowery. Again the business flourished in Water-street, and Mr. Marvin was looked up to by his neighbours, as one who would be in time, if he were not already, a rich man. The winter passed over, and no enquiries were made after little Theodore. They, at length, concluded that his parents must have perished by the fever. That they were strangers, and from France, was evident, from the answers of the child; most probably, refugees from the revolution. But the kind-hearted Martha had now become so much attached to her little charge, that she would not willingly have parted with him, to any claimant; and the imposing gravity of the brother was not proof against the infantile endearments of his adopted son.

In the spring, Theodore was sent to school; and Mr. Marvin had him taught to read French, that he might not forget the use of his native language.

Another year passed quietly away. Theodore was quite domesticated. The remembrance of his former friends had passed away, as a waking dream, the idea of which scarce remained. His new protectors grew every day still more attached to him; and, had it not been for the steady discipline of Mr. Marvin, aunt Martha would have made of him a spoiled child.

The good maiden was herself perfectly happy, as far as is consistent with our imperfect state of being. Her love for her brother was such, as is seldom found between brothers and sisters. It engrossed her affections, and left no void in her heart. Her household affairs, her bible, and Theodore filled up the tedium of time; and, to sit in the evening, and hear Ephraim discourse on men and things, describe living

manners and local customs, was, to her, a source of the highest satisfaction, the only relaxation, that she sought after, or desired.

Ephraim had hitherto been happy. His business occupied the most of his time. He was ambitious, and fond of study. The former stimulated his industry, which was to crown him with wealth, the ladder to importance; the latter enlivened his leisure hours; and, at the same time, gave him consequence in the eyes of the world. But he now considered himself a rising man, and he had laboured to acquire accomplishments, a commodity not to be kept closely shut up, or only displayed to dazzle an old maiden sister. She, to be sure, was very worthy; but still, the evenings began to grow dull, when there was no auditor but sister Martha. Our friend Ephraim then commenced beau, and the evenings, which had been exclusively devoted to sister Martha, were now more frequently spent in the society of a circle of quite fashionable ladies, to whom he was introduced by some young lawyers and merchants, with whom he had contracted acquaintance.

Miss Marvin bore this very patiently. It argued an increase of consequence in her brother; and their fates were so closely blended, that his importance was necessarily reflected upon her. She applied herself more closely to reading her bible; still knitted his stockings, with unwearied perseverance; and listened, with encreased delight, to his rehearsal of the scenes in which he was then a participator; when disengaged from other pursuits, he occasionally spent an hour with her.

But Ephraim Marvin began to discover, "that man was not made to be alone," and to think of an helpmate. Sister Martha was no obstruction. There was surely room in the house for three. His heart fluttered for some time, between several fashionable

belles; but was at length fixed, by a pleasing exterior, lively deportment, fashionable accomplishments, and twenty thousand dollars, ready cash. What man in the Union, could wish for more?

Emily Chace was ward to Mr. Van Rensellaer, formerly Consul to a foreign Power, and was by Mrs. Van Rensellaer introduced into the first circles. Her father, a native of England, had arrived in New-York, in very moderate circumstances, where he established a livery stable, and in a few years, realized between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. His wife did not long survive their union. The pride and vanity of Mr. Chace was now entirely concentrated in his daughter. At five years old, little Emily was committed to the most fashionable boarding school. At [illegible] she lost her father, who, wishing to secure her a respectable entrance into life; left her to the guardianship of Mr. Van Rensellaer. The influence of wealth is all powerful. Mr. Van Rensellaer accepted the guardianship, and it was intended that Miss Chace should be very accomplished, but in this, it was necessary to contend with nature; and she acquired but a very superficial acquaintance with any thing attempted to be taught her. By means of the best instruction, and much forced application, for study of every kind was her aversion. Emily acquired, however, some polite accomplishments; could sing several fashionable songs, and accompanied them with tolerable execution on the Piano; but in needlework she was a great proficient.

Her education finished, Miss Chace went to reside at her guardian's, and was introduced into genteel society; but year after year passed away, and Emily Chace remained unmarried. She had early, at her father's, been taught to consider herself of great importance; a lesson she did not afterwards easily forget. She had formed a resolution to accept of no

man not possessed of a large fortune, and insinuating manners. Such an one did not readily offer, and, at the age of twenty-eight, Emily retained the name of Chace. Of late years she had declined in her pretensions; but the perfections of her successive suitors had declined in the same ratio.

Old maids were Emily's aversion, and she was resolved not to continue a member of the sisterhood. She began to look about in good earnest, when Mr. Marvin was introduced to her society. She made enquiries concerning him, and was informed, that his fortune was at least equivalent to her own, and that he was a rising man. "This will do," said she, "I will set my cap for him." Her figure was small and slender, and her complexion fair, which made her appear several years younger than she really was. She dressed with particular care, played her best tunes, sang her best songs, and, in short, so captivated our friend Marvin, that his constant theme to sister Martha, was the accomplished Emily, the beautiful Miss Chace. She, good soul, was impatient to see this paragon of perfection. She was rather pleased, than dismayed at the thoughts of her brother's marrying; for she, too, thought the house large enough for three; and set about arranging it in the best possible manner for the reception of the bride.

The marriage was celebrated in the country, at an acquaintance of Emily's. Sister Martha was not present; but, in a few days, the bride and bridegroom arrived in a hakney coach, at their house in the Bowery. Miss Marvin flew to receive them. The new sisters regarded each other, with very scrutinizing attention. The embrace was very cordial, on the side of Martha, but very ceremonious on that of the new Mrs. Marvin.

A few weeks glided on, and sister Martha still continued to manage the house. Mrs. Marvin regarded the proceedings rather scornfully, but declined

interfering. She forbore visiting any, but two or three of her most familiar acquaintance; never deigned to invite Martha to accompany her, and refused to receive any other visitors.

Miss Marvin bore all patiently, still conducted the affairs of the house with great prudence, and still derived all her pleasure from her brother's society: new cause of umbrage to the lady, who began to grow jealous of the sister's influence.

Mr. Marvin finding his wife one day in a very meditative mood, told her, affectionately, that he feared she was losing her health and spirits, by too close confinement; and desired to know, why she did not admit the visits of her former acquaintance? So great a seclusion, he added, was too sudden a change for one of her former lively habits.

"You do well to make the [illegible]iry," she replied; "you, who have so greatly deceived me. I was given to understand, that you lived in a genteel manner, and yet I find nothing in the house fit to receive any one. I am ashamed to see my friends here; but must have the whole furniture changed. I brought you a fortune, and surely I have a right to have my own house arranged as I please.." The husband, accustomed to implicit deference in his sister, walked silently away, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

The house was indeed soon entirely new modelled; and [illegible] friend began to fear, that his increase of money might not prove a real increase of fortune.

The bride now conceived a rooted aversion to the quiet demeaner of sister Martha. She engaged a woman, who took all the management out of Miss Marvins provident hands. This was rather hard to be borne, she who had considered herself at home, for so many years, was now merely a boarder in the house, subject to the caprice of its mistress; and

was rarely invited to join the company. This sister Martha patiently submitted to, for her brother's sake; and smothered her grief, that she might not increase his unhappiness; for she perceived that Ephraim began to be very uncomfortable.

The husband now found, that good temper in a wife, was as necessary, as exterior or accomplishments; but the reflection was made too late: and when the lady gave way to her ungovernable fits of passion, he could discover no other resource, than to walk quietly away, and endeavour to sooth the rising irritation of his mind.

Theodore was at first a favorite; but Mr. Marvin soon discovered, that his lady's capricious fits, alternately of indulgence, and then of passionate severity, would spoil the temper of the child, which he had watched over, with such sedulous care. He, therefore, sent him to board with a clergyman in Connecticut, who took a limited number of pupils.

Their house, formerly the abode of quiet, placid happiness, was now changed to a scene of gloomy discontent, and continual vexation.

"Ah!" thought the disappointed Martha, as she sat in her neat little bed-chamber, her hands employed in knitting, but her mind ruminating on unpleasant reality, "can this be the handsome, the all-accomplished Emily, on whom my brother lavished his praise, until it kindled into enthusiasm? I can see no resemblance in the portrait he so often drew."

But new fears, new anxieties, were again awakened in the bosom of Mr. Marvin. To his other ties, was added the prospect of one still tenderer, still more endearing; and the pleasing emotion, awakened in his mind, by the expectation of being a father, expanded his heart and made him overlook or extenuate the foibles of his wife. But these soon grew intolerable, and comfort was entirely estranged

from the house. Sister Martha knew not what to do. The pleasing hope of the expected heir, would have made her cheerfully bear the capriciousness of her new sister, for whom she would still have endeavored to feel affection, had the latter permitted her. But her aversion daily grew more inveterate, and Mrs. Marvin at length peremptorily declared to her husband, "that she would no longer reside in the same house with Miss Marvin." He expostulated, but she abruptly left the room, saying, "that he must decide between his wife and his sister; for one of the two should leave the house that day."

Never was man more perplexed. Sister Martha, to whom he owed so much! could he, as it were, turn her out of doors? What would she think? What would their relations think? [illegible] was impossible! but, then, his wife——! in her critical situation, with her violent passions.—There was no knowing to what extremity these might lead her. The most probable result would be the destruction of his hopes! He was accustomed, in every exigency, to have recourse to the calm deliberation of his sister; and now walked up to her little chamber. But, how could he consult her on the present occasion, when she was, herself, a party concerned? She perceived his anxiety, and affectionately enquired the cause. Hesitatingly he informed her of this new instance of Emily's perversity. This was the first time, that words had passed between them, in reprehension of their new connexion. The agitation of Martha was extreme; but she summoned all her resolution to her aid, and concealed the [illegible]ession of her feelings. Then looking up, with fearless eye, "My brother," said she, "your happiness has always been the principal object of my solicitude; and I am not only willing, but desirous of promoting it, in whatever manner may be most conducive to that effect."

"Martha," said he, with strong feeling, "you have always been to me, a friend indeed."

"And I will continue to prove myself such. I must leave the house."

"Is it come to this, my sister? No; you must remain."

"The life of your expected child, must not be sacrificed to the spirit of altercation, and in the critical situation of your wife, the violent passion, into which contradiction would throw her, might prove fatal."

"My sister," said Marvin, "to what a different character must I sacrifice you!" and he abruptly left the room.

The forced resolution of sister Martha gave way at his departure. Whither was she to wander? How leave a home, she had so long considered her own, and which was endeared to her by so much content and happiness? And what compensation, what substitute would she find for the society of her brother? He, who was all in all to her.

"His happiness," cried she, "I will promote the happiness of my brother." She wiped her eyes, took her shawl and bonnet, and sallied out.

Miss Marvin had held little society with her neighbours. She had no familiar friend or acquaintance in the city. Her brother had been her sole confident. Her rich neighbours knew little of her; but to the poor, she had been uniformly kind, and they all reverenced and respected her: for, though extremely affable, she was ever of opinion with the old adage, "that too much familiarity breeds contempt." She now directed her steps to the house of a carman, whose wife was a very decent woman, for one in their station of life. To these people Miss Marvin had once been of material service; and she had since procured employment for the husband. She was received with great courtesy; but the good

woman could not contain her astonishment, when Miss Marvin enquired, if she could furnish her board?

"Surely, Miss, you won't leave your brother's house, which was all the same as yourn?"

"My brother, Mrs. Bleeker, is now married, and has a wife to superintend his house. I am fond of retirement, and will prefer your quiet lodgings, to the bustle and gaiety of Mrs. Marvin's."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Bleeker, "I guess how some persons can forget, for fine folks, and fine feathers, them who have, years and years, served them, and even their own flesh and blood."

"No reflections, Mrs. Bleeker. I only desire to know if you can furnish me with board and a bed-chamber? I care not how small it be, so that I can have it to myself."

"There is our spare bed-room, Miss; but the furniture is so poorly, or else I should have liked it much to board Miss Marvin, in our house."

"I have my own bed-room furniture, Mr. Bleeker; and, if you can prepare the room, I shall return to night." To this arrangement, her new landlady assented.

Miss Marvin returned to her brother's, for the last time. Tea was ready: but Mrs. Marvin, without deigning to speak, left the brother and sister, to partake of it together, and joined Peggy in the kitchen, where she silently drank her tea. Mr. and Miss Marvin scarcely tasted the refreshment. Their meal was likewise a silent one. Martha went to her chamber, and packed up her things. She then resumed her bonnet, and at the door met Mr. Marvin.

"Adieu, brother," said she, "I have taken board at Mrs. Bleeker's." He looked up with a glance of anguish, turned from her, and hastened to his room.

The silent hour of twilight found Miss Marvin seated in her forlorn little apartment, which looked into

a small back yard. Now was the moment of anguish. She had not lived in elegance; but she had always enjoyed comfort. Here every thing bore the impression of necessity. A feeling of forlornness pervaded her mind; she felt that, in parting with her brother, she had parted with her better part. He was the only person, that for many years had sympathized with her, the only person, who understood her feelings. They, who had lived so long in sweet communion; who had enjoyed so many happy hours together, who had, for so many years, been all in all to each other; who could alone appreciate each others mutual worth. They were now severed by an acquaintance of yesterday, by one, whose pursuits, enjoyments and ideas, were so totally different from either brother's or sister's; by one, whose frantic excess of temper, and capricious folly would not only render her unhappy, but embitter the future life of her darling brother. "And Theodore, that engaging child, he too, is banished, through your folly, cruel Emily. Dear boy, were you here, your endearing little caresses might restore a ray of cheerfulness to your unhappy aunt Martha! But, no; she must likewise be denied your company. Yes, I must remain completely forlorn, completely wretched." In a similar train of reflections, did Miss Marvin pass the first night of her banishment. She was an early riser; and, at her usual hour, she mechanically rose, and dressed herself. A shabby little girl came to call her to breakfast. She followed the child, to an uncomfortable cellar kitchen. A pine table was set out, covered with a coarse cloth, some cracked cups and saucers, of common crockery, with pewter spoons. Into these the prudent dame poured, from an old teapot, what appeared to be warm water; but, which she dignified with the name of tea. Brown bread, salt butter, and cold salted pork, were the more sub-

stantial parts of the repast. Martha could not forbear contrasting this with the excellent coffee, good breakfast, and comfortable parlour at her brother's. She suppressed a sigh, bade her host and hostess "good morning," and endeavoured to do honour to the frugal cheer.

The honest carman pressed her to eat, and lamented her want of appetite.

"Miss," said the woman, "finds our fare rather coarse. But a good relish and high flavoured coffee, can't be got for twelve shillings a week, which is all I asks her. She knows house-keeping, and must think how as a dollar and a half don't go a great ways."

Martha retired to her room. "I do not like the vulgarity of that woman," thought she, "but as she truly observes, I am charged at a low rate, and I cannot afford more expensive lodgings; for I must endeavour to make my deposit with my brother go as far as possible. He has now a family of his own. His wife brought him a fortune, and must be supported in style; and I do not wish to be any further charge to him."

She was interrupted in these reflections, by her landlady's calling her. A cart had stopped at the door, in which Mrs. Marvin had sent all that belonged to her sister-in-law.

Poor Martha sighed, as she saw her things carelessly stowed in the vehicle; but assisted to convey them to her little chamber; and, for the remainder of the day, her mind was rather dissipated, in arranging things to her satisfaction. In the afternoon her brother called, but the observant curiosity of the landlady prevented much communication. He soon departed, and she again felt herself in absolute solitude.

The next day, she called at his shop, in Water-street. Here the clerks were present, which occa-

sioned a restraint on her feelings. She was at a loss for words. At length, "brother," said she, "I must draw upon you, to pay my board, which you will charge to my account."

"Martha," he replied, "draw upon me, whenever you please, and to any amount. While I live, you shall never want; and I have a thousand dollars of your money in my hands; for your original deposit has accumulated to that sum."

Sister Martha returned to her lodgings, and seldom was she now seen in the street. Her bible was her only companion. Probably in that, she found a comforter? No, for her religion had assumed the complexion of her mind. It was dark and gloomy. She studied the prophecies, and endeavoured to elucidate their obscurity, until her mind was tinctured with their intricacy. She had once been attached to general reading; but this she now entirely abandoned, and the more obscure parts of the sacred writings, alone occupied her attention. Her imagination became visionary and unsettled, and in endeavouring to apply the denunciations contained in the Revelations, and ancient Prophets, to present events and living characters, she grew listless and indifferent to the ordinary concerns of life.

Mr. Marvin sometimes called to see his sister, but he was loth to discover his feelings before strangers; and long intervals continued to elapse between his visits.

CHAPTER III.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing;
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. GRAY.

THE autumn passed over. The winter advanced, and all remained in much the same situation. At length, in April, happiness again dawned on Ephraim Marvin; for his wife then presented him with a daughter. His heart opened to nature, as he took the helpless innocent in his arms, and blessed it, with the first dawning of parental feeling. His heart expanded with love, and he embraced the mother with deeper affection, than when he first took her to his arms as his bride. Amity seemed restored between them, and some appearance of domestic affection. Was sister Martha included in this armistice? No; the gloomy hatred of her sister-in-law glowed more deeply than ever; nor could she hear, with calmness, the name of Miss Marvin.

The little Evelina increased in size, and infantile beauty. The father, one day, accompanied the girl, who was taking out the child, and bade her follow him. He presented the infant to aunt Martha. She pressed it to her bosom. A tear fell on the infantile face. She kissed it off. "Lovely babe," said she, "your birth makes amends for all. Emily, I freely forgive all you have made me suffer."

Three years elapsed. The brother continued to rise in the world; but sister Martha continued her solitary pursuits; and, to gaze at her brother, as he

walked by, was the only emotion of joy she experienced. Still she sometimes saw the child, and new comfort dawned on her; for the little Evelina began to distinguish an aunt, who almost idolized her; and often, with the persevering decisiveness she already displayed, insisted on being taken to see aunt Martha. Soon, the little creature found the way there alone; and, day after day, would she spend hours with her aunt; while her mother was content to purchase quietness, by permitting Evelina to take her own way.

The heart of aunt Martha expanded beneath the mild influence of this amiable child; and her gloomy fits of despondency fleeted away, as shadows before the sun. By degrees she forsook her study of the prophets, for the more enlivening occupation of conversing with her prattling niece, knitting her stockings, and mittens; while she again became quite a rational being.

Ephraim Marvin doted on this beloved daughter. His life seemed bound up in hers; but he had too frequently witnessed the effects of capricious indulgence, not to fear its influence on the disposition of this darling of his affections. He, therefore, endeavoured, and in reality governed her, with extraordinary equanimity. He curbed the imperious temper that already began to discover itself, and fostered the generous, open qualities, that glowed in her young bosom; and the little girl soon demonstrated the effects of education. She grew a docile, amiable child; and her turbulence gave way beneath her father's influence. Evelina loved him with ardent, engrossing affection, but feared to incur his displeasure, and a glance from her father's eye was sufficient, at any time, to check the latent appearance of waywardness.

Theodore still continued at the Connecticut board-

ing school, increasing in statue and learning. Mr. Marvin, in the peculiar situation of his family, delayed sending for him, from vacation to vacation. Time passed away, and the lad had attained his thirteenth year: the amiable youth thought often with the liveliest gratitude on his protectors; and still welcomed the approach of each vacation, that he might visit them; but that hope, was, unaccountably to him, delayed from time to time; and the poor boy knew not what to imagine, for he dreaded to think himself forgotten.

It was a very hot day in July, a ship was to be launched. Mrs. Marvin desired her husband to engage a carriage, and accompany her to view the launch. He pleaded unavoidable business. "You will not go with me? Then I shall go alone, and on foot," said the lady.

"You had better not, my dear; for the weather is excessively hot."

"I am determined on going," said Mrs. Marvin, "and unless you engage a carriage, and accompany me, I shall certainly go on foot."

Accustomed to his wife's unyielding temper, Marvin thought no more of the matter, and went out to fulfil his engagements. The lady dressed herself; and, disregarding the extreme sultriness of the weather, called on an acquaintance, who lived near the launch.

She returned in the afternoon, overpowered with heat, fatigue and thurst; and, after taking the precaution of mixing molasses and vinegar with water, drank freely; but the water was extremely cold. It had just been drawn from the pump, and Mrs. Marvin soon felt its chilling effects. Cold shivering fits shook her frame; and with the assistance of the maid, she lay down on her bed.

On Mr. Marvin's return, he found his wife in a vi-

olent fever. Medical advice was immediately called in; but in vain. She had, the preceding Sunday attended divine service, in perfect health; but, before the return of the following Sabbath, she silently reposed in the church-yard.

A melancholy stupor came over the husband. He had not lived very happily with the deceased; still, the eternal parting was awful——! Death was not divested of its terrors. The partner of his fate; the being so nearly connected with him, was gone, eternally gone. Suddenly called away; No time allowed for preparation.———She had gone to meet her Judge, in her unprepared state.———But God is merciful. His decrees are inscrutable. Let not man judge, that he be not judged.

At the first appearance of her mother's alarming illness, the little Evelina had been sent to a much esteemed boarding school, about a mile from the city, and there her father suffered her to remain, for the present.

But new cares and anxieties soon engrossed all his attention. He had been lately engaged in some uncertain speculations. These failed; and, notwithstanding all his vigilance, his name was shortly after on the list of bankrupts. This new shock nearly overpowered his resolution. He was walking on a wharf, that he often frequented, in the course of his business, sadly ruminating on his change of prospects; when he understood from the conversation of the master of a vessel, with a passenger, that a sloop for New-Haven would sail the next day. This attracted Ephraim's attention. "I have long wished to revisit my native country," thought he, "but have hitherto wanted leisure and opportunity. At present nothing detains me in New-York, I will then revisit my early home, and will afterwards determine on what remains for me to do." Preparations were

soon made, and on the following day, Mr. Marvin embarked for Connecticut.

The vessel glided leisurely down the Sound, Marvin seated himself on the deck. He gazed with a vacant eye, on the magnificent city, as it receded from his view. The innumerable ships, passing and repassing, from every quarter, could not attract his attention. The beautiful and capacious harbour, had no longer a charm for him. Brooklin heights had disappeared, and still he remained in the same place. They passed through Hurl-Gate; but the bustle of the mariners, and roar of the contending eddies had not power to direct his attraction. "What enchanting scenery!" exclaimed a stranger, who stood beside him; "What charming country seats! Elysium has surely been renovated in America, and located on each side of this estuary. What can boasted Europe produce, superior to the banks of Long-Island Sound?"

"Their wonted beauty has fled from me," said Marvin, rising, and descending to the cabin, "I no longer see a charm in any thing."

The following day, he was landed at New-Haven. He made no stay in the town; but took the well remembered road to his native village. As he proceded, it seemed as if he were transported back to the time, when he had left his youthful home. The same houses remained, on the well known road. His identity was transported back, several years. His thoughts sought the channel of other times; and he proceeded forward, musing and pensive.

The hum of merry voices attracted his attention. The door of a small, rude, isolated dwelling burst open; and forth issued a noisy, merry throng. Ephraim Marvin paused. It was the scene of his quondam pleasure. He had entered his native village. This was the very school house, in which he

had so often conned over his spelling lesson, impatient to be let out. The very place, in which, when a few more years had glided over his head, he had drank so eagerly of learning's lore, while his heart rose buoyant with hope; and, after conquering some difficult problem, he had proudly raised his head, and thought of future distinction and success, that undoubtedly awaited him, in years yet to come. He now smiled sadly at the retrospect. "My pretty lad," said he to a boy, who came hopping towards him, "what is your name?" "Hezekiah Lord, sir." Ephraim started. "Hezekiah Lord was my classmate. And you, my fair haired boy, what are you called?" "Nehemiah Newcobe, and here is my brother Asa, and cousin Amasa Boardman."

"Am I again a little boy myself?" said Ephraim, "for here are all my school fellows assembled, as when I formerly played ball on this well remembered spot."

The boys had, by this, surrounded him. "Where may you be coming from?" said a little black eyed fellow.

"True old fashioned inquisitiveness is still, I see, a plant of the soil," said Ephraim. "But, my boy, are you not David Holmes?"

"No, David is my father's name. I am called Samuel."

"You are? But what has become of young Samuel Holmes? We were formerly great friends."

"What, my uncle Sam? I guess how he is not so young neither. He has, I calculate, got some grey hairs. Here are his sons, Joshua, Moses, and Washington."

Marvin unconsciously put his hand to his head. He was strikingly reminded of the flight of time; but the buzz of the boys quickly recalled him from his abstraction. "And what is your school master's name, my lads?"

"Old Master Obadiah Mason. Don't you know old Master Mason?"

"What, my old Master? Does he still keep possession of his school house, and his rod?"

"He holds the rod fast enough," said one of the urchins, "as I guess some of us know very well. There he sits, writing the boy's copies. Will you go in and see him?"

"I think I will step in, and see Master Mason; but who are you, my lad? Your voice is familiar to me."

"Oh, I am Ephraim Marvin. All the village knows me; and, see yonder, how far sister Patty has got. I guess, if I an't home soon too, to drive up the cows, I shall get a lecture from dad, and a darn good one too."

"Your name is Ephraim Marvin," said our traveller, with emotion, "give me your hand, my lad."

"Oh, shake hands and welcome," said the boy, "and I should like very much to know who you are; but here comes Master Mason."

The venerable figure of old Obadiah was now seen, slowly approaching the circle, attracted by the unusual circumstance of his scholars keeping so long in a group, near the school house, after their dismissal from school. The boys gave way; and he saw a stranger, who by his dress appeared a man of some importance.

"Your servant sir," said Master Mason, "I guess that you are coming from New-Haven?"

"You apprehend right, sir. I am last from that place."

"You are, I guess, from your speech, an American; though I calculate you don't belong to New-Haven; you come some distance, from some large city, not from Boston, I guess, but may be from New-York?"

"I belong to the city of New-York."

"And, where may you be travelling to? You will

not go much farther to night, I guess; for the sun is far to the west. It will soon be going down."

"I am going no further than your village, Master Mason."

"You know my nane, then. You have there the advantage of me."

"Do you not remember Ephraim Marvin?"

"Ephraim Marvin! What, my old scholar, that I have heard say was now so great a man in New-York? You are then he? Let me look at you; for my old eyes are rather feeble. Yes, you are the same, tho' I guess I should not have known you, had you not told me your name. You are welcome, Ephraim. Thrice welcome to Connecticut," continued the old man, shaking our traveller heartily by the hand. "I always foretold you would be a great genius, if they would but resign you to my tuition, and, sure enough, my calculation was just. They say, you are an Alderman of the city of New-York; and you were indeed once a scholar to old Obadiah Mason, not quite so old a man then; and as great a personage as you may be, I have held the rod over you," said the old man, chuckling, "but walk in the school house, and let us talk over old times."

"Another time, Master Mason. I must now pay my duty to my mother. I hope she enjoys good health."

"Oh, very good. The old lady is very well. I will but finish my copies, and will then step over to Asa Marvin's. You remember the way; but should you have forgot, here are plenty of boys, who will conduct you, and Asa Marvin's son was among them just now. Ephraim Marvin, where are you,? You must conduct your uncle."

"Here I am," said the boy; "You are then my uncle from New-York. How very glad will granny be to see you, and daddy, and mammy too, I guess.

Come, sir, let us make haste; but I will not be lectured for staying, now you are with me, and I guess little Asa will bring up the cows."

Led by his nephew, Mr. Marvin proceeded towards his native farm, which, always busily engrossed by other pursuits, he had not visited, since he had first left its peaceful harbourage, to launch into the busy bustle of the great world. He had, since that period, passed through many different scenes; but still, true as the needle to the pole, did the better affections of his heart, during many a solitary hour, point to his first quiet, unambitious home; and often had he almost wished he had not quitted the homestead. And now, deprived of his hardly earned wealth, his heart yearned to his native spot.

They came in sight of the farm house. Near the farm, some women were milking.

"Oh, Asa has brought up the cows," said his young companion, "there is Mammy, Molly, and Patty, milking them; but, come in, Granny is in the kitchen."

An old respectable looking woman, with a nice starched cap and kerchief, sat by the door knitting. "Granny, Granny, here be uncle Ephraim, from New-York. Come in, uncle; I'll go call daddy. I guess he is in the barn yard."

"What did that harum scarum boy say?" cried the old lady. A stranger stood before her. Her bosom beat high; emotion shook her aged frame. "In the name of God, who are you?"

"Mother, have you forgot your long absent son?"

"My son! my Ephraim!" and she folded him in her weak embrace. "My God, I thank thee. Once more, have I seen the face of my son. Sit down, Ephraim. How is thy family? How is thy sister Martha? Why did she not accompany thee? Does she no longer care for her mother?"

"Martha is well, mother; but she is not very fond of travelling; and my journey here was sudden and unexpected."

"You are welcome home, Ephraim, thrice welcome," said a hearty voice; and Ephraim felt his hand seized, and heartily shaken by his brother.

Mrs. Asa Marvin and her daughters, now came in with their milk pails. The matron joined in the congratulations. Their son Elisha, a sturdy lad, heartily shook the hand of his city uncle, while the daughters blushed, smiled, and welcomed him.

Now Ephraim laid aside his ceremoneous conseience, and discovered that he could again freely chat, and be happy. A plentiful supper, of the best the farm afforded, was soon prepared, of which he partook, with the keen relish excited by his pedestrian mode of travelling.

Master Mason soon joined them, and many of his old companions and acquaintance also made their appearance; and, when Ephraim, after joining family worship, retired to the clean and comfortable spare bed, he found that he had passed the happiest evening, that he had enjoyed for many years..

Our citizen arose early the following morning. He found his brother in the farm yard; and they walked together over the parental farm.

"How happy is the life of a farmer," said Mr. Marvin, "I will venture to allege, Asa, that you here find complete happiness, and scarcely know the feeling of anxiety."

"As for happiness, brother Ephraim, I guess how that I am as happy as my neighbours. My wife is as good a housekeeper, as man need be blessed with. The boys are stout lads, though may be, they want some looking after, as you and I did of yore, brother Ephraim. The gals are well brought up. There is Patty, can spin a yarn with any one in the country;

and Molly, there is a gal for you. But, between ourselves, brother, she will not be long on hand. There is Reuben Spunker, the Squire's son, I'll wager you a horse, they will be one, before next christmas. He was sparking here again last night, did you not notice him, sitting in the corner, when all the rest went away? A fine match that. Reuben will get the homestead, the finest farm in the country, rising one hundred acres of the best land in Connecticut."

"You are a happy man, Asa. I almost wish I had continued a farmer."

"Why, you would then have had the homestead, Ephraim, and I would have been in the new countries. Perhaps a richer man; for they say, that folks grow rich to the westward. But this farm maintains me, and mine. Riches could do no more."

They now returned to breakfast, when Ephraim related his wife's death; for on the preceding evening, he had so greatly enjoyed their rustic welcome, and congratulations, that he had forborne to arrest the display of joy, his arrival had occasioned, by the melancholy recital. He still continued silent on the desperate state of his affairs; as he felt inclined to retain the consequence, he found he enjoyed, among his country people, and desired not to excite their pity, or commiseration on that delicate point.

Although Ephraim had never visited his father's house, since he had first left it literally to seek his fortune, still, he had kept up a correspondence with his mother, and brother, and had sent them, and the other members of the family, many little presents. The disagreement between his wife and sister Martha, had been entirely concealed from them. They knew, indeed, that she had left his house; but thought that she boarded at a friend's through choice; and, as they always thought sister Martha rather odd, this circumstance had not excited their curiosity.

The mother had often sent pressing invitations to her daughter, to revisit her; but sister Martha could never be prevailed on to return to her native home.

The good old lady shed tears, at hearing of her daughter-in-law's fate, although she had never seen her. All the family expressed their regret, and commiserated the little Evelina, who had so early lost her mother. "But then aunt Martha will take good care of her," said Patty, and this suggestion consoled them.

It was Saturday. The female part of the family, were very busily employed in preparing pumpkin pies, and other luxuries, for the Sabbath dinner, which was, as usual, to be a cold one; for no work, but of absolute necessity, would be performed on that holy day. Ephraim had been sauntering about the farm, and come in, twisting a twig; he found all the family assembled in the best room, and his brother sitting by a table, with the family bible before him.

"My son," said the old lady, "the sun is now sinking in the west. The Sabbath is commencing. I hope, Ephraim, the fine city fashions have not made you forget the God, who made you, and his holy day: for, remember, my son, the Lord will forget those, who forget him."

"I see, mother," said Ephraim, "you still keep up the old New-England custom, of beginning the Sabbath on Saturday night."

"We endeavour to keep up the commandments of God, my son, and to follow the directions he has given us in his holy bible. That bible informs us, 'That the evening and the morning, (and not the morning and the evening,) were the first day."

Ephraim bowed acquiescence; and his brother Asa opened the venerable book. Our citizen remembered how often he had seen it opened by his father. A feeling of awe came over his soul. He leaned his

head pensively on his hands, and his thoughts recurred back, to the days of other times.

Asa Marvin then read, impressively, several chapters from the Holy book. A psalm followed, in which the family joined, with great propriety; for they had all learned to sing at the village singing school.

Asa Marvin then prayed extempore, and this concluded the evening; for the family retired early to bed.

The next morning commenced with great seriousness. After breakfast, they walked to the meeting house. Ephraim gave his arm to his mother, and proceeded pensively along. Again his mind recurred to former times. The meeting house seemed just the same, as when he had last left it. He seated himself in the old family pew. He missed his father there; but Asa occupied his place. "He is but another link in the same chain," thought Ephraim. One generation passeth away, and another cometh. This is the way with perishable man. A few more years, and we shall have disappeared; but then our places will be filled by others. We shall scarcely be missed.

The sermon began. A stranger occupied the pulpit. None but Ephraim missed the venerable figure of the former incumbent. "His place, too," thought Marvin, "is occupied by another."

The good old lady was pleased to see her city son so serious. "I see, my son," said she, as she walked home, leaning on his arm, "that you still remember your education, and have not forgotten your God, amidst the vanities of this world."

A plentiful cold dinner was soon spread on the table, of which they heartily partook; and they then attended afternoon service. The setting sun found them seated in the best room; the farmer instructing his boys in their catechism, and the old lady

holding forth to the elder part of the family, concerning the heinous falling away of the present sinful times.

The sun had now sunk below the western horizon. The children had finished their catechism, and, bounding with the joy of recovered freedom, passed out at the door.

The old lady resumed her knitting, but continued her discourse, the elder part of the family silently listening to her.

"Do you knit on the Sabbath evening, mother?" enquired Ephraim.

"The Sabbath is over, my son, the sun has sunk in the west."

"But my sister and nieces do not resume their work."

"We," said Mrs. Asa Marvin, "keep Saturday evening with the old people, and also Sunday evening, as the ministers of the present day teach us."

"Innovations are fast gaining ground," said the old lady, shaking her head, "the Lord grant, they may be for the best."

CHAPTER IV.

Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd,
O Solitude! now give me rest,
And hush the tempest in my breast.

GRAINGER.

And past those settler's haunts the eye might roam,
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

CAMPBELL.

Ephraim Marvin remained a week at his early home; then became impatient to return to his little Evelina, and to settle his business; for he had formed a plan of conduct, which he meant steadily to pursue. After taking leave of his mother, and the rest of the family, he again sailed from New-Haven. He now meant to visit Theodore, who was at a clergyman's, near the boundary line, between Connecticut and New-York. The grateful boy instantly recognized his benefactor, and flew into his embrace. Mr. Marvin found him much grown, and heard from the principal of the academy, a very favorable account of his adopted son's improvement. Theodore made many enquiries concerning aunt Martha; was very inquisitive about the little girl introduced into the family, since he had left it, and wept on hearing of Mrs. Marvin's death; but his heart bounded with joy, when he understood, he was to return with his benefactor to New-York.

The next day they were both landed at the battery. Theodore could not contain his admiration of that elegant promenade. Mr. Marvin left the little Frenchman at aunt Martha's, and hastened to visit his daughter, whom he found very glad to see him, and very impatient to return to the city. The following day, Mr. Marvin devoted to settling his busi-

ness, and soon brought all his creditors to a compromise, as they were perfectly convinced of his honourable dealing, and that his failure proceeded from unavoidable misfortunes; and when all was settled, they presented him with five hundred dollars, out of the proceeds of the property he had delivered up to them; and one who had purchased the house, in which Mr. Marvin resided, desired him to retain it, until he should have adjusted his future plans.

These courtesies were balm to the wounded mind of our citizen, as they convinced him that his reputation was still unsullied in public estimation. He then called on sister Martha, and gave her a pretty diffuse account of his visit to Connecticut. The good maiden was so delighted at finding her brother again so communicative, that she scarcely thought of condoling with him on his failure.

"But Martha, I have to begin the world once more."

"Sure enough, brother, and what mean you to do?"

"Sister Martha, I am tired of the city. I am now sensible of the little happiness, that honours and riches can yield. And, independently of that conviction, I cannot now reconcile my mind to commence business in the humble manner we once did, and live our former scenes over again. My heart has suffered much in this city. I must leave it. I have been delighted with the happiness my brother enjoys on his farm. How healthy he is! I have been a valetudinarian these many years, but will see if health and happiness are not again attainable. I will cultivate the earth."

"But, brother, you have not a farm, nor the means of purchasing one."

"Not a cultivated one; but brother Moses has succeeded on new land; and why should not I make the same experiment? I was brought up to farming, and understand it. Five years since, I was entrusted

with the sale of ten thousand acres of wild land, which was disposed of at a very low rate. It then came into my mind to purchase five hundred acres for Theodore. I had the deed made out in his name. The land, thought I, will rise in value, and may prove a little estate for the boy by the time he comes of age. A few days after this transaction [illegible] was born. I then made another purchase [illegible] hundred acres adjoining the first, and had the deed made out in her name. This suggested to me the idea of providing something for the orphan boy, should any misfortune befall me. I therefore lodged five hundred dollars in a bank in his name, and what I did for him, I wished likewise to do for my little girl. I have no longer the means of keeping Theodore at a seminary; but he has sufficient education for a farmer; and, should he be fond of learning, he will still have adequate leisure for study. I intend to settle on Evelina's land, and shall make use of her five hundred dollars, and the five hundred my creditors have left me. Theodore's must not be touched; but he will reside with us, and when he shall have attained sufficient age, his five hundred dollars will assist him to clear and cultivate his own land. In the mean time I will improve the value of Evelina's. We will enjoy it together during my life, and at my death it shall be her's. If you, sister Martha, can consent to go into the woods with us, and will once more [illegible] upon you the management of my house, you need not dread being ever again supplanted by another mistress."

"Consent to go into the woods! Yes indeed, brother; I will go with you any where. I am delighted with your plan, and trust you will not lose by my management; for I was likewise reared [illegible] but I have no more money to offer you [illegible] must have been expended long since.

"You have still a thousand dollars, Martha; for when you left my house, I lodged your property in a bank, where the interest has continued to accumulate; but I do not now require your money. Let it remain where it is, to be at your command, in case of any unforeseen emergency."

"No, indeed, brother, add it to yours. We shall [illegible] ready money on new land."

"Well Martha, you can make use of the interest, to purchase what may be necessary to fit you out for the woods; but, take my advice, and leave the principal in the bank. It will be a corps de reserve, against any unexpected casualty."

Miss Marvin immediately commenced preparations for their removal to the west. She was delighted with the bustle this occasioned; for it amused and dissipated her mind, and recalled her former energies into action.

Mr. Marvin now brought Evelina home, and introduced her and Theodore together, recommending to them to love each other, and ever to consider themselves as brother and sister.

"You need not bid me love this sweet little girl," said the gallant boy, taking her hand, "for I did so, the first moment I beheld her; and the dear little Evelina shall ever find a most devoted and affectionate brother, in the grateful Theodore."

"Do you then love me, Theodore?" said the little [illegible], "well then I will love you too," and she put her [illegible] around his neck, and kissed him. "I never saw you before, Theodore, but still I know you very well; for aunt Martha has often talked to me about you."

"What a happy boy am I," he replied, "I have a dear little sister, and such kind protectors. Heaven who bereaved me of my natural guardians, has amply repaid me for the loss."

Mr. Marvin was delighted with this pleasing agreement between them. "Always love each other, my children," said he, taking a hand of each, "and you will materially contribute to the happiness of your father."

Previously to removing from the city, Mr. Marvin paid a visit to Mr. Vanderhausen. The good farmer received his old friend not the less cordially, that the news of his failure had already reached him; and he and Mr. Vanderhausen strove by every attention to console the bankrupt. Marvin then requested of the farmer an assortment of choice seeds, that the goodman prided himself much in possessing; and also, directions for using them. Vanderhausen instantly set about making the selection, and being alone with his protegee, "I don't want to discourage you, Mr. Marvin," said he, "but am thinking you will find it rather difficult to work hard, and clear new land: you that have so long lived the life of a gentleman."

"Resolution and perseverance will conquer many difficulties, Mr. Vanderhausen. I was reared a farmer, and nature endowed me with a strong constitution, which has indeed been weakened by the inactivity of a city life. Still I am confident, that air and exercise will render me robust, and restore my former health and strength."

"That may be, Mr. Marvin; yet, clearing a new farm is very hard work, and in them there new countries, they say there is no such thing as hiring a hand, all being engaged in clearing for themselves; and then, when a hand is to be had, the wages are so very high; and you will have no women folks with you but Miss Marvin, and that delicate little Evelina. Though, if you could get a black or two, with their assistance you might do pretty well."

"I have not the means of purchasing blacks, Mr.

Vanderhausen, and to hire them to come with me, would be too expensive."

"Well," said the benevolent farmer, "I have more of them than I know what to do with. My blacks have multiplied so fast, that they are now in my way; for I will not dispose of them to hard masters, whom they or I know nothing about; and should I give them their freedom, that would not be doing themselves good, nor any one else; for I never found a negro brought up in slavery, make a good freeman. You shall then take a couple off my hands, which will greatly oblige me. There is Lany, whose mother is dead; she has no relations in the family, and Minny's daughters are continually teazing her. She thinks all the world of Miss Marvin, and took a great fancy to your little girl, when she was here with her mother last summer. Let her go. She is a smart wench of eighteen, and will be of great service to Miss Marvin. And there is your old friend Cato; a sturdy fellow that. He is just turned of twenty. His mother has brought us six boys. So she will not miss this one; and we have enough of five on the farm; that I am sure of."

"But, Mr. Vanderhausen, I have not, consistently with my other arrangements, the means of reimbursing you."

"Oh, tush man! 'Tis I will be the gainer," replied the farmer, "in getting rid of some of my grown family; but if you must need think of reimbursement, wait till you have cleared your farm, and become once more a forehanded man. Then, if you choose, you may make my wife and daughter some little present."

"Well, Mr. Vanderhausen," said Marvin, "I accept your kind and generous offer, and I trust the time will come, when I shall have the means of repaying you, as you deserve."

The following morning, the wagon was prepared, which the good farmer freighted with a selection of his choicest seeds. In the back were seated, grinning as they went along, Cato and Lany; while Anthony Vanderhausen and Mr. Marvin, occupied the front seat.

Ephraim Marvin now purchased farming utensils, and other necessaries proper for a new farm; among which was a box of window glass, and a proper supply of strong clothing, sufficient to last until they should be enabled to make their own. All these, with the family and the two blacks, were embarked on board a sloop for Albany. On reaching that city, our traveller purchased a strong span of horses and a large covered wagon, which entirely excluded the rain and sun. Into this the family & baggage were arranged, and away they drove. Cato was now of admirable use; for he had been accustomed to driving teams at Vanderhausen farm. It was the latter end of August, and the weather extremely warm. Marvin found the heat intolerable, and gladly reposed himself under the shelter of the wagon, while the negro, enjoying the burning rays of the sun, drove along with high glee, and Theodore who had contracted a great familiarity with Cato, mostly kept his seat beside him.

But the vehicle, covered as it was, was not without an opening, through which Marvin and his sister could see and admire the charming vale, that lay on each side of the Mohawk. At length they arrived at Utica. This was in 1307; and Utica, an inconsiderable village, displayed but little prospect of the importance to which it has since arisen. There our travellers remained several days, which Mr. Marvin employed in collecting information concerning his land, the settlers in the vicinity, &c. He learned, that it was indeed a new place, in every act

ceptation of the term. Still his courage did not falter; for his determination was fixed, to proceed with his undertaking.

At Utica, they renewed their stores; for they carried their provisions along with them; and then again set forward on their travels. They had no guide, but drove along the high road, as they were directed. The first night they found accomodations at a rude public house, and the next at a small hut, clumsily built with logs.

On the third day, the road began to grow wild indeed! It was cut through the wilderness; while, on each side of them, arose in sombre majesty, the immense trees of the forest, some of which had probably been growing since the first subsiding of the deluge. The underbrush, closely interwoven with the trunks, filled up each intermediate space; while the sameness of the scene was only relieved by one occasional small clearing, at uncertain intervals, in which a log cabin reared its humble head. From these a number of ragged children gathered round the door, while others filled with their heads the otherwise vacant window frame. Young Theodore pitied them greatly. "My son," said Mr. Marvin, "weigh not happiness by outward glare, but by its intrinsic value. Tell those children, that you pity them, and they will wonder what you mean. They possess necessary food and wild beauty, and are unacquainted with any higher source of enjoyment. These children of the forest would languish in the seminary, where you have been educated. These very persons are in the high road to wealth. Pass this road, a few years hence, and the change then displayed to your view will appear the effect of magic. The manners of the inhabitants will then ameliorate. Education and refinement, arts and sciences will gradually follow."

Theodore, who had a great respect for the opinions of his protector, no longer pitied the little foresters; but would gladly have sought some acquaintance with them, had they remained stationary a sufficient time for him to make the attempt.

The sun was fast sinking below the majestic trees of the illimitable forest. The horses, fatigued with their long journey, proceeded but slowly, notwithstanding the chirping and whooping of Cato. At length the sun's parting rays were scarcely perceivable amidst the thick underbrush of the wilderness.

"How dark it is getting," said the little Evelina, "shall we not soon come to a house, Papa? Oh! my limbs are so cramped, that I am afraid I shall never run again."

"Never fear, but you will run fast enough, my dear, when you are set upon the ground. But, Cato, cannot you mend the snail pace of these horses?"

"No, indeed, massa; the horses go no more for Cato. I whip, I chirrup. All for nothing. Get up, you lazy tings, get up," said he, beating them; but the animals proceeded no faster.

Marvin gazed around, but no clearing met his view. All was dark and impenetrable. The sun was no longer discernible. His parting rays had disappeared. The road now grew very intricate. It seemed to branch into several directions, and Cato, at a loss how to proceed, stood irresolute.

"Ah, massa, there be so many roads, all the same as no roads; what must I do?"

Mr. Marvin looked eagerly around. His perplexity encreased. He descended from the wagon, and walked round the openings; but the true direction of the road could not be ascertained.

Cato saw his perplexity, and giving the reins to Theodore, "Hold fast, young massa; no be afraid, misse; no fear, little misse. The horses be tired, they can't run; they can't move."

He flew to join his master. "What can we do, massa?"

"I cannot devise any expedient," said Mr. Marvin. Cato ran up several of the openings; but they were all so very similar, that he returned as uncertain as ever. The gloom of evening now enveloped them, and they could scarcely discern each other.

"Hark! Is not that the howling of wolves?" cried Lany.

"Silence your childish fears," said Mr. Marvin, "but we must decide on something."

"Hush, hush, massa," cried Cato; "I tink I hear steps."

They listened in silence. The footsteps became more distinct. They gazed in the direction of the sound. A heavy tread approached; but the gloom was too deep to distinguish any thing. An incongruous mass of motion came near. The white eyeballs of Cato seemed starting from their sockets.

"Well met, dears," said a voice, "and where may you be travelling to?"

It was a pedler with a pack, whose brogue declared him a native of Hibernia.

"O, you are welcome indeed," said Mr. Marvin, "you may most probably extricate us from our perplexity. We are travelling to the westward, to Tonnewonte. Can you direct us in the right road? for it here appears to branch out in several directions."

"The road does indeed divide here, for several different places," said the pedlar, "but, arrah dears, it is me can guide you; for I am going a bit of the way to Buffalo myself."

"How far is it to where we can procure lodgings?" enquired our traveller.

"As for lodgings, if it be a tavern you mane, where you can find beds, it is many a long mile; but if you

mane a private house, there is Habakkah Jones, lives a bit of five miles off. It is true, his house is small, and there is but one bed in the room below, and he has ten children, but then there is the loft, and the little snug barn he has built."

"Is that the nearest house?"

"Arra yes, dears, and the only near house for seven miles."

"Papa, papa," cried Evelina, "it is quite dark. When are we to come to a house?"

"Och, and indeed, you have a family here," said Pat? "Och, you had better make haste, if you want to reach Habakkah Jones's to night. Come Mr. Blackee, drive forward your horses, I will walk before."

Cato took his seat, whooped and chirped, but all his endeavors would not make the animals mend their snail pace.

"I am thinking, honeys," said the Pedlar, "that at this rate, midnight will not bring us to Habakkah Jones's. Now, I have a bit of a mind, you had better encamp."

"But the wild beasts," said Mr. Marvin, "they must be numerous in this wilderness."

"Make but a good fire," replied the Hibernian, "and I will warrant you, they will not trouble us." "Many is the time, and oft, I've slept out doors myself. The ladies and children, och the pretty souls, they can sleep in the wagon, for no doubt you carry beds with you."

Mr. Marvin consulted with his sister; and it was at length agreed to encamp there that night.

"I will encamp with you," said the pedlar, "and may-be, dears, but I may get something for your supper."

Cato, all agility, soon kindled a fire. The set down his pack, and assisted to gather fuel.

vin handed his sister and Evelina out of the wagon, and adjusted themselves near the fire, while Theodore bustled about, from one to the other, and, after seeing Evelina comfortably situated, ran after Cato; and the pedlar, who had often passed through these woods, directed them to a spring.

The tea-kettle was filled, and placed by the fire; while Lany, acting under the direction of Miss Marvin, sought their provisions in the wagon.

The moon now rose resplendent, and displayed the wildness of the scene. Marvin gazed at the brilliant canopy extended over their heads. "It is very light," said Pat, "and it shall go hard, but I will get some trout, for my share of the supper.—There is a brook near by, and I'll just get out my line, and step back with the trout."

Just as Pat disappeared, the report of a gun was heard. Aunt Martha started up, very much alarmed. The report was repeated. Mr. Marvin arose and listened intently. Steps approached. It was Cato, followed by Theodore, with a gun on his shoulder, and a brace of partridges in his hand.

"See, massa, what I have shot for supper. Well, if we be left in the wilderness, there be no danger of starving, for it is as full of game, as the farm yard at Vanderhausen farm of fowl."

"Keep to truth, Cato, said Lany; for when the fowls be at roost, if you fire two guns, would you but kill two?"

"Now, hold your prate, Lany," replied the negro, "and dress the partridges for Massa and Misse's supper, while I chop wood for the night." Then, throwing them at her, but still retaining his gun, he seized an axe, and, going to a little distance, began chopping with a sturdy arm.

Lany quickly dressed the game, and, broaching them on pointed sticks, broiled them for supper.

The pedlar soon returned with a couple of fine trout.

"Your angling has been very successful," said Mr. Marvin.

"Ah, now, dear," said the pedlar, "leave Pat Murphy alone for fishing; but the trout in yonder brook are as thick as potatoes in the fields of dear little Ireland; and good reason they should be plenty, for there is no clearing for many a mile, and neither man, woman, nor child trouble them; except it be even myself, now and then, or some Indians or straggler passing by. But now, dears, you will see Pat roast them for supper; and a brave appetite has he got."

Lany then spread a table cloth on the ground, on which she displayed plenty of cold provisions. Aunt Martha made the tea, and invited the pedlar to eat with them; and he, praising his own cookery, added his trout to the fare.

Our travellers sat down to supper, with an excellent appetite, while Cato and Lany, seated at a little distance, eat heartily, at the same time, rising occasionally, to supply the wants of the white people. The repast finished, and the remains laid by, they began to make preparations for their night's lodgings. Mr. Marvin assisted Cato and the Pedlar in preparing a sufficient pile of fuel, to last through the night; for it was necessary to keep up a fire, as well to dissipate the dampness of the night-air, as to frighten away the beasts, who might otherwise have proved formidable visitors, and the smoke also served to dissipate the troublesome flights of insects that environed them. Miss Marvin and Lany then spread the beds in the wagon. Evelina slept by her Aunt, while Lany reposed at their feet.

Mr. Marvin and Theodore were each accommodated with a quilt, a pillow, and a blanket, and

slept on the ground, with their feet to the fire, under no canopy but that of Heaven. And the pedlar and Cato, each wrapped in a blanket, threw themselves very contentedly on the ground.

The wagon had been brought near the fire, and the horses fastened to it with a rope. Each of the men had a gun lying by him, and in this manner they slept soundly through the night, undisturbed by the howling of wolves, or the croaking of frogs; while the pedlar and Cato, at the end of each nap, replenished the fire, from the pile of fuel they had provided.

CHAPTER V.

"Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the spring,
When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
When summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale,
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay."

THOMPSON.

SOON as the day dawned, our travellers were in motion. The tea-kettle was boiled, and they partook of a hearty breakfast, before re-commencing their journey.

Mr. Marvin and Theodore walked forward with the pedlar; and the horses, guided by Cato, and refreshed with their night's rest, trotted briskly along.

In this manner they proceeded for several days, still accompanied by the pedlar, who proved very valuable as a guide, and by his facetious drollery served to divert any fit of the spleen, that might occasionally seize either brother or sister, when wearied by the monotony and deep gloom of the wide extended forest, or ruminating rather despondingly on the difficulties that lay before them.

The pedlar often left them, when approaching a clearing, to display his merchandize to the inmates of the log-houses, but soon rejoined the travellers, as his agility was more than equal to that of the tired horses.

At length, after many days hard travelling, and many nights passed in the open air, Mr. Marvin and his family reached the village of Tonnewonte, situ-

ate on the creek of the same name, at a few miles distance from Lake Erie.

The next morning Mr. Marvin, followed by Cato, and guided by a man who was well acquainted with the surrounding country, rode out on horse back, to view his land. The survey pleased him greatly. It lay on a branch of the Tonnewonte creek, and proved to be of an excellent quality. On a further examination, they discovered, on Evelina's land, the remains of a beavers' dam, and a clearing of twenty acres, made by those industrious little animals.

"See, massa," cried Cato, "the beaver save us much trouble. How soon, massa, we can here clear a large field, and have it ready to sow with winter wheat."

"You are right, Cato. Here is a good beginning, and we may, in time, have a fine farm. May we not hope that it will yet equal Vanderhausen farm?"

"Ah massa, Cato be grey, before this be farm like massa Vanderhausen's."

"Industry and perseverance, Cato, perform many wonders."

The land had been surveyed, and nothing remained, but to settle it. A camp was immediately constructed, and improvements commenced. Miss Marvin and her little niece lodged at the village while a house was building, but Lany was required at the farm, to cook for the men.

Mr. Marvin was soon known and respected by his neighbors, and the Bee he gave, to draw out logs, with which to construct his intended habitation, was numerously attended, while the guests were plenteously regaled with whiskey and spirits; and Lany cooked them an excellent dinner.

A sufficiency of logs was drawn, in one day, to

construct the building; and, shortly after, another Bee was given, to hew and put them together; when Cato shewed that he could handle an axe with any white man in the west; and Ephraim Marvin demonstrated, that he had not entirely forgotten his early dexterity, at his father's farm, in Connecticut.

Mr. Marvin soon had a convenient habitation to receive his family in. It was built of square logs, intersecting each other at right angles, the interstices being filled with mortar, and the roof covered with shingles. It consisted of a large kitchen at one end, with a fire place nearly the breadth of the room. The other end of the house contained a sitting room, from which were partitioned two small bed rooms; these occupied all the ground floor, and the loft served them for a store room and granary.

Into this house the furniture, brought in their wagon from New-York, was arranged, to the greatest possible advantage. The building was situated on an eminence, at the foot of which murmured the brook, as it rolled by its tributary waters, and, turning a mimic point, discharged itself into the Tonnewonte creek. Opposite the house was the remains of the beaver dam, but the industrious little animals, while clearing the land, had spared two large chesnut trees, which crowned the summit of the hill, and now overhung the new habitation of our late citizens.

Miss Marvin was delighted with the situation, and took possession of her new habitation, buoyant with the hope of future happiness. Evelina was pleased with the novelty, and Theodore gratified with every thing.

Miss Marvin had a high opinion of externals and propriety of appearance. She, therefore, employed Cato to procure lime, and, with the assistance of Lany, whitewashed the whole outside, as well as inside, of their dwelling.

Their neighborhood was composed entirely of new settlers, adventurers from various countries, who came there with very little capital, and had simply built, each a log cabin, containing one, or at most two rooms.

Among these, Marvin's mansion rose pre-eminent; and their neighbors, judging by the magnificence of the dwelling, conjectured that the new settlers must be fore-handed people. With our coats out at elbow, and our garments much decayed, we may harangue on freedom and equality. With empty pockets, we may descant on the nothingness of riches. We may, if very eloquent, be perhaps attended to; but, let a moneyed man enter, and interrupt us with some trifling remark, our eloquence will then be unheeded by all present. They will be attending to the votary of Pluto.

This maxim was displayed in the case of our new settlers. All their neighbors were willing and ready to oblige them. Self interest certainly mixed with their feelings; for, if Mr. Marvin gave a bee, all invited were sure to be well entertained. If he purchased any thing, or hired assistance, he was sure to pay in ready money. This was very satisfactory in a newly settled country, where money was very scarce. So Mr. Marvin instantly rose into a man of consequence. This flattered his vanity, and rendered him highly pleased with his situation.

Our new settler and his negro immediately set about preparing the partially cleared land for sowing a crop of winter wheat; and, with a little assistance, they actually prepared fifteen acres that season.

This was a good beginning. Mr. Marvin had high hopes of success. He felt his health and animal spirits improve with constant exercise, and his

life was now unimbittered by domestic uneasiness. On his return home from his labor, his little Evelina flew to receive her father. A blazing fire, clean hearth, and comfortable supper awaited him. Aunt Martha always received her brother with a cheerful smile. Ah, thought Marvin, how could I thus flit away the best years of my existence! Hitherto I have only dreamed of happiness. Now I begin to realize it.

But he had constant employment, even after his fall crop was sown. Every morning, with the rising sun, Mr. Marvin, Theodore and Cato, set out to work. They were busily employed in preparing a pasture ground, and in clearing land, on which they meant to raise, the following year, a crop of indian corn, pumpkins, and potatoes, not only for family use, but also to feed the stock that was to be purchased, and of which, during the first year, they very much felt the want.

Lany was very diligent in her department, while aunt Martha, besides superintending the household concerns, prepared stockings and mittens, for the whole family. Evelina was busily occupied in learning to knit and sew, and frequently ran about with Theodore. Thus the languor of ennui found no place in this dwelling, although inhabited by those who had so recently enjoyed the conveniences and refinements of the polished city of New-York, and were now suddenly transported into the depths of the wilderness.

In this manner passed the winter. In January and February, great quantities of snow had fallen. The month of March had arrived. The sun was very powerful through the day, but was succeeded by sharp frosts during the night, a good season this for making sugar.

Cato and Theodore had paid a visit to a neigh-

boring sugar-bush, and were very eager for one of their own; but, as they were novices in the art, Mr. Marvin engaged the services of Jerry Bushman, a stout young fellow of the neighborhood, who undertook to be manager of the concern. An excellent maple bush was within a quarter of a mile's distance from the house. Miss Marvin and Evelina walked out, one fine day, to see the proceedings; but, not knowing the way, they were soon involved in the snow, without any means of extricating themselves; for the heat of the sun had thawed the crust, and rendered the snow so soft, that it could no longer bear them.

Evelina, quite discouraged, began to cry, when her aunt advised her to be quiet, and listen, if they could not discern some noise, that might guide them to the path. But all was silent. They listened in vain. Evelina again made up her face for crying, when the stentorian lungs of Jerry were heard, exclaiming, "you lazy nigger you, will you not work? do you then calculate for me to do every thing? I guess then you reckon without your host. Bring along some wood and mend the fire, you nigger. Theodore, you lazy boy, make haste, and bring along some sap. There now, you black rascal, do you mean to make such a fire as to burn the sugar all up? Throw in some sap; be spry you fellow. What do you mutter? I guess, you black nigger, I have enough to do, to stir the kettle."

These were joyful sounds for aunt Martha and her niece. They now knew in what direction to proceed; but they sunk in the snow at every step, and could make no progress. Evelina screamed with all her might. Presently Theodore was seen, bounding forward. He caught her in his arms, and set her down in the beaten path, which had been concealed from them by the trees. But he could not

so easily assist aunt Martha, though he endeavored to direct her in the best way to proceed, when Cato appeared with a wooden spade on his shoulder, with which he soon cleared away the snow, for Miss Marvin to reach the main path. Theodore then offered them a drink of sap, from a vessel formed of birch bark, pinned together with a wooden skewer, which he took from under a tree, where it was placed for the purpose of collecting sap.

After drinking of this pleasant beverage, they proceeded to the sugar camp. Jerry was stirring the great kettle with much diligence. He raised his eyes as they approached him. "Good day, madam, a fine time this for sugar making. Will you taste some molasses, my little gal? Stop, I will put some to cool on the snow, and then it will be candy, you see."

He threw out two or three ladles full, but continued stirring the kettle, while Theodore gathered it up, and presented it to aunt Martha, and Evelina, who found it indeed excellent candy.

Spring advanced, and brought a new accession of joy to our happy family. The chesnuts, enveloped in green foliage, beautifully contrasted with the white washing of the cottage. The slope down the hill was variegated with differing shades of verdure, enlivened with flowers of various hues. Wild strawberries, and many other berries, put forth their blossoms. A beautiful green began to cover their wheat field. The vast surrounding forest put on a more cheerful appearance. Great flocks of pigeons kept passing over, and proved marks for the rifles of Theodore and Cato, and subjects for the display of aunt Martha and Lany's culinary skill. But this was only sport. Our farmers had to be very diligent in sowing their spring crop.

Mr. Marvin now bought a yoke of oxen, some

cows, sheep, and poultry. All prospered with him. Their harvest was excellent. Their poultry increased. The cattle thrived. From the fleeces of the sheep was taken a store of materials for aunt Martha's occupation, to furnish articles of winter comfort for the household. Several swarms of bees, which they procured, multiplied very fast, and furnished an abundant supply of honey for home consumption.

The settlers encreased fast around them. The land rose in value, and appearances seemed to prognosticate, that Ephraim Marvin would in a few years, be a much richer man, than he had ever been before.

In the course of the ensuing summer, Mr. Marvin was appointed a captain of militia; and in the following year, received a commission of the peace. Captain Marvin now found himself a man of greater consequence at Tonnewonte, than alderman Marvin had ever been at New-York.

CHAPTER VI.

O say, what language can reveal
Th' exalted pleasures you must feel,
When, fir'd by you, the youthful breast
Disdains to court inglorious rest.
And to the world's admiring gaze,
(Each precept into action brought)
In full reality displays
The liberal maxims you have taught!

Roscoe.

'SQUIRE Marvin had been four years settled at Tonnewonte. He was now a man of substance, and had he been as near to market, would scarcely have yielded to farmer Vanderhausen himself. He had upwards of an hundred acres cleared. His farm was well stocked, and he had every thing in plenty around him. His outward expenditure was very little; for his provisions, except a few trifling luxuries, were all raised on the farm. Every year some new trees of his young orchard bore fruit; for he had planted it, on his first settlement, and had, for that purpose, bought the most thriving plants, that could be procured from the old settlements on the lakes. He had this year made a little cider, and soon expected to make it in greater abundance. Our new settlers also raised flax, and their sheep supplied wool, out of which the family clothing, bedding, &c. was manufactured at home.

Cato and Lany were married; and two little black recruits promised in a few years, to assist in managing the farm. It was now high time to erect a more capacious, and elegant mansion. Upon Theodore's land there was a good site for a mill, on the same stream that ran before the house. Here capt. Marvin had caused a saw mill to be erected, and had laid by the choicest timber, for building a new dwelling; and he now built a capacious two story frame house,

on the eminence, in front of the old log building, which then served to lodge the negroes in. This mansion was painted white, and aunt Martha had palisades planted down to the brook's edge. They enclosed the flower garden, in which Evelina and her aunt cultivated all the variety of Flora's kingdom, that they could procure. Cherry, plum and peach trees were also scattered through the garden, and currant bushes planted against the palisades. The gigantic chesnuts still remained, overshadowing the house, and the whole, from the opposite side of the brook, had a very pleasing effect.

Theodore was now a fine, tall youth of eighteen, full of courage and activity, and Evelina had attained her thirteenth year. Capt. Marvin bestowed all his intervals of leisure on the education of this darling of his affections, and for this he was very competent, for to a strong mind, and good abilities which he had seduously cultivated, capt. Marvin now joined knowledge and experience of the world. He soon discovered uncommon abilities, and quickness of perception in his little Evelina, and sufficient solidity, to engraft solid knowledge on her ductile mind.

During the long winter evenings, Theodore pursued, under the direction of his benefactor, those studies, he had commenced at the academy. In mathematics and history capt. Marvin was a proficient; and Theodore had made great progress under his instruction. The study of his native tongue had formed part of the youth's school education. He still spoke it fluently, and taught it to Evelina. The amiable girl was likewise making considerable progress in her education. Her father strove to render her superior to the fears and littleness, too often prevalent in many of her sex; and he thought that a mind well stored with useful knowledge would teach her to contemn the idle tittle tattle and inclination

for scandal, that so many employ, as a subterfuge for killing time. It has already been observed, that she possessed great strength and decision of mind. This, her father apprehended, might without proper culture, degenerate into materials for forming a shrew. He had therefore, from her earliest infancy, endeavoured to render her gentle and docile; and he had gradually effected his purpose. As she grew older, he taught her to regulate and check all excess of temper; and, to illustrate precept by example, he displayed to her many instances of the fatal effects of ungovernable temper; and taught her to regard what is generally denominated getting in "possession," as the mark of a weak and little mind, incapable of restraining its ebullitions. Evelina had sufficient powers of intellect to profit by these instructions, and would have been as much ashamed at being caught in a passion, as though she had been guilty of some act of meanness or illiberality.

Capt. Marvin had brought with him a choice selection of books. To these, Theodore had unlimited access; and Evelina read those that were recommended by her father. With these advantages, and disadvantages, our two youths, reared in the western wilds, possessed perhaps more real information, than the most forward scholar, in any modern academy.

These studies, as has been before related, were mostly prosecuted during the winter evenings; but capt. Marvin took every opportunity of exciting their thirst for information; and aunt Martha, who imbibed all her brother's opinions, and had resuscitated to her better self, since she had so happily presided at Tonnewonte, co-operated in all his plans for their education and improvement, until the [illegible] grown so interwoven with her own ideas, that they seemed also to have emanated from her.

Theodore one evening consulted the captain, on the propriety of studying a treatise on tactics, that had fallen into his hands.

"You do well, my son," said his benefactor, "to prosecute any means of information, that may fall in your way. Though, to a superficial observer, it might appear folly for a backwoodsman to be employed in studying tactics; yet a more reflecting mind would observe, that this same youth, may in some unforseen exigency, by the information thus acquired, prove of great benefit to himself and others. We, my children, live in a country, where the meanest citizen may aspire to the highest honours, without having his birth commented on to his prejudice. In America, we have no real distiction, excepting education; for it is one of the principles of our constitution, 'That all men are born free and equal.' Yet, it is an equality of rights, and not of circumstances or success in life. Reflect, my children, and you will observe a great difference between man and man. This mostly results from education, though there have been exceptions. Some great minds have suddenly emerged from the greatest ignorance and obscurity, into the most dazzling paths of glory; but such splendid meteors are rare. We, my children, if we wish to be prepared to act with honour in every contingency, must steadily pursue all the means of information, that lie in our power."

It was not only the mind of his daughter, that engrossed the attention of capt. Marvin. He wished her to possess health, bodily activity, and courage. He, therefore, incited her to learn to ride, and controul the wildest horses, to run with swiftness, to accompany himself and her brother (for so he was called) in excursions round the woods, and to see with calmness the sudden appearance of any wild animal. Under the guidance of her father, and of Theodore,

Evelina also become quite dexterous in the use of fire arms. Nor were her household acquirements neglected. She could spin, knit, and sew with much dexterity, and manage the household affairs nearly as well as aunt Martha; while Theodore was as active and industrious, and as good a farmer, as any youth in the western settlements.

The offices of magistrate and captain of militia, held by Mr. Marvin, necessarily obliged him to have considerable communications with his neighbours, who all respected him. But aunt Martha had never been fond of occasional society. The only company in which she enjoyed herself, was that of her own family; yet she received the visits of their neighbours with great civility and complaisance: and occasionally returned a formal visit, upon a formal invitation. This greatly enhanced the respect paid her; and, in the minds of the females of the vicinity, the idea of a highly finished lady, and that of Miss Marvin in her black satin gown, were so closely blended, it would have been difficult to have separately analysed them.

The young people were more sociable. Theodore and Evelina often assisted at quilting parties, paring frolics, &c. when they pared the peaches, or apples, with equal dispatch, and, after the allotted quantity was finished, played at pawns with as much animation, as any Miss, or youth in the vicinity; and Evelina could quilt with any full grown young woman, while Theodore, with some other smart beau, would thread the needles; and, when the quilt was rolled up, they both danced with the highest glee, and greater gentility than any other of the company; for Evelina was all native grace, and Theodore, who had learned to dance at his academy, had instructed his little sister in the first steps of the art.

One fine winter evening, the year after the build-

ing of their new house, aunt Martha was prevailed on by her neice, to accompany her and Theodore to a husking, at a wealthy farmer's. Theodore bro't his new one horse cutter to the door, and assisted aunt Martha to get in, while Evelina sprang in lightly, by their side.

The road lay through the midst of the forest; but the moon shone brightly, and its lustre was reflected by the dazzling whiteness of the snow. The horse and sleigh bounded lightly over the level road. The good Mrs. Baxter received them with great pleasure; and, after assisting to dismantle them, in her large sitting room, conducted her guests into the roomy kitchen, which was stowed full of indian corn, which a merry party was disencumbering of its husks.

Aunt Martha was received with great respect. The most commodious recess in the corn, was assigned to her, as a seat; and they all again cheerfully prosecuted their employment, while the merry joke went round, and cider and apples were distributed as refreshments.

They very early finished husking the heaps of corn, and then adjourned to the sitting room, where a large tea-table was set out, loaded with apple pie, and peach pie, pumpkin pie, and custard pie, stewed apples, and dried peaches stewed; warm bread and butter, and cold bread and butter; dough nuts, and sweet cake, and cakes of every description. Of these luxuries the guests all partook heartily. The table was then cleared away, when a fiddler made his appearance, and the younger part of the company merrily danced to the music.

At length aunt Martha signified to Theodore, that the moon would soon be down, and they had best take advantage of its remaining light to return home. The cutter was soon brought to the door. Aunt

Martha and Evelina embarked, and with them Phœbe Ann Anderson, a young girl who lived next to the Marvins, and whom they were to set down at her father's.

Theodore, all animation, drove rapidly along, conversing gaily with the ladies, when the cutter, shooting down a hill, was suddenly checked with the shock, and both its shafts snapped off short——. How to proceed, was now the difficulty. They were still five miles from home; but the log house of a new settler, was only at half a mile's distance. Theodore first taking the precaution of tying the horse to a tree, ran off, promising to return in a few moments with an axe and nails, to repair the fractured shafts.

The night was cold; the moon fast declining, and the ladies closely wrapt their cloaks around them, with a wish that Theodore might soon appear. Suddenly Phœbe Ann gave a loud shriek, and covered her head. The others gazed eagerly around, but their attention was presently arrested by a large bear, that was advancing towards them, followed by a cub. The rugged animal glared at them with fiery eyes. The shriek had attracted her attention, and she was approaching with rapidity.

"She will devour us," said aunt Martha, with seeming composure, "there is no help, but in the Lord."

Evelina hastily arose. Her foot stumbled over the rifle, that Theodore seldom stirred without, on foot, or in his sleigh. She caught up the gun, and pointed it towards the animal. She drew the trigger. It flashed in the pan. The bear glared furiously at sight of the flash; and growling, approached towards them. Evelina caught up the powder horn, primed the piece anew, and took aim again. The muzzle almost touched the bear. She fired. The ball pier-

ced the animal's head, and it fell howling on the ground. Our young American hastily re-loaded the piece; for she knew in what part of the sleigh Theodore kept his amunition.

The cub began licking its dam, and Evelina, with the gun in her hand, kept her eyes fixed on the terrific pair.

Theodore, alarmed by the report, appeared bounding forward. "The rifle has then gone off," cried he, "how careless was I to load it, when so many ladies were in the sleigh! But none of you can be hurt; for the muzzle was so placed, that it could not possibly injure ony one in the cutter."

Evelina turned towards him. "O, you have the gun, Evelina. It was then a frolic of yours." She pointed to the bears. "Gracious Heaven," exclaimed the youth.

"You may thank God," said aunt Martha, "who inspired Evelina with courage, to shoot the wild beast, as it was springing to seize her."

Theodore cast on his young companion, a look of admiration. "My brave little sister."

"Any person would have done the same in self defence," said the young girl. "Danger would make a coward brave."

"It would rather deprive him of his faculties," replied the youth, "but give me the gun. The cub may become troublesome, while I am mending the shafts."

He then shot the young animal through the head, when it fell dead by the side of its dam. Phœbe Ann gave another shriek. They turned to her. She was in violent hysterics, and had been so, during the whole agitating scene.

The horse, accustomed to the sound of fire arms, had not broken his fastening, although he had been very restless, since the first appearance of the shag-

gy animal. Theodore endeavoured to quiet him, and hastily patched his shafts, while aunt Martha and Evelina, by much soothing, partially recovered Phœbe Ann. They then drove on, and leaving their companion at her father's soon arrived home; when Theodore, taking Cato with him, hastened back, in a light sled, for the slain bears.

At breakfast, the following morning, capt. Marvin was informed of the adventure of the preceding night. "I am pleased with your presence of mind, my dear Evelina," said he, "I should not, indeed, like to see my daughter an Amazon; but I wish her to possess fortitude, and true courage, to be able to distinguish between aggression, and self defence; and to have always sufficient presence of mind, to repel any sudden danger, that may not surpass her strength."

Sometime after this, a neighbour came to inform them, that "Friend Hannah Reeves, from Philadelphia, who was making a visit of love, round the western country, would, God willing, exhort that evening, at Farmer Jones'." At this information, Cato was directed to harness the two horse sleigh, and capt. Marvin, aunt Martha, Theodore, and Evelina embarked, and drove to the meeting.

An elderly Quakeress was seated between two elders, in the largest room in the house, which was nearly filled with people of various appearance, collected from all the neighbourhood, which term included a circuit of several miles.

The deepest silence reigned in the apartment, when the female preacher arose, and delivered a sensible discourse, strictly scriptural. By degrees, warmed with the importance of the subject, she kindled into enthusiasm. The hearts of her audience were affected, their consciences awakened, and many retired with a resolution to amend their

future lives, and endeavour to make their peace with Heaven.

Our party entered the sleigh in a more thoughtful mood, than they had left home. Capt. Marvin had been frequently and powerfully awakened to religion, in very early life; but his mind, naturally reserved, was particularly averse to discover its inward workings to others; so that as he advanced in life, and had his attention withdrawn to other pursuits, the change was scarcely perceived by his most intimate associates, as he uniformly preserved the most rigid morals, and the greatest propriety of demeanor. When he left Connecticut, ambition began to dislodge religion from his heart. With improved opportunity, he explored a more liberal field of study; and experience of mankind gradually displayed to him, many hitherto hidden recesses of the human heart.

This weakened his belief in many things, that he had formerly considered as sacred; but, with the mists of superstition, and trammels of sect, he dropped much of the vitality of religion; and during his career of prosperity, was little more than in name a christian, though he constantly attended public worship. But, often his retreat to the woods, during the many hours of solitude that he was obliged to spend amid the deep loneliness of the wilderness, the early recollections and associations of his childhood returned, with redoubled force, and he was powerfully recalled from nature's works, to nature's God. In these hours of solitude, he found a vacuum in his heart, that religion alone could fill; and he endeavoured to find her. But still his opinions on the subject were, like his personal character, not perfectly similar to that of any other individual.

No place of worship had yet been built, in the settlement; but this caused little anxiety to capt.

Marvin. He was content, like the Israelites in the time of the Judges, "to worship God under the shade of his own fig-tree." He often derived much satisfaction from the discourses of itinerant preachers, of different denominations, who frequently passed thro' the new settlements. Capt. Marvin's house was always open for their reception, and his best room was occasionally appropriated, as a place of meeting; yet the owner chose not to join any of the associations they established.

Capt. Marvin wished to infuse religion into the hearts of his pupils; but he wished to establish her there, free from superstition and party rancour. His instructions were consequently rather indefinite, but calculated to excite the attention of the young, ardent and enquiring minds, that he was endeavouring to inform. They connected what their father, for whose opinions they had a great respect, taught them, with what they heard from the different preachers, who came to the settlement, and each formed a little code of their own.

Aunt Martha's opinions were also singular, and rather tinctured with her former close study of the prophecies, but her religion was sincere, and had now assumed a much more cheerful cast, and her sentiments, originally elevated, had become more natural and consistent, during her present dwelling with her brother, when they mutually studied to attain the most efficient mode of education for their amiable pupils.

CHAPTER VII.

Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Then let the trial come! and witness then,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength,
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld. AKENSIDE.

AMIDST these avocations and amusements, the summer arrived; and one fine morning, a young neighbour brought Theodore the pleasing intelligence, that the great house at Fair-Valley was again inhabited, and William Parker arrived with his family.

Fair-Valley lay about five miles from Marvin farm. A pleasant stream ran through the midst, which, after a few more windings, emptied itself into Lake Erie.

Mr. Parker, a merchant from Philadelphia, had purchased a large tract of land upon speculation. On examining his purchase, he was struck with the beauties of this delightful vale, and built there a handsome country seat. He spared no expense in improvements on the land, which he retained in his own hands; while he leased out the rest, on terms very advantageous to the tenants, to induce them to settle there. It was Mr. Parker's delight, during the months of July and August, to retire from business, and amuse himself in this retreat with rural employments. During the last two summers of his life, he had brought his nephew William with him. Mrs. Parker's excessive fondness for her son would not perhaps have permitted this, but she knew his uncle was wealthy, and had no children; and, altho'

William was already possessed of a large estate in Maryland, well stocked with negroes, yet the prudent mother, thought an accession of fortune not a mere matter of indifference. Young Parker was then permitted to accompany his uncle to Fair-Valley, where his health was at least as much improved as his fortune; for the blind fondness of his mother had reared him in the greatest delicacy.

Mrs. Parker was the widow of an opulent planter, whose well cultivated plantation lay on Chesapeake bay. He had died when William was but ten years old. The widow could not trust her only child at a boarding school. A tutor was therefore procured, and the lad profited by his studies as much as boys so situated generally do. He studied when he pleased, and when he did not feel disposed for application, his mother desired that he might be excused.

If William, at eighteen, was not learned, he was at least superficially acquainted with every thing, and when he chose to display his acquirements, would astonish his mother and her companion Mrs. Maxwell, with his surprising erudition.

But, what was most prejudicial to William, was the abject servility of his numerous slaves, over whom he exercised the most unbounded despotism. Accustomed to command in every thing, he conceived his will to be an indisputable law; and, though gentle, when unresisted, he was extremely irritable, and violent, when his inclinations were opposed. Yet, born with a good natural disposition, William Parker still retained many amiable qualities. He had contracted acquaintance with Theodore, during his occasional residence at Fair-Valley. William was extremely fond of rambling through the woods with his new companion, and as fond of calling at Marvin house. The family

there, so different from what he had been accustomed to, highly interested his curiosity, as well as his better feelings. His emulation was also excited, to equal his back country friend, and this spirit of excitement had produced on him much good effect.

The elder Mr. Parker had now bade adieu to the hopes and fears of this world. He had left Fair-Valley, with all its appurtenances, to William Parker, and his mercantile concerns to another nephew, who had been bred to business in his house.

William had with much entreaty, prevailed on his mother to accompany him to take possession of his new estate. He extolled the beauty of the place, and its vicinity to the Niagara Falls, the grand resort of fashionable curiosity. He praised the good effects this jaunt would probably have, in bracing her nerves, and fortifying the general debility of frame, of which she was constantly complaining. Mrs. Parker would have preferred an excursion to some fashionable eastern medical spring; but William would not be disappointed in his favorite scheme, and Mrs. Parker could not pursue her plan unaccompanied by her son, and at length, worn out by his importunity, she acquiesced, and the family, consisting of Mrs. Parker, her companion Mrs. Maxwell, who was a widow, and a distant relation of the former, master William, and several household negroes, had now arrived at Fair-Valley.

Theodore hastened over to visit his friend William, the latter returned with him, and was kindly received by aunt Martha. The southern youth was much struck with the improvement the last year had effected on the person of Evelina, and complimented her so highly, that she blushed with surprize; for, totally unaccustomed to fashionable hyperbolism, she was at a loss to conceive his meaning.

a mutual exchange of compliments, through the medium of the young men, passed between the ladies of both families; but aunt Martha could not be prevailed upon to call on Mrs. Parker.

Early one fine morning, Theodore with his gun in hand, called at the Valley, and, after breakfast, he and William set out on a rambling expedition, their pockets well stored with provisons. They met with game, and were so eager in the pursuit, that the meridian sun still found them in the forest.

The brilliant luminary was slowly sinking beneath the western lakes. The afternoon had been extremely sultry. Scarcely a breath of air could be inhaled. All nature seemed in a torpor. The wild animals fled to the highest eminences. There they extended their parched tongues and distended nostrils, to inhale the vital principle of corporeal existence. A few birds fluttered their wings high aloft in the air, then sunk involuntarily on the extended branches of the motionless trees, apparently through want of capability in the air to support them. Nature alone was discerned, nature wild, grand, terrific, undebased by the petty efforts of art to improve the splendid designs of the great Architect of the universe.

The surrounding stillness continued. It chilled the vital powers of animation, with a shivering sensation of undescribable sublimity. Suddenly Theodore discharged his fowling piece. All nature seemed to start into a chaos of confusion. The noise reverberated from rock to rock, in apparently endless succession. Echo caught the sound, returned and prolongued it, in every direction. Myriads of the feathered choir started, from the heavy foliage of the forest, and fluttered over the deep hollow, from whence the disturbance proceeded. The startled deer bounded through the glades. The bear

rushed from his den. Wild discordant cries encreased the agitation, and tumult succeeded the apathy, that a moment before seemed to pervade the surrounding scene. On the first explosion, a partridge fell from a tree. Theodore sprang forward, and caught it up. "Are you mad, Theodore," said William, "to stop to shoot now?"

"We have then been mad all day," said Theodore, as he paused to attach the partridge to the bunch of game that was slung over his shoulder.

"But, have we not game enough?" cried William, "Hark! is not that the howling of a wolf? He will discover us."

"We have arms to defend ourselves," said Theodore, loading his fowling piece.

"Let us return home," said the southern youth, "for a storm is approaching, and we may perish in this wilderness;" and he hastened up the steep acclivity, that lay before him. Theodore followed with a firm stept and intrepid air. His black eyes shone with the lustre of excitement, while his hand brushed aside the dark locks from his sun burnt face, as, on reaching an eminence, he turned to view the scene that lay behind him. His companion cried out, with impatience, "make haste, Theodore, the storm is approaching." The latter sprang forward and joined William, whose tall, slender frame, and delicate complexion, seemed, as he leaned against an oak, unable to cope with the approaching terrors.

Theodore again paused. he gazed eagerly around. "What a vast, sublime scene," he exclaimed.

"What a terrific one," said his light haired companion.

"How awfully grand! How sublimely terrific!" cried Theodore. "See that streak of light. Observe those two portentous clouds. They meet

and encounter. like the threatening approach of two hostile armies, ready to decide the fate of empires. They meet! They explode! How awful is the roar of Heaven's artillery! The scene is too great for mortal powers. It transports me beyond this terrestial ball!"———He turned to his companion, but soon forgot his enthusiastic rapture, when he beheld the livid paleness of undisguised terror, that overspread the face, and trembled through the limbs of William Parker. "Are you not well, my friend?" cried he.

"Let us hasten home, Theodore," said Parker; and he ran over precipices, hills and crags, scarcely seeming to meet with any obstacle. Theodore, impelled by compassion, kept pace with him.

At length, panting for breath, they stopt in a hollow, at the foot of a steep hill. Theodore gazed around, with the ardent admiration of youthful intrepidity. The scene was indeed awfully sublime. The sun had disappeared. The uncertain dimness of twilight, was momentarily illuminated, by the vivid flashes of lightning, that played among the branches, until the foliage appeared embodied with the electric fluid, and formed a splendid blazing forest. From the opposite hill, rushed a foaming cataract, which formed, at their feet, a perpendicular cascade, that, illumined by the lightning, seemed a splendid sheet of fire. The dashing of the waters forming a cadence to the tremendous peals of thunder, that shook the hills, while echo prolonged the intermingled sounds, in wild repetition. Suddenly a most violent clap of thunder burst over their heads, and the rain descended in torrents.

"We cannot reach home tonight," said William. Theodore turned towards him, and was moved by the paleness of his companion's countenance, which another flash of lightning exposed to view. His eyes

eargerly sought relief, and another flash discovered to him a cavity in the rock; when, taking the arm of William, they entered the recess. Twilight had now passed away; and night, cased in the deepest gloom, succeeded. The lightning became less frequent, and the thunder roared more distant terror. The youths seated themselves on the rocky floor of their retreat.

"We cannot reach home to night," again repeated William.

"But we can, with the earliest dawn," replied Theodore, "and we may here pass the night, safe and dry. Fortunately we have refreshments with us, and William, what can we wish for more?"

"You are a brave young man, Theodore Marvin, you fear nothing."

"You are there mistaken, my friend. "Je crains Dieu, cher Abner." Yet I hope that I may confidently add, "et n'ai pas d'autre crainte."

"You may, indeed," said his companion, "you see nothing but delight, where others see but death and terror."

"Surely," said Theodore, "the countrymen of the immortal Washington, ought to be familiar with danger."————————A pause succeeded.

"Theodore," said the blue eyed youth, "I would not be a coward for an empire. I hope I have not so basely degenerated from our brave fathers, who purchased liberty with their lives.——Yes, I could face death, unappalled, in defence of my country; but these tremendous storms unman me. I cannot raise my head against the artillery of Heaven. I feel as if supernatural powers were then leagued against man. My nature recoils from thunder and lightning with an inward unconquerable sensation of dread."

"It is an unfortunate malady," said Theodore.

"Perhaps I owe it to my mother," said William, thoughtfully, "you know how delicate she is. Her terrors at thunder and lightning are invincible. She never restrained them, nor concealed them from me. Brought up with her, I imbibed her fears."

"I have no mother," ejaculated Theodore.

"And your aunt Martha is not a person to communicate terror," replied the Marylander, "I believe she never felt it. What courage have not your uncle and aunt infused into that little cousin of yours——! You are an extraordinary family."

"My uncle and aunt are both respectable," said Theodore. "But, my friend, let us not forget our supper. Perhaps you may make shift, for once, to eat not only unattended by your slaves, but also in the dark."

Our young backwoodsman then emptied his pockets. His companion followed his example. The thunder had ceased; but the rain continued. They eat with appetite; and, after drinking the remains of a small flask of wine, that William had provided, they extended themselves on the rock, and fatigued with their previous exertions, soon fell a sleep.

The sun was just emerging from the eastern extremity of the lakes. Its first rays, striking the rain drops, seemed to transform them into as many gems, when our two youths appeared on a large wind-fall, that formed a rustic bridge across a swollen brook. They darted foward along a narrow path, that wound through the forest. Theodore seemed all elasticity. William proceeded gaily along; but the redness of his eyes shewed that he had slept the preceding night on a harder couch than he was accustomed to. They paused near a clearing.

"Will you come and breakfast with me?" said William.

"You had better come with me, and partake of

some refreshment at our house," replied his companion, "a few minutes will bring us there. We have already travelled several miles this morning; for our yesterday's sport led us a long circuit. A cup of coffee will, I think, be very refreshing, and enable you to return at your ease, to Fair-Valley."

"But, my mother, I am now very anxious, lest my last night's absence should have alarmed her. Perhaps she has not been sensible of it; but should I not appear at breakfast, her alarm will know no bounds."

"True, William, hasten home, and I must also relieve my friends from whatever anxiety they may have experienced on my account."

The youths were moving forward, when a negro appeared on horse back.

"Oh, massa William, massa William! dat be you, indeed; tank God! tank God!"

"Why! What is the matter Dominic?"

"You be then alive, massa William? All the family fear very much to find you dead."

"And my mother?"

"Oh, misse no know you be gone, all night. The storm frighten misse to, dat she go to bed; but misse Maxwell afraid that misse ask for you. She send me most every where. They be gone all night. Misse Maxwell up early. She say to me, I can't rest, Dominic. Misse will soon awake; take horse, Dominic; hurry to massa Marvin, and see if massa William be there. So here you be, tank God. Come massa William, hurry home."

"Good morning, Theodore," said the young Marylander, as he mounted the horse. "Dominic, you may follow at your leisure."

Theodore hastened through the woods. In a field near the house, Cato was at work. "God bless you, massa Theodore," said the negro, as his young mas-

ter approached. The youth paused. "It does me good to see you, this morning, massa; for I don't know how, but my mind somehow misgave me, when I hear it storm so terribly, and you not at home; but we all tink you be gone to stay wid massa William, at Fair-Valley."

"Then the family are not uneasy on my account?"

"Not great deal uneasy; but misse Evelina up very early this morning. She seem uneasy."

"The affectionate girl," said Theodore, hurrying forward towards the house. In a moment, he was over the rustic bridge, had crossed the front garden, and was at the door. Evelina stood there. Her features were not regular. A statuary would not have termed her handsome; but sensibility and vivacity beamed through her dark blue eyes, and gave an inexpressible grace to her person. Her auburn hair escaped from the comb that was intended to confine it, and flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders. Her complexion had lost some of its original delicacy, by frequent exposure in the open air, and her cheek was pale, but the softened hue of the rose was often lighted there, and as quickly evaporated. She was simply habited, but there was more grace than rusticity in her appearance. Her countenance, as Theodore sprang and embraced her, turned still more pale; then was as suddenly overcast with the hue of pleasure. "Ah, Theodore, you are then safe, my brother?"

"Surely Evelina has not been uneasy on my account. What had I to apprehend! No danger was near."

"Do you think I could rest, when my only brother was exposed to all the fury of a tremendous storm?"

"And since when has Evelina grown such a coward?"

"It is true, Theodore, that my nerves are more firmly strung, than those of females generally are; and nature has not inspired my soul with a great susceptibility of fear. My father and aunt Martha, have strengthened this happy combination, by their example and instruction. They have taught us to fear God. This is sufficient; for we know that nothing can happen to us, but through the permission of the divine Arbiter of the Universe, who is infinitely merciful, and will, in the end, produce good from evil; but, Theodore, I can feel all this myself; but can I calmly reason thus on the fate of another, when that other is in imminent danger; at least, what appears danger to my imagination, and that other, with my father, and aunt, the only interesting objects of my affections?"

"My little philosopher speaks well," said the youth tenderly.

"I am young," replied Evelina, "and can only respect the precepts I have been taught; yet I think that I can feel them too."

Aunt Martha now made her appearance. "Good-morning, Theodore. You have then returned. You spent the night at Fair-Valley?"

"No, aunt Martha, it was passed in a cave."

"Indeed! and were you alone?"

"William Parker was with me."

"It is good, Theodore, to experience, sometimes, such difficulties; for in youth, we cannot conjecture what our more advanced age may be exposed to; yet, had I known you were out in the forest, during the violent storm of last night, I should have felt much anxiety on your account."

"We were well sheltered, aunt Martha; for we found a very convenient cave, in which we slept dry and comfortably; and I never felt better in my life, than I do at present."

"It gives me pleasure, Theodore," replied aunt Martha, "to hear that you can bear such deprivations without detriment to your health; but I should have thought that the delicate manner in which Mr. Parker has been reared, would have rendered the poor accomodations of your cave very inconvenient to him."

"He had not time to think of that, dear aunt, for he was the first to fall asleep, and I was not many minutes awake."

"Fatigue is indeed the best couch-maker," said aunt Martha, "but come in. My brother is waiting breakfast, which will, I think, not prove unacceptable to Theodore."

Mrs. Parker was seated on the piazza the following morning, enjoying the cooling breeze, when William hastily approached, carrying his fowling piece.

"When, mother, are you to pay your first visit to Mr. Marvin's?" enquired the son.

"Why, William, am I not a stranger here? And is it not their duty first to call on me?"

"You forget, mother, that Miss Marvin is too old to walk five miles, for a morning call, and that she no longer rides on horseback. They keep no carriages, and her niece is too young to pay a visit, unaccompanied by a chaperone. And, mother, did not Miss Marvin send her compliments by her nephew, and that she would be very happy to see you at their house, and entertain you in the best manner she could."

"An old maid and a child are then the only company in our reach, at this blessed seat of yours, William?"

"As for company, madam, there are several very genteel families within a dozen miles of us, and you have excellent horses; but, believe me, you will find no society so agreeable as that of the Marvin's.

They are none of your common place folks. Miss Marvin is intelligent and respectable. Capt. Marvin is a man of consequence in these parts. You have seen Theodore; but, ah mother, you have never seen Evelina."

"I must then see Evelina," said Mrs. Parker, "we will go to-morrow."

"I shall then present your compliments, mother, as I call for Theodore, and say that you will to-morrow do yourself the pleasure of calling on Miss Marvin," said William hastening down the steps.

"William, William," cried his mother, "you will return to dinner;" but William was out of sight.

The following day, a pleasure wagon, containing Mrs. Parker, her son and Mrs. Maxwell, and driven by a negro, stopt at Marvin house. They were expected. Capt. Marvin and Theodore handed the ladies out, while aunt Martha and Evelina received them at the door. The first compliments over, Mrs. Parker felt embarrassed with the brother and sister, and turned round with a sensation of relief to the pre-possessing appearance of the young Evelina.

After due praise had been bestowed on the house, farm, &c. mostly by the obsequious Mrs. Maxwell; "You live very retired," said Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, Madam," replied aunt Martha. "I have little communication with the settlers, excepting the mutual offices of neighborly kindness, that pass between us. But my brother has more intercourse with our neighbors, and the young people are more social."

"There are, I fear, but few genteel families in this neighborhood," observed Mrs. Parker, "you were probably ignorant of that circumstance, Capt. Marvin, when you formed an establishment here." "We made no enquiry on the subject," replied the

captain. "But, Miss Marvin, are you not fond of company?" "A woman of fifty, versed in the deception of the world, may well have lost all relish for promiscuous society, especially when enjoying as much happiness as I do, in the bosom of our own family," replied the maiden. "You possess a treasure," said her visitor, "in your amiable niece, who will soon be of sufficient age to share your confidence.

"Our children," replied Miss Marvin, "have indeed been a great source of satisfaction to my brother, and myself. Evelina is verging fast towards womanhood. She will soon have completed her fourteenth year."

"Would I had a daughter," said Mrs. Parker. "Her company would be a great relief to the irksomeness of solitude, in which I have to spend so much of my time."

"You generally live in the country?" observed aunt Martha.

"Yes, Madam, I was brought up on a plantation, and only removed from my father's house, to that of my husband. I but seldom visit cities, and then return home with much satisfaction; for it is there I most feel my consequence. At home every one looks up to me, and I then feel in my element."

"It is true," said Capt. Marvin, "that a long familiarity with one mode of life, renders a continuance of it almost indispensable. This demonstrates the propriety of accustoming children betimes to what is most consonant with reason, which, through the force of habit, will in the sequel, prove to them the most agreeable."

Mrs. Parker seemed always at a loss for an answer to both brother and sister. The wide range of their ideas were so dissimilar to her own, it required so much effort in her to answer them, that

she shrunk from the attempt. She now looked at her watch, and arose to depart, expressing a polite desire for a continuance of the acquaintance, and offering to send the carriage, whenever the ladies could make it convenient to visit Fair-Valley. Aunt Martha confined herself to one or two formal visits, but Evelina was more social. Her vivacity highly amused the southern lady, who found her rare remarks and [illegible]ant hilarity, a very efficacious remedy [illegible]nui, a complaint to which the good lady was very subject. Theodore and Evelina were likewise permitted, by Capt. Marvin, to accompany their southern friends to view the Niagara Falls, and also to make with them several other excursions. This gave our young people, as their father had foreseen, a little more knowledge of the world, and of genteel society.

In the beginning of August, the Parkers returned to Maryland. Our young people felt a vacuum in their mind, at the departure of their southern friends. Their frequent visits had greatly withdrawn them from their usual avocations; they found it extremely irksome to resume their customary routine, and they now felt oppressed with an unusual weight of listleness.

Capt. Marvin had not interrupted the preceding dissipation. He had been pleased at observing a new source of innocent amusement, opened for his darling daughter and adopted son. He did not dread their acquiring habits of idleness; for the stay of their opulent friends was to be very transient, and he foresaw that they would return, from this interval of dissipation, with encreased eagerness, to their usual pursuits and employments, when the attraction, that withdrew them, had ceased.

He now took no notice of their listless demeanor and apparent ennui; but wished, by letting them

perceive the weight of idleness, to attach them the more firmly to steady pursuits and constant employment.

CHAPTER VIII.

Long is it since I saw him,
"But time has nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his."

Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
"Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Will take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but be sure,
No less belov'd."

SHAKESPEARE.

BUT the business of the farm soon engrossed the attention of Theodore. Evelina once more occupied herself contentedly in household affairs. Winter returned, and they again partook of the rustic amusements of the new settlers, in which labour and diversion were blended together; and now, by the advice of Mr. Marvin, Theodore began to clear a spot on his land, which was to be sown the next season, and the crop disposed of for his own private emolument. He was likewise to plant an orchard, and to continue gradually clearing his land, that it might be prepared when he should wish to form an establishment for himself. He had, with the assistance of Cato, who was always ready and willing to help his young master, cleared twenty acres during the winter; and the negro was to have a new suit of Sunday clothes, a gown for his wife Lany, and a smart suit for little Pompy, who had likewise lent his assistance, out of the produce of massa Theodore's first harvest.

Encouraged by these brilliant expectations, they laboured diligently to sow both farms. It had been a fine day, in the month of May. Theodore and Cato were very assiduously employed, in finishing to harrow a field of grain. The sun was gradually

obscured. The clouds collected, and became dark and portentous. Little Pompy, who rode the horse, cried out, "Ah massa, see it rain!" "True," said Theodore, "but, before we go home, we must finish this row." But, before they had finished, the rain descended in torrents. They left the field; but there was no shelter, nearer than Capt. Marvin's house. They hastened towards home, while the darkness encreased, so that they could scarcely discern each other. Pompy sat on the horse, Theodore walked by his side. Presently they heard the sound of approaching steps. A voice, in broken English, cried out, "good night zirs! can you shew us the way to some Hotel? No great Hotel in these forests, to be zure, but some place where we may eat, and sleep, for de storm be very hard."

"You are probably a stranger," said Theodore.

"Yes, sir," said another voice, in good English, though with a foreign accent. "We are strangers, passing through your country, to visit the Niagara falls. Our horses, guide and servants are at Tonnewonte village. Count Leuchenburg and myself were inclined to try your pigeon shooting; and so strolled out this afternoon, only attended by Pierre, to carry our fowling pieces. We have been overtaken by the storm, and have lost our way. Will you oblige us, by pointing out, where we can procure lodging for the night."

"There is no public house in the neighbourhood;" said Theodore; "but I am certain that my uncle will be happy to accommodate you, if you will accompany us home."

"We accept your offer, with thanks," said the last spoken stranger.——————They all walked forward together, Pompy bringing up the rear, on the plough horse. The rain fell too fast for voluntary conversation. Silently they pursued on and

a few moments brought them to the door of the farm house. The blaze of a cheerful fire glimmered through the kitchen windows. Theodore opened the door. Capt. Marvin was seated by the fireside. Evelina was preparing supper, while aunt Martha and Lany were busily employed in household affairs. Theodore entered. The travellers followed. Capt. Marvin arose at the sight of strangers, Theodore turned round to view his companions. A very prepossessing and genteel young man, with animated dark eyes, stood foremost. His companion was a fair complexioned youth, of noble mien, with a rich cap on his head, bound with a golden band. Their servant Pierre, with a very honest countenance, though observant eye, stood modestly by the door. The whole appearance of the trio was decidedly foreign, but from what country, our back settlers could not immediately determine.

Theodore spoke; "These gentlemen have lost their way in the woods, and I have brought them here, uncle, to claim your hospitality."

"You did right, Theodore," said Capt. Marvin. "Gentlemen, you are welcome. Will you approach the fire?"

"We accept your courtesy with thanks, said the taller stranger. The heat of the fire is grateful; for the rain has quite soaked our garments." Saying this, he took the chair offered him by Capt. Marvin. The other stranger had turned his eyes very fixedly on Theodore; but he now approaced the fire, and accepted a seat.

"You must change your clothes, Theodore," said aunt Martha, "or you will certainly take cold."

"Shall we accommodate you, gentlemen, with a change of clothes?" said Capt. Marvin.

The younger stranger accepted the offer, with

many polite apologies for the trouble; when their host took a candle, and conducted his guests into another room, where they were furnished with dry garments; and Theodore hastened to his own room, to change himself. The third stranger then drew near the kitchen fire, and aunt Martha offered him a dry coat. "No tank you ma'am, but Pierre Schofbury not mind trifle. Dis be good fire, and I soon be very dry."

A cheering fire was now kindled in the best parlour, and a plentiful supper prepared, of which the strangers partook with the family. After the table was removed, Cato renewed the fuel, and retired to the kitchen, where he endeavoured to draw Pierre into conversation, who was nothing loth to chat with him.

The storm continued without. The rain battered against the window. The company in the parlour contracted their circle, around the social hearth.

"I understand, gentlemen," said Capt. Marvin, wishing to introduce a conversation, "that you intend visiting the Niagara falls."

"Our principle intention in coming to America," said the fair complexioned stranger, "was to visit that far-famed cataract, and ascertain the truth of the magnificent and sublime description given of it by tourists."

"The prospect will well reward the pains you have taken to see it," said Theodore.

"Will it indeed," said the stranger, his eyes brightening with pleasure. "If it but approach the description given of it by travellers, I shall not regret my visit to America."

"Count Leuchenburg," said the dark eyed stranger, "is enthusiastically fond of the picturesque, I tell him en badinage, that he is afflicted with the cataract mania."

"It is thus," exclaimed the count, "that Monsieur Le Vicomte de Luneville treats my taste for the sublime."

The young Vicomte smiled archly. His eyes met those of Theodore. He started.

"Certainly gentlemen, you are not natives of this wilderness? Your manners betray too much knowledge of the world, for that supposition."

"Six years will soon have elapsed, since I first settled here," said Capt. Marvin, "but I formerly resided in New-York."

"Indeed!" said de Luneville, "and this engaging young lady, and this gentleman are your children!"

"They are," replied Capt. Marvin.

"I must compliment you," said the stranger, "by observing that this young lady, lovely as she is, greatly resembles her father; but I see no family resemblance in the brother. He probably is like his mother?"

"I do not remember the looks of my mother," said Theodore. "You must,then, have lost her very young," observed the stranger? "She was probably of French extraction, for your family appear American, and your features are decidedly French."

"You must then be also French," said Evelina; "for your features, your smile, and even the sound of your voice, remind me of my brother."

"Do they indeed? exclaimed de Luneville. Excuse my seeming rudeness, sir; but is this young gentleman in reality your son? I think, on our entrance, he called you uncle."

"Theodore is my adopted son," replied Capt. Marvin. "Pardon my impertinence, said the stranger; but I beg to be permitted to enquire, if he be related to you?"

"I know not, sir, what motives may actuate your enquiries," replied Capt. Marvin. "The circum-

stances that introduced Theodore into my family, are not known out of it?"

The young Vicomte seemed greatly agitated. "We are strangers," said he, "we have not been three weeks in America, and but this morning arrived at Tonnewonte. I can therefore be actuated by no improper motive, in respect to you; but I beseech you, sir, to relate the circumstances to which you allude."

Capt. Marvin cast a penetrating glance at the strangers. "The account," said he, "is painful, graceful to the youth, nor to myself. Why, then, need I hesitate to mention it." He then recounted the manner in which Theodore was confided to his protection. The strangers listened with profound attention. He paused. De Luneville sprang from his seat, and seized his hand, "generous stranger, cried he, we cannot express the gratitude we feel for your disinterested kindness. Theodore embrace your brother!"

The youth was astonished; but nature asserted her sway, and the brothers were clasped in each others arms. "Count de Leuchenburg," cried the Vicomte, "congratulate me. I have found my brother, and he appears worthy of our family. This is Theodore de Clermont."

The Count arose, and embraced Theodore. "Young gentleman," said he, "I am your cousin, and I am proud of the relation, for your appearance will not disgrace the noble race de Clermont, and the Marquis de Beaucaire will be proud of his recovered son."

"I have, then, a father?" exclaimed Theodore. "You have a noble father, and a worthy one, replied Count Leuchenburg."

Capt. Marvin cast a sorrowful glance at his adopted son. The youth observed it, and, hastily taking

his hand, "O my father! you have not lost a son, I am still yours. Never shall the child of your charity forget the generous hand that reared him, that always conducted itself towards him with such uniform liberality, such unparalleled magnanimity."

Capt. Marvin, though little accustomed to outward demonstrations of affection, now embraced the child he had reared as his own. "My son," said he, with strong emotion—

Aunt Martha had listened patiently to all that had passed. The whole mortal affections of her soul were concentrated in these three objects of her attachment; and now appearances seemed to indicate that she was about to lose one of those ties that bound her to the world. Every other sensation was absorbed in this. "Theodore," cried she, "surely, my son, you will not leave us?"

"Impossible," exclaimed the youth.

"But my brother, we have a father, an aged father," said de Luneville, "who pines to recover his long lost son!"

"I must see my father," cried Theodore.

Evelina had hitherto been absorbed with surprize and interest, but the scene was now brought home to her feelings, and she burst into tears. "Are we then to lose you, my brother?" cried she. "What cruel fate directed these strangers here? We were so happy."

Theodore embraced her. "Weep not, Evelina," said he, "your brother will not forsake you."

Her eyes instantly brightened with vivacity, tho' a tear still trembled in the eyelash.

Capt. Marvin had now recovered his self possession, he wished to terminate this afflicting scene, and divert the attention of the company into another channel. He therefore enquired of the Vicomte how his brother came to be abandoned in New-Jersey.

"I will endeavor to satisfy you," said de Luneville; "but must first give some short account of my family." He then took a seat. Theodore placed himself between Evelina and aunt Martha. All were silent, and de Luneville thus began.

"Before the commencement of the fatal revolution, there was not in France a happier family, than that of de Clermont. My father could trace his pedigree from the time of Clovis. The family had been very powerful, and the wealth of several branches had recently centered in my father. Our mother was daughter to the Duke d'Auxerre. She was amiable and intelligent, and our parents were strongly entwined in the bonds of mutual affection. I was their eldest child, and had attained my seventh year, when my brother was born. We resided principally at the chateau of our ancestors in the neighborhood of Marseilles. My father had, during his youth, served in the army with credit, but, on his marriage, had resigned his commission. Possessed of domestic felicity, and the society of some chosen friends, he had no desire for the gaieties of Paris; and my mother's taste accorded with that of her husband. But the revolution exploded. Their felicity fled, and was succeeded by dread and terror.

"My grandfather had married an Austrian lady. Her brother often visited his nephew, accompanied by his son, Victor, my cousin here present. In 1792, my uncle, notwithstanding the difficulties of the undertaking, again paid us a visit; but it was to prevail on my father to bring his family to Austria, and there await the result of the chaos, that was then overwhelming France. "No," said my father, "I will not forsake my country. In her present critical situation, she requires the presence of all her faithful sons. It is too true, I may be im-

molated, still will I abide the storm; but the Marchioness and my sons may accompany you to Austria." "No, said my mother, I will not abandon my husband. I will remain with you my dear Marquis." "Be it so," said my father, "though appearances are gloomy, they may not be so desperate as we imagine, but I wish to guard against the extinction of my family. Uncle, I will commit my son Louis to your care. I have often thought of sending him for a year, or two, to Germany, that he might acquire the language. We will now carry this intention into effect, and De Luneville's education may proceed with that of your son Victor."

"I accordingly accompanied my uncle into Austria. The estate of my father continued tranquil, during the reign of terror that succeeded. At length blood thirsty men sought his life, and the Marquis was denounced as an aristocrat, and an enemy to the people; and, but for the timely information of a man who had formerly been his valet, but then held an office of importance, he would have perished by the guillotine. The murderers surrounded our house, when my father fled through a subterranean passage, gained a fishing boat, and effected his escape. My mother was to follow as soon as possible, and join the Marquis in Austria, but the blood thirsty ruffians did not allow her time, for before she could effect this design, they again surrounded the chateau. Their poison had been disseminated among the tenants, and those ungrateful churls joined in robbing the chateau. They had an order from a revolutionary tribunal, to seize my mother and conduct her to prison. Imagine her situation, with little Theodore in her arms, the chateau filled with ruffians, and no defence but the feeble lock of her closet. She sunk on her knees, and sought the protection of Heaven. The door

was burst open, our unfortunate mother shrieked, and clapsed her child to her bosom. But it was a deliverer who entered, Joseph was a favored servant of the family, had been born and reared on the estate." "Madame," he cried, "hasten to disguise yourself. I have brought you the dress of a paysanne." My mother looked on him as an angel from Heaven, and was quickly metamorphosed into a young paysanne. Joseph had, in the mean time, taken off the rich dress worn by Theodore, and clothed him in a course little gown and cap. "Now, Madame," said Joseph, "we will escape by the same subterranean passage that facilitated the departure of Monsieur Le Marquis, and once at a distance from the chateau, no one will recognize my lady."

My mother's maid, Marion, here made her appearance, but as she had nothing to apprehend from the assailants, she was directed to keep watch at the entrance of the passage, and entice away any person who might discover it.

My father had in the mean time retired to Austria. He there awaited my mother, but, receiving no tidings from her, his anxiety grew excessive, and he ventured to return to France, and visit his chateau in disguise. He found nothing but the bare walls remaining. In wandering round the place, he met Marion. From her the Marquis learnt the particulars I have related, concerning the fate of her mistress; but Marion knew no more. My father's anguish was excessive. He made all possible enquiry, but could obtain no clue, concerning the destiny of his lady. Our friends concluded, that the Marchioness must have perished, through the agency of the bloody government. My father narrowly escaped being seized, and again fled, almost distracted, to Austria, where he possessed a small estate,

which he inherited in right of his mother. These of our friends who remained in France, continued their enquiries concerning the Marchioness; but no tidings of my mother transpired."

"My father joined the Austrians and continued with their army, until the conclusion of the war between his Imperial Majesty and the French republic. He then retired to his little Austrian estate, and devoted the most of his time to my education."

"The great estate of my uncle lay contiguous to the little one possessed by my father. My cousin Victor and myself were inseparable. At the age of fifteen, he had the misfortune to lose his father. Mine was appointed his guardian; and he then resided with us. Years rolled on, and the hope of meeting my mother, or brother, had ceased to exist. My father could not forget this loss, and lived very retired; but, as we grew up, my cousin Leuchenburg and myself, often resided at his Hotel in Vienna. We also travelled together. The Count was very fond of the wild and magnificent scenes of nature, and we passed the whole of the last summer in Switzerland, visiting every part of that picturesque country.

"We were, one evening, benighted, near one of the glaciers, and were very much at a loss for a supper, and a place to lodge in; for the village where we had left our servants and baggage, was at too great a distance, to think of returning that night. While in this perplexity, we heard the tinkling of a bell, and presently perceived a little boy collecting his sheep. We made our necessities known to him, and he conducted us to his father's cot, situated on the declivity of the mountain.

"The mountaineer received us with great hospitality, while his wife hastily prepared us a supper, of their best shepherd's fare.

"Count Leuchenburg happened to address me by name. Our host started, "pardon me, gentlemen," said he, "but did not I hear the name of de Leuneville?"

"It is my appellation, I replied."

"Are you not from Provence, sir?"

"I was born there, replied I."

"You are, then, the eldest son of the late Marquis de Beaucaire?" pursued the mountaineer.

"I am his only son, and the Marquis is still living."

"Can this be possible!" cried our host. "I understood that Mons. Le Marquis had fallen in battle, fighting against the republic, and that the Count de Leuchenburg was also dead."

"You were rightly informed concerning my uncle's decease, replied I, but, thank God, my father is still alive."

"And your brother, Theodore, have you heard from him?"

"He, and our mother perished in the revolution."

"No, thank Heaven," cried the shepherd, "they did not perish by those blood-hounds, although America has proved as fatal to my dear lady, as France could have been."

"Who are you? enquired I, who appear so well acquainted with the fate of my family?"

"I am Joseph Le Beau, the servant of your mother."

"Gracious Providence? and how happens it I find you here, transformed into a Swiss mountaineer?"

"If Mousieur will listen," said the man, "he shall hear from me, the fate of his mother."

"The day we left France, Madame had sent me on an errand to Marseilles. I there heard what was intended against my lady, and hastily procuring disguise, I hastened home. I just arrived in time; for

the blood-thirsty villains had burst open the chateau; but I soon discovered Madame. I took master Theodore in my arms, and my lady followed me, disguised as a country girl. The subterraneous passage conducted us to a retired place, at some distance from the chateau. We then took the road to Marseilles, sadly afraid of being discovered. We found a ship weighing anchor, and hastily embarked on board; nor thought of emigrating where she was bound. It was sufficient that she bore us from the imminent danger which surrounded us.

"Madame was quite exhausted by the fatigue, fear, and anxiety she had experienced. I assisted her to her birth, in the cabin; and the following day, she was in a violent delirium. I attended her with diligent care, and, in about ten days, Madame recovered her reason."

"Joseph," said la Marquise, "where are we? for my memory is very much confused."

"In a ship, my dear."

"But how come I here?" she enquired.

"I related what had passed at the chateau."

"O true," she replied, "I did not clearly remember; but where is my little Theodore?"

"Here, mama," cried the amiable child, who sat silent by the birth, that he might not disturb his dear mama.

"My dear boy," said Madame la Marquise, "blessed be Heaven who has preserved you for your mother. Raise him, Joseph, that I may embrace him." She kissed her little darling, who was in raptures, to find that his dear mama again recognized him; but the exertion overcame her, and she fell back on her pillow.

"The following day, Madame again noticed her little boy, and enquired whither we were sailing?"

"To America, Madame."

"My God! cried she, "and how shall we get to the court of Austria?"

"I never thought of that, my lady, replied I, "and, if I had, you know we had no choice. But, is America very far from Austria? For I had never left France before, and did not then know much of geography."

"Far enough, my good Joseph; but send the captain to me," said la Marquise.

"The Captain informed her, that he was bound to New-York. We were already far out to sea. There was no remedy, but patience; and Madame comforted herself with the hope of returning, by some other ship, to Europe. We arrived safe in New-York. Madame began to be convalescent; and we took lodgings at a French boarding house in Pearl-street. Madame concluded to remain there, a few weeks, for the recovery of her health, and then take passage for England, from whence she might write to Mons. Le Marquis.

"But we were soon involved in new difficulties. Madame had very little money about her when we fled from the chateau, and I had never had much money about me in my life. Madame had, however, valuable rings, and other trinkets. The sale of these paid our passage, and something remained, on which we thought we might with proper economy subsist, and even reach England.

"At this juncture, the yellow fever broke out in New-York, and Madame was seized with the disorder. I was in despair. My God! thought I, has Madame then left her own native France, to perish by the pestilence in America? It would have been better to have fallen by the hand of the regicides, which would have saved all this suffering. But no, it is better to fall into the hands of God, than into those of men. I attended my dear lady, with all the

care I could; and need had she of my attention; for the barbarous people of the boarding house abandoned her, and removed to the country, and I was left alone with Madame, and little Theodore. All our money was soon expended. We had sold every thing of value. The dear child began to look pale, and wan, and I was utterly at a loss what course to pursue; for Madame was too ill to direct me. She was indeed totally unconscious, which saved her much mental anxiety.

"She had expended the last crown. The little boy, who was always hovering around his mama, desired his supper. I gave him the last piece of bread that remained, when he lay down on his little bed, and fell asleep. I sat down for a few moments, in great agony of mind. It was then dark. I lighted a rush light, and brought it near Madame. She was in a stupor. Poor lady, thought I, little thinks your noble husband, in what a state you live, with no nurse nor attendant but poor Joseph; you, whom I once knew at the pinnacle of grandeur. But noble birth and great riches do not, it seems, exempt their possessor from suffering and want.——And your son! Famine and disease must now be his portion. I am afraid that contagion already lurks in his veins; and when the dear boy asks for his breakfast in the morning, I have nothing to give him. He must perish with hunger before my face. The son of the noble Marquis de Beaucaire must perish with hunger. No, he shall not, if Joseph can save him. In a mood of frenzy, I caught up the child, and sallied out. A boat was putting off for the opposite coast of Jersey. I sprang into it. On reaching the land, I again hurried away, I knew not whither, and in rushing forward nearly threw down a gentleman; I stopped a moment, and recognized a merchant of our neighbourhood, who bore an excellent character for gen-

erosity, probity and other amiable qualities. Immediately the idea of committing Theodore to his care suggested itself to my imagination. I felt assured that he would not abandon the child; and I thought if Madame recovered her health, or the Marquis reclaimed his son, we should know where to find him. I accordingly laid Theodore at the feet of Mr. Marvin, beseeching him to take charge of the innocent. Then hurried back to Madame, who still continued insensible. I watched by her bed-side. Towards morning, she recovered her recollection. "How kind you are, Joseph," said the unfortunate lady. "You continue faithful, when all the world have forsaken me. Where is my dear little Theodore?" I hesitated. "O he is asleep. Don't disturb him. May the Almighty bless and protect my child. May the blessing of Heaven rest on my dear husband, and on my son Louis. I hope, Joseph, they will reward you, for your kindness to me." The dear lady spoke this with difficulty. She then raised her eyes to Heaven, "Jesus, my Saviour," she faultered, "have mercy on me." Her head fell on the pillow. I hastened to support her. A lifeless corps lay in my arms. The spirit had fled to its God; for the pure soul of la Marquise must have been immediately united with its Creator.

"It was a solemn, an awful moment. Shivering with agony; I sat down beside the bed of death. Some tears I shed, but they were soon dried up, for my lady had escaped from the numerous evils that surrounded her, to enjoy unutterable felicity. The next day I accompanied the remains of the Marchioness de Beaucaire, daughter of the noble Duke d'Auxerre, to the potter's field of New-York. Sad reverse of fortune! Mournful proof of the versatility of fate!———I then crossed over to New-Jersey, hoping to take a last sad look of little The-

odore. I entered into conversation with a negro woman, whom I found near the place where I had left the child, and learnt from her, that she had that morning seen such a child as I described, embark on board a vessel, with a gentleman and lady, whom she also described. Disappointed at not seeing my little master, but satisfied by the negro's account, that he was under the protection of the gentleman with whom I had left him, I crossed over to Long Island; and, having made my way on foot to its eastern extremity, I passed to the continent and then walked to Boston. There I entered into the service of an English gentleman, with whom I sailed to England. My master recommended me to a gentleman, who desired a French servant to attend him on his travels. At Vienna we made enquiries concerning my old master, the Marquis de Beaucaire, we were there informed that the Count de Leuchenburg was dead, and that his nephew, Mons. le Marquis de Beaucaire, had fallen in battle. During a long stay that my master made in Switzerland, I became acquainted with Marguerite, whom I thought so pretty and engaging, that I requested my discharge, and resolved to settle in Switzerland. Marguerite was an only child. Her father left her this little property. I had saved wages, and we have here lived comfortably, these ten years."

"Joseph here ceased. His recital had too powfully agitated me, to permit my expressing myself in words, but Count Leuchenburg, taking his hand, exclaimed "brave and worthy Joseph, faithful and generous man, your conduct would do honor to the noblest blood." "Faithfulness and humanity are not confined to nobility," said Joseph.

"It is you, who possess the true nobility of the soul," cried I grasping his hand. "Thou benefactor of my mother; and has then that dear mother

survived to experience such bitter misery? And is my brother a destitute orphan in America?"

"The next morning we set out for my father's retreat. His sorrow was great at our recital. It amounted to agony at the relation of my mother's sufferings." "And your brother," he exclaimed, "we must recover him, Louis. I will instantly set out for Switzerland, and learn every particular from Joseph."

"The faithful creature was rejoiced to see my father. The Marquis was not rich, but his cousin Count Leuchenburg is wealthy. Between them, they purchased a fine little property, that was to be sold in his neighborhood, and presented it to Joseph, which rendered him the richest shepherd in his valley. My father was continually with Joseph, discoursing of my mother, and devising means for the recovery of my brother. The Marquis and his old servant were to set out for America together, but Count Luchenburg prevented this; "cousin," said he to my father, "I have long had a passionate desire to visit the cataract of Niagara. Louis and I will go together. In our rout we may discover your son; and if we fail, Joseph and you may then go."

"My father was prevailed on to agree to this arrangement, and we accordingly set out. At New-York, we sought Mr. Marvin, who was not to be found, but after much persevering enquiry, we learnt that he had failed in the city, and with his family was settled in the environs of Tonnewonte. Last night we arrived at the village, and this morning the Count proposed that we should leave our attendants at the inn, and only accompanied by Pierre, ramble through the country, as he wished to see nature in her wild and native domain." "Perhaps," said he, "we may likewise meet your bro-

ther." "I thought this very improbable, but willingly accompanied my cousin.

"We lost ourselves in the forest. Night and the storm overtook us, when, conducted no doubt by overruling Providence, we met my brother."

"When, on entering this house, my eye first glanced on his countenance, I was struck with the family resemblence discernable in his features, and began to hope that I had met with the brother I was in search of; and, praised be God, I shall now, Theodore, restore you to your father."

"Here the young Vicomte again embraced his newly recovered brother. The breast of the young backwoodsman was torn with conflicting emotions. Did this eventful relation refer to him? Did he then belong to the haughty aristocracy of Europe? Those contemners of the rights of man! And his heart rose indignantly in his breast. "I have at least learned the intrinsic value of man," thought he, "I have found it is not arbitrary distinctions that ennoble the faculties, and raise the soul, that emanation from the self existent first cause, which equally pervades all intelligent beings! To debase and enslave man, is then to debase and enslave the Deity that animates him! These haughty nobles shall find, that the consciousness of true dignity and worth in a citizen, whose soul is filled with enlarged views of mankind, is equal to the arrogant pretensions and prejudices of birth, and the pride of remote ancestry, which is nothing but the time which has elapsed since they appropriated the collected rights of such a large number of individuals to their own family. Lo, whatever a vassal lost of the dignity of human nature, was claimed by the hand that deprived him of his native right, and trampled on the being created in the image of God.——But mankind, tired of this usurpation, have endeavored to

recover their natural inheritance, and in their turn inflict vengeance on those robbers of their dearest possessions, who had so long deprived them of the choicest gifts of nature!"

"And am I, then, the son of that suffering lady, the object of her tender solicitude, and did that amiable female suffer for the oppression of her ancestors? Must the innocent be punished for the guilty? Alas, the sins of the fathers, must indeed be visited on the children, and the vengeance designed for the usurpers, must fall on their posterity, who enjoy the fruit of their usurpations."

"And have I, then, a father, an affectionate father, who mourns my loss, who seeks to regain his long lost son? The voice of nature is awakened in my bosom. I must see this parent. I must visit the grave of my mother."

These were the reflections that successively suggested themselves to the mind of Theodore de Clermont, as his brother pursued his narrative. He warmly returned de Luneville's embrace. "My brother," was all he could articulate.

Capt. Marvin had listened attentively. Aunt Martha felt so much for the sufferings of the Marchioness, that she thought of nothing else. Evelina had listened to the narrative with great interest. She had shed tears at the fate of the unfortunate lady, the mother of Theodore, but her thoughts again recurred to the son, who was to be restored to the father, they now for the first time heard of! "Theodore," cried she, with native simplicity, "you will not abandon us?" The youth approached her. "Monsieur de Clermont has a father who requires his presence," said Count Leuchenburg. "My brother must be impatient to see his only remaining parent," said the Vicomte, "and the anxiety of that parent will not be terminated, until he embraces his long lost son."

"I do feel here a divided duty," said Theodore. "I wish to render my duty to my father, but how can I abandon my benefactor?"

"Theodore," replied Capt. Marvin, "I feel for your perplexity, but follow the dictates of nature. Pay your duty to your father. Let him see his son. Behave worthy of an adopted citizen of America. If you find every thing to your satisfaction, remain in Europe; but, after trying the paths of grandeur, if you cannot discover happiness, remember that the arms of your American friends will be open to receive you. Though you may, at Vienna, move in a more elevated sphere than at Tonnewonte, yet here, you will find competency and independence; nor will you have to crouch the native dignity of your soul, beneath the arrogance of a superior."

Theodore clasped his hand, "O my more than father! my benefactor," cried he, "I will follow your advice. I will obey the mandate of nature and cross the ocean, to pay my duty to the author of my existence; but my heart, through every change, shall still point to the back settlements of New-York." Then, hastily bidding all good night, he retired to his bed, not to sleep——but to think. Aunt Martha very pensively, and Evelina, her eyes swimming in tears, followed his example. The guests were shewn their rooms, and nothing was heard through the house but the pelting of the storm.

CHAPTER IX.

'How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Pope.

THE following morning, Capt. Marvin, his family, and guests, again met together at the breakfast table. The haggard looks of Theodore, indicated his having passed a sleepless night. There seemed at first but little unanimity in the company. The ladies considered the strangers as the robbers of their happiness, for they came to take Theodore away. Capt. Marvin experienced also a degree of despondence, at the near prospect of losing his adopted son, whom he had long considered as the stay of his old age. He felt, however, that the loss was unavoidable, and he was resolved to meet the bereavement with a good grace.

After breakfast, he proposed to send to the village for the suite and baggage of his guests, and he invited them to pass some time at his house.

"We are much indebted to your kindness," said Count Leuchenburg, "and I am much inclined to make your house our head-quarters, for some weeks. My cousin Theodore will now accompany us in our excursions, and be our guide to whatever is remarkable in this original seat of nature."

The brothers acceeded to this arrangement, and Count Leuchenburch was often delighted with the wild luxriance of the wilderness. The falls of Niagara far exceeded what his imagination had portrayed. Lake Erie's immense sheet of water excited his admiration, and he confessed that the truly sublime scenery he had beheld, amply compensated for the trouble of crossing the Atlantic.

But Count Leuchenburg had now satisfied his curiosity. He became impatient to return to Europe. The Vicomte was still more eager; and Theodore must now take leave of his old protectors, of his kind friends. The night previous to his departure, neither the ladies nor de Clermont closed their eyes. The breakfast was a silent one.

The horses and servants were ready at the door. The young Vicomte de Luneville took the hand of his host, "Farewell, Capt. Marvin, kind and generous man, adieu!"

"Capt. Marvin," said Count Leuchenburg, "we will not offend your noble nature, by desiring you to accept pecuniary compensation for the education of Theodore; yet, should you ever desire any thing in our power to bestow, remember that you have laid the whole connection of the house of de Clermont under an endless weight of gratitude to the benefactor of its son!"

"Thank you, Count," said the independent farmer, "but America has so many internal resources for persons, that it is not probable they will ever need foreign assistance."

The gentlemen then paid their parting compliments to aunt Martha and Evelina. Theodore took the hand of his benefactor. "My more than father," said the youth, "farewell. I must now leave you; but my affections remain at Tonnewonte; and, however distant my person may be, my heart will still be present with this dear circle."

"Adieu, my son," replied Capt. Marvin. "May the Almighty Father of the Universe be your protector; and, Theodore, remember the virtuous principles, in which you have been reared; and may your conduct always reflect honour on your native Europe, and on the adopted country, that has reared you."

"God give me strength, to observe your instructions," replied Theodore. He then saluted aunt Martha. "Farewell, my kind aunt!"

"Ah Theodore," faultered the good maiden, "return soon to us; for if we loose you, one of the few links that binds me to life, will be broken."

The youth was now embracing Evelina, whose painful feelings disburdened themselves by a copious flood of tears. Her heart beat violently. Her bosom heaved with convulsive emotion. Count Leuchenburg and de Luneville were on horseback. They called to Theodore. He tore himself from his adopted sister; and, waving his hand, sprang on his horse, and the cavalcade was soon lost in the depths of the forest.

But the buoyant spirit of youth put these painful emotions to flight. Theodore soon become the most cheeful of the company, and airy visions of what awaited him in the old world, began to float in his imagination.

It is needless to recapitulate the particulars of the journey, since they met with no extraordinary adventure. They arrived safe at New-York, and took lodgings in Broadway. Leuchenburg and de Luneville had brought letters of introduction from Europe. Our young backwoodsman exchanged his rustic equipment, for a suit of fashionable cut, and called with his friends to deliver them. The cordiality of the inhabitants of New-York towards strangers is proverbial. It may then be imagined, that our three young gentlemen, with all their advantages, were not neglected. Numerous engagements occupied their time, and they were universally flattered and caressed in the fashionable circles of that city.

The two Europeans were highly pleased to find elegance and refinement, equal to that of their own circles, among those, whom they had hitherto deem-

ed the demi savage citizens of America. The charms of novelty, had a still more lively effect on young de Clermont; and while listning to the accomplished Miss Van Orden's exhibition on the piano, in an elegant drawing room, filled with the most fashionable company of the city, who were profuse in their attentions to the handsome young Frenchmen, he wondered at his own stupidity, in regretting the rustic retreat of Tonnewonte, and his former reluctance to launch into the world of fascination, that now surrounded him.

"But the charm existed in the kind souls who inhabit there," responded his better self, "and the affectionate Evelina, were she but as accomplished as these ladies, would not be equalled by any being on earth."

The following morning, de Luneville asked his brother, if he would accompany him to his mother's grave. Theodore's heart smote him. "The suggestion should have come from myself," thought he, "but my attention has been so taken up in this world of novelties, that my mind could dwell on nothing else."

The two brothers proceeded silently up Greenwich-street. They passed through Greenwich village and entered Potter's field.

"In this field of charity, this receptacle of beggary," exclaimed de Luneville, "repose the remains of the decendant of the Dukes d'Auxerre, of the wife of the Marquis de Beaucaire. For this she fled from the rage of equality in France!"

"My poor mother," said Theodore, "her sufferings in this world, were great!"

"I visited this place previously to my journey to Tonnewonte," said de Luneville. "By the indication of Joseph, we were enabled to discover the spot, where repose the remains of our parent. Here

it is;" and he pointed to a monument of the richest marble, executed with great taste.

Theodore seemed surprised. "You think this has been erected with great dispatch," said de Luneville. "It was formed in Europe, under the direction of our father. We brought it with us, and it has been put up, while we were on our excursion in the west."

De Clermont knelt by the grave. De Luneville leaned pensively against the monument.

Our young backwoodsman arose. He took the arm of his brother. Hope beamed through his eyes. He had been imploring the protection of that Being, with whom he felt assured his mother now was, in bliss. "Our parent suffered greatly in this world, Louis, but she is now happy in Heaven."

The other smiled sadly. "Does not your heart beat indignantly, Theodore, when you think of the *canaille*, who were the primary cause of our noble mother's sufferings?"

"Those who deprived them of the rights of man, must not be surprised, if the generous feeling of humanity were no longer inmates in the bosom of slaves."

"What mean you, de Clermont," cried the Vicomte.

"I am considering the case impartially," replied the naturalized American.

"And you, the son of the noble victim?" said his brother, indignantly.

"I am a man, and feel for mankind."

"Theodore de Clermont," exclaimed de Luneville. "But I forget; you have been brought up estranged from your noble family. You repeat the maxims of those who reared you."

"I think for myself," said Theodore, proudly.

"We will, at present, bid adieu to the subject,"

said de Luneville, "experience, my brother, will clear away the mist from your eyes. We have been educated very differently; but we are brothers. Our sentiments, at some future period, may be more similar. Until then, we will avoid all subjects that may lead to altercation."

An American ship was ready to sail for Leghorn. Theodore and his companions embarked in her. Their voyage was prosperous, and they landed safe in Italy, from whence they continued their journey to Austria. They found all the country, through which they travelled, in motion. Buonaparte was preparing for his disastrous campaign in Russia; and they possessed several divisions of his army, who were marching to the point of rendezvous; but the principles of our travellers would not permit them to take part in this war; and they hastened towards the retreat of the Marquis de Beaucaire.

If it be true, that we are not to reckon time by the number of days that have elapsed, but by the succession, or accession of ideas, Theodore must have lived a great while, since his landing in Italy. Every thing interested him; but they travelled rapidly. He was in a few miles of his father's house; and his impatience became great, to see that father.

An avant courier had been sent forward, to announce their approach. The cavalcade at length stopped, before a venerable pile. Count Leuchenburgh and de Luneville sprang from their horses. Theodore followed their example. It was a delightful evening. The moon and stars, shone brightly in the firmament. The heart of our young traveller beat quick with emotion. He followed his brother, who hastened into the house.

"Have they arrived?" cried a voice from the further end of the hall.

"We are here, my father," exclaimed Louis,

precipitating himself into the arms of an aged gentleman, who was hurrying forward, and who held out his arms to receive him.

"And where is your brother?" enquired the Marquis of Beaucaire, for it was he.

"Theodore," said de Luneville, "come forward and embrace your father."

The youth approached with diffidence. The old Marquis gazed fixedly at him. "You are then my father?" said de Clermont."

"The voice of my Emilie! O my son, my son, come to your father's heart," cried the old gentleman, embracing his recovered child.

The voice of nature spoke in the breast of the youth. "My father," he exclaimed, "I have then a parent. I am not a stranger or alien in the world, with no natural tie, nor claim on mankind." "Too long have you been such, my son," said Mons. de Beaucaire, "but you shall now be the pride, the solace of an affectionate father! O Emilie, why are you not here to witness this re-union? My happiness were then complete. But, if from your abode of blessedness, you can behold us, look down and see your son restored to his happy father; and ah, bestow your blessing and protection on him!"

Count Leuchenburg now approached, and paid his compliments to Mons. de Beaucaire, who led the way to the dining room, where supper was served up.

The Marquis seated himself at the head of the table, and viewed the young men with great complacency, who were regaling themselves with the keen appetite created by a day's hard travelling. "Hope again re-animates my bosom," said the old gentleman, "never since my exile, have I felt as happy as I do at this moment. I do not even despair of seeing the descendants of Henri quatre seated on the throne of France!"

"There is little probability of it, at present," said Count Leuchenburg, "when the gigantic usurper is at the head of such mighty armies."

"But, with my father, I hope against probability." cried de Luneville. "My spirits rose as I passed those gallant regiments, and I apostrophised that daring usurper who binds me to such ignoble sloth, while my ancestors had all signalised themselves by glorious achievments, long before they had attained the age of the present faineant possessor of their title." "Hope, my son," said the old gentleman. "I may yet see you at the head of a regiment, boldly leading forward the standard of the lillies to victory."

"May fortune grant the accomplishment of your wish," cried the young Vicount. "May the hardy Russians overthrow that Colossus, and then for the Bourbons!"

"Will France be happier under their sway?" enquired Theodore.

"Alas, my dear child," said the old Marquis. "Are you, then, entirely ignorant of the history of your native country? Know you not, that an usurper possesses the throne of the legitimate kings of France? That low Parvenus occupy the places, and enjoy the estates of our ancient noblesse, who are now exiles in every quarter of the globe."

Theodore hesitated to reply. He saw the prejudices of the Marquis, but he respected what he deemed the erroneous views of his father. "They have been fostered by education," thought Theodore de Clermont. The old gentleman seemed absorbed in reflection, when suddenly turning to his son. "I thought the fame of our fatal revolution must have extended to every part of the civilized globe."

"You are right my father. Even the children in America are familiar with the history of that terrible convulsion."

"So I presumed, my son, but we will not commence to night concerning the deficiencies of your education, though certainly no time is to be lost. You appear genteel and well bred, and have retained your native language, though you have the accent of a foreigner."

"Theodore de Clermont is not uninformed, but misinformed," said de Luneville. "He has been reared by violent republicans."

"But the citizens of America must be different from the regicides of France," said the Marquis de Beaucaire. "The United States was the ally of our martyred Louis sixteenth."

"There are worthy people in America," said Theodore, with warmth. "You could not, my father, how different soever your political opinions may be, avoid loving the generous man, who received, adopted and educated me."

"You must to-morrow relate to me all the particulars of your life," said Mons. de Beaucaire, "and we must endeavor to reimburse the kind American for the expenses of your education."

"He is above it," said Theodore. "He would receive such a proposal as an affront. It was with the utmost difficulty that we prevailed on him to retain, as a marriage portion for his daughter, five hundred dollars, with its accumulated interest for fourteen years, that he had invested in the bank in my name, when he thought me a destitute orphan. And, as for five hundred acres of land, that he gave me, he would on no account consent to have it restored, but insisted that it should still remain mine, a refuge in case of any unforseen exigency of fortune."

"Is he rich?" enquired the old gentleman.

"He is rich in independence," replied the youth, "though like Cincinnatus, he holds the plough and cultivates the earth."

"Agriculture was anciently acoounted an honorable employment," said Mons. de Beaucaire.

"It is still considered such in America," replied his son. "Men, who have held the plough, lead their armies and govern the state."

"You would be amused, my father," said de Luneville, at observing the pride of those would be modern Cincinnatus; and so classical are they, that their most insignificant villages bear the names of the most celebrated places of ancient lore, and their towns are called by the high sounding appellations of antiquity." "But no country in the world can equal the wild magnificence of American scenery," said Count Leuchenburgh. "In Europe we have art, but in America undisguised nature."

In similar conversation, the evening passed away. After Theodore retired to rest, it was long before sleep visited his eye lids. He had abundant food for reflection, and, when he at length slumbered, he dreamt of nothing but counts, monarchs and nobles.

Theodore greatly resembled his deceased mother. This was the clue to his father's heart. The old gentleman soon became very fond of this newly recovered son, and all his anxiety was how to introduce him properly in the world.

The little Austrian estate was but a mere competency to a nobleman, accustomed to habits of luxury, and this, trifling as it was, descended entirely to the eldest son. Young de Clermont had, in America, been taught to help himself; but of what service was the art of hewing wood, making fences, &c. to a young nobleman. In the then state of Europe, his father could not place him in the army. All this perplexed the old gentleman. "But Theodore is still young," thought he, "we must now study to make up the deficiencies of his education.

and perhaps it may then be feasible to place him in the Austrian service."

The Marquis, however, soon discovered himself agreeably deceived in his opinion of his son's acquirements, who knew something of whatever they wished to teach him. But it was his knowledge in the theory of tactics, that most delighted the old gentleman.

"My son," cried he, in raptures, when he first made this discovery, "I shall yet see you a general." Theodore applied himself very diligently to the studies pointed out by his father. He also visited Vienna, with Count Leuchenburg and de Luneville, when he became more initiated in the ways of the great world.

CHAPTER X.

"What are these tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factious, and domestic jars?"

HUGHES.

THE quiet tenor of Theodore's studies was now interrupted by rumours from Russia. Buonaparte had failed in his intended conquests. The mighty armies he had led into those frozen regions, were nearly annihilated. They had fallen victims to the insatiable ambition of their leader.

The friends of the Bourbon's now began to look forward with hope. Every day some new account of the Corsican's disasters reached the retreat of the Marquis de Beaucaire. "My son," said he, one day, to Theodore, "the period of our supine inactivity is nearly at an end. I forsee that the Emperor of Austria will join Russia. They will declare for the Bourbons, and we shall see Louis the eighteenth restored to the throne of his ancestors. Your acquirements and abilities, Theodore de Clermont, will then have room to display themselves. *En attendant*, my son, be diligent in prosecuting the studies you are engaged in."

Ambition and the desire of distinguishing himself, which had hitherto lain dormant in the bosom of Theodore, began now to display themselves. His eyes brightened, and his bosom glowed, at the words of the Marquis. "My father," cried he, with enthusiasm, "your son, though reared in the wilds of America, will not disgrace the Marquis de Beaucaire."

Is this then the adopted son of America, who is so ready to fight the battles of despots, so eager to

raise his arm to restore a monarch to a throne, from whence he was expelled by his people, weary of their yoke of servitude? Where is now his late love of liberty? What has become of his sentiments of justice, of liberality, of the rights of man? Alas! they have evaporated, before the contagion of example. Daily accustomed to hear the father he revered, the friends he respected, complain of the wrongs their monarchs, themselves, and their emigrant brethren had suffered, he was led to take an interest in their misfortunes. Generosity enlisted on their side and induced him to wish to redress their wrongs. He still believed his principles unchanged. His feelings were still awakened, at the name of liberty; but, strange inconsistency of human nature, he was ready and willing to enforce a system of government on an independent people. Become a member of the aristocratical body, he imperceptibly imbibed their sentiments, and love of power.

Some time after this conversation, the Austrian minister called on the Marquis de Beaucaire, who was an old acquaintance, and offered him the command of a regiment, and commissions in it for his two sons. The marquis joyfully accepted the proposal; for he already in imagination saw Louis the eighteenth seated on the throne of France, and himself restored to his native country, and hereditary estate. De Luneville was delighted. He possessed all the gallantry and bravery of his countrymen. Theodore certainly felt a degree of vanity, when he first viewed himself in regimentals. Mons. de Beaucaire and his sons joined their regiment, which was then in garrison on the borders of Bohemia.

The great confederacy was now forming. Austria soon declared itself, and the allies prepared to march into France.

The result of the campaign is well known. The

allies took possession of Paris. The good fortune of the extraordinary Corsican now forsook him. He was deposed and exiled to Elba, while Louis the eighteenth was seated on the throne of Charlemagne, and surrounded by his emigrant nobility, who flocked from all parts at this joyful revolution.

The regiment commanded by the Marquis de Beaucaire had greatly distinguished itself. The division of the army, to which it belonged, re-echoed with the bravery and good conduct of Mons. de Beaucaire, while the gallantry of his sons, was highly extolled.

The Marquis's good fortune was likewise conspicuous. The possessor of his patrimony, a General in Buonaparte's army, had, with his son and nephew, perished in the Russian campaign, and Mons. de Beaucaire's whole estate was now unconditionally restored to him. His sons, who wished to quit the Austrian service for that of their native country, also received commissions in different regiments.

The Marquis, with a joyful heart, made his conge at court, and set forward for Provence. Theodore accompanied him, while de Luneville remained at Paris. They travelled on horse back, with a small retinue.

The sun had passed its meridian. They were riding silently through a grove of olives. Mons. de Beaucaire paused at the summit of an eminence. "Look around, my son," exclaimed he. "Behold thy native country. See it rich in oil and in wine. See it fruitful in all the necessaries and luxuries of life. Behold a far the Mediterranean. Observe yonder hill, surrounded with trees. At its foot lies our paternal domain, which was wrested from us by those unprincipled regicides; but, praised be God, our own is restored. Presently, Theodore

le Clermont shall you see the noble chateau, in which you first breathed the vital air."

The old gentleman gave reins to his horse. The whole cavalcade galloped after him. The road led to the top of the eminence he had pointed out. Elated with hope, the Marquis rode forward. He passed the cluster of olives, and his whole native valley lay extended before him. He suddenly checked his charger, and remained silent and motionless. Theodore came up with him, and paused by his side. "My father," the old gentleman started. "Theodore, I just now promised to shew you your native chateau! Behold where it stood," and he pointed to a mis-shapen mass of stones.

"The foundation of that chateau was laid in the reign of Charlemagne, by our ancestor Louis Reginald de Clermont, Marquis de Beaucaire, and it was enlarged, beautified, and kept in constant repair by his descendants. Your grand-father added a wing in the modern style. Now view its remains, my son."

"Thus transitory is human greatness," said Theodore. "Vain man endeavors to render his name and performances immortal, but soon or late, fate overtakes both him and them." "Ah Emilie!" cried the old gentleman, not heeding the words of his son. "Thy remains rest in a foreign soil. Thou hast been spared this grievous sight. Oh mournful prospect, to return in old age, to behold the habitation of our early youth levelled with the ground, our former connexions annihilated, and scarcely a remnant of former scenery remaining." Old Gerard, who had left France with the Marquis, sympathised with his master; the others, who were strangers, stood respectfully silent.

The horses now cast their shadows forward. The day was far advanced. "My father," said Theo-

dore, "shall we proceed to the village?" "Alas," replied the old gentleman, "on my paternal estate, I have no longer an habitation. But, we must pass the night at Beaucaire. We may find a lodging with some of my old tenants, but probably the worthy are fled, and none but murderous rebels remain. Yet no, some of the dependants of the house of Beaucaire must be innocent." He gave the reins to his horse, but paused opposite the ruins. "It is too late, my father, to view them to night," said Theodore, endeavoring to dissipate the old gentleman's melancholy. Young de Clermont moved on. The Marquis slowly followed. They entered the village and stopped at the inn. The host came to the door, bowing obsequiously, "Gentlemen, will you be pleased to do me the honor to alight?"

"What is your name?" enquired the Marquis.

"Pierre de Lavol, Monsieur, at your service."

"Pierre de Lavol was a worthy man." The Marquis looked up, "but you are a young man, his hairs were gray."

"Monsieur then knew my father?"

"Where is he?"

"Ah Monsieur, he has been dead many years."

The Marquis shook his head, and sighed. "I shall not find an old acquaintance," murmured he.

"Will Messieurs be pleased to alight?" said the host, again bowing.

The Marquis dismounted. Theodore and his attendants followed his example. He pensively entered the Hotelerie, an aged, but apparently active woman, came forward, and shewed them into a neat sanded room. "What will Messieurs be pleased to have for supper?" enquired she. The Marquis raised his eyes. The woman varied her question.

"I have seen you before, my good woman, but my memory is confused. Pray, what is your name."

"Jeannette Montfert, Monsieur, at your service."

"Are you indeed Jeannette, and not remember me?" cried the Marquis, hastily rising.

"I have not that honor," said she, dropping a courtesy.

"I am the Marquis de Beaucaire," said the old gentleman, raising himself with dignity.

"Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire," cried Jeannette, "*Que dieu soit beni! et la bonne vierge!* You are then come to claim your own, Monsieur? *Dieu soit beni! beni soit la sainte Marie?* I heard those upstart Pardos had perished in that frozen Russia. May God grant, said I, when I heard it, that our own family may come back, and claim its own. But where is my dear lady?" The Marquis sighed. "Oh she is then in Heaven," cried Jeannette, "putting her handkerchief to her eyes." Then, after a pause, she resumed, "but where is little master, my dear nurseling?"

"Here he is, Jeannette. Theodore, this is your nurse."

"That I am indeed, young gentleman. At this breast you were nourished; but, what a fine young gentleman you are grown! How greatly you resemble my lady."

Theodore shook the good woman by the hand. "You are then my nurse, said he, I can scarcely remember my mother, but am happy to find one, to whom I can render thanks for her care of my infancy."

"And good care I took of you, my dear child," said Jeannette. "But, gentlemen, you will want supper. You will not go to your own house?"

"My chauteau is in ruins," exclaimed the [illegible].

"You mean the old chateau, that was destroyed in the revolution; but the Pardos, who by some means got possession of the estate, have with its revenues

built quite a handsome mansion, and a house keeper and steward reside in the house. Look through this window. That is the Hotel, on the rise of yonder hill." She pointed to a very elegant modern mansion.

"The tasteless creatures," cried the Marquis, "not even to have chosen the site of the old chateau."

"But, my father," said Theodore, "that situation is far more picturesque. It appears to command an extensive prospect, only terminated by the Mediterranean. A pleasant rivulet winds round the base of the hill; and what lofty trees crown the summit. I think it a charming retreat."

"You do not remember the old chateau," said his father. "You cannot recollect its gothic grandeur."

"Monsieur le Marquis, and Monsieur Theodore will take supper here?" enquired Jeannette.

"Yes, good nurse," replied the old gentleman, "and can you provide us with beds? for my spirits are not equal to viewing this new mansion tonight."

"Ah Monsieur, you do us honor," cried Jeannette, "but Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire shall command the best accommodations in this house."

Jeannette hastened out to provide supper. Theodore, observing the gathering melancholy on his father's countenance, endeavoured to engage him in conversation.

"Is this then the good woman, who performed the office of a mother to me?"

"She nursed you, Theodore."

"Probably, then, my mother was afflicted with ill health?"

"No, my Emilie enjoyed an excellent constitution."

"Indeed; then this woman was only an assistant to my mother?"

"You often forget your birth, my son. You do

not consider, that what is very natural for the wife of a farmer or merchant, would ill become a Marchioness."

"Ah, my father, I thought the ties of nature were equally binding among all ranks."

The entrance of Jeannette prevented an answer. She was followed by a smart looking young woman.

"Monsieur le Marquis, this is my daughter, Marion, the only child I have now left me; for your foster brother Claude, Monsieur Theodore, was taken from me by the proscription; he rose to be a Captain, that is true; but what was that to me? He perished in the wars, and I lost my only son."

Marion dropped a courtesy. Theodore who had not forgotten his American breeding, bowed in return. The Marquis said, "I am glad Jeannnette, that amidst the devastations that have afflicted France, you have reserved one child, who appears very dutiful."

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis, Marion is wife to Pierre de Lavol, and mistress of this house. I have resided with her, since her marriage."

The Marquis and his son seated themselves at the supper table, which was covered with the best fare the house afforded.

"But, Jeannette," said the old gentleman, "did you not say there were servants at this new mansion?"

"Yes, Monsieur, the son of old Francis Marchemain is steward there; and does not Monsieur le Marquis remember the lively little Madelen, whom my lady took to attend on Master Louis? Well she is wife to Marchemain, and housekeeper at the Hôtel."

"Really," said the Marquis, "then I shall meet with old acquaintance."

"The plague take them," said Jeannette, "I

never could forgive them. for consenting to serve those new masters, the Pardos; and then, they carry their heads so high. They have contrived to get into their hands some land of their own, which renders their pride intolerable, and they now carry all things with a high hand."

"Every thing is changed," said the old gentleman. "But who now occupies the estate of the Marquis des Abbayes?"

"Ah Monsieur le Marquis, there are strange changes in that quarter. In the reign of terror, Monsieur le Marquis and Madame la Marquise des Abbayes, with their two sons, and three daughters, were dragged to prison, and all, except Mademoiselle Sophia, were guillotined as aristocrats. The nephew of the then magistrate, who had been a tailor, saw Mademoiselle Sophia, on the day of trial, and fell in love with her. He begged her life of his uncle, who agreed to save her, if she would marry his nephew. Mademoiselle Sophia was accordingly respited, when all her family perished. Du Monier afterwards presented himself to her in prison, and informed her, that he could procure her release, if she would marry him. De Monier was quite a passable young man, and spoke much of his love; but then, could Mademoiselle des Abbayes accept the hand of a grocer? She, however, soon found that there was no other means of saving her life: they were accordingly married. Du Monier became an army contractor, accumulated an immense fortune, and has purchased all the estates that belonged to the family des Abbayes, with several others in the neighbourhood. He was himself created Marquis des Abbayes, by Buonaparte."

"Shocking!" exclaimed Mons. de Beaucaire.

Jeannette continued, "Madame has been dead these two years. They say she lived very happily;

for du Monier that was, Mons. le Marquis des Abbayes that is, was always very kind to her. She has left an only daughter, who is cried up as a paragon of perfection. She was educated in Paris, and is in truth very pretty, and very clever, though not the lady her mother was. How should she be? For she must take a little after her papa: but in truth, Mademoiselle Sophia des Abbayes is very good to poor people, remembering no doubt, that her father was no better once himself; but then, indeed, she has good blood on her mother's side."

"Some of the best blood in France," cried Mons. de Beaucaire. "Pity that its clearness should be contaminated with such base puddle, tailors and grocers indeed! Oh my poor old friend des Abbayes, and his amiable Marchioness, and their fine children, ah, wretched France."

"But my father," said Theodore, "can you think that there is any real difference in the quality of blood? I think the family fortunate, that amidst the ruin which overwhelmed its members, one of them should be saved from the general wreck, and still enjoy the property of her ancestors."

"Theodore, my son," exclaimed the old gentleman, "but you are excusable. These sentiments are the effect of your education."

"I was educated by a worthy man," said de Clermont.

"He was indeed kind to you," observed the Marquis, "but not a fit preceptor for a descendant of the house de Clermont."

Theodore not wishing to irritate the melan oly mood of his father, discontinued the subject.

"But, Jeannette," resumed the old gentleman, "who now possesses the estate of Mons. de Beaumont? I saw the old chateau still standing, as I passed it this afternoon, though it appeared in a very shattered condition."

"The old Count himself," replied the nurse. "Mons. de Beaumont took advantage of the proclamation inviting the return of emigrants, and obtained a restitution of part of his estate; but so many free farms have been granted from it, that the remaining portion is very small. Every thing was gone to ruin, and the Count is unable to repair the chateau, but has fitted up one wing, where he now resides."

"I have then one old friend living," said the Marquis. "Praised be God! But where is Monsieur de Beaumont's family?"

"He has but one son remaining," replied Jeannette, "who is serving in the army."

"I hope he may have the good fortune to retrieve the former splendour of his house," said the Marquis de Beaucaire."

"They say he is seeking a rich marriage," said the nurse, "and it is reported that he is endeavouring to pay his addresses to Mad.lle des Abbayes, but that she will not listen to young Mons. de Beaumont."

"The grocer's daughter," cried Mons. de Beaucaire, "and will de Beaumont consent to that?"

"It would be the retrieving of their family," Jeannette, and then Mademoselle Sophia, is the heiress and descendant of the des Abbayes family."

"Poh!" cried the Marquis, retreating from the table, "but good Jeannette, have you a bed for me; for I am much wearied?"

A bed was prepared, and the old gentleman soon retired. The moon rose resplendent in the heavens. Innumerable stars glittered in the firmament. The air was serene and mild. Theodore walked out. His steps turned towards the ruins of the old chateau, the monumental remains of the feudal grandeur of his ancestors. There was a sublimity in the scene. Theodore experienced its pensive effects.

"My ancestors," thought he, "reigned here, with the splendour and power of princes." His thoughts recurred to the days of other times. His imagination trasported him back to the reign of feudal power, of chivalric gallantry, when some bold cavalier had issued from the lofty portal, to merit his lady's love, by feats of arms. Something touched his foot. He started. A toad was crawling over it. "Vile reptile," apostrophised de Clermont, "thou art then proprietor here, and thinkest the descendant of the ancient possessors of the chateau, an intruder? *Sic transit gloria mundi.* This princely mansion is laid in ruins. Its lords have been exiles, and wanderers on the face of the earth. True, they now return; but is the view of this mass of desolation calculated to inspire them with happiness? My father appears over whelmed with regret. My brother the heir of the family is wholly occupied with his pleasures, and seems in no haste to revisit the scenes of his birth. He is satisfied, if the rent of the estate will defray the expenses of his Parisian establishment. Do I feel happier in this seat of my ancestors, than I did in the wilds of America? I think not. Should I strike a balance, the account would not preponderate in favour of Europe. I was happy amidst the primitive simplicity of Tonnewonte. I was happy in the bosom of my adopted family; and I contributed to their happiness. Do they still think of their absent Theodore? Yes, my heart assures me, that they have not forgotten their beloved friend; and I too will never forget the naive Evelina, the truly motherly aunt Martha, the worthy Captain Marvin. But I am now a Frenchman. I must think and act like Theodore de Clermont, and I must comfort and cherish my father." With this winding up of his reverie, he returned to the inn, and soon enjoyed the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Report soon spread through the village the arrival of Marquis de Beaucaire. The Marquis had, in his youth, been much beloved for his courtesy and affability. A new generation had now arisen, who knew him not; but a few ancients remained. To them the return of the old Marquis was an epoch of joy. They should now have their landlord residing with them, and they promised themselves a revival of the good old times. These communicated their hopes and expectations, to the younger inhabitants. Enthusiasm began to enkindle among the villagers, and the Marquis was awakened, the following morning, with cries of "*Vive la maison de Beaucaire. Vive Monsieur le Marquis!*" He arose, and walked towards the window. The crowd hailed him, with great demonstrations of enthusiastic joy.

"This reminds me of former days," said the old gentleman to his son. "The Marquises de Beaucaire, were always thus hailed. Go, my son, bid Pierre de Lavol not spare his wine. Let them drink the restoration of the ancient house de Beaucaire." Theodore obeyed his father. He wished not to damp the pleasant feelings of the old gentleman. "But, how vain is it," thought he, "to pay attention to the frantic exclamations of the multitude! In the same manner were these mobs enkindled, when they furiously rased chateaus, and exterminated whole families. A breath blows them here, or there. Let their passions but be excited, and they are for one thing to-day, for another to-morrow."

The Marquis now prepared to take possession of his new mansion. He mounted his horse. His son and servants accompanied him. As they came in view of the house, Mons. de Beaucaire paused, to examine it. It was a very neat structure, built in a modern style, at the summit of an eminence, that commanded an extensive prospect of the Mediter-

rancan, and the surrounding country. "This, then," murmured the Marquis, "is the citizen-like establishment, that I am to receive, in lieu of the venerable chateau of my ancestors."

"The situation is finely chosen," observed Theodore.

"Ah, my son," said his father, "could you have seen our venerable and magnificent chateau, you might then have spoken of situation and effect. But it has passed away; I too must soon pass away, and be forgotten."

"My father," exclaimed Theodore. The Marquis moved foward. They were received at the gate by Marchemain, who gravely welcomed Mons. de Beaucaire.

"I am happy to see you, Marchemain, in so eligible a situation," said the Marquis, "but it seems you have lost a master."

"I have recovered my first master," said the steward, "and I heartily congratulate you, Monsieur le Marquis de Beaucaire, on your restoration to your hereditary rights; and am ready to settle accounts with whomsoever Monsieur may think proper to employ."

"You did well, Marchemain," replied the Marquis, "to serve a master, who was able to reward you. Now no doubt, you will serve your ancient Lord, with equal zeal. Come, shew us the house; and have a good breakfast ready; for we are still fasting."

"Madelon has forseen that, Monsieur le Marquis, and you will find breakfast in readiness."

He conducted them into an elegant saloon, fronting a terrace, that looked towards the Mediterranean. Theodore was delighted with the extensive prospect. The Marquis looked a moment on the terrace: then seated himself at the breakfast table.

Madelon, or as she was now called, Madame Marchemain, appeared, to pay her respects to the Marquis. She was a woman of about thirty-nine, with quite a genteel exterior, and was dressed very tastily.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said she, advancing with great ease, "you are welcome to Beaucaire; and we are rejoiced to see you once more amongst us. Is this young gentleman your son, Monsieur Louis, whom I had once the honour to have in charge?"

"This is my youngest son, Theodore; but I am happy to see you, Madelon, in such improved circumstances. I find that all the dependants of our house, did not fall with the principals."

"Why, indeed, Monsieur le Marquis, we have, thank God, been pretty fortunate, and Marchemain is, thank fortune, rather clear of the world, that is, for people in our condition."

"I am glad to hear it, Madelon; you have, I see, provided us with a very good breakfast. That was very considerate in you, as we sent you no warning of our approach."

"I hope Monsieur le Marquis will relish it. I will go and send up the coffee," said Madelon.

"How every thing is changed," said the old gentleman, as she went out. "That well dressed woman, with her airs of consequence, was once the lively paysanne Madelon. You are a good accomptant, Theodore. I must employ you to look over this steward's papers. If he prove honest, we will employ him; if not, he must seek elsewhere."

By degrees the Marquis became more reconciled to the changes which surrounded him. All the ancient dependants of his family were eager to pay their court to their former lord, who was equally desirous to seek them out. But Jeannette was le Marquis's principal favorite, and soon became equally acceptable to her foster son. Her daughter had

large family, and they were not in very easy circumstances. Monsieur de Beaucaire was never wearied with hearing her stories of old times; and Theodore found her a faithful chronicle of modern, as well as ancient events, that had occurred in the neighbourhood. The Marquis became anxious to establish her at his mansion; but he was at a loss in what capacity to place her. Madelon was housekeeper, and her husband was discovered to be a valuable steward, whom the Marquis did not care to disoblige. Jeannette was, however, invited to reside at the Hotel de Beaucaire, which invitation she gladly accepted. Her occupations were not defined; but she bustled about amazingly, and soon engrossed all directions. This did not please Madelon, who had long held her head above Jeannette, and had been accustomed to the deference of her former companions. She now complained to her husband, accusing Jeannette of impertinence, in presuming to dictate and interfere with her.

"Does Monsieur le Marquis," cried she, "think that I will put up with the insolence of this Jeannette?"

"Ma chere Madelon," replied Marchemain, "let us retire to the house I have built on our little propriete. If it please Monsieur de Beaucaire to retain me land-steward, it is well; if not, we have, thank God, sufficient to live upon."

Madelon readily consented to be mistress of a house of her own. The Marquis made no objection; but retained Marchemain land-steward; and Jeannette was formally inducted in the office of housekeeper at the Hotel de Beaucaire.

Most of the neighbouring gentlemen called to congratulate the Marquis de Beaucaire on his restoration to his patrimony; and he recognised, amongst these, some few of his old acquaintance; but they

were mostly new men. whom he did not feel anxious to associate with. "My son," said the Marquis to Theodore, "you may, if you please, return these visits. The political changes of our unfortunate country have raised these persons to the rank of gentleman. They are now, it seems, visited by our oldest families. It is good to live in union with our neighbours; but on you, Theodore, I devolve that charge. I am an old man; and am not desirous of new acquaintance, or society. I only wish to pass the few days that remain to me, in peace, and my native country, and to cherish old scenes, and old recollections. My losses are great. The chateau of my ancestors is destroyed. Your mother is no more; but I must acquire resignation, and study to make my peace with God."

A few days after this conversation, an elegant carriage drove up the avenue, attended by servants in magnificent liveries. Two gentlemen alighted, the one very splendidly dressed, the other a venerable old gentleman, with silver hair, in a plain suit of black. Theodore happened to be by the window, and was inwardly commenting on the contrast their appearance presented, when a servant announced Monsieur le Marquis des Abbayes, and Monsieur le Comte de Beaumont. "Have they come together," cried Mons. de Beaucaire. Theodore hastened to the door, to receive them. He bowed low to the venerable figure of Mons. de Beaumont, and politely to the Marquis des Abbayes. Monsieurs de Beaumont, and de Beaucaire embraced. "Welcome, thrice welcome home to your estate, mon cher Marquis," cried the former.

"How happy am I to meet again my old friend de Beaumont," said Monsieur de Beaucaire.

"Yes, de Beaucaire, I returned a little before you. We have seen adverse fortune, but permit

me to introduce Mons. le Marquis des Abbayes." The latter bowed; de Beaucaire returned his salutation with formal dignity. "Be seated, gentlemen," said the Marquis. They looked at Theodore. "This gentleman is my younger son, Theodore de Clermont."

"Welcome to your native country, young gentleman," said Mons. de Beaumont. "I see, my friend, you have saved your children from the wreck. I too have preserved one son from our family desolation. My youngest child Charles. He is now absent, with his regiment; but you must be acquainted with him, Mons. de Clermont." Theodore bowed.

"I also hope to be honoured with your acquaintance, Monsieur de Clermont," said Mons. des Abbayes. Theodore again bowed.

"I hope, Mons. de Beaucaire," continued the Marquis, "that you find your new habitation to your mind. Monsieur Pardo omitted nothing that could contribute to its comfort or elegance, although he but occasionally resided here, for he was a general in the service, and was often absent, with the army."

"So we have understood," said Theodore.

"You were very fortunate," continued des Abbayes, "that general Pardo and his heirs perished in the Russian expedition; for many gentlemen have returned with the King, and found their estates occupied by those who are entirely unwilling to give up possession."

"Shameful usurpation," cried the Marquis de Beaucaire.

"But many persons," replied Mons. des Abbayes, "have bought those estates, and paid for them; and their right is confirmed by the present administration."

"It is but too true," said Mons. de Beaucaire.

"My friend," said the Count de Beaumont, "our

country and its children have suffered much injustice. I have experienced my share in the general calamity. You have, perhaps, heard, gentlemen, that the best moiety of my estate, has been alienated from me; but Charles must make the most of what remains. I am an old man, and require but little for myself."

The conversation continued for some time, on the then state of France, the events of the revolution, and other similar topics.

When the gentlemen arose to depart, pressing invitations were exchanged between the Count de Beaumont, and the Marquis de Beaucaire, which were also extended, though rather reluctantly, to the Marquis des Abbayes; but Mons. de Beaucaire could not slight him, introduced as he was, by his old friend de Beaumont.

The Marquis de Beaucaire and his son attended their guests to the door. The splendid equipage, which belonged to des Abbayes, drove off. Mons. de Beaucaire turned to his son. "What changes in France," he exclaimed. "How can de Beaumont condescend to associate thus familiarly with that upstart!"

"Monsieur des Abbayes has the appearance of a gentleman," observed Theodore.

"Of the new school," said the Marquis.

END OF VOL. I.